

# ★ **TV** *RADIO* *MIRROR*

**DIO MIRROR'S** N. Y., N. J., Conn. Edition

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AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY

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• BY JILL WARREN

Laughs ahead as Gale Storm plays a ship's social director in CBS-TV's *Oh! Susanna*.



*Love in Bloom* isn't the only number in Jack Benny's repertoire. The comic will play classic violin at a benefit at Carnegie Hall.



## WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

**T**HE FALL SEASON is here once again, with lots of new shows on all the networks.

### NBC:

Walter Winchell is scheduled for a Friday-night half-hour program, if and when contracts are finally signed, which could be by the time you read this. Tentatively titled *The Walter Winchell Show*, it will probably be variety in format, with the biggest stars as weekly guests,—plus, of course, WW, with his “flashes” and rapid-fire delivery, acting as emcee.

Definitely set for a regular Friday-night time is a new half-hour film series, *On Trial*, with Joseph Cotten as host-narrator. He will also star in several of the shows during the season, all based on famous court trials.

*The Chevy Show* returns to its usual Tuesday-night spot, leading off this year on September 18, with Dinah

Shore as the star. In addition to her regular fifteen-minute show, she'll do other *Chevy* programs during the season, sharing the spotlight with Bob Hope and others. A new show, *Washington Square*, will alternate Tuesday nights with *Chevy*. This is the Ray Bolger series, with music, dancing and comedy all set in a Greenwich Village locale.

Perry Como and Sid Caesar go back to work Saturday night, September 15. Besides having a new time period, *Caesar's Hour* also has new cast members, Janet Blair, Shirl Conway and Pat Carroll, and regulars Carl Reiner and Howard Morris, to vie for laughs with boss-man Sid. *Caesar's Hour* will be seen three Saturdays out of each month, with a spectacular on the fourth Saturday.

Jan Miner fans are thrilled by the return of *Hilltop House*. Now, in addition to her great role in *The Second Mrs. Burton* (see story on page 36), Jan once again stars as

(Continued on page 24)

NATIONAL BOOK CLUB'S

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PRIZES**

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

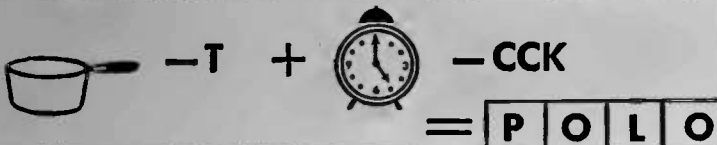


This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be hut MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letters C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

**SAMPLE  
PUZZLE**

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

- Marco Polo  Betsy Ross  Genghis Khan  Frank Buck



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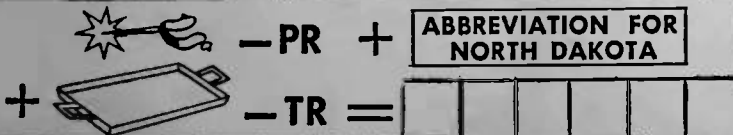
Write Your Answer In Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!



**PUZZLE  
NO. ONE**

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

- Billy Sunday  Robert Fulton  Cotton Mather  Ira Remsen



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T  
V  
R

# “To the women I love”

That's what Marian Young Taylor's husband inscribed to WOR's Martha Deane



Disarmament: Marian talks to Harold Stassen, Ike's aide.



Diet and travel: Marian's guest is expert Gayelord Hauser.



Politics: Sen. and Mrs. Estes Kefauver visit the "Deanery."



Stage: Comedian Georgie Jessel is in Marian's spotlight.



Labor: Marian interviews the Secretary, James P. Mitchell.

**M**ARIAN YOUNG TAYLOR should have been twins. In fact, she almost was. Her maternal grandmother was one of thirteen children. Eleven of them had twins. Marian's mother was a twin. Marian made her debut as a single—although, in years to come, she herself had twins. At which point, her advertising executive-husband had a client present her with an Army "E" for "double production in wartime." . . . Marian is currently celebrating her fifteenth year as *Martha Deane*. She is heard weekdays at 10:15 A.M., on New York's Station WOR, with commentary and interviews on issues, books and people in the news. "I have never done a 'women's program,'" Marian insists. She plans her program around what will be of interest to "people." And, at an air time when most of the ears available for lending belong to women, Marian counts males as twenty percent of her audience. . . . From WOR, Marian gets "air, a mike and an engineer . . . positively no censorship . . . absolutely no rows with the bosses." To prepare her program, Marian reads five papers daily, 39 magazines monthly, 4,000 press releases yearly, and a multitude





"Martha Deane" gladioli, pale gold with a burgundy center, were named in honor of radio's first lady.

of books, novels and non-fiction, regularly. If an interview flags in interest: "It's all my fault, I didn't ask the right questions. The angel wasn't sitting on the roof that day or," Marian smiles, "he was busy with someone more important." . . . Born in Star Lake, a small town in upper New York, Marian taught all eight grades of a country school for a year to save money to come to New York City. She went to work for the Scripps-Howard syndicate, NEA. As Alicia Hart, she wrote about beauty. As Betsey Schuyler, she covered society. As herself, she was the only reporter ever to interview Magda Goebbels and the only woman present in the Reichstag when Hitler announced his troops had invaded the Rhineland. . . . With her marriage to William Bolling Taylor eighteen years ago—and her debut as Martha Deane fifteen years ago—the girl who should have been twins became quintuplets, at least in point of her five names. In 1940, she and Bill built the first modern house out on Gardner's Bay. "The neighbors used to call it 'a chicken coop,'" she says. "Then, during the war, I had twins, the cook got married, and when Bill came home

we were six instead of three. Our 'chicken coop' had to be enlarged and 'modernized.'" . . . The twins, Bill, Jr. and Marian Nicole, were born New Year's Eve, 1943. "Nick has been laughing ever since she was delivered," says Marian. "Bill is thoughtful and serious. He's been saying since he was four that he'll be a criminal lawyer." . . . Marian is modest about her career and her children, "but not," she laughs, "about my gardening." Mostly, she plants roses. "You get more for your time with roses," she says. She also has a perennial border, a hillside of daffodils, "and more fun gardening than is possible." Often, she gardens at night, by flashlight or gasoline lamp. "Give her three more years," Bill, Sr. teases, "and there won't be an inch of grass left. She'll dig it all up." "I just don't like grass," Martha rejoins. . . . But grass aside, Bill's in love with five women—and has put it in writing to all of them. On a gold and jewelled cigarette case, he inscribed: "To the women I love: Alicia Hart, Betsey Schuyler, Marian Taylor, Martha Deane, Marian Young." Then followed a list of awards to these women, to which Bill added his own citation—simply "Best."

# Can I help you?

**T**HROUGH the years, as *When A Girl Marries* has run its daily course over ABC Radio, listeners have found a wise and sympathetic friend in Joan Davis—and in Mary Jane Higby, who is Joan's counterpart in private life. Letters have poured in, seeking Joan's (or Mary Jane's) advice in time of family crisis or personal dilemma. Believing that many of these problems and their suggested solutions can be of help to others, TV RADIO MIRROR is opening its pages to these correspondents from all over the nation. Now you can take advantage of this chance to "talk things over" with Joan Davis! Just follow the simple instructions given at the conclusion of this column.



By JOAN DAVIS  
of "When A Girl Marries"

Dear Joan Davis:

My problem is that I have two problems—either one of which I think I could handle, but with both together I just don't know what to do. Three years ago, I married a boy I love very much, though he has a terrible temper—the yelling, banging kind. For the first two years, it got much better. By never losing my own temper in the same way, and by taking every chance to kid him out of it, we really got so there were very few outbursts. In every other way he is a wonderful husband, and we have been as happy as anyone I know. But last year, when my father died, things worked out so my mother had to come to live with us. She isn't well enough to live alone, and we already had the extra room. The trouble is she never knew about my husband's temper before, and she let him know she was shocked the first time he raised his voice when she was around. He has never acted angry toward her, but whenever he shows any temper about anything, she makes it plain enough how wrong she thinks it is. I can see my husband is fretting under this criticism and constant watching, and as a result his flare-ups have begun again. I have hinted to my mother to be more tactful, but she resents his outbursts too much.

Mrs. B. J.

Then, Mrs. B. J., with all due respect to your mother—you had better stop hinting and speak out plainly. As you say, you have two problems—two human beings to deal with. But these are not two equal problems. Your chief responsibility right now is your marriage. It would be a shame to allow an outside influence to undermine

your patient, loving efforts . . . and your mother, in this case, is very much an outside influence. Of course, you wish to remain an affectionate, respectful daughter. But, if your mother will not respond to tactful hints offered in this spirit, it would certainly be advisable to put your case frankly and definitely, as one grown woman to another. Like all mothers, yours undoubtedly feels you deserve an ideal home and husband. It is up to you to convince her that, while you may not have these, you do have something you prize even more highly—a man you love and a marriage you have shown considerable ability to make a happy one. She may have her own ideas about handling the situation, but it is not hers to handle. Your husband is not a child whom she can correct and mold by her disapproval. Explain to her that her desire for your happiness is actually getting in the way of it, and that she is increasing your burden by these misguided efforts.

You might also keep in mind that the worst thing that can happen is a division between you and your husband. Let him know, privately, that you don't approve of your mother's actions and realize how annoying and uncalled-for they are. Point out that, since she is elderly and unwell, and not yet adjusted to living under a roof that is not her own, it may be necessary to ignore some of her irritating habits. Make it plain that you and he are a team—not you and

your mother against him. It may be unpleasant, but it is a lesser evil than allowing him to build up a resentful conviction that you share your mother's censorious attitude toward him.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am going on fifteen and my problem is boys. I am pretty popular and have plenty of girl friends. But, though there are a few boys in my class who seem to like to talk to me, they don't treat me like a girl. I mean, even if I go to a movie with one, it's not like a date, because they talk about their problems all the time or even ask me questions about other girls. I don't think they think of me as a girl at all, but more like just a friend. How can I get them to think of me the way I want?

A. L.

Some time ago, I met a real beauty—a girl whose face and figure have made her one of the country's leading models. We became friendly enough for me to ask her how it was that, with so many men to choose from, she had not yet married. Her answer was a little funny—and a little sad. "Don't laugh, Joan," she said ruefully, "but I'm scared of men! Even back in school, when the other girls were envying all my dates, I was scared. Of course I knew a lot of them, but how did I know them? Just the side they wanted to show me—always treating me like someone who had to be played up to! Joan, I've just never really known a man, the bad with the good. How can I risk marrying one, when the whole tribe is so strange to me?"

In other words, A.L., you are complaining of a priceless opportunity—the chance to build a sound, serviceable understanding of what my glamorous friend called "the whole tribe" on a basis of friendship. What better way is there to get to know anyone than to have him bring you his problems? And remember—they do bring them to you. Nobody can be a truly attractive woman without being an attractive human being. If you were not such a person, do you think the boys you know would be interested in being with you at all? Don't waste this precious time in bemoaning that you are not yet, at fifteen, a *femme fatale*. As you and your figure mature, there will be clothes and make-up to enhance the femininity you yearn to establish. Meanwhile, you can be developing qualities more important than the superficial attractiveness that can be bought in any store. By using your eyes, ears—and sense of humor—you can become one of those fortunate women who know that men are not really such a strange "tribe," after all. (Continued on page 71)

# Look! The First Weatherproof Pin-curl Permanent



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# INFORMATION BOOTH



*Jack Fascinato*

## Music Is The Key

*Please publish some information about Jack Fascinato, who appears on NBC-TV's Tennessee Ernie Ford Show.  
E. M., Connersville, Ind.*

Although an accomplished pianist, the musical director of the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show* made his debut at the age of five—as a trumpet player. While playing a hymn in a Shelbina, Missouri church, he suddenly forgot the music. A trouper, Jack “faked” until he remembered the melody. . . . Jack Fascinato was born in Bevier, Missouri, the son of a music professor. At eight, he played the trumpet with his father’s band at the Shelbina County fair. Schooled at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, Jack was nineteen when he became the music supervisor of the Hannibal, Missouri public schools. After two years, he returned to the Windy City to be a pianist-arranger for a number of top bands, for the musical, “Hot Mikado,” and the film, “National Barn Dance.” . . . Then a stint as musical director of NBC’s *Starring Curt Massey* was followed by Jack’s entry into the Navy, where he played with the Navy Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C. . . . By May, 1948, Burr Tillstrom spotted Jack for his *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* family. The versatile musician wrote more than 75 original songs for the *Kuklapolitans*. In addition to the piano, Jack plays all brass instruments, as well as the violin, viola, bass and tympany. Recently, as baton man, he recorded “Cool Man,” “Sweet” and, of course, Ernie’s “Sixteen Tons.” . . . He lives with his pretty wife and two daughters—Tony, 10, and Tina, 9—in a ranch-type home in Palm Springs, California. An avid baseball fan, Jack is also interested in photography and sports cars. His favorite food is barbecued spare ribs. His favorite composer: Maurice Ravel. His ambition: “To get lost and write music—maybe for a Broadway show.”

*(Continued on page 12)*

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*it's light-up time!*



**ALL YOU COULD HOPE FOR.**  
A Lucky gives you the one thing  
you want in a cigarette: better taste! Luckies  
are made of fine tobacco—mild, good-tasting  
tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better.  
Have you tried a Lucky lately? You'll say it's the  
best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!



**"IT'S TOASTED  
to taste better!"**

**LUCKIES  
TASTE BETTER**

*Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!*

# INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 10)



**Don Cherry**



**Elinor Donahue**



**Carl Smith**

## Par For The Course

*I would like to have some information about Don Cherry, who sings on Arthur Godfrey's program from time to time.*

*B.T., Oklahoma City, Okla.*

When Don Cherry sings out "Fore!" sport and music fans alike sit up and take notice. The handsome Texan is regarded as one of the top amateur golfers in show business and, as a crooner, his records can be counted on for big sales and radio performances. . . . It was while singing at a golfers' clubhouse that he was spotted by Jan Garber, and signed as a featured vocalist. When Don left the band in Dallas, it was to do his own radio show five days a week on WFAA. Then came supper-club jobs, and a record contract. . . . Don first became interested in singing while serving in the Army during World War II. This year, his recording of "Band of Gold" topped the million mark. . . . In spite of his booming musical career, Don has always found time for regular play on the golf links. He won the Canadian Amateur Crown in 1952, has been a member of the Walker Cup team for three years, and played in Bing Crosby's pro-amateur golf tournament. . . . His birthday is January 11, and he stands 5' 10" tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blond hair and hazel eyes. Earlier this year, while he was appearing at a hotel in Las Vegas, he met a fellow performer—pretty, red-haired Sharon Kay Ritchie, the reigning Miss America. In July she consented to change that title to Mrs. Don Cherry and, after their fall wedding, Don and Sharon Kay are looking forward to establishing a dynasty of future golfers, singers, and beauty queens.

## Trouper Since Two

*Would you please tell me something about Elinor Donahue, who plays Betty on Father Knows Best?*

*T.F.M., Toledo, Ohio*

Pretty, dark-haired Elinor Donahue has been hard at work for over 16 years—and since she's not yet 20, that's quite a record. . . . Mary Elinor ("I dropped the Mary in order to have 13 letters in my name, since 13 is my lucky number") was born April 19, 1937, in Tacoma, Washington. Her mother was a theatrical costumer, her sister an established night-club entertainer. When Elinor was two, she sang on a local radio show. She was a seasoned vaudeville trouper by five, and, shortly after that, she put in her appearance in Hollywood. . . . An ardent outdoor girl, she enjoys swimming, bicycling, horseback riding, and ice skating. If she were not an actress, she thinks she'd be a dancer, and has even performed as a dancer at state fairs and police benefits. Elinor's now busy with courses at Los Angeles City College. Of her successful career in show business, she says, "None of it came by trying. I just liked to sing and dance and happened to be around people who did something about it."

## Success Country-Style

*Would you please give me some information about Carl Smith, who is one of the stars of the Grand Ole Opry on both TV and radio?* *H.D., Tulsa, Okla.*

Carl Smith has gained his fame over 700 miles from Broadway, but he's known in show business as a mighty big star, nevertheless. Shy, easygoing Carl is a Tennessee-bred lad who "farmed till I got to singin'." . . . Born on March 15, 1927, he grew up on a farm, went to school in Maynardville. He earned the money for guitar lessons by mowing lawns. At the age of 13, he took part in his first amateur talent show. From then on, he knew for sure he wanted to be a country singer. . . . As a featured singer on Knoxville's *Molly O' Day Show*, he cut his first record, "Guilty Conscience" and "Washing My Dreams in Tears." It made him a star almost over-

night, and won him his place on *Grand Ole Opry*. . . . Slender and youthful, Carl is six-foot-two, has wavy, dark hair, blue eyes, and an infectious smile. Though he's made personal appearances all over the country and in Canada, his home is still in Nashville, with his wife, June Carter (also a star), and their baby daughter.

## Star Of All Trades

*Would you please give me some information about Rod Cameron, who plays Lieut. Bart Grant on the TV show, City Detective?* *B.M., Glenn, Calif.*

Rod Cameron is one of TV's biggest stars in more ways than one; he weighs in at 200 pounds and stands a tall six feet and five inches. . . . If Rod has seemed at home in his many Western movie roles, he has been riding horses since he was four, and he's one of the best skeet shots in the modern West. . . . Rod's a native of Calgary, Alberta, in Canada, and can claim 34 different occupations before turning to acting. He has, among other jobs, worked as a coral diver, surveyor, cashier in a casino, pro athlete, sandhog. . . . It's Rod's 35th career that has proved a whopping success, however. His motion-picture credit list includes "Northwest Mounted Police," "Wake Island," "Crossfire," and, recently, "Southwest Passage." He is frequently seen on various TV drama shows, but is best known as *City Detective* Bart Grant.

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**FOR YOUR INFORMATION**—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

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No Other Leading Toothpaste

**CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS** YOUR BREATH

**WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS** YOUR TEETH

**Like Colgate Dental Cream!**

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste  
Contains **GARDOL**  
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION  
AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY  
...With Just One Brushing!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day ... with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste\* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

**SAFE** for Children of All Ages!  
to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER — CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

\*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



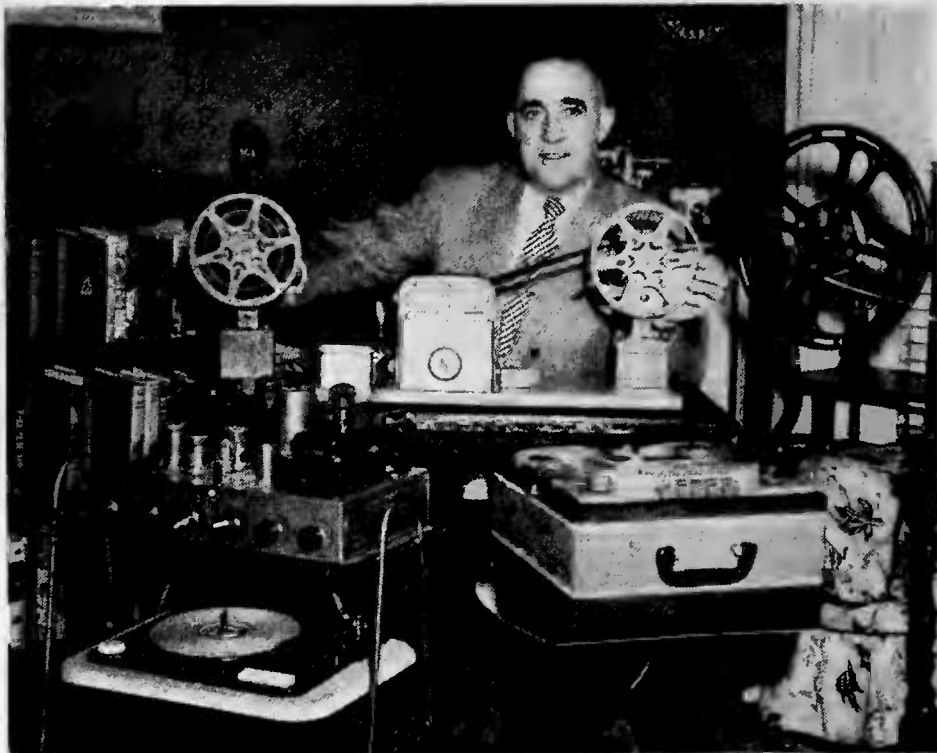
GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

**Cleans Your Breath** While It **Guards Your Teeth**

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# HAPPY TRAVELER

*Ralph Carroll of WNBC knows the highroads of adventure, talks the language of the man in the street*



People are Ralph Carroll's hobby. He collects curious items, "smiles in the news," and a year's supply of film footage as he and Mrs. Carroll travel to "meet the people."



**R**ALPH CARROLL has a formula. Briefly, it's "meet the people." Says Binghamton, New York's WNBC-TV and Radio star, "You've got to know what they think, what they like, what they laugh at and what they want on a program. You can't get it any other way." Ralph practices what he preaches, but when he goes out to meet the man on the street, it's likely to be a thoroughfare that goes 'round the world. . . . Ralph's interest in people and travel started when he was a boy in South Africa and heard a lecture, with slides and a stereopticon, on "Through Darkest Fiji and a Visit With Headhunters." "Right then," says Ralph, "I made up my mind that travel and pictures would one day be my way of life." . . . Radio entered his life in 1926 when a traveling radio station, passing through Binghamton, invited Ralph to announce. Ralph, who had made his way, via India and England, to his father's native United States, liked the work. When a permanent radio station was established, he joined them, first as a writer and then as a performer and personality. "On the late night shows, along with pipe organ accompaniment, I would read poetry and philosophize," says Ralph. "People liked it. After all these years, I still do the same show, but with less music and

less poetry and more homely chatter and comment on daily events." . . . Currently he's heard on WNBC Radio, weekdays at 11:30 A.M., and seen on TV with the *Ralph Carroll Show*, weekdays at 9 A.M., and *Carroll Caravan*, weekdays at 6 P.M. On mike or on camera, Ralph is host to a parade of famous guests such as Margaret Truman, "the most gracious," and Norman Brokenshire, "the most colorful." Less famous, but equally fascinating, was the man who was about to "milk a rattlesnake" when the reptile got loose in the studio. A lady fireater almost set the same studio on fire and another lady guest, a librarian, brought along a jar containing the brain of a famous old-time murderer. And then there was the thirsty man who drank the glass of water that had been scheduled to be spilled during an upholstery commercial. . . . On his television shows, Ralph features travel films taken by him and his wife during their footloose vacations. This year, the Carroll camera will revisit Banff and Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies and then return to Binghamton via Arizona's Monument Valley. Ralph's wife shuns the spotlight, but handles the business details, arranges for Ralph's appearances at churches and clubs and fills the role of ideal traveling companion.



# New! BOBBI— with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents  
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

*Specially created for casual hair styles*



See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

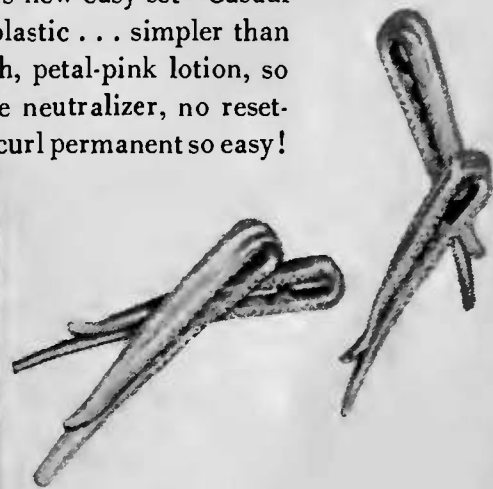
Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets” . . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets” . . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New “Casual Curlets” are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
3. Can't rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.



All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box  
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.

# Hurley in the morning



*Amiable Pat Hurley practices  
the easy-does-it method  
on his WINS morning program*

**A** CONNOISSEUR of the casual, Pat Hurley admits that everyone's first impulse is to compare him to Steve Allen. As to stature and spectacles, they are look-alikes, and Pat does a "double" act with Steve in a razor commercial. As to style, both belong to the relaxed school of broadcasting. Before he joined New York's WINS, Pat hosted *San Francisco By Night*, a kissing-cousin telecast to Steve's *Tonight*. . . . But there are differences. Pat Hurley, far from being anyone's carbon copy, is an original practitioner of the easy-does-it method. Having given up the West Coast for the East Coast, he's given up the nighttime for a "new sound" in the morning time. . . . Placing a taboo on frenetic gags, gimmicks and glamour, Pat presides amiably over *Hurley In The Morning*, Monday through Saturday from 6 to 9:30 on WINS. He spins standards and "music with a beat," interspersed with running reports on news and weather. "Primarily," Pat explains, "this is a music, time, temperature and traffic show. Whatever humor results is a bonus." Listeners report that they collect these "bonuses" with regularity. . . . Born in Chicago, this six-foot-four, 200-pounder started out to be a man of medicine. But, after two years in the Army, Pat decided "it was time to go to work." He returned to the University of Wisconsin to finish his last year of college



Pat is casual, original. Daughter Stacey may be a "handful," "Susiebelle" an armful, but Pat and his wife Phyllis have good reasons for smiling—even by dawn's early light!



and also join the CBS station in Madison as a staff singer and then announcer. He and his wife Phyllis, a radio major, even did a husband-and-wife breakfast show, her first and last airwaves stint. Next came Chicago, San Francisco and, this May, New York. . . . The Hurleys live in a three-bedroom, colonial house in New Rochelle, "almost an exact duplicate of our West Coast house, except that it's several thousand dollars more and one bedroom less." Daughter Stacey will be four this December, which is also the birthday month for Pat and Phyllis, who were born the same day, same year. The fourth Hurley is a Bedlington terrier who is listed on a long pedigree as Puka de Winter III. But, when Stacey saw the dog, a gift from a California listener, she exclaimed "Susiebelle," and that's been it ever since. . . . Pat's alarm rings at 4:30 A.M. He's generally home by three, in time for a romp with Stacey or a family trip to the beach. Phyllis has found her career at home. "She'll be a great P.T.A.'er," Pat predicts. Pat himself likes golf and hunting, dislikes fishing, gardening and do-it-yourself. "I'm as unhandy as anyone," he says, "and I can botch a job better than most." The Hurleys have an early dinner and retire at 8:30, when Stacey announces, "Daddy, it's time for us to go to bed." New York's newest star rises—and shines—early.



*I dreamed I went whistle-stopping\*  
in my maidenform\* bra*

I'm a sure winner because I'm on the right track! My platform: a vote for me is a vote for Maidenform. No wonder I'm the people's choice for the figure of the year! The dream of a bra: new Maidenform Pre-Lude\*—the bra with the contour-band that gives you an entirely new kind of under-and-up up-lift to make the most of every curve you own. In white embroidered broadcloth. A, B and C cups, 2.00. Prices slightly higher in Canada. \*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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# NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



623

623—Pick this pretty “flower” for your serving apron. Fashion it of remnants in shades of vivid color. Embroidery transfers, directions for making “flower” apron, 17 inches long. 25¢

818—“Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep” is the inspiring theme of this beautiful embroidered quilt. Baby Quilt, 35½ x 43¼ inches. Diagrams, embroidery transfers included. 25¢

7380—Beginner-simple, make this doily for your home or as a gift. All in pineapple pattern—your favorite crochet! Easy-crochet directions for doily 18 inches in mercerized crochet and knitting cotton; smaller to match. 25¢

7363—Beautify your TV set with this new cover—easy-crochet in any size. Pineapples and mesh form the pretty pattern. Crochet TV square 24-inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in bed-spread cotton. 25¢

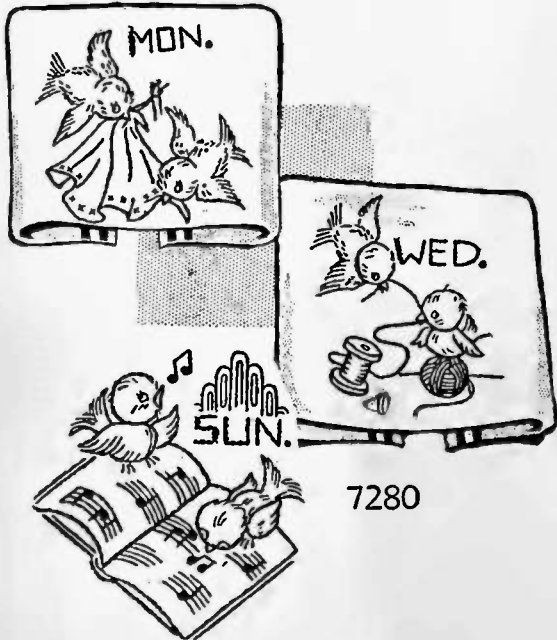


7380

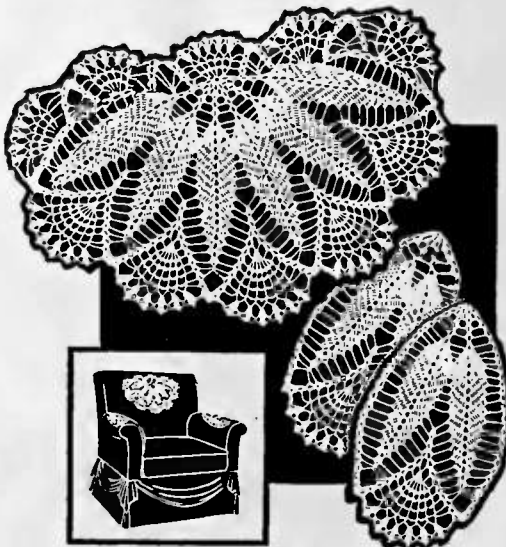
7280—Brighten kitchen towels with colorful “bird” motifs. Set of seven different designs for each day of the week. Transfers, instructions included for gay embroidery. 25¢

584—Protect and beautify your fine furniture. Feathers in a fan shape add interest to chair or buffet. Use No. 30 crochet cotton. Directions included. 25¢

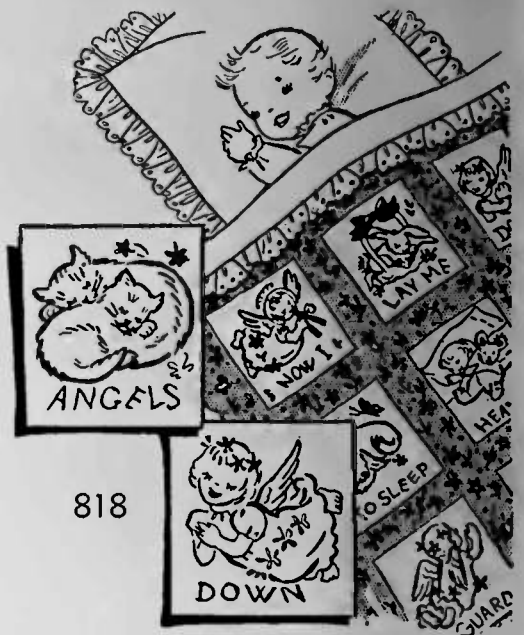
7208—Cuddly elephant decorates a bed by day, is a handy pajama bag for youngster’s night togs! Pattern parts, transfers of embroidery and directions included. 25¢



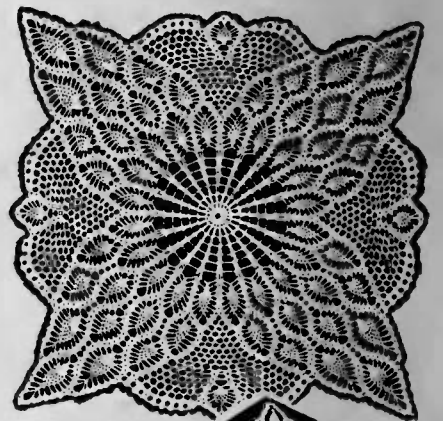
7280



584



818



7363



7208



# Which is your hair problem?



## Hair dull...no shine?

Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new SUAVE! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! SUAVE gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," *not* oily shine . . . because it's greaseless.



## Hair too dry?

The instant you apply SUAVE Hair-dressing with its amazing *greaseless* lanolin, dryness is gone! SUAVE puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave . . . and so manageable, so *exciting to feel!*



## Unruly after shampoo?

Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use SUAVE every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky . . . manageable, eager to wave. *Keeps* hair in place without oily film.

## Hair abused...brittle?

After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up SUAVE. Apply liberally every day—and see satin-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, *how caressable* your hair can look!



## Teen Tangles?

Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of SUAVE daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. *Keeps* it perfect! Gives hair that sparkly sophisticated look. You'll love what it does for your hair.



HELENE CURTIS  
**Suave**  
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

Choose  
Liquid or  
new Creme  
**59¢**  
and \$1  
(plus tax)



\*Trademark

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# movie museum



Plots have changed little and the triangle is eternal. "Bride" Gloria Swanson was usually "the other woman."

**S**CREENS were less wide, the world was more innocent, in the days when the movies were a speechless infant nurtured in the old Biograph and Edison studios. Now, on television—a device even more far-fetched than talkies to D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennett—flickers of 1893-1915 vintage are again on display. Produced by Sterling Television Company, narrated by "curator" Paul Killiam, *Movie Museum* offers classic views of Mary Pickford's curls and Barrymore's profile, Mabel Normand's farce and Rudolph Valentino's fire. Resurrected—and re-wrapped in the brash and colorful style of the nickelodeon—these cinematic milestones prove that the good old days really were.



Above, Rudolph Valentino as the Sheik. Right, Marion Leonard and D. W. Griffith in 1908.



Cheesecake was fresh when Chester Conklin romped with the Sennett Bathing Beauties. Below, pie-in-the-face a la Mabel Normand.



Keystone Cops stole laughs. Fatty Arbuckle at far right, Ford Sterling on phone.



# Which one of these quotes from "Women in the News" WINS YOUR VOTE?



**1. MRS. DALE CARNEGIE**, author of "Don't Grow Old—Grow Up": "Every woman who is figure-conscious will love the way the new Playtex Girdle flatters her figure—as I do. A Playtex Girdle has the same amazing 'hold-in' power six months later as on the day you bought it."



**2. HANNAH TROY**, leading American fashion designer: "Playtex is the only girdle I know that's completely invisible under the most revealing clothes—holds in superbly without that 'corseted' look—another big reason why more women wear Playtex than any other girdle in the world!"



**3. CAROLYN HUGHES**, beautiful fashion model and cover girl: "To me, the most exciting exclusive of the Playtex Living Bra is the elastic criss-cross front. I love the way it dips down deep, gives such stunning separation and uplift. No other bra gives such lovely natural lines."



**4. KATHRYN MURRAY**, star of TV's Arthur Murray Party: "Dancers need figure control, too, but must have complete freedom of motion. That's why Playtex Girdles are perfect—wonderful 'hold-in' power without a seam or bone, so flexible even a grandmother like me can bend in comfort."



**5. FRAN WARREN**, popular RKO-Unique recording star: "The Playtex Living Bra is the only bra with an all-elastic frame that never shifts, rides or slides no matter how active you are. The low-anchored elastic back always stays put—won't annoy you by creeping up ever!"



**6. MOLLIE PARNIS**, brilliant fashion designer: "The Living Bra is the prettiest you can buy—and gives the prettiest curves. Both the nylon-and-marquisette cups lined in cotton, and the all-cotton cups lift and lure, round and raise into that high but natural look women love!"



**7. JUNE EARING**, Champion swimmer and Aquashow star: "No other girdle with such wonderful 'hold-in' power is as flexible, supple, and comfortable as Playtex—because only Playtex is made of Fabricon. It's the only girdle you can ski in, swim in—and look glamorous in when dancing."



**8. BETTY KEAN**, of the (riotous) Kean Sisters comedy team: "Playtex Lightweight has more 'hold-in' power with less weight than any other girdle I've ever worn—and it costs only \$4.95. Actually gives more support and more comfort than girdles that cost me three times as much."



**9. JUSTINE PARKER**, lovely star of many TV dramas: "The Playtex Living Bra in Long Line is for me—all the wonderful all-elastic exclusive features plus an elastic 'magic-midriff' that smooths inches away sleekly and surely for the long, lean look of today's fashions."



**10. GRACE DOWNS**, Dean of Grace Downs Air Career School: "No other bra in the world has bias-cut elastic side panels that self-adjust to your every motion, hold you firmly without cutting. You get heavenly comfort day into night with the Playtex Living Bra. Once you wear it—no other bra will do."

Nothing to Buy! Enter This Exciting PLAYTEX Contest Now! You May Win

# \$10,000.00 CASH

Just Tell Us Which One of the Above Statements Interests You Most!

### THESE PLAYTEX FACTS WILL HELP YOU WIN!



PLAYTEX LIVING BRA \$3.95 D-CUP \$4.95

\*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back... doesn't shift, slide or ride.

\*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.

\*Sculptured cups give high, rounded uplift... a perfect "sweater" silhouette



PLAYTEX MAGIC-CONTROLLER \$7.95

PLAYTEX LIGHTWEIGHT \$4.95

MADE OF FABRICON, a wonderful new girdle material of downy soft cotton and latex that gives more "hold-in" power with greater comfort. Air conditioned with tiny air dots—and Magic-Controller also has a non-roll top that stays up without a stay.

### OFFICIAL RULES

- Simply fill out an Official Entry Blank, or write on one side of a plain piece of paper. Send as many entries as you wish, to Playtex, P. O. Box 480, New York 46, New York.
- Entries must be postmarked no later than Oct. 27, 1956, and must be received by Nov. 5, 1956.
- Any woman in the United States or its territories is eligible to enter, except officers and employees (and members of their families) of the corporation, any of its divisions, or its advertising agencies. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations.
- All entries become the property of International Latex Corp., Playtex Park, Dover, Del., the sponsors of this contest; none will be returned. All entries must be original work of contestants submitted in own names. The contest will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of sincerity, originality of thought, and appropriateness to the product. Decisions of the judges will be final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- Winners notified personally or by mail. List of winners available by requesting same and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your entry.

1,016 PRIZES WORTH \$40,000!

1st PRIZE: \$10,000 CASH

2nd-3rd-4th:

MINK COATS worth \$5,000 each

5th thru 16th:

MINK STOLES worth \$1,000 each

plus 1,000 Playtex Living Bras worth \$3.95 each

(Values stated include 10% federal excise tax.)

Just read what these "Women in the News" say about the features of Playtex® Girdles and Bras. Vote for *one* statement that interests you most about either the Playtex Girdle or Playtex Bra. Simply complete the following phrase in 25 words or less—"I vote for Statement No. —because ..... Enter as often as you wish. Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store. What you write can earn you \$10,000.

Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store.

To: PLAYTEX, P. O. BOX 480, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

"I vote for statement # \_\_\_\_\_ because \_\_\_\_\_ (complete in 25 words or less)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Remember: You may get a Playtex Living® Bra as a prize. Your bra size \_\_\_\_\_

# ON THE RECORD

By JOAN WALLACE

**F**OR A RECORD to set a record, the zeros must really multiply. With a justifiably expanded chest, Columbia reports that its original-cast album of "My Fair Lady," the Broadway smash, has sold more than 400,000 to date. At this rate, "Lady" will soon be pushing toward "South Pacific's" total, which is still selling strong and adding to its 1,300,000 album sales. If you've seen Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway and Robert Coote cavorting in this musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion," your first impulse was probably in the direction of a record shop. If you're one of those to whom "My Fair Lady" looks like a 1958 date, it's worth waiting for. Meanwhile, your best bet is to bide your time with this wonderful recorded version.

The current date is September time, which means back to school, back to work, or at least back from vacation. Whatever you're up to, there are some early fall record releases which make for good listening. An ear-pleasing album for any time of the year is "Tone Poems of

Color," with Frank Sinatra conducting a forty-piece orchestra. Each tone poem, and there are twelve in all, was written and arranged by such imposing talent as Nelson Riddle, Gordon Jenkins, Alec Wilder, Victor Young and Andre Previn. The colors—white, purple, gold, black, yellow, green, and so on—have been beautifully transferred to wax. Sinatra actually conducted the recording sessions just before he left for Europe, adding another accomplishment to his list of talents. (Capitol)

"The Happy Minstrels," by Art Mooney and his orchestra, is a rollicking set of minstrel songs, all done in the musical setting of an old-fashioned minstrel show. Mooney is the interlocutor, presenting some twenty-five songs, including everything from "Old Black Joe" to "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." The album moves right along, and should move all right in the sales department for Mooney, too. (M-G-M)

June Christy has a new set, appropriately titled "The Misty Miss Christy." June

sings twelve old tunes which seem just right for her unusual vocal style—such things as "Day Dream," "Dearly Beloved," "The Wind" and "For All We Know." Pete Rugolo conducts. (Capitol)

A most timely release is Columbia's "Politics, U.S.A." It's an album of spoken words—no music—presenting the voices of such American figures as President Eisenhower, former President Truman, and the late Harold Ickes, Wendell Willkie, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert Taft and others. You'll hear critical speeches made during previous political campaigns and important speeches on past historic occasions. Will Rogers, Jr. narrates the album, providing the continuity in a straight-forward manner. This is a most interesting documentary compilation of living history on wax, particularly inasmuch as this is an election year.

Steve Lawrence, the young baritone on the Steve Allen shows, has been steadily improving right along, and now he really hits the platter bell with an album called "About That Girl." Lawrence does eleven standard songs, all romantic ones, such tunes as "Where or When," "This Heart of Mine," "The More I See You," "I Could Make You Care," and "Like Someone in Love." And he sounds just great on all of them. Orchestral accompaniment is by Dick Jacobs. (Coral)

Steve is also represented in another album, "The Steve Allen Show," along with his musical pals from the program, Eydie Gorme, Skitch Henderson and Pat Kirby. The gang do a set of standards, all of which they've done on the show at one time or another. Steve conducts the orchestra and also sings a couple of solos. (Coral)

Hi-fi fans have been begging record companies to put more organ music on wax, because an organ's range of color and tone really comes across on a good hi-fi set. So the tweeter and woofer cult will be happy to know of two new albums—one, on Epic, is "Theater Organ in Hi-Fi," with Leonard MacClain at the console of the big pipe organ at the Towers Theater, in Darby, Pennsylvania. Columbia is also bringing out "Organ Moods in Hi-Fi," by Buddy Cole. The selections on both sets are standards, especially chosen for organ rendition.

Fats Domino has been rolling right along in popularity, with such single hits as "Rose Marie," "Ain't It a Shame" and "Poor Me" to his credit. He has combined these and other tunes into an album, aptly called "Rock and Rollin' With Fats Domino," and it should please the Domino fans who go for his solid style of rhythm-and-blues. (Imperial)

And on the subject of rock 'n' roll, here comes Bill Haley and His Comets with a cute thing called "Teenager's Mother (Are You Right?)." Bill and the boys "musically" discuss "parents versus kids" on the rock 'n' roll question. The flip side is a driving rendition of "Rip It Up." (Decca)

Julius La Rosa has cut his first album for Victor, and it should cut through for Julie. They're titling it just "Julius La Rosa," and it includes such wonderful old romantic tunes as "A Fellow Needs a Girl," "No Love, No Nothin'," "I Hadn't Anyone Till You," "Our Love Is Here To Stay," "How About You" and "Don't You Know I Care?" The musical backing is excellent, with credit going to Joe Reis-



Oles to Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison and Robert Coote, starring on Broadway and on Columbia Records in "My Fair Lady." Here, they extol "Rain in Spain."





Crooner and actor Sinatra now turns his talents to conducting for Capitol.

man's orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers.

Also on the Victor label, there's a fine album of inspirational and religious songs done by that popular country-and-Western artist, Stuart Hamblen. Titled "It Is No Secret," the set includes "The Lord Is Counting on You," "These Things Shall Pass," "The King of All Kings," the favorite, "I Believe," and Stuart's own "Open Up Your Heart."

Lawrence Welk fans, attention! Here's another album by the popular gentleman who dispenses "champagne music." It's called "Lawrence Welk at Madison Square Garden," and it was actually recorded there on March 26, 1956. Lawrence and his gang did a special convention show for his sponsors, the Dodge Dealers of America, and, needless to say, the response was enthusiastic. The entire Welk crew of soloists are represented on a variety of tunes: "Mister Wonderful," "Lover," "Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye," "Dark-town Strutters' Ball," "South Rampart Street Parade," "The Third Man Theme," and others. (Coral)

Andy Williams, the smooth-voiced singer on the Steve Allen show, has been hoping for that one hit record to boost his crooning stock. He may just have it with "Canadian Sunset," a lovely tune with a romantic lyric, sung excellently by Andy, with a lush musical background. The Williams voice also comes across on the coupling, another lovely tune, "High Up on the Mountain." (Cadence)

Columbia Records is all excited about their latest recording discovery, a twenty-year-old lad from San Francisco named Johnny Mathis. The company's executives are so sure he is going to be a big star that they arranged for him to do an album right off the bat. And a terrific one it is. Johnny sings "Babalu," "Caravan," "Star Eyes," "Cabin in the Sky," among others, with Columbia's top arrangers and conductors handling the music. This boy has a most flexible voice and a very distinctive style. You'll be seeing him on TV.

If you've missed some single records by those big platter-sellers, Don Cornell, Teresa Brewer or The McGuire Sisters, you can get them now via three separate packages that Coral is releasing: "Don," "Teresa," and "Chris, Dot and Phyllis." Coral has picked up all their recent solo hits—and has added a few new singles by each, for good measure.



## Never Again . . . need pimples ruin romance!

Only an active teen-ager knows the heartache and misery pimples can cause . . . the agonies of self-consciousness and embarrassment . . . the broken dates, the parties missed, which mean so much.

What wonderful news, then, that there is now a really effective, scientific medication, *especially for pimples*. CLEARASIL has been proved effective beyond question in clinical tests by doctors, in nation-wide usage tests by nurses and in actual daily use by millions. Whether you have just occasional pimples or a serious condition take action against them the modern

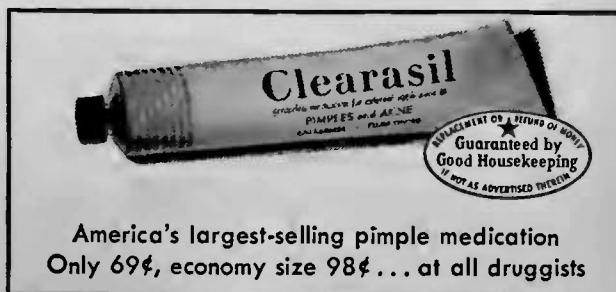
Clearasil way: *In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.*

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CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples by helping to remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. CLEARASIL's antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. And, CLEARASIL's keratolytic action softens and dissolves infected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate to *lower* pimple infection. Encourages new, smooth, healthy skin growth.

### SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL ends embarrassment immediately. It is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back.



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Only 69¢, economy size 98¢ . . . at all druggists

**Special Offer:** Send name, address and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Box 12 MP, Eastco, Inc., White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires Nov. 30, 1956.



With Alistair Cooke still at the helm, *Omnibus* switches to ABC-TV.



Nothing finer than Dinah Shore—daily or launching the *Chevy Show*.



Headliner Buddy Hackett is a newsstand proprietor in NBC's *Stanley*.

the beloved Julie, "the woman who devotes her life to the care of other women's children" at Hilltop House. The drama is new to NBC Radio schedules (3:30 P.M. EDT), but producer-director Jack Rubin looks forward to "great good luck," broadcasting from Studio 8-A in Radio City. Seems he produced, directed and acted in the first program ever aired from 8-A—a performance of *The O'Neills*, just after the RCA Building was opened for business, back in November, 1933.

*The Tales Of The 77th Bengal Lancers* starts sometime this month, on Sunday nights, replacing *It's A Great Life*. This new adventure series, on film, is based on the exploits of famed British lancers during the 1870's along the India-Afghanistan border. Warren Stevens and Phillip Carey play the leads.

*Frontier* has been canceled on Sundays, and in its place we find a new filmed show called *Circus Boy*, with a twelve-year-old discovery, Mickey Braddock, playing the title role. Also in the cast is Robert Lowery, as the circus owner, Noah Beery, Jr. as a clown, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, playing a roustabout, and an elephant called *Bimbo*, playing a pachyderm. The starting date is September 23.

The long-awaited Buddy Hackett show debuts Monday night, September 24, filling a half-hour of Sid Caesar's old time. The new situation-comedy series, *Stanley*, finds the rotund Hackett playing a proprietor of a newsstand in a plush New York Hotel, with Max Liebman handling the producer chores. Hackett was signed for this series following his very successful guesting with Perry Como last season.

The other half of the Caesar Monday-night time goes to *The Adventures Of Sir Lancelot*, a new filmed show starring William Russell, a twenty-four-year-old English actor. This one also begins on September 24.

The spectaculars are back, scheduled on a once-a-month basis on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights. The first one

will be for *Producers' Showcase*, Monday night, September 17. It's an hour-and-a-half musical show, "The Lord Don't Play Favorites," and will star Kay Starr and Louis Armstrong, with Buster Keaton, the silent-film comedian, and Buddy Baer featured.

Saturday night, September 29, is the date set for the big Esther Williams' Aquacade spectacular. This is the glamorous water show, starring the movies' swim queen, which NBC has had planned since last season.

On Friday night, October 5, there will be another big musical spec, "A Man's Game," with NBC hopes, Nanette Fabray as star. This one is all about a girl pitcher in the big leagues, and its comic possibilities are right up Nan's alley—if the network is successful in signing the talented comedienne to a long-term contract. They also have her penciled in to star in another spec of "High Button Shoes" in November. This, too, depends on the contract negotiations now going on, which could be all set by the time this is in print.

On the forthcoming spec list are such as: "Born Yesterday" (NBC is dreaming about Kim Novak for this one) on October 9; "Man and Superman," starring Maurice Evans; a musical comedy, "The Soft Touch"; Somerset Maugham's "The Letter"; and "Manhattan Towers," to be based on the tone poem by Gordon Jenkins. All these shows will be seen in October and November, and I'll give you details as to cast and such next month.

#### CBS:

*Hey Jeannie* is a new Saturday-night, filmed half-hour show, which starts September 8 and replaces *It's Always Jan*. The "Jeannie" is Jeannie Carson, the British song-and-dance gal whom you saw last season on a couple of spectaculars on NBC. In this new situation-comedy series, which was especially written for her, she plays the role of a Scottish girl who moves to America and gets herself into all sorts

of humorous happenings. The script has also been shaped to allow for Jeannie's vocal and dancing talent.

Another new adventure series begins Saturday night, September 29. This one is called *The Buccaneer*, a half-hour show filmed in England. It has to do with the pirate days of the middle nineteenth century, and has a swashbuckling all-British cast which includes Robert Shaw, Dan Tempest, Peter Hammond and Hugh David.

Arthur Godfrey returns to his morning shows, radio and TV, on September 17, with Peter Lind Hayes taking over meantime. The same night, Mr. G. picks up the reins on *Talent Scouts*, which Bob Crosby has been emceeing during Arthur's vacation. September 26 is the return date for Godfrey's Wednesday-night television show, with Frankie Laine *Time* continuing until then. At the moment, no one except Arthur, if even he knows, has the slightest idea who will be in his nighttime TV cast—so many of his "friends" have departed over the summer.

And away we go, Saturday night, September 29, with *The Jackie Gleason Show*—live and an hour-long! "Roly-poly" is bringing back his popular "Honeymooners," with all-new in-person sketches, and not a patch of film! Jackie is also reviving his well-known characterizations of such folk as: "Joe, the Bartender," "The Poor Soul," "Reggie Van Gleason, III," "The Loud Mouth," "Rudy, the Repair Man," "Ralph Kramden, Bus Driver," and that timid fellow, "Fenwick Babbit." Audrey Meadows, Art Carney, Joyce Randolph, and The June Taylor Dancers will all be back, and it will be nice to have the Gleason Gang in the flesh again.

Old shows returning, with new films and stories are: *Burns And Allen*, Monday night, September 10; *G-E Theater*, new plays, some live and some on film, with Ronald Reagan as host, Sunday night, September 23; *I Love Lucy* and *December Bride*, both resuming Monday night, Oc-

tober 1; *Studio One*, Monday night, September 24, with a new series of plays and with Betty Furness back at her old stand with some new iceboxes; and Phil Silvers' *Sergeant Bilko* marches back Tuesday night, September 18.

*Oh! Susanna* is another new situation-comedy entry this season, debuting Saturday night, September 29. It's on film and stars Gale Storm as a social director on a cruise ship—and her role gives Gale a chance to sing, dance, and wear knockout clothes. The veteran movie actress, ZaSu Pitts, plays a featured part as head of the beauty parlor on the boat. Jimmy Lydon, who was so well-liked on *The First Hundred Years*, is a ship's officer, and also the love interest. From all indications, this promises to be an entertaining TV series, and CBS has great hopes for it.

Still another situation-comedy series, this one non-musical and titled *The Brothers*, tees off Tuesday night, October 2, replacing last season's *Navy Log*. This one involves two bachelor brothers who live together and run a photo studio in San Francisco. It co-stars Gale Gordon, of *Our Miss Brooks* fame, and Bob Sweeney, remembered from *My Favorite Husband*.

The same night *The Herb Shriner Show* makes its first appearance on the fall schedule. The Hoosier humorist will star in a half-hour variety series, which will feature his Harmonica Band and guest stars. Herb will also play an "Our Town" type narrator in a dramatic skit each week and will show his own home movies. The Shriner shindig replaces *Joe And Mabel*.

Robert Q. Lewis starts his new Monday-through-Friday night radio show for CBS on September 10. Robert Q. takes over Jack Carson's former time for thirty minutes of songs, music and fun.

**ABC:**

*Medical Horizons* leads off its fall series on Sunday afternoon, September 9. The first program will originate from Sinai Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, with an interesting live presentation of "Premature



One of these days . . . September 29 . . . Art Carney, Jackie Gleason and Audrey Meadows return "live" with new skits—plus "The Honeymooners."

Infant Care." On subsequent weeks, *Medical Horizons* will cover medical subjects of vital public concern, as in the past.

ABC won *Ford Theater* away from CBS this year, and its new network time will be Wednesday nights, starting October 3. The first film will be "The West in Her Eyes," co-starring Gene Barry and Laraine Day. Barry plays a frontier schoolteacher who has Laraine and her child as students in the same classroom.

Another show transferring its point of operation is *Omnibus*, which switches from Sunday afternoons on CBS to Sunday evenings on ABC, still as an hour-and-a-half program. Alistair Cooke continues to run the proceedings, which will include both live and film segments. Starting date should be the 30th of September—but there's a chance it might be postponed a week.

ABC has lots of other new shows scheduled to begin in a few weeks—namely, *Theater Guild Gaieties*, *Command Performance*, *International Theater*, with Sheldon Reynolds, *The Joan Davis Show*, and a new documentary, *R.F.D., U.S.A.* I'll have detailed information on most of these programs for you next month.

**This 'n' That:**

Jack Benny, who has successfully kidded his violin-playing for years, will fiddle serious style, on October 2 in Carnegie Hall, New York, of all places! Jack will play it straight as a soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein conducting, for a big benefit evening. The proceeds will go to the Save Carnegie Hall Fund and to another cause especially close to Benny's heart, the Fund for Retarded Children.

Sid Caesar and wife Florence have welcomed their third addition to the Caesar crew, a new baby girl who weighed in at eight pounds, eleven ounces!

And on Sir Stork's future list is a delivery to Julie Stevens and her husband, executive Charles Underhill. The star of *The Romance of Helen Trent* is hoping for

a boy. The Underhills have a girl of five.

NBC was disappointed in the ratings tallied up by *Weekday*, their daytime radio extravaganza, which went off the air a few weeks ago. The network replaced it with *NBC Bandstand*, two hours of live music by the top name orchestras of the country, with Bert Parks as the permanent emcee. When asked what sort of music would be aired to the predominantly feminine audience, one of the net's brass answered: "We'll steer clear of bands that play only rock 'n' roll or be-bop. We feel the housewife wants to sweep and dust in the morning—not jitterbug. We'll give them good, easy-listening music." The executives now have their fingers crossed, waiting for the first rating reports.

Speaking of rock 'n' roll, Ed Sullivan was successful in signing the controversial Elvis Presley for three guest appearances on his show. If Presley gets back to New York in time, his first show will be on September 9, with two more performances later in the season.

Sorry we have to omit "Mulling the Mail" and "What Ever Happened To?" this month, but we wanted to bring you all the news about the fall shows. We'll make up for it in the November issue.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV-RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so please do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.



Hoosier Herb Shriner spices a new variety show with a harmonica band.

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R

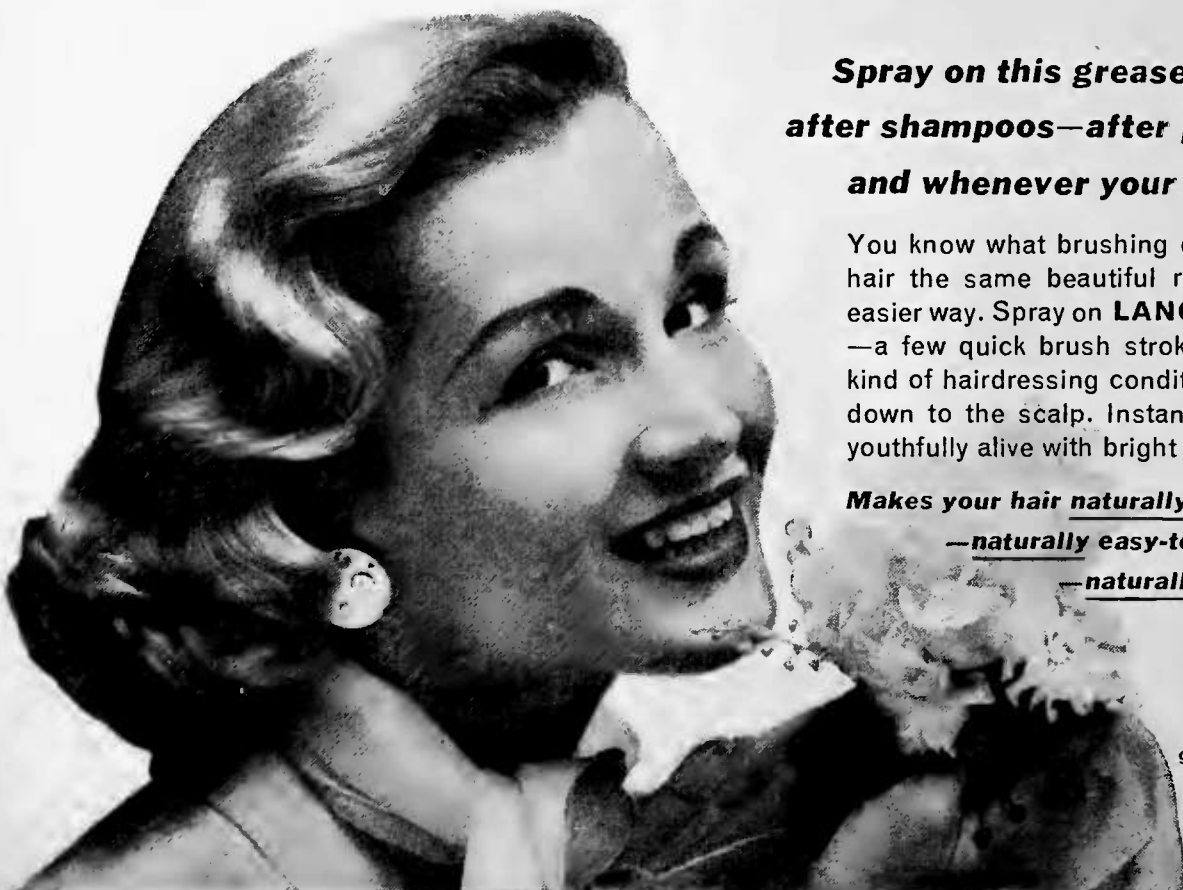
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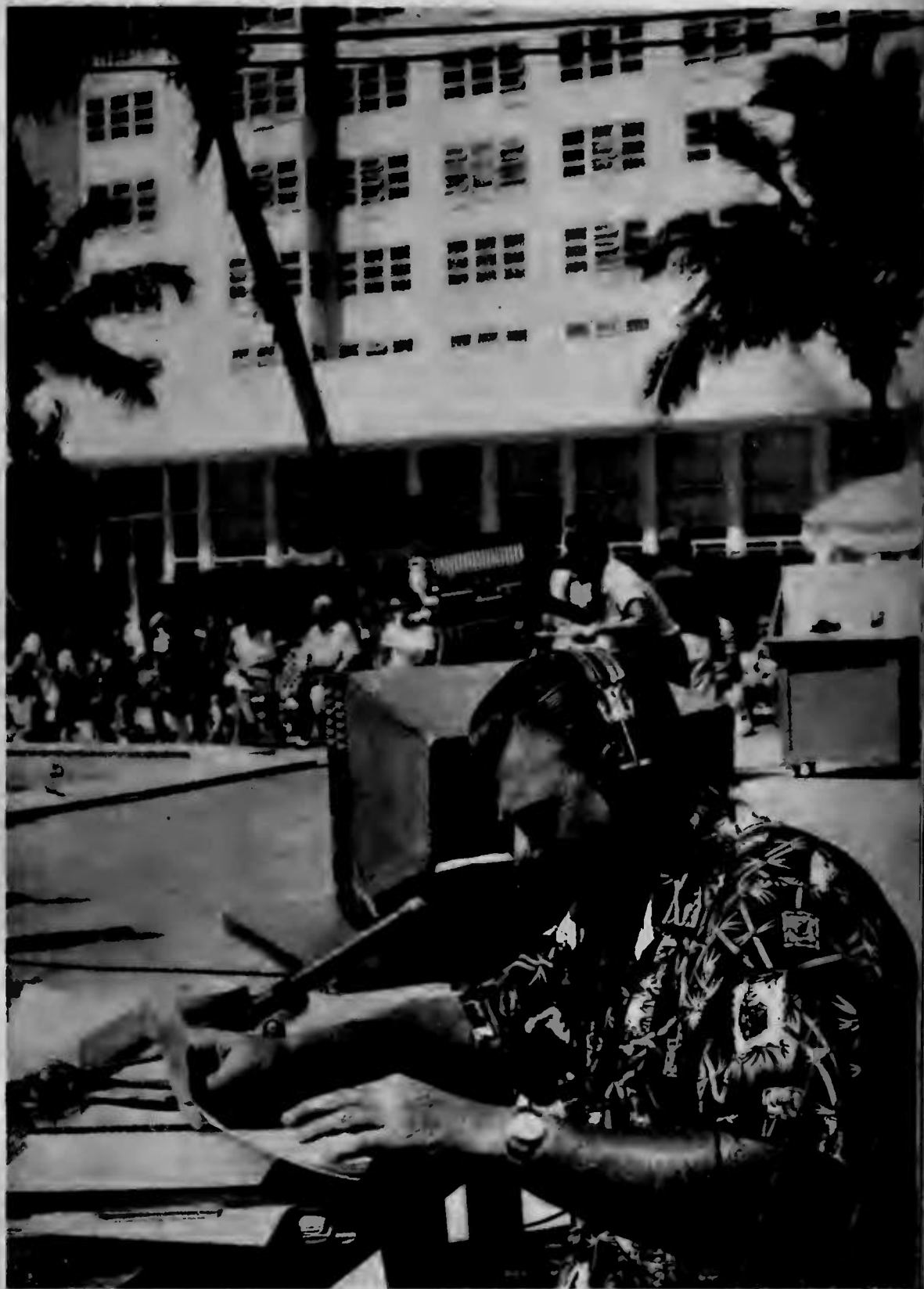
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# MAN of MANY TALENTS

By MARTIN COHEN

**A**RTHUR GODFREY is a man . . . and he is a legend . . . but he is no phoney. You can love or hate him, fight or agree with him, but you can't argue with his integrity. He does things because he wants to, and he says what he believes. . . . Arthur Godfrey, grandfather, aviator, entertainer, farmer, horseman, is one of the great American success stories. As a lad, he didn't have a nickel for a merry-go-round ride—but, last year, he headlined the National Horse Show. When he was ten, his father went broke and Arthur worked before and after school to help get food on the table—at fourteen, he was alone and on his own. Today, Arthur picks up a weekly paycheck of \$35,000—which is little enough, considering that sponsors pay CBS twenty-two million a year for his services. . . . This is a wonderful success story. There have been many other such true stories in America. But the difference here is that, with success, the Redhead's story begins all over again. Because, no matter what you are talking about—his horses, his farm, his airplanes, his boats, his hobbies—you are talking about things that he takes seriously. Arthur has no toys. There are no trivia in his life. None of his interests is phoney.

The Redhead does an outdoor show from the Kenilworth Hotel, Florida. Below—DC-3, one of his two planes.



**With success, Arthur Godfrey's story has only begun, as he ever grows and develops new skills**



*Continued* →



Arthur astride a palomino at his farm in Leesburg, Virginia. A dressage expert, Arthur wowed 'em at the National Horse Show. (Below) Mary Godfrey, Arthur's wife, shares the family love for riding.



# MAN of MANY TALENTS

(Continued)

He puts it this way: "I figure the good Lord put us on this earth and gave us these faculties for only one reason, to make the most of them. Otherwise he would have made man a parasite."

Last month, on August 31, Arthur was fifty-three. He looks fourteen years younger. He's got more hair than a bear, and it's as red as the hood of a fire engine. And he's got the vitality and vigor that's under that hood. The metal hip? Well, he can get around without a cane for a few minutes at a time, as he has done on the Wednesday-night show, but he usually pays for it with extreme pain. This he keeps pretty much a secret, as he demonstrated on the show.

Down at the farm, he was instructing one of the McGuire Sisters in mounting a horse. The jumper weighed 1,100 pounds and chose a moment on the air to step on Arthur's foot. Arthur winced. No question of that. But the show went on, and perhaps Dr. James T. Jackson, the family physician at Leesburg, has the simple explanation: "The man is used to injuries and is used to pain. He's a real Spartan in many ways. Mr. Godfrey probably will make light of it tomorrow."

And he did, although the hip itself is something Arthur has never made light of. Because of that hip, Arthur couldn't even bend over to tie a shoelace for twenty-two years. He couldn't walk straight, and one leg was shorter than the other. His great ambition was to be a "high school" rider and he couldn't do this with the pre-operative hip. Now he has a mobile hip, though the operation was not wholly successful. "It slides around in there," Godfrey notes, "but I'm not figuring on another operation. I'm no longer even taking treatments. The therapy is now my own." And he adds succinctly, "But it's (Continued on page 79)

*Arthur Godfrey Time* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11:30 A.M., and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th., 10:30 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is simulcast over CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., The Toni Company, and Paper-Mate Pens. *The Arthur Godfrey Show* is seen over CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M., as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co., Bristol-Myers (Ban, Bufferin, Vitalis, Ipana), Toni and Paper-Mate. (All times EDT)



Arthur, though an excellent marksman, disapproves of hunting . . . will shoot only muskrats which harm pastureland.



Daily wake-up swim is regular routine at the farm from the month of May to November. "You either wake up or drown."





Claudia Morgan's "Right to Happiness" includes a wonderful life with husband Ken Loane and "Trouper."

Breakfast on the terrace starts each day for the Loanes. No cook herself, Claudia is learning fast from husband Ken.

Trees, vines and flowers make terrace look like real country living. Claudia is an enthusiastic "farmer."





# The Right to Happiness

Claudia Morgan knows each woman must earn it for herself—then the rewards can be treasured forever

By MARION HELMAN

IF THERE'S one thing for which theatrical people are renowned, aside from acting ability, of course, it's their sentimentality. Their capacity for nostalgia is second to absolutely nothing, and Claudia Morgan—the attractive and gallant Carolyn Nelson of *The Right To Happiness*, as now heard on CBS Radio—is no exception.

Were she to need an excuse for this sentimentality, any more than she might need an excuse for her fine acting ability, you'd have to blame it on her family, for Claudia is the daughter of the late Ralph and Georgianna Morgan and the niece of the late actor, Frank Morgan . . . as sentimental a family as ever trod the boards. In the profession, there's a little legend to the effect that—with the exception of fruit, candy or flowers—a Morgan has never knowingly discarded a gift. Upon meeting Claudia on her home grounds, the truth of this legend becomes evident.

In her four-room terrace (Continued on page 70)

Claudia Morgan is Carolyn Nelson in *The Right To Happiness*, which is now heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 2:05 P.M. EDT.



Grand piano, a gift from her mother, is greatly prized.

Spoon collection, unique and valued. Claudia wouldn't part with one.

Loanes favor at-home entertaining. Claudia invites a few close friends.

Small stove with potted plants is memento from uncle Frank Morgan.



# House Party for Blondes



Father Slattery has 3 girls; Art has 5 Linkletters—plus!

*Like Art Linkletter, Jack Slattery loves children—particularly those very fair-haired ones at home*

By BUD GOODE

**F**OUR BLONDES are madly in love with Jack Slattery, the personable announcer and stand-in for Art Linkletter on his *House Party* show, over CBS-TV and Radio.

"Even so," says Jack with a bold grin, "I can't keep up with Link. He has a saucy little French girl and a raven-haired Greek lass who write him weekly letters. It is lucky for Link that Lois approves."

But don't get the wrong impression. Neither Linkletter nor Slattery is carrying on behind his wife's back. Both Art's wife, Lois, and Jack's wife, Marge, are completely aware of the entire affair. You see, the two European girls in Art's life are a pert, saucy-eyed French lass, seven-year-old (Continued on page 72)

Jack is seen and heard on *Art Linkletter's House Party*, M-F—CBS-TV, at 2:30 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Company, Swift & Co., Simoniz, and others—on CBS Radio, at 3 P.M., sponsored by Lever Brothers, Swift, Pharma Craft, Simoniz, and others. (EDT)

Susie dances, Patty plays, Marge, Jack and "Terry" applaud.



Maggie hardly needs a daisy to know "they love me . . ."





Husband Jack may be in love with three other blondes—Susie, Maggie and Patty. Wife Marge simply nods her light-auburn tresses and tells the world Jack's even "nicer" at home than on TV.



**A pair of Terrys  
brighten the life of  
Jan Miner: Her role in *The  
Second Mrs. Burton*—  
and that handsome  
Mr. O'Sullivan she married**

**By FRANCES KISH**

**T**ERRY is a magic name to Jan Miner. Or something even better than magic . . . warm and very real, filled with meaning for a lifetime. On the one hand, there's Terry Burton—the lovable woman whose sympathy and common sense have endeared her to millions of CBS Radio listeners . . . and Jan is Terry, heart and soul, in *The Second Mrs. Burton*. On the other hand, there's Terry O'Sullivan—the broad-shouldered man whose talent and good looks have won the admiration of millions of CBS-TV viewers . . . and Jan is Mrs. Terry O'Sullivan, heart and soul, in private life.

Two Terrys, both very dear to Jan Miner. As a woman, she finds it very easy to understand Terry Burton, whose sympathies and interests are so much like her own. But, as a woman, she finds it somewhat harder to understand Terry (Continued on page 92)

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Jan Miner is Terry Burton in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, CBS Radio, M-F, at 2:15 P.M. EDT.

O'Sullivans on their farm: They take their chores seriously—and love it.



*These Two*



O'Sullivan's in their New York home. Note: Jan's mother painted portrait of Terry on opposite page.



Terry—O'Sullivan, that is—is not only a talented actor, but made the fine tables for their apartment.



Terry—Burton, that is—enjoys both cast and story on *The Second Mrs. Burton*. Left to right, Dwight Weist as Stan Burton, Jan, Larry Haines as Lew Archer, Ethel Owen as Mother Burton, Alice Frost as Marcia Archer.

Fishing is one of many hobbies the O'Sullivan's share, up in New Hampshire (even around New York).



Today they own the right-of-way down to the lake where they go boating with Terry's three daughters.





Tennis is his best game—but their first date was for golf.



Always a farmer at heart, Jahn cultivates miniature potted trees.



Making furniture is another big hobby, and "Boa" adores the gold-leaf painting.

## ONLY YESTERDAY...

*John Graham remembers how he met his own "Valiant Lady" . . . and a score of wonderful years since then*

**By ELIZABETH BALL**



Wife Lyn finds Jahn's ideas not only amusing but practical. Glass-topped table also accommodates feet!



Younger son Robert is fascinated by Dad's stalling, "Willie," wha's learned to talk—and whistle.

**S**AYS John Graham, who plays Governor Lawrence Walker on CBS-TV's noontime show, *Valiant Lady*, "I think perhaps we're quite a bit alike, the Governor and I. I've a feeling we are approximately the same age," John smiles, "that we both have a homespun quality—I'm a homespun character, that's for sure, a farmer at heart—and, although the state of which Walker is governor is not specified in the script, I suspect that he, like myself, is a Midwesterner. Reason I think so: When I read for Leonard Blair, the producer of *Valiant Lady*, I'm pretty sure it was my Midwestern



John Graham and his Lyn met in Birmingham, Alabama, 22 years ago. "I remember that it was all very exciting," he says. "*It still is.*"

voice that clinched the job for me." (It's a nice voice.)

Obviously, too, the Governor and Mr. Graham are look-alikes, both being six-foot-one in height, rapier slender, with blue-gray-green eyes, crooked eyebrows (which once caused actor Graham to be fired from a summer-theater play by a well known actress!) chiseled features, light tan hair graying at the temples, a singularly attractive smile. As the "love interest" on *Valiant Lady*, tall, fair-haired and handsome actor

Graham is obviously cast to perfection in the role.

Similarities between the two men there undoubtedly are. But also dissimilarities, many of them—such as training starlings, for instance, an interest which the governor presumably does not share with Mr. Graham. "A few years ago," explains the latter, "a bachelor friend of ours here in New York picked up two baby starlings, kept them in his apartment, taught them to whistle and to talk, and they (Continued on page 85)

John is Gov. Walker in *Valiant Lady*, CBS-TV, 12 noon EDT, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Co., Wesson Oil, and Tenderleaf Tea.





# “CHEYENNE!”

For the best role a man could have  
—for the first real home Verna  
and I ever had—well, all I can say  
is a heartfelt “Thanks, folks!”

By CLINT WALKER

**B**EATS ME. Yesterday, I was a nobody. I could walk down any street, anywhere, without running into anything more personal than a “Pardon me!” when someone bumped into me. The only mail I ever got were the monthly bills and a few letters from the folks back home, asking where was I and what the heck was I doing *now*?

But TV can make a nobody into a somebody overnight and that's what it's done for me. Today, I need a secretary to answer the more than 1500 letters I get every week from you folks all over the U.S.A. Requests for my pictures, too, from fans and fan clubs that run, they tell me, in the top brackets of studio stars, both movie and TV. And I'm sure recognized (and autograph-hunted) whenever I go out of an evening. Best of all, Verna and I have a roof over our heads we can call our own—for the first time since we got married eight years ago.

What has happened to me couldn't happen to a more astonished guy. Never once, during the years I was everything from a ditch digger to a deputy sheriff, did it occur to me I might become an actor. In any medium. To me, movie and TV stars were a different breed of people. Hollywood was as far away as the moon.

According to my Warner Bros. studio biography: “Clint Walker traveled an adventurous road to the adventurous role of ‘Cheyenne’ in the *Warner Bros. Presents* ABC-TV network series.” It reads better than it lived. Kind of a long, steep stretch—most of it on an empty stomach, too. Yet here I am, *where* I am. And, although I've been advised by some to put it on a little, I've got nothing to hide. Just as soon tell the truth about how I got to Hollywood.

More jobs along the way than there are years in my life—which began May 30, 1927, the date my twin sister and I were born in Hartford, Illinois. My sister was christened Lucille Neoma (Neoma is an Indian name, given my sister because somewhere in the Walker family, I'm proud to say, there is a strain of American Indian blood) and I was christened Norman. Hollywood, for reasons of its own, re-christened me Clint. Soon after my sister and I were born, our folks moved to Alton,

Here's the girl to whom I owe so much—my wife Verna. She never complained when the going was rough, and is just beginning to enjoy the easier times we have now.



It's great to be “Cheyenne,” working with such fine actors as Carl Millette (left) and Stanley Adams—in such real, adult stories on *Warner Bros. Presents*.

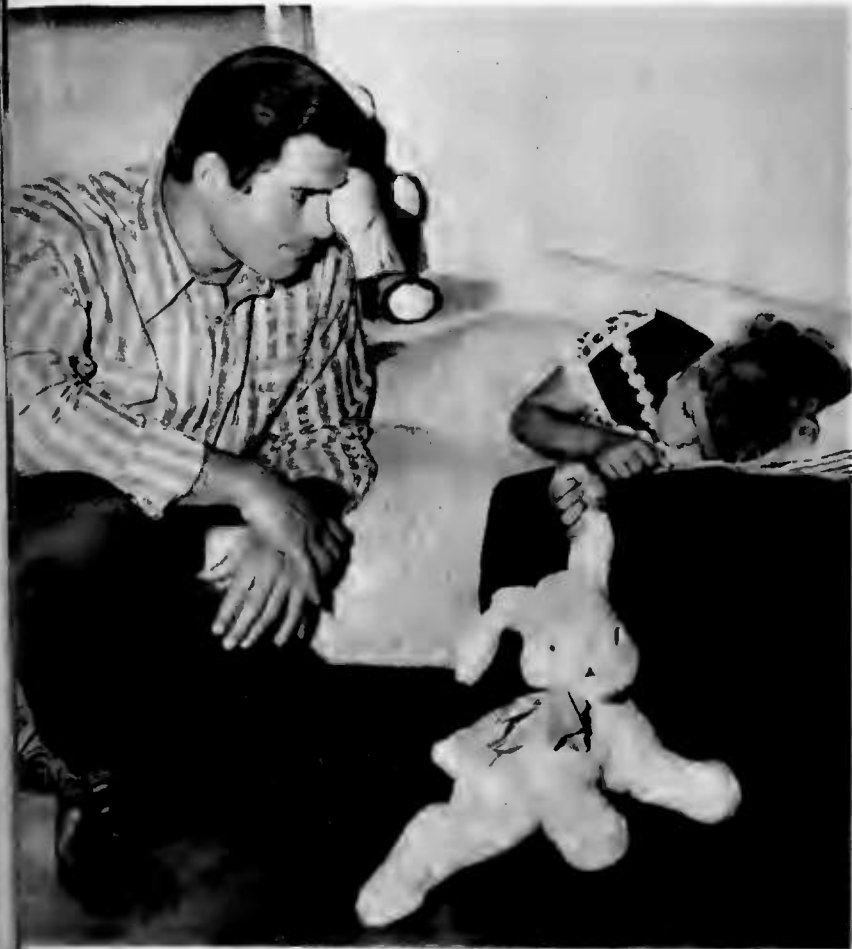


# "CHEYENNE!"

(Continued)



Love those Western clothes and the outdoor life! It's good to get out on the desert—but better to be in our new home, as our Valerie naps in comfort and security.



Illinois, and that's the town in which they still live.

At the age of nine, I was earning my keep setting up cardboard milk bottles as targets in a carnival. At eleven, I was working as a pin-setter in a bowling alley. After that, I was a Western Union messenger, delivery boy and part-time harvest hand. At fourteen, I was big enough to get jobs on the river boats plying up and down the Mississippi. In 1944, I quit high school (in my third year) to join the Merchant Marine and, for three years, sailed the Great Lakes and the North American Pacific coastline as an able-bodied seaman with the Army Transportation Service.

Back home in Alton again, I sold automobiles, vacuum cleaners and insurance, door to door—and I was starving! I am *not* a good salesman. So I went to work at various jobs—as a carpenter, sheet-metal worker, truck driver, ditch digger, day laborer.

And I fell in love.

One summer day, I walked into an ice-cream parlor and there—behind the counter—was a pretty girl with dark hair and green eyes. And that was it. We started going together. We'd go together for weeks, then not speak for weeks, then go together again. Different things would set off explosions. One day, Verna was approached on the street by a woman—a total stranger—who took hold of her arm and said, "You are seeing a man named Norman Walker, but you are not to see him again. *You are not right for each other.*" I'm interested in mind reading, mental telepathy, hypnosis, unusual phenonema of all kinds, but I'm not superstitious. I laughed off the woman on the street but, for a few days, we were not "right for each other."

But we were.

There have been a lot of words written about love, how you know for sure it is or is not real love. How I knew: I was on a construction job, working on a girder sixty feet above a cement floor. Thinking about Verna, I stepped off into space and was saved from being mincemeat only by catching hold of a pipe. *This does it*, I thought, as I dangled, *either we get married now—or we call it quits for good.*

On September 5, 1948, we were married. In a parsonage back home. In an envelope in my pocket, I had thirty-five hard-earned dollars, of which I planned to give the minister fifteen, and save twenty for the honeymoon trip to Chicago—in my old Model-A Ford. But, in my excitement, I handed over the whole wad to the minister. Minute it changed hands, I realized what I'd done, but couldn't very well say, "Hey, wait, give that back to me!" The reverend probably wonders to this day why that sad expression was on my face, as I took off on my honeymoon!

Back home after the honeymoon (financed on borrowed money), I went back to work digging ditches, working on construction jobs, and as a painter—of 100-foot water towers.

From my father—who has worked in his time as a boxer, wrestler, athletic coach, musician and pipe-fitter (he is now a pipe-fitting superintendent in Alton)—I inherited my handyman way of working at various trades, as well as what the boys in the studio publicity department describe as my (Continued on page 87)

Clint Walker stars in "Cheyenne," as seen every other Tues. on Warner Bros. Presents, ABC-TV, 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT.



It isn't a fancy home, but plenty of room and lots of woodworking gear for my hobby (I made that mask on the wall). Valerie and Verna are a great help with my fan mail—and a sympathetic audience, as we watch that guy "Cheyenne" on ABC-TV.



# Dream Stuff

But Lawrence Welk's show—  
and the only girl!—  
are more than dreams  
to lucky, gifted Buddy Merrill

By PAULINE TOWNSEND



"Champagne Music" for Buddy, almost every day since his graduation from high school a year ago, when he first played his guitar for Lawrence Welk.



Family living is something young Buddy (born Merrill Behunin) has always known and enjoyed. He poses proudly in the family patio with his brother Monnie, sisters Judy and Gloria, mother Juanita and father Les Behunin.



Fiance Faye Philpott is already studying homemaking with Buddy's mother.

Buddy Merrill sings and plays his guitar on *The Lawrence Welk Show*, seen on ABC-TV, on Saturdays, from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America.

LIKE A LOT of boys in their late teens, Merrill Behunin, of Gardena, California, had his life pretty well planned. . . . He was eighteen, only a few weeks away from his high-school graduation. He would go on to college, become a draftsman, maybe even an architect. This decision had come hard. For Merrill's real love was music. He was a whiz on the (Continued on page 89)



# "I'M GLAD I WAITED"



Welcome! Coming home to Candy more than fulfills all of Hal's dreams of what a marriage should mean.

Feet on the ground and head in the clouds, Hal March takes a candid look at Candy and their marriage

By MARIE HALLER

**E**X-BACHELOR Hal March admits, "There are probably two ways of looking at it: One—I'm glad I waited until I was thirty-five, professionally established and mentally in gear for marriage. Or two—what a revolting waste that Candy and I didn't fall in love and marry years and years ago!" . . . The personable emcee of *The \$64,000 Question* grins and adds, "Actually, it's pretty ridiculous to speculate on the past when the present is so perfect. And, knowing myself, I'm positive that, had I met Candy when I was at the so-called highly marriageable age . . . you know, the mid-twenties . . . I'd have made a horrible botch of a marriage. At that time, neither I nor my life even approached stability. And in my opinion—without both feet at least somewhere near the ground—a marriage is doomed. . . . As for Candy, I suspect she was always more stable than I. Funny thing . . . and honest-to-Pete truth . . . is that,



Candy's painting inspires him to a pugilistic pose—and obvious pride.



Hal prefers "modern," his bride "traditional"—so they compromise.



He's trying hard to get Candy to join him in singing lessons—but . . .

**Continued** →



# "I'M GLAD I WAITED"

(Continued)

when I first met her five years ago at a party, even though I was definitely *not* in the marrying mood, I left the party thinking: *When I finally do marry, I hope the girl will be like Candy.* Now, five years later, I'm here to say Candy is everything I thought she was . . . everything I ever thought I wanted in a wife."

Which statement is considerably more than simply a newlywed husband speaking from his private cloud on upper Fifth Avenue. With the advent of *The \$64,000 Question* on CBS-TV, Hal leaped into several million American homes weekly and soon became TV's number-one bachelor. National magazines clamored for bachelor stories to satisfy their heavy mail requests for information on this top quiz show's charming master of ceremonies. Hal was a good sport. Beyond that, he was honest. He felt if his viewers *really* wanted to know why he was still a bachelor . . . what he was looking for in a wife . . . they should be told the truth. He was utterly candid in explaining he was not, and never had been, a "confirmed bachelor" . . . was by no stretch of the imagination a woman-hater. Quite the contrary. He did a lot of dating and confessed that, even though beauty of itself was not a prerequisite, it was true he very definitely had "an eye for beauty."

Carrying this one step further, Hal had admitted, "I particularly like girl singers. For years I seem to have gravitated toward them." His date book—which over the course of years has included such names as Doris Day, Gloria De Haven, Kay Starr, Betty Ann Grove and Peggy Lee—proved the accuracy of this statement.

In the September 1955 issue of TV RADIO MIRROR, Hal opened up considerably more, by announcing to this magazine's readers that he felt he was now ready for marriage . . . his life had stabilized to the point where he thought he was now able to (Continued on page 90)

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Hal March is master of ceremonies for *The \$64,000 Question*, seen on CBS-TV, Tuesday, 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Revlon, Inc.



Hal likes to cook sturdy bachelor dishes. Candy loves to "serve up" with her fragile bridal china.



Candy couldn't have a better model for sketching—Hal couldn't pose for a more flattering artist!







**Bachelor** Hal March never kept a scrapbook. But their wedding album was "something special," started a new collection.

**Bottle** lamps are his hobby—closet still holds her treasured antiques.

**He's** proud of her skill as decorator, blending their various tastes.

**Impish** picture hangs above ultra-practical cabinet unit Hal designed.







One thing sure: Richard and Mary Stuart Krolik's first-born, Cynthia, will love having a sister or brother all her very own.

## Welcome, Little Strangers!

*Mary Stuart's next baby is bound to be "twins"—  
one at home, and one on TV's Search For Tomorrow*

By MARY PARKER SHERWOOD

**A**S SHE PLAYS Joanne Tate, the gallant young expectant mother on CBS-TV's *Search For Tomorrow*, Mary Stuart is literally "living the part" these days. She's expecting her own second private-life baby at almost any minute! This is just one more reason for Mary's abiding delight in this family-life television role which allows her to lead a rich, rewarding family life of her own at home.

The most important member of that family, right now, is one-year-old Cynthia—first-born child of Mary and her producer husband, Richard Krolik. "And we're going to make sure that she goes right on feeling important," Mary promises, "especially after Teeny arrives." These young parents are not tense or apprehensive people, and (Continued on page 81)

Mary Stuart is Joanne Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, over CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Joy, Spic and Span, and Gleem.

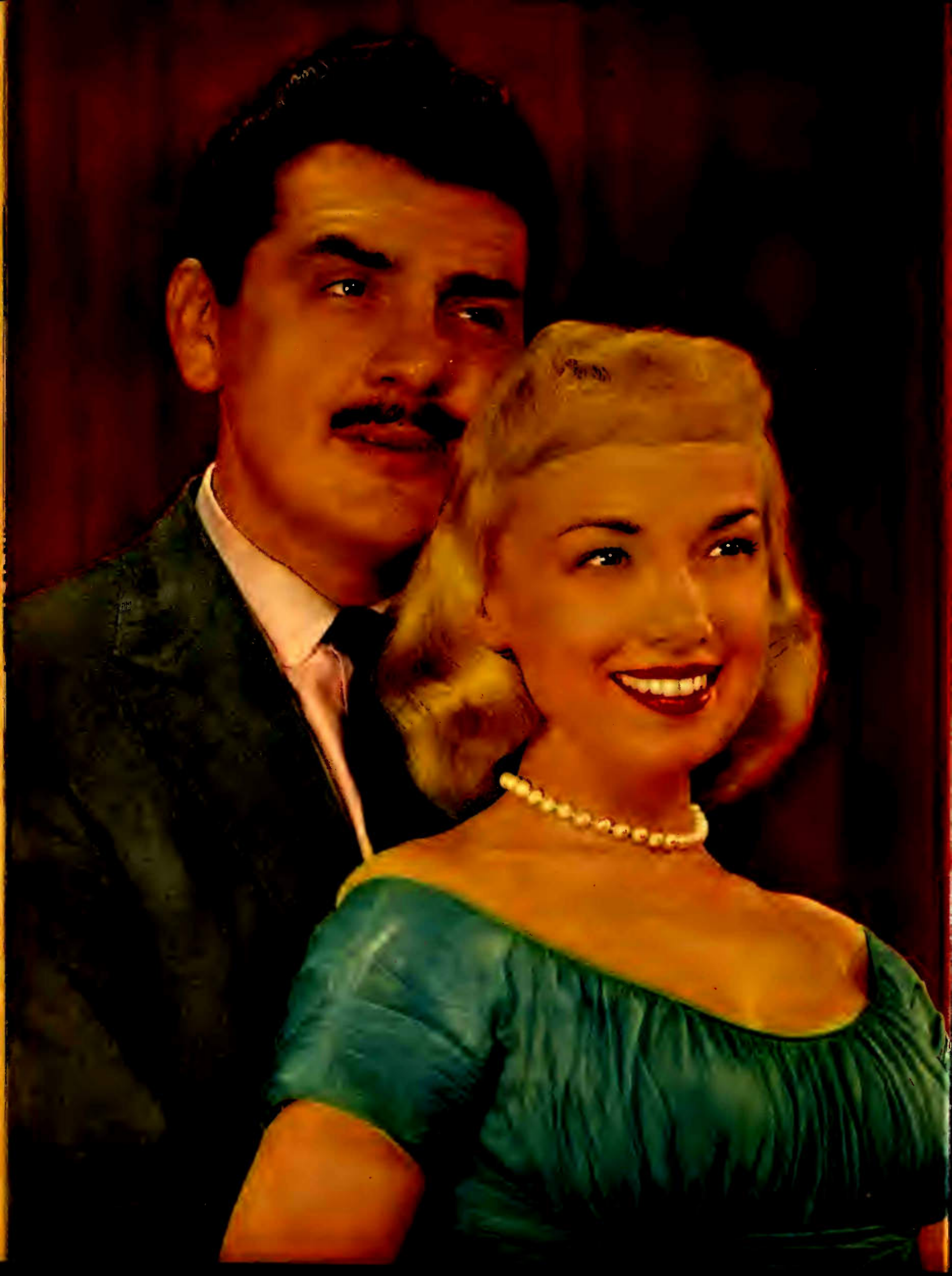


Cynthia already adores Lynn Loring—who is Mary's daughter Patti in *Search For Tomorrow*.



Watching one little girl's lively curiosity, Mary wonders what *four* children might be like!





# A ROYAL GOOD TIME

*Ernie Kovacs and Edie Adams live  
in "a castle in the sky"—and  
count their blessings with a prayer*

By GREGORY MERWIN

WHILE everybody else was arguing about who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder, Ernie wholeheartedly threw himself in. The star of *The Ernie Kovacs Show*, over NBC-TV, is very tall—about six-three. And very gentle—about as gentle as a live volcano. Or as the Kapusta Kid (always a puppet with a mind of his own) might say: "When I sit down at the piano everyone laughs. When Ernie sits down, they scream. Naturally—his piano is wired!" It stands to reason that Ernie, with his bristling mustache and brash humor, is approached timidly. Edie Adams, his blue-eyed, beautiful wife, says, "I always try to get Ernie talking, when we meet new people, because it's only a matter of minutes before they find out he's a sweet guy. Actually, he never wisecracks around the home. He's not the kind."

Actually, he's the kind who is very religious and sentimental. He sends (Continued on page 77)

*The Ernie Kovacs Show*, with Edie Adams, NBC-TV, three Mon. out of four, 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by American Chicle Co. (Dentyne, Roloids, Beeman's), Helene Curtis Industries, Inc. (Spray Net) and Remington Electric Shavers. His daily *Ernie Kovacs Show* is heard on WABC Radio (N. Y.), Mon. thru Sat., 6 to 9 A.M., under multiple sponsorship.



Dining at home has no problems like dining out with two little potato-smugglers! View of Central Park, below, is a mural—not the over-the-treetops vista from their windows.



Three princesses in a penthouse: Daughters Kip and Betty, wife Edie—who is not only talented but non-temperamental. "She could teach angels," says Ernie.





# Small town girl

By PETER CHARADE

**L**AST DECEMBER, a commercial fisherman named Arthur Olsen returned from a ten-day trip to sea. He had no sooner entered the Fulton Fish Market, in lower Manhattan, than a crowd of friends surrounded him. "What your wife's been doing while you've been away!" one of them cried. Some laughed. Some shook their heads in mock horror. . . . It was the heavy-handed humor of seamen ashore, but Olsen knew how to take a ribbing as well as the next one. All the same, as soon as he could decently make his getaway, he hurried home to see what Dorothy was up to, this time.

His wife was waiting for him, and she was proud of what she had done. She had won \$12,500—as her part

of a \$25,000 prize on CBS-TV's *Name That Tune* . . . RCA Victor had signed her to a recording contract . . . NBC was lining up guest spots on radio and television, beginning with Dr. Frances Horwich's justly famous *Ding Dong School*. . . "And the first thing we're going to do," Dorothy told Arthur, "is move out of this one-room apartment to some place where there are lots of windows." Since Olsen couldn't get a word in, he started singing to himself—but loud enough for her to hear, of course. The accent was Norwegian, but the meaning was clear—for the song was "Little Small Town Girl With Your Big Town Dreams."

He didn't object to those dreams. In fact, it was

**Dorothy Olsen's daydreams led her  
to big-city success . . . and  
a wonderful world full of children**



Dorothy and Arthur met when Dorothy was singing in a Greenwich Village night club. Friends did the match-making, but it was love at first sight—and still is.

wonderful seeing her so happy, so confident, so sure their luck had changed at last. But he knew the story of her life. He knew the years of struggle and hard work that lay behind her "overnight success." What's more, he knew how vulnerable she was. She was a grade-school teacher who loved children so much they just naturally loved her right back. But maybe it wasn't like that in show (Continued on page 67)

*Ding Dong School*, presided over by "Miss Frances" (Dr. Horwich), is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, at 10 A.M. EDT. *Name That Tune*, emceed by George de Witt, is seen over CBS-TV, Tues., at 7:30 P.M., as sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal (Anacin) and Lanolin Plus.



Home from the sea, Arthur finds Dorothy waiting to greet the *Miriam A.* Norway's Merchant Marine first brought Arti to the shores of his post-war home.



Schoolteacher and fisherman share a hobby—a school of fish (above). Below, Dorothy's brother Horry and mother, Mrs. Bell, visit the Olsens.



# The Edge of Night



I. Police Lieutenant Mike Karr dearly loves young Sara Lane, though career demands have delayed their marriage. Sara's mother Mattie thoroughly approves her romance, but brother Jack is very resentful of Mike's influence on her.

**M**ONTICELLO, TV backdrop for events in *The Edge of Night*, is a typical town and, day by day, the town and its people are becoming better known. As in any middle-sized city, everybody knows everybody. In Monticello, there are the good people and the bad. There are the public-spirited and the self-seeking. The open, respectable happenings which make the town a charming place to live . . . and the boiling undercurrent of evil doings which stand revealed in the annals of the Police Department.

Any gossip in Monticello could tell you about the people of the town, but it would be better to ask Lieut. Mike Karr of the Police Department. Because Mike's a smart young man. He's studying for his bar examinations, you know. And he's got his eye on the D. A.'s office. Mike would know the true story of the town. Perhaps he wouldn't want to talk. But let's suppose for a minute that he would. He could tell about the Lanes, and that Spode family in town, and Grace O'Keefe, who's public stenographer at the Plaza Hotel, and her boyfriends. If he'd talk. . . .

"Harry Lane?" Mike Karr would say. "Harry is an

enigma to most of this town. But I take a cagey view of Harry. He runs a business here, seems on the level. But, a while ago, a truck of his got hijacked. Supposed to be handling a regular shipment for Harry's business firm. But, when the police got hold of it, it turned out to be loaded with a shipment of 'hot' mink! It took us time and a lot of police work, but we got the guy responsible. Harry Lane's assistant—man named Spode—apparently tried to run through some stolen merchandise without letting Harry know what he was up to. We caught the guys who hijacked the truck—one by the name of Bill Smith—red-handed. And we found one of his accomplices, a no-good teenager named Walt Johnson. But we missed Smith's partner.

"We know who he is, all right. Fellow named Larry White. But my partner in the Force, Charlie, didn't close in quite fast enough on the day we made the arrests, and Larry got away. Of course, the two we caught eventually 'sang.' That's how Spode finally was implicated.

"I can understand how Spode might have gotten off the straight and narrow. He's got a nice wife, nice kid.





2. Harry Lane, devious and ambitious, secretly leads wife Cara up to divorce action. A long-planned engagement party for Harry's niece Sara and Mike Karr is to be another occasion to show her weaknesses.

But his wife Hester has been a semi-invalid for years. Spode adores her and the little girl, Bebe, but Hester's illness has cost him a lot—more than Harry Lane pays him—for hospital expenses and the like. So I guess he was tempted to make a fast dishonest buck.

"But, you know, I still wonder how a smart operator like Harry Lane could have been hoodwinked by him. Harry's been so noble about the whole thing. Talk is that he's supporting Hester and the child while Spode serves his sentence. Makes Harry look real good around the town. But I can't help but wonder. Harry's not usually *that* generous.

"Of course, I really shouldn't talk about Harry at all. He's the uncle of the girl I'm going to marry. And Sara wouldn't like me to open up on him, even if she dislikes and distrusts him herself.

"But, mainly, Sara's against Harry because of the situation with her Aunt Cora, Harry's wife. Cora's sort of a sad woman. And, the last few months, she's seemed to be hitting the bottle quite a lot, sort of dotty—I understand—because she's childless, lost her only baby, and Harry doesn't want to adopt. Lately, though, she's been much better. Sara got Cora interested in taking care of Hester Spode's little girl without letting Harry know about it. Seems to me, maybe Cora will come out of her shell, after all. And Cora loves my girl Sara. Why, for weeks she's been planning a big

**The dramatic story of the people  
of a town called Monticello—their lives,  
their loves and their problems**



3. Grace O'Keefe, Sara's friend, has long yearned for home and family. Her hopes may soon materialize, as she grows ever fonder of widower Paul Roberts. Here, she thanks Paul for sending her a thoughtful gift.

**See Next Page** —————>

# The Edge of Night

(Continued)



4. Hester Spode, oiling wife of Mortin Spode, was for years lovingly ministered to by him. But Martin is no longer at home to protect his wife and their daughter Bebe. He is serving time for complicity in a robbery.



6. Tracking down suspect in robbery leads Lieutenant Karr and Sergeant Brooks into danger. Trapped in dressing room of singer-girlfriend, the man shoots to kill—and Mike Karr is wounded by a flying bullet.



5. Groce O'Keefe and Cora Lone have both fallen in love with young Bebe Spode, in need of care when her mother is hospitalized. Here, in hotel flower shop, Cora buys Bebe a gift, as Groce O'Keefe looks on.

blow-out for Sara and me, to celebrate our engagement. Of course, the party would have come off long ago . . . except for the fact that I got mixed up in trying to round up Larry White—one of the guys on the truck robbery—and ended up with a bullet not too far away from my heart.

"Here's how it happened: My sidekick Charlie and I knew that Larry had a girl—a singer, she is. Girl named Rose Latour, who works a night-club act here in town. So we figured that Larry'd eventually try to see her . . . and, when he did, we were there waiting for him. But he tried to shoot Charlie, and I sort of got in front of the bullet instead.

"Let me tell you, my girl Sara was all charged up about that gun fight. Wanted me to leave the Force right away. I've had a terrible time convincing her that this is my life and I can't give it up for anything.

"Of course, Sara's had her troubles. Her father George—Harry Lane's brother—just up and disappeared from Monticello a number of years ago. Seems Harry had something to do with that, too. Sara's the oldest. Has a brother Jack, who's only eighteen now. And her mother naturally looked to Sara to sort of act as head of the family after George blew. So that's why Sara's been working all these years. She runs the florist shop in the Plaza Hotel. Brother Jack's been showing some resentment against Sara. Thinks, I guess, that he ought to wear the pants in the family. Also, for a while, he thought the sun rose and set on his Uncle Harry. And did that kid hate me! Thought I wanted to run Sara and the works, or something. But lately, since the shooting, he's almost beginning to like me—almost. Guess he figures me for a hero. . . .

"Funny, how good things seem to come out of bad. I get shot. Jack likes me better. Sort of the same thing when old Spode got his sentence. Harry Lane takes over for the Spode family, money-wise. And then,



7. Mike misses death by inches, and recuperation is slow. To Sara Lane, his fiancée, the shooting means a panicky fear. If Mike continues his dangerous police work, she is convinced that someday, somehow, another unknown criminal will kill Mike.

when Hester gets worse and has to have an operation—the bad thing again—everybody jumps in to take care of little Bebe. As I said, Cora Lane took some care of the kid without letting Harry know about it. And Sara has been helping, too, with worrying about Bebe. But, best of all, Grace O’Keefe—the Plaza’s public steno—ended up taking the youngster to live with her till Hester gets back. Grace is crazy about the kid. Having her around may end up with Grace ditching my friend Charlie (he’s been sort of ducking the responsibility of marriage) and getting herself tied up to a widower named Paul Roberts who really wants a wife and has two kids of his own.

“Never can tell how things will work out, can you?”

“There’s Harry Lane and Cora, my girl Sara and her family, Grace O’Keefe and my friend Charlie and her new beau Paul, and old man Spode and his wife and child. Every single one of them’s got problems. And, to look at them on Main Street, nobody would guess what’s going on in their minds. No, in a town like Monticello, you can’t tell what goes on by just what you read in the papers. . . . Myself, I still wonder about Harry Lane . . . I just can’t help wondering whether he knows more than he’s been telling.”

---

Pictured here, as seen on TV, are:

Mike Karr.....	John Larkin
Sara Lane.....	Teal Ames
Mattie Lane.....	Peggy Allenby
Jack Lane.....	Don Hastings
Harry Lane.....	Lauren Gilbert
Cora Lane.....	Sarah Burton
Martin Spode.....	Eric Dressler
Hester Spode.....	Helen Shields
Bebe Spode.....	Beverly Lundsford
Grace O’Keefe.....	Maxine Stuart

*The Edge Of Night*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M., is sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, Crest, Camay, and Spic and Span.

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# A HOMEFUL OF HUMOR

*For a self-confessed  
"hermit," Jack Paar has a  
strange—and wonderful—  
secret of happiness*

By ED MEYERSON

A TELEVISION columnist once described Jack Paar as a "finished actor." He intended the remark as a compliment, but Jack himself gave it the twist. "I was finished," he said, "at twenty-one, twenty-five, thirty-one, and thirty-four." . . . At twenty-one, he was a popular disk jockey in Buffalo, N. Y.—but then his draft number came up. In the Army, he worked with a USO troupe and had "his greatest success—I was held over for four years," he points out. But then, after he

Miriam, Jack and Randy Paar rejoice in a new home. Jack's role: Handyman.





Year of the Big Move for Jack, from CBS to ABC, from apartment to suburban home of his own.

became the most popular entertainer in the Pacific, the war ended and Jack was out of a job again. . . . In Hollywood, a film studio signed him to a three-year contract. Then a rival studio hired him for a year. Both gave him a weekly paycheck, but neither would give him a part. And so, at thirty-one, he was "finished" in motion pictures before he had even had a chance to get started. . . . In 1947, he was Jack Benny's summer replacement on radio. In 1950, he took over *Take It*

*Or Leave It*. But then, at thirty-four—after a year-and-a-half of unemployment—he felt he was "through" in radio too.

In 1952, however, Jack began a whole new career in still another medium—television. CBS started using him as a summer replacement. "Actually," he remarked at the time, "it's kind of flattering to do a summer show. There are a lot of winter comedians who wouldn't keep in the summer." But, after a number of them, he (Continued on page 83)

Do-it-yourself paint job gets a snappy assist from young Randy.

Father and daughter are great pals. Jack lauds Randy's sense of humor.



Mid-afternoon pause as Jack and Miriam consult on next job.

*The Jack Paar Show* is heard over ABC Radio, M-F, 11:15 to 11:30 A.M. EDT.

# WHO'S WHO ON Telephone Hour

**L**ONG-HAIRS often split hairs. But there is a singular lack of tearing of topknots on the *Telephone Hour*. Among the audience, be they aficionados of Bach or Richard Rodgers, there is the comfortable assurance that there is no editing or abridgment as the world's greatest music is performed by the world's greatest artists on one of network radio's longest continuous programs. Among these performers at Carnegie Hall, there is no temperament. "We presume that the artists who are our guests do not have inadequacies," says producer Wallace Magill, "and everyone respects Don Voorhees." . . . The presumption is valid. In sixteen years of Monday night broadcasts, the *Telephone Hour* has rostered the

great names in the musical world. Fritz Kreisler, a long-time "hold-out" against radio, made his broadcast debut on *Telephone Hour*, as did Ferruccio Tagliavini and Renata Tebaldi. Jascha Heifetz, Marian Anderson, Ezio Pinza and others of their stature have appeared on the program many times. . . . Actually, the program is a matter of definition. Superlatives come automatically, but when someone suggested that it might be categorized as "a classical music program," Donald Voorhees, conductor of the Bell Telephone Orchestra, pronounced an emphatic no. Rather, he says, the program presents the great classics of music—music that has a meaning for people, whatever its origin, whoever its composer.

---

*Telephone Hour* is broadcast "live" from Carnegie Hall over NBC Radio, Monday at 9 P.M. EDT.

*In a program that is your front-row seat at Carnegie Hall, the world's*

An orchestra must play as a single and sensitive instrument . . . more than half of the Bell Telephone Orchestra were at its debut.





*greatest artists present "music that has a meaning"*

**Continued** →

Rehearsals are low-keyed, standards are high for Don Voorhees, producer Wally Magill and soloists such as Eileen Farrell.



# WHO'S WHO ON Telephone Hour

**L**ONG-HAIRS often split hairs. But there is a singular lack of tearing of topknots on the *Telephone Hour*. Among the audience, be they aficionados of Bach or Richard Rodgers, there is the comfortable assurance that there is no editing or abridgment as the world's greatest music is performed by the world's greatest artists on one of network radio's longest continuous programs. Among these performers at Carnegie Hall, there is no temperament. "We presume that the artists who are our guests do not have inadequacies," says producer Wallace Magill, "and everyone respects Don Voorhees." . . . The presumption is valid. In sixteen years of Monday night broadcasts, the *Telephone Hour* has rostered the

great names in the musical world. Fritz Kreisler, a long-time "hold-out" against radio, made his broadcast debut on *Telephone Hour*, as did Ferruccio Tagliavini and Renata Tebaldi. Jascha Heifetz, Marian Anderson, Ezio Pinza and others of their stature have appeared on the program many times. . . . Actually, the program is a matter of definition. Superlatives come automatically, but when someone suggested that it might be categorized as "a classical music program," Donald Voorhees, conductor of the Bell Telephone Orchestra, pronounced an emphatic no. Rather, he says, the program presents the great classics of music—music that has a meaning for people, whatever its origin, whoever its composer.

*Telephone Hour* is broadcast "live" from Carnegie Hall over NBC Radio, Monday at 9 P.M. EDT.



*In a program that is your front-row seat at Carnegie Hall, the world's*

*greatest artists present "music that has a meaning"*

**Continued** →

An orchestra must play as a single and sensitive instrument . . . more than half of the Bell Telephone Orchestra were at its debut.

Rehearsals are low-keyed, standards are high for Don Voorhees, producer Wally Mogill and soloists such as Eileen Forrell.





# WHO'S WHO ON Telephone Hour

(Continued)



**Donald Voorhees**

**C**ONDUCTOR Donald Voorhees spreads his net to catch all manner of musical fish. Audience-wise, says Don: "We temper and balance the program to appeal to serious music lovers and also hold the attention of people who haven't too much background in classics." Artist-wise, Don has bagged some whoppers—most notably, Fritz Kreisler. . . . With superb musicianship, taste and judgment, Don has presided over the *Telephone Hour* ever since its first broadcast in 1940, and thirty-seven of the original fifty-seven man orchestras are still with him. For young *Telephone Hour* "finds" or world-famed stars, Don is the ideal accompanist. . . . Born in Allentown, Pennsylvania, Don began his music lessons at the age of five. At eleven, he was organist and choirmaster of his church and, four



**Eileen Farrell**

**E**ILEEN FARRELL made her radio debut as the voice of Rosa Ponselle on *March Of Time*. She made her movie debut in "Interrupted Melody," as the voice of Marjorie Lawrence. "I didn't get a credit," she grins, "but I did get a mink coat." . . . Mostly, Eileen is herself, the artless, easygoing, stylishly-stout daughter of vaudeville's Singing O'Farrells. What the Palace was to her parents, Carnegie Hall is to Eileen—and she's sung there seventeen times on *Telephone Hour* alone. While critics fumble for superlatives for her rich, wide-ranging soprano, Eileen is matter-of-fact about her singing. "I just open my big mouth," she says, "and let it rip." . . . Eileen is a hard-working, disciplined professional who can wake up in the morning and hit a high "C" right off. When not on concert tours, she wakes up in Staten Island, a ferry-ride from Manhattan, where she and her policeman-husband, Robert Vincent Reagan, are raising two children and two boxer dogs. Robert, Jr., nine, is occasionally proud of his mother. Daughter Kathleen, three, refuses to listen. . . . While she waits for Kathy to grow up and approve of her, Eileen is developing an interest in opera and will sing "Il Trovatore" in San Francisco this fall. At first, she was afraid of opera, but her philosophy came to her rescue. "You can do anything—providing it's in your range." Eileen's even overcome the problem of memorizing scores. "I turn pages in my mind. If one of them sticks," she grins, "I'll be in trouble."

years later, he led both the Lyric Theater pit orchestra and his own dance band. At seventeen, he was the youngest conductor on Broadway. Late in 1924, he became musical director for the first network radio musical program. . . . A musician's musician, Don and his wife Marion live in Manhattan in a duplex maisonette. A twin-level apartment with its own entrance, it gives him some of the feeling of an actual house of his own. He has a married daughter and a son who is entering medical school. Don used to raise Scotch terriers and is also a connoisseur of horseflesh. . . . Literally, Don is a long-hair and it may fall over his eyes as he motions for more fortissimo from the brass. Asked if he isn't a bit nervous before a broadcast, Don Voorhees answers blandly, "Why? Should I be?"



*Barbara Gibson*

**C**OLORATURA Barbara Gibson wanted to be an engineer like her father. Instead, she took after her mother, was singing in high-school operettas when the well-known coach, Cesare Sturani, urged her to study seriously. Two years later, she made her radio debut, at the age of twenty, on *Telephone Hour*. She will make her sixteenth appearance on September 17. Tall and slim, she's married to Samuel Williams. Their daughter debuted this July.



*Grant Johannesen*

**B**ORN and raised in Salt Lake City, pianist Grant Johannesen began as a mimic. His subject: The piano teacher around the corner. By the time he was eight, Grant was composing songs and staging neighborhood theatricals. Later, he studied with Robert Casadesus, another *Telephone Hour* artist. Grant's September 24th appearance follows a concert tour of Europe. He solos on both sides of the pond, goes home to Salt Lake City—and son David.



*Michael Rabin*

**B**Y THE TIME violinist Michael Rabin made his *Telephone Hour* debut at the age of fourteen, his career was already two years old and he was on record with a number of difficult and exciting Paganini Caprices. Since then, he has concertized on three continents. On September 10th, Michael, now twenty, makes his eighteenth appearance, then will tour Europe. Michael's mother is a pianist, his dad is a violinist with the New York Philharmonic.



*Lorin Hollander*

**W**HEN Lorin Hollander first began to crawl, the piano was his prime target. By the time he was five, he was picking out tunes and harmonies, and his father Max, assistant concertmaster of the NBC Symphony under Toscanini, recognized that his middle child was a prodigy. Warned of the sacrifices a musical career demands, Lorin simply chose a new goal: Carnegie Hall. September 3rd, at age twelve, he played there on *Telephone Hour*.



Tirrell collects dolls—a perfect audience when she's studying her lines as Carol in *Love Of Life*.

# In Love with Life

By MARY TEMPLE

**N**O ONE could persuade nine-year-old Tirrell Barbery—who plays Carol on *Love Of Life*—or her brother Chris, or their mother and father, that the unexpected things which happen in people's lives aren't often the most exciting and the most wonderful of all. Sometimes they begin as small incidents . . . such as the way Tirrell became a television actress at seven. Sometimes they begin with what seem like difficult problems . . . such as the time the Barberys

had to move from Massachusetts to Mrs. Barbery's childhood home in New Jersey, shortly before Tirrell was born.

To start with the way Tirrell became an actress: Two years ago, she went to a television rehearsal with her mother one day. Brother Chris, now fourteen, was appearing in a *Kraft Theater* show, and Mrs. Barbery had brought Tirrell along to watch. Chris had been an actor since before his sixth birthday, and everybody

**At nine, Tirrell Barbery  
has only one wish—that Carol  
can be as happy as  
she herself has always been**



**Brother Chris collects bus models and is a Little League baseball champ. Chris was the first actor in the family—their father's an electronics engineer.**



**Two talented young people, two mighty proud parents. Tirrell got into TV, visiting Chris on the set—but she still has time today for little-girl chores around home.**



**See Next Page** ▶

# In Love with Life

(Continued)

in the family was used to it, but nobody dreamed that Tirrell had any ideas about acting . . . until the director, Maury Holland, suddenly turned to her mother that day and said, "We're still looking for a few little girls for some parts in this show. Have you thought about Tirrell being on television, Mrs. Barbery?"

Elizabeth Barbery looked down at her quiet, self-effacing daughter, at the long, light auburn pigtails, the hazel eyes set in a slim, sober little face. There was not a trace of theatrical mannerism about Tirrell. Just a typical little schoolgirl dressed in simple schoolgirl clothes. Mrs. Barbery was probably comparing Tirrell in her mind with all the be-ribboned and be-ruffled and cute, curly-haired little professional charmers she had ever encountered on television stages in the course of waiting for Chris. She was undoubtedly thinking of how little like an actress her child looked at that moment. Besides, Tirrell had never shown any interest in acting.

"I don't think Tirrell wants to be an actress," she told Mr. Holland, quite definitely.

"I certainly do want to be an actress, Mommy," Tirrell spoke up—in a soft little voice, but with conviction.

"You do? Well, then, Mr. Holland, I don't see why she shouldn't try it."

So the little girl was given some lines, which she learned with ease. She was well behaved and adult in adapting herself to direction, as Chris had always been, and she made her debut in *Kraft's "The Delicate Story,"* loving every minute (Continued on page 94)

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Tirrell is Carol in *Love Of Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Inc., Chef BoyArDee.



"Rusty" can count on the best of care from Tirrell Barbery, who loves animals—but not people who hunt.



Tirrell's a good cook, like her mother. Chris is like his engineer-dad, willingly overhauls the miniature pool Mr. Barbery built for his children, their cousins and neighbors.



# Small Town Girl

(Continued from page 53)

business. He was a quiet man, however, so he took her hand and all he said was: "Just don't get hurt. . ."

She was born in Swarthmore, a little town just outside Philadelphia, on January 28, 1929. She was named Dorothy Bell, Jr., after her mother, just as her brother was named Harry Bell, Jr., after his father. Mr. Bell, Sr., was a sales engineer who had once "turned down the chance to train for the Metropolitan Opera Company." He was seldom at home, since his job kept him traveling all over the country, and it was Mrs. Bell who raised their two children. "I got my voice from my father," Dorothy says, "but my mother gave me everything else."

She was four when the family moved to Glen Ridge, New Jersey. She was six when her parents separated. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Bell became ill, so Dorothy went to live with her grandparents, Frank and Florence McDonald of Carnegie, Pennsylvania—"the only real home I ever knew," she recalls. "Some day, I hope to return there to live. When I'm in Carnegie, it gives me the feeling of belonging somewhere."

In May of her freshman year at high school, Dorothy left her grandparents' home to live with her mother and brother in Hanover Four Corners, Massachusetts. This was Mrs. Bell's "last-ditch attempt" to set up a home for all the family. Her husband, while he was always traveling about the country, traveled in and out of Boston most of all. Hanover Four Corners was only thirty miles away, and it was an inexpensive place to live.

"She found a lovely old home," Dorothy recalls, "built in the late sixteen hun-

dreds—and a prize example of such. Once each year, the Daughters of the American Revolution used to make a pilgrimage so they could look at the wallpaper, which was brought over from England."

Much as Mrs. Bell appreciated the historical value of her home, she was more interested in its economy. Rent was only thirty dollars a month. As it turned out, however, her attempt to bring her family together failed. "While they have always been good friends"—she and her husband were divorced in 1944.

Dorothy continued her education at Hanover High School, a mile-and-a-half from her home. After school, she did housework for a nearby neighbor. They were English, and it was Dorothy's job to serve "high tea," clean up afterward, and take care of the baby. One night each week, she was on duty as a baby-sitter. For all this, she received two dollars a week, and she couldn't have been more grateful. It wasn't just that the Bells needed the money. It was because there was nothing else for a young girl to do in Hanover Four Corners.

"It's such a tiny town, it doesn't even have a movie—just a post office, a drug store, and a general store." Dorothy can tell you what it's like, but she can't describe what it feels like to the young and eager in a town that size, wondering how you'll ever get ahead, reading magazines of the outside world—and writing to Kate Smith asking her how *she* felt about singing popular music.

Even in those days, Dorothy wanted to be a singer, and couldn't make up her mind whether to concentrate on classical or popular music. "You see," she explains, "I'm a 'churkendoose.'" And, when you

beg her pardon, she explains that a churkendoose is "an animal that didn't know what it was—a chicken, turkey, duck or goose." It's from a children's song recorded by Frank Luther.

As a churkendoose-type singer, Dorothy has a lyric-soprano range (three octaves) but a contralto quality. "And, while everyone said I had a classical voice," she points out, "I happen to like popular music." However, that didn't stop her from singing in the St. Andrews Episcopal Church Choir. The pastor's wife, who had been a concert singer herself, thought Dorothy had an unusual talent and encouraged her to enter a competition sponsored by the Choral Groups in the Hanover area.

"I never expected to win," Dorothy recalls. "I had no formal training. And—to make matters worse—the night of the competition, I had a cold. But I drank pineapple juice by the gallon, and then—the nerve!—I sang 'The Lass with the Delicate Air.'" But she won first prize, which consisted of a hundred-dollar scholarship to study music. Dorothy used it to take lessons from Arthur Wilson, a vocal teacher in Boston. Every Saturday, she would get a free ride with a neighbor who drove her the sixty miles to and from her lesson. . . . But the scholarship soon ran out.

"Funds were low during this period," Dorothy remembers. "We would sometimes have to resort to a bone with a few vegetables for soup, and that was it! And it's a good thing it was 'fashionable' to eat beans on Saturday night."

Her teacher stopped charging her for lessons, but Dorothy still had to pay the accompanist. That was when Mr.



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Wilson started finding her odd jobs to do—mostly housework—such as washing walls and polishing silver. And so, for the last two years of high school, Dorothy studied voice once a week. It was her first formal voice training, and it paved the way for her winning another competition.

She was fifteen when she went to Syracuse University, competing with two hundred other high-school graduates for a four-year scholarship. Judged on the basis of scholarship and musical performance, Dorothy was one of the four winners. But she was only to remain at Syracuse one year, as it turned out. "Most of the students there were from New York," she explains. "Either they had professional training, or they had attended the High School of Performing Arts. I didn't have their mechanical training, and found it difficult to compete."

Besides, something had happened to make Dorothy realize that she didn't want to be an opera and concert singer. A sorority sister had laryngitis and asked Dorothy to take over her radio program on Station WAGE. It was an hour show, five mornings a week. Dorothy was on three weeks—just long enough to get the taste. She knew then that this was the kind of music she wanted to sing. Popular music. "It's nice to have classical training for breath control," she says, "but vocal gymnastics are not for me."

However, being a successful popular singer is a gamble. Economic necessity made Dorothy think of some steady way to make a living. And, since she loved children, the answer was simple. She would be a schoolteacher. But, first, she would have to earn enough money to go to a teachers' college. Ironically enough, she was to do that by her singing.

"When I left Syracuse," she recalls, "my brother had joined the Navy, so my mother and I came to New York. I used to make the rounds of the publishers for free copies of their music. That was how I met Leo Diston, of Chappell Music Publishers. Leo is one of the people who have helped me most. He heard of a job, singing with a small band at the Albion Hotel in Asbury Park, New Jersey. He telephoned one day at twelve-thirty and asked if I could be ready to leave by four that afternoon. The job paid fifty-a-week and room—so I was packed and ready. I didn't have an evening dress, but I borrowed one from a cousin who happens to be half my size. I sang with that band for three months, until June. Then we were, quote, let go, unquote."

Returning to New York, she went out with her brother and some of his friends from the Navy one night when they were "doing the Village." In one of the night clubs, her brother spoke to the emcee of the floor show, who then asked Dorothy if she'd get up and sing a song. She did—"on sheer nerve"—and the owner came over and offered her a job. Like her first singing job, this one also paid fifty a week. So did the next one, at the Village Corners—just around the corner from where she and her mother lived. Still another singing job at the Torch Room... and, by January, 1948, she had enough money to go to college.

She chose the State Teachers' College at New Paltz, New York, after visiting her mother there. Mrs. Bell had gotten a job as manager of the college's freshman dormitory—a position she still holds. Dorothy, in addition to studying to be an elementary-schoolteacher, had her own program of folk music on Radio Station WEOK in nearby Poughkeepsie, New York. She was graduated in 1951—but not as Dorothy Bell. She had suddenly become Mrs. Dorothy Olsen.

"During the last six months of college,"

she explains, "I needed a little extra money, so I got a job singing in the Five Oaks Restaurant in Greenwich Village. One night, some friends brought in Arthur Olsen to meet me. They thought we would make a good couple."

Arti—as she calls him, spelling it as they do in his native Norway—had once been a whaler. During World War II, however, he joined the Norwegian Merchant Marine. His frequent trips to the United States made him decide to settle here after the war. Seven years ago, he became a scallop fisherman—a regular member of the crew of the fishing boat *Miriam A.* It was on November 18, 1950 that his friends took him to the Five Oaks Restaurant.

"We met," Dorothy recalls. "That was it. We knew we were going to get married." Ask her how she knew—and she says, "He was holding a cocker spaniel in his lap." Ask her how he happened to be holding a dog on his lap—in a night club—and she says, "That's Arti."

"But his eyes looked like the spaniel's," she continues. "No, you better not repeat that. People might not understand." But anyone who has ever looked into the calm, clear eyes of a cocker spaniel knows exactly what she means. It's a high compliment. "He didn't talk much. But, when he took my hand, I felt safe and secure. I had had nothing but hard luck before. And, looking into his eyes, I knew they weren't hiding anything. He was straightforward. That was the quality that attracted me most."

On December 24, little over a month later, they were married. "I was lonely," Dorothy points out. "He looked like a 'loner,' too. And, although we had known each other only a short time... if two people want the same things of marriage—as we do—I think it has a good chance of success."

If Dorothy had "had nothing but hard luck before" her marriage, however, she was to have still more after. As a scallop fisherman, Arti's living is always uncertain. "It's like the whalers," she explains. "It's an auction thing, with the crew splitting the profits. Sometimes the price of fish is up, sometimes it's down." And while the *Miriam A.* normally spends ten days at sea and three ashore—"if there's a storm, they don't go out at all." He could have returned to the more regular life of the Merchant Marine, but Dorothy doesn't want "a husband who's gone six months at a time... it's bad enough when he's gone just ten days."

It was shortly after their marriage that Arti was thrown during a hurricane at sea and injured his back. He was unable to work for the next four months. Dorothy was teaching the second grade at the Hillburn School in Suffern, New York, "because it was the first job I could get." She was making only \$2400 a year, however, and the Olsens found themselves living from hand-to-mouth. During this period, there was sometimes not quite enough to eat. "At one time," Dorothy recalls, "there were only some split peas and pancake flour in the house." Arti—an excellent cook, given the proper ingredients—managed to make some soup and pancakes. This was all they had to live on for a while.

After six months at Suffern—which was "too far from New York"—Dorothy got a job teaching at a private school in Manhattan. Three years later, she became a fourth-grade teacher at the Battle Hill School in near-by White Plains, driving to and from work in a 1949 yellow Plymouth convertible. Her pupils christened the car "Angel," because it "brings her to school without any trouble." Dorothy still drives it... and, after 162,000 miles, it still flies like an angel.

She taught at White Plains for a year and a half, and then it all happened—the first week before Thanksgiving. The only reason the Olsens happened to be in a CBS-TV studio, watching *Name That Tune*, was because they didn't own a television set. Dorothy was selected from the audience to be a contestant. She won top prize, and so—according to the rules—she returned next week with a partner. She and Philip Bock, who flew in from Chicago to team up with her, were on the program for the next five weeks, winning five thousand dollars on each appearance . . . totaling up to the top prize of twenty-five thousand dollars to split between them.

The first week, George de Witt, the show's emcee, asked Dorothy to sing one of the songs she sang in her classroom. She obliged with the first verse of "The Little White Duck." There was such a response from viewers all over the country that, the second week, she was asked to sing the second verse. By this time, the publisher of the song brought it to the attention of Steve Shole of RCA Victor, who offered Dorothy a contract to make two records for them. Her recording of "The Little White Duck" quickly sold over 150,000 copies.

"It's for children," she says, "and for the child in all grownups." Her second record, however, was a popular record for grownups alone. It was "I'll Be Waiting Up For You," which Dorothy describes as "a good record to relax with." But requests kept pouring in for more children's records. RCA Victor extended her contract for a year.

"In the meantime, NBC asked me to come in," she recalls. "I saw three executives there who asked me if I were interested in making guest appearances on radio and television. They mentioned the Ernie Kovacs and Perry Como shows." And best of all, they offered her a chance to appear on Dr. Frances Horwich's *Ding-Dong School*. Dorothy—who had received "so many letters describing the need for such good children's shows as that on television"—decided to try it. All in all, she had been teaching school for five years. "Temporarily," she says, "I left the profession. I knew I could always go back." Besides, she was anxious to work with the beloved "Miss Frances." She had studied under her during the summer of 1949, when Dr. Horwich taught at New Paltz.

Last March, Dorothy made her first appearance on the prize-winning chil-

dren's show. "I was very nervous," she recalls. "It was different on *Name That Tune*, where the audience helps to carry you along. Besides, my own students were in the audience—three bus-loads full at each performance. On *Ding Dong School*, however, there was no audience—just Miss Frances, the studio technicians, and Arlo, the organist. We didn't use a script or anything. We just talked—and who can be more tongue-tied than a beginner in front of a camera? That's why I'm so very grateful to Miss Frances. She was so warm and gracious, she carried me through that first show."

She carried Dorothy through with honors, for her former pupil has been singing on the show frequently ever since. "Each show becomes easier," Dorothy points out, "and I like the way Miss Frances conducts it. It isn't like being in a television studio. You're not talking to the camera, you're talking directly to the children themselves. In one show, for example, I was singing 'Peewee, the Kiwi,' and came to the part where I had to whistle. I couldn't—and suddenly I began to giggle, because I knew that's what the children watching me were doing."

Her appearances on *Ding Dong School* are so successful that people have written to ask if she is going to have a show of her own. "I don't want to be that important," she insists.

For the first time in her life, however, Dorothy is ambitious—for now she has a dream. "I want to make enough money for Arti to have his own fishing boat," she says. "Boats cost eighty thousand dollars—and what with the insurance and everything, you need about a hundred thousand dollars to start!"

According to her brother Harry, who is temporarily serving as her manager, Dorothy will get her boat—and then some. "He gets carried away sometimes," she confesses, "and that's when Arti suddenly starts looking about the apartment. 'Gee,' he'll say, 'these floors look like they could use a good scrubbing.'"

He doesn't mean it, of course. It's just his way of saying that the first job of a wife is to be a wife. Perhaps not too surprisingly, Dorothy agrees with him. And Arti has no need to worry about her. She won't get hurt. Nothing that happens in show business can ever throw her, so long as there's a man about the house—someone who loves her enough to remind her that the floors need scrubbing. . . . and then, of course, end up doing them himself.

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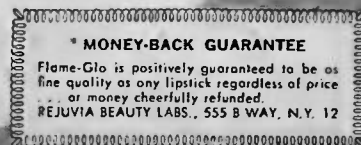
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# The Right to Happiness

(Continued from page 31)

apartment (complete with two fireplaces) in one of the charming old brownstones of New York's smart upper East Side, Claudia and her husband, Kenneth Loane, revel in a profusion of mementoes of their own and families' pasts.

"To say we live in a welter of antiques and mementoes," smiles Claudia, "must make us sound like ghastly bores . . . which I honestly don't think we are. We love our antiques and the stories behind them. But, unless guests evince interest in particular pieces, we're careful not to inflict them with historical data. Woe be it, however, to the unsuspecting . . . the one who asks 'What is that?' or 'Where did that come from?' I'll warn you ahead of time, Ken and I are both great story-tellers. You may *have* to stay for dinner!"

And great story-tellers they really are. An intended hour spent with the Loanes unexpectedly turns into two . . . you're already a half-hour late for your own dinner appointment—and who knows how badly you've disrupted their plans for the evening? They'd never let you know.

"It's hard to disrupt our evening plans during the week," Claudia says reassuringly. "It may come as a surprise, but I didn't marry an actor . . . I married a man in the real-estate business. Ken started out to be an actor—is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in fact—but later switched to real estate. So, since we have to get up early in the morning (I insist on breakfasting with my businessman husband), we get to bed early. Therefore, no gadding about and late hours during the week.

"You know, now that I think about it, I believe this is probably the only major adjustment I've had to make as a result of my marriage to Ken. Which may sound sort of strange—but, you see, we've known each other since I was in my teens—and, long before we were married, we knew each other's faults, good points, likes and dislikes, backwards and forwards. Which makes it rather nice, since neither one of us can possibly have any complaints. But until I married Ken on Lincoln's Birthday, 1955, I had been accustomed to actors' hours . . . up late at both ends of the day."

For entertainment other than the theater, Ken and Claudia prefer the at-home type . . . usually small groups of friends for dinner. "Usually small groups is right," pops in Ken, with a hearty laugh as an exclamation point. "Get Claudia to tell you about our first party, though."

"Oh yes, *that!* Well, the truth of the matter is that it did get a little out of hand. But first let me describe our apartment . . . it will help make the whole story more impossible. The apartment consists of a more or less normal-size living room, an ample bedroom, small kitchen and foyer—and the tiniest dining room in all of New York, I'm sure. . . . at its widest, it's seven feet. As for the normal-sized living room—by the time it accommodates our antiques and my grand piano (which is another story I must tell you later on), there's not a great deal of extra footage left.

"Well, not too long after our marriage, Ken and I decided to give a party . . . a buffet supper. Ken and I are both very lucky insofar as we have many, many dear friends, practically all of whom have been our mutual friends over the course of years. Not having any idea where we could—or even wanted to—draw the guest line at our wedding (which took place right here in the apartment), we kept it down to families and

a handful of our closest friends. Therefore, our first party had to be large. Our intention was to have about thirty guests. But, like Topsy, it grew and grew and grew . . . and, before we knew it, the list had doubled in size. When I realized what we had done, I almost had a breakdown, but then consoled myself with the thought that probably many wouldn't show up . . . theater commitments and the like, since ninety percent of our friends are in the profession.

"But, bless their hearts, they all put in at least a brief appearance. The buffet, of course, was all set up ahead of time in the dining room, and the liquid refreshments were stocked up in the kitchen, which is situated between the living room and bedroom. It had been my supposition that the crowd would spread out into the two main rooms. What I forgot to remember was the fact that theater people are voluble talkers and hate to get out of earshot of a discussion. So the thing I hadn't counted on happened . . . they *all* took up sardine-like positions in the living room. Nobody in the bedroom!

"Then the whole affair was climaxed the following morning by Trouper, our Schnauzer. Trouper is really a well-trained dog. But I guess the party was too much for him, too. At any rate, the next morning, there were the remains of the buffet still on the table (in utter exhaustion Ken and I had collapsed into bed the night before without cleaning up the house) . . . all, that is, except the remains of the ham—which was on the floor beside a very much over-stuffed dog who landed at the veterinarian's."

Speaking of buffet suppers and ham brought up the question of whether Claudia had prepared the supper . . . was she a good cook? A slow grin started spreading over Ken's face, but he ducked his head and absorbed himself with a miniature radio he was making "fix-it-yourself" passes at. Catching the grin, Claudia burst into an infectious chuckle. "No," she admitted, "I don't suppose it would be possible to say that. But I'm improving . . . am probably a little better in the kitchen now than Ken is with that fix-it-yourself idea.

"Funny thing," continued Claudia, "until I married Ken, I did very little cooking. The opportunity or necessity had never seemed to present itself. You see, as a girl I spent a lot of time on the road with my mother and father, and we ate in restaurants. My schooling was at boarding schools, and after that, there always seemed to be a cook around.

"But Ken, like many men, particularly bachelors . . . in this case an ex-bachelor, thank heavens . . . is a good cook and enjoys it. Slowly but surely, and with infinite patience, he's teaching me. And do you know, it's really fun! I've progressed to the point where, with the exception of the meat, I prepare the whole meal. Ken does the meat. Maybe some day I'll be promoted to that department. But I'm not sure I really want to be . . . because then I'll be able to cook the whole meal by myself, which would mean we wouldn't be doing it together. And, frankly, it's the being together—even in the kitchen—I most enjoy. So maybe I'll keep flunking the meat test."

Assuring Claudia that the flunking or passing of a meat test was not going to make any difference in their being together, Ken reminded his charming wife that she had promised a story about her grand piano.

"Of the many things my mother gave me during her lifetime, perhaps one of

the greatest turned out to be that piano in the corner of the living room. At least, it's one of the things I'm most sentimental about. When I was five, Mother bought it for me. Piano lessons were no great chore for me. I loved it, and eventually became a fairly proficient pianist. As a family who loved music, we had many, many happy times around that piano.

"Oh dear, there goes my yard-wide sentimental streak . . . but you asked for it! Anyway, when Ken and I took this apartment just before we were married, we never even considered the possibility that the piano might not fit until a friend, a pianist herself, threw the bombshell that I might have to give up the piano. Believe me, before I did that I'd have given up the apartment . . .

"Ken, considerably calmer by nature than I, came up with what I consider a real stroke of genius. As he pointed out, measuring wouldn't really prove anything . . . you had to be able to see how and where the piano might fit. So we sat down and scotch-taped enough newspaper together to be able to draw and cut out the outline of the grand piano. With this accomplished, we set out . . . under sail, so to speak . . . to find a spot or bust. I wish you could have seen the expressions of the painters as we crawled around on hands and knees with our piano pattern. As you can see, we won. There's the grand in the corner, extending half way into the center of the room . . . and the Loanes are two who don't give a hoot if decorators faint over so large an object in a smallish room, or pianists tell you that you never have a piano located in such a way that the back of the pianist is to the audience. We have the piano, and that's all that matters.

"Also, I suppose all those 'things' on the top of it are artistically and professionally wrong. But they're all part of my memento collection. See that little stove with the potted plants in it? That was Uncle Frank's when he was a little boy. The tiny iron and hot water kettle are the only two other gadgets that are left. I can remember playing with it when I was a child.

"And this walking stick belonged to my father. It's a 'good luck' stick . . . all those little heads and figures were carved by an American Indian. Years ago, Edwin Forrest gave it to Dad when Dad was in a show out West. Dad was always terribly sentimental about it.

"I see you've spotted the collection of spoons on the dining room wall. They were Mother's. She collected them herself. See the one with the windmill at the top of the handle? Believe it or not, that windmill really turns. I've been told the collection is unique and quite valuable, but that's not why I've kept them. I can remember when Mother acquired many of them . . . how excited she'd be over each addition to the collection.

"And did you see the lovely rocking chair in the bedroom? That belonged to Ken's mother. We like the delicate if somewhat faded coloring of the floral decoration. Furthermore, once you refinish a piece, it's never quite the same, from a sentimental standpoint, at least.

"Oh my! There I go being sentimental again and I promised I wouldn't. Well, when you come to visit us again, I promise to behave . . . but I don't suppose I really will be any better, will I, Ken? You see, I can't seem to help talking about the things and people I love. And when you catch me at home, you're catching me in the midst of everything I love most."

# Can I Help You?

(Continued from page 8)

Dear Joan Davis:

We have a daughter of twenty-three who is causing us great heartache. Her emotional, headstrong nature has already caused her to make one mistake and now I see another one coming. At seventeen she married against our wishes. Inside of a year she had the sense to see that the boy was weak and unstable. By the time she was nineteen, she was divorced and we thought well on her way, with a good job, to a good life of her own. We were disturbed when she started going out with a much older man. But we were not too upset till we learned this man is married, the father of two children, and only separated from his wife. She tells me the man's divorce is only a matter of time, but this has gone on for over a year. What is worse, since I have repeatedly tried to discuss this with her, she spends hardly any time at home, and this man meets her, instead of calling for her at our home. It is all very well for my husband to say she must live her own life, but no mother can stand by and see her child heading for tragedy without reaching out to stop her!

Mrs. F. H. L.

But you know, Mrs. F. H. L., as well as I do, that the arms you reach out will only push your daughter further from you. She is a grown woman, earning her own living, with a mistake behind her from which you apparently do feel she has learned some worthwhile lessons. The chances are that you have identified yourself with your daughter to the point of believing that you understand her completely, know what is best for her, and could live her life much better than she is doing it. Isn't that a little presumptuous—and aren't you fooling yourself?

Certainly there are drawbacks. A somewhat older man, with one failure behind him and family responsibilities curtailing whatever plans he wants to make for the future, cannot be considered an ideal mate from a mother's point of view. But what if your daughter knows, or even thinks, that for her this man is worth waiting for? Will it help in any way if you drive her from you with constant argument?

If there were any question of this man's sincerity—if you had reason to suspect that he is not really seeking his divorce—then there might be other steps you and your husband might cautiously take to determine the truth. But, since this is evidently not a possibility, there is nothing you can do except what we always stand ready to do for our children . . . offer love, shelter if they need it, advice if they ask for it, a respect for them as individuals—and keep our own desires, demands and prejudices from infringing on their lives to the point where they feel they must repudiate us completely to gain the freedom that is their right.

Have you a problem you can't discuss with anyone close to you? Why not write to Joan Davis about it? No letters can be returned, and no personal replies can be given by mail, but you may find your letter among those she answers in this column every month. Address your letters to: Joan Davis, TV RADIO MIRROR, Box 1719, Grand Central Sta., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



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Complete Canadian Courses available. Write American School, Dept. H753, 6083 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal

# House Party for Blonds

(Continued from page 32)

Jacqueline Zipert, and a beautifully olive complexioned Grecian beauty, eight-year-old Stela Tambaki. Both were adopted by Art and Lois on the American Foster Children Plan. In fact, the Linkletters have two adopted boys in Europe too: sixteen-year-old Rollan Mangeard, a handsome youngster studying to be an aircraft apprentice in France, and thirteen-year-old Alberto Di Raco, a promising young artist in Italy. And, of course, at home with Art and Lois, there are their own five children.

And the four blonds madly in love with announcer Jack Slattery? Jack doesn't worry either that this situation will upset his lovely wife Marge. Marge, with a sprinkle of auburn in her tresses, is one of the four girls. The three others are: Susie, 13, Patty, 11—and Jack's newest secret love, their 22-months-old adopted daughter, Margaret Joy.

Every weekday afternoon when *Art Linkletter's House Party* goes off the air, jolly Jack dog-trots to his dressing room, splashes a few drops of water on his face in a hasty try at cleaning off his make-up, and heads for his car and home. Given free summer afternoons, Jack wants to spend them with his nearly-new two-year-old daughter, playing at bulb-planting in the big back yard of their Van Nuys home.

Arriving in the driveway, Jack honks the horn, informing all that he is home. Wife Marge shouts "Hi!" through the kitchen window, and Maggie Joy—thirty-five pounds of cuddly enthusiasm—comes racing across the lawn and through the privet hedges to be scooped up in genial Jack's arms. The daily ritual is complete when Jack plants a loving kiss on his newest daughter's brow. In the process, some of his half-washed make-up is usually rubbed off onto Maggie's already rosy cheek. Then Jack carries Maggie piggy-back through the front door.

Maggie, cuddled in his giant arms like a small boat in a safe harbor, looks up at Jack with her blue eyes full of trust and love. A devoted father, Jack is fond of saying—frequently and with continued amazement—to his wife Marge: "Children really are easy to love. . . ." Describing Jack's personality, lovely Marge says simply, "When I'm out shopping, people frequently ask if I'm *the* Mrs. Slattery. . . . When I say 'yes,' they then ask, 'Is Jack really as nice in person as he seems on TV?' And I reply, 'If you saw him at home with our three girls, playing his part of gentle father, I'm sure you'd agree he's nicer.'"

The adoption into the family of their baby Maggie Joy, nearly two years ago, well illustrates the tender, considerate and thoughtful qualities of Jack Slattery as the loving and devoted husband and father he is. Knowing that his wife could not have any more children, and at the same time understanding her desire to have more, Jack immediately agreed, when Marge came to him with the suggestion of adoption, saying only, "Well, sure. . . . what do you want, a boy or a girl?"

Marge answered mysteriously, "The baby I want hasn't been born yet. . . ."

And that's how it worked out. The Los Angeles Adoption Board agreed the Slatterys would make excellent parents of a new child. The night the baby was to be born both Jack and Marge went to the hospital; they wanted to be present when the blessed event took place.

Jack by now had become rather enthusiastic about the whole thing. Riding

up to the waiting room in the elevator, with Marge beside him and an obviously expectant mother and father on the other side, Jack was also exhibiting all of the signs of a prospective father—nervousness, a certain amount of pacing, and frequent glances at his wrist watch.

"Sitting in the waiting room," says Marge, "the expectant father was so excited he didn't think to ask us why we were both sitting in the waiting room—he was too busy telling us how wonderful his wife was and how he and his wife had met, and how they both looked forward so to the baby.

"Then, over the inter-com loudspeaker, our doctor called down saying, 'Mr. and Mrs. Slattery. . . are you there?' 'Yes,' we answered. 'Well, come upstairs and see your new little baby daughter.' Then the young man looked at both of us as if for the first time and almost fell over—he couldn't understand how we could have had a baby delivered to us while sitting in the waiting room!"

When Jack and Marge saw their new baby it was love at first sight. "I knew Jack was thrilled," says Marge, "because he had never bought a baby gift in his life—in fact he never likes to go shopping at all—oh, he will go for groceries and such, but shopping for shoes and skirts and blouses for the girls, for example, is not exactly his idea of how to spend a pleasant afternoon.

"But as soon as he saw Maggie Joy, Jack said 'Well, when are we going to buy the layette?' I suggested 'How about tomorrow? . . .' When he replied, 'Why don't you wait until Wednesday—I get the afternoon off and we can go together,' I knew he was as thrilled with little Margaret Joy as I was."

Five days later, Jack and Marge and their two daughters, Patty and Susie, then 9 and 11, brought Maggie Joy home from the hospital. "Neither Marge nor I talked too much to the girls about the coming of the new baby," says Jack, "because if anything went wrong we didn't want them to be disappointed. All little girls, I think, are thrilled to have a little baby in the house.

"But of course," continues Jack, "nothing went wrong. In fact everything went smoothly right up to the day of the baby's expected birth. Then nothing happened. Susie and Patty said, 'Daddy, we think you should call up the doctor and tell him we're getting pretty poor delivery service!'"

"In the meantime Susie passed the word around to about a hundred kids at school that we were going to have a new baby at home. But as the delivery day came and went, the kids kept pestering her to find out whether it was a boy or a girl. Finally Maggie Joy arrived. Next day, Susie went to school with a big pink bootie pinned to her dress. 'This,' she said proudly, 'will take care of all those silly questions!'"

"The day we brought Maggie home," says Marge, "we took both Susie and Patty to the hospital with us. Patty insistently wanted to bring her favorite teddy bear to Maggie. You've never seen two more excited girls—for that matter, you've never seen two more excited parents.

"We left the girls downstairs and Jack and I went up to the nursery. Little Maggie, so sound asleep in that crib, looked exactly like Susie and Patty looked when they were only five days old, with the same coloring and all. In fact when Jack and I, with the baby in his arms,

finally stepped into the elevator to go downstairs, two of the passengers said, 'You certainly can tell this baby is his daddy's!'"

"There were quite a few people in the outside waiting room where we had left the girls," continues Marge, "and when we stepped out of the elevator the girls let out a scream you could hear all the way to Hollywood. They were so excited, they were laughing and crying at the same time. Even some of the folks standing in the lobby had a few tears in their eyes to see how these two little girls greeted their new baby sister.

"The girls accepted Maggie into the house," continues Marge, "as if she were really ours, and not a chosen sister. In fact, Patty, then only nine, turned out to be a regular mother—both she and Jack take over where I leave off."

"After the first year," says Jack, "it was plain to me we had a little genius in the house. Of course I may just be talking like any proud parent over his child, but I think it's true. I know the doctor said one day, 'When you send this child to kindergarten, you'll have to put a tag around her neck reading, 'Brains, please do not hold back.' At twenty months she can already count from one to ten. And she has a terrific memory—I came home one afternoon and she had dug up all the bulbs she and I had planted last spring.

"And she knows the number '8' by sight," continues Jack. "I do the grocery shopping every once in a while, and last week we went into the store and as Penny, the girl at the desk, rang up our sales, Maggie said, 'Eight!' Sure enough, there was a big eight on the cash register. 'Did you hear that, Penny?' I said, 'Maggie just said 'Eight!'"

"She did not say 'eight,' Mr. Slattery. She said 'light,' Maggie is too young to know the numbers, but she saw the light flash and she said 'light.'"

"I'm sure she said 'eight,' I replied."

"Mr. Slattery," said Penny, "that is wishful thinking!"

Jack was too kind to disagree.

Jack Slattery was born in Kansas City, Missouri. He immediately started growing as tall and straight as the Kansas corn and didn't stop until he topped a corn-tassled, blond 6 foot 2 inches.

When he was a child his parents moved to Los Angeles, where seven-year-old Jack made his radio debut singing hymns over local stations. By the time he was twelve, Jack considered himself a crooner. A few years later, he formed a band, playing at local school dances. At one of the engagements the announcer failed to show up. Jack filled in. He has been announcing ever since.

After a public school education Jack went to the University of Southern California. His wife Marge proudly says: "Jack was President of the Arts and Sciences Student Body, President of his fraternity, and a member of the honorary 'Blue Key Society.' I knew Jack for months before I found out how active he was at USC. He just never brags.

"Jack and I met," continues Marge, "when he was just leaving college. He was working as a disc jockey at KMPC and I came in to see one of the other announcers. I was introduced to the 'new' young platter spinner who stood so tall and straight he had to stoop his blond head to fit into the announcer's booth. I remember my first thought was, 'He certainly is clean-cut.'"

"On our first date sixteen years ago, Jack took me to a fraternity dance at

USC. My first impression of Jack was sustained—he came to the door wearing a very proper dark suit and bearing a corsage of gardenias. He was completely charming.

"Jack still likes to dance," continues Marge. "He will say to me, for example, 'Honey, would you like to go to the Coconut Grove next Thursday night? and I know that means he's going to spend the following Friday, Saturday and Sunday fishing in the Sierras."

"Jack usually goes fishing with one or two of our neighbors, and they frequently take a half-dozen of our neighborhood pool of teen-age boys, Jack says its good for the kids to get the mountain hunting and fishing experience. It helps them to build confidence and independence. I think it's good of Jack and his friends to take the boys along on their 'men' trips. But Jack shrugs his shoulders, as if to say its simply the thing to do. He and his friends don't want any compliments.

"I asked one of our neighbors one time what they did on these jaunts besides fish. He said: 'Well, once Jack gets us in the boat so we can't escape, he proudly pulls a stack of family pictures out of his wallet and shows off you and the girls.

"But of course he deserves his fishing jaunts," Marge continues, "and a brief vacation from his children. He spends almost every afternoon with them, unselfishly devoting time to their interests. He escorts Susie to the ballpark weekly (she has a boyfriend on the team) and sits by the hour with Patty and Susie discussing music—they have a record collection that runs from floor to ceiling and which plays from morn to night; and the three of them go to the beach and swim and play volley ball.

"And every free moment, of course, is spent with Maggie Joy—I hunt around the bargain shops for antiques, take them home to Jack's workshop, where he and Maggie refinish them together. Jack says that Maggie's fingerprints in the wet varnish make an interesting effect.

"Jack is also a strong family man—birthdays and holidays, for example, mean a lot to us here. When Maggie was one year old, though at first we thought a party would be too confusing for her, the more Jack thought about it, the more convinced he was that we should have one. 'Besides,' he said, 'think of the fun Patty and Susie would have.'

"So we invited a few of our relatives—Jack's mother and father and my sister and her children—then one by one the neighbors started drifting in, bearing birthday gifts. What started out to be a small party, turned into a jamboree with sixty guests. I sent Jack to the store three times for more balloons and ice cream.

"One thing about Jack," says Marge, "that makes him such a good father is his even temper. With our girls he is as patient as a pyramid. I know he has a great deal of self control by the way he acts with little Maggie. She is an active baby, completely carefree, who never looks where she is running. She plays as hard as a USC fullback. One day she got her hands on Jack's old beat-up fishing hat. Now Jack loves nothing so dearly at that hat—or what was left of it after Maggie played wheelbarrel in the garden with it. Some husbands would explode over such a catastrophe. Jack never said a word. In fact, in our fifteen years of marriage, I've never heard him say, 'darn.'

"So today when Jack's fans come up to me and ask, 'Is your husband really as nice in person as he is on TV?' I know from experience I can safely say, 'He's nicer!'"

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All times listed are Eastern Daylight Time. These are network programs. Local stations may substitute or re-schedule.

# Inside Radio

NOTE: World Series Baseball starts October 3rd on Mutual Broadcasting System, pre-empting regularly scheduled programs.

## Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
<b>Morning Programs</b>				
8:30 8:45		Local Program		
9:00 9:15 9:30		Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15	Bandstand, with Bert Parks	Cecil Brown Footnotes To Medical History Five-Star News 10:35 Johnny Olsen	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey Time, with Peter Lind Hayes
10:30 10:45			When A Girl Marries Whispering Streets	
11:00	Bandstand (con.)	News 11:05 Story Time Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Grand Central Station Jack Paar Show News 11:35 Your Happy Holiday	Arthur Godfrey (con.), with Peter Lind Hayes This Is Kathy Godfrey Howard Miller Show
11:15 11:30				
11:45				

## Afternoon Programs

12:00		Noon News 12:05 Story Time Constance Bennett	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:15 12:30 12:45			Frank Farrell	
1:00 1:15		News. Cedric Foster A Ladd's Modern Moods Luncheon With Lopez	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Aunt Jenny
1:30 1:45				Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00		News. Sam Hayes 2:05 Jazz Roost		News, Bill Downs 2:05 Right To Happi- ness Second Mrs. Burton This Is Nora Drake Just Entertainment Pat Buttram
2:15 2:30 2:45		Mutual Matinee	Martin Block	
3:00	Five Star Matinee	News 3:05 Matinee With Bruce Elliot Bandstand, U.S.A.	Martin Block (con.)	Linkletter's House Party
3:15 3:30 3:45	Hilltop House Pepper Young's Family			Sunshine Sue
4:00 4:15	Woman In My House Mary Margaret McBride	News 4:05 Matinee With Dick Willard U.S. Military Band	Treasury Bandstand	
4:30 4:45	Fred Waring Show			
5:00 5:15 5:30	Music It's New 5:35 Business World Sportarama 5:55 George Gallup	Bob And Ray		
5:45		Les Paul & Mary Ford 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Wall Street Final		

## Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	6:30 News 6:35 Mel Allen, Sports	Jackson & The News Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opin- ion?	Mike Malloy, Private Eye 7:55 News	Robert Q. Lewis Show
8:00 8:15	Henry Taylor Berkshire Festival	True Detective Mysteries	American Music Hall 8:25 News Voice Of Firestone	Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
8:30 8:45		Oanger With Granger		
9:00 9:15	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Behind The Iron Curtain Reporters' Roundup	News 9:05 American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands In The Land 9:55 News Personality	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar
9:30 9:45	Contrasts In Music			Capitol Cloakroom 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 10:15	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley This World Of Music	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination, with Milton Cross 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Orchestra
10:30	Parade Of Bands			

## Tuesday Evening Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The New Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Sherlock Holmes 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	X Minus One News 8:35 Biographies In Sound	Treasury Agent Big City	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show Suspense
9:00 9:15 9:30	Biographies In Sound (con.) Ted Heath, Music	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray Dateline Defense Army Hour	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Campaign '56 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley This World Of Music Ken Nordine	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Musi

## Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The New Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Ed Morgan News Quincy Howe	News, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opinion?	Masters Of Mystery 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	Truth Or Consequences Recollections At 30 8:55 News	Gang Busters Crime Files of Flamond	American Music Hall 9:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show Pick The Winner
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	You Bet Your Life -Groucho Marx Sound Flight	Press Conference Family Theater	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar Washington & The World 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley This Is Moscow	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Music

## Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The New Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Mystery Classic 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	People Are Funny Conversation	Official Detective It's A Crime, Mr. Collins	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 Can Freedom Win? Stars In Action	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob And Ray U.N. Radio Review State Of The Nation	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Herman 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Oollar The Leading Question
10:00 10:15 10:30	NBC News 10:05 Chet Huntley Carling Conserva- tion Club Jane Pickens Show	Music From Studio X	News 10:05 Imagination 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music

## Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:30 6:45	Three Star Extra	Local Program	News 6:35 Mel Allen	Jackson & The New Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Ed Morgan, News Quincy Howe	News Analysis, LeSeuer 7:05 Amos 'n' Andy 7:25 Dr. Baxter Bing Crosby Edward R. Murrow
7:30 7:45	News Of The World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter What's Your Opin- ion?	Police Blotter 7:55 News	
8:00 8:15 8:30	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy City Editor	American Music Hall 8:25 News American Music Hall	Robert Q. Lewis Show CBS Radio Worksho
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	NBC Job Clinic 9:05 Radio Fan Club (con.) Victor Riesel, Inside Story	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Bob and Ray UN Radio Review True Or False	American Music Hall 9:25 News Best Bands Of The Land	News, Collingwood 9:05 My Son, Jeep Johnny Dollar So They Say 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Cavalcade Of Sports Sports Highlights	Music From Studio X Virgil Pinkley Music	News 10:05 Imagination 10:25 News Imagination (con.)	The World Tonight 10:05 Dance Music

# Inside Radio

## Saturday

NBC		MBS		ABC		CBS	
<b>Morning Programs</b>							
8:30 8:45		Local Program				News	
				8:55 News			
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Monitor			No School Today		News Of America Farm News	
						Garden Gate	
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Monitor	News I've Been Reading		No School Today (con.) All League Clubhouse		News, Jackson 10:05 Galen Drake Show	
1:00	Monitor	News 11:05 I Ask You		News		News, Calmer 11:05 Robert Q. Lewis Show	
1:15 1:30 1:45		Musical Wheel Of Chance		Platterbrains			

## Afternoon Programs

12:00	National Farm & Home Hour	News 12:05 Magic of Music American Living	News 12:05 World Tourist 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	News, Jackson 12:05 Romance
2:15 2:30 2:45	Monitor			Gunsmoke 12:55 Weather Along The Highways
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Monitor	For Teens Only	News 1:05 Navy Hour Shake The Maracas	News, Jackson 1:05 City Hospital Man About The House Adventures In Science
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor	News 2:05 Fifth Army Band Lucky Pierre	News 2:05 Festival— Ballet Sports 2:35 Ballet (con.)	News, Townsend 2:05 String Serenade
3:00 3:15 3:30	Monitor	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival— Light Opera Sports 3:35 Opera (con.)	News, Bancroft 3:05 Richard Hayes Show Treasury Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Standby Sports, with Harry Wismer	News 4:05 Festival	News, Cochran 4:05 Treasury Show (con.) Larry Faith Orch.
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Monitor	News 5:05 All-Sports Quiz	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	News, Cochran  Make Way For Youth

## Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Monitor	John T. Flynn  World Traveler Report From Washington Dinner Date 6:55 News	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope  Basil Rathbone	News 6:05 New Orleans Jazz Band Ball Saturday At The Chase
7:00 7:15 7:30	Monitor	Pop The Question  Hawaii Calls	News 7:05 At Ease Unit 99	News 7:05 Juke Box Jury  7:55 Weather Along The Highways
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Monitor	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 8:05 Vincent Lopez	News, Jackson 8:05 Treasury Of Music Upbeat Saturday Night
9:00 9:15 9:30	Monitor	Bandstand (con.)	News 9:05 National Juke Box Sports 9:35 Best Bands	News 9:05 Saturday Night, Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Monitor	Renfro Valley Barn Dance	News 10:05 Lawrence Welk Army Show Sports 10:35 Rhythm On Parade	News 10:05 Dance Band Basin Stree Jazz

## Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

## Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Bible Study Hour	Oral Roberts	Light & Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00	World News Roundup	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Composers	World News Roundup
9:15 9:30 9:45	Art Of Living Voice Of Prophecy	Back To God	Voice of Prophecy	The Music Room Church Of The Air
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel	News, Trout 10:05 E. Power Biggs Invitation To Learning
10:30 10:45	Monitor	Voice Of Prophecy	News 10:35 College Choir	
11:00	Monitor	Frank And Ernest	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review	News 11:05 Washington Week
11:15		How Christian Science Heals Northwestern Reviewing Stand	News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:30 11:45	11:35 New World			

## Afternoon Programs

12:00	Monitor	As I See It		News, Robert Trout 12:05 The Fabulous Dorseys World Affairs
12:15			12:20 Basil Rathbone	Guy Lombardo Time
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunning- ham How Christian Science Heals	Front And Center	12:55 Weather Along The High- ways
12:45				
1:00 1:15	Monitor	Front Page Exclusive American Travel Guide	Herald Of Truth	Woolworth Hour- Percy Faith, Donald Woods
1:30 1:45	Lutheran Hour	Lutheran Hour	News 1:35 Pilgrimage	
2:00 2:15 2:30	Monitor	Music From Britain	Or. Oral Roberts	News 2:05 World Music Festivals*
	The Catholic Hour	Band Concert	Wings Of Healing	
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Monitor	Bands For Bonds	News 3:05 Sammy Kaye Billy Graham	Music Festival (con.)  Music On A Sunday Afternoon
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Monitor	Bands For Bonds (con.)	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	News 4:05 Music On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
5:00 5:15	Monitor	Lombardland, U.S.A.	Disaster 5:25 Van Voorhis, News Sports 5:35 High Moment	News 5:05 Indictment  Fort Laramie
5:30 5:45	5:05 World Theater	Bands For Bonds (con.) 5:55 Wismer, Baseball Scores		

\*9/9 Bach Festival, Ansbach, Germany; 9/16 & 23 Salz-  
burg Festival, Austria; 9/30 Bayreuth Wagnerian Festival.

## Evening Programs

6:00	Monitor	Walter Winchell	Oon Gardner, News	News 6:05 News Series
6:15		Tomorrow's Headlines William Hillman	Paul Harvey	Gunsmoke
6:30 6:45	News 6:35 Meet The Press	This Fabled World 6:50 Sports, Wismer	Quincy Howe  George Sokolsky	
7:00	Monitor	By The People	News 7:05 Bryson Rash Overseas Assignment Sports 7:35 All Star Country Show	News Analysis 7:05 Mitch Miller Show  7:55 Weather Along The Highways
7:15 7:30		Pan-American Panorama		
7:45				
8:00	Monitor	Hour Of Decision	News 8:05 All Star Country Show (con.) Sports	News, George Herman Archer Two For The Money
8:15 8:30		Lutheran Hour		
9:00 9:15	Monitor	Sounding Board Tomorrow's Headlines Manion Forum	News 9:05 Country Show (con.) Sports 9:35 Country Show (con.)	News 9:05 Summer In St. Louis Music From Steel Pier 9:55 Jim McKay
9:30 9:45		Keep Healthy		
10:00 10:15	Billy Graham	Wings Of Healing	News, E. D. Canham Travel Talk	News 10:05 Face The Na- tion Church Of The Air
10:30	American Forum	Bonsoir Paris	Revival Time	

See Next Page →

# TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8, SEPTEMBER 6—OCTOBER 3

## NETWORKS

- 2 CBS flagship station
- 4 NBC flagship station
- 7 ABC flagship station

### Baseball on TV

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
SEPTEMBER			
6, Th.	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
7, Fri.	7:55	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
		11	Wash. vs. Yanks
8, Sat.	2:00	2	Chi. vs. Cleve.
	2:00	8, 9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
9, Sun.	2:00	8, 9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
11, Tu.	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
	7:55	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
12, Wed.	1:30	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
13, Th.	8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
14, Fri.	1:30	11	St. L. vs. Giants
	7:55	9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
15, Sat.	2:00	2, 8, 9	Chi. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
16, Sun.	2:00	8, 9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
17, Mon.	8:00	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers

### R—Road Game

DATE	TIME	CH.	GAME
18, Tu.	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
	1:30	11	Chi. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	9:00	11	Yanks vs. Chi.—R
19, Wed.	1:30	11	Chi. vs. Giants
	1:30	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
21, Fri.	8:00	11	Phil. vs. Giants
22, Sat.	2:00	2	Yanks vs. Boston—R
	2:00	8, 11	Phil. vs. Giants
23, Sun.	2:00	8, 11	Phil. vs. Giants
24, Mon.	8:00	11	Yanks vs. Balt.—R
25, Tu.	1:30	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Phil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Yanks vs. Balt.—R
26, Wed.	1:30	9	Phil. vs. Dodgers
28, Fri.	8:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Boston vs. Yanks
29, Sat.	2:00	2, 8, 11	Boston vs. Yanks
	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
30, Sun.	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Boston vs. Yanks

Note: World Series starts October 3 on NBC 4 and takes precedence over regularly scheduled programs.

### Monday through Friday

- 7:00 4 Today—Getaway with Garroway
- 8:00 2 Captain Kangaroo—Kids' choice
- 8:30 5 It's Fun To Reduce—Figure control
- 9:00 4 Herb Sheldon—Nice and easygain'
- 10:00 2 Garry Moore—and merrier
- 10:30 2 Gadsby Time—Mon. thru Thurs.
- 4 Bandstand—Bert Parks, emcee
- 11:00 4 Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
- 11:30 2 Strike It Rich—Hull's here
- 12:00 2 Valiant Lady—Flora Campbell stars
- 4 Tic Tac Dough—Jack Barry quiz
- 12:15 2 8 Love Of Life—Stars Jean McBride
- 12:30 2 8 Search For Tomorrow—Serial
- 4 It Could Be You—Bill Leyden emcee
- 12:45 2 8 Guiding Light—Jim Lipton stars
- 1:00 2 Charles Collingwood—News
- 4 One For Sheldon—Herbie again
- 1:10 2 Stand Up & Be Counted—Panel
- 1:30 2 As The World Turns—Serial
- 4 Jinx Falkenburg—Pretty & pertinent
- 2:00 2 Johnny Carson Show—Variety
- 4 Richard Willis—Beauty advice
- 2:30 2 8 Art Linkletter's House Party
- 4 Tennessee Ernie—Souped-up Ford
- 3:00 2 Big Payoff—Randy Merriman quiz
- 4 Matinee Theater—Hour teleplays
- 7 8 Film Festival—British movies
- 9 Ted Steele—Happy-go-lucky variety
- 3:30 2 Bob Crosby—Sing & sing
- 4:00 2 Brighter Day—Sunny serial
- 4 Queen For A Day—Royal fun
- 4:15 2 Secret Storm—Peter Hobbs stars
- 4:30 2 Edge Of Night—John Larkin stars
- 5:00 4 I Married Joan—Begins 9/24.
- 5 Virginia Graham—Tic-talk for gals
- 7:15 7 Jahn Daly's Comments—News
- 7:45 4 News Report—Swayze
- 11:00 7 Cecil Brown—News
- 11:10 7 Night Show—Feature Films
- 11:15 2 The Late Show—Feature films
- 11:30 4 Tonight—Steve Allen—Wed., Th., Fri.

### Monday P.M.

- 7:30 7 8 Bold Journey—True-life adventures
- 8:00 2 Burns & Allen—New series
- 4 Producers' Showcase—9/17; Adventures Of Sir Lancelot—Begins 9/24
- 7 Dorothy Mack—Musimimics
- 8:30 2 Talent Scouts—Godfrey's show
- 4 Stanley—Buddy Hackett begins 9/29
- 7 8 Voice Of Firestone—Concerts

- 9:00 2 8 Charlie Farrell Shaw—Comedy
- 4 Impact—Melodrama
- 7 Film Fair—9/10, "Hard To Be Good," Ann Crawford; 9/17, "History of Mr. Pally," John Mills; 9/24, "It's Nat Cricket," Basil Radford; 10/1, "The Long Memory"
- 9:30 2 The Vic Damone Show—Songs
- 4 Robert Montgomery Presents
- 10:00 2 8 Studia One—Returns 9/19.
- 10:30 4 Daug Fairbanks Presents

### Tuesday

- 7:00 4 Gildersleeve—Willard Waterman
- 7:30 2 Name That Tune—Musical quiz
- 5 Waterfront—Prestan Foster stars
- 8:00 2 Phil Silvers Show—New series 9/18
- 4 Chevy Show—Revue—9/18 & 10/2; Ray Bolger's Washington Square, 9/25 & 10/9.
- 9:00 2 Joe & Mabel—Comedy
- 4 Jane Wyman Show—Stories
- 7 Broken Arrow—Indian agent's life
- 9:30 2 Spotlight Theater
- 4 Kaiser Theater—Circle Theater
- 10:00 2 8 \$64,000 Question—Hal March
- 7 The Big Picture—Army documentary
- 10:30 2 Do You Trust Your Wife?—Bergen
- 4 Big Town—Mark Stevens stars
- 7 Women Want To Know—Panel

### Wednesday

- 7:30 2 Pick The Winner—Political debate
- 7 8 Disneyland—New series 9/24
- 8:00 2 The Arthur Godfrey Show—Variety
- 4 Adventures Of Hiram Halliday—New Wally Cox comedy
- 8:30 4 Father Knows Best—Bob Young stars
- 9:00 2 The Millionaire—Stories
- 4 Kraft Theater—Live, hour plays
- 7 8 Screen Directors' Playhouse
- 9:30 2 I've Got A Secret—Maare's back
- 7 8 Eddy Arnold Show—Music time
- 10:00 2 U.S. Steel Hour—20th Century-Fox Hour—Drama
- 4 This Is Your Life—Live 9/27.
- 7 8 Boxing—Headline events
- 10:30 4 Twenty-one—Jack Barry quiz

### Thursday

- 8:00 2 Bob Cummings Show—Farceful
- 4 You Bet Your Life—The Marxman

- 7 Hour Glass—English films
- 8:30 2 Climax—Suspense. Except 9/6, Show-er Of Stars—Musical revue
- 4 Dragnet—New series 9/13
- 9:00 4 People's Choice—Caper comedy
- 5 Pra Wrestling—Live with grunts
- 9:30 2 Four Star Playhouse
- 4 (8 at 10) Fard Theater—9/13, "All for a Man," Linda Darnell; 9/20, "The Pay-off," Janet Blair; 9/27, "On the Beach," Irene Dunne.
- 10:00 2 Arthur Murray Party—Katie stars
- 4 Lux Video Theater—Hour drama
- 10:30 2 Quiz Kids—Prodigious
- 7 Racket Squad—Reed Hadley stars

### Friday

- 7:30 2 My Friend Flicka—About a filly
- 5 I Spy—Raymond Massey thriller
- 8:00 2 Hollywood Summer Theater
- 4 Truth Or Consequences—Lotsa laffs
- 5 Sherlock Holmes—Vintage Dragnet
- 7 8 Adventures Of Jim Bowie—Scott Forbes as frontier hera
- 8:30 2 Our Miss Brooks—Last times
- 4 Life Of Riley—Still reruns
- 9:00 4 Best In Mystery—Whodunits
- 2 Crusader—Melodramas
- 7 Treasure Hunt—Jan Murray quiz
- 9:30 2 Schlitz Playhouse—Dramas
- 4 Star Stage—Last manth
- 10:00 2 The Line-Up—Returns 9/28.
- 4 Boxing—With Jimmy, the Powerhouse
- 7 8 Palka Time—Live and lively
- 10:30 2 Persian Ta Person—Returns 9/14

### Saturday

- 2:30-4:15 4 NCAA Football—3:15, 9/22, Georgia Tech vs. Kentucky; 2:30, 9/29, Cornell vs. Colgate; 4:15, 10/6, Arkansas vs. Texas Christian
- 6:00 2 Telephane Time—Jahn Nesbitt
- 6:15 4 Patti Page—Sings an film
- 6:30 2 Beat The Clock—Bud Collyer emcees
- 7:00 2 Saturday Sports Mirror
- 7:30 2 Buccaneer—Begins 9/29.
- 4 Dawn You Go—Dr. Evans panelmeister
- 8:00 2 8 Jackie Gleason Show—Full hour & live, premieres 9/29
- 4 Como returns 9/15
- 9:00 2 Oh! Susanna—Gale Storm 9/24
- 4 Caesar's Hour—Premieres 9/15.
- Spectacular, 9/29
- 7 8 Lawrence Welk—Family favorite
- 9:30 2 Hey, Jeannie—Jeannie Carson
- 4 Festival Of Stars—Ford reruns
- 4 Encore Theater—Reruns fram G-E
- 10:00 2 Gunsmoke—Adult Westerns
- 5 Passpart To Adventure—via Romero
- 10:30 2 High Finance—Dennis James quiz
- 4 Your Hit Parade—Returns 9/8

### Sunday

- 6:30 2 You Are There—History alive
- 7:30 2 8 Jack Benny—New series 9/23
- 4 Circus Boy—Premieres 9/23.
- 7 Film Festival—British film
- 8:30 2 8 Ed Sullivan Show—Elvis Presley
- 4 Steve Allen Show—Variety
- 9:00 2 G-E Theater—New series 9/23.
- 4 Gadyear-Alcaa Playhouse—Live hour
- 7 8 Original Amateur Hour
- 9:30 2 Alfred Hitchcack Presents—Supense
- 10:00 2 \$64,000 Challenge—Foxy quiz
- 4 Laretta Young Show—Dramas. 9/9, "Take Care of Your Child"; 9/16, "The Years Between"; 9/23, "Saigan"; 9/30, "Little League."
- 10:30 2 8 What's My Line?—Job game

# A Royal Good Time

(Continued from page 51)

Edie a long-stemmed rose every month on the twelfth, their wedding date. He's the doting kind of father who spends ninety percent of his free time with the children. Around the family table he exchanges a look with Edie that means: "There's more fun in two kids than in ten blocks of night clubs." The daughters are Betty, nine, and Kip, seven. Both are brunette, pretty and precocious. Unfortunately, they are also confirmed French-fried-potato smuglers.

"Tuesday is cook's night out, so we usually take the kids to a restaurant," Ernie explains. "Last time, as usual, they ordered French-fries with their chicken. But, by the time it was served, they had stuffed themselves with rolls. They had no appetite for the chicken. Only for the potatoes. So we put our collective foot down and said they had to eat the chicken first—which they didn't. Then I asked the waiter to put the chicken in a bag, so we could take it home. And guess what Kippy's doing? She's frantically wedging French-fried potatoes under the skin of her chicken."

Ernie continues, "I tried to draw up a contract with them: 'We the undersigned, Betty and Kippy Kovacs, agree on this tenth day of the eighth month of nineteen-hundred-and-fifty-six to abide by the rules and laws herein referring to the consumption of rolls and potatoes in quantities as specified in consideration of our ability to consume and digest proportionate amounts of . . .' Well, it went on that way and Kippy, an innocent, was about to sign when Betty, older and skeptical, asked: 'Does this mean that we'll have to eat our meat?' I told her that it did, and she refused to sign."

The Kovacs always eat together, but usually at home. Ernie has a seventeen-room duplex penthouse. It's literally a castle in the sky. As you enter, you walk into a hallway filled with medieval paraphernalia: A suit of armour, battle axes, lances, a pope's chair, shields, breast plates, authentic cannons—and cannon balls. Ernie is a collector of medieval armament and old firearms.

Off the main hall, on the first floor, are the family bedrooms and the children's playroom. Throughout, the furniture is antique. There are impressive busts and gold-scrolled mirrors and bare-cheeked cherubs and bandy-legged tables. In the children's playroom—in addition to dolls and toys and a pair of parakeets—there is a ballet bar and a huge wall-mirror for home study. There are eight bathrooms scattered throughout the duplex. There is a gold one for Edie, a blue one for the kids, and, for Ernie, a black one—so he can wipe his hands on the wall. The master bedroom itself is a royal blue room. Ernie dresses there, but he sleeps only briefly.

Ernie seldom sleeps more than one and a half to three hours a night. He's been going on this way for years. His current schedule calls for him to be at the WABC studios—ABC Radio's flagship station—at six on weekday mornings, for a three-hour stint. At nine he is off the air and, until just recently, he was then rushing to Radio City for his NBC-TV telecast at ten-thirty. Three Monday nights out of four he fills the hour vacated by Sid Caesar. Usually, he gets back to his office at four-thirty in the afternoon and works until six at the typewriter. From six to eight-thirty, he is at dinner and play with the kids and Edie. From eight-thirty until two or three in the morning, he is back at the typewriter. Says Edie: "This is my only complaint about Ernie—

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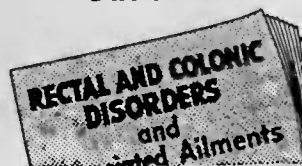
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he never knows when to stop working."

Ernie wakes at 4:30 A.M. He wakes happy, but there is no one to try it on except Lou Pack, a cabdriver. Lou and Ernie have an arrangement. Lou comes up to the apartment about five, lets himself in and starts breakfast: "Lou's been cooking the eggs and I've been doing the coffee and bacon. We switched recently and the coffee is turning out better, but Lou brags about it too much."

After breakfast, Lou drives Ernie to the ABC studios. But first, he leaves a note or a couple of clippings in the kitchen for Edie. Lou Pack is one of the many people who belong to the "I Love Edie Adams Club." Edie, a beautiful blonde, is famous for her beautiful disposition.

"Edie is a doll of dolls," says Ernie. "She could teach angels. She has no temperament. She can be exhausted, and the orchestra crosses her up, and she is still smiling. She doesn't break down; she breaks up. Other day on the show, the cue boy held his card upside down. She didn't fluster or fume. She laughed."

She is a gal of considerable talent. George Abbott, who cast her as Eileen in the Broadway stage hit, "Wonderful Town," describes her as: "A beautiful girl with a wonderful voice—but her greatest assets are sincerity and versatility."

Edie was born Edith Enke in Kingston, a town in Pennsylvania Dutch territory, but her family later moved to Tenafly, New Jersey. She began studying voice at an early age and went on to the Juilliard School of Music and the Columbia University School of Dramatic Arts, with opera in mind. When she tried her voice at pop songs, she wound up on Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* program. She didn't win—but her showing led to a job in Philadelphia, where she met and worked with Ernie at WPTZ.

Ernie was born in Trenton, New Jersey. He is one of two sons. His brother Tom works as a civilian for the Air Force. Ernie was the first and only one in the family to show an interest in show business. In high school, he sang in operettas and did so well that he was offered seven scholarships. He took to singing in stock and working in summer theaters. In the first year, he advanced so rapidly as an artist that he achieved a paying job—in a drug store. (At the time, Ernie was also the sole support of his mother.) After a while, Ernie ran out of patience with his job—and the store ran out of cigars—so they parted company. He again joined up with a stock company. But he was working hard and eating little and, when he took ill in 1939, he nearly died. He went to the hospital with pneumonia and pleurisy, and he was there eighteen months.

"I didn't have a cent, for three of those eighteen months," he recalls. "I was at the city hospital on Welfare Island. I guess there were a couple hundred in the ward. And you see a lot of heartbreaking things in a place like that. It's terrible, too, when you're young and confined to bed for such a long time. The good side to it was that I began to listen to good music on the radio. That was the first I really had a chance to listen to as much as I wanted. I read a book a day."

He finally left the hospital in 1941 and eventually got into radio. In Trenton and Philadelphia, he worked as a disc jockey, special events director, and news announcer. He was good at either. He won the H. P. Davis Award for his reporting and an invitation from NBC to bring his "Early Eyeball Fraternal Marching Society" to New York. That was in 1951. On September 12, 1954, he and Edie were married. At the time, she was touring with "Wonderful Town" in Texas. They skipped across the border to the office of

William O'Dwyer, former mayor of New York and ambassador to Mexico.

"Bill made all the arrangements," Edie recalls. "The ceremony was in Spanish and he stood behind us and whispered, 'Now you say, 'Si, Edie.'"

They had a wonderful honeymoon in Mexico—which was lucky, since it was their last vacation until spring of this past year, when all four Kovacs took seventeen days abroad.

"Now that was something for you," Ernie says. "We flew over and planned to travel light. A couple dresses apiece for Edie and the kids. I had a couple of dacron shirts made. We figured maybe two or three bags for the lot of us. Well, we walked out with ten suitcases. We came back with fourteen, plus an over-size duffel bag."

Ernie continues: "The kids were a riot. We were in a gondola and there was a high-class, high-cost guide explaining the sights of Venice. The kids looked like they were hunched over, taking in every word, but there was something suspicious about them and I investigated. They were reading American comic books."

Ernie confiscated the books and told the children to show more interest in the view of Venice. They did, almost immediately, and pointed intuitively to a building on the bank.

"What's that?" Betty asked.

"That is a cinema," the guide said.

"Daddy, can we?"

Ernie grins and recalls, "That's what we did, too. We got out of the Gondola and went to see a movie. It was, of course, all in Italian."

The children are by Ernie's first marriage. Ernie and Edie are devoted to them, and he exults in Edie's relationship with them. He says, "You know I've never seen her curry their favor. It's easy to win a child's immediate affection by giving him all the candy or anything else he wants, but Edie takes the sane approach. Moderation. Judgment. On the other hand she doesn't mind overexerting herself."

"I've seen her leave the studio, dead tired, and she says that she's going shopping. I tell her to go home and rest. She says, 'One little stop in town.' I tell her no. She says, 'I need some things.' I tell her to order by phone. She tells me that she can't. That evening she creeps into the apartment loaded with bundles. She won't open them. Not right away. She's afraid of my Hungarian temper. But, a few days later, she begins to open the boxes—and, of course, they are all clothes and toys for the kids."

Ernie's "hot Hungarian temper" is like a match lit in a high wind. It is about that hot and lasts about that long. "We know he's just letting off steam," says Edie, "and give him the polite, quiet treatment. We know that, a minute later, he will be laughing again."

Ernie works on the second floor of the duplex, and it is also on the second floor that the Kovacs have their dining and

living rooms, which are finished off with gold or white antique furniture. The carpeting is gold, the drapes red, and the walls deep brown. Ernie's office is furnished in "Kovacs catch-all." Basically, the room is panelled in antique wood, but it has acquired books, a tape recorder, portable television set, a cat named Schultz, a half-dozen flintlock rifles, thirty antique pistols, dozens of boxes of cigars, miniature cannons, plaques, an electric typewriter, records, phonograph, and a lot of other stuff—and persons. Besides the Kovacs themselves, there are seven other people contributing to the servicing of the household.

Outside the office is a room which would be called a sun-porch if it had been built at street level. Here the Kovacs keep porch furniture and a glass-topped table for dining during mild months. On the roof terrace, there are more lounging chairs and a wading pool for the kids. The terrace overlooks Central Park. Below is the huge, glassy reservoir and the park tennis courts. Ernie never cared much for sprinting around reservoirs, but he has played a lot of tennis.

"When we had to go across town to the courts, we played," he says. "Now that I can almost breathe on the courts, I don't have time."

"I haven't even had time to learn to cook," Edie notes. "I'm good on breakfast. I can make fine scrambled eggs. And I make good desserts. My mother was a very good cook, but I wasn't allowed to do the turkey or roast. I received instruction only in pies and cookies." When it comes to comedy, Edie says fervently, "Ernie's taught me everything I know. He's the boss."

Working together creates no extra-marital tension, although Ernie thinks he is a little hard on Edie. "Because I demand more. I know what she can do. She is a wonderful performer and will go very, very far in the business."

Ernie is basically easygoing and easy to get along with, in spite of his singular hobby and habit. The habit is smoking. He burns up eighteen or twenty big cigars a day. They are made of especially fine tobacco and give true cause for complaint. Edie says, "I never thought I'd get used to them—but, if I'm out of town, I really miss the smell of Ernie's after-dinner cigar. And he's very thoughtful about cold cigars. Those are the ones that really smell up a room. Ernie never leaves one in an open tray."

His hobby or avocation is wiring things. He will wire floor lamps, chandeliers, radios—anything and everything. He has wired up what is, quite likely, the most complicated hi-fi system in the country.

"I can't figure it out," Edie says. "I know that it runs into all of our television and radio receivers. I've tried to turn it on, but Ernie has knobs on two sides of the room so that you're running from one wall to another to adjust the volume and tone. No one understands the system, except Ernie."

The two of them get out together about once in two months. Every seventh Friday, they go to the theater. They do, however, make every effort to keep work from interfering with the children's weekends. In the summer, the four of them go to a beach motel. In winter, they visit the zoo and museums or go to a matinee. Sunday morning, they regularly go to the Central Presbyterian Church, where the children sing in the choir.

"That's about it," says Ernie. "The kind of life we lead and the kind of work hours we keep might seem pretty dull . . . but we like it—and I'm very serious about that." And that is the importance of Ernie's being earnest.

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# Man of Many Talents

(Continued from page 29)

amazing how well one can get along without walking."

Amazing is the proper word for Mr. Godfrey's talents. A few of the things for which he has demonstrated a skill are ice skating, cycling, judo, and even walking a tight rope. He is a successful business man. Among his interests are the Kenilworth Hotel and Sortilege Perfume. There is the farm—with his family and his cattle and horses. He is the country's top radio-TV entertainer. And then there is the airman. Outside of birds and bats, there are few things that can get off the ground which Arthur hasn't flown. He has checked out in a blimp, jets, one-, two- and four-engine planes, fighters and bombers, helicopters and gliders.

More than this, he is one of the nation's authorities on air power. He traces his fascination with flying back to childhood. "Like a million other kids, I was fascinated by the accounts of the dogfights of the First World War led by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. I got my first ride in a Navy flying boat at Norfolk, Virginia. I was an apprentice seaman then. I began to live for the day that I'd have money enough to get some lessons."

In 1930, he was making fifty bucks a week as an announcer in Washington, D. C., and began to get off the ground in a glider. On September 26, 1931, he was on his way out to the flying school at Congressional Field when he smashed up. Arthur was tooling along at fifty miles per hour when a truck swung into his lane. Arthur suffered forty fractures, including the smashed hip. He was in the hospital for months. He came back to work on crutches. But, before he could walk or drive again, he was back at the field flying.

When World War II broke out, Arthur had considerable air time and it broke his heart that his disability kept him out of the services. Finally, through a friend, he got his plea to the White House. Arthur was commissioned into the Navy by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who commented, "At least Godfrey can walk. I'm the Commander-in-Chief, and I can't even get out of this chair." But, of course, the hip kept Arthur from line duty. After the war, and with the end of gasoline rationing, he began flying again.

And the man he had idolized as a boy became one of his finest friends. That would be Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, head of Eastern Airlines. Capt. Rickenbacker sold Arthur a retired DC-3 at book value in 1950. Arthur had it completely rebuilt, better than new, and his wife Mary took on the interior-decorating chores, for the DC-3 is practically a second home for Arthur.

The DC-3 seats fourteen, plus its Captain Arthur Godfrey and his First Officer Frank La Vigna. When Arthur isn't in the pilot's seat, he can walk back to a desk or stretch out on one of two divans. His desk is walnut, and there is a matching cabinet. There is a telephone to the downstairs world. Arthur, enroute to his farm, uses the phone frequently for business calls, or merely to phone his office and tell the gals to knock off early. Arthur favors blue and white. His horses carry blue and white, and his barns are blue and white. The same colors cover the outside of his planes and decorate the interiors.

Perhaps the high point in recent years was the day Arthur got his Navy wings. And there is a story. Although he had 6,000 air hours and a reserve commission, the Navy continued to deny him the privilege of flying naval aircraft. Then,

on Armed Forces Day of 1950, the Air Force invited the Redhead to co-pilot a jet trainer. After he had demonstrated his ability to the Air Force, they half-seriously invited him to drop his Naval Reserve commission and join them. Arthur immediately mentioned this on his program and he was just minutes off the air when the Secretary of Navy called from Washington to say that he hoped Arthur was joking. But Arthur laid it on the line. As a result, he went to the naval base at Pensacola for instruction.

But again they tried to talk him out of it. They told him the course took six weeks and he had only two weeks to give. And they said he was too old. The average age of the students was twenty-five. Arthur was forty-seven, and he wasn't average. While other students flew three hours a day, Arthur flew nine. At night, his head felt like a beehive—but he did what had seemed impossible.

Four years later, in June of 1954, he gave up his naval commission. This was a serious and heartbreaking decision, for his allegiance to the Navy had begun when he enlisted for seaman service at the age of seventeen. His reason for resigning was strictly patriotism. He said, "I'm sad about quitting, but I feel that I can best serve the interests of this country without affiliation with any of the services. I want to be free to go around to all of them and find out what they're all about."

And he has done just that. From Air Secretary Harold E. Talbott he received a citation for "creating an informed public opinion about air power." Senator Lyndon Johnson, Senate leader from Texas, has reported: "I spent two delightful days with Arthur Godfrey this past fall in Texas, at which time, at his own expense and on his own time, he came to discuss the air power situation in the United States and in the world. I think he is very well informed, is a lovable gentleman and is extremely patriotic."

Arthur makes about fifteen speeches a year, and he writes his own speeches. (He hasn't employed a writer in any capacity for better than a year.) He has done many other things that dramatize his interest in the Air Force. Last year, he donated \$100,000 to the Air Forces Aid Society. With his cast, he flew six thousand miles across Arctic wilderness to deliver a New Year show at our air base in Thule, Greenland. That was in 1954. On his program this past spring, he discussed a special report on the Strategic Air Command with such enthusiasm that *Air Force Magazine* got more than 160,000 requests for reprints.

Around two or three o'clock, Thursday afternoon, Arthur leaves his CBS office to drive out to Teterboro Airport in New Jersey. In either his Beechcraft Bonanza or his DC-3—depending on the weather—he heads for family and home in Leesburg, Virginia. When the blue and white ship sets down, it is met by his wife Mary, a lovely blonde. Usually, his daughter Pat is there, too. It is a few minutes' drive to the farmhouse, a sixty-year-old, six-bedroom, red brick building on top of Cacotin Ridge. In front of the house is the swimming pool and, beyond that, an incredibly beautiful view of the valleys and hills of the famous Blue Ridge range. It represents peace, sweet fresh air, a complete change of pace.

Arthur's land spreads over two thousand acres and the major part of it is given over to farming. While tenant farmers deal in crops, Arthur himself raises beef cattle. He has about 500 head, mostly white-face Herefords crossed with Brahmas. The barns and equipment are beauti-

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ful and modern. Arthur himself contributed an invention that feeds 250 cattle at a time with the press of a button. There are, of course, stables for his famous horses, and there is an indoor ice-skating rink which was converted to a television studio for his horse show from the farm. But Arthur is no gentleman—no “gentleman farmer,” that is. He resents the expression, for the farm is not a toy, not an income tax deduction. The farm makes money, and of this he is proud. It is characteristic of Arthur that he doesn't like waste.

“I'll tell you how Arthur relaxes on the farm,” one of the cast does tell you, after a weekend there. “He works. He runs the tractor or cultivator. I know. He wore me out in a half-hour. You can wear out, just following him around.”

His farm work seldom begins until Friday. Thursday evening is spent at dinner with the family, catching up on news of the kids and farm. After dinner, there is more talk and a cigar and bed by eleven. Friday morning, there is one more broadcast from his study, a small room with little more than a few books and a desk. Sometimes, Arthur wakes to a cup of tea just minutes before the show goes on—wrapped in a robe and still yawning when the mike is opened. Most mornings, from the first of May to early November, he goes from bed to the pool. “It's great for your circulation,” he says, “and you either wake up or drown.” When he does dress, it is either in work clothes or for riding, or in a sport shirt as brilliant as the things he kids Tony Marvin about. In his mouth is usually a pipe or cigar.

The whole Godfrey family tries to get together on special holidays, like Christmas, and during summer vacations. It is then that Arthur gets to see his three-year-old granddaughter Diane. Diane lives in San Francisco, where Arthur's older son, Richard, is a sportscaster at KCBS. Arthur, one-time divorced, has been married to Mary Bourke, daughter of an Army doctor, since February of 1938. Their children are Arthur Michael, sixteen, and Patricia Ann, fourteen. Mike, about Arthur's height, is dark and handsome. Mike learned to drive a tractor on the farm when he was about seven and worked as a farmhand during summer at one dollar a day. Until a year or so ago, he and Pat attended the public school in Leesburg. Pat is a blond beauty who shares her parents' love for horses but knows something about sewing and baking, too. Outside of nurses at birth, Arthur and Mary have taken complete responsibility for raising the kids.

When Arthur and Mary met, she was a stenographer for NBC in Washington, D.C., and Arthur was an announcer. Occasionally, he and his uke took her for a canoe ride. But, more often, their courting dates were spent on horseback. This was a love they shared from the beginning. She was raised on a horse, for her father was a medical officer in the cavalry. Arthur's interest derived from his father, too. Although his father was a magazine editor and sportswriter for *The New York Times*, his first devotion was to hackney ponies and he went broke publishing a magazine on the subject. Arthur, although solvent, hasn't had much better luck with his racing stable. His chief hope, a \$38,500-colt titled Lord Willin', never did live up to expectations. He would race and quit. He proved to be a little too fond of other horses. Finally, horses never get bursitis—but Lord Willin' did. So far as horse racing goes, Godfrey has had the luck of Crosby.

When it comes to horsemanship, however, it is another story. Mary and teen-aged Pat have won many ribbons. Arthur

put on a dressage exhibition with his palomino stallion, Cacotin Gold, that won the unstinted admiration of every sportswriter in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C. and New York City.

In dressage, the discipline and coordination of horse and rider reaches the finest point. The horse is directed by the imperceptible movement of the little fingers. If the judges spot the slightest shift of the rider's hands or feet, he is disqualified. Arthur was two years on his Virginia farm sharpening up his horsemanship for the exhibition. It was at the 67th National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden that the social set gathered, in minks and diamonds and top hats. Sorrel-thatched Mr. Godfrey and Goldie had them all pounding their palms.

One of the other great pleasures in Arthur's life is hunting. Two or three times a year, he enplanes for Michigan to join the “Cashmere Club.” The Club includes industrial and political leaders, VIP's like Defense Secretary C. E. Wilson and Air Force General Curtis LeMay. For a week, they rough it. They do their own cooking and cleaning and washing. It was an act of Arthur's which led to the naming of the group. Because of the extreme cold on some trips, Arthur presented each member with suits of cashmere underwear.

Arthur is an exceptional marksman. He has an innate skill for this kind of thing. They tell the story of the time a champion archer appeared on the show. Arthur asked to try his hand at it and dumbfounded everyone by knocking off a couple of bulls-eyes. It was the first time he'd ever held a real bow and arrow.

Around the farm, however, he seldom uses a gun. He went on the air once to criticize a posse that was out after a bear. Arthur said, “All that bear wants is a few berries. He should be left alone.” But muskrats dig holes in the pasture and holes break horses' legs. When Arthur hunts muskrats, it is something to see. A muskrat, so distant and small that it can't be seen by the naked eye, Arthur picks off with a scope-sight.

His interest in natural preservation is no phoney. He practices what he preaches. Five-hundred acres of woodland on his farm have been set aside as a refuge for game of all kinds. He has built a couple of dams and stocked them with bass. He has set aside one hundred and fifty acres for a deer park.

Obviously, most of Arthur's hobbies and interests call for physical activity. He has one quiet hobby, and that is photography. He shoots footage of hunting trips and the kids and the show, and keeps a projector on hand to entertain the family. His real passion, however, is gin rummy. If neighbors are visiting, the evening is usually spent at Hearts or gin rummy. But it is a quiet weekend, and that is the point of the farm—to get away from the guff and fishbowl existence in the city. Late Sunday afternoon, he climbs back into the plane and heads back to New York and to the major part of his life, for Arthur Godfrey is, first of all, a showman.

In New York, Arthur lives alone. He has an apartment which is a block away from the East River. He employs a housekeeper to keep the place neat—and to keep water steaming for tea. Actually, Arthur spends few hours in his apartment. He is there to change clothes or sleep. He's admittedly a “slow waker,” and gets out of the apartment just minutes before the morning broadcast. After the morning broadcast on Monday, he is usually in conference on the Wednesday-night show. Monday night, he does *Talent Scouts*. Tuesday afternoon, rehearsal begins for the Wednesday-night show and it

may last until ten. Wednesday sees dress rehearsal and the show itself. After the show, there is a production meeting for the following week's program. This is the skimpiest kind of outline of his hours for they are crammed with work. Nearly always, he eats in his office and even catches his weekly haircut there. He is a man of rare vitality who can refresh himself with a five-minute catnap.

There was a small tempest last spring when CBS mistakenly announced that the Wednesday-night show would fade. “My goodness,” Godfrey grins, “I was in Florida when the news broke, and you never saw such a commotion. I had to get on the phone with all the sponsors to assure them I'd have a show Wednesday nights next season. CBS just misunderstood something I've been complaining about for three years.” He wanted to dump the format. “In its present form, it's too much work. I want to find something different, something that will be as interesting as *Talent Scouts* and my morning shows.”

Some of the innovations will be motion pictures made of water-skiing—and of Arthur himself demonstrating a helicopter. And he has filmed sailing maneuvers from a helicopter. These, too, you are likely to see, as well as the results of his trip planned for next spring. In March, he will fly to Africa and he expects to shoot with gun and camera. However, you will continue to see great “live” entertainers, for Arthur can pick them. He never indulges in boasting, but Carmel Quinn and the McGuire Sisters and Pat Boone are proof that he knows how to pick them.

But, when the sponsors insisted he carry on with the Wednesday-night show, they weren't buying showmanship alone. They were buying something that can't be merchandised — warmth, personality, whimsey and heart. And more eloquent than Arthur's sponsors are his listeners. They watch and listen to him from birth to death.

A little girl got her first polio injection with a live TV camera staring at her. Told to smile for her mother, the lass said, “She won't see. She'll be watching Arthur Godfrey and I wish I were, too.” A nine-year-old boy in Greenfield, Ohio, who was to die weeks later, watched Arthur while getting his blood transfusion and wrote, “I almost shook the needle out laughing at one of your jokes.” A woman from South River, New Jersey, wrote CBS, “My mother passed away two months ago. She always watched Arthur Godfrey and laughed all the time he was on. Believe me, as long as I see or hear or read about Arthur, I will never forget how much happiness he brought her. There must be a good many people like Mother to whom he brings happiness that money can't buy.”

Much of the Godfrey charm is said to be inherited from his mother, who, at seventy-four, is a wonderful woman with a grand sense of fun. She is well-educated, an excellent pianist and soprano, who once had ambitions for the concert stage. She married at twenty and her life was devoted to her family, though she never lost her love of music and poetry. She has composed many songs and one of her marches is featured by Andre Kostelanetz. She is always on the go, goes abroad once a year, and generally travels almost as much as her eldest son.

To Arthur there is nothing mysterious about the Godfrey charm. He goes to the heart of the matter. He is no phoney. It is as he said when he addressed a National Banquet of the Junior Achievement League. “The thing to remember is that, all along the way, you will meet friends who will help you. And the secret of making friends is to love people.”

# Welcome Little Strangers

(Continued from page 49)

there is no note of nervous anxiety in their handling of Cynthia. But one feels immediately a deep and thoughtful concern for the future of their little family.

Part of that concern is for finding ways to welcome the tiny newcomer warmly and smoothly into the household without upsetting small Cynthia or her schedule. A carefully coordinated routine, for all members of the family, is a major aspect of Mary's formula for a serene, well-ordered household. Here, her professional experience helps immeasurably. Cues, quick changes and split-second timing are second nature to this bright young star who was a radio singer in her teens . . . a Hollywood personage at twenty . . . and who has been delighting TV audiences for the past five years in *Search For Tomorrow*. "Things just have to be synchronized in our house," says Mary, "or we'd never get off to work!"

Early rising presents no problems for Richard and Mary. Mary—whose Hollywood training, she says, "makes a baby's six-o'clock bottle seem like a mid-morning snack"—is planning to give the wee newcomer his (or her) early feeding and have the baby tucked back in the bassinet before Cynthia wakes up at seven . . . so she needn't feel snubbed or slighted. At seven-ten, Richard—who likes to define an alarm clock as "an almost obsolete instrument found useful in households where there are no children"—gets started on his shave and shower. Meanwhile, Mary dresses herself and Cynthia and applies her make-up while the little girl plays blithely about the dressing table.

"The only trouble with this," sighs Mary

easy as breathing and the results run off as smoothly as a well-rehearsed scene from *Search For Tomorrow*. In fact, Joanne Tate's unfailingly gentle, sympathetic manner toward her on-camera daughter Patti—played by Lynn Loring—is very clearly reflected in Mary's easy approach to little Cynthia. "Pussy," says Mary, using her own pet name for twelve-year-old Lynn, "has helped me a lot in understanding children and in being relaxed with them. On top of that, she's the world's best baby sitter!"

For her part, Lynn Loring finds Cynthia "absolutely adorable" and is willing to baby-sit at the drop of a small bonnet. Perhaps one reason for Lynn's proprietary air toward the Kroliks' first-born is that she was on hand to make things smoother for Mary right up to the day when Cynthia was born.

"At that point in *Search For Tomorrow*," Mary explains, "I had not yet married Arthur Tate, and my condition just couldn't be written into the script. Usually, the cameraman would simply shoot me from the shoulders up. But one day, about a month before Cynthia's arrival, they decided to do a full-length view of me in my wedding dress, being married to Arthur! This might have been a bit awkward, except that Lynn—like the wonderful little trouser she is—kept maneuvering to stand between me and the camera. (She came about up to my chest, so everything looked completely normal, and I was a perfectly presentable bride!)"

Now, a year later, Lynn is again on hand to offer Mary aid and affection as she waits for her second baby. And this time the baby is very much a part of the story . . . the first time, says Mary, that such a device has been tried on live TV.

Like Mary, herself, Joanne Tate is the kind of person who adopts a business-as-usual attitude toward her pregnancy. She goes cheerfully on about her work as hostess of the Motor Haven, giving her full measure of help to her husband, sympathy to her friends, and comfort to her daughter Patti—who sometimes gets a wee bit muffed about the expected advent of the little stranger.

Arthur, however, has not been so calmly matter-of-fact about this matter. Trouble has been brewing at Motor Haven. Legal complications have set in, and even the police are interested. So . . . "I don't like it," Arthur exploded. "This is no time for such things to happen!"

"Darling, try to stop worrying about it," Joanne soothed.

"Stop worrying? Joanne . . . you're going to have a baby!"

"I know that!" laughs Joanne—to whom this announcement was scarcely news. What she didn't know, however, was that she would soon be facing troubles which even her bravery cannot dispel. The death of her beloved mother was a shock which sent her to bed, where she must remain—under doctor's orders—till she regains her strength. Fortunately, there are friends—such as her assistant, Mrs. Greene, and a sister, who arrives providentially from the West—to take over her duties temporarily.

This twist in the plot of *Search For Tomorrow* makes it a little easier for the real-life Mary Stuart to stay on the job all through her pregnancy. "I can take it," she chuckles. "But I'm going to take it lying down!"

"Seriously," she adds, "this job of mine is just about tailor-made for an expectant mother. It keeps my mind off myself. And yet, when I get through work at lunch-time, I'm not too tense and tired to have fun with Cynthia."

"I learned this is no secret—but a fact of life!"



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## LET'S ALL BE SURE TO REGISTER AND VOTE

in mock despair, "is that Cynthia has 'discovered' dresser drawers and her favorite trick is to drape my most fragile nylons around her neck as a sort of stole!"

The camera now turns to the Krolik kitchen, where Eloise—cook, nursemaid and family friend—is starting breakfast. Cynthia has her pabulum and orange juice here, while Mommy and Daddy have coffee and newspapers in the adjoining room—which they vacate at 7:45. This is Cynthia's cue to enter the wide, sunny room and begin her morning routine of scattering about toys and digging up the potted plants. The dining room becomes her playroom, where she potters happily till Eloise is ready to take her to the park.

When the new baby arrives, the dining room will be his—or hers—"because it's within earshot of us at night." In the daytime, the old-fashioned wicker bassinet (inherited from an uncle and still used by Cynthia when she visits Grandmother Krolik) will be wheeled into Cynthia's room. Cynthia is already getting into the habit of taking her afternoon nap in Mary's room on the big, wide bed which she adores (possibly because of the proximity of those dresser drawers?) . . . so she won't have the feeling that she's been evicted from "her" room, or that a little interloper has invaded her privacy! The two children will share the same nursery room but only in strategically planned shifts.

This intricate plotting and scene-shifting might seem a bit involved to the average young parent. But, to Mary, they're as

# New Patterns for You

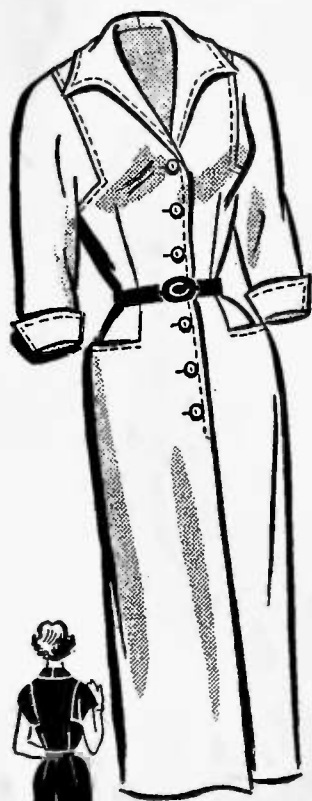
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4654  
SIZES  
14½-24½



9189  
SIZES  
12-20; 40



9165  
SIZES  
2-10



Mary is what might be described as a "permissive" mother. Cynthia is allowed to toddle freely about the Kroliks' lovely, uncluttered living room . . . and play peek-aboo through the glass top of the coffee table . . . devour (sometimes literally) the evening papers . . . and if a few bits of zwieback fall on the beautiful beige broadloom, Mary just scoops them up and observes with an unconcerned smile, "Oh, never mind, kitten—it's a cookie-colored rug!"

"If I were home with Cynthia all the time," Mary explains, "I just might get tense and irritable and anxious about discipline. But, since I'm away from her almost five hours a day—from 8 to 1—I feel perfectly free to pet and pamper her the rest of the time." The result is an enchantingly unspoiled and undemanding little elf who has convinced her father, for one, that girls are the only children to have. "He figures this first baby has turned out so satisfactorily," says Mary, "that we might just as well go on having girls till we have a quartet."

There is nothing flippant, however, about Richard's concern for little Cynthia. Just as Arthur Tate is trying to reassure his stepdaughter Patti about Joanne's expected baby in *Search For Tomorrow*, so Mary's real-life husband feels that helping the first child learn to love the second is, at least in part, a father's job. One of the little things he will do is to take Mary's place as administrator, audience and "splashee" at Cynthia's pre-supper bath. Tub-time has already been changed from five to six o'clock to make this possible—schedules, again!—and so, when Mary and the new baby are sojourning up at Doctors' Hospital, Daddy will be able to return from his visits with them in time to join Cynthia in water sports.

There's been a good bit of debate, both on the TV screen and in the Krolik living room, about just what this much-anticipated baby is going to be. Lynn Loring favors the thought of twin girls . . . Richard, according to Mary, "won't even consider anything but a girl" . . . Mother Stuart *knows* it will be a boy (she was right the last time) . . . and Mary herself says she really doesn't care "as long as it's a baby!"

One thing is sure: Whichever the baby turns out to be, the mother will still be the same pretty, pleasant and plucky person so many viewers admire on the TV screen. Mary, like the character she plays, is a "working mother" in the best sense. She works well at her job and she works even harder at being a good mother. She isn't making a special fuss about her "condition" and she expects to work right up to the first contraction. She doesn't even believe in elaborate medication during childbirth—"maybe an aspirin or two." When Cynthia arrived, she recalls, "I felt fresh as a daisy after the night's work. But Richard . . . Richard was a wreck!"

"I remember how wretched he looked when he came into my hospital room. All he could say was, 'Thank goodness, it's a girl—she'll never have to endure what I've just been through!'"

But, this time, both parents are prepared for the momentous event—and prepared to enjoy it. In a recent episode on *Search For Tomorrow*, Marge Bergman said to Joanne: "You know, Joanne, for the first time in my life, I find that I really envy you. I wish I were expecting a baby, too . . . and that we could have them at the same time . . . wheel them out in their carriages together . . . but what am I talking about?"

And Joanne answered, "About the most wonderful thing in the world!"

A sentiment which Mary Stuart echoes with all her heart.

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

# A Homeful of Humor

(Continued from page 59)

sounded as though the heat were getting him, too. "I've been on so many summer screens," he sighed, "that I'm beginning to feel a kinship for the houseflies."

CBS heard the sigh and gave him his own program, assigning him the early morning hours opposite Dave Garroway's *Today*. After a year of trying to be funny at that hour in the morning, Jack finally came into his own on television. *The Jack Paar Show* was moved to an afternoon spot. Last April, however, CBS-TV announced that—although his contract extended until August sixteenth—Jack would make his last telecast for the network on May twenty-fifth. Was it possible? Was Jack being a "finished" actor again?

His fans wrote letters of protest. Critics, who have long recognized him as one of television's most intelligent comedians, wrote columns of indignation. In fact, everyone seemed excited but Jack himself. "It was inevitable," he announced to the press. "The show has won a whole series of awards since Christmas, but it has never been able to make enough stations to make it financially worth while."

Having made four comebacks in thirty-seven years, Jack was hardly the man to be thrown by the prospect of a fifth. "I have come back so much," he quipped, "I am known as the Radish of the Comedians."

A short time later, ABC announced that starting July second, *The Jack Paar Show* could be heard every weekday morning over its radio network. There were also rumors of possible television shows. It is no secret in the trade that NBC has long been interested in bringing Jack to its network. And, now that Steve Allen has a big Sunday-night show, Jack is said to have the inside track as Steve's permanent substitute on Mondays and Tuesdays—the two nights Allen will be absent from his late evening television show.

All in all, Jack was out of work for thirty-seven days. He was free the whole month of June—his first real vacation in years. He needed that time to get ready for the big move. And he didn't mean the move from CBS to ABC. He meant the move from an eight-room terrace apartment to a home of his own—a home with grounds around it, and a fence around the grounds. A real home where he and Miriam and seven-year-old Randy could be alone and live their own kind of lives. . . .

It was a wartime marriage. Miriam Wagner was a relative of the Hersheys', known for the chocolate company and the town in Pennsylvania that bears their name. Jack was a private in the Army, stationed at nearby Indiantown Gap. One night in 1942, when the Hersheys were entertaining some officers at their home, Jack was brought along as a performer. Miriam was one of the guests. Boy met girl. And they were married the same year, just before Jack's outfit went overseas to Guadalcanal.

But Jack is not the usual boy. By nature, he's a "hermit" . . . and, by definition, a hermit is one who lives as much alone as possible. "I'm unhappy 'across a crowded room," he confesses. He only goes to the city when he has to—and, as soon as he finishes work, he heads straight home . . . away from a world of executives and sponsors to his own private oasis of peace. "I know no one at the studio," he insists. "I don't even watch other television shows."

Curiously enough, he prefers his own programs to be on a daily basis. "I hate the grind," he admits, "but I have so much energy I have to get rid of it in my shows. On Saturdays, I work as hard as I can

around the house, using up all the energy I can. Even so, by Sunday, I'm nervous, melancholy—*anxious to get back to work.*"

And all the while he's at home—much as he tries to shut out his work—his mind keeps turning it over all the time. He is constantly on the lookout for new material.

"Luckily," Jack explains, "Miriam is a hermit, too. We enjoy doing everything together." That's the secret of their happiness. It's wonderful to be alone, but it's still more wonderful to be alone *together*. "There's hope for everyone," he has learned through his own experience, "if he knows himself and makes his own happiness around those he loves."

That's what Jack is trying to do. And that's why their new home is so important to him. "I've been in show business since I was sixteen," he recalls. "This is my first permanent home." It's just as important to Miriam, who had to wait out a war before she could set up housekeeping with her husband. Their first home together was a grand one, for those were the days when Jack had a big Hollywood contract and the world seemed to be theirs. But then came the year-and-a-half that Jack was out of work. They had to sell their home. Miriam and Randy went to live with her family, while Jack went to New York.

His luck was surprisingly good, and soon the Paars were all together again, with a terraced apartment in Westchester. But, all the time, there was that dream of a home of their own. A home the way *they* wanted it, with a special studio for Jack's painting, and room for his power tools, and a swimming pool for Randy.

Together, they found the perfect spot—in Bronxville, a particularly beautiful part of Westchester. It's on a tree-shaded street and, while Jack wishes it were "more in the woods," he also appreciates the advantage of being within such easy commuting distance of Manhattan.

Unlike some New Yorkers, the Paars didn't scour the countryside for a barn they could remodel. "We're not fond of things," Jack says, "just because they're old. We didn't want a second-hand, broken-down house with falling stairs and air-conditioning through the roof. We wanted to start from scratch, building our own kind of home. Miriam worked it out with the architect, incorporating all our ideas."

June was Jack's month off, but he never worked so hard in his life—helping to get the house ready for occupancy by July. He did all the wiring himself, being something of an electrical expert, but thought he was too "weak on plumbing" to attempt that. He put up the wire fence around their property and tried out the tractor he was given last May for a birthday present. Encouraged by the results, he and Miriam plan to do all the landscaping themselves. In fact, Jack has already planted fifty trees.

"I saw them advertised in the newspaper," he recalls. "I not only ordered them, I bought shovels and manure and all the equipment necessary to give them a proper start in life. When they finally arrived, however, they didn't look like the ads at all. They looked like corsages."

But then, this suggested the idea of a comedy bit, and Jack was off again. The wheels were grinding. He worked up a whole sketch about ordering trees by mail. When he got through with it, it was not only funny, it was true. It was something that had actually happened to him. But more important, it was something that could have happened to anybody. . . .

A television executive, trying to explain the phenomenon known as Jack Paar, once said: "He doesn't look like a comedian. In fact, he looks like the all-American

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boy. But, after you listen to him awhile, suddenly it comes over you. He looks like he has two heads."

It's the best description yet of Jack's humor. He starts out so simply, so rationally . . . but, before he's through, he has created complete chaos—which is all the funnier because he comments on it with such mild understatement. His humor is mad at times, but it's always based on truth.

"I can't try to be funny," he insists. "I'm a humorist, not a comedian. A humorist thinks funny. A comedian does and says funny things." He sees himself as a disciple of disenchantment—an introvert among extroverts, quietly needling the phonies, sticking pins in the stuffed shirts. As a satirist, he is the darling of the intellectuals. College professors write him fan letters, university students voted him their favorite comedian, and columnists voted him all kinds of awards. But what about the public at large? Radio gave birth to a number of great humorists . . . but, thus far, television has been taken over largely by the comedians.

Inevitably, one thinks of Fred Allen, whom Jack happens to admire as "a man of integrity who never said anything he didn't believe in." He, too, was an intellectual humorist, a disciple of disenchantment. And even the great Allen gave up trying to transplant his brand of comedy from radio to television.

But Jack has one advantage that Fred never had. Jack has a seven-year-old daughter named Randy.

"A humorist today," Jack explains, "has a very serious problem: A point of view. He must stand for something. In the Army, I had a readymade and captive audience who thought as one. They agreed with my point of view completely. The subject was anti-officer, and anything against the brass was considered great humor. I didn't realize at the time that this same point of view would be useless in civilian life. It was a shock for me to learn that the difference between officers and enlisted men had no meaning back in the United States. I was twenty-five years old and I was finished—a has-been.

"What I needed was a point of view. Sam Levenson had a point of view: His poor, humble childhood in New York City. But what about me? What was my new point of view to be?

"About this time," he continues, "Miriam and I had a baby. *Everyone has a baby. I thought. Now I have a baby, too.* And then it occurred to me: *I also have a point of view. I spend more than I make—that's a point of view. I never seem to*

hold a job too long—that's a point of view. And so I learned that just living is humor, and humor is living."

If Jack was quick to sign Randy to "a contract written in pablum," it was because she not only made him realize that he had a point of view, she started providing him with material.

"One Christmas," Jack recalls, "she made her stage debut as an angel in the Sunday-school play. Randy had been around show people all her five years, and my wife and I were frightened. Our Randy was an angel, but we sat breathlessly as she walked to the center of the stage for fear she would say: 'A funny thing happened to me on the way to Heaven.'"

When the Paars took her to see "The King and I"—the stage version, "a real, live drama"—they asked her afterwards if she liked it. "No," Randy replied, "they didn't have any cartoon." Which reminds Jack of the time he took her to see her first 3-D movie. "I had a hard time keeping the glasses on her little nose as we were watching this very exciting Indian picture. They began to throw knives at the audience. Arrows and bullets came flying our way. Randy could stand it no longer. She ripped off her glasses, but I told her to put them back on and watch the picture. 'What!' she exclaimed. 'And get killed?'"

Then there was the time that Jack promised her a quarter if she behaved while he and Miriam were gone from the house. When they returned, the baby-sitter assured them that Randy had been quite bad. Jack went up to her room, and his daughter crawled under the sheet. "Randy," he said, "were you a good girl? I want you to tell me the truth—and, if you were, I will still give you the quarter." The little voice from under the sheets replied: "Pop, just leave me a dime and forget the whole thing."

But then, Jack can go on and on about his little daughter. He can also, as far as his fans are concerned, go on and on as long as he likes on radio and television. For Randy has not only taught him a point of view, she has taught him the common touch. Jack may "look like he has two heads," but he sounds like the all-American boy who shares the normal life of most other Americans. His humor is based on the everyday things that frustrate most of us: Christmas shopping, the painters, a husband's amusement over his wife's efficiency, a child's allowance.

"Living is humor, and humor is living," as Jack says . . . but, somehow, it helps when he's just a dial's turn away to remind us.

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# Only Yesterday

(Continued from page 37)

got so friendly—and I, so intrigued—that, although I had never known anything about birds except that they fly, I have never since been without one or more starlings in the home!

"Currently, we have Willie. I got Willie out of Central Park. Found a real hot starling spot in the Park. A big, red brick building—starlings build their nests in the eaves of buildings—near Seventy-eighth Street. Since you have to get starlings the day they hop out of the nest, I'd had my eye on Willie for some time, and, at the appointed (pre-dawn) hour, I went out to get him," John laughs, "equipped with all kinds of identification, lest they get me for birdnapping! Willie now lives in the kitchen of our New York apartment, whistles 'Yankee Doodle' and I've taught him to say a number of pertinent things such as 'I'm a dirty bird, yes, siree!' à la George Gobel. So 'à la' that, in the dark, you can't tell one from the other!

"Willie was named, by the way, for Willie Mays. My wife and I are both rabid baseball fans, with a team in each League (mine are the Giants, Lyn's are the Yankees). And because Willie Mays came up in the big league at about the time Willie Graham came to us," John laughs again, "he was named for Willie Mays!"

In more basic ways, however, than teaching starlings to talk—praiseworthy pursuit though it is—there are differences in the lives, if not in the essential characters, of Governor Walker and actor Graham. The trades they ply, for one. The fact that the Governor is unmarried as of now—although not, perhaps, for long, considering his developing interest in Helen Emerson . . . whereas John is married, has been for twenty-two years, and is the father of two sons—John, Jr., 20, and Robert, 15.

"John, Jr., is now in the Air Force," says John, Sr., "stationed temporarily in the hospital—being, as I've had occasion to fear, accident-prone. During the run of 'The Moon Is Blue'—in which I understudied Donald Cook on Broadway, and later played the lead up and down the East Coast—I was called one day with the information that Bob had fallen out of a tree and broken both arms. This time, he was accidentally hit in the mouth with a telephone, which necessitated a little job of stitching."

By what means Governor Walker got into politics is not quite clear—but seldom, if ever, do actors get into the theater the way that he did, says John. "The way opened up, or began to," he explains, "because I was a squash rackets player—not standard procedure, you will admit, for obtaining a foothold behind the footlights! How come? I was visiting in Lake Forest, Illinois, when Sol Smith, president of a Chicago bank heard that a young man house-guesting in Lake Forest was a squash rackets player—and, being an enthusiast of the sport himself, he invited me to play with him. We became friendly—and I became a teller in Sol's bank! After banking hours I started, just for kicks, studying dramatics at Chicago's Columbia College of Dramatic Arts. At the time I enrolled, the Uptown Players—a well-known amateur group in Chicago—were rehearsing a one-act play in which I was given a part. The play won the Edith Rockefeller Contest at the Goodman Theater, and Ben Piazza booked it for vaudeville. Result: I quit the bank on a Friday and opened at the Palace Theater in Chicago on a Monday!

"Gee, I remember thinking, I've always heard how tough it is to get into show business—this is a soft touch, a cinch! . . .

It got tough later," says Mr. G., with a wry grin. "Vaudeville died. Vaudevillians, many of them, came close to the same final exit.

"Why I stuck it out is difficult to explain, even to myself. The theater got into my blood, no doubt of it, but not by inheritance. In the long line of Scottish John Grahams—the first recorded John Graham stood in a pass in the Highlands and stood off the whole British Army!—there had never been an actor. My father was in the lumber business (and my three sisters and two brothers know the theater only from the audience side of the footlights), but most of my Dad's people were and are farmers . . . as I, who used to spend every summer vacation on the farms of relatives all over the state of Iowa, thought it likely I would be. Never occurred to me, certainly, that I, who love fields and cattle and crops and the sun on my face, would ever become a city dweller with greasepaint on my face, in the line of duty!

"Still, I always liked dramatics in school and in college—Columbia College (now called Loras College) in Dubuque—where, by the way, Don Ameche was a fellow student. And, when I began playing stock, working out of Chicago with runs of six to eight months in different towns and cities, I liked that, too.

"One of the towns we played eight months was Birmingham, Alabama. Soon after we opened there, in 'Men In White,' I was invited to a cocktail party. The host, a bachelor, had asked one of the local girls, a Miss Lyn Phillips, to be his hostess . . . and, because she accepted, 'stars fell on Alabama'—and on me—that night!

"Why did they? Do I remember? I do remember . . . remember that, during our matinee that afternoon, the whole business district of Birmingham burned down and that the talk at the cocktail party was, naturally, of the fire . . . with some of the guests pretty upset because they had sustained serious losses . . . and so, although I noticed how golden-blond our hostess was, what impressed me first of all, and most of all, was her grace and charm and know-how, the way she knew what she was doing, how to talk, how to handle people. *These would be nice qualities, I remember thinking, to be with all the time.* . . . Remember, too, how her voice with the Southern accent came over the telephone, when I called her, a day or so later. 'Lyn has got the most terrific telephone voice in the world!' one of her colleagues at New York's Saks Fifth Avenue said recently. So she has. And so she had, in Alabama, twenty-two years ago. . .

"I remember our first date. We played golf. Lyn was the golf enthusiast and I, the tennis player . . . so tennis was our second date. (We both love the sun so much that our 'dates' these days are on a beach, up on the roof or somewhere, anywhere, we can get sun!) I remember dancing and music and moonlight . . . I remember that it was all very exciting. It is still, after twenty-two years," says John, "very exciting. . ."

In Chicago again, after serving time, quite a bit of it, on tour throughout the U.S.A., John started in radio, played parts on *The Empire Builders*, the first big-time radio dramatic series which originated out of Chicago . . . worked a couple of times on *Valiant Lady*, which was then a radio show . . . and made a TV appearance on CBS-TV's *Miracle In The Desert*, a story about the atomic bomb and one of the first scripts written especially for television.

"Now and again," John recalls, "I played some out-of-town radio engagements. In 1940, for instance, I was on radio in Peoria,



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Illinois. That was when and where Lyn got bored and, just before Christmas, went to Black & Kool, the Marshall Field of Peoria, and applied for a job. 'Ever work before?' she was asked. 'No.' 'Ever sold anything?' 'No.' 'Well,' said the personnel manager, 'we have these tie racks on the first floor. They're not moving. All you have to do is sell them before Christmas.' By Christmas Eve, the tie racks were sold out. After that, they had her selling gold bricks!

"Lyn is now the manager," John says with pride, "of Executive Suite at Saks Fifth Avenue, here in New York—a result, in an off-beat way, of the tie racks in Peoria! Actually, the idea grew out of the very successful Stag Club at Saks. Executive Suite, however, services women and children, as well as men. Lucille Ball calls from Hollywood, says: 'Get me this, get me that, get me anything—you know, a gift!' Someone orders a case of pink champagne and, although Saks Fifth does not 'stock' pink champagne, the order is filled. You ask Executive Suite for it," says the manager's husband expansively, "and you get it!"

In 1943, the Grahams returned to New York, where John had a role in "School for Brides," which ran a year on Broadway. "Things weren't as rough as they had been during our first period in the big city," he says, and then adds with a faint smile, "During the first stretch, I spent two years lecturing on a Greyhound bus covering the World's Fair in Flushing Meadows, Long Island. I sometimes worked what seemed like a 28-hour day! Since the job required you to be a barker, as well as driver, only a few actors whose voices stayed together could stand the gaff.

"On *Valiant Lady*," John laughs, "I'm the 'love interest.' I'm quite interested, all right, quite involved with Helen Emerson, and becoming more so. And, because the script is interesting, the characters have dimension, and to be the love interest is interesting. I really like to do character parts, though, off-beat things like the mentally sick husband I played for quite some time in CBS-TV's *Love Of Life*."

"In New York, I've appeared in a couple of Broadway shows, 'The French Touch' and 'School for Brides.' But the most fun I ever had in the theater was in 'The Moon Is Blue' in which (out of town) I was the 'upstairs bachelor' who comes in late, leaves early, gets all the laughs. Actually, I—who started out to be a real serious actor—prefer comedy to everything else. Love to hear people laugh. A real ham.

"Or perhaps I love comedy because I'm so easily moved to—and by—tears. A sentimental man? Oh, yeah," John laughs, "I'm sloppy!"

Time passed, seasons changed and, for actor Graham, the grass began to get greener. In addition to *Love Of Life*, he appeared on *Professor Experience*, *Game Of Chess*, *Lights Out*, *Hollywood Screen Test*, *The Kate Smith Show*. Screenwise, he made a number of commercials and documentary films, including "Time Out," which won second place at the Edinburgh Film Festival. "Speaking of films," says John, "I would like, I would very much like to have a real good part in a picture. Preferably, comedy."

Some four years ago, John acquired an alter ego (and a lucrative as well as a steady assignment) when he became "Bill Parker" for the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. "The character of Bill Parker," John explains, "is that of a retired tire salesman who knows all there is to know about selling tires. As Bill Parker, I record sales talks for the Goodyear people which are sent to dealers all over the U.S.A. I also appear, in person, in industrial Goodyear shows. Here again," John

laughs, "my Midwestern voice was an asset, for Bill Parker is a Midwesterner."

And now another "alter ego" in the very personable person—not to say presence—of Governor Lawrence Freeman Walker! "Whenever I'm asked whether or not I am superstitious," John observes, "I say, and truthfully, that I am definitely not. I go in and throw a hat on the bed. I don't whistle in dressing rooms, but only out of consideration for other actors. A bird flying in a window is, to me, a harbinger of spring rather than an omen of death.

"When I hear the word 'superstition,' however, the word 'numerology' comes to mind. On radio in Chicago, some years ago, I used to work quite a bit with a character man who was a numerologist. We used to go out to dinner together and he would tell me what color I should wear, what day of what month was auspicious for me . . . Thursday, he said, is 'my' day, and my numbers are 3 and 6—or, as he put it, 'Your combination is 12.'

"Well, sir, sitting in NBC at Chicago one day, waiting for calls and not getting any—not one—I went back to my apartment, changed into a suit that called for a green shirt and a green tie (green, I'd been assured, was 'my' color). As I was knotting the tie, the phone rang. I answered and picked up three calls, three definite radio calls on the Exchange. The day, by the way was Thursday. The time was 6 P.M. The month was the sixth month—June. And it was June 6 of this year that my agent called me for *Valiant Lady*."

"Not superstitious," John says firmly, "but," he adds, fingering his green tie, "how about that?"

Whether or not credit is due the color green, the day of the week, the month of the year, the grass is very green indeed these days for actor Graham. And for John Graham, husband, father and hobbyist extraordinary, these days are rich and full . . . for, in addition to training starlings to talk, John invents and develops games (he has a word game just about perfected now) collects old clocks . . . he cooks ("My specialties," he says, "are stews and soups, which I make in vast quantities and freeze in our deep-freeze"), and he cultivates miniature potted trees. "Like the Japanese, you know, who call them 'Bonsan.' My prize specimen," says John, "is a pine tree fifteen years old and eight-een inches tall! Mostly, though, I go in for spruce trees—rather have a spruce tree in a pot than a plant!"

In his spare time, virtuoso Graham builds furniture for the charming seven-room apartment in midtown Manhattan which, for eight years, the Grahams have called home. "Lyn gets the ideas," John says. "I execute them—book-shelves, for instance, which include space for my potted trees . . . a coffee table with plate glass on it, which permits feet to be placed on it . . . a bar which we fastened to the back of the desk . . . and all of the pieces finished in black enamel, which goes well with the gray walls and white finish of the livingroom.

"I said a while ago," John observes, "that being with Lyn is as exciting now as it was twenty-two years ago in Alabama. So it is. I think the reason—one of the reasons—is that we have so many things in common: Hobbies, the love of baseball and of the sun, an interest in each other's career; the shared and deeper love of and interest in the boys—and," John grins, "in Willie! A way of life, in other words, a good way—so good I can only hope that if, in due course of time, Governor Walker and Helen Emerson join hands and hearts, they will be able to say, twenty-two years later," John smiles that somehow moving smile of his, "what I am saying now."

## "Cheyenne!"

(Continued from page 40)

"mountain of a man" physical proportions. I'm six-foot-six in my bare feet, weigh 235 pounds, have a 17½-inch neck, wear a size-14 shoe, size-13 boot. When you're built steep, the upkeep is likewise. You have to have size-14 shoes specially made, or pay extra for them in the few places you can get them ready-made. Suits and shirts are problems, too. All my costumes for "Cheyenne" are made to order, because nothing in the studio wardrobe department—outside of kerchiefs—fits me.

There are other headaches: Beds are never long enough for me. You folks who sleep out, on vacation, in your canvas bags, pup tents, in steamship and Pullman berths, should take pity on a big hulk like me who can't scrooch into any standard sleeping equipment.

I'm not really registering a complaint about my height. Like most things, it's a mixed blessing. Once my high-heeled cowboy boots pushed the top of my head clean out of the camera frame on the set of a "Cheyenne" teleplay. On the other hand, I get to see a lot of things other people miss—parades and such—without stretching my neck. My height has been responsible for getting me jobs and for losing me others.

On February 30, 1950, our little girl—name of Valerie Jean—was born. She's got blue eyes like I have, dark hair like Verna's and mine, but she doesn't rightly take after either of us—bless her heart, I think she's got a fresh start! Along about this same time, I heard from a buddy of mine who was ranching out in Brownwood, Texas. Doing pretty good, too. There was a fortune to be made in the Lone Star State, he wrote.

So I packed up the wife and baby, and drove the old model-A eleven hundred miles through dust storms, snow, sleet and hail. When we got there, the only place we could find to live was a shack six miles out of Brownwood. There was no electricity, only kerosene lamps, and no running water. We toted our kerosene and water. We bathed by pouring water in a bucket punched full of holes, then standing under the makeshift shower. We didn't have a bed, so we laid all our clothes on the floor and slept on them. In the morning, we picked them up again.

Workwise, Texas didn't come up to expectations, either. I worked on various construction jobs, just barely making the frayed ends meet, did a little prospecting and spent several months cowpunching on one of the big Texas ranches. Meantime, comes the tornadoes and everybody sells out. So, once again, the Walker family took off on their search.

And the place, unlikely as we would have thought it, turned out to be Hollywood. And by a fluke, too.

This was the fluke: We were driving out of Texas when we came to a fork in the road. One way led to Florida, the other to California. I asked Verna, "Which?" Verna has a sister, Virginia, living in Long Beach, California. Verna said "California."

In Long Beach, I went to work selling insurance again—and half-starving again. I gave that up to take the job of guard on the waterfront. Then I became a detective. Not the kind that ferrets out who-dun-it. Mostly, I accompanied wealthy people who didn't want to get mugged and beaten up for the money or valuables they carried. Later, I went to work as a bouncer in a high-class night club.

The job of guard, detective and bouncer were mine, I realized, because of my size. So, when I heard that Las Vegas—where

there are more deputy sheriffs than any other place in the U.S.—wanted still more of them and wanted big men for the jobs, I packed up the wife and child and headed for Vegas.

*Searching for something, that's what I was doing, but didn't know what.*

This I believe: Every human being has got to express himself. Every one of us has a greatness within us—if we can only find ourselves. Trouble is, most of us are too timid, want the "bird in the hand." A case of not being afraid to gamble is the only way. . . . I wasn't afraid to gamble. Neither was Verna—which is the real great thing. She figures I do what I set out to do.

In Vegas, you're supposed to be a resident for three months before you can be an officer. But one of the big shots at The Sands Hotel wanted me, cut all the red tape, and I was in—badge and all—within two days.

This was the beginning of the end of my search for the something I couldn't name. I worked at The Sands for a year. During the year, a number of tourists and guests at The Sands came up to me and said, "I'm sure I've seen you before. Aren't you in pictures?"

I met a great many movie stars, too. Little Janie Powell for one. Van Johnson. Bob Sterling. Red Skelton. Danny Kaye and others. And they weren't, as I'd thought, a different breed. One day, Danny Kaye came up to me, put his foot by mine and said, "Boy, you've got big feet!" Van Johnson and I got on "Hiya" terms whenever we met. One day Van brought this fellow over. "Norman," he said, "this is Henry Willson, one of Hollywood's top agents. We've been discussing you." Then Mr. Willson said that if ever I decided I wanted to be an actor, I should come to Hollywood and look him up.

All this caused me to begin thinking about it a little. But just a little. To be a movie star I thought you have to have an education. I'd had very little. You had to sing and dance, too. Or do something special. I don't sing or dance. Or do anything special.

Still and all—"Why don't we try it?" I said to Verna. "We can always come back here later."

So we loaded up the '41 Oldsmobile to which we'd graduated by now—headed for Hollywood with two hundred bucks in our kick. In Hollywood, Verna went to work as a waitress in Bob's Big Boy Hamburger joint and I went to work as a bouncer in a place called The Big Doll. Working in a place called The Big Doll wasn't exactly to my taste, but the job paid three dollars an hour. It took just about all we could make, the two of us, to pay out the fifteen dollars a week to the dramatic coach Mr. Willson sent me to.

This went on for about five months. Mr. Willson set up several studio interviews for me—but no takers. One day, I came out of U.I. after one of these interviews that netted me nothing. On the way out (this is going to sound like the stuff they dream up in Hollywood) a nice-looking elderly man came up to me and introduced himself as "Captain Somners."

"I'm an old-timer in the picture business," he said, "I was watching you in the commissary. Like the way you handle yourself. Under contract to U.I.?"

"No, sir."  
"Well," he said, "you don't want a contract here—they've got Rock Hudson. Cecil B. DeMille is an old friend of mine. I think he'd like to see you. If you will give me your telephone number . . ."

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I did, and as we said goodbye I thought, *Nice guy but there won't be any call.* Two weeks later came a call from Paramount. Henry Wilcoxon, Mr. DeMille's assistant, was on the wire. "Come over," he said.

Mr. Wilcoxon saw me, and must have liked me, for he had Mr. DeMille see me. Mr. DeMille, who was then casting for his great film, "The Ten Commandments," had me read from the Bible. He seemed to like the way I read, but I didn't have any experience and he couldn't take a chance.

I did get two screen tests, though, both Westerns. And when producer Hal Wallis, then at Paramount, saw them, he signed me up for six months—at \$175 a week! During that six months, I didn't get to shoot a foot of film. I did get some dramatic training at the studio, though, as well as with my own teacher. At the end of the six months, Mr. Wallis let me go.

Right after this, Mr. DeMille gave me a part, a small one, in "The Ten Commandments." I had one line of dialogue: "Look, some devil's curse!" Mr. DeMille liked the way I read it, and they were all set to shoot—when the cameramen beckoned to Mr. DeMille. They talked a minute, then Mr. DeMille came over to me and said, "I'm very sorry but, looking through the camera, all I can see is you. The others in the scene look like stumps around a tree." So I was not only stripped of my one line, but taken out of the scene as well.

The size angle entered into this, and continued to do so. No actor wants a big fellow (or, at least, one as big as me) in a picture with him. You attract too much attention. Even the villain, matched up against a big hulk, looks like the underdog and wins audience sympathy. (In "Cheyenne," they put me up against two or three villains so I won't look like a bully.) Since no actor wanted to play a scene with me, even in a second lead, my only chance was to get a leading role. But, with no experience, I was on a merry-go-round.

And I was riding it when Mr. Willson arranged an interview for me at Warner Bros. They took an option on me with the idea of grooming me for pictures. Right at this time, it so happened, Warners were testing actors for the "Cheyenne" series. "Go on over," Mr. Warner told me, "and test." When he saw the test—"This is the boy I want, for Cheyenne Bodie," Mr. Warner said. And so, instead of being groomed for pictures, I just went to work.

The kind of work that's great stuff if you can get it. I get a great boot out of "Cheyenne," mainly because the role is different. They wanted to get away from the shoot-'em-up formula and make "Cheyenne" more adult. And they have. I ride any old cayuse that comes along. My clothes are unbeautiful, rumpled, and frequently dirty. In the accepted tradition of Westerns, the hero is always right. I'm not. I make mistakes. I don't go around looking for wrongs to right, either, and I get to kiss the girl. Different girls, too. For each story has a different cast. Only character that's stationary is me.

Even after I signed my Warner Bros. contract and went to work I wasn't sure—it's hard for me to believe now—that this was for me. Only thought in my mind was to make enough money to get me out of those too-short beds! That isn't good enough. You've got to be sincere, got to like what you're doing. Then as I got over being self-conscious (which I sure was at the start) and got into it, I began to like what I was doing, to believe in what I was doing, to want to improve.

That's when I knew I had found the something I was searching for, that I was doing what I wanted to do. That I was home.

And so I was. And am. Literally. We finally made a down payment on a house. The publicity boys want me to say it's an eleven-room house, with swimming pool. It isn't. It's a six-year-old, six-room just plain house. What makes it special to us is that it's our first home. And I've got me a king-sized bed now. And Verna, who is fixing the place up, got a sectional couch eighteen feet long—here to there—for the living room.

I've got me a drill press, too, a sander, guns, a spear for hunting wild boar (which I aim to do in the wilds of Mexico), a skin-diving helmet, a Geiger counter, an ultra-violet-ray lamp, and a 1941 station wagon which does duty as a prospecting truck. Have quite a few boots—and a new guitar I'm trying to learn to play right.

I don't go out much or see too many people. All my time is picture time. Any time I do have, I usually head for the hills. During my hitchhiking in previous years I got to love the desert and the mountains, the mesas and the plateaus. The rugged country... I still love it. If it weren't for pictures, I'd live in Nevada. So, when I can, I go into the hills or to Death Valley or 150 miles to the Mohave Desert prospecting for uranium, exploring for fluorescent minerals and gem stones like opals and amethysts. Once or twice I've found uranium—but a sign reading "John Jones" gives me to understand that someone has staked it out first!

Studio's always afraid I'll hit uranium big and quit. But I won't. I'm a religious man. I very definitely believe in a Divine Power, a Supreme Intelligence. I believe in the Ten Commandments. I believe in "going to church" every day simply by doing what's right. I also believe we each of us have a definite purpose, and that purpose is to grow, to become more aware, to fulfill our mission on earth. I feel I have a goal to reach, so I don't think I'll find uranium. Besides, I've just signed a new contract with Warner Bros.—another seven years to go—so I figure I'll be around Burbank for awhile.

It was in December of 1952 that we pulled up stakes in Texas and, by the fluke I've mentioned, landed in Long Beach, California—which was actually the first lap on the way to Hollywood. It was July, 1954, that we took the big gamble and headed for Hollywood. It was June, 1955, that I tested for "Cheyenne." It was fall of '55 that the "Cheyenne" series was launched over the ABC-TV network. And here I am, where I am.

TV can make a nobody into a somebody overnight. And that, for sure, is what it did for me. But not—powerful medium though it is—by itself alone. And this is what I've been leading up to right along... I have some thank-yous to say. First of all—most of all—to Verna, who stood by me and believed in me, never doubted, never complained (not even under the bucket punched full of holes!). Then to the others... to Captain Somners and Van Johnson and Henry Willson and Henry Wilcoxon and Mr. DeMille and the Warner Brothers and the gang at the American Broadcasting Company... to all the others who've given me the feeling of being taller in the saddle than I am!

Last, but not least—and you can say that again—to you folks out there, you fans and friends who make me welcome on your TV screens at home, who write the letters and say the word that keeps "Cheyenne" on the ABC-TV network.

Thanks, folks, one and all.

# Dream Stuff

(Continued from page 42)

steel guitar. But that was no way to make a living, establish a home and a family.

For Merrill was planning to be married. Not right away, not at least until he had made a stake for himself and could afford a home and a worry-free family life . . . the kind he himself enjoyed with his parents and three younger Behunins. He'd get that college degree, then possibly—well, probably—do a stretch in uniform, and then settle down.

He was already "going steady" with the girl he wanted to settle down with, a slender blue-eyed blonde named Faye Philpott. He had given her a ring—a square sapphire. Not really an engagement ring. He didn't feel they were old enough for that yet. But they both recognized its significance, though it would be years before they could think seriously about marriage.

But all that was a year ago. . . . Now, as Buddy Merrill, this same boy is a burgeoning television star, youngest of Lawrence Welk's Champagne-Music-makers.

The whole thing came about by pure accident, he will tell you today, his brown eyes twinkling. As Merrill Behunin, he was a musician, but only his family and a few close high school pals were aware of it. And the neighbors—who could hear him playing and singing his favorite Western songs on warm spring evenings when the windows were open. He had never even seen *The Lawrence Welk Show*. . . .

Until one evening when a next door neighbor, Mrs. Ruth Anderson, burst into the Behunin home with the news that Welk had just announced an all-American music competition—Buddy *must* enter it. All that was required was that he send in a tape of one of his numbers.

His parents agreed that it was a wonderful idea, but Buddy was skeptical. What chance had he, against all the thousands of contestants who were sure to enter a coast-to-coast contest? It was Faye who swung him into action. "What can you lose?" she asked him. "You have the tapes, and they are good, you know."

Together they huddled in Buddy's room, where his recording equipment and instruments were, played over a dozen or so tapes, chose the one they agreed was best and mailed it to Lawrence Welk. Then, since it was the end of the school year and they were in a whirl, they forgot about it. . . .

Until, three weeks later, Lawrence Welk phoned. Buddy had to sit down to talk to him, he was so nervous. Did Buddy have some more tapes, could he send in one or two more? He could. . . . From that point on, he thought about nothing *but* the contest. But no word came, day after day.

Then another telephone call. Could Buddy come down to the Aragon Ballroom, where the Welk band was playing, to meet the maestro—say next Friday night? Buddy gulped. That was to be his graduation night. "Good," said Welk, "come after the graduation . . . and bring your guitar!"

Buddy and Faye drove to Ocean Park to the ballroom, hardly speaking in their tension, Buddy's guitar thrown hastily into the back seat, along with his spanking new diploma.

The usual mob scene was in progress at the ballroom, with hundreds of dancers and just-plain-listeners crowded up under the bandstand. Buddy and Faye, feeling shy and scared, kept to themselves away from the crowd. But, at the next intermission, they mustered up their courage and approached Mr. Welk.

"So you're Merrill Behunin," he said, grabbing Buddy's hand. "You're good, do you know it?" Buddy murmured embarrassed thanks. "Want to play a number with the band tonight?"

This was the Big Chance. It might even cinch the contest. . . . Buddy grabbed his guitar, climbed onto the stand, talked over his arrangement with Welk, pianist Larry Hooper and accordionist Myron Floren . . . and, gulping, said he was ready. Lawrence Welk made a nice little speech introducing "a fine, undiscovered talent," brought down his baton and the number began. Came Buddy's moment to play—and his amplifier went out!

There went the Big Chance, Buddy thought, and all hopes of winning the contest along with it. He was, of course, despairing too soon. He not only won the contest—\$500 and elaborate prizes—he won a spot as one of the "Champagne Music" regulars.

That was in June, 1955. In July, the Welk show went coast-to-coast, with Buddy as one of the featured entertainers.

If Buddy had had time to think, this past year, he would have been able to do a lot of revising of those well-laid plans for the future he had blocked out for himself—and Faye.

The Welk routine is a killer, even for musicians much older than Buddy, and professionals of much longer standing. The band plays at the Aragon five nights a week, Wednesday through Sunday. Buddy leaves as soon as he can after the 2 A.M. sign-off, but it is still three before he can drive to Gardena and pile into bed.

On Friday nights, three is not really early enough—since the band checks in at ABC-TV in Hollywood for rehearsal at 9 A.M. on Saturday. Early Saturday evening, they do the show, after rehearsing strenuously all day. Then they pile into their cars and head for the ballroom for yet two more late nights.

"On Saturday nights, music keeps ringing in my ears for hours after we finish," Buddy says. "I can't seem to close it out."

Mondays and Tuesdays are "off days," however . . . unless, of course, Lawrence Welk schedules a recording session . . . and the Behunin family—and Faye—make the most of it.

The patio of the Behunins' pleasant, modern three-bedroom house in Gardena has all the necessary equipment for outdoor living in the best California tradition. On Buddy's "off" evenings, Mrs. Behunin, concocts wonderful barbecue suppers with Faye's help, and Buddy can lie back on a garden chaise and relax.

"Even then," his mother says, "he's usually *thinking* about music . . . going over arrangements in his head." He has done four arrangements for the band so far, including one specialty of his own, and is dreaming of the time he will be skilled enough . . . and with enough time on his hands . . . to try his hand at recordings of his own—multiple-style guitar music, a la Les Paul.

"I find myself talking to him sometimes," Faye says, "and realize he isn't hearing a word I say. He just isn't there." Fortunately for their romance, Faye understands this—even encourages it.

It was Buddy's music—his knowledge, as well as his skill—which first attracted her to him. Faye herself, who has just been graduated from Washington High School in Los Angeles, started out with ideas of a musical career. It was a boy she met in a seventh-grade band class (she played the drums) who introduced her to Buddy—and lost her, simultaneously.



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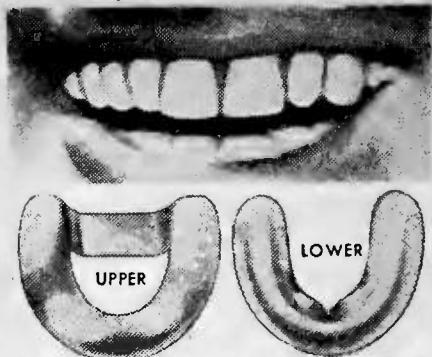
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The boy was a sailor, home on leave, who wanted to go and visit his former girlfriend, Faye. Since he had no car, his friend Buddy volunteered to drive him into town. Faye and Buddy got to talking about music, and almost forgot that the poor sailor was there. All the plans to go out to the movies, maybe to a hamburger stand for a snack, were forgotten, too. Faye started hauling out records, the music talk went on—and Faye and Buddy have been "steadies" ever since.

Faye chucked her music major in high school, and was graduated prepared for a secretarial career. That's just fine for Buddy. Already he is getting over a hundred fan letters a week—which with Faye's help, he can answer promptly . . . To say nothing of presents from all over the country—an antique clock, cuff-links, a life preserver (?), a chocolate cake.

In return for Faye's services as "private secretary" to Buddy, Mrs. Behunin is teaching her son's fiancée some of the things she will need to know when she becomes a homemaker: How to cook and sew, how to cope with the children. Monnie, Buddy's brother, is fourteen and a student at Gardena Junior High School. Judy is thirteen and Gloria only four, so Faye is getting a liberal education.

Everyone in the Behunin household is ready to pitch in and help with Buddy's exciting new career, it seems. Recently, after a week of one-night stands, airplane-hopping all over the Pacific Northwest, Buddy came down with the flu—ran a temperature of 103, and had everybody worried to death that he would not be able to do the Saturday-night telecast. (The Welk orchestra "hits the road" about one week out of every six, and this is exhausting, too.)

With expert nursing, Buddy licked the fever in time for Saturday night, but he still had acute laryngitis, couldn't sing a note. So his father, Leslie Behunin, went on with him—sang a stirring old ballad to Buddy's accompaniment. Mr. Behunin has, as his Irish name would imply, a fine, high, Irish tenor—which came as a distinct shock to most of his co-workers at the Zenith Aircraft Plant where he is shop foreman.

Leslie Behunin probably could have had a musical career, too. It was he who taught

Buddy the rudiments of the Spanish guitar when he was six—and when he was eleven, proudly gave him the steel guitar which is still Buddy's favorite instrument. He must have been a good teacher. At one point, in his early teens, Buddy's parents decided he needed professional teaching. Buddy took three lessons, decided the teacher didn't know half as much about the instrument as his father did, and went back home to the family music sessions and daily practice.

No one else in the family has threatened competition thus far . . . although four-year-old Gloria has been able to pick out two or three quite respectable melodies on the piano.

Faye has quite definitely decided not to compete. She is happy to be able to help Buddy with his career . . . knowing that his future will be linked with hers. She is becoming almost a member of the family already, although they do not plan to marry until August, 1957.

"Buddy will be of age then," she says, "and can use the money now being deposited in a trust fund. And we can start out in our own home . . ."

"It will be a modern, low-slung ranch-type house," Buddy chimes in, "with a special room for my musical equipment, the recorder, the echo chamber . . . the works."

Buddy hopes to make records on his own before too long. He already has performed as vocalist and as guitarist on several Welk discs, notably "The Rock and Roll Ruby," which has the teen-age set jumping. And he will be spotlighted on Lawrence Welk's new teen-age show which will take to the air early next October.

"Maybe," Faye says wryly, but with a smile, "with all the work you have ahead of you, you won't even have time to get married."

But, as Buddy's serious gaze tells her in reply, this is something she needn't worry her pretty head about. Of all the plans he made in that distant, almost forgotten past of a little over a year ago, this was the most important. When the organ strikes up the wedding march, come August a year from now, Buddy will be waiting there in person as steadfastly as he has waited in his dreams.

**I'm Glad I Waited**

(Continued from page 46)

assume marital responsibilities and make the right girl a good husband. He even went so far as to list some of the qualities he was looking for in a future mate . . . qualities such as a sense of humor, a tolerance for herself as well as others, a devotion to music, and at least a reasonable ability to carry a tune. He was not looking for a girl with stardust in her eyes, and Hal never did list any physical attributes in the "must" list . . . tall, short, blonde, redhead and the like. Such things were unimportant, but he did think chances were that the future Mrs. March would be pretty . . . certainly well-groomed and attractively dressed.

No one could be with Candy and Hal March for even sixty seconds without realizing that most of these "musts" were "naturals" to the bride of less than seven months. In the most casual attire . . . flats, pink slim pants and a white man-tailored shirt with sleeves rolled above the elbow . . . and with just the barest amount of make-up artfully applied . . . Candy March is a dream. Add to this her quiet charm and natural hospitality, and you wonder what else a girl could possibly

need—or a man wish for. To make the picture complete, there is Hal's obvious pride in his bride. "Isn't she lovely?" he's apt to whisper. And, even though there's a faint question mark for the sake of propriety, you know it's simply a statement of fact. Hal's eye for beauty stood him in good stead.

Ask Hal if Candy has stood up to all his previously publicized "requirements," and the reply comes quickly: "Everything . . ." but then this tapers off into: "Well, that is except for one thing . . ." Here a slight grin starts its ear-to-ear span. "I know," laughs Candy, "I can't sing. Can't even hum! And I think it's very ungentlemanly of you to suggest that I take singing lessons with you to see if something can't be done—at least with my hum!" The mock reprimand over what is obviously a family joke is just the thing Hal has been waiting for. After bursting into a satisfied roar, he leans over and pats his wife's knee. "But it is true," he says soothingly, "that you love music . . . even if you can't hum. You might say your dowry to me was your record collection."

All of which seemed to take care of the music, humor and tolerance qualifications.

Looking at this attractive couple, comfortably exchanging quips with each other as they relaxed in their most attractive New York apartment, it's hard to believe they have just been married since February 18 of this year. There is an ease . . . an understanding . . . between the two that one doesn't expect to find with newlyweds.

In an effort to explain this phenomenon, Hal looks a little mystified as he admits, "I suppose in a way you might say I'm surprised, too. People always talk of the adjustments that are necessary to assure a smooth marriage. Well, frankly, I'm still waiting for said adjustments. What are they supposed to be? I remember once, when we had been married about four months, I thought the time had finally come. Late one afternoon, I found I was expected to join some business associates at dinner. Knowing that dinner was waiting for me at home—in fact was probably at that very moment being kept warm for my arrival—it was with some trepidation I phoned Candy to say I hoped she wouldn't be too upset if I didn't come home for dinner. Then I sat back and waited. To my utter amazement, not only was there no explosion . . . there wasn't even a whimper. If it had to be, it had to be, and she'd see me when I got home. Now I think that's really amazing. I wonder how many husbands are that lucky?"

At this point, Candy joins in to explain something that a woman is more apt to consider important: "Since we've been married, we've never had an argument. That doesn't mean we never have argued. We have. But *all* our disagreements took place . . . and were cleared up . . . before we were married. Since February 18, there's been no necessity for disagreements or arguments. Whatever differences we may have had were settled before we took the big step. For instance—"(here Candy's variety of grin makes an unexpected appearance)—"the question of house furnishings."

"Oh yes, that!" laughs Hal. "You know," he continues, "it's a little eerie, the way we have the same likes and dislikes in just about everything. Our one major point of variance turned out to be decorating. I'm very fond of a modified version of modern, while Candy is devoted to antiques. In fact, she has a whole houseful of them out on the West Coast, and a closetful right here in the apartment . . . which I believe she plans to hold over my head if I start stepping out of line at any time. But, all joking aside, Candy was a real good sport in giving up her antiques and entering into the spirit of what might be called 'March modern.' Her taste is so impeccable I find myself relying completely on her good judgment.

"Take the bedroom, as an example. The bed, as I had designed it in my bachelor days, had a straight-across functional—but strictly masculine—headboard. With the assistance of a decorator, Candy has designed a somewhat more traditional headboard, as well as a set of bedside tables.

For the information of those who missed Ed Murrow's *Person To Person* visit with the Marches last April, Candy and Hal have a lovely six-room apartment on upper Fifth Avenue across from New York's Central Park. The apartment consists of three bedrooms and baths, a dining area, kitchen, and a forty-by-twenty-foot living room. Most of the furnishings were transported from Hal's Hollywood home, and much of this was designed by its owner. The over-all appearance of the living room is that of modern-traditional—or traditional-modern, depending on how you, personally, approach it. "When I designed the furniture some six years ago," explains its owner, "it was somewhat out of desperation. I couldn't find anything in the

ready-made line that I really liked. The modern was too modern and the traditional too traditional. So I blended elements of both schools . . . and this is it."

With the combined efforts and imaginations of Candy and Hal, they have managed to win the battle of a forty-foot living room by means of a cherry desk and baby grand piano placed strategically three quarters of the way down the room . . . thus serving as unsuspecting room dividers. The rear of the room now acts as a large foyer while the front of the room is the "living" part. Along one wall is Hal's masterpiece—a long sectional series of bookcases and cabinets. The cabinets house the TV and hi-fi, while the bookcases accommodate, not only reading matter, but much of the combined Hal-Candy record collection. Directly across the room is an out-sized, deep blue sofa, fronted by a long coffee table (one of the few new pieces in the room) on which are kept fresh, brilliantly colored flowers and a large bowl hospitably containing packages of cigarettes to satisfy a smoker's most discriminating taste.

Along the third wall, which is completely windowed, is a set of five small benches with red, deep blue and beige cushions. Besides being decorative, these benches have a great utility value for the Marches, who like to entertain at home. Buffet suppers find the cushions on the floor and the benches used as tables.

Perhaps one of the most unusual aspects of the living-room-foyer and dining room (which is, in reality, a continuation of the foyer at right angles to the living room) is the wall covering . . . a silver-base grass cloth with deep to light blue woven stripes. The soft silver highlights of the walls have a startling way of lifting and complementing the predominating colors of beige and blue, and never fail to bring forth rapt oh's and ah's, what-is-it and where-did-you-get-it?

As for Hal, he's inclined to place most of his pride in an oil painting displayed prominently in the foyer. It's a picture of a boxer executed by his favorite painter, wife and companion, Candy Toxtton March. And, in case you walked past it too fast, the small still life just inside the front door carries the same signature.

It's obvious this is a home that is meant to be enjoyed and lived in. "You could say," Hal explains, with an unusually serious expression on his face, "that this is the reason I hesitated about doing the Broadway show I was scheduled to appear in. As you might guess, it's a little hard for an actor to turn down a Broadway show. But one day, after I had accepted the role, I suddenly awoke to the realization of what I was doing. I was literally giving up all the things I had waited thirty-five years to acquire . . . a wife I love very much, a home, a family. A way of life.

"A career's all well and good . . . in fact, a necessity. And I enjoy it. But number one in my life is my marriage. By being in a Broadway show, in addition to my regular television appearances, I would be away from home too many nights a week . . . away from Candy and her two children, whom I'm whacky about." (Joan Carter has already told the appealing story, in last May's TV RADIO MIRROR, of Hal's devotion to little Stephen and Melissa, Candy's son and daughter by her former marriage to singer Mel Torme.)

"No," Hal sighs contentedly. "Such a routine simply adds up to never being where or with whom I *really* want to be. . . . I waited too long for marriage and home life, to take a chance on missing even one unnecessary split second of it. You can have your bachelorhood and high-powered careers. I've taken Candy . . . and I'm glad I waited."

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# These Two

(Continued from page 34)

O'Sullivan, who shares so much of her life but also has some very masculine ideas all his own. For instance, take his eagerness to get away from the family breakfast table—to seek bait-worms for his fishing! "Have you any idea how difficult it is to buy worms in a city like New York?" asks Jan, with that tolerant amusement any wife could recognize and sympathize with.

Actually, the O'Sullivans share almost all their enthusiasms—including fishing. These are two people who love the outdoors . . . who steal away from their respective acting jobs, every minute they can, to go off on such open-air expeditions as fishing trips with friends . . . or to hurry up to Jan's beloved Morrow Farm, at Meredith, New Hampshire, where they pitch into the farm chores and love every hard-working minute of every day they're there.

These are two very busy people in the city, too. Jan, of course, is Terry Burton every weekday, in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and Julie in *Hilltop House* as well. She also stars in many a nighttime television drama and was recently a featured member of the summer stock company on *Robert Montgomery Presents*. Terry O'Sullivan is familiar to daytime TV audiences as Elliott Norris in *The Valiant Lady*, and to evening viewers of such big dramatic productions as the Montgomery shows, *The Big Story*, *Studio One* (for which he and Jan co-starred in a play last winter). Yet acting is only one important part of two active lives which are caught up with many other challenging occupations aside from their professional careers.

There is the family life they lead, the good life they have together in their five-room New York apartment. The life they lead at the farm . . . on summer weekends and over the long holidays and whenever they can get away during the winter . . . the farm home which is close to that of Jan's parents, Walter and Ethel Miner, and not too far from her three married brothers and their sons and daughters.

And, every summer, Terry's three daughters have been coming from California to visit, after school is out. But, this year, his eldest—eighteen-year-old Colleen—was graduated from high school and promptly became engaged to Jim Dawson, a boy she has been dating all through high school. So . . . seventeen-year-old Kathleen and Molly, who is almost fourteen, came East without her. Terry flew to California for Colleen's engagement party, and the wedding sometime in December will, of course, be a gala family occasion.

Meanwhile, in this same sunny season, Terry O'Sullivan's plans have embraced appearances in summer stock, including performances in the hit play, "Tea and Sympathy."

"John Newland, actor and TV director, is really responsible for my doing 'character work' on TV," says Jan. "When John and I worked together on some of the Montgomery shows, he suggested that I would love being a character woman, and I do. It has given me the chance to be all sorts of people—all different, all interesting, all exciting to play. It's like when you were a kid and you dressed up in the clothes you found in the old trunks and boxes, or in your mother's closet, and pretended to be the woman you knew only in your imagination. Well, I have been like that little girl this year, putting on the clothes and mannerisms and the speech of these

others and pretending I am these different women. It has been rewarding to do this.

"The part of Terry Burton, in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, is a rewarding one, of course, all year 'round. The interesting thing to me about this woman, and about this story, is the quiet humor that underlies the drama. It's like life, which always has some note of humor just below the surface of almost any set of situations. Hector Chevigny, writer of *The Second Mrs. Burton*, has been blind for twelve years but has retained every bit of that sense of participation in all that makes life full and rich and often a little amusing. I feel very close to him through his writing, besides admiring him as a fine individual, who has managed to make an outstanding success even though he has lost his sight.

"In a way, Terry Burton is all women everywhere. She has always tried very hard to work with the circumstances which face her. She worked her way out of some difficult situations in her girlhood, she made a place for herself in the world, and then she met Stan Burton and fell in love with him. She knows Stan has a great potential for happiness and success, and she realizes he has been too long spoiled by an indulgent mother, but she tries hard to understand them both. Stan comes from a family which is well-known and well-placed in the town where they live, and Terry came as a stranger into this tight little family group, with all its background and traditions of small-town life.

"There is this so-called 'mother-in-law problem' to be faced—and I say 'so-called' because in my own life there has never been any such difficulty. My mother-in-law is simply wonderful, and I know my own Terry—O'Sullivan, that is—feels the same way about my mother. But we both recognize that the problem does exist for some people, as it does for Terry Burton, try as she will to see things through the eyes of her husband's mother. I admire her for the wisdom with which she handles the situations which constantly arise, and for the effort she makes to prove to her mother-in-law that she is not taking Stan away from her, but only trying to help him stand on his own two feet and live his own life."

There is such admiration in Jan's heart for Ethel Owen, the fine actress who plays her mother-in-law in the show, that she sometimes finds it a little difficult to keep that admiration from creeping into some of their scenes together when she must be firm and even a little severe. "The fact that there is this note of humor in our story, and that all the players approach it in that spirit, makes everything easier," Jan smiles. "Ethel approaches her scenes with this little undertone of humor . . . as do Dwight Weist (who is my husband Stan Burton), Alice Frost (who is my sister-in-law Marcia), and Larry Haines (who plays the part of Marcia's husband, Lew Archer)."

To show just how real the listeners to *The Second Mrs. Burton* find this drama, Jan points to something that happened a few months ago. The Archers, the couple played by Alice Frost and Larry Haines, celebrated their first wedding anniversary, and a fan sent a huge basket of lovely flowers, with an appropriate anniversary card. "We were all simply thrilled," says Jan, "that we had made the story as real as—well, as it actually is—a story filled with the kind of incidents that could happen to almost any of us in any part of the country."

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out-pouring of themselves into the rich and varied parts they play, Jan and Terry have these other lives they lead, notably that life which is bounded by the farm and its activities. "At the farm we renew ourselves," Terry had said (just before he took off on his worm-hunt). "Have Jan tell you how we have been working out on our fifty-five acres, how we have had the girls driving the tractor and picking fruit and learning more every summer about being good farmers. Have Jan tell you about the extra property we added this year, and how that happened."

"That was luck, in a way. I think it was guidance, too," Jan says seriously, speaking about the new property. "This was land right next to ours, next to our right-of-way down to the lake where we spend so much of our time, boating and swimming and fishing. The woman who owned the property put it up for sale and, at first, we thought of it only as a threat to our cherished privacy. Then, the more we talked, the more it seemed right for us to buy the property ourselves. It seemed like a bit of an undertaking—until we figured out we could rent the cottage over the summers and, later on, perhaps, put in adequate heating to rent it all year round. We figured the rental would go a long way toward paying our taxes and insurance, and we could choose congenial people as tenants."

"We even had a name all ready-made for the cottage. What else could it be except 'Rite-O'-Way'? So now—like many things that at first seem a little menacing—this whole thing has turned into a big blessing for everyone concerned. So many things in life do, if you just let them."

The cottage, and the new driveway, and the boat dock. . . and a porch glassed in with old storm windows . . . and a float for the lake made from oil drums . . . are only a few of Terry's summer chores. In fact, he is known at the lake as Terry "Project" O'Sullivan, because he always has so many projects going at any given moment. "When I don't want to be drawn into something my husband has started—at least not at first," says Jan, "I keep at a safe distance and wave gaily to him, pretending to be very busy with other things. When I do get drawn in, it's usually to hand him tools and run back and forth to the house for things he needs."

"Terry is an excellent executive," Mrs. O'Sullivan says proudly, "and a man who inspires everyone to get to work and to accomplish something . . . and heaven help you if you go near where he is working without some heavy gloves, heavy shoes, work clothes, and a stout heart! He will say, quite innocently, 'Would you mind just holding this for a moment while I fix that?' . . . and, suddenly there you are pressed into service and having to admit that you like it!"

Not all the projects are directed to life on the farm except in summer. A trip to Jamaica, British West Indies, inspired Terry to design some bureaus for the New York apartment, in the bright turquoise blue they had seen in Jamaica. At first, Jan was appalled at such an ambitious piece of carpentry as Terry had in mind, visualizing drawers that would stick and give her no end of trouble. But, before starting the twin chests, Terry went to work on some coffee tables, which turned out to be little masterpieces—one of old beams and pine boards and brass rods, with the top burned with a torch to a beautiful, dark smoky color—and Jan's fears about his skill vanished. Together, they have gold-leafed the top of a large, round coffee table they have in the New York apartment, and a lovely Sheraton glass cabinet in the apartment dining room.

It is very nice indeed, as is the whole color scheme of the apartment, all of it in coral and taupe and white, with some black lacquered pieces, and touches of gold and green. The dining room walls being coral, the furniture is wrought iron painted white. The living-room walls are white, but there are coral notes in twin couches, set off by a black rug, taupe for the long sofa, some greens in the chairs, gold for the lamp shades, and a handsomely antiqued and decorated mirrored chest.

Terry's taste in furnishings runs to simplicity, almost to the point of starkness. Jan likes the cheerful clutter of keepsakes. They compromise, by keeping the New York apartment quite handsomely simple and the farmhouse cheerfully filled with all the things Jan can't quite bear to put up in the attic.

According to Jan, Terry is the better cook. "He really is. I do a lot of the cooking at the farm, of course, and I am really good as a dish-washer and cleaner-upper—in fact, I don't mind any of the household chores. I rather like them. But when we want to have an extra-special meal for friends I always hope Terry will have the time to play chef. One thing I do, and that is to get up early and get his breakfast. No small feat, because he's up, city or country, around 6:30!"

The O'Sullivans may just happen to turn into a writing team, in addition to their other interests. Terry has some ideas for scripts. Jan would like to help on some, too, if only to widen her knowledge of everything that goes into the work she loves. She began her theatrical career as a student of stage design, and now feels that writing would help round out her knowledge of her craft.

"What I really want, as a woman and as an actress," Jan observes, "are the same things all women want. I want to grow a little every day. I want to go as far as my understanding of life will take me. I want to reach certain goals, to go on working toward certain ideals, as every woman does. None of us can figure out the exact details, can tell what each step of the way will be like. This isn't within the scope of any human person. We do know, however, the kind of atmosphere we want to create in our homes, the peace and harmony and tranquillity with which we would like to surround our families and our work, whatever that work is, whether at home or outside the family circle."

"There are days when the most insignificant things seem to swell to huge proportions," she admits with a smile, "days when we feel our own problems must be the hardest to solve, days when petty irritations pile up until they seem to smother us. Days when we are apt to forget that giving way to depression is really a form of self-pity and self-indulgence—and what a temptation that is! And there are days when any change that comes into our lives, no matter how small, seems more than we can bear."

"I am trying to learn to welcome every change, every challenge to face a new situation squarely. The women I am on radio and television must do these things. It's what makes them interesting, what makes them real and worth knowing. Surely, this is what all of us would most like to be."

*Real and worth knowing.* It's a phrase which perfectly describes Jan Miner, as well as those two very important people in her life . . . the lovable Terry who is *The Second Mrs. Burton* . . . and the beloved Terry who is head of the O'Sullivan household.

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## In Love With Life

(Continued from page 66)

of it. "I enjoyed it," Tirrell says now, looking back at that first acting experience of two long years ago. "It was interesting. I decided that acting was definitely what I wanted to do."

Since then, there has been a long list of dramatic roles. At least four *Studio One* appearances, including one last spring with Red Buttons in "The Tale of St. Emergency." Five times on the Robert Montgomery show. On *Star Stage*, *Lux Theater*, *Philco*, *Danger*, *The Perry Como Show*. In radio, on *Juvenile Jury* and others. In commercials, most recently as the "My-T-Fine Girl," singer of the commercials in a strong and sweet voice.

Her biggest and most exciting job, of course, is playing Carol, in the daily dramatic serial called *Love Of Life*. Carol is the little girl who was mute and sad and neglected when Vanessa and Paul Raven took her into their home . . . and, although she has now recovered her speech, Carol is still the storm center of many adult intrigues, as the Ravens fight to keep her and to adopt her as their own.

"I never had to push either of the children, and I certainly never intend to," their mother said. "As long as Chris and Tirrell are happy in what they're doing, and remain normal children, their father (an electronics engineer) and I are happy. I am content to go back and forth to the studios with them, to wait around on sets, and to stay in the background and never interfere. Like most mothers, the important thing to me is making my family happy."

"My daddy is proud of me, and I am proud of him," Tirrell added. "He can do anything. He made me a doghouse for Rusty, and it even has a porch. Last Christmas, he made me a rope ladder. He can do all sorts of things. He is pleased with what Chris and I are doing, and we think he is wonderful."

The way Chris became an actor, the first in the family, is quite a story, too. If the Barberys hadn't had to make that move to New Jersey, near New York and the studios, none of these things might have happened. In fact, it would have been most unlikely. Mrs. Barbery was a New Jersey girl when she married Mr. Barbery, who lived in Massachusetts. The family name is really Barbieri, but because people found it difficult to spell, a television producer suggested they change the spelling to match the English pronunciation. Christopher was named for Mrs. Barbery's family. Tirrell is really Edwina Tirrell, the Edwina because they had the name "Edwin" picked for a boy, and the Tirrell because it is the family name of close friends in Massachusetts.

Before all this happened, however . . . some months, that is, before Tirrell was born . . . Mrs. Barbery became ill, and her doctor thought she should live closer to her family, all of whom had remained on the West Long Branch, New Jersey property that once comprised her father's farm. "We had to leave our beloved ten-room house in Dedham, Massachusetts, near Boston," Mrs. Barbery recalls, "first, to move into an apartment and then, later, to build our own house in the neighborhood where my nine brothers and sisters lived. It was hard to give up the home we had, and I kept thinking. *Why does this have to happen to me? Why do I have to be ill like this?*"

"Now I know that everything was happening for the best. Tirrell was born, the loveliest baby, and I got well. We kept our Massachusetts house and we go up there when we can in the summer, but

we have a nice new seven-room ranch house now. The children love the schools in our community, they have dozens of cousins to play with, all living close to us, and they have these fine opportunities to express themselves in acting, no matter what else they may choose to do later."

When Tirrell was still a toddler and Chris was almost six, a neighbor suggested to Mrs. Barbery that she ought to be getting to New York more often and having more diversion. It seemed like a good idea, so one day she got tickets to a Jack Barry radio program and took Chris with her, never guessing that this was another day which would bring great changes into their lives. It was an audience-participation show, the name of which she can't even remember now, and Jack's partner, Dan Enright, came through the studio audience looking for a bright little boy or girl to come up on stage and pick a winning number out of a hat. He spied Chris, brown-eyed and reddish-brown-haired, freckled, and bubbling over with excitement and interest. "Bring that young fellow up, if he'd like to come," Mr. Enright directed.

Chris liked it very much, so much that—to his mother's dismay—he talked his head off, told about the family, and wound up with, "You know what my daddy and mommy do? They go out and leave my baby sister and me all alone sometimes." It wasn't true, of course. His imagination was getting the better of him. If his parents sat outdoors on a summer evening after the kids were in bed, or went around the corner for ice cream, there was always the watchful eye of a neighbor. But Mrs. Barbery's face was hot with blushes and she felt people were looking at her with condemnation. When Jack Barry asked if the mother of the little boy would remain a few minutes after the broadcast, she thought, *Good heavens, what now? Are they going to scold me for neglecting my children?*

Instead, they were all laughing about Chris's performance and praising him when the show was over, and Jack wanted to tell her he would like to use Chris on another of his shows, *Juvenile Jury*. He thought Chris has such natural talent that it should be developed, and suggested that he be given some training as an actor. Later, after talking this over with Chris's daddy, Elizabeth Barbery decided Chris should go to the Marie Moser Conservatory. He was enrolled, continuing his regular school work at the West Long Branch Public School.

The brother and sister now divide their time between tutors and the public school system in their town, whichever their schedule of work requires. Tirrell, who was nine last February 21, will be a sixth-grader in September—and Chris, fourteen on August 18, will start junior high school at the same time. Tirrell's favorite subjects are reading, spelling and mathematics. Chris goes for math and history, has a passion for buses and knows all about their construction and operation. He collects bus models, American and foreign, and his room is as filled with them as Tirrell's is with her dolls.

Chris is also a ball player, graduating into the Pony League this year. "Chris won the batting championship in the Little League and their team upset their arch-rivals who had held the crown for five years straight," Tirrell boasts of her big brother. They are both terrific Dodger fans—Chris favors the Red Sox also.

Mrs. Barbery holds office in the P.T.A., works for the community center, and keeps in close touch with the children's

school work. They are honor students, are both learning to play the piano, and Chris is good on the drums. Tirrell wants to take ballet this fall, and both have voice training. Mrs. Barbery has done amateur singing, was "end lady" in a minstrel show that raised money for a school project last year, and was "the best one in the whole show," according to her daughter.

Their movie and television viewing are still supervised by their mother, but they go for musicals, the variety shows, the children's programs (especially Tirrell), and the sports stuff (especially Chris). They love *Lucy*, and have a professional interest in watching the big dramatic shows.

Chris has a motor boat, tied up to a dock on the Shrewsbury River, and they have some wonderful vacations up at the big house in Massachusetts. The community where they now live is quite built up, but in Dedham there are still deep woods near by and Tirrell loves that. She loves animals, too—but not hunters. She doesn't see why anyone should want to shoot at an animal except in self-defense. "Animals don't usually hurt people, and anyhow people are supposed to be smarter than animals," she argues emphatically.

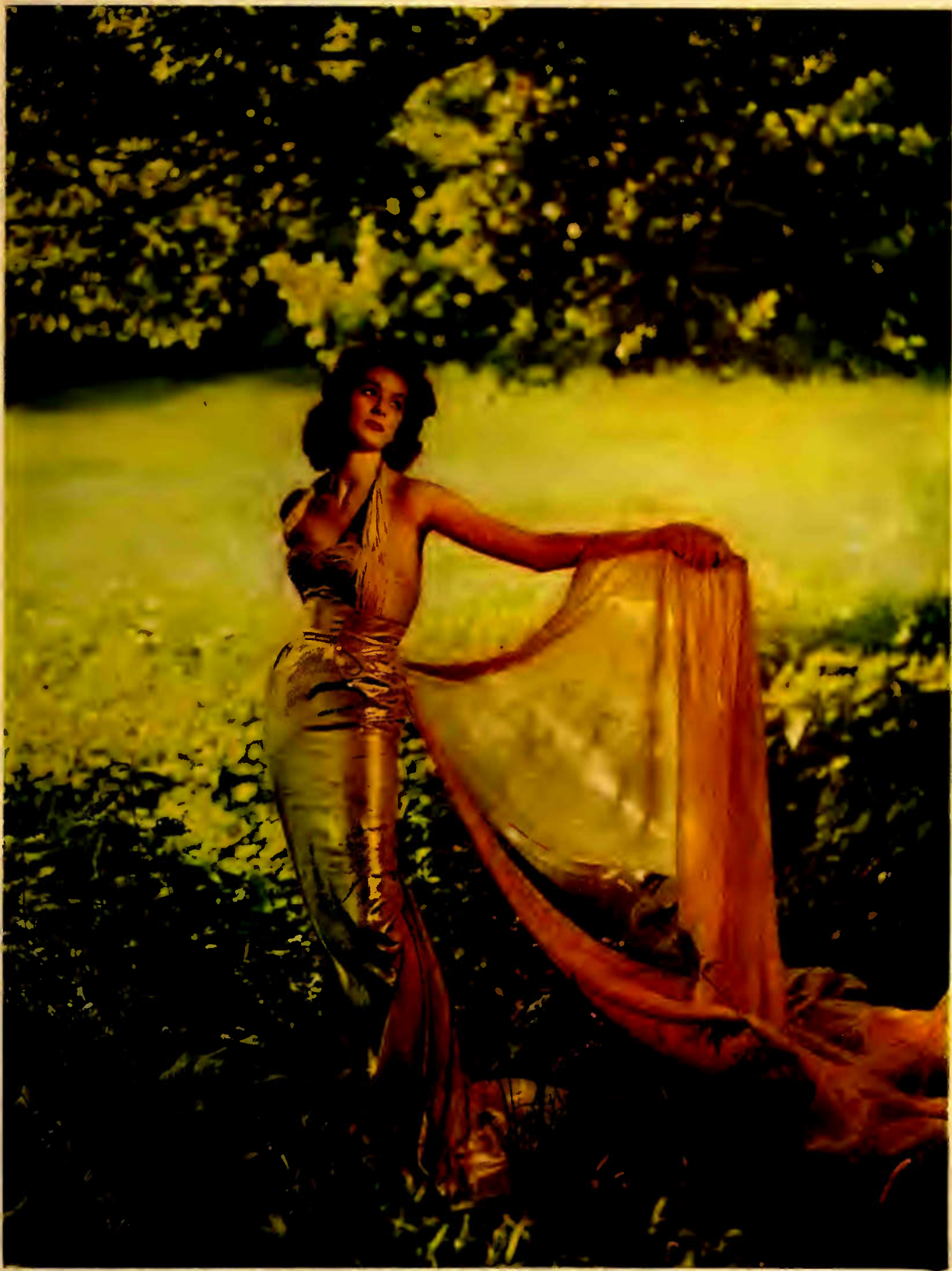
Besides having a flair for drawing and craft work, Tirrell is a good little cook who can turn out a fine home-made macaroni and is a good dishwasher and cleaner-upper. "Tirrell knows how to do a great many things well," says her mother, "and everyone likes her to come and visit or to baby-sit. She's wonderful with younger children. You might think people would cater a little to her, but she's the one who does the catering. Everybody likes Chris, too, and loves to see him come—but no one would like to board him—he's too good an eater!"

The children have a pool which their father built for them—a real cement pool, nine feet by ten, in which all the cousins are welcome, and all the neighbors' kids. They get together and play hopscotch and jump-rope and marbles and baseball. A few of Tirrell's particular friends often come for doll tea-parties during the long summer afternoons, and she plays with her dog, Rusty. "He's a mongrel," she says, "but I wouldn't change him for any other."

It's fun, too, for her to be Carol on *Love of Life*. She loves everyone she works with, all the cast and the crew and the producer and directors. "We call one another by our own names on the set," Tirrell says, "except for Bonnie Bartlett, who plays Vanessa. She calls me 'Sweetie.' She's lovely to me. Sometimes, when there are toys on the show, I play with them. And, when we take a break, I can always have a game of checkers with one of the cameramen. I really have a very good time."

People now recognize Tirrell on the street and tell her what a good little actress she is. Sometimes they ask how she ever managed to stay completely mute when the little girl she portrays had lost the power of speech. "It was easy," she explains. "I was supposed to keep quiet, so I did."

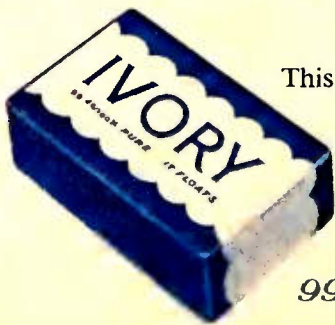
She thinks a lot about the contrast between Carol's life and her own. "I wasn't ever a mute, or an orphan. I have never had any trouble in my life, and I am so lucky to have a good father and mother. I never was treated badly, as Carol has been. Carol gets very scared that her happiness with Vanessa and Paul Raven will be over and that someone will come and take her away from them forever. I sympathize with her—and I want her life to turn out as happily as mine."



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