TV RADIO MIRROR

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•

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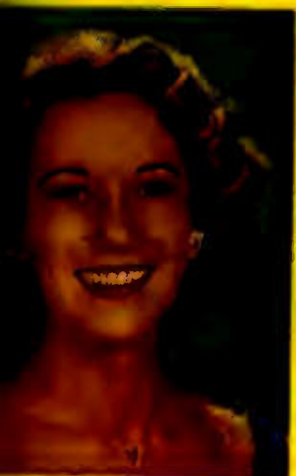

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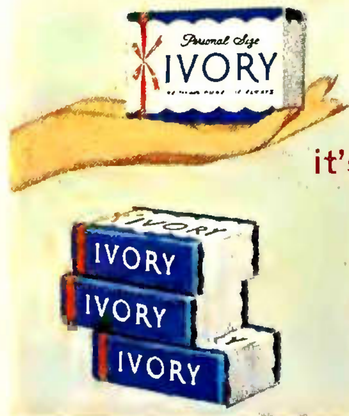

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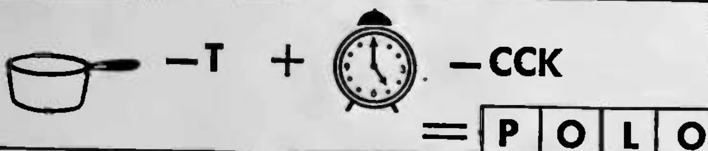

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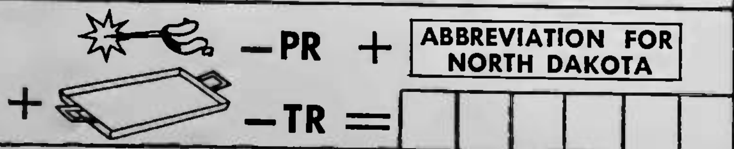

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TVR

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

By PETER ABBOTT

Newsman Doug Edwards is honored by alma mater, Alabama U. L. to r.: Burl Watson of Alabama U., Sam Levenson, Doug, Mel Allen.

1957's March of Dimes Poster Girl, little Marlene Olsen, meets singer Jaye P. Morgan, one of the many stars to help fight polio.

Dig This: When Elvis was in Manhattan last trip, he changed hotels every day to escape femobs but, in spite of secrecy, on one particular Sunday afternoon, the hotel switchboard operator counted 386 phone calls asking for a date. The Pay-off: The gal, a June Taylor dancer, that he asked out that evening, turned him down. . . . Pat Boone westward-ho after semester finals at Columbia U. to settle down in Hollywood. On Feb. 4th, he begins first movie, "Bernadine," co-starring Terry Moore. . . . Another Godfrey star, Judy Busch, signed with 20th Century-Fox. . . . As to Mr. G., he starred as a dressage rider in the recent Royal Agricultural Winter Fair Horse Show in Toronto. . . . TV edition of "True Story" about ready to preem. . . . Eve Arden may be finished with Brooksie but it's still just the beginning. She has signed five-year contract with CBS and next year will be back in new comedy series. . . . Mercedes McCambridge reports a startling experience with her 15-year-old son, John Lawrence. Merci, star of ABC-TV's *Wire Service,* took John to his first film premiere and reports, "In the lobby a photographer posed him with Jayne Mansfield and I expected he would be delighted but, instead, he was shocked. I had to keep him from running after the photographer to kill the shot. John explained that if his friends saw the picture there would be too much ribbing." How about that? . . . And speaking of Jayne and ribbing, La Mansfield plays on Benny's *Shower Of Stars* spectacular on Jan. 10th.

Anyone for Bottles? No more Coke for Eddie Fisher after Feb. 22nd. Eddie loses his sponsor but it's nothing personal. All has to do with the quart-sized Coke and new plans for promotion of the big bottle which means channeling TV money into other media. So far as TV goes, Eddie stays on but may switch to a single half-hour opus. And speaking of another kind of bottle—the baby's—Carrie Frances is emptying hers and getting as plump as a feather pillow. She is truly a "Bundle of Joy," just as Eddie and Debbie's film turned out to be. Better note, too, that Victor has issued an album, same title, that captures the musical soundtrack. . . . And there's a champagne bottle in the news, and because of it Champagne Lady Alice Lon is now called "Muscles" by the Welk band. On tour with the band in Omaha, Alice was called on to christen a new building. So Muscles, rather Miss Muscles, on the first swing broke nothing. She grasped the bottle again and swung with all of her might. Bottle didn't break but a chunk of cement broke off the building. Third try was a success.

And Away We Go: For the May spec, "The George M. Cohan Story," it's Hal March in title role. . . . Chief reason for floundering and foundering of *Most Beautiful Gal, etc.* was a scarcity of beautiful gals with talent or talented gals with beauty. . . . A gal with

TO COAST

both, Doris Day, will make the TV plunge. She and hubby sinking $2-million into "Calamity Jane" series. Incidentally, she still flatly refuses Madison Avenue pleas to do a spec. . . . Two comics' favorite musicians out with great Capitol albums: Hope's Les Brown flyin' high with dance stuff most requested on tours and aptly titled "Les Brown's in Town." . . . And then there's Jackie Gleason's man with the singing horn, Bobby Hackett, in a packet titled "Rendezvous." This one is strictly music for deep shadows.

Sex Abroad: In Britain, Donald Gray, Inspector Mark Saber in the *Vise* series, has had his problem. It is his plunging voice. As an announcer for BBC, he was criticized for getting too much sex into news and weather reports. Honest. Mash notes came in from women and irate letters from jealous boyfriends and husbands. It was unintentional—and what could Donald do about a naturally deep voice? Then he had a letter from a male who wrote, "You have alienated the affections of my wife, but if I get rid of TV it will be my children who suffer. Therefore I shall get rid of you." Scotland Yard put a guard on Donald and newspapers played it on the front page. BBC turned a stuffy red but what could they do—you can't uplift a man's voice.

Flashes: NBC-TV signed Don McNeill to five-year contract, which means you'll be seeing him in a morning slot across the board. NBC-TV is about to juggle their entire morning line-up. . . . Anne Meacham, Althea on *The Brighter Day,* in Tallulah's new play, "Eugenia." . . . Lt. Rip Masters of *Rin Tin Tin,* is also M-G-M recording star Jim Brown. His new release is double-barreled at teenage fans. One side is cowboy "Wagon Train" and the flip-side throbs with "Goodbye My Love." . . . *The Gleason Show's* weekly cost averages $102,000 and that doesn't include air time. . . . Big event for April first: The Lunts in "The Great Sebastians." . . . Add April 29th, Sadlers Wells Ballet with "Cinderella." . . . Agnes Young, TV-radio actress and for many years *Aunt Jenny,* is a grandma. Her daughter Nancy Wells, who plays Elaine Reynolds on *Ma Perkins,* had a holiday bundle. . . . Gale Storm, mother of three sons, gave birth to a girl, named Susanna—after guess-what-show?

Two Young People: The star of *December Bride* feels more like a starlet. Although in her sixties, Spring Byington says, "Age is for those who are too lazy to show an interest in everything that goes on around them. Youth is for anyone who looks forward to tomorrow and not back to yesterday." . . . And 39-year-old Jack Benny is raising roofs on concert halls around this country. If you can't see him, the next best thing is to catch the fiddle-faddle on Capitol's LP titled "Jack Benny Plays the Bee." It's a story, very much fun, too, of (*Continued on page* 8)

Godfrey commuted between New York and the Toronto Royal Fair, where he and his Palomino gave an exhibition of dressage riding.

Country music deejays were welcomed to a Nashville festival by Minnie Pearl, Governor and Mrs. Frank Clement, and Mitch Miller.

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WHAT'S NEW

(*Continued from page 7*)

a youngster who wants to be a great violinist. He almost does, until someone puts the "bee" on him. Must be noted, too, that there are exquisite violin passages in the recording—by virtuoso Isaac Stern.

Short Stuff: Brunette beauty Elaine Malbin, who starred in "Kismet," stars Feb. 10th on NBC-TV's "La Traviata." . . . This month Marge and Gower Champion take over the Sunday slot that belonged to Ann Sothern. As you watch Marge cavort gracefully, you might note that just about six weeks ago she gave birth to a baby. Calling him Gregg Ernest. . . . Canine pin-up queen Lassie is top dog in TV. All rights to her series sold for $3,500,000. . . . When radio singing star Jane Pickens, who doubles in high society, threw a party for the lorgnette set, she hired the Mello Dots to play rock 'n' roll.

Extra-curricular: Doug Parkhirst, Hugh Overton on *The Road Of Life*, for several years has devoted one night a week to work with patients at veterans' hospitals. Invalids are cast into radio shows and the plays are produced and recorded on tape. "The acting is very good," he says. "We use professional scripts and I've cast some men in parts I've played. That's always interesting, to get another interpretation of your own part." Doug, a religious man raised by his minister grandfather, frequently uses scripts from the show, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. "Sometimes amusing things happen. There was one young man who was never too well behaved. In one script I cast him as Jesus. Not only did he play it well but it improved his disposition."

About Mary Stuart's Baby: It was a boy, Jeffrey, born at eight pounds, but gaining so rapidly he is almost as big as his 16-month-old sister, Cynthia. Says Mary, star of *Search For Tomorrow*, "We'd like to have our kids in platoons. Two close together. Then wait several years and have a couple more." She adds, "It sounds good, anyway." Her husband is Richard Krolik, CBS producer, who is her idea of a perfect husband and father except for his zest for candid photography. She says, "He takes pictures of me when I fall asleep with the baby in the rocker, and the way I look, it's not fair." She adds, "Both my babies like to rock so we have four rockers in the apartment." Every morning she's up with the babies at 6 A.M. She leaves home at 7:50, and from eight until one in the afternoon is at the studio. Most of the time she rushes right back home with her make-up still on. "I live so close to the studio that I've been back in the apartment sometimes before the closing commercial." From one P.M. she is wife and mother again. Bedtime is nine or ten.

DE & The News: University of Alabama came up with a plaque for one of its sons, Peabody Award winner Doug Edwards, who completed ten years as a TV newsman. Doug, rather boyish looking, actually has a wife and three kids. He is at home in Connecticut when he isn't nosing news. Sometimes he is picked up for duty right at his farm by a CBS helicopter, as was the case during the New England floods. He had a novel experience that day. When the plane chose to land in Hartford, it picked a very green and spacious lawn. The moment the helicopter touched ground a policeman ran up and gave Doug a ticket for illegal parking. He had chosen the grounds of the Governor's mansion.

(*Continued on page 13*)

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with NITA TALBOT · UNA MERKEL · MELVILLE COOPER
BILL GOODWIN · HOWARD McNEAR

Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER · Screen Play by NORMAN KRASNA, ROBERT CARSON and ARTHUR SHEEKMAN
Story by FELIX JACKSON · Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Musical Numbers and Dances Staged by NICK CASTLE
Lyrics by MACK GORDON · Music by JOSEF MYROW

HEAR EDDIE SING

"Lullaby In Blue"
"Worry About Tomorrow, Tomorrow"
"All About Love"
"Some Day Soon"
"I Never Felt This Way Before"
"Bundle Of Joy"

TECHNICOLOR®

EARLY BIRD and

Zeke Manners wakes 'em up over

Zeke's cheerful—even at dawn. And his telephone poll—What record would you like to buy?—is a direct line to future hits.

SOMEBODY once described Zeke Manners as "a fast Godfrey." New Yorkers may remember him as the man who presented "the first Steve Allen-type show on television." Zeke, who is nobody's carbon copy, departed New York for his native West Coast, when he found big-time TV "too much work." He's in our midst again, but still keeping farmer's rather than banker's hours. Monday through Saturday, he's up in time to reach the WINS studios for *The Zeke Manners Show,* heard from 6 to 9:30 A.M. "I don't sleep anyway," Zeke shrugs. . . . To help New Yorkers out of bed and off to work or school, Zeke provides music, chatter, news, and weathercasts. His auto audience belongs to the Bumper to Bumper Club. Members blink their lights when Zeke plays the Bumper to Bumper Mambo, Samba, Polka, etc. Zeke is a pioneer of electronic devices, explains today's music as "Crosby with more oomph and more electrification." He also credits the young performers "who put things in a song that a great songwriter wouldn't dare." Zeke polls his listeners to determine tomorrow's hits, by asking his listeners what records they would *like* to buy. . . . Born in San Francisco, Zeke found his first success with "Zeke Manners and His Hollywood Hillbillies." He's worked his way through the broadcasting alphabet, local and network, has sold twenty million records, and written a dozen hit songs. His biggest hit was "Pennsylvania Polka," which he wrote for "Winged Victory," in which he also was starred. When the successful show was being transferred to film, Zeke went to Hollywood. There, in 20th Century-Fox's commissary, he met his wife Bea. "In the Army, you had to live in a tent if you weren't married," he recalls. "So I got married so I could live off base—and I've been off base ever since." . . . His son Charlie, at eleven, builds his own radios. Daughter Susie, seven, is "a great little bopper." She's a natural, as is her dad. "I don't want to entertain Madison Avenue," says Zeke. "I want to entertain the people in Greenpoint."

His career has kept Zeke shuttling between coasts. On this move, he brings Bea and "cowboys" Charlie and Susie east.

NIGHT OWL

WINS, Jerry Warren keeps 'em up!

At night, the WINS signal wends its way from New York to points as distant as Canada, Bermuda Isle and Portugal. On the beam is Jerry Warren, a personable young man who spins records, interviews guests and talks about anything under the moon from 11 P.M. to 6 A.M., the longest one-man stint on radio. "I just try to be a nice guy with records," says Jerry. "I try to make it human." It's the universal element Jerry looks for, whether he's talking about a tune or asking frank questions and getting similar answers from people in show business or in the news. Scattered through the small hours are a number of features. The horn blows at midnight. At three, it's album time. At four, Jerry and audience are "sax conscious." At any time, the two-way Celebrity Telephone may ring. . . . Producer and all-night emcee, Jerry's now at work on a scheme to give away two million dollars in sixty days. That's a lot of zeros away from the time he was a young boy in Philadelphia, where his widowed mother ran a restaurant. "She thought there was something unethical about making a profit," Jerry recalls. Jerry would take pennies out of the cash register and, at the end of the month, when his mother couldn't meet her bills, he'd present her with a box of five dollars in pennies. Jerry went to elocution school, made his first appearance on stage in a school play—but somewhat ahead of cue. Everyone applauded, anyway. "That was interesting," Jerry thought. He progressed to paid radio performances for the Board of Education, has worked on radio and TV in Milwaukee, Trenton and Philadelphia. While on Philadelphia's KYW and WPTZ, he also managed to co-produce Broadway plays with Canada Lee, attend college and earn degrees in business administration and electronics, act on network shows, and run a book business. "I had so much time between station breaks," he grins. . . . Currently, Jerry is an anxious mother's ideal date for her daughter. He brings her home by 10:30, then goes to work. But only career girls need apply to this bachelor.

Manhattan sleeps. But, says Jerry, chic ones, cabbies, night workers or just plain insomniacs want "a nice guy" to talk to.

Dawn is quitting time. To keep Jerry from getting lonely, the blond Merrill sisters, Cathy Johnson and friend visit.

Louis is a scientist—but he's a showman, too!

Capital Weatherman

As a "sideline," Louis plots the course of ships around the world.

Louis Allen, WMAL's weatherman, must be right—he was able to predict television in 1928!

Looks complicated, but it's easy to understand as weatherman Louis illustrates with "woodles."

IN THE LAND of television, five years makes you a "veteran," ten years, an "oldtimer." But few in the realm of cameras and kilocycles can top Louis Allen—who made his video debut in 1928! Washington's weatherman played a clarinet solo while an electronics expert televised him via an experimental "shadowgraph" process. Louis scored another "first" in 1949 when he pioneered in color television and delivered his summaries and forecasts with tinted paper and inks. . . . To this seniority, Louis adds a flair for showmanship and an expert knowledge of the vagaries of the weather gained at five institutions of higher learning. He is now seen forecasting the weather on WMAL-TV, daily at 6:55 P.M. and daily and Sunday at 11:10 P.M. He's heard on WMAL Radio, daily at 5:05 and 6:15 P.M. . . . Despite his degrees, Louis is never the pedantic professor. His terms are familiar and he follows the example of the successful country preacher who advised: "You first tell them what you're going to tell them, then you tell them, then you tell them what you've told them." To simplify weather news, Louis developed a cartoon presentation or "weather doodle," familiarly known as the "woodle." Louis recalls only one irate letter, this from a man who polished his car on the basis of Louis' weather prediction. It rained. . . . Louis' showmanship stems from his University of Maryland days. As clarinetist and saxophonist, he led a seven-piece band, "Luke Allen's Alaskans." Louis, who still relaxes with music, began his weather career more than fifteen years ago as an airline meteorologist. For his work with the Navy during and after World War II, he's being considered for a Distinguished Service Award. . . . And this rain-or-shine man has one of the most unusual sidelines of any performer. When not delivering his twenty-one weekly forecasts, he's president of Louis Allen Associates. Together with six other maritime and meteorological experts, he plots the course of ships to and from ports throughout the world—using science rather than age-old sea routes. It's a unique theory of shipping. But then Louis Allen is unique. One of the few professional meteorologists in American television and the only professional forecaster on Washington TV, he's one of those rare people who don't just talk about the weather. He does something!

WHAT'S NEW

(*Continued from page 8*)

Kidults??? Most charming album of season is Unique's LP of "Jack and the Beanstalk." So well was the show received that the album sold 30,000 copies within 48 hours of the TV premiere. "Beanstalk" is hailed as the first truly successful TV musical. And here's further good news, for NBC is dickering for a repeat performance. . . . In the trade they call "Beanstalk" a "kidult," for it appeals to all age groups. It is interesting to note that another smash success of the season was another kidult, Judy Garland's film, "Wizard of Oz." Letters poured into CBS asking them to do it again and that is assured. When the network put up $400,000, it was paying for two performances, and the second is yet to come. Not incidental to the subject is the M-G-M LP of the soundtrack starring Judy Garland.

Beat the Rap . . . or the Clock? Stamford, Conn. policeman Alfred Ottanio won himself $11,000 on *Beat The Clock*. According to Patrolman Ottanio, it was the equivalent of three-years' salary and he was very, very happy. But, according to Mr. Ottanio's boss, the Chief of Police of Stamford, it wasn't exactly a pleasant situation. He claimed that Mr. Ottanio had excused himself from duty Saturday pleading illness, then had gone down to New York to be a contestant on *Beat The Clock*. The Chief, hep to the vernacular, wisecracked, "Did the guy expect to be on a closed circuit?" Mr. Ottanio handed in his resignation and made plans to move wife and child to Florida and go into the contracting business.

Incredible Woman: Actress Virginia Payne, who plays title role in *Ma Perkins*, hasn't missed a show in 23 years (over 6,000 scripts), in spite of accidents, storms and erratic time-pieces. Once she broke an ankle on way to studio. She had it taped and went on to work. She was flying back from Maine on a Sunday when a storm grounded her plane in Massachusetts. By combination of bus, streetcar, train, and cab, she got to the New York studio Monday morning. Virginia lives in a New York apartment but has been building herself a home in Ogunquit, Maine. As Virginia Payne, she astounded contractors with her knowledge of lumber, but explained, "As Ma Perkins, I've been running a lumber yard for 23 years." In Ogunquit, no one refers to her as Miss Payne. Hers is "the house where Ma Perkins lives."

Guys & Gals: Edie Adams, smash success in Broadway musical "Li'l Abner," negotiating three-year contract with NBC. Her spouse is comic Ernie Kovacs. . . Claire Bloom stars on NBC-TV, on March 4th, in Old Vic presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." . . . Two days later, Maurice Chevalier in *Telescope* of Paris. . . . New starter this month *Mr. Adam And Eve*, starring husband-wife Howard Duff and Ida Lupino. Comedy about public and private lives of Hollywood stars. Duffs are working under name of Bridget Productions, in honor of their four-year-old. Bridget's profile, silhouetted, is their trademark. . . . Forty percent of all pop records sold is country music and accounts for the big play given the DeeJay Country Music Convention in Nashville. The hoedown was officially teed-off with the assistance of *Grand Ole Opry's* comedienne, Minnie Pearl. Minnie, funny to the bone, commenting on her age, said, "Ahm in my early flirties—young 'nuff to wink at fellers but too old to have 'em wink back."

New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

silkier . . . softer . . . easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.

Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg 2%
trade mark

T V R

The emotions of parenthood inspire Debbie and Eddie as they care for "their" baby.

TV RADIO MIRROR goes to the movies

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Bundle of Joy
RKO, TECHNICOLOR

As a TV guest, Debbie Reynolds has teamed on occasion with spouse Eddie Fisher. But this is the first time that the parents of Carrie Frances Fisher have been full-fledged co-stars. Ironically, the two are here parents only by mistaken identity. As a humble department-store employee, Debbie gets stuck with a foundling. She's assumed to be the little charmer's mother, and when the boss's son (Eddie) takes an interest in her "sad" case, he's tabbed as father. It sounds risque, but it's innocent family fun, with songs.

Baby Doll
WARNERS

Latest of the TV-trained personalities to hit Hollywood's screens is the sensational Carroll Baker. The delicate-featured blonde is cast as a Southern child-bride who keeps husband Karl Malden at arm's length. As a fiery business rival, Eli Wallach invades the household. Also familiar to fans of TV drama, Mildred Dunnock is a pathetic maiden aunt. Frank sex interludes put this in the not-for-kiddies category.

Hollywood or Bust
PARAMOUNT, WALLIS; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Filmed just before the Martin-Lewis team agreed on a professional divorce, this slap-happy comedy sends the pair on a gay jaunt cross-country. Fan Jerry and gambler Dean have won a car in a movie-theater drawing. While Dean flees racketeers, Jerry yearns to meet his idol, Anita Ekberg (complete with all the charms of the title). Dancer Pat Crowley joins the junket.

Love Me Tender
20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Presley fans have to be patient, but action fans will be satisfied with the outset of this post-Civil War yarn, as Dick Egan knocks off a Union payroll. Then he comes home to find girlfriend Debra Paget married to his kid brother. That's Elvis, who promptly goes into a country-style number, "We're Gonna Move." Between his dramatic chores (which he performs in fairly neat style for an acting greenhorn), Elvis also does dreamy ballads, gusty rock 'n' roll. (In 1865??)

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Ten Commandments (Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor): Pioneer in the TV-to-Hollywood trek, Charlton Heston makes a splendid Moses in DeMille's vast epic, with Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, all-star cast, spectacular camera effects.

Giant (Warners, WarnerColor): As a hearty Texas rancher and his gently-bred bride, Rock Hudson and Liz Taylor get fine support from TV trainees—James Dean, Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Sal Mineo—and radio-TV vet Mercedes McCambridge.

Westward Ho the Wagons! (Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor): Fresh and appealing adventure yarn, produced by Disney, teams Fess Parker with TV adversary Jeff York, as scouts leading a wagon train through Indian country.

Public Pigeon No. 1 (RKO, Technicolor): In a film version of a *Climax!* play, Red Skelton's an innocent lad victimized by swindlers. Janet Blair gives him more gentle nagging than Sid Caesar gets from her. Affable farce.

Reprisal! (Columbia, Technicolor): Half-Indian himself in this earnest Western, Guy Madison's slow in opposing prejudice. Once he gets going . . . !

movies on TV

Showing this month

BEDTIME STORY (Columbia): Gay marital comedy presents Loretta Young as an actress eager to retire. As her playwright husband, Fredric March tries to thwart her. With the late Bob Benchley.

BIG STREET, THE (RKO): Lucille Ball does an excellent dramatic job in the Damon Runyon story of a gangster's ex-sweetie, crippled, yet rebuffing the friendship of bus-boy Henry Fonda.

CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY (U.A.) Strong story of tragic South Africa, shot there. Two Negro ministers (Sidney Poitier, the late Canada Lee) seek the older man's slum-corrupted son.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO): In an air-action story inspired by the mysterious disappearance of lady flyer Amelia Earhart, Roz Russell risks her life for her country, sacrificing romance with Fred MacMurray.

GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE (U.A.): Colorful, old-style love story of the desert, teaming Marlene Dietrich with Charles Boyer, as a renegade monk.

GUILT OF JANET AMES, THE (Columbia): As Melvyn Douglas helps war widow Rosalind Russell get rid of her neuroses, Sid Caesar snaps up the movie by spoofing psychiatrists.

INTERMEZZO (U.A.): Touching romance-with-music stars the young Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard, as a pianist and a violinist, whose illicit love is brief.

KING KONG (RKO): Return engagement of the colossal gorilla that looms among New York skyscrapers and snatches Fay Wray. With Robert Armstrong.

MURDER, MY SWEET (RKO): Fast, tough whodunit casts Dick Powell as private eye seeking a stolen necklace and a missing night-club doll. With Claire Trevor, Mike Mazurki.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON (RKO): Deft comedy-drama set in Europe of 1938 finds reporter Cary Grant rescuing Ginger Rogers from husband Walter Slezak, secretly a Nazi.

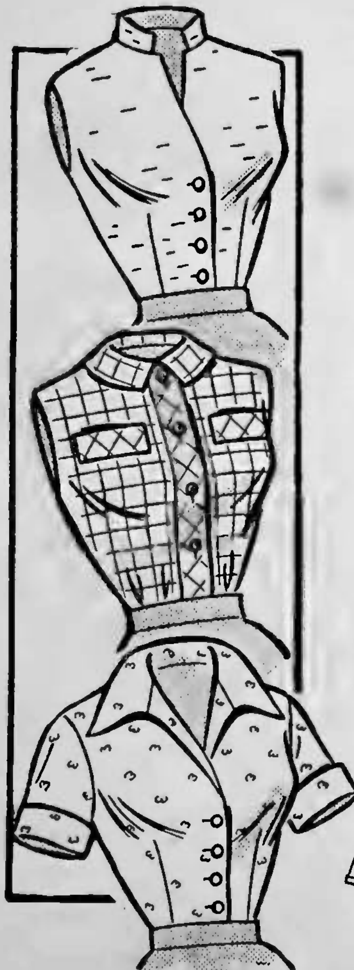
PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick): In a delicate fantasy, painter Joseph Cotten falls in love with Jennifer Jones, slowly realizing she's a ghost. Ethel Barrymore's a kindly art dealer.

SISTER KENNY (RKO): Rosalind Russell portrays the heroic Australian nurse who had to fight for recognition of her anti-polio technique. With Alexander Knox, Dean Jagger.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE, THE (RKO): Splendidly photographed, well-acted thriller. Servant to Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire is a mute who solves a mystery involving Rhonda Fleming.

PRINTED PATTERN

PRINTED PATTERN



New Patterns for You

4671—This princess dress is wonderful sewing—it's our new "printed pattern"! Its lines are soft, simple—adapt to many different fabrics, occasions! Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 39-inch. *State size.* 35¢

9056—You'll love the soft flattery of this dress, designed especially for the shorter, fuller figure. Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4¼ yards 35-inch. *State size.* 35¢

9038—Our new "printed pattern" makes sewing this blouse trio a cinch. Make a wardrobe of fashions from one pattern. Misses' Sizes 10-20. Size 16 upper version, 1⅝ yards 35-inch; middle version, 1⅞ yards; lower, 2 yards. *State size.* 35¢

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 state pattern number and size when ordering.

information booth

The World's His Beat

How about a story on NBC-TV commentator Chet Huntley?
Mr. S. and Sons, Cleveland, Ohio

For Chet Huntley, it was long a toss-up between medicine and speech, but the many readers of TV Radio Mirror who have written in to praise this popular guy know quite well what he finally chose. . . . Chet was raised on a Montana ranch and, while still aspiring to be a medico, won several state public-speaking contests. There followed three years of pre-med work at Montana State College, but a subsequent win in a National Oratory Contest settled the matter once and for all. Chet was awarded a scholarship to Seattle's Cornish School of Art, later received his bachelor's degree from Washington University. . . . Chet's first radio job consisted of reading local newspaper items, and he later did radio news work in Spokane and Portland, before moving to Los Angeles in 1939. There, the handsome six-footer amassed a huge following of loyal admirers, who vigorously applauded his intelligent news commentary and easy delivery. Critics agreed, and Chet has been the recipient of several honors, among them two highly-cherished Peabody Awards for "courageous and thoughtful radio journalism plus a craftsman's knowledge of the medium." Chet's transfer to New York occurred last Spring, when NBC-TV signed him to a long-term contract. His choice assignments have included an anchor-man role in NBC-TV's convention and election coverage last year. . . . Chet is co-editor, with Dave Brinkley, of *NBC-TV News*, seen each evening, and is editor of the much-praised *Outlook*, a news-in-depth show seen Sundays. In private life, Chet is a shutterbug, and collects books for a Manhattan apartment, wherein he resides with a charming wife, Ingrid, and two lovely teen-age daughters, Leanne and Sharon.

Chet Huntley

Mary Patton

Face Is Familiar . . .

What information do you have on Mary Patton, who played in Search For Tomorrow?
E. A., Palos Verdes, Calif.

Versatile Mary Patton is a firm believer in not confining herself to any one medium of show business—and she has plenty of credits to prove it. Since her 1937 debut in a road company of "You Can't Take It With You," the brown-haired, blue-eyed charmer has appeared in over forty feature roles on TV, radio, the stage and in films. . . . Mary, the daughter of a traveling doctor, was educated in several Eastern and Southern schools, and trained for the drama at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse. Since Mary plays a wide variety of parts, her appearance sometimes provokes a "she's-so-familiar-what's-her-name" reaction. But if her name doesn't always ring a bell, her performances most assuredly do. Recently, Mary was appearing as the home-wrecking villainess, Hazel Tate, in *Search For Tomorrow.* During this time, Mary was out, as she puts it, "fighting the battle of the A & P." "I hate you!" hissed a righteous feminine voice. "How could you be so evil?" Mary's mother had similar misgivings about Hazel, and finally called her daughter and questioned the wisdom of playing such a horrid woman. "Mother, don't be upset," soothed Mary. "I'm being murdered next week." "Oh, fine!" exclaimed her much-relieved parent. . . . Mary's household consists of husband Warren Parker, himself an eminent TV-radio actor, and a cute little armful of poodle named "Tony." The Parkers and pet live in a charming apartment on New York City's East Side. Lately, Mary has been busy demonstrating for various sponsors on cross-country industrial tours. It's just another side to an amazing, many-faceted personality.

From Owl To Hero

Could you please tell me something about John Lupton of ABC-TV's Broken Arrow?
J. S., Malden, Mass.

The *Broken Arrow* half-hour television series had been in the planning stages for some time, but studio executives were stumped. Who would they cast in the leading role of Tom Jeffords, Indian agent? When John Lupton undertook that role in a full-hour TV version of the film, their worries were over. For John, it was the happy result of hopes and plans that began back in Illinois. . . . John was born there on August 22, 1926. While other boys talked about being doctors, cowboys, or sailors, John set his sights firmly on one goal: Acting. He packed in all the experience he could in high school and summer stock. John joined Edwin Strawbridge's Lyric Theater, and toured in children's shows for two years. "I drove a truck, moved scenery and impersonated an owl and a pussy cat," he recalls. His Broadway debut was a role in Mae West's "Diamond Lil," followed by an appearance in the Katharine Hepburn production of "As You Like It." When this show went on tour, movie scouts spotted John, and he was signed to a contract. Minor parts were his lot, until Warner Bros. cast him as the sensitive marine in "Battle Cry," and John clicked in a big way. Shortly afterwards, he did a complete switch as "The Mojave Kid," a cold-hearted gun-slinger, on *Climax!* Both qualities—sensitivity and manly determination—fuse nicely in his current assignment. . . . The versatile young actor likes swimming and tennis, lists sculpture as his favorite hobby. In films, he recently wooed Margaret O'Brien in "Glory," and currently supports former-roommate Fess Parker in "The Great Locomotive Chase." Wedding bells rang last spring for John and the former Anne Sills of Chicago.

John Lupton

Calling All Fans

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

Mouseketeers Fan Club, c/o Carol Moss, 4645 Dyer St., La Crescenta. Calif.

Elvis Presley Fan Club, Box 94, Hollywood, Calif.

Pat Boone Fan Club, c/o Gloria Ballentine, 7214 Newport Ave., Norfolk 5, Va.

War Of The Sexes

Would you tell me about Johnny Washbrook, who plays Ken McLaughlin, on CBS-TV's My Friend Flicka?

J. R., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Twelve-year-old Johnny Washbrook's easy way with a horse in the *Flicka* series is a result of what may be called. "The War Between the Sexes—Part I." Due to size, coloring and other factors, Johnny's stand-in happens to be a girl. When Canadian-born Johnny first signed for the series. his equine experience was nil—but the presence of an expert girl rider soon changed *that.* Today, Johnny is an excellent horseman—the result of a natural male desire to outpoint the opposite sex, but also a tribute to a professional attitude that first showed itself five years ago. . . . Johnny had accompanied his brother, Donald, to a TV audition in Toronto, and, though Donald got the part, the producer remembered Johnny. Soon, two Washbrooks were working on TV. But it failed to convince Dorothy Washbrook that acting was for her son Johnny. Until one memorable summer evening. . . . Both Donald and Johnny were appearing in "Life With Father," and mother had even been drafted to play the maid (her first theatrical appearance). On this particular occasion, Johnny made his entrance two minutes late. Mother says, "I asked later if he wasn't frightened when he found the curtain up and himself in the wings, and he said, 'No, I just figured the boy might be upstairs or something and might just come down after all the others were in the room.' I thought if he had all that presence at that age, then there wasn't much doubt about his being an actor." . . . Johnny's American TV bow was made in April of 1955, after which 20th Century-Fox executives tested him for the role of Ken McLaughlin. He not only got the part, but a motion picture contract in the bargain. . . . Off-camera. he swims, rides, tap dances and sings "a little." He lists Randolph Scott, Roy Rogers and Audie Murphy ("when he does Westerns") as his favorite actors. No favorite actresses for Johnny—yet.

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.*

"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"

New! Clearasil Medication

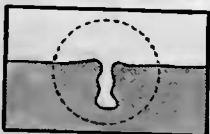
'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

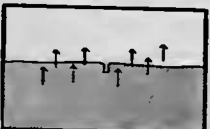
At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works.* In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

Skin-colored CLEARASIL hides pimples as it works, ends embarrassment instantly. Greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

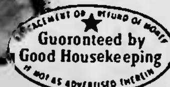
Skin creams can 'feed' pimples Clearasil 'starves' them

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS: CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Eastco Inc., Box 120C, White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires March 15, 1957.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America *(including Canada)*



FRIENDS IN DEED

Good neighbors form a volunteer army for the National Fund for Muscular Dystrophy

A HUGE ARMY of volunteers marched from door to door recently, asking for help in the fight against muscular dystrophy. This is a disease which wastes bodies and lives. Mostly, it attacks children, but it can strike anyone from a babe of one year to an adult of seventy. Its effect is a crippling and relentless physical deterioration. There is no cure—yet. But there is hope. Your help, said the neighbors-on-the-march, is the key to the cure. Your dollars, they added, will provide medical research, technical education, direct patient service, therapy, and public information. This volunteer army, The Neighbors Fund for the National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy, was backed by a Star Campaign Committee. Garry Moore served as National Honorary Chairman, with Steve Allen, Lee Ann Meriwether, Jayne Meadows, Bill Cullen, Henry Morgan and Mary Healy representing the world of radio and television, and with Ann Higginbotham, Editorial Director of TV RADIO MIRROR and PHOTOPLAY, representing the magazine world. The Fund set out to raise $250,000, and, said Hon. Paul G. DeMuro, NFMD's National President, "It must be done." The goal was met, but there is still much to be done. It is estimated that muscular dystrophy has presently victimized more than 100,000 men, women and children in the United States, and more than 65,000 of these are children. If you weren't able to give all you would have liked when your neighbor called—or if you were not at home—you can still mail contributions to: National Foundation for Muscular Dystrophy, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Be a friend in deed.

Celebrities joined the neighbors army. Editor Ann Higginbotham went on TV with plaque for Garry Moore, Star Committee chairman.

NEIGHBORS FUND FOR NATIONAL FUND FOR MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

Appreciation Awards

GRAND PRIZE • MINK COAT

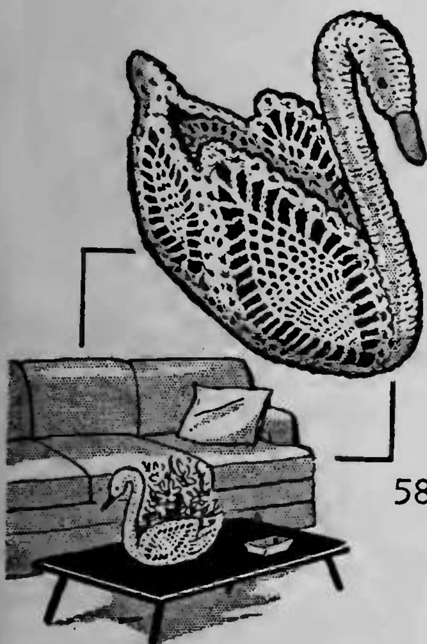
One Second Prize for each of the nine Eastern Region Chapters participating as follows:

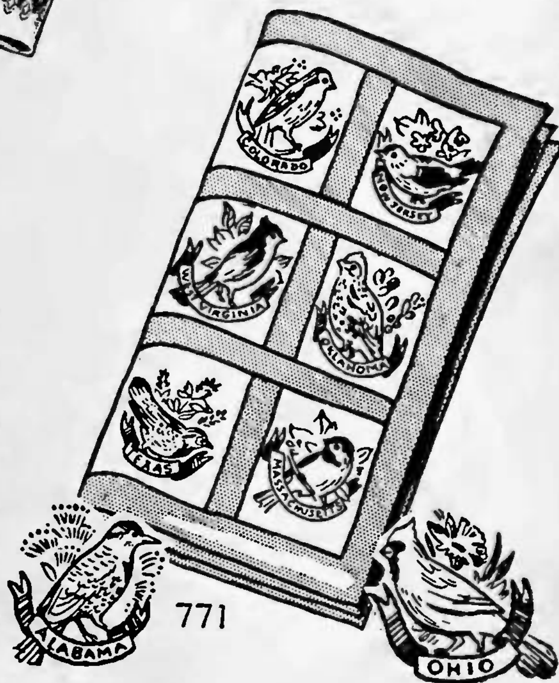
Atlantic Chapter, Far Rockaway, L. I.
Bergen County Chapter, New Jersey
Massachusetts Division, Boston, Mass.
Bronx Chapter, Bronx, N. Y.
Brooklyn Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gotham Chapter, New York, N. Y.
Middlesex Chapter, New Jersey
Nassau-Suffolk Chapter, Long Island
Queens County Chapter, Long Island

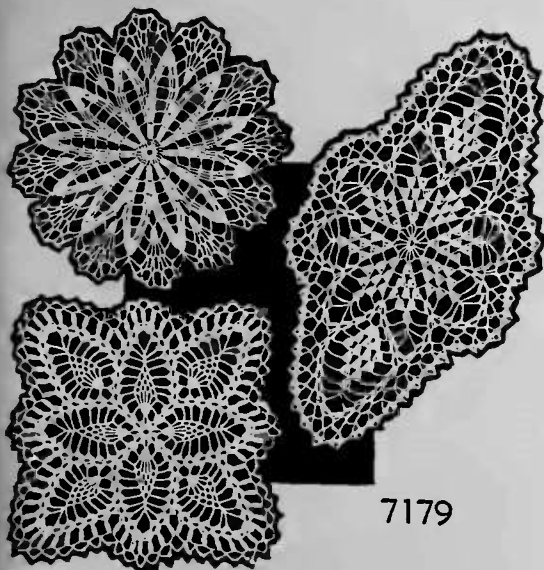
Second Prizes for the above chapters: Four fashion originals, costume jewelry, luggage, all-expense paid Florida vacations, Arthur Murray dance lessons, Singer sewing machines, television sets.

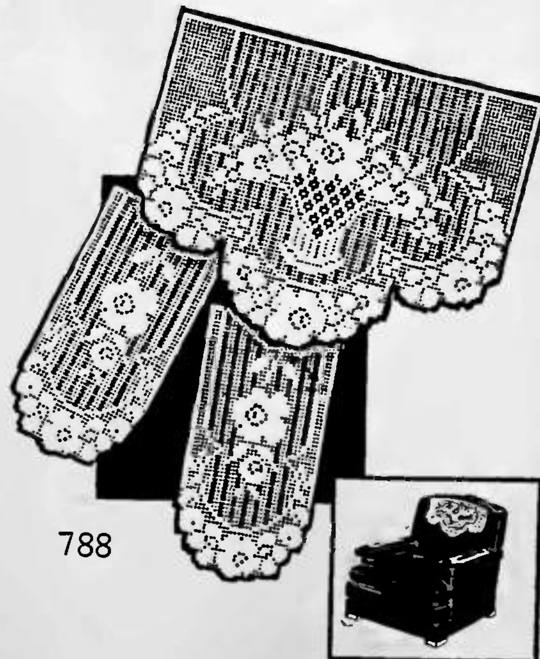
In addition, there are forty assorted Appreciation Awards for distinguished volunteer work. All prizes were donated by manufacturers for award to the 12,000 good neighbor volunteers who participated in the Neighbors Fund campaign to receive contributions from 250,000 neighbors anxious to help find the cause, treatment and cure for muscular dystrophy.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING









826—It's "sew-easy" to make this pretty maternity top. Make several in cool cottons. Trim the scoop neckline with gay embroidery. Maternity Misses' Sizes 10-12, 14-16, included. Pattern, transfer, easy directions. 25¢

7323—Swedish weaving is a delightful handiwork and easy to do! Use these designs on aprons, towels, bibs, dress accessories. Three different designs included. Charts show every detail, directions. Make wide or narrow band. 25¢

801—Two pretty ways she can wear this style! A cute pinafore—or a party dress, with the addition of the separate collar. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 included. Pattern, embroidery transfer, directions. 25¢

581—Elegant centerpiece for your dining table—a graceful swan crocheted in pineapple design. Fill it with fruit or flowers. Crochet directions, body about 12 x 6½ inches. Use heavy jiffy cotton—starch stiffly. 25¢

771—Forty-eight colorful birds—each nestling against its own state flower. Easy to embroider on a cozy quilt. Pattern includes diagrams. transfers of all 48 state birds and flowers. Quilt 72 x 102 inches. 25¢

7179—It takes less than a day to crochet each of these pretty little doilies for your own home or for gifts. Three different crochet designs (8-inch square, 8-inch round, 7½ x 14-inch oval, in No. 50 merc. cotton, larger in string.) 25¢

788—Graceful flower design in filet crochet—a lovely decoration and a protection for furniture. Use it as a chair-set, buffet cover. Chair-back 13 x 16 inches, armrest 6 x 12 inches, in No. 50 mercerized cotton. Chart, directions. 25¢

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

OH, BROTHER!

Any resemblance between gagster Jim (left) and straight-man Bill is hilarious!

Bill and Jim Stanley,

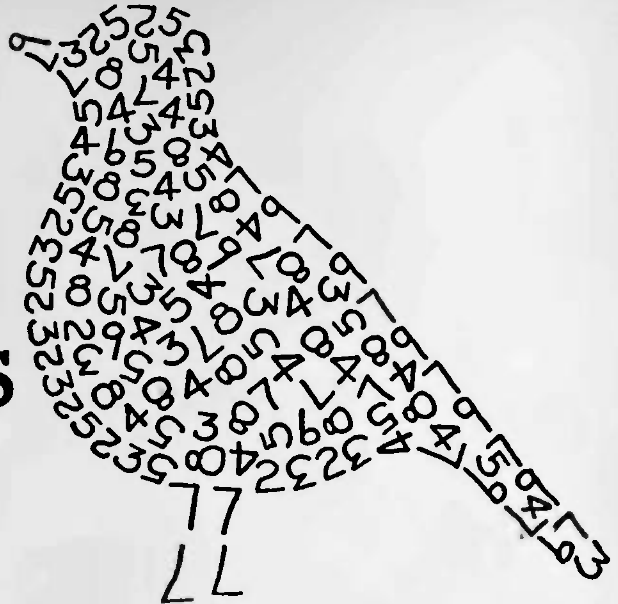
WICH's morning laugh team,

are as different

as two brothers can be

ALIKE as brothers? For Bill and Jim Stanley, the family resemblance is strictly for laughs—and ad-libbed at that. These two Norwich natives team on the *Bill And Jim Show,* heard weekday mornings from 6 to 8:40 on Station WICH. Bill's the straight man, Jim's the gag man. Each is a foil for the other on a show of news, weather, music, ad-lib chatter, impromptu features and take-offs on sponsors and local big-wigs. They've a cast of thousands of imaginary guest characters. Most notable is "Aunt Clara," the sweet old gal who pedaled a bicycle around town in gym sneakers. . . . Bill is twenty-six and, as Jim, twenty-two, says, "He gets the ulcers while I get the laughs." Bill claims the ulcer is healed, but Jim insists that Bill simply retouched the X-ray negative. Bill's the family man, with a wife, Peg, and a one-year-old son, Bill, Jr. He leads a quiet home life, the only battle being a perennial one to grow a lawn around his five-room house on Newton Street. He has a reputation as one of the best photographers in the area and has done considerable free-lance work for local and New York papers. Off the air and out of the darkroom, Bill may be tracking down a prospective buyer of radio time. . . . Jim, who has been considered the "laugh man" of his crowd since schooldays, lives with their mother, Myrtle, "our best fan and biggest critic." An eligible but elusive bachelor, Jim centers his off-the-air time on show business. Sundays, he conducts a hi-fi concert at the Lighthouse Inn in New London and at other times he can be found emceeing programs at local night clubs and resorts, attending jazz concerts, and acting as lifeguard at Norwich's Mohegan Park. . . . Bill handles the business end of the show. Jim admits he's not the type and has the figures to prove it. When the brothers Stanley recently closed the doors of their ill-fated photography and greeting-card store, one item in the inventory was ten thousand cardboard picture frames, bought by Jim in one of his more enthusiastic moments as store manager. Jim also admits that the store cleared $156 one year on a gross income of $21,000. . . . More successfully, the Stanleys have been amusing Eastern Connecticut listeners for three years, ever since their discharge from the Marines. With Jim's admitted lack of business acumen and Bill's desire to try anything new, they turned to radio and WICH. Says Bill: "We felt a local-type program by local boys would be good for everyone concerned." Says Jim: "That's not quite it. We needed the money—and nobody else would hire us."

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON THE ROBIN?



Add up the figures and find out. Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS. Try it yourself.

$6360.00 IN CASH PRIZES

(NOW ON DEPOSIT)

FIRST PRIZE $2,000 including $500 bonus for promptness (see rule 2)

Second Prize	$1000.00	9th to 13th Prize, each	$100.00
Third Prize	$500.00	14th to 18th Prize, each	$50.00
Fourth Prize	$350.00	19th to 44th Prize, each	$25.00
5th to 8th Prize, each	$200.00	45th to 75th Prize, each	$10.00

—HERE ARE THE RULES—

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Robin and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23", etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. **Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send cash if yon prefer. Write ns for additional pnzzle sheets if yon need them.**

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. **Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn.** A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. This contest is confined to persons living in the United States, its territories and possessions including Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Canal Zone, Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., their advertising agency and members of their immediate families are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from January 1 to April 10, 1957. Entries postmarked April 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Robin Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Manager

Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rnles are simple and complete. It's entirely a contest of nnmbers, strictly a game of skill. We print the winning answer with the name and address of the winner, in fact we print the names and scores of all of the winners. A pencil is the only tool reqnired and yon start on an eqnal basis with everyone else. No pictures to identify, no statements to write. If yon have never taken part in a number pnzzle contest why not give it a try. Give yourself a fair chance to sncceed. This may be the hobby you have been looking for. Operated by a non-profit corporation reqnired by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising and legitimate expenses to nurses training, child welfare and other tax exempt charitable pnrposes.

Miss Sally Seymonr is one of 29 nurses in training at nearby hospitals under our scholarships, and writes; "I would like to express my appreciation to those who made it possible for me to fnlfill my desire to become a nurse. My grateful thanks to Scholarships, Inc."

Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

There are............feathers on the Robin.

Type your name and address if possible. If not print by hand.

Name...

Address...

City.............................. Zone.......... State..........

Donations mailed before **FEBRUARY 16, 1957**, qualify for Promptness Bonus.

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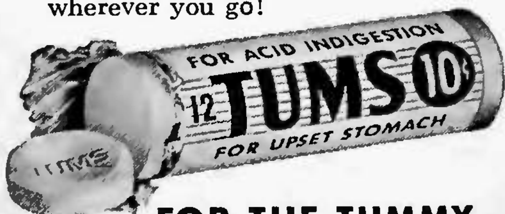
Get TUMS Ideal Relief... "People-tested" by Grateful Mothers!

While carrying baby, you'll find modern TUMS are such a blessing! Now those acid attacks needn't cause you another minute of distress. Just eat one or two tasty TUMS. They quickly dissolve just right to get to the stomach fast ...and neutralize the *excess* acid that causes your heartburn. And TUMS relief really *lasts!* TUMS scientific formula contains no soda, no alkalizers... nothing to upset your digestion. They're *safe, fast,* and *sure.* Used by millions of grateful mothers. Carry TUMS wherever you go!



FOR THE TUMMY

STILL ONLY 10¢ A ROLL, 3-ROLL PACK 25¢

CAN I

ABC listeners get a warm response to personal queries, from the heroine of When A Girl Marries

By JOAN DAVIS
(Mary Jane Higby)

Dear Joan Davis:

I have a terrible problem about a friend. We are both sixteen, both in high school, and have been best friends practically since kindergarten. There is nobody I know so well, even my own family. But this last year she has been acting very funny. Not toward me, our friendship is the same. But she has become very sharp-tongued and snappy toward, it seems, the whole rest of the world—and very critical. It began last term when she got a crush on a new teacher in our school. So did all the other girls. But I knew all the time she was really taking it much too big, I mean really seriously—and he is married and has a small baby. Now it seems something is going on about this teacher, or so the rumors go. The story is that his wife or our principal or maybe both have been told that he has been carrying on with some of his girl students. Now, I go to a small school and I guess I know everybody in it, and none of us can find any girl who fits such a picture, but the worst of it is I have a strange feeling that it is my friend who is behind the trouble. Knowing her so well, I have seen and heard things that make me very suspicious. I do not want to meddle. But if I can make sure my friend is really doing something wrong, should I do anything about it to help the teacher and his wife? So far it is only rumor, but suppose they want to fire him or something? And yet this is my best friend, and I believe in loyalty and friendship. Should I do nothing?

E. G.

Dear E. G.:

Loyalty and friendship are fine things to believe in, E. G. If, at your age, you already realize how much they can secure and enrich your life, you've made great strides. But I'd like to offer one additional stepping-stone to the maturity of mind and character you'll undoubtedly arrive at one day: Honesty. The honesty that begins with being honest with oneself, *about* oneself. Just how much do you absolutely know about your friend's possible wrongdoing—and how much is made up of your own imagination and of circumstances? How much comes from a possible desire to be important in the life of this teacher on whom all the girls, as you report, had crushes? This may seem harsh and it may indeed be unfair, but the answers must be found in your own heart before you give this problem any further thought. Now, I will assume that your answer to yourself will be: *No, I'm not imagining. I know she has something to do with what's happening. But I don't know what.* I would suggest as a first step that you try to re-establish your intimacy. Perhaps if she feels she can still rely on your friendship she will discuss the whole thing with you, and you can then use all your powers of persuasion to urge her to stop—whether she's been writing anonymous letters or making sly phone calls or merely circulating damaging rumors which have no basis in fact. If and when you actually have some proof that your friend is guilty, you can still do nothing, with a clear conscience, unless you become certain that this young teacher is really being harmed or even seriously inconvenienced by her actions.

However, if you are profoundly, morally sure that the young teacher is in real trouble, I think you would be justified in going to him and telling him what you know and can prove. Remember—not merely your impressions or suspicions, but hard fact. Let him take it from there. He has the right to try to protect himself, and also the responsibility—that is not yours. Your part in this potentially most unpleasant situation is chiefly to keep quiet, jump to no conclusions, and make absolutely certain that the line between what you know and what you suspect is as sharp and clear as honesty can make it.

Dear Joan Davis:

Six years ago I eloped with a boy who worked in the same place as I then did, and with whom I believed I was passionately in love. We eloped because my mother was against him, but I paid no attention. Well, my little girl was only a couple of months old when I had to admit that we were mismatched. There seemed no way in which we could get along, though in himself I still think there is nothing so awfully wrong with this boy. Both of us were quarreling and miserable all the time. Finally, I got a divorce after two years of this unhappiness.

HELP YOU?

Then a year went by and I started seeing him again. He was very anxious to try again, and, thinking of our little daughter, I decided it was worth trying to give her back her rightful father. But, Miss Davis, it is again a terrible failure. This time, for almost three years I have been trying, and all I know is that I am miserable and see no use in going on living. For the sake of my little girl, do you think I should go on like this or break it up again and admit failure?

Mrs. R. M. C.

Dear Mrs. R. M. C.:

You do not tell me in what special ways you and your husband cannot get along, but it is apparent that, whatever the trouble is, your two tries have proved that it is basic. However, this does not necessarily mean that it is incurable. This young man with whom you thought yourself "passionately in love" still meant enough to you after a year of separation to make you think of trying marriage again, and for this reason—as well as for your child's sake—I would think very searchingly, very carefully, before rushing into a second divorce. By this time, both you and he are probably incapable of taking a good, honest look at the situation without outside help. Through your clergyman, your family doctor, or an available social agency in your city, try to place yourselves and your marriage in the hands of a qualified marriage counselor. Such a person, trained, experienced, and able to look at both of you without emotional factors to blur his vision, can very possibly help you figure out what's wrong. Don't be sheepish or embarrassed about seeking such help. If you can win happiness for the three of you, isn't it worth a little effort? Please try, R.M.C., and try with all your heart, before you think of giving up again.

Dear Joan Davis:

I am eighteen and just out of high school, but what is most important about me is that I am an only child. You see, this is a very small place I have lived in, a village really, and for a long time it has been my great ambition to go to a really good business school and learn to be a really good secretary. Except for the typing and shorthand in high school, there is no place around here where I can get any kind of training, not to say first-class training such as you can get in a school in a big city. But my parents, who are unfortunately quite a bit older than average, because I was born to them late in life, are terribly set against my going. I would have to live in Chicago, fifty miles away, but I could come back weekends and, in fact, there are some men around here who even commute back and forth every day. I couldn't do that, but I tell it to show that I am not asking to go to another world. Also I have a second cousin in Chicago, quite a bit older, who has said I can live with her. But, because she is older and divorced, my parents act as though I were going into a life of sin.

M. M.

Dear M. M.:

Parents can be so unreasonable—particularly when they start pointing out how unreasonable their children are! The sad truth is that there seems to be some basic law of nature that prevents the generations from understanding one another's points of view. As an only child you do have a harder row to hoe, and I wish I could supply some magic formula that would make it easy for you to explain your position to your parents—and that would also enable you to understand their anxieties and apprehensions. If there is no real reason why this second cousin of yours is an undesirable companion—and for that I think you will have to accept your parents' verdict—then you should enlist the help of someone your parents respect, to support your side of the argument. Your clergyman would be ideal. But failing such help, and if your parents continue to insist they will not allow you to live with your cousin, perhaps you will have to compromise with your ambitions for a year or two. You are certainly very young to be completely on your own—young enough to give up a couple of years to allay your parents' fears. At nineteen or twenty, if you still feel as you do now, you would be justified in putting your case to them much more urgently. Sooner or later every parent must face the fact of his child's adulthood, but in your case it would be better, I think, to go gently rather than to try to force them to agree to something they may, in a comparatively short time, come around to seeing by themselves.

Dear Joan Davis:

I have one big problem and it's my husband. We've been married two years and have a son and are expecting our second child very soon. We've been getting along fine except for the last few months. Every time I think that we are settled for a quiet evening, his mother or sister send for him to do this or that, and he never refuses. I'm the one who gets rejected.

Mrs. R. P.

Dear Mrs. R. P.:

Is there any special reason why this situation only arose during the last few months? If your mother-in-law has moved or if there is some other temporary reason for her to call on your husband for help, perhaps patience is the answer to your problem. Perhaps these calls haven't come as often as you, in your resentment, feel they have. Be sure you are not magnifying the problem. But if you are sure, then talk first to your husband—not quarrelsomely or emotionally, but reasonably. Point out that it is unfair for him to leave you to so many lonely evenings. Alternatively, you might try proposing, the next time he gets a call from his mother or sister, that you go along with him. This would serve the double purpose of relieving your loneliness and giving you a chance to socialize with your in-laws and perhaps improve the relationship. If none of this works, I am afraid your only recourse is to be more patient. Nothing is more dangerous than trying to drive a wedge between your husband and his family. Your husband may come to his own conclusions about these demands. You may safely make it plain that you don't like these constant calls—but leave it at that. Nagging will get you into a far worse situation than the annoyance you put up with now.

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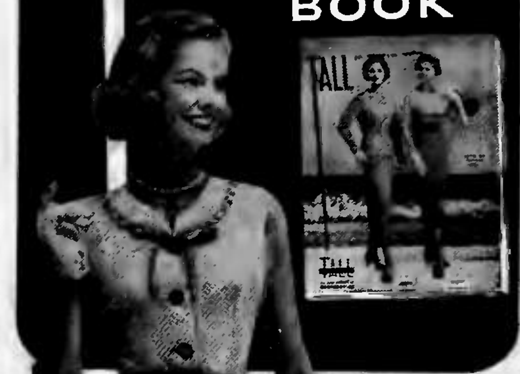

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Latest Tall fashions proportioned to fit well and styled with your height in mind! Priced no more than regular misses' size fashions. They come in sizes 10 to 20.

Checked Percale and crisp Piqué combine to fashion this flattering Coat Dress, only $3.98! Other lovely dresses $3.49 up. Also coats, suits, sportswear, shoes, hose and lingerie.

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TVR

Now... end dandruff problems

this pleasant easy shampoo way!

new Helene Curtis ENDEN*—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form! *No prescription needed... 99% effective!*

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. ENDEN get results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use ENDEN regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved ENDEN's basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While ENDEN's medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

A wonderful shampoo for the whole family—ENDEN is especially good for adolescent dandruff. Even children can use ENDEN safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. ENDEN helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover ENDEN makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to ENDEN.

use ENDEN *instead of your regular shampoo*—*ends itching scalp and dandruff problems and prevents their return!*

big jar only $1.50 *no tax* at drug and cosmetic counters

*Trade mark

Guaranteed to end dandruff problems

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care.

That's My Steve!

Getting Steve off to work is like getting a small boy off to school—complete with a list of "reminders" for the day.

By JAYNE MEADOWS

As Mrs. Allen, I know he can be as helpless as any husband alive —and more absent-minded than most. But, in the things that count, Steve's heart always remembers . . .

ARCHING THEIR BROWS, people who are familiar with Steve's crowded schedule often ask me: "And what do *you* do with *your* time?" A fair question—for it's reasonable to wonder what does anyone who is *not* Steve Allen do with his or her time!

In January or February, Steve intends to drop *Tonight.* Meanwhile, he is on the air four nights a week for NBC-TV: Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 11:30 P.M. to 1 A.M., New York time, on *Tonight.* Sunday, from eight to nine P.M., on *The Steve Allen Show*—to which he will now devote all of his television time and thought and talent.

The number of conferences, auditions, rehearsals and, inevitably, headaches involved in this much network exposure may be imagined! Now and again, a between-telecasts trip

Continued

Just call me "Meadows," valet extraordinary. I lay out Steve's clothes, socks to tie—and, of course, a clean handkerchief. But the apple isn't for "Teacher." I slip them into his pockets, in case he forgets to eat lunch.

That's My Steve!

(Continued)

is called for, such as the one last October to Fairmount, Indiana, Jimmy Dean's home town, in preparation for the tribute Steve paid the late beloved young actor on his Sunday-night show. On Mondays and Tuesdays, his "days off," he might be found making an album or a recording for Coral Records. When he is not on a movie or TV screen—or preparing to be—he is burning the post-midnight oil at his typewriter.

Within the space of one year, Steve published three books: "Bop Fables," "The Funny Men," and "Fourteen for Tonight," a collection of short stories. His most recent book, "Wry on the Rocks," a collection of his poems, was published last October by Henry Holt & Company. He writes a monthly page for a national magazine—and fiction, mostly short stories, for a number of magazines.

He has more contracts than the nimble piano-playing fingers of his hands. Television contracts. Contracts with movie companies—"The Benny Goodman Story," in which he impersonated the great clarinetist, was a Universal-International film. Contracts with publishers.

Compared with Steve's activities and commitments, my Wednesday-night stint on the Garry Moore panel show, *I've Got A Secret,* guest shots on TV dramatic shows, summer-theater work (such as "Tea and Sympathy," in which I toured last summer), the recordings my sister Audrey and I do every few months under the RCA Victor label—and all the personal appearances we make in connection with these records—is so relatively relaxed a schedule as to leave me, presumably, with time on my hands to spare.

But, although the question of what I do with my time is obviously a fair one, the innocence of those who ask it amuses me no end. When a man as busy as Steve Allen is as absent-minded and helpless as Steve Allen, no one *knows* what the wife has to do!

I get him up in the morning. I run his bath. I lay out his clothes. I cook breakfast for him. I keep after him as a mother after a child in danger of being late for school: "Now get into the tub. Now eat your breakfast. Here is your list of appointments for the day. You have eight minutes to get to the office."

As soon as he leaves the house, I pick up the little heap of last night's shoes, socks, newspapers, scraps of paper on which he has scribbled fragments of verse, pens, pencils, everything that has been dumped (and everything dumpable *has* been) on the table or floor by his bed.

Usually the debris is strictly for the laundry and/or wastebasket, but I dare not delegate the task of picking up after Steve to our maid—since, one morning, I salvaged a mothy scrap of paper on which was scrawled, in pencil:

"He never harmed a soul
Except his own."

Under the title, "Epitaph," these two poignant lines are to be found on page 111 of "Wry on the Rocks."

I once asked him, "Isn't it as easy to drop things in a wastebasket as on the floor?" What answer did he make? None. *He didn't hear me.* He was dreaming about something. . . . *(Continued on page 93)*

The Steve Allen Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 P.M. EST, for Viceroy Cigarettes, Andrew Jergens Co., Polaroid, Maybelline, and others. Jayne is seen on *I've Got A Secret.* CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Winston Cigarettes. Steve stars on *Tonight,* NBC-TV, Wed-Thu-Fri. 11:30 P.M. EST and PST, 11 P.M. CST.

Anyone who's ever seen him on TV (above, with Sammy Davis, Jr., on *The Steve Allen Show*) knows how talented he is. He may be "Man overboard!" in a kitchen, but he's terrific at piano or typewriter—a truly creative musician, comedian, emcee, author, poet and composer.

Fan mail only tells Steve how nice other people are, because they took the trouble to write. My husband has less "ego" than anyone could imagine.

His energy and range of enthusiasms are seemingly boundless. It takes a kind of "tenth sense" to tell me when he's really tired out and needs pampering.

ROCKING AROUND

Partners: Seated at left, Bill Haley and manager Jim Ferguson. Standing, Billy Williamson, and yours truly, John Grande (leaning on "Lord Jim's" chair).

By JOHN GRANDE

WE WERE a pair of real sad cats, Billy Williamson and I, that day back in Newark. It's strange now to realize that it had anything to do with The Comets—and that happy beat called rock 'n' roll—for our gloom was so thick you couldn't have dented it with a rimshot. What Billy and I had thought was our first important band job had turned into a stinker.

I was seventeen, Billy was twenty-one, and that hotel room of ours was worn out fifty years before either of us was born. The bed sagged and so did the floor; the curtains were dirty and the carpet torn. If any of the pretty girls who gave us the eye when we were on stand had ever got a load of that room, they would never have looked at us twice. Had my mother seen it, she wouldn't have looked more than once. She would have hauled me out by the ear.

We had just been paid. It sounded real great—

Continued

with BILL HALEY

We knew Haley'd be the kind of leader who wouldn't hog the spotlight but give all his men a chance—and, man, we were right! But we never guessed what a new sound The Comets would beat out—and how the cats would congregate to hear it.

We've got the beat, got the whole world rolling, because The Comets have got a star any guy would be glad to follow

ROCKING AROUND with BILL HALEY

(Continued)

Lucky The Comets dig each other offstage, too—tours can be rugged.

By bus or plane, day or night, the story of our life is "Go! Go! Go!"

One big family on a bus—trying not to miss our own families back home.

Sharon Ann and Jackie are Haley's children by his first marriage—he has three more at home now. Billy Williamson and I have kids, too. Billy's real gone on antiques, so—at a show in Rochester, below—he tried to sell me on a 100-year-old doll as a take-home present for my daughter Linda.

at home—to say I got ninety bucks a week for playing the accordion. Billy, on steel guitar, got the same. We had settled our hotel bill, paid our union tax, picked up our laundry and pressing, and had taken care of those extras which always creep in. I pulled my remaining cash out of my pocket. It didn't take long to count. If I ate careful, I'd get through the next week.

Billy, totalling his loot, was even more disgusted. "I know kids back in Norristown, Pennsylvania," he said, "who deliver groceries to make date money and come out better than this."

"And live better," I added, thinking of my home in South Philadelphia. About now, my mother would be fixing the spaghetti, my sister, Rose Marie, and my little brother, Dino, would be buzzing around. Dad would get home from work and there would be laughing and singing. The family would be together.

Billy was homesick, too. He has the Irish gift for making a joke out of anything, but now his face was long. "Man, we're nowhere. We work in a joint about as big as two phone booths pushed together, everybody's got a beef and no one gets a chance to play what he wants to play. This band is going to break up for sure."

That triggered it. We sat around getting all our gripes off our chests and our ambitions into words. When it came time to go to work, we had settled one thing—we both wanted to get into an outfit where the guys would stick together until we amounted to something. It should be a sort of a musical family. To head that family, we needed a leader—not just a guy who could stamp out a beat, but someone we could look up to, that we could learn from. A leader who would let you use every bit of talent in you.

It was quite a blueprint. "You know any such guy?" I asked Billy. It was about the same as asking for a good route to the moon.

Billy's brow had more furrows than his guitar had strings. "Matter of fact, I do. There's this Bill Haley—you've *(Continued on page 86)*

The Comet line-up—in the usual order—Al Rex, bass; myself (John Grande!), accordion; Franny Beecher, electric guitar; Bill Haley, guitar (and "ideal" boss); Billy Williamson, steel guitar; Ralph Jones, drummer; Rudy Pompillii, sax. The home line-up below—Billy's wife Cathy; my wife Helen; Miss Linda Grande, 5, on accordion, and Master Billy Williamson, Jr., 4, on guitar.

Now that you've seen Helen and Linda (right), can you blame me for calling home so often? But Lord Jim's seen the band's $1,000-a-month phone bills—so who can blame him for blowing his top?

All-American Mother

"Father Knows Best," of course, on TV—but Jane Wyatt found the one greatest answer in her own heart

On TV (above), she's wife to Robert Young and mother of Billy Gray, Elinor Donahue and little Lauren Chapin. Below, at home with her own husband, Edgar Ward, and their younger son, Mike.

As Margaret Anderson in *Father Knows Best,* Jane personifies a newer, truer version of today's chic, attractive homemakers.

Edgar and their sons Chris (left) and Mike are ardent fishermen. Jane loves to go along, too—but only to watch the birds!

Being the lone female in the family doesn't faze Jane. She's learned a lot about sports—and model planes, as made by Mike—but even more about the "being together" which builds and warms a home.

By DIANE SCOTT

One restless afternoon that was to change her whole philosophy of life—and her future—Jane Wyatt asked herself why she had failed. What had happened to the girl who was so high of heart and hope? The actress so dedicated to making the kind of magic that would be remembered for all time? . . . She thought of the Broadway openings—and the closings. Of starring in important Hollywood productions like "Lost Horizon"—and some of the parts she won afterward which might better have been lost. Of all the alternating high hope and deep despair. . . .

Idly, Jane picked up an old black scrapbook and began turning the pages, feeling a little sorry for the girl who had so carefully pasted in those first paragraphs—all the bits of paper that were to add up to the big dream. . . . Two hours later, closing the pages of the past, Jane Wyatt knew where she had really failed And what she must do.

"I was really disappointed, I suppose," Jane says now, "because I wasn't Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo all rolled into one. I guess you think you're going to be—that's why you go into it. And I'd always been so *intense* about acting. So intense about getting better parts in movies—and about getting plays that would run longer. I felt I'd failed, and I was so discouraged."

She remembered only the peaks. But, looking through her scrapbook, she was reminded of the years, the plays, the pictures—all the performances in between. And nowhere was personal failure written there. The critics had been almost unbelievably kind. Jane thought: Many of the productions failed—but people said *you* were good. What right did she have to be so discouraged about her career?

As Jane says now, "I decided to enjoy my work and to be more humble about it. Somebody once said, 'Humility is the acceptance of reality'—and that's right. If you're humble, you accept reality . . . not what you intended, but what *is*. I decided to be happier (*Continued on page* 94)

Jane Wyatt is Margaret Anderson in *Father Knows Best*, as seen over NBC-TV, Wednesday, 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Scott Paper Company.

This is

At 3, Hal didn't even dream of TV—but he was already alert to cameras.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

Conclusion

THIS IS *where I started. Where I first really got going in show business—and I'm proud of it.* . . . Hal March stood in front of the burlesque house beside a life-sized photo of a blonde stripper billed as "Miss Crystal Salt." A big red sign with white letters read: "Follies Burlesque—New Show Every Friday."

It was the old President Theater at 80 McAllister Street in San Francisco. Ironically enough, only eleven blocks from where a teen-aged Hal Mendelson had worked behind the counter of his dad's delicatessen store and lived for the day he could leave "the street" and its seeming oblivion . . . the night when he would cross that topaz necklace of lights which was the Oakland Bay bridge —and head for Hollywood and show business.

However, (*Continued on page* 80)

Hal emcees *The $64,000 Question,* CBS-TV, Tues., at 10 P.M. EST, for Revlon, Inc.

Homecoming: San Francisco welcomed the emcee of *The $64,000 Question* with open arms, when favorite-son Hal March returned with his lovely bride Candy.

where it all began...

First love, first city in Hal March's heart—his own home town, San Francisco

At 17, he was graduated from George Washington High, in San Francisco.

Dad's delicatessen-store truck was no vehicle for Hal's stage ambitions.

And the Army was no place for his flat feet—but it did "straighten" his nose!

Back on McAllister Street: A flower for his lapel, as he visits the old neighborhood. A chat with his first stage boss, Eddie Skolak, as they admire poster of the latter's wife in front of the well-remembered President Theater.

MY FRIEND, JACKIE GLEASON

Like anyone at the top, he's had his share of criticism—

but don't knock him to me. I know how really "tops" he is!

One thing we had in common, when we met nine years ago, was a love of Dixieland music. Others share it, too, as proved by this jam session on a memorable *Jackie Gleason Show*. From left to right (between myself and Jackie), Audrey Meadows, Steve Allen, Jack Carter, Garry Moore, Phil Silvers, and Ray Bloch.

By JACK LESCOULIE

My real name is John Pierre Lescoulie. My friend, Jackie Gleason, generally calls me "Li'l Abner." We're good friends. Besides seeing him Saturday at the rehearsal and show, I usually have lunch with Jackie about twice a week. That's when I first brought this up. I told him, "TV Radio Mirror wants me to do a story about you. How would you feel about it?"

"Go right ahead, pal."

"Anything you want in this?" I asked.

"No, Li'l Abner. You're on your own. Go all the way."

So here we go. All the way. Jackie has been misrepresented by some writers and some publications. I intend to correct some of these things. But I'm not going to tell you what to believe. I'll tell you some stories about Jackie that no one has ever written about, and then you can draw your own conclusions. And away we go.

Not long ago, a national magazine did a picture layout on Jackie. Every picture made him look moody and heartbroken—as if he spent his hours off TV knitting a hangman's noose. Now, a camera doesn't necessarily lie, but the fact is that the magazine in question took about four hundred pictures and, out of the mass, selected a half-dozen that made Jackie look like a Pagliacci. That is not Jackie.

Nine years ago, I met Gleason, and he's the same happy-go-lucky soul today that he was then. Sure, he has problems. But, as Jackie himself says, "It only takes four friends and five seconds to shake a problem." And his disposition is completely independent of economics. It didn't matter whether he was broke

See Next Page—→

He's been called a "tyrant in rehearsal." It isn't so. Both he and June Taylor (above left) are perfectionists—but mighty human, too. And what parties he gives for the cast! At one of them, pictured below, Audrey, Jackie, and Art Carney are surrounded by beaming June Taylor Dancers.

MY FRIEND, JACKIE GLEASON

(Continued)

down to a nickel, or had five hundred dollars in his pocket, Jackie had the same confidence and good cheer. Neither of us was worth much in those days but our attitude was different. If I had five bucks, I was figuring how many hamburgers I could buy with it. If Jackie had five bucks, he'd take a friend out for a steak dinner, charge the steak and tip the waiter with the five.

Nine years ago, I was working as an all-night deejay on Station WOR in New York. I needed live guests to keep the show awake. Sometimes promotion men brought around people who had something to promote. Sometimes they didn't, and then I wandered over to Toots Shor's restaurant. I'd tag a celebrity and ask (shyly) if he would come up to the studio and talk. That's where I met Jackie and, at the time, he wasn't a celebrity—but just as funny and great as he is today. He was a frequent guest on my show and we became friends. Jackie and I had things (*Continued on page* 91)

I'll admit I'm a bit more athletic than Jackie. After all, I'm a "sports editor," too. I'll also admit my schedule seldom leaves time for anything more active than playing at golf, in my own home, or romping with my dog, "Roger."

My wife Bridie is my particular pride—though she didn't think much of me when we first met! I'm also proud of my show, *Meet The Champions,* where I interview such greats of the sports world as pitcher Sal Maglie (below left).

Jack Lescoulie is seen on *The Jackie Gleason Show*, CBS-TV, Sat., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for Old Gold Cigarettes and Bulova Watch Co. He stars on *Meet The Champions*, NBC-TV, Sat., 6:45 P.M. EST. for Phillies Cigars—and is also sports editor of *Today* (*see page 58*)

the Importance of being Claire

Guest: Lisa Smith, daughter of producer Robinson Smith, visits the McDermotts in New York. She lives in the Virgin Islands—their favorite vacation spot.

Gift: Anne presents husband Tom McDermott, ad agency executive, with house slippers she made herself. Always busy, she does needlepoint between scenes at the studio.

Treat: Time spent together means a great deal to both Tom and Anne. She's a happy housewife—unlike wistful Claire Lowell of *As The World Turns*, on TV.

So happily married herself, Anne Burr finds that her role in As The World Turns broadens her perspective on life and acting

By FRANCES KISH

IF YOU have ever thought how good it would be to forget alarm clocks and sleep late every morning—as actresses are supposed to do . . . and lead a marvelously glamorous life every night—as they are also supposed to do . . . just ask Anne Burr about that. Anne, of course, is the creamy-blonde with enormous blue eyes who portrays Claire Lowell in *As The World Turns*, over CBS-TV. Admittedly, one of the reasons Anne herself turned to acting, in her very early twenties, was this promise of late-rising, and of nights spent in the exciting world of the theater . . . working hard, to be sure, but seeing the world always at its brightest and gayest and most glittering.

"It was never quite that way, even when I was still in the theater," she says, (*Continued on page* 74)

Anne Burr is Claire Lowell in *As The World Turns*, as seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow and Oxydol.

The World's My Family

Sharing their love, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans teach their children the abiding joy of sharing, too

The Rogers family takes jeep ride at ranch at Chatsworth. Picture answers question, "How many can a jeep hold?" Answer: "Nine."

Big splash! Cheryl, Dusty, Dale, Dodie and Debbie dunk in the pool. Below: Roy shows sons Sandy and Dusty a fabulous toy boat.

From high point near their house, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans survey their particular "God's Country."

By DORA ALBERT

AT THE state fairs in Columbus, Ohio, and Des Moines, Iowa, a few months ago, visitors saw an extraordinary sight. Following a talk by Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, seven children came up to the platform.

Each child was introduced by appropriate music. For the entrance of Cheryl—16, with light brown hair and a figure that shows she is growing into beautiful womanhood—the orchestra played "The Eyes of Texas" (Cheryl had come from an orphanage in Texas). For Marion—15, and even more Scottish than heather—the music was "The Campbells Are Coming." Linda, 13, and

Continued

Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and the lucky seven who make up the Rogers brood. Left to right, top row: Cheryl, 16; Linda Lou, 13; Marion Fleming, 15; Left to right, second row: Dodie, 4½; Deborah Lee, 4. Bottom row: Sandy, 9; Dusty, 10. Center: Dale and Roy, with hearts wide as the world.

The World's My Family

(*Continued*)

Dale serves a hearty meal to the hungry—and thankful—Rogers clan. Big circular maple table has room for all, and "lazy-Susan" in center helps out with serving problem.

Dusty, 10, were introduced by the song, "California, Here I Come." Sandy—9, and looking like a somewhat smaller replica of Dusty—entered to the music of "My Old Kentucky Home." Then olive-skinned, dark-eyed, black-haired Dodie—four, with three-quarters Choctaw Indian blood in her veins, and dressed in full Indian regalia—appeared to the music of "Chickie Wickie Choctaw," written especially for her by Dale Evans. Finally, there was Debbie, selected from 800 Korean orphans because her coloring and features seemed so right for Dodie's sister. She is also four, and her music was an Oriental song, especially written for her by a talented arranger.

"I call ours an international family," said Dale, her green eyes sparkling, as she surveyed the living room of the unpretentious but beautiful Rogers home in Chatsworth. The house is modern ranch-style. The exterior is a soft color, half-way between gray and beige. The living room features flagstone with grayish beams which bring out the colors of the flagstone.

The living room is the hub of the house, reflecting the many interests of the Rogers family. On one side of the room, there's a fireplace. Over the mantel is a Texas longhorn, which Roy brought back from a rodeo a couple of years ago, and on the mantel are two stuffed pheasants, shot by Roy in Marysville. Near the fireplace is a television chair, in the shape of a saddle.

On the left side of the fireplace are engraved these words: "Bless this house, Oh Lord, we pray. Make it safe by night and day."

And this house has been (*Continued on page* 88)

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans star in *The Roy Rogers Show*, as seen over NBC-TV, each Sunday, at 6:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Post Cereals, Maxwell House Coffee, Baker's Instant Chocolate Mix

Roy loves to show the boys how to handle odd repair jobs around the ranch in modern workshop. Below: Debbie and Dodie, youngest of brood, ride a fast horse for "menfolk."

Sunlit scene at the corral. Daughters Cheryl, Linda Lou and Marion Fleming sit on the fence to kibitz, while father Roy and sons Sandy and Dusty curry a horse.

Morning exodus. Three older girls drive car to school. Dale and Roy take boys to military school near by.

A deeply religious family, the Rogers' house contains many places for prayer. Here, Dale with young Debbie and Dodie.

All the Rogers children love the outdoor life of the ranch. Roy with Dodie, Debbie and Dusty visit the new puppies.

There are willing hands to help on TV, of course—both on *Home* and on Sunday's *What's My Line?*

Arlene Francis

WHO DOES IT ALL HERSELF

By MARIE HALLER

But, in private life, Arlene outpaces them all—from busy secretary Muriel Fleet to even busier husband Martin Gabel (actor, producer, director).

IF THERE is one woman alive qualified to lecture on the subject of "How to keep fantastically busy and still accomplish everything" it is, without question, Arlene Francis of NBC-TV's *Home* and CBS-TV's *What's My Line?* There's just one trouble . . . like the paradox she is, Arlene never lectures. Talk? Yes. Discuss? Yes. Lecture? Never!

So, to get to the root of her endless energy, it becomes necessary to sift things out for yourself . . . to approach Arlene as you would a jigsaw puzzle, putting all the pieces on the table and building until the picture is complete—or at least as complete as is possible when the puzzle happens to be a living, breathing personality overflowing with vitality. (*Continued on page*76)

She even finds time and energy to keep up with a nine-year-old—Martin's and Arlene's beloved son Peter—though his mathematical mind amazes her!

Home is seen on NBC-TV, Mon. thru Fri., from 10 to 11 A.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. *What's My Line?* is seen over CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Remington Rand and Jules Montenier, Inc. (Stopette).

People are Funny

Dawn's Wonderful Life

The delightful teen-age daughter of Art Linkletter tells how it feels to change from child into young charmer

By MAURINE REMENIH

This is a wonderful year for Dawn Linkletter, next to oldest of Art Linkletter's brood of five lively offspring. And the most wonderful part of it was turning seventeen, just last December 1.

In Dawn's opinion, fifteen is a "perfectly awful" age. And sixteen isn't too much better. "I call it a sort of 'not-quite' age," Dawn explains. "You're 'not quite' as young as you were, so it's undignified to do a lot of the things you've always done before. And still you're 'not quite' old enough to do most of the things you're dying (*Continued on page* 72)

Art Linkletter's House Party—On CBS-TV, M-F, 2:30 P.M., for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Brothers, Kellogg Company, Swift & Co., Simoniz, Campbell Soup, others—on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., for Coldene, Standard Brands, Swift, Simoniz, and others. His *People Are Funny* is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M., for Salem Cigarettes and The Toni Company—heard on NBC Radio, Wed., 8 P.M., for Anahist and others. (All EST)

At seventeen, Dawn Linkletter's world is expanding rapidly. She's learned about modeling, loves to dance, and has decided that later on she may go into show business like Dad.

On facing page, the whole Linkletter family! Dawn herself is on the chair arm at right. Behind her, oldest brother Jack. Center, proud parents Art and Lois. On left chair arm, brother Bob, 12. And, in front, sisters Sharon, 10, and Diane, the youngest.

To Cora, the dolls had become real people, the symbols of her loves . . . and her hatreds.

THE EDGE OF NIGHT

A suspense story about a terrified, childlike woman, gripped by evil influences she doesn't even suspect— a story-within-the-story of the popular daytime drama

HARRY LANE said briskly: "Sincerely yours. That's all for the moment, Marilyn." Marilyn rose, with the sleek grace of a wild animal. Harry Lane's glance went past her, unseeing. He appeared completely unaware of her as a woman. Marilyn said in a businesslike tone: "When do you want these letters ready, Harry?"

"Oh—in an hour. I have an appointment later."

She did not leave. She tapped her stenographer's notebook lightly against one hand. After a moment, he realized that she hadn't left. He looked up.

"I just wondered," she said silkily, "if you knew I was here. There was a time when I was more than office furniture, you know!"

CORA LANE's eyes fixed themselves upon the empty box the way they might have looked at a venomous creature. She began to tremble. *It's happened again,* she thought desperately. *Oh, it's happened again! But it can't be! It can't be! I remember so distinctly!*

She dropped the box and began to snatch open the other drawers of the bureau. She searched frantically, throwing their contents helter-skelter on the floor. She began to sob a little. She searched her closet. She even looked under the bed. And all the time, over and over again, the phrase *It's happened again!* repeated itself mockingly. She felt that she heard the words in Harry's voice, icy cold, and in the silken spite with which Marilyn would say them.

Presently she stopped stock-still, with her hands before her face, gasping and sobbing. She'd failed at everything else. Now it looked as though she'd even failed to stay sane.

Five minutes earlier, she'd felt wonderfully good. When she opened the bureau drawer she was smiling, and she noticed how strange and satisfying it was to smile. *This is the way to be happy,* she thought. *It is to make someone else happy. And who can be made happier than a child?* The box lay in the drawer just where she'd put it; pure rapture packed in tissue-paper for little Bebe.

This is the sort of thing I can do, Cora thought yearningly. *I certainly can't fail at this!* But even then, when she was most confident of giving pure happiness to little Bebe, something close to terror nibbled at the edge of her thoughts. She'd failed at everything—even at being able to endure failure. If she let herself remember how she'd disgraced herself and Harry. . . . People spoke of alcoholism as a disease, but to her, the disgrace remained. And nobody seemed to realize that failure could hurt as much as pain. It could be as terrible as physical torment. And she'd suffered unceasing failure all her life, as victims of an incurable disease suffer their agonies.

She couldn't fail in this, though. It was so simple a matter! Little Bebe was leaving Monticello with her mother. Harry had arranged it, and it was a pang for Cora. Little Bebe was the only person in the world to whom Cora did not seem worse than useless. But no little girl would not feel absolute bliss when presented with such a lovely, silken-haired doll as this, with dainty clothes that buttoned and unbuttoned, and which said "Ma-ma" in the most firmly established tradition of dolls.

So Cora smiled happily, reaching down to lift up the box. After her baby died and she learned she could never have another, she herself had collected dolls, pretending brightly to all the world that it was a hobby like collecting china or antiques. She'd made a jest of naming her dolls after people she knew—Harry, Marilyn, Jack, Sara, and so on. But, one day, Harry'd caught her actually playing with them like a child—and she was a grown woman—and he was coldly disgusted. She'd disgraced herself after she put them away for good, too. But, when one knew oneself to be a bitter disappointment to everybody, sometimes it seemed very logical to take refuge from the anguish of failure—even if it made one an alcoholic.

These things, though, she could ignore for now. She put the box (*Continued on page* 78)

The Edge Of Night is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, Crest, Camay, Spic and Span. Lauren Gilbert and Sarah Burton are pictured on opposite page in their roles as Harry and Cora Lane.

A FICTION BONUS

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A FICTION BONUS

On TV in Disney's Mickey Mouse Club, on the road in his cherished car, young Mr. Considine is having himself a time

Treasures: His mother's portrait, when she was teen-aged Carmen Pantages—and his own record-player.

TIM takes a Spin

By BUD GOODE

THERE'S a reason why youthful, appealing Tim Considine was immediately accepted into the hearts of teen-age America, from the first moment he appeared in "Spin and Marty" on Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club*, over ABC-TV. Two reasons, to be exact—one for boys, and one for girls. Boys find Tim a regular fellow, a down-to-earth guy who goes for football, baseball and sports cars. Girls swoon over his clean-cut, blond, blue-eyed, American-boy good looks—their fan mail most frequently describes Tim as "a real dreamboat!"

Just sixteen—as of December 31, 1956—Tim himself would be the first to disclaim that "dreamboat" tag. (*Continued on page* 70)

Tim is Spin in "The Further Adventures of Spin and Marty," on Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club*, as seen on ABC-TV, M-F, 5 to 6 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Durward Kirby in the role which suits him best of all—as devoted husband of "Pax" (nee Mary Paxton Young) and proud father of Dennis, 7, and Randy, 14, in their suburban home not far from New York City.

Acting as family chauffeur is Pax's biggest job. Even Durward has to run to keep up with the busy Mrs. Kirby!

Call those trees? "Cappy," the cocker, pines for the glorious tangle of woods near the Kirbys' vacation home.

The Shining Hours

(Continued)

in the country, too, and the woods and the water and all the fun that goes with them. But boredom happens to be something they never have time for, no matter where they're set down. For this is one of the busiest households to be found anywhere. There are always at least four new projects being carried on at one time—one by each member of the family—plus other projects about to be carried out.

For two years in a row, Durward has been taking a shop course in woodworking and cabinet making. He gave it up, regretfully, only this year, because of a time conflict with some of the TV shows on which he does the commercials. But he has always been a born Mr. Fix-It and, for a long time, Pax suspected that he almost enjoyed seeing things get broken, just so he could have the fun of repairing them. One of his greatest triumphs of repair and re-doing is an old roll-top desk which a junkman demanded ten dollars (*Continued on page* 84)

The Garry Moore Show is seen over CBS-TV, Mon. thru Thurs., 10 to 10:30 A.M. EST, Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship.

Hobbies are their specialty, and painting is *one* of Pax's "projects."

Randy likes to collect little glass hats, among other fascinating objects.

Dennis never misses anything. He is a born Mr. Fix-It, like his dad.

Music is their joy, when not working on other projects. But they don't just sit and listen—they play.

Outdoor sports belong to the vacation home. But, year around, Durward enjoys collecting—and admiring—old guns for his walls.

Pax knows antiques like a "pro," makes many a find which turns out to be a prize when restored.

Acting as family chauffeur is Pax's biggest job. Even Durward has to run to keep up with the busy Mrs. Kirby!

Call those trees? "Coppy," the cocker, pines for the glorious tangle of woods near the Kirbys' vacation home.

Music is their joy, when not working on other projects. But they don't just sit and listen—they play.

The Shining Hours

(Continued)

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No Doubt about LOVE

Today's working hours could keep a man a bachelor forever—but not after Dave Garroway met Pamela!

Four A.M. is no hour to rise and shine. Dave does it, with no little reluctance, lots of help from time-keeping, labor-saving gadgets by his bed. Yet, with all the hours he spends on *Today* and *Wide Wide World*, he never tires of TV, loves to watch it.

Dave has many hobbies—doubly enjoyable when he shares them with his bride. Here a globe, the New York wall-map, the "wire man" who welcomed Pamela to her new home.

Dave Garroway is seen on *Today*, NBC-TV, M-F, 7 to 9 A.M., under multiple sponsorship—and *Wide Wide World*, NBC-TV, every other Sun., from 4 to 5:30 P.M., as sponsored by A.C. Spark Plug, United Motors Service and other divisions of General Motors Corp. He's heard Sundays on the 7-to-10 P.M. segment of *Monitor*, NBC Radio's weekend service. (All EST)

Newlyweds Pamela and Dave are living on top of the world, in their penthouse above Park Avenue. But, when it comes to eating, they get down to earth—or, at least, floor level. Their favorite "dining spot" is the low-slung coffee table.

By MARTIN COHEN

HE WAS a veritable Gibraltar of bachelorhood. So, when Dave Garroway married late last summer, there was a scurrying throughout the land as pale and shaken bachelors hurriedly barricaded doors and strove to regain their morale. But Garroway's marriage had quite a different effect on the many, many admirers who regard him with a great deal of affection, mingled with typically feminine concern. For them, there was only one question. "What kind of a girl," they wanted to know, "did our Dave marry?"

Here's the answer—in person. She's a beauty, a slender five-foot-five with reddish brown hair and big, blue-moon eyes. She is the former Marquise de Coninck, nee Pamela Wilde. She came by the title in her first marriage abroad. She grew up in Paris, but her parents are U.S. citizens and Pamela talks like a true native American. She is a fine cook and an (*Continued on page* 68)

WHO'S WHO ON

Jan Miner

EACH YEAR, our readers vote for their "favorite daytime radio actress." Six years in a row, that coveted TV RADIO MIRROR Award has gone to the lovely lady best known as Julie Nixon, head of the orphanage called *Hilltop House*! . . . It's a delightfully ironic twist to the story of a Boston girl who prepared for a theatrical career behind the scenes, rather than as a performer. Jan studied set designing at the Vesper George Art School, went on to continue her apprenticeship in summer stock, and there—at the Cambridge (Mass.) Strawhat Theater—found herself on stage, an actress by true "popular demand." Her radio debut in a program dramatizing marital problems, on Boston's Station WNAC, opened the door to a career which has seen her starring on the top TV dramatic playhouses (notably, *Robert Montgomery Presents*), as well as the best-loved daytime serials (Jan's also heard in the title role of *The Second Mrs. Burton*). . . . Her husband is the well-known actor, Terry O'Sullivan—who has played opposite her in a previous episode in the story of *Hilltop House.*

Lester Fletcher

MASTER of dialects by both birth and breeding, Lester was an ideal choice for Julie's devoted admirer, Andre Martel, professor at Madison City College. Born in Cardiff, Wales, he began his schooling in France, then Switzerland, before returning to England. He studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, and privately in Berlin, where he played on stage with Emil Jannings. . . . Lester's knowledge of languages was especially valuable during the war, when he served as a radio director for the U.S. Office of War Information. Since then, he's been active on stage and screen, here and abroad, as well as radio-TV. . . . Like Casey Allen, he's a champ skier, hi-fi and camera bug. Casey's favorite models are the little Allens. Bachelor Lester's favorites are his dogs and cat—all jet-black. He can cook superbly in French, Italian and Austrian. In his more British guise, Lester is heard as Arthur Brinthrope in *Our Gal Sunday.*

HILLTOP HOUSE

Casey Allen

TODAY, he's a great success as David Baxter, the eminent psychologist who has become so important in Julie Nixon's life. But Casey once worked for peanuts—literally. Of course, he was only six, working as unofficial delivery boy for a neighborhood grocer back in Minneapolis. And he only collected one pound of "wages" before his doctor dad lowered the boom on that peanut-packed diet! . . . Later, Casey himself took pre-medical courses at Minnesota U.—but with extra-curricular emphasis on athletics. He tried out for football, was a tennis and swimming champ, skier and polo player. Dramatics lured him, too, and he soon switched to the Pasadena Playhouse in California. There, he just missed crossing paths with Fran Carlon, who later became a famous radio-TV star—and Mrs. Casey Allen. They met in mid-career, married in 1946, now have a daughter, Kerry, 10, and son, Kim, 8. . . . Jack Rubin, director of *Hilltop House* and a great believer in husband-wife teams, is looking forward to the time when he can cast Fran in a role with Casey, as he did with Jan and Terry O'Sullivan.

Ethel Everett

SHE LOVES her role as Hannah, the orphanage housekeeper. "To me," says Ethel, "Hannah represents all the warmth and womanly intuitiveness so often found in an uneducated but innately good person." And she finds a very touching humor in Hannah's struggles with the English language. . . . Ethel herself was born in New York, got her bachelor's degree at Hunter and her master's at Teachers' College. But she admits, "As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to act." She finally overcame parental opposition to a theatrical career, did some Broadway plays, and has now been in radio for twenty years. . . . The first woman narrator of a daytime serial, Ethel was also the first woman chosen to record full-length books for the American Foundation for the Blind. She's the official voice for Helen Keller—who gave her this inscription: "To Ethel Everett, whose vivid intelligence has caught the inner meaning of my story."

See Next Page ——→

WHO'S WHO ON HILLTOP HOUSE

(Continued)

Bobby Readick

ONCE HE WAS "little Bobby," but that was when he started out in radio, at the age of ten, in *The O'Neills*. That early, much-loved family drama was directed by the man who also pilots *Hilltop House*—and Bobby played many an orphan there, while he was growing up. Now thirty-one, he's "Dr. Robbie," having been graduated to the more mature role of Dr. Jeff's assistant. . . . He's also a medico, though not nearly such a sympathetic one, as Dr. Ted Mason in *Young Dr. Malone*. Bobby has played a much wider variety of roles, juvenile and adult, on stage ("George Washington Slept Here"), screen ("The Canterville Ghost"), TV (*The Big Story*) and radio (*FBI In Peace And War*)—to mention only a few of his credits. . . . Manhattan-born Bobby comes from a truly theatrical family. Not only both his parents but all four of his grandparents were actors! The chain will be broken this spring, however, when Bobby and his wife Barbara welcome their first child. Barbara's a "non-professional."

Janice Gilbert

THIS CHARMING lass with red-brown hair and impish green eyes is another discovery who began as a child on *The O'Neills* and *Hilltop House*, then grew up into a major adult role. Now heard as Nina Browning, Julie Nixon's cousin and Dr. Jeff's wife, Janice has packed a lot of rich experience into the few brief years since she left her native Florida. . . . On radio, she followed Nancy Kelly in the title role of *Little Orphan Annie*, appeared with such headliners as Kate Smith and Eddie Cantor, as well as in many a daytime drama. On TV, she plays the most exciting part of all, giving away millions of dollars, as the paying teller for *Break The $250,000 Bank*! . . . Janice got into show business early, but discovered a lifelong hobby a whole year earlier. She started playing bridge at seven. Now, both she and her husband, Tobias Stone, are of championship caliber and play in major tournaments, such as the recent one at Las Vegas for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

Hilltop House, a Wolf Associates production, is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, for Miles Laboratories, Inc. (One-A-Day Vitamin Tablets), Quaker Oats, other sponsors.

Pamela Fitzmaurice

Pamela was "discovered"—at a very early age!—by the late Mayor LaGuardia. It was on Nov. 21, 1944, that LaGuardia looked at his watch during a rally and announced he'd give a War Bond to any baby born at that precise moment in the New York City area. Pamela, daughter of a Brooklyn lawyer and Navy officer, was the much-photographed winner. . . . Eight years later, she made her acting debut on *Hilltop House,* where she's now heard as Maryann. She's done a few films and many TV shows, is currently seen as Susan, the little girl who lives next door to *Mr. Wizard.* . . . A brilliant student, she thinks she'd like to be a history teacher or an author. That Pamela can write was proved when she won a city-wide essay contest on fire prevention—and received a gold medal from the present mayor of New York!

Michael Mann

At fourteen, Mike's a show-business veteran, fully capable of coping with the very dramatic problems which face young "Biff" on *Hilltop House.* Beginning as a child model before he was six years old, Mike got his first big radio break on the original *Cavalcade Of America.* Since then, he's had many featured roles in the most famous radio series, and has made more than 200 appearances on TV. . . . Despite his acting success, Mike—like Pamela—has other ambitions for the future. He's studying hard as a sophomore at the Professional Children's School in New York City, preparing for the day when he can enroll as a pre-medical student at the University of California at Los Angeles. He wants to be a surgeon. Meanwhile, he's a great sports enthusiast, loves baseball and horseback riding. He's also a Boy Scout, and would like to play the drums.

Cathleen Cordell

Born Kathleen Kelly in Brooklyn, she got all her education and won her first fame overseas. Father was a mining engineer, so she went to school in India, France, Italy—and England, where she attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. . . . She acted on both stage and screen in plays by George Bernard Shaw, and it was he who suggested that she change her name professionally. She borrowed part of the new one from America's Secretary Cordell Hull, then re-spelled Kathleen to harmonize. . . . Cathleen has now appeared on most of America's major radio-TV programs, still finds it odd that, after playing the sweet heroine in England, she is so often cast as "the other woman"—as in her present role as Deborah, David Baxter's estranged wife.

Elisabeth Fraser

BEAUTY IN ALL WEATHER

Phil Silvers' fetching WAC has a secret weapon for combating the ravages of wind and weather

By MARY SHERWOOD

THE SPRIGHTLY, bright-eyed blonde who tantalizes Sergeant Bilko in *The Phil Silvers Show,* "You'll Never Get Rich," is one fair-skinned girl who knows how to keep her complexion soft and supple . . . her hands unchapped and satiny . . . and her hairdo sleek through the windiest of winters.

Elisabeth Fraser describes herself as "essentially an indoor type," but she prefers the brisk, astringent atmosphere of her native New York to the balmy languor of Los Angeles and environs, where "the living's *too* easy." She's also a *busy* type: Wife to a talented writer, star of stage, screen and TV, mother of three!

All this activity keeps "indoorsy" Elisabeth out and about in fair weather and foul—which is how she came to devise her personal formula for making beauty weatherproof.

"My secret weapon is really very simple," she says. "I just make it a rule never to go out without my 'windshields'!" She shields her face and throat with a thin, fragrant film of an emollient lotion designed to restore the youthful moisture to wind-dried skins. At night, she washes up with scads of creamy soapsuds, rinses her face in warm water, then cold, and finishes with an application of overnight cream—massaged in gently (to stimulate winter-slow circulation) till it almost disappears. Her complexion always has a clear, glowing, freshly-laundered look, even on blustery days.

Elisabeth provides her small, pretty hands with a double windshield of lotion, plus soft leather gloves—"I wear them *invariably,* whenever I go out, from September on." She has a fondness for fine leather and was sheepishly pleased when her husband presented her with some extravagant gloves she'd admired in Italy—"not one pair but *two dozen,* all in different, delicious shades!"

Her close-cropped cornsilk hair (cut to conform to WAC regulations, for her role as M/Sgt. Joan Hogan), is weatherproof, too! Elisabeth often dashes out bare-headed (the Hollywood influence, perhaps) . . . but, before she sallies forth, she combs her casual waves into perfect alignment and then fixes them in place with scented hair-spray. Result: a well-coiffed "WAC" . . . and a wind-resistant woman!

Elisabeth keeps as young and fresh looking as her own three daughters—Pat's 10, Meg's 8, and Liza's 7.

NOW THEY ARE FIVE

Dave got into radio on a dare, but he didn't have to be told twice about Joan. Mike, Meredith and baby Marney complete the quintet.

WORL's deejay Dave Maynard remembers a summer art class and a Christmas phone call

Between records, there's humor that makes sense, talk that's individual and friendly.

A COLLEGE DARE . . . a summer art class . . . a Christmas phone call . . . there you have the story of Dave Maynard. A handsome, crew-cut twenty-six-year-old, Dave is heard over Boston's Station WORL, Monday through Saturday from 2 to 6 P.M., spinning the current hits and a few of his personal favorites. Thousands of New Englanders belong to Dave Maynard fan clubs and, according to the Nielsen ratings, he has the largest listenership in the New England area. . . . A native New Yorker, Dave was a drama major at Emerson College, when a friend dared him to audition for WERS, the college station. Dave took the dare and won himself a new career. He went on to take a master's degree at Boston University and to do a three-year broadcasting stint for Medford's WHIL. Then came "the greatest Christmas present I ever received." It was Christmas, 1954, when WORL called Dave and asked him how he'd like to take over the major afternoon slot, beginning January 1. For the first time, Dave was struck speechless. When he found his voice, he answered in the affirmative and started packing to return to Boston. . . . By this time, Dave had a family to bring with him. Dave is married to the former Joan Cotter, whom he met at a summer session Fine Arts Class at Emerson College. Dave arrived for the class one day late. Had he not showed up, there wouldn't have been a class. There were five people in it, and they needed a sixth. Says Dave, "I got an A and a wife and three kids out of it." In appreciation, Dave teaches at nights at Emerson and, during the summer session, is also a pedagogue at the Northeast School of Radio and Television. But his aptest pupil is son Mike, four, whom Dave has interviewed on the air on several occasions. "If I don't cut it out," Dave grins, "he'll have my job." Daughter Meredith, three, thinks daddy's show is "tewwific." With the October arrival of Marney Melissa, the Maynards are now five, but she isn't talking—yet. . . . The Maynards' barn-red ranch house is furnished with colonial pieces—plus a brand-new hi-fi which Dave won in a national deejay contest to name Sammy Davis, Jr.'s new record album. Dave "flips" over jazz flute, Art Tatum piano, and Four Freshman harmonies. New England flips over Dave Maynard.

Stars such as singer Jerry Vale visit Dave. Son Mike, an amateur, guests with dad like a "pro."

Johnny Andrews just likes people

—and people just can't help liking

Johnny's-come-lively programs

Big Chief among young or old, on radio or TV, Johnny now numbers 60,000 in his *National Radio Fan Club.*

IT JUST COMES NATURAL

SUCCESS was the most natural thing in the world for Johnny Andrews. It fits like a favorite tweed jacket and he wears it that way, interweaving nonchalance with honesty, sincerity with geniality. Ask around his old haunts in Cleveland, or his new stamping grounds in Manhattan, and they'll tell you that Johnny is "a nice guy, perhaps the nicest in the business." Ask Johnny and he says simply, "When you're on radio and TV as much as I am, day after day, you can't be phony. You must let your own personality guide you. It's a natural thing." . . . Each Friday evening, from 8:30 to 9:45 on the NBC Radio network, Johnny emcees the *National Radio Fan Club.* He's joined by top recording stars as guests and by such regulars as Johnny Guarneri providing "live" music and "Mr. Jukes" providing fast-talking reports of the Number One records in various cities. Weekday afternoons at one, he plays records, interviews guests, sings, plays piano and celeste—separately or simultaneously—on *The Johnny Andrews Show* on New York's WRCA. Weekday evenings at 5:30, he hosts a feature film on *Evening Theater,* over WRCA-TV. To do these shows, Johnny migrated from Cleveland, where civic leaders once presented him with a key to the city. But the door was wide open, anyway, when Johnny decided to fly back each Saturday to head up the *Old Dutch Review,* seen at 7 P.M. on the "Old Dutch Network" (WEWS in Cleveland, WSTD-TV in Toledo, WTVN in Columbus, and WIMA-TV in Lima). . . . "It just came natural," Johnny says. Born in Boston, he's been playing piano since the age of five. He studied at the New England Conservatory, played with the orchestras of Johnny Long, Rudy Vallee and Buddy Clark. He likens his own singing style to Buddy's but he began singing while with Rudy Vallee. When the long-memoried Vallee couldn't remember songs requested by the audience, Johnny could. . . . His first appearance on his own was at the Cocoanut Grove in Boston. Johnny left to try New York and radio—just in time to miss the fatal night-club fire. He was in-the-air as an Army pilot during the war, then, after working as a singer-pianist in night spots, went back on-the-air with such popular shows as NBC-TV's *Easy Does It* and, in Cleveland, *Johnny Sings For Your Supper* and *Morning Bandwagon.* With all this air-waves singing and playing, he didn't get around to recording until this year, when he made "Marriage and Divorce" and "Stephanie" on the RKO-Unique label. . . . Johnny makes some five hundred personal appearances each year in the cause of public service. Most memorable was a Pennsylvania beauty contest in 1951, when he was a judge along with Betti Pearson, who'd been Miss Kentucky two years before. Betti, a stunning blonde, was "going pretty steady" with Joe DiMaggio at the time. But, at about the same time, Joe was involved in a World Series. "He got very busy," Johnny grins, "and I got busy, too. Betti and I were married eight weeks later." . . . The Andrews are now at home in a penthouse in New York's Tudor City, together with son Jonathan, four, and a championship poodle named "Buttons." His son may turn out a musician, but, predicts Johnny, "I think he'll be a comedian." Johnny still flies when he has the time. As to other hobbies, "I indulge in practically everything, just like everyone else, but there's nothing I'm particularly good at." Then he adds, "I enjoy people, I enjoy talking to them. It's a natural thing." And liking Johnny is natural, too.

They met as judges in a beauty contest—and Johnny and Betti both count themselves as winners. Rounding out the quartet in a New York penthouse are "Buttons" and four-year-old Johnny.

"Best" say a wall-full of Johnny's awards. Loving cups (below) toast Betti's beauty.

Dad's on radio and TV, mom's making movies. Young Johnny "may be a comedian."

(Continued from page 59)

attentive wife. She is so practical and thrifty that Dave turned the family exchequer over to her the day they married. In brief, our Dave got a good deal.

"Oh, I heartily agree," says Dave. "We get along fine. She reacts to most things just about as I do, so much so that we often startle each other. We have the same attitude toward a given situation or person. And she is crisp and sharp. Lots of energy. Mimics me, too. Very funny."

They say that, when Pamela married Dave, she promised to love, honor, obey—and get up at four A.M. It isn't true. "No, no," says Dave. "I wouldn't let her get up at four. There's no reason for it. It's like a crime—you've got to have a motive to get up in the middle of the night. I've got one. She hasn't."

But it's not easy to ignore the system of alarms Dave has rigged up. "Sometimes," says Pamela, "I turn over and find that I can't go back to sleep. I lie there in a middle world and the most ghoulish things go through my head. I may turn to writing whodunits for TV."

It's easy to describe the life the Garroways lead—but hard to imagine. If you can visualize a milkman living in a Park Avenue penthouse, you've got the picture. For the Garroways, it is always early-to-bed and early-to-rise. "Until David and I met," Pamela observes, "we were both enjoying the night life of the city. But, since our first date, I don't think that either of us has been in a club once."

They met on a weekend at the country house of Billy Rose. Dave had driven up in one of his sports cars. He was immediately attracted to Pamela, but didn't get his gears out of neutral. "I think he was alarmed by my title," Pamela laughs. "You know—he was thinking: Here is a gal who moves in society, who is social-conscious, and I don't want the peasant treatment. Something like that. Actually, at the time we met, I was writing advertising copy for Saran Wrap—which was one of David's sponsored products."

Dave gave in to his first impulse, however—and sent Pamela a book. Later, he phoned to ask how she liked the book. And, incidentally, made a dinner date. And then another and another.

"Our lives changed immediately," she says. "For no reason that I can give, we found that, if we went to a club or restaurant, we both clammed up. If Dave came to my home for dinner, everything was just great. We had a lot to talk about. And we kept strange hours by most standards. Most evenings, Dave said goodnight at nine-thirty, or even as early as eight. If we went to the theater, I still got home in time to watch the eleven o'clock news. But I fell into the new pattern so easily."

They dated two years before marrying. Because each had had a previous, unsuccessful marriage, they wanted to be sure of themselves. Last summer, they decided to marry in Paris. They flew over with friends, then found there was too much red tape involved. They turned around and came back to New York.

In Manhattan, on August 7, 1956, they made the final move. It was a Tuesday, and Dave worked as usual. About two in the afternoon, Pamela came over to his apartment and Dave's maid let her in. A few minutes later, Pamela's parents arrived. When Dave showed up, they all went down to City Hall and into one of the chapels. At three P.M., they were married. On the way back, they dropped Pamela's parents at their home. The next five blocks, until they reached Dave's apartment building, was their honeymoon. Then an elevator sped them up twenty-one floors to Penthouse A and Dave carried Pamela across the threshold—and into the arms of the "wire man."

The "wire man" is a full-sized individual made for the TV production of "1975." He is just one of many unusual items in the Garroway home. Dave gets credit for many unique decorating ideas. For instance, a wall of the dining room is completely covered with a tremendous map of New York City, so large and so detailed that every major building in the city is indicated. Or note the cabinet doors in the kitchen. Dave covered them with fabrics in bright green, yellow and pastel orange—just to get away from the hospital-white look. You can even see his touch on the telephone. The dial center, which usually holds the phone number, has in its place a picture of Pamela. The apartment is cheerful and provocative.

"When I moved in," says Pamela, "I needed closet space, so David cleared out two closets for me. They had been filled with man things—fishing rods, boots, tools, model cars and the like. He had piled everything on the floor to put in storage and he looked a bit sad and said, 'I wish I could keep a few of these things.' Well, there were a few shelves in the back of one of my closets and I offered him the shelves. He readily accepted—but, the next time I turned around, I found that he had taken over the whole of the closet."

She didn't chide him. As she puts it, "Actually, I felt rather anxious about David. He had been living as a bachelor for ten years. He was quite comfortable, and then—suddenly—in come two people with a lot of clothes and things."

The other person to move in was Pamela's son, Michael, who is eight. Michael is a bright, polite boy and he worships Dave. Actually, Michael is a count by birth and—although he has been naturalized and is now an American—he will have the choice, when he comes of age, between claiming the title of Marquis or of remaining Michael Garroway. He has chosen to use the name Garroway and calls Dave "Daddy." Dave, himself, has a twelve-year-old daughter, Paris, by his first marriage. Paris lives in St. Louis, but gets to New York about a half-dozen times a year.

"We wanted to bring Michael and Paris together," Pamela says. "Well, Mike was just thrilled about having an older sister and they hit it off fine—except that Paris is a sedate little lady and Mike wanted to play cowboy!

"David makes a good father," Pamela testifies. "He is gentle and patient. For example, I'm exasperated if Mike doesn't go to bed after the second asking. David speaks to him softly, and off he goes. I think it's the man's touch."

There are games Dave and Mike play, and they watch TV together—"I think I've seen more cowboy movies in the past few months," Dave grins, "than I'd seen in the previous twenty years." Dave helps Mike with school work but gives guidance rather than answers. And Dave, a versatile brain, has been leading Mike into new intellectual experiences. Recently, he gave Mike a microscope. Next, he intends to let Mike look through his telescope and to teach him some astrology.

"I don't ask David to assume responsibility around the home," says Pamela. "I was raised differently from most Americans, because I grew up in France and because my father is British born. What I mean is that I think the average American marriage is considered a fifty-fifty proposition in the home, with husband and wife working together on most things. As I was raised, the woman's proportion of responsibility runs a little higher—maybe 60 to 40. I don't ask David to do anything around the home. Not that he doesn't. Right now, he's papering the bathroom walls, but that's on his own initiative."

Dave, a man of infinite interests, has tremendous enthusiasm for science and the arts. There are shelves and shelves of books and periodicals which might be termed "technical" and "literature." His love of music is attested to by records that are piled waist-high from the floor. Dave is very interested in art and has eight original canvases.

"There was a painting I wanted when I first furnished this apartment," he says. "But what I really needed were drapes for the back room. So the picture was photographed and then silk-screened onto fabric. I hate to think of what it cost. About a thousand dollars. But that was five years ago. I was crazy. I didn't ask the price of anything, even though I had no real security. If I saw something I liked, I just took it."

Dave used the back room for work then, but it has now been turned over to Mike. It still has the thousand-dollar drapes—and Dave's drafting table, which Mike finds practical for play or study. Dave plans to paper one wall with a map of the United States. Otherwise, it is dominated by Mike's toys and books.

"I've never cared for bedrooms," Dave says. "That's why I used the room for work. As you can see, Pamela and I still don't have a bedroom."

The living room is J-shaped, and the sleeping area is in the tail of the J. In the bigger area, the living room, the Garroway touch is again evident. The floors are covered with gray carpeting—but Dave has made one section of the room into a cozy island. He got himself a yellow carpet, a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut a free-shape that pulls together a couple of sofas, a TV set and a coffee table. He covered the sofas with bold-striped fabrics. The handsome coffee table, of Verdi marble, is almost as big as Dave himself. "I looked at three hundred slabs," he recalls, "before I found this one. I like marble. I wish I had more of it."

There is a grand piano in one corner. No one in the family plays, but it's handy to have around when a jazz pianist stops by for the evening. (Dave, an erudite hipster, is trying to round Pamela's square corners.) Then, over the fireplace, there is a painting Dave brought back from San Francisco. It is a twilight scene of harbor lights off Oakland.

The sleeping area is separated from the living room only by a long sofa. As Dave explains, he has always preferred one-room living. The out-sized bed has a black spread and a headboard which Dave upholstered in matching fabric. There is a black chest of drawers, jammed full of records. Dave has covered the cabinet which holds a large speaker with grass cloth. And then there is Dave's famous control board. With a series of buttons which control electronic gadgets, Dave can do just about anything necessary for man's comfort while still in bed. One button dims the lights, another disconnects the phone at bedtime—and taps it in again, in early morning. One button starts up a tape recorder. There is a gadget for turning off TV if he falls asleep watching.

And then there is an intricate alarm system to get Dave out of bed at four A.M. in

a respectable humor. The first sound is that of music, usually Frank Sinatra records. That is followed by a gentle alarm. The lights go on automatically. Coffee begins perking in the kitchen. Then there is a second alarm which has a nasty tone.

"David doesn't wake easily," Pamela explains. "It's a fight. Then he sleeps on the wall side, which means he must make the long trip around. He gropes his way into the kitchen and heads right for the refrigerator, where there are orange slices cut for him. This usually brings him to life. He's not communicative at this hour and, the moment he's dressed, he begins reading the paper." Although Dave doesn't want Pamela to get up at four, sometimes she just can't help waking. "If I get up," she continues, "I'll ask him if he wants something hot for breakfast. Sometimes he feels like poached eggs. I find this gratifying, for it's nice to have something to do when you're up that early. Those first few hours can be difficult and, if I can't go back to sleep, I read until seven, when it's time for Mike to get up. Then we have breakfast together and watch David on *Today.*"

Dave actually puts in a longer day than the average milkman. When the morning show signs off, he has office duties which keep him busy right through lunch and into late afternoon. If he's lucky, he may knock off about four and run up to the garage where he keeps his sports cars. There he gets into a mechanic's uniform and picks up the lengthy job of rebuilding his SS-100 Jaguar. Dave is a long-time sports car enthusiast, but he has given up racing. "We had long talks about his racing," says Pamela. "and he felt, as a family man, that it wasn't fair to continue with a sport that has definite dangers. Anyway, most of the races are on Sundays, when he's occupied with *Monitor* and *Wide Wide World.*"

Dave gets home from the garage around six. At half-past, he and Pamela sit down to dinner—sometimes, right on the floor.

"We don't like the formality of the dinner table," Pamela explains, "so mostly we eat at the coffee table."

"Pamela's souffles are wonderful," says Dave. "She does all the cooking, and she does great things with wines and spices. I'm a sucker for good food. I point with no pride," he adds, prodding his midriff, "at my fine taste in food. Actually, seriously, I'm trying to lose some of this girth."

Mike has dinner earlier than his parents, for he is usually in bed by seven-thirty. There are exceptions, however, and these evenings are called "treat nights." Monday and Wednesday are treat nights when the three eat together and watch *Robin Hood* and *Disneyland.* Another treat night is a Chinese dinner at a restaurant, followed by an early movie. The only late nights the Garroways themselves have are opening nights at Broadway shows, for Dave functions as drama critic on *Today.* Even Saturday evening finds the Garroways at home, for they particularly enjoy the big Saturday-night TV shows.

"I think we have a good home and an ideal relationship," Dave says. "We both have certain responsibilities. Our lives are interwoven, and yet we respect the privacy in certain areas of each other's lives. We trust each other—no, *respect* is the word—we have found traits in one another that we respect." Dave pauses, then adds, "Before marriage, although it was rather lonely, we both had certain doubts about the big step. I think everyone has them before the marriage. But we don't have them anymore."

Dave expressed this well to Pamela. The day after their marriage, she received her first letter addressed to Mrs. David Garroway. The note inside was short. It simply read, "Thank you very much. David."

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149. Russ Tamblyn
150. Jeff Hunter
152. Marge and Gower Champion
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176. Steve Cochran
177. Richard Burton
179. Julius La Rosa
180. Lucille Ball
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228. Clint Walker
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231. Don Murray
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233. Pat Wayne
234. Carroll Baker
235. Anita Ekberg
236. Corey Allen
237. Dana Wynter
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(Continued from page 52)
But there's no doubt in anyone's mind that Tim's a typical American boy. He's at home on a baseball field or tennis court, in a swimming pool or the gridiron grandstands. And he's no slouch on the dance floor, either. However, these are perfectly normal teen-age accomplishments. It was Tim's ability to act which caught Walt Disney's astute eye. Though Tim had only a handful of motion-picture and TV appearances to his credit, Disney sensed his inherent talent—and signed him to the contract which brought Tim to the delighted attention of teenagers everywhere.

Tim realizes that much of his present popularity stems from the fact that he really lives the life of a typical American boy. He's also aware that he is growing up in a period when the nation's teenagers are drawing more than their share of criticism because of the way a few of them have been handling their problems. He knows that it never has been easy to be a teenager, and that today's fast tempo makes it even more difficult. But, like so many of his contemporaries, Tim is making a good adjustment to growing up.

Right now, he's at the age where he insists on the vast difference between "going steady" and "going steadily." His explanation is emphatic: "Going *steady!* Why, that's practically being married! I don't hold with this 'steady' routine at all. Gosh, sixteen's too young. 'Going steadily,' on the other hand, is a different story. That just means a guy likes a gal, maybe a little more than some of the others. That's natural, isn't it?" he asks with naive simplicity. "After all, some girls are smarter than others, or there is something about their personality you like. Or any one of a thousand things."

At present, Tim's partial to girls who will participate in his interest in sports cars. If a girl is willing to go to the Pomona time-trials with him and his driver, Gene Curtis of California Motors—and spend a Sunday afternoon discussing double overhead racing cams, direct injection carburetion, and straight pipes—then she's the girl for him. At least for that Sunday. On the other hand, Tim enjoys other activities, too, such as school dances, movies, hayrides and beach parties. He's the sort of fellow who makes parties come to life. His arrivals are generally greeted with shouts of "Here's Tim!"—a sound that signifies the party now officially has gotten underway.

Even before his sixteenth birthday, Tim's typical-American-boy personality had made him one of the most popular youngsters in Hollywood—and set his mother to hopping, for she was his ready source of transportation. A familiar phrase in the Considine apartment, during Tim's fifteenth year B.D.L. (Before Driver's License), was: "Mom, we're having a party at Freddie the Freeloader's Friday night. How about taking us?" Carmen Considine always obliged, and has laughingly admitted, "I wore out four sets of tires and two cars keeping up with Tim and his friends. I am sure I could have passed any test as a lady bus-driver."

Tim's transportation problems were solved when he turned sixteen, since that's the age when California grants a driver's license. Up until then, he could only drive with a learner's permit and when accompanied by a licensed operator. Today, Tim's car, an Alfa Romeo sportster, is his pride and joy. If there is a lull in any conversation, he is sure to say, "Want to see the latest pictures of my car?"

Like every average American boy, Tim is crazy over cars. But he has the engineer's and mechanic's interest in the overall performance of an automobile, not in top speed for speed's sake. His attitude is: "Sure, speed's all right, but what can you do with it in the city? *That's* where performance counts." Tim proudly points out that his car purrs along at thirty-five miles an hour, going forty miles on a gallon of gas.

Tim got his car when he was nearly sixteen, before he was old enough to drive it alone. "I've never met a boy who didn't want to learn to drive," says Mrs. Considine. "Tim was no different. In fact he had been building model airplanes and automobiles since he was ten.

"We looked upon the sports car as an investment in safety. His working on it with driver-mechanic Gene Curtis served a number of purposes. For one, Tim is a natural mechanic and it gave him something creative to do with his hands. Second, it's a constructive hobby, for he is learning automotive mechanics. Third—and most important—by talking in terms of safety factors and tolerances with Gene, he has been learning the limitations of the car.

"Having been exposed to this car for the past year, and having worked closely with his driver in the pits at the Pomona Fairgrounds," she explains, "Tim has learned what his car will do and what it won't do. It isn't as though he had suddenly had it thrust upon him, to learn about it for the first time."

In addition, pride of ownership has helped teach Tim a sense of responsibility. Two weeks before his driver, Gene, was to enter the car in its first competitive event at Pomona, Tim found he was worried. "Gosh," he says seriously, "things were piling up on me. I had a chemistry test at school to think about. Even though chem is my favorite subject, it's rough. And I also had a bunch of things to do to the car, like putting in the safety belts, putting on the wind screen, painting on my number—89—and taping up the front end to protect it from flying dirt. So, you see, I had a lot of things on my mind. Couldn't sleep. Might even have bitten a nail or two."

But realizing that the responsibility was his—and with the help of his mother, who continued to supply transportation for a stepped-up schedule—he managed to cram everything in the last week ("though I was almost late for the starting line"), and he still got an A in his chemistry test.

Though Tim is the grandson of the eminent Pantages theatrical family (his mother is Carmen Pantages), the son of movie producer John Considine, and the nephew of columnist Bob Considine, he became an actor quite by chance. For some time, agent Sam Armstrong, a friend of the family, had been insisting that Tim had natural talent. He wanted to suggest Tim's name to Hollywood casting directors, but nobody took "Uncle Sam" seriously. One day, he happily announced that—on his own—he had arranged for Tim to appear in a cereal commercial. Sam's purpose was to give Tim experience before the cameras and see how Tim came across on the screen.

The family good-naturedly went along with the idea. But now, as Mrs. Considine admits, "We really shouldn't have been surprised at how well Tim came through on the screen. Although he had never expressed a desire to act, he has always had the average child's interest in putting on penny-admission puppet shows or the like.

"The only acting experience I remember he had as a youngster, which might possibly have indicated a theatrical career, was the magic act he put on for us when he was eight. I'll never forget the day I came home to find the kitchen floor covered with raw eggs. It was the only clue I had that my son was interested in performing. When I asked Tim about the broken shells, I learned that he and a young school chum by the name of Bill Gargaro were developing an act. Bill was the magician, Tim his helper. They had been practicing!

"The next day, Tim came to tell me that their magic show was ready, and he wondered if Uncle Rod would let him and Bill put it on the stage of the Pantages Theater—which, at that time, was still in the family. I never dreamed Rod would say yes, so I told Tim to go ahead and ask.

"Tim asked. Uncle Rod replied, 'What would you do?'

"Said Tim, 'We're magicians—we'd saw a woman in half.'

"Uncle Rod asked, 'What woman?'

"'Oh,' said Tim, 'any woman from the audience.'

"Hiding a smile, Uncle Rod agreed. 'Sure, boys, you can do your show, but

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you better plan on coming on before the regular audience gets in.'

"I was horrified at Uncle Rod's reaction," Mrs. Considine recalls, "because I had visions of having to round up the entire family in an attempt to fill the theater. Even then, I knew it would look empty, by contrast with regular performances, and the poor boys' hearts would be broken. I finally convinced them they would have a better show in the back yard. The neighbors made a wonderful audience."

Tim himself says, "That was just about the beginning and end of my acting career. We had one routine with steel tubes and empty bottles. You hold the tubes up to the light, keeping the bottles inside tight with your thumb, and saying 'See, the tube is empty.' That's when the bottle slipped off my thumb, breaking on the table. I turned blue." Then, after a short pause, Tim says, with a touch of awe in his voice, "By golly, you know—I think Uncle Rod was really willing to let us go on at the Pantages!"

It was several years later, of course, that Sam Armstrong approached Mrs. Considine with the prospect of Tim's becoming an actor. "If we'd remembered his earlier interests," she says, "we would have known that Tim had the ability to do well in front of a camera."

Following the cereal commercial, twelve-year-old Tim was taken by Armstrong to read for the part of Red Skelton's son in M-G-M's "The Clown." Even at this date, Tim still hadn't decided to make a career of acting. "I didn't know if I liked acting or not," he recalls. "I was really too young to understand the importance of a featured role with Mr. Skelton. It was the first big thing I ever had a chance at, and I just didn't know.

"But, after the casting interview, I began getting nervous. I remember the first day I went to M-G-M. I was sitting in the waiting room when Mr. Skelton, big cigar in mouth, walked by. He looked over at me and winked, flicking his cigar. I'd never before been greeted by anybody in show business as important as Mr. Skelton. I just flipped.

"That's when getting the part became important. Each week after that, we had to go back to casting. They were slowly weeding out the boys for the job. Finally, it narrowed down to two of us. Then it was a question of size and, because I was bigger, I got the part. When Uncle Sam told me I had it, I lost my head." Today, Tim still proudly wears the wristwatch given to him by Red Skelton in 1952, in recognition of his youthful ability.

"The Clown" was Tim's first stepping-stone to success. After completing the picture, he was also cast in "Her Twelve Men," starring Greer Garson, and "Executive Suite," with William Holden. Even the studio officials at M-G-M had been impressed with his initial ability. But Tim says modestly, "Ah, I was just there, so I got the parts."

He followed these pictures in quick succession with a few TV appearances, topping his short career with a role in Universal-International's "The Private War of Major Benson." Shortly after, Walt Disney signed Tim for "Spin and Marty," followed by the leading role of Frank Hardy in "The Hardy Boys."

Today, Tim lives with his mother in a smart West Hollywood apartment overlooking the famous "Sunset Strip." Tim has an older married sister, Errin, and a brother, John, Jr., a senior at U.C.L.A., who lives with his father in Westwood, since the Considines are divorced. Tim and his father are great chums. In fact, he and his brother and Mr. Considine go to U.C.L.A. football games together. And Tim is very proud when he, in turn, can take them to his own Notre Dame High School games in San Fernando Valley.

At home, Tim doesn't have to be told twice that the dinner dishes need wiping. He's one jump ahead of his mother and the Considine maid, Beatrice, in this case. After all, dinner dishes add to the allowance—and an allowance buys "juice" for the sports car.

After dinner, Tim daily devotes fifteen minutes to romping with his cocker spaniel, Inky. "Dogs need love and attention, just like people," he says sagely. Then he's off to his room to hit the books for next day's classes at Notre Dame High.

On weekends, Tim and his mother, who share many interests, go to movies together. And, after the latest sports car race, Tim proudly shows Mrs. Considine the 35-mm. color slides of his car in action, projected on his bedroom wall.

Keeping his room neat and tidy falls under the heading of household chores for Tim. But it's only after Beatrice gives it her special attention that Mrs. Considine feels it's really fit for formal inspection. That's understandable, because Tim's room is filled with tennis rackets, swim fins and snorkle tube, baseball bat and mitt, helter-skelter tennis balls, a record-player (on which Tim's current favorite is "No Time for Lovin'," co-authored by his brother, who writes musical scores for U.C.L.A. productions), camera equipment (principally to take pictures of sports cars), a 35-mm. slide projector, a portrait of his current best girl—in short, all the paraphernalia that go hand-in-baseball-glove with the picture of a typical American boy.

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(Continued from page 49)
to do. But seventeen—that's more like it! And eighteen must be the most heavenly age of all!"

For all her disdain of the limiting aspects of being sixteen, Dawn managed to pack a powerful lot of experience into those twelve months.

Possibly the most important thing which happened to Dawn during that year was her decision to go away to boarding school. For two years, she had been attending Beverly Hills High School.

"I was getting a pretty low opinion of myself," Dawn confesses. "I figured I wasn't pretty, and I didn't even know if I could ever even make the 'attractive' list. Besides which I was getting a little tired being known as 'Art Linkletter's daughter,' and even more weary of being introduced around school as 'Jack Linkletter's sister.' I thought maybe, if I went away to a new school, I could start being just Dawn Linkletter, period!"

When Dawn made her dissatisfaction known, the Linkletters held a family pow-wow. Art and Lois did some investigating, and came up with a list of several schools of which they approved. Dawn was given her choice from that list. She picked Chadwick, a privately-operated co-educational high school, set on a beautiful campus in the Rolling Hills area near Palos Verdes. It was close enough to home so that she could spend weekends with her family, but live on campus weekdays.

Since she so desperately wished to establish her own identity in this new environment, that is exactly what came about. She discovered before long that being the offspring of a celebrity meant not a thing to the other students. Most of them had famous parents, too. And she did not enter each new class to find the instructor expecting her to behave just like her brother Jack the year before.

While Art and Lois are enthusiastic about Chadwick and what it has done for Dawn, they realize that the dissatisfaction she felt before making the transfer was probably a typical phase felt by many teenagers. "I really don't think it had anything to do with Beverly Hills High," Lois Linkletter says. "I think Dawn was just at that trying stage of being fifteen, when nothing seems right. And it happened that she sort of found herself at the same time that she changed schools—but not necessarily *because* she changed from Beverly Hills High to Chadwick."

Dawn is quick to point out that she and her brother Jack get along very well—probably better than most brother-sister teams where the age difference is so slight. But Jack is the aggressive type, and Dawn has always been somewhat the oppposite.

Being the eldest of the Linkletter brood, Jack had felt his age advantage every now and then, in the fashion of older brothers everywhere. In years past, he has also felt the need to prove himself because of his famous dad. As a result, Dawn often felt that she got lost in the shuffle: "I guess the thing I used to resent most of all was Jack's introducing me to his friends as 'my kid sister.' After all, I was less than two years younger than he. I really don't think he meant to be condescending, now that I look back on it, but I sure thought so then. That's what's so nice about being seventeen—now he just introduces me as 'my sister Dawn.'"

Art and Lois have been interested spectators this past year as their two oldest offspring have discovered each other. Gradually the two became friends, instead of just considering each other necessary evils.

"We glance out a window, and see them sitting at the far edge of the pool, heads together, deep in some serious discussion," Lois says. "Neither Art nor I try to pry into what goes on—but, in a day or so, it generally comes out. And it always turns out that Jack was giving Dawn some tips on dating, or she was briefing him on how girls like to be treated.

"There's new delight in watching them learn to appreciate each other, which more than compensates for all the times they've had to be pulled out of each other's hair over the last fifteen years. Jack will bring some chums home. First thing you know, one of them will take him aside and ask, 'How's about fixing me up with a date with Dawn?' Through the eyes of his pals, he's seeing his sister in a new light. And the same thing holds true for Dawn. If one of her girl friends flips over Jack, she sees him with a new perspective. And, believe me, it's fun to be on the sidelines watching all this going on!"

"Maybe Jack gained some new respect for me when I took over his disc-jockey show one-day," Dawn hazards a guess. "He couldn't make it, and asked me if I'd mind trying it. In a way, I was petrified—a live radio show is a tremendous responsibility. But I figured I'd show him I could do it. And I did. It was fun, it turned out, and confirmed more than ever the growing feeling I've had, that maybe I'd like to get in show business, too.

"I suppose being a ham is sort of hereditary," she added. "At least, no one could ever imagine Daddy having a bunch of introverts for children. But this taste of radio work, and the chances Daddy has given me this last year to help with the commercials on his TV shows, have made me more sure than ever that I'd like it in front of the cameras."

The age span in the Linkletter offspring is rather wide, from Jack's sophisticated nineteen years to Diane's still-tender eight. But a fairly unique system has been employed by Art and Lois to reduce conflicts between the various age levels. Actually, it's a sort of seniority system, with certain age levels set at which the children are allowed certain privileges. Everything from bedtimes to who gets to go along on a transcontinental trip is governed by "what age are you?"

"The family goes off on a camping trip every summer," Art begins, by way of explaining the system. "We decided long ago that a small child is no good on a camping trip. The youngster doesn't have much fun, and can very possibly spoil the trip for the others. We do most of our vacationing on horseback. Very young children just can't take it. So we set an age limit. None of the children can go on such a trip until the summer nearest the ninth birthday.

"Sharon made her first camping trip with us, just this past summer, having attained the ripe old age of ten. It was sort of a badge of achievement for her. Diane, who was only seven at the time, was the only one left at home. She didn't kick up a fuss. She knew that each of the others had had to wait, and that when she turned nine she'd get to go, too.

"The same thing holds for other family activities," he continues. "We've never taken any of the younger children on long trips. It's too tiring for them, and it takes too much out of us. And now we've decided with Miss Guinea Pig here," he grins at Dawn, "that seventeen is about the right age to see Europe."

Art and Lois had planned on going abroad next summer, so a family conclave was called. It was decided that there was no reason they had to see Europe together. Art and Lois had been abroad before. They undoubtedly would want to do things that would bore Dawn, and vice versa. So it was arranged that Dawn would join a group of her chums, girls her own age, on a European tour chaperoned by a friend who is a travel expert. They will see the things every visitor heads for on his first trip abroad, they will do the things teen-age girls enjoy doing, and there won't be any parents getting in their hair.

The Linkletters' understanding of their offspring—and the desire to meet them on their own grounds, as individuals—probably explains why Art and Lois have so little trouble with their five.

"We tell them once what we want, and that's it!" Art claims. "Only rarely do they question our decisions. And, if any of the youngsters does put up an argument, he's generally pretty sure of his ground. We try to be fair about it. If the argument is sound, we'll reverse our ruling. But they know that we don't make arbitrary rulings, that we have reasons for our decisions, and that mere wheedling won't move us. This is something parents must establish early. And, thank heaven, we had the foresight and perseverance to get it started with Jack and Dawn. Now the three younger children present no problem whatsoever!"

"There's that guinea-pig bit again!" Dawn moans.

Dawn instituted a precedent-setting bit of business herself, not long ago. It was on a day when she'd arranged to meet her dad and a couple of friends for lunch. She arrived, a bit breathlessly, to find the friends already seated in the restaurant, but her dad not yet on the scene.

Without much of a preamble, she confessed that a horrible thing had happened to her that morning. She'd got her first traffic ticket, for illegal parking. She'd parked her car in the same spot she'd been using for weeks, a spot she'd been told to use by the instructors at the school she was attending. But today she'd come out to find this parking ticket glaring at her from the windshield.

The friends volunteered to say nothing to Art about the whole business.

"Oooooh, no," Dawn hastily briefed them. "I've never gone through this routine before. I think I'd much rather tell him right in front of you. He wouldn't be as apt to blow in front of you as if I'd wait to tell him in private."

When she did work her way, with beautiful subtlety and fine feminine finesse, to mentioning the ticket to Art, he scarcely turned a hair.

"Wallllll," he drawled, "looks like there goes another week's allowance!"

This was all Dawn needed to trigger her into a speech.

"Oh, that allowance! That miserable imitation of an allowance! I keep telling Daddy he can afford to give me more than five dollars a week as an allowance. He says he agrees with that. But he says that *I* can't afford to get any more than five dollars a week!

"And the way he makes me work, even for that pittance! Comes the day my allowance is due, and since he hasn't handed it over, I go to him to ask for it. He's always reading the paper, it seems like, and he makes a great show about being interrupted. I point out that I haven't had my allowance yet, and might I have it now please. And he always asks me why do I need it, and I always have half a dozen good reasons ready. Oh, I always get it.

But we go through this routine for fifteen minutes till he fishes for his wallet, and comes out with a five-dollar bill. It's just so humiliating!"

"If you think *that's* hard work, young lady," Art grins good-naturedly, "maybe we'd just better figure out a few things to show you what it takes to *earn* five dollars. Like making beds and scrubbing floors and washing dishes. How does that sound?"

"Don't go to any bother," Dawn wisecracks. "I'm getting sort of used to that corny old routine by now. I guess I'd miss it if you just doled out the allowance without any quibbling!"

As soon as it had flared up, the tempest subsided, and the Irate Teenager gave way to the Reasonable Young Lady.

"I suppose I know what Daddy means, really." Dawn grinned, "about my not being able to afford to get more than five dollars a week. Of all the young people I know, the ones who have loads of money to spend are the least happy. I guess I didn't understand this, though, till this last year.

"But now I realize something about those girls who have all kinds of money to toss around, the ones who drip cashmere sweaters and actually have mink coats. They've had as many as three or four sets of parents over the last ten years, and the only security they have is the dollars-and-cents kind. And I think any one of them would gladly trade in all her loot for the the thing I have—parents who wait to welcome me home, parents I can count on for help or advice or fun or just plain loving. That's another wonderful part of growing up. You begin to see just how much you have to be thankful for!"

Art is justifiably proud of Dawn's growing maturity. In recognition, he and Lois took Dawn with them on a visit to New York last year, when Art went east to emcee the premiere of "Moby Dick." She took in several Broadway hit shows, dined at many of the swank restaurants, and met some fabulously interesting people, both in and out of show business.

"Actually, I think I got more fun out of the trip than she did," Art admits. "Because I was enjoying it for myself *and* for her. I was seeing it all for the first time again, this time through her eyes."

Last summer, Dawn set up an ambitious self-improvement program for herself. She enrolled in a modeling school, not because she plans to do professional modeling, but because of the invaluable instruction the school offered in poise and grooming. There she learned how to walk, stand and sit gracefully, how to wear her hair and apply her makeup more effectively, and how to keep her figure just the way she wants it.

"After a spring binge of sodas and sundaes, I discovered I was beginning to bulge in all the wrong places," Dawn admits. Then she continues, with the dead-seriousness characteristic of the very young, "I decided if I let myself get too heavy now, I'd probably never have the nice figure I want. I think it's terribly important to keep in shape now, because if I do, then it will be that much easier to keep in shape as I get older."

Dawn, like most girls her age, loves pretty clothes. But her taste is inclined to be on the conservative side when it comes to buying. "Mother has taught me that," she explains. "Some of the girls I know buy just anything that happens to strike their fancy as they stroll through a store. Not me. Mother has trained me not to buy unless it's something I need or can really use, something that fits into the wardrobe I already have. Actually it works out very well that way—by buying fewer things, I can manage to get really good clothes when I do buy.

"Learning how to dress most effectively is another, exciting part of growing up. I suppose I've always known it, but all of a sudden I realize that the appearance I make in public is important to Daddy, and can be very important to my own future. People are apt to judge others by the way they're dressed, I've discovered."

The solid training Dawn has had, which shows up in her preference for simple clothes, is also evident in her attitude toward dating. To the absolute amazement of many of her chums, Dawn refuses to go out on dates just to be going out.

"I'd honestly rather sit at home with a good book, or watching television, than to go out with some drip," she states flatly. "I know it sounds corny, but that's the way I feel about it. There are plenty of fellows around who have money, and can take their dates to the best restaurants for dinner. But most of those boys couldn't carry on an interesting conversation if their lives depended on it! I'd rather stay home."

For all her tender years, Dawn Linkletter seems to have established an amazingly solid sense of values, seems to have adjusted to life with a wisdom far beyond seventeen. But there's one situation she claims she's never been able to meet gracefully.

"People are always coming up to me at parties," she explains, "and asking me the same question. 'How does it feel,' they simper, 'to be the daughter of a celebrity?' How can I answer them? What can I say? The only possible answer, at least the only one I've ever been able to think of, is: 'I don't really know. You see, that's all I've ever been.'"

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T V R

The Importance of Being Claire

(Continued from page 40)
smiling at the difference between dream and reality. "Never the way I idealized it. Certainly not at all, since I have been on television. In fact, for one who adores sleeping late and getting off to a slow start mornings, I can say it hasn't worked out according to my plan in any way. Not with a 6:30 rising hour, an on-the-set rehearsal call for 7:30, more rehearsing after the broadcast, lasting deep into the afternoon, for the next day's show, scripts to be studied again at night—I also play Kate McCauley, a newspaperwoman, in *Wendy Warren And The News,* on CBS Radio—and an early bedtime so I can get up again at 6:30 next morning!"

In addition to this tight professional schedule, Anne keeps house for her husband, Tom McDermott, a New York advertising agency executive who works with radio and television. She does her own marketing and cooking, and her own tidying up, with the aid of a cleaning woman who comes in by the day. And she usually has half a dozen "special" projects.

Against this background of busy and happy domesticity, Anne has only sympathy and understanding for this other wife she plays . . . for Claire, the rejected wife of Jim Lowell, Jr., in *As the World Turns*: "Claire has been in love with Jim since she was a little girl. He was her first 'crush,' and perhaps it is because she has known him so long that she has never been able to tell him how she really feels. If they had met when she was older and more mature in her emotions, she could probably now handle the whole relationship better, make fewer mistakes. She is basically warm and affectionate, but, like many people who have been constricted by the way they were brought up, it is difficult for her to show her true feelings. Like many of us, also, she is apt to be a little sorry for herself, although she is honest enough to recognize this.

"The truth seems to be that she wants to believe that everything will turn out her way, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary. In many ways," says Anne, "Claire is much younger than her teenage daughter, Ellen, who is more of a realist and sees life as it is, not as she might want life to be. Claire is the kind of woman who must have someone to look out for her, although she would never let you guess it from any word or action of hers. She needs strength in a man, as her husband needs strength in a woman . . . and, at this point, neither has found that in the other. . . .

"Incidentally," Anne continues, "Wendy Drew, who is my seventeen-year-old daughter Ellen on the show, is really a wonderful person and I am extremely fond of her. All of us on the show are. I even find myself taking over a real-life 'mother role' at times with Wendy, fussing over her, taking her to the doctor when she was hit by a studio mike and worrying about her as her own mother would, protecting her. We are all protective toward Wendy, both the men and women in the cast and all the crew and the producer and director—and she is probably the most level-headed of all of us! She has that rather special quality which makes you want to be very good to her. There couldn't be a nicer group of people anywhere, anyhow—a fact that makes the hours of rehearsal pleasant instead of difficult."

The McDermotts were married on June 21, 1953, on a Sunday . . . because they both had to be at work early Monday morning. They got a belated honeymoon trip. At least, Anne did! Tom's company sent him to Hollywood on business . . . and sent Anne with him, as a wedding gift. She spent long, lazy days at the Bel Air pool, while Tom went to work every morning, the same as in New York.

They live now in half of a lovely, small brownstone house on a pleasant street where old New York has not quite given way to tall and impressive new apartment houses. They occupy the two upper floors of the brownstone, and the owner of the house has the ground floor and basement. ("We have our own front door," says Anne, "which makes it seem like a real house, rather than a two-floor apartment.") The McDermotts' "first floor" consists of living room, dining room and kitchen. Their "upstairs" is a bedroom, study and two baths. ("The baths are a luxury, when both Tom and I are rushing to get out to our respective jobs during the same morning half-hour.")

The basic color scheme of their home is blue. A very light blue in the living room, darker blue in the bedroom, natural wood and blue in the study. The dining room, however, has a scarlet Chinese wall paper. ("We did this with our fingers crossed, but the result is charming and we love it.") Furnishings are a mixture of traditional and contemporary.

The study is the room where they enjoy music, records, radio, TV. And books, and quiet talk. Tom decorated one wall with photographs of scenes from the plays Anne has been in, beginning with her stage debut in "Native Son." Anne built the bookcase. "My one piece of carpentry," she smiles, "really not hard to do—except that it took time, and I didn't have much of that."

When she was in the throes of producing this lone example of her skill with tools, she needed some four-inch sanding discs one Saturday morning, and asked her husband if he would stop at the big hardware store near by. Tom, no expert on such matters, got her instructions a little confused, asked for four six-inch discs.

"You must have a very large drill," the man at the store said. "How big is it?"

Tom grinned. "My wife is making bookcases," he said. "I'm just the errand boy."

Some other men in the store began to laugh sympathetically, and that was all a husband needed. "From now on," he told Anne when he got home, carrying the four-inch discs the hardware man had suggested must be right, "I'll do any other shopping for you. The groceries, the meat, any supplies you need. But don't ask me to buy for your carpentry projects. That's all yours!"

Weekends and holidays and through the summer—whenever they can get away—they go up to Old Lyme, Connecticut, where they have a home with Anne's parents. There Anne concentrates on gardening, particularly the flower beds, leaving the more prosaic vegetable gardening to her dad. Whenever there is a spare week or two, the McDermotts take off for the Virgin Islands, their favorite island of St. John . . . where the beach is a miracle of loveliness and there are no telephones, no radio or TV, nor even electricity. No scripts to study, no rehearsals. . . .

Even now, Anne is not quite sure how the business of acting began. She was born in Boston, of a non-theatrical family, lived for a time in White Plains, New York, in England for five years, then in the Midwestern city of Columbus, Ohio. When she was a sophomore at Virginia's Sweetbriar College, she and her best friend decided to go to New York. The friend wanted to get started as an actress. Anne wanted to get started as a writer.

"You get some idea of the topsy-turvy way things happened," Anne laughs, "when I tell you that I just finished reading Mary Lee Settel's latest novel, 'Oh Beulah Land,' in my dressing room at the studio. *She* was the one who became the writer—and I became the actress.

"We both modeled clothes for Powers, when we first came to New York. I did sweaters and skirts and tweeds, probably because I looked like the wholesome outdoor type." (She still does, it might be noted, but with more than a dash of elegance.) "I worked for a radio station, an hour program every Sunday, just for the experience, playing in dramatizations of the great novels. I was also an extra—paid, this time—on *Cavalcade*.

"I suppose," she recalled, "that what you could call my first real theatrical job was in summer stock, at twenty-five dollars a week, with $21.50 deducted for room and board. After three weeks, it was decided I wasn't worth even that—I was so terribly green!—but, at the time, it would have bent the stock-company budget to pay my train fare back to New York and bring someone else in, so they let me stay on. By the end of the summer, I had learned a great deal and was no longer a liability, although I didn't set any stages on fire."

"Native Son" was Anne's first Broadway play. But, before that, she was let out of another show while it was still in rehearsal—and was sure that meant the end of her acting career. However, this story had a happy ending: When there was difficulty casting the ingenue role in "Native Son," Hiram Sherman told Orson Welles about the girl who had been fired. Discouraged, Ann had gone back to visit college friends in Virginia . . . but they tracked her down and hired her. "Native Son," of course, was a tremendous hit. The other play, it turned out, flopped.

The part in "Native Son" was the kind every young actress dreams of. Anne played the girl who was killed—not a long part, but showy and dramatic . . . even after she is killed, everyone talks about her for the rest of the play. In some ways, Anne still looks upon it as the best role she has ever had.

She was the heroine in "The Hasty Heart"—a part played later in the movie by Patricia Neal. Also, Ralph Bellamy's wife in "Detective Story"—the girl Eleanor Parker later played on the screen. At one time, Anne Burr was doing parts in five radio dramas a day, including *Wendy Warren And The News* (which she still does), *Big Sister, When A Girl Marries, Backstage Wife* ("I played the wicked Regina, very different from Claire Lowell"). She was in the radio company of *Studio One,* doing many different women—even "Carmen"!

Although Anne has studied singing, it was never with the idea of singing professionally, but of developing more flexibility in her speaking voice and learning to use it to the best advantage. There is no doubt that her voice is distinctive, interesting, a voice one is apt to remember.

In the early days of television, when Fred Coe and Gordon Duff were putting on the first full-length TV plays, she worked under their direction, remembers their doing the play, "Petticoat Fever," when the lights were frightfully hot, the actors costumed in heavy sweaters and fur parkas! Later, she worked with these same two talented men on the *Philco Playhouse.*

One of her first daytime dramatic roles on TV was as the woman doctor in *The Greatest Gift*. The show was telecast from Philadelphia, for which she caught an early-morning train, getting back just in time to do her dinner shopping before the store closed at seven P.M. . . . Had she ever dreamed about sleeping late mornings, and those glamorous evenings?

For some time, she also played Gloria, a torch singer, in *The Guiding Light*, both on radio and TV. But it wasn't until she began to be Claire, in *As the World Turns*, that viewers started to recognize her—on the street, in the stores, wherever she went. "A woman approached me at the grocery recently," Anne notes, "and said she had missed a week of the show and would I please tell her what had been happening. In Connecticut, five of the neighbors asked me about a sequence they had missed because of some power failure in the station that usually brings the program in, so I brought them up to date. . . . There was a time when, if I went to a restaurant like Sardi's, where other theatrical people eat, I would be recognized. But it's a wonderful new experience to have total strangers say 'Hello, Claire,' as they pass me in the street . . . or stop me in a store."

On the set, in the waits, she does needlepoint—house slippers for Tom, a fancy eyeglass case for her mother, One of her volunteer projects is recording textbooks for blind students, any book that will help a blind boy or girl continue in college. When friends ask how she manages to do so much—to be wife, homemaker and hostess, to work regularly in radio and television, to find time for all these other occupations—she has an answer.

"The only way I know of to be truly happy," says Anne, "is to be useful . . . not only because you think you should be, but because something within you will not let you rest in idleness. I get the blues only when I am wasting time, and I am just as tired on the days when I do very little as on the days that are filled with activity. In one case, the energy is directed. In the other, it isn't. There is always something waiting to be done, something to be made or fixed for the house, something that needs cleaning or straightening . . . someone who needs some help.

"We go out some, and we entertain, because that is part of my husband's life and of mine," Anne Burr McDermott adds. "I enjoy this. I want people to feel welcome and comfortable in our home. If we have a party, I get some help in cooking and serving. But, the rest of the time, I'm the cook in our household, and I like it."

Looking at Anne Burr, and listening to this practical philosophy, you are reminded of an interesting observation made by Ruth Warrick, who plays Edith, the "other woman" in Jim Lowell's life—the woman who is Claire's competition. Ruth and Anne are good friends, who respect each other's talent. A little while after the program started, last April 1, Ruth said, "Anne, you are so *right* for Claire, and I believe it's because you have the same 'quality' she has. Any other woman, looking at Claire, would feel sure that her pearls are *real*."

Anne laughed, felt the description was far too flattering to her—if not to Claire. But it's a description with which many other women would agree. Looking at Anne Burr, they would feel sure that her *ideals* are real, too . . . and that she never meant it seriously when she said she wanted to be an actress because actresses could sleep late! Anne must have known that . . . as the world turns and time moves forward . . . there are just too many interesting and worthwhile things to do—whether it's morning, noon or night.

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Arlene Francis—Who Does It All Herself

(*Continued from page 47*)

Among the most important pieces of this puzzle are Arlene's daily doings. "As in millions of homes across the country," Arlene acknowledges, "my day starts at seven o'clock in the morning. At least that's my rising hour during the week. Sometimes over the weekend, if I've been up to see the wee hours in with Martin, my husband, I recoup with an extra hour or two Saturday or Sunday morning. But, for the moment, let's stick with the Monday-through-Friday routine. I have breakfast with Peter, my nine-year-old son, and this always starts the day off just perfectly. He's such a wonderful boy and I'm so proud of him . . . but, I guess, so are all mothers, and if I ever get off on Peter—well, that will be a completely different story. So back to 'my day.'

"It may sound strange that I don't include my husband as a member of the breakfast-table set. The fact is, he keeps theater hours, so his breakfast hour comes considerably later in the day," she explains parenthetically, then continues: "At eight o'clock, I must be at the studio for rehearsal of the *Home* show. Sometimes, before leaving the house in the morning, I have a chance to talk to the invaluable couple I have who make it possible for me to work and run a home at the same time. If I don't get to go over the next day's plans with them in the morning, we have our conference, as it were, when I return home in the afternoon. I try to arrange things at home so we are always working at least a day in advance. This way, we keep confusion down to a minimum.

"From eight o'clock until just before air time, there are rehearsals for the day's show, which goes 'on camera' from ten to eleven A.M., New York time. Immediately after the show, a multitude of things are apt to take place—such as meetings with our various clients, looking at films for the next day's show, photographing, interviewing (such as today), going over scripts for the next day, meeting with various members of the *Home* staff, and so on. Oh, yes, also lunch—which I often miss and replace with a vitamin pill.

"Afternoons are usually devoted to answering mail, wardrobe fittings, recording sessions, viewing kinescopes that will be used on upcoming shows and/or working on the details of out-of-town shows . . . you know, *Home* moves around quite a bit. By no means do all of our programs originate here in the New York studios. Wherever there are television facilities capable of handling the program, that's where we like to be."

By the time all these activities are accounted for, so is the afternoon, and Arlene whisks home to take up the pleasant duties of being Mrs. Martin Gabel, mother of Peter. Almost without fail, she is home by five o'clock at the latest. "I like to be at the apartment," she explains, "when Peter gets home from school. However, this isn't always possible and, if Peter gets there first, he usually sits down to his piano practicing—so that, when I arrive, we can be together to talk over his day's activities, the latest sports events and all the things nine-year-old boys find so fascinating. Peter's not only a good student, but an interested one, and likes to have me around when he's doing his homework.

"Actually, I love it. It's amazing the things you've forgotten since you were nine . . . particularly, in my case, mathematics, which happens to be one of Peter's outstanding gifts. And I really do find it exciting when he can do fractions in his head and arrive at the correct answer long before I can figure them out on paper. But there I go again on my favorite subject!"

During this "game," Arlene's actor-producer-director-husband (who was in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" until he left to produce another Broadway show, "Hidden River") generally arrives home from the theater, and the Gabel threesome have a period of relaxation. "When Martin's working on a Broadway show," Arlene continues, "he has to dine early in order to get to the theater . . . much too early for Peter or me. So I sit at the table and chat with him while he eats. And later on, at a more normal hour, Peter and I have dinner. I must admit that, as a result of this schedule, there are times when I think the main activity going on in the Gabel household is eating! Of course it isn't so, but occasionally it seems like that to me when I find myself sitting at the same table, looking at the same meal twice in a relatively short period of time."

One would think that, by the time Arlene got Martin off to the theater and Peter off to bed, she, too, would be ready to turn in. Not so, however, with television's queen femcee and panelist. It's at this point that she sits down to read, a pastime into which she was prodded years ago by her husband. Always a glib talker, it's this reading which has made it possible for Arlene to talk intelligently on a multitude of topics. However, much as she might like to sit up all night with a good book, she turns off the lights at ten o'clock so the next morning's TV camera won't scream back at her, "You should have gone to bed earlier!"

But these are just the nights when there are no Broadway openings or visiting firemen demanding her time. These are the easy nights. "Martin and I are very lucky," Arlene explains, her face lighting up with that well-known smile. "We have so many friends . . . friends from one coast to the other, from one side of the ocean to the other. And, when they come to New York, I'm happy to say we're on their visiting lists. So, the entertaining of friends takes care of a good portion of the evenings. Then there are the Broadway openings, too. Of course, on such nights I'm not in bed by ten . . . not by a long shot. But, to counteract these nights, I try to set aside one night a week when I'm in bed by seven . . . one really long night's sleep does wonders in the repair department.

"And there, in brief, you have my weekday schedule. As for weekends, life's quite different—that is, until Sunday night, when I have to be at the studio by nine o'clock in the evening for *What's My Line?* In the summertime, I retreat to our house in Mt. Kisco. Even though Martin's and my schedules make it impossible for us to live in the country, we bought the Mt. Kisco house so that Peter could enjoy suburban living during his summer vacation.

"There's nothing elegant about our summer home. It's small but is situated on top of a hill from which there's a breathtaking view. To city dwellers, this in itself is therapeutic. Besides that, it gives me an opportunity to pursue a hobby . . . do-it-yourself. Now there's no point in laughing . . . I *am* a do-it-yourselfer. I love to paint—absolutely anything. I love to refinish furniture. And you should see how great I am at laying carpets! Which reminds me of a very funny story: The first weekend we were in the Mt. Kisco home, Phyllis Cerf and I were laying the living-room carpet—one which is actually created by putting squares together . . . a trick I learned on the *Home* show and which, like a lot of hints I've picked up from the program, worked out just beautifully. But to get back to the story: I don't remember whether we were in dungarees or just exactly what our 'work' outfits were. Obviously, however, we looked pretty seedy.

"In the midst of our activities, the front doorbell rang. Trying to protect me, Phyllis offered to answer the door while I tried to hide under the carpet squares. Well, it turned out to be a very nice lady who took one fast look around, gasped and explained that she was a neighbor . . . had come to say 'welcome' . . . hadn't realized that the 'charladies' would still be working . . . would return another day. So there you have a picture of me pursuing my hobby . . . a charlady.

"I've done quite a bit with our New York apartment, too. Up to a short time ago, we had a darling little house with a garden right in the heart of Manhattan. However, after a few prowlers, Martin and I decided that—for the safety of Peter, if nothing else—a well-guarded apartment would be better for us. So we now have a twelve-room one, not too far away from Central Park. When I was in Japan last year, I almost lost my mind over the lovely native silks and brought back yards and yards of magnificent material which I had made into drapes and used as the decorating background for the apartment as a whole. Since it was quite a change from our other establishment, it meant some refinishing of furniture . . . but, even if that hadn't been necessary, I would probably have brought out the sandpaper, paint remover, turp, etcetera, just to indulge myself."

Doing things with her hands is by no means her only extracurricular activity. Quite a few charities and organizations call on her free time . . . such as United Cerebral Palsy, Heart Association, Cancer Drive, and Muscular Dystrophy Drive, to name a few. Busy as she is, Arlene is an avid worker on behalf of organizations and charities close to her heart, her one regret being that she hasn't "more time to devote to them."

"There is just one other thing," Arlene offered a little hesitantly. "Broadway. As you may know, I've been in quite a number of Broadway shows . . . twenty-odd, to be somewhat accurate. Most of them did a fast fold—but 'Doughgirls' and 'Late Love' were sizeable successes. As much as I love and am grateful to television, there will always be a corner of my heart reserved for the theater, and at this moment it looks as though I *may* do a play for my husband this year.

"I know—like so many others, you're wondering how I can possibly do a Broadway show in addition to *Home* and *What's My Line?* Well, to be quite honest, it will be quite a load, but at the moment I'm not going to worry about it. Which, perhaps, is one of the two great advantages I have . . . first, the good Lord blessed me with exceptionally good health. Second, I don't worry. In fact, I don't even think too much about the future. Someone on the show tries to tell me what's going to happen on *Home* two days ahead, I simply shake my head and tell them to repeat it the next day . . . two days' advance notice will merely confuse me and might start me worrying . . . and worry simply dissipates energy. In a general way, of course, I plan for the future, but I *concentrate* on the day's activities and, by so doing, find that the future takes care of itself."

And there you have a good many of the puzzle pieces that go to make up Arlene Francis, one of the most frequently seen artists on television today. But they're the comparatively easy pieces to spot. It's the

paradox element that makes the completion of the puzzle impossible, and the lady in question so fascinating.

For example, take her sophistication. Born on the proper side of Boston's tracks (her father was a prosperous painter-photographer of Armenian descent), Arlene was raised in the midst of interesting and socially correct people. Her father was so horrified, when he discovered her teen-age urge to enter the theater, that he hurried her off, with her mother, to Europe for several months in a futile effort to stifle the urge. On the surface, Arlene leads a glamorous life . . . TV, theater, night clubs, Broadway openings, festive parties. But, in reality, she is the out-and-out sentimentalist who constantly wears a heart-shaped diamond pendant given her ten years ago by her husband on their first anniversary. Her wedding ring also contains diamond hearts, and she has a "hit" bracelet on which hang charms symbolizing each of her radio, TV and theater roles . . . a bracelet which, by now, is three bands wide. A sophisticate isn't supposed to be a sentimentalist. It makes fitting pieces into a puzzle very difficult.

Then take the matter of dressing. Among her personal and viewing friends, Arlene is known as an elegant dresser . . . a fashion plate. But some of her happiest moments are spent in "charlady" dungarees and the like.

Her daily business activities alone are Herculean enough to wear down most of the so-called stronger sex . . . if not from actual physical strain, certainly from worry that not all can possibly be accomplished. Not so Arlene, an oasis in the middle of Ulcer Gulch. The moment her head hits the pillow, she's off in deep and restful sleep. There's a time and place for everything, and tomorrow will take care of itself just as today did. Add to that the fact that she's a perfect wife, mother and homemaker, and you have a few more puzzle pieces which can't possibly fit.

Perhaps the final straw is her wealth of information. On top of everything else she does, how does she possibly find the time or energy to acquire it? Actually, it doesn't seem to present anywhere near as much of a problem to Arlene as it does to her admirers. She has the neat, orderly mind that retains what it has read, even though the subject matter may have been covered rather rapidly. An ardent talker, she is just as ardent a listener (a blatant paradox!) and, from her family and circle of friends, picks up as much information from listening as from reading. That tip she was passing around that Don Larsen was going to pitch a no-hit game in the last World Series came directly from the lips of her sports-wise son. Usually, however, the information gleaned from talking, listening and reading is carefully tucked away for future reference . . . is often aired again right before your eyes in ad-lib talks with guests on *Home* or quips on *What's My Line?* A dynamo who can turn party talk into *Home* conversation? Oh, no, it just doesn't fit anywhere!

Yes, without a doubt the lady is a "puzzlement," and the completion of the puzzle would be far too great a task for mere human beings to undertake. Like millions of viewers, it's best to just sit back and enjoy watching Arlene Francis—the whirlwind of the television screen, who once tried to explain herself with the brief words: "I simply find pleasure in activity itself."

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(Continued from page 51)

on her lap. She hadn't the least real fear —not *real* fear!—as she lifted the cover.

But the box was empty.

She looked at it, turning deathly white. She remembered putting the doll away, in this box, in that bureau drawer. *It's happened again!* she thought, dry-throated. *But it can't be! I remember so distinctly.* And then she began frantically to search the other bureau drawers, to empty her closet, to search in ridiculous hiding-places to find the doll that nobody else in the world would have wanted to hide. Nobody but herself, if it had happened again. . . .

Presently she wept hysterically, her hands pressed against her temples. She flung herself on the bed and buried her head under the pillows, fighting to keep from screaming.

It was not the doll, as such. She'd bought it for Bebe, to make her quite the most special present that a little girl could receive. It did not matter that even this doll was missing. What did matter—what made her want terribly to die—was that her mind was playing tricks on her. She remembered tucking the doll lovingly in this very box, and putting it in this very bureau drawer. Nobody else would have touched it. But, just as had happened in other matters, she was finding that she'd done something insane—she must have done it!—of which she now had no memory at all. She must have taken the doll out of the box. She wanted to scream again, as she guessed the maniacal things she might have done to it. And, if something like this had happened again, she was a failure even at staying sane!

She wept exhaustedly. And, while she wept, she longed terribly for relief from this despair. She knew that she could have relief. She had only to go to the cupboard where the bottles were. She could go there. And, in a little while, she would feel confident and strong and sure and unafraid. It would mean fresh disgrace, of course. Harry would look coldly disgusted when he found her vague-eyed and thick-tongued. But she couldn't suffer like this!

After a long and bitter struggle—which she knew in advance she would lose—she got up and began to feel her way to that infinitely treacherous solace. She wished desperately that, sometimes, she might find herself relieved of anguish without the memory of failure—without memory of giving in. Then she realized abruptly that this was one thing that she had never yet done without her own knowledge. She might crazily tear off the head of the doll named after Jack—and not remember it. She must have, because nobody else would have done so. She'd been terribly upset about Jack, then, and Harry'd asked if she'd been trying to work voodoo magic to get him killed in some automobile accident. And then he'd gone to the closet where she'd put the doll-collection carefully away, and he'd come out with the doll that resembled him, and found that there were pins stuck in it all over. He had seemed angry. More voodoo, he asked? But he was most shocked when he searched again and came out with the doll called Marilyn—with Marilyn's coloring, and clothed like her—and pointed to a bit of blood-red ribbon stabbed into the doll's sawdust breast.

"You not only stick pins in a doll you've named for me," said Harry, in a tone of revulsion, "but you stab a doll named for my secretary, and put a red ribbon for blood to gloat over! Isn't there any limit to what you'll do?" he asked.

She'd been struck dumb, then. She didn't remember doing it. But nobody else could have done it, and she bitterly hated Marilyn. She knew that Marilyn had been more than merely Harry's secretary. She was. . . . She was. . . .

But she'd never taken a first fatal drink without remembering it! Never without an anguished struggle—and failure—to endure the pain of failure and unwantedness. She'd learned that she must have done other mad things, though she did not remember. But never once had she started to drink without full knowledge.

She stopped short, groping in her thoughts. Insane things like this one—hiding the doll for Bebe from herself—and tearing off the head of a doll, and sticking pins and stabbing dolls without knowingly wanting to and still less intending it. *But I've never taken a first drink that I didn't know!* she thought. *And for me to take a first drink is most insane of all! Maybe. . . .*

She did not go to the cupboard.

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Triumphantly, she washed her face. She dressed for the street, her hands trembling a little. She picked up her handbag—and remembered exactly when and how she had put it down in that exact place—and went out, quite steadily. She got a cab to take her to Bebe's home. She'd explain gently to Bebe that there'd been an accident to the doll, and she was sending it back and getting another. She'd have the other doll sent from the store. And then she'd ask Bebe's mother, Hester, if she thought there might not be some significance in the fact that she always remembered a first drink, but never remembered other even less rational things which it was evident she did when she hadn't been drinking at all.

Cora pictured herself speaking to Bebe. She'd say gently: "Aunt Cora's sorry, dear. I'd have loved so much to give it to you myself and to see how you liked it. But it will come!"

She leaned back in the cab, her eyes closed. She pictured Bebe smiling up at her. But she began to have a peculiar, unreasonable hope. *Maybe there's some explanation*, she thought. *I daren't guess at it myself. But I've only been a failure lately. Recently, though, I've been acting as if I were mesmerized. As if I did childish, foolish things in my sleep—which of course I wouldn't remember. Exactly as if I were mesmerized. . . .*

The cab lurched and jolted. It came to a stop. Cora opened her eyes as the cab-driver opened the door. This was Hester's house, where little Bebe lived—though now she was going away. Cora stepped out of the cab and opened her handbag to pay the cabman.

She went ashen-white. She remembered, distinctly, putting her purse down the day before. She remembered what was in it. She'd picked it up from where she'd laid it down. Nobody else had touched it.

The cab-driver said uneasily:

"What's the matter, lady?"

Cora did not answer him. She couldn't. She swayed on her feet and fumbled out change to pay for the ride. She looked about her, blindly. She did not go into Bebe's house. She walked unsteadily, looking for the only easement there could be for such despair as filled her. She looked for a bar.

But her head was quite clear. Before she found a bar, she passed a trash receptacle on the street. There were discarded newspapers half-filling it. Her hand shaking, she put into it, and covered over, the leg of the doll she'd meant to give Bebe today. It had been ripped from the doll's body with a sort of maniacal fury. It had been in her handbag.

Cora hid it and went stumbling for the only relief that existed, for her.

Harry Lane leaned back in his chair and regarded Marilyn with level eyes. She smiled sarcastically as he watched her while she put the recently dictated letters on his desk.

"You wouldn't," she asked, "be looking at me like that because there's been a revival of your enormous affection for me? If you are, it's no go."

"No," said Harry Lane evenly, "You're quite—sarcastic, lately. I am wondering if it's because of the enormous affection I understand you feel lately for someone named—ah—Duke Manson."

Marilyn tensed. Then she said harshly, "So what? You wouldn't care, would you?"

"No," said Lane coldly, "except in one way. You've been very useful to me, Marilyn. You've been valuable. I intend to reward you. But—ah—you know a great deal about my affairs. I hope you will not . . . confide too freely in this Manson."

"Is that a threat?" she demanded. "I'd hate to have you threaten me, Harry! I might have to take measures! Right now I'm staying on here just to get that reward you mentioned. You've promised plenty. Don't fool yourself that you won't have to keep the promises you've made me!"

"Do I ever fool myself?" asked Lane.

Marilyn laughed suddenly, without any mirth.

"I don't know anybody who fools himself more!" she told him. "Look at the record! You've made a lot of money at other people's expense. Right now you plan to make a lot more—but your scheme requires that you get rid of your wife. You've got a right little, tight little plan for it. Nobody but you would think of such a thing. You made her a drunk, expecting to get an easy divorce that way so you can marry Louise Grimesley. But she fights it too hard. So you've started something new. Now you're persuading her she's insane."

Harry Lane cocked his ears to listen—not to her, but to the sounds outside his office. He leaned back at ease.

"Interesting," he said without expression. "You were saying. . . ."

"Hiding things until she misses them," Marilyn rushed on, "and then putting

them back where she couldn't have missed them. The business of the dolls. Pretending indignation because she tore off the head of the doll named for Jack—when she didn't. You did. Raging that she stuck pins in a doll named for you. You stuck them. Affecting vast disgust because she stabbed a doll representing me—did you enjoy stabbing that doll, Harry? But you've got her believing she did those things! You've bought a duplicate of the doll she got for little Bebe. I don't know how you'll use that, but I'll bet it's nasty!"

Harry Lane continued to look at her steadily.

"Maybe you'll get away with it," said Marilyn silkily. "You got away with ruining your brother and Martin Spode, for two. Maybe you'll get away with this. But you're fooling yourself."

"Very eloquent," said Harry Lane, smiling. "How?"

"Thinking you can get away with it forever," said Marilyn harshly. "I'm gambling you will, until after I'm paid off—and that had better be *soon*—but I want out from being involved in your affairs! You finish one scheme and start another. Every one is rotten and every one destroys somebody. You're fooling yourself when you think you can go on forever! You're mesmerized by the idea of scheming your way to more and more and more money, and everything you want. You'll never stop scheming. You'll keep it up until you're caught! You're mesmerized by your own smartness. And I think you're a fool!"

Cora found her way dizzily into her room. She felt strong and capable and confident. She knew that she was beloved and was needed, and she muttered grandly to herself, making uncertain gestures. She could take care of anything that needed taking care of! That bartender who wanted her to go home, he was ridic—ridic—*hic*—he was silly! And Harry was silly, looking disgusted when he let her in the front door. Ridic—

She made a sweeping gesture, dismissing Harry and all other matters which ordinarily upset her. She felt wonderfully good.

Then she saw the box on the floor. She'd dropped it there because the doll for Bebe wasn't in it. The doll was broken. There was a leg torn off it.

But then she saw the doll. It was in the box, just where it should have been. It was not missing a leg. It was quite perfect, with silken curls, and it had dainty clothes that buttoned and unbuttoned and it would say "Ma-ma" in a squeaky voice. . . .

Cora went cold sober on the instant. It was a horrible soberness. She remembered that the doll had vanished. That she'd gone nearly crazy because it wasn't in its box. She thought she'd destroyed it. . . .

But it had been in the box while she thought the box empty. It had been a delusion that it was gone. She was mesmerized.

She swayed on her feet, fighting the shadows of madness. She wanted to scream. . . .

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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

(Continued from page 34)
Hal's future, was not to unfold in Hollywood—where he made his first "professional" appearances in a series of obscure night clubs—but back on McAllister Street, at a burlesque house. Here the handsome kid, so dedicated to making his share of the happy music in the magic world of entertainment, was finally to step onto a real stage, in a real auditorium, as a full-fledged "straight man" and singer.

For eighteen-year-old Hal Mendelson, Hollywood had been far from the Promised Land, that first trip. There had been stretches — too many stretches — like the three days "I ate popcorn and drank water, just to feel full." And his innate pride hadn't helped relieve the situation. "I always had a lot of pride. Too much—maybe," Hal March was remembering now, on that triumphal homecoming to San Francisco just last fall. . . .

Once, during those first struggling months, Hal's wealthy aunt and uncle from Montreal, Canada, had visited Los Angeles and tried to be of help. "They stayed at the Ambassador Hotel. I was living in a rented room—and not a dime. They invited me to have lunch with them and I hitchhiked down to the hotel. My uncle could see I wasn't doing too well —I remember it was my first good meal in a while. When I was leaving, he very kindly put a hundred-dollar bill in my hand—and I gave it back to him. My family in San Francisco would slip a twenty into a letter, too, at first, but I stopped that. I told them I was doing fine . . . something *great* was coming up—tomorrow."

Tomorrow. Always tomorrow. This was hard for Hal's family to understand in the way of a livelihood. They would write him, inquiring what was happening today. And the answer, as his sister, Bessie Friedman, had recalled, was always what was going to happen "tomorrow" or next week. "He used to tell us these stories about what was going to happen—and it all sounded like pipe dreams. But Hal was never discouraged."

But when Hal's father, Leon Mendelson, the beloved philosophical merchant of McAllister Street, died suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage, there was some family feeling that Hal should give up all these pipe dreams . . . these mythical tomorrows. His mother was left with the delicatessen business overnight, and Hal was the unemployed one, the unmarried one—the logical one to help run the store.

But for his mom's unselfish and understanding heart, Hal's future might have ended before it began. "In my heart, I didn't want him to stay," Mrs. Ethel Mendelson, Hal's mother, has recalled. "But we had a good business and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't take care of it."

And one night, after the funeral, Hal had put it to her this way: "Mom, I don't want to be a grocery man. When I get older—when I start to make money—I'll take care of you like nobody's business. I'll take care of you the rest of your life —but please . . . not this . . ."

"All right—you don't want it. All right. I'll sell the store," she had said, freeing him for the future he'd wanted since the junior high school operetta when he had first heard the laughter and the applause.

Meanwhile, however, Hal was intermittently employed. But, as Hal well remembered, "I got fired from everything else." He worked briefly at Roos Brothers store, just next door to Joseph Magnin's store—where TV star Hal March was later to be making appearances and to be mobbed by fans, while mikes on the street corner outside blared *The $64,000 Question* theme song. He'd worked, also briefly, for Bethlehem Steel as a "flanger's helper," repairing ships.

But acting was something else . . . always. "Acting was the one thing I took seriously. I had always been Charlie Charm until then. I wanted this desperately—and that was it. I knew I couldn't compromise with this thing. It meant too much to me. . . "

So much that Hal Mendelson, as he was saying now, finally "lied my way into show business." By sheer bravado, he'd bluffed a fellow named Eddie Skolak, who was putting a new show into the President Burlesque Theater, into hiring him as a straight man. . . .

So here—at the other end of McAllister Street—show business opened up for him. And here—now that he was returning to his home town a star, being welcomed with the key to the city, and riding in a limousine with a chauffeur and a police escort—the stage where he had "come of age" in show business was full of nostalgic memories.

"Eddie will think he's being raided," Hal laughed, as the sirens ushered the way. Then, with the excitement of every remembered landmark: "There's Bunny's Waffle Shop! When I worked here, I used to go across the street to Bunny's with the strippers and have coffee before the show. We did four shows a day—seven on weekends. . . . I'm glad I was in burlesque," he's saying, as he looks around with avid interest. "There's nothing else like it in show business. This is the greatest training ground for improvising and for ad libbing—invaluable for television today.

"Let's go backstage," he suggests. And, suddenly, he's leading the way. Turning the corner of the old theater, walking down a dusty alley-way where he walked fifteen years before. The door's locked, but there's a bell marked "Please ring." And he rings. From around the building there comes a middle-aged man, smiling as he nears, "Hello—*Hal!*"

"Eddie? *Eddie Skolak!*"

And, together, they're walking through the backstage entrance into the darkened theater where, on December 6, 1941—the day before Pearl Harbor—Hal Mendelson punched in with his first job on a professional show . . . and as it turned out—improvised as he went. "I'd bluffed my way into getting the job. I'd said I'd had a lot of experience—and the comic taught me the bits backstage. The comic was a guy named—Smoky Wells! Right, Eddie?

"I had to learn to do all the bits before the first show!" Hal was laughing now.

"Well—you didn't do so bad," his old boss was saying. With an experienced eye, Skolak had sized him up as "a young feller with plenty of spirit. He knew what he was doing and he looked good. Struck me as somebody who really wanted to work. And he did. I'm glad to see somebody like Hal go places."

Going backstage now, wandering around the old deserted theater and finding his way down a dark musty hall, Hal March was turning back the years nostalgically.

"This was the comics' dressing room, right here. And that second one—that was mine! That was the straight man's dressing room. Looks exactly the same, Eddie," he was saying. Then, noting the wooden platform extending into the theater, "Hey—you didn't have a runway then!"

"No, I just put that in."

"The girls worked on stage then. It was too dangerous to go to the audience. That platform on the back of the stage—that's for the tableau?"

"Yeah—that's for the picture."

"I was in the first show, December 6, 1941—I sang 'Mighty Lak a Rose' and 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo.' I remember exactly where I stood," Hal was saying, heading for the side of the stage. "Nobody but the pit men heard me, and nobody looked at me. There was one number—the big 'Indian Summer' production number—I'll never forget. We had a house full of sailors, and I sang the number with a chorus of forty beautiful girls dancing in front of me. I wore a beige Irish Linen jacket and a boutonniere and I sang my heart out—and *nothing*—

"I stood right here. . . ."

Their show had a short run. Four weeks later, the theater had closed down. Eddie Skolak had started out too ambitiously with such spectacular musical productions, and he'd had to close the show until he could raise more money

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and convert it into a routine "strip" show.

And so, one night, Hal Mendelson had walked back down the same dim alleyway—out of a job. But walking with confidence. He was in "show business" now, for sure. A real pro.

He was soon to go into the Army—a real private, too. The most flat-footed private in the service of Uncle Sam. The enlistment board had turned him down when they first examined him, saying, "Oh, brother—with those feet you'll *never* get in." But, three months later, he was in—and a casualty in his company. In a baseball game with other G.I.'s, his nose had been broken for the second time. But, this time, "the other way" from the fracture he'd sustained in a high-school football game. As his mom later recalled, "The Army straightened it out for him."

Back home from service, once more, it was here in San Francisco that Hal had gotten his first break in radio. One morning, he'd simply walked into Station KYA, looking for a job as an announcer—and emerged employed. Over and above the objections, ironically enough, of the chief announcer, Bob Sweeney, who was to play so important a part in Hal Mendelson's future later on.

By his own admission, Sweeney had voted against him: "When Hal auditioned that day, he told wonderful stories in dialects. But, as I explained to him, 'Unfortunately, we don't do commercials in dialect.' I turned him down, but he'd impressed everybody else with his stories. There was an opening in the sales department, and he got that. Five minutes later, one of the announcers quit, and Hal got the job."

It was at this time that Hal Mendelson changed his name, too. By way of a take-off on "Time Marches On," he decided to call his show, *Hal March Is On!* And there, in the early morning, on KYA, the germ of the team to be known as "Sweeney and March" was born. Sweeney had an early disc-jockey show, too, which was "back to back" with Hal's. "We got to the point where we were both doing jokes—and both in need of a straight man. We'd 'straight' for each other, and we felt so good working together that we combined the show into a full hour."

However, they didn't then actually consider themselves a team. And, a few months later, Hal decided to expand his operation and go back to Hollywood to try his luck at acting again. His cousin was casting director at Warner Bros., and Hal figured he might have a chance there.

Shortly thereafter, Bob Sweeney's mother died, and Bob decided "to get out of San Francisco and see what I could do in Hollywood, too. I had $280 to my name. I got a new suit. I bought new luggage and bought myself a first-class plane ticket—my first. Everything first-class. I rode in a limousine to the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. Hal was to meet me there, and I was about to register for a room when he walked in and halted me. He looked real beat—and broke. He was wearing an old T-shirt and slacks—and a two days' growth of beard."

Hal stopped Sweeney's signature with an emphatic, "Don't register for a seven-dollar room! Move in with me. The money won't last, believe me." Taking another look at Hal, Sweeney decided he knew what he was talking about.

The weeks that followed strengthened that view: "Hal was living in a broken-down attic in a rooming house on Gower Street. We got the attic for ten dollars a week for the two of us. We weren't allowed to cook in our room. There was a little stand down on Vine Street, and we lived on orange juice and hot dogs when we were broke—which was often."

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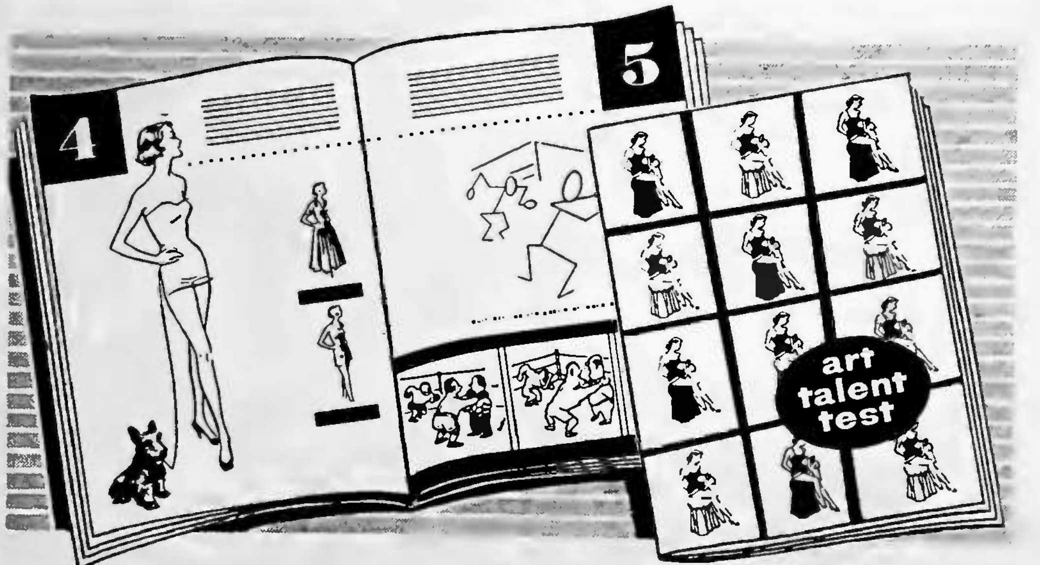

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Theirs was about as "broken-down" as attics come, actually. "The springs in the chairs kept popping out. There was an old, lumpy double bed. The wallpaper was peeling off the walls, and we had some mothy gauze curtains—for a while."

One morning, the landlady came up to their attic and began extemporizing about what model tenants they were. "No drinking, no girls and so forth," Sweeney had recalled, talking about the old days. "She said we were such good tenants she would wash our curtains for us. We were so excited. This was like somebody offering to paint the room, or something. We went downstairs with her to watch. She put our soiled curtains in the sink, put some detergent in, turned on the hot water—and they melted and went down the drain. While we stood there watching, they simply dissolved and went right down the hole. The landlady said she was so sorry, but there were no more curtains. From then on, we started getting up earlier. The sunlight would come pouring in, and we'd have to get up early to get out of the heat and the sun."

Any bookkeeping between them was very soon simplified. Jobs were too few and too far between. Hal hadn't connected in motion pictures. His cousin at Warner Bros. said he must have "more experience." Sweeney and March started pooling their money. "If one worked, the other got half the check. We would put money in a dresser drawer and take out what we needed. When the money was gone—it was just gone."

There was a Maritime Service radio program which was good for starving actors then. "Once in a while, we'd get on that. The Merchant Marine had taken over Catalina Island, and the show was broadcast from the ballroom of a big hotel there. We'd leave Hollywood on a Friday night, get a nice boat-ride over, spend some time on the island, do the show Saturday night, and go home Sunday. We'd save ourselves four meals—and get a check for $35 apiece besides."

During these earlier days, Hal's family would turn a radio dial in San Francisco, and out of nowhere would come a remembered voice—one of many remembered voices. "That's Hal!" they'd say excitedly, recognizing some dialect or accent borrowed and bred in their delicatessen store on McAllister Street.

Radio networks, however, weren't as impressed. "We kept trying to figure out how we could lick it," Sweeney has said of these days. "Others were doing auditions, making records and going around Hollywood with their records under their arms."

One day, Hal and Bob were sitting on a little ledge outside Station KHJ on Melrose Avenue "patting each other on the back and saying what a shame we didn't have our own show and how great we would be." A station executive overheard them and invited, "If you think you're so great, come on inside and let's talk about it." As a result, the boys rushed back to their sunny attic, wrote themselves a spot and recorded it. "This guy didn't go for it—but CBS did. Our *Sweeney And March* show was on CBS for eighty-seven weeks—the longest sustaining show on the air."

Later, after Sweeney and March went to New York and filled an ABC contract, they decided to go it alone and not wait for the magic tomorrow that was going to make their future secure as a team. "Tomorrow's the thing that keeps you going. Tomorrow, there's going to be a big part. A great show—tomorrow. We decided this was it. We had enough money to sustain ourselves for a while, and we decided we'd break it off and each try our luck doing what we wanted to do."

Tomorrow . . . Sweeney would be featured in top TV shows and eventually be starring in his own show, *The Brothers*, on CBS-TV. . . .

And tomorrow . . . after being featured on such programs as *Colgate Comedy Hour* and the *Imogene Coca Show*, and starting his own *The Soldiers* . . . Hal March would be offered the job emceeing a summer-replacement show, a fabulous-sounding format called *The $64,000 Question*.

Hal and his old partner talked this over, when that tomorrow came. The whole premise just seemed too fantastic to be true—going from $64 to $64.000. "It would be great if they *can* do it," Hal had said doubtfully. And Sweeney had pointed out, "What can you lose, Hal? After all, it isn't *your* $64,000."

But Hal had turned it down, at first. "Can you imagine that!" he was saying now, riding up Nob Hill in a limousine, with sirens going all the way. "But I just didn't think I was right for it. I was an actor—and they'd never used an actor as an emcee. The emcee has all the responsibility for pacing the whole show. Professionally, this was a real change of pace for me. But we made a kinescope and they signed me—and that was a *dandy* day!"

For Hal Mendelson, this proved to be the pot of gold at the end of McAllister Street. And as for pacing the show—life had set that pace long before.

As his old partner has said, "There's a thing in show business that's just the right framework for your talent. The perfect niche for you. Sometimes, you never find it. Hal found his."

In Hal March, television audiences found a different kind of emcee. Not only an actor who could project, but a fellow man who was solidly sympathetic—he'd been there. "I can't disassociate myself from these people," Hal has said about his pulling for the contestants on his show. "You can't—knowing they're up there trying to change their whole lives. And knowing that the money—any part of it—can change their lives. . . ."

How much a man's life can change, Hal March would know. After all the years of struggle he was all the way home when he returned to San Francisco in such triumph. He was making happy music—in spades. He'd found the perfect niche in show business. He was the star of the most successful show in television. And, as though fate decided to reward him all the way, he had found the perfect bride in glamorous, titian-haired Candy Toxton, whose background for acting and for living in so many ways matches his.

"We've both kept the same sense of values—that's the important thing," Hal was saying now, with a look in Candy's direction which was saying infinitely more. "Candy's the greatest. I waited a good many years to get married—she's the girl I was always waiting for. We've had this in common, too—fighting and striving to succeed, and wanting to do it on our own."

"You'll be back—you'll see," some of the skeptics had said eighteen years before, when Hal Mendelson had first left San Francisco to try his luck in show business. Now he was back . . . a star and an undisputed success . . . and finding the whole experience pretty staggering.

"You read of things like this happening to other people," Hal was saying, "but when it happens to you—it's like a dream. Like it's all happening to somebody else. Just fantastic."

Fantastic . . . for Hal Mendelson to be

met at the airport by the mayor. To be given the golden key to the city. To be feted at an elegant reception in the Hunt Room of the Fairmont Hotel. To be followed in Union Square by people who just wanted his name on a piece of paper. To be riding in a limousine with a chauffeur up and down Nob Hill.

Today, he was all the way home. And the answers, *his* answers, were here, too. The answers to his phenomenal success, to why millions of television fans could identify themselves with him, and to why no other quizmaster, however fabulous the prizes, could come so close to them.

The answer was the people who leaned out of cable cars along Powell Street with a warm hello for him. Two sailors who stopped him, grinning, "Got any money, Hal?" The cabbie who cruised by, craning his neck and yelling, "Welcome home, Hal."

Their welcome was for a man they felt they knew very well. A man who would be concerned about the future of a jockey and a Brooklyn spinster and an Italian shoemaker. Who would know what winning would mean to them.

As his boyhood friend, Sam Elkind, has put it, "The slick emcees may gloss it on, but when Hal says he's happy for them—he's *happy* for them. He knows what it means to them. The guys who bought Hal probably didn't know what they had when they first hired him—this tremendous sincerity of his, the empathy. It's like a mosaic of Hal and his life, everything that comes through that screen. There's a line that comes to mind, 'the elements so mixed in him . . . this was a man.'"

The elements so mixed in him. . . .

Today's success was all of them. The Mission District and McAllister Street. The junior high school play and the President "Follies Burlesque" . . . and following the happy music wherever he could. A mother's unselfishness and a father's compassion . . . and the respect for truth and sincerity which had been steeped in him. Those who had doubted and those who had believed, the pat on the back and the knife to the heart. A kid's dedication to a dream . . . and all those whose lives had touched his through the struggle to make it reality.

But back here, where it all began, to Hal March reality now seemed the dream.

Here in the elegant hotel suite, with its mauve and green decor, he was saying, "When I was a kid, some of my rich school friends used to come to the Fairmont. I remember I would come by here and I'd tell myself, 'Someday, I'll go in there.' The whole thing's fantastic—when you remember these things."

It was almost plane time. In another hour, Hal March would be winging back to the theater of his success, but the stage was here, and the roots were all here. And, through the glass wall of his suite atop Nob Hill, it was all there below him now . . . all the struggle and the streets and the people who were part of him.

"That's my life down there where we've been. Everything that's happened since seems like a dream. Like it doesn't belong to me. . . .

"Can you imagine what it's like for me to come back here like this?" Hal March was saying slowly now. "To be welcomed by the mayor, to be given the key to the city . . . that banner—there's never been another one like that over the City Hall. When I think of what's happened to me today in show business . . . when I'm alone, I look up and say, 'Don't let it stop, Big Fellow . . . don't let it all stop. . .'"

Today, there was no indication that it ever would.

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The Shining Hours

(*Continued from page* 56)

for, merely to cart away. By taking off the top and replacing it with a flat, leather-covered surface fastened with nailheads, and refinishing the rest of the wood, Durward turned the hitherto-despised piece into a stunning desk which he uses daily.

Up in the country, too, his idea of relaxing is to be a log-splitter, brush-clearer, builder-artisan-farmer type, with a list of chores as long as his arm. Which is long enough, considering he's a strongly built six-footer with arms and hands to match. These same hands can play a Hammond chord organ as if they had never done anything more strenuous, or less cultural, and he will concertize by the hour when the mood is upon him—*if* the boys and Pax run out of things only Daddy can do, which need doing at once.

This works the other way 'round, of course. Pax says that, all too often, Durward gets to planning *her* day before he leaves for the show, and manlike, sees nothing incongruous in asking her to buy something for him at one end of town when all her other errands are at the extreme opposite end.

"I spend my time going to and from the railroad station," she explains, "and taking children back and forth to schools, and running into town to shop and to do the dozens of errands every family leaves to 'Mother.' If I had a daughter, I think I would teach her, first, to be the best possible driver—and, after that, to cook and sew and keep house."

In addition to the family chauffeuring, Pax is a Class Mother at the local high school, where Randy is a freshman. She is taking an adult education course in art, with emphasis on oil painting, although heretofore she concentrated on ceramics. She has substituted needlepoint for the hooked rugs she used to make, needlepoint being easier to pick up and put down between interruptions.

As if these weren't enough—what with the housekeeping, and such things as going bowling occasionally with Randy, and keeping Dennis occupied, and the busy weekends in the country—Pax is now planning a children's theater in their home community to help kids express themselves in a constructive way by acting, making their own scenery, and producing suitable plays. She is also working on her script for a professional television show which she hopes to see produced some day. As Mary Paxton Young (from which comes the nickname, "Pax," to differentiate her from a number of other Marys in the family), Pax was a successful radio singer and commentator, and later a radio executive in an advertising agency. Some of this happened before she and Durward were married on June 7, 1941, and then continued during his years in the Navy, until her job as homemaker and mother became most important of all.

Randy, who was fourteen in December, is at the point where he shows many talents. He still hankers to be a performer, like his father, especially a comedian.

Even at fourteen, however, Randy is aware that an actor must have many facets, and that a second profession might come in handy. He thinks he might like to study law, figuring the education won't be wasted if he goes into show business. "That way I could draw up my own contracts," he points out, far-sightedly. He is learning to dance, he plays the trumpet, he likes parties and the social life of their community, but he is just as keenly interested in being a good ball player and in belonging to a really good youthful team up in Connecticut. He has learned water-skiing, is a good all-'round winter sportsman on skis and skates, a swimmer and a fellow who can handle a boat with skill and responsibility—he and his pal, Doug Sinclair, take Randy's boat out on their lake all summer.

Dennis, seven last June 11, was heard to complain, a while back, that he guessed he was getting "a kicking around lately." It seems there was a little matter of some extra work to do at home, as the result of being tempted to talk during church service—and then, as a result of the extra chores, falling behind in his school homework and having to make up for *that*. Quite a lot to happen to a small boy! But, mostly, Dennis is a thoroughly responsible, conservative, yet sunny child who likes to work with his daddy on shop projects and follow him around and try to help with everything.

Dennis is the animal-lover of the family, and he shares the family love of music. "We get a kick out of hearing him go around the house, humming bits of the classics instead of the jazz or rock 'n' roll you might expect," Durward says, adding, "Dennis is also the Bright-Eyes. Whenever anyone loses anything and it later turns up, credit Dennis. Randy lost his wallet last fall and, when everyone else was ready to give up, Dennis found it under a pile of leaves."

Being the only woman in a family of three men has taught Pax plenty, anyhow. When she and Durward were first married, and went fishing together, he told her she would have to learn to bait her own line and take off her own catch. And he meant it. Now they use mostly artificial lures, but she still has to separate the fish from the hook.

Durward has many television offers every season which he can't possibly take, sometimes because there is a time conflict between them and his present shows, occasionally because there are sponsor conflicts, most frequently because they would take him away from the family too many hours, particularly in the evenings. He has also had to turn down a couple of offers of leads in Broadway plays—either one of which he longed to do—but hopes that someday the right movie will come along, because that would mean only a short leave of absence from his other shows and from home.

His real flair, of course, is for comedy. The kind that calls for a keen sense of the ridiculous, somewhat following the pattern of characters he has already created for the *Garry Moore Show*. Such as "Jennie," who is one of two small-town gossips—the other, "Martha," being played by Garry. Or "Joe Dribble," a happy, uninhibited guy, sort of loose-jointed, with dangling arms and hands, dressed in ridiculous knickers and a crazy cap and wearing thick glasses from behind which he peers at people on whom he later plans to play some practical joke. Or "Mayor Quagmire," a blustering old-time politician type, who is constantly talking about how fat his wife is. This character particularly amuses Pax, because people seem to confuse the fictitious wife of Mayor Quagmire with the real wife of Durward. "Don't you *mind*," they ask her, "when your husband, as Quagmire, says right out on the program that you're getting *fat?*"

As a matter of record, Pax has a lovely figure, and no husband in his right mind would complain about it—not even a Quagmire. She is five-foot-five, has hazel eyes and long chestnut hair, which Durward doesn't want her to cut, even when

she worries about how long it can get before she resorts to the scissors.

All the Kirbys are dyed-in-the-wool and bred-in-the-bone antique hunters who can hardly bear to turn away from an auction sign or an antique dealer's window.

Pax was helping a friend select furniture for a summer place when she saw a Queen Anne lowboy, darkly varnished, with cheap new hardware, but looking suspiciously like a fine old piece. She phoned Durward. "It may be a buy," she said. "I can't tell until I get it home and look at it. And it's only twenty-eight dollars."

It turned out, on more careful examination, to be a hand-made piece which, after they restored it and substituted suitable hardware, has a value at around $900.

Though Durward and Pax first met in a radio station for which they both worked, in Cincinnati, Ohio, they had actually been brought up within a few blocks of each other in Indianapolis. Durward was born in Covington, Kentucky, but his family had moved to Indianapolis when he was twelve or thirteen. His first name comes from a character in the novel and play, "Lena Rivers," which his mother saw and loved and thereupon decided that Durward would be the name of her son, if she were fortunate enough to have one.

Now it has become a family name, Randy's full name being Durward Randall. He uses the complete name for such important things as filling out coupons for objects like space rockets to be sent "promptly by mail, you pay the postman only $2.95"—and Durward Senior never ceases to wonder, when he is confronted by some package, seemingly addressed to him but containing things only a boy would order. It always takes him a moment to realize that he is not the *only* Durward Kirby.

A few years ago, Purdue University, in Indiana, where he studied engineering, established the Durward Kirby Award in honor of the now-famous student who began his radio and TV career on their educational and experimental radio station, WBAA. Today the station is a fine, well equipped commercial station, in full-time operation. But, when Durward began, it was on the air only about two hours a week. He remembers he had to take an announcer's audition, for which he read from one of his history books.

The Award, which is presented annually to the most outstanding student in Purdue's radio class, is a plaque which hangs permanently in the WBAA studios, with Durward's name on it and the name of each student who wins it permanently inscribed below. It is really a great honor, and the Kirby family regard it as such.

As far as Pax and the boys are concerned, no honor would be too great for Durward Kirby. "He is rather rare in our business," Pax observes. "He never just hangs around after a broadcast and talks show business. He likes to come home, and he does, on the dot. Once at home, he is a family man, like any other husband and father in our community.

"Durward is fun at home, as well as on the show," she says, "and the kids adore him. He is a religious man, who goes to church on Sunday because he believes in it. He also believes in using his religion every day in the week. Sometimes, I think it would be nice if he were not quite such a perfectionist about everything, if his standards were not always quite so high, if he were not so demanding of himself. But he isn't the least bit stern or difficult. He's always kind and considerate. It's possible that no husband is really perfect, but it's certain that this one happens to be—for me."

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Rocking Around With Bill Haley

(*Continued from page 30*)

heard him on WPWA Radio in Chester."

Anyone in the Philadelphia area who turned a radio dial could hardly help hearing Bill Haley those days. When he wasn't talking, he was singing; when he wasn't playing his guitar, he was spinning records.

"Now, Haley's a young guy, too," Billy said. "Maybe he's even a year younger than I am, but he's been in this business all his life. He was the kid star of a Western outfit and he's played in hot bands all over the country."

I could tell he liked Haley. When Billy gets worked up about something, he speaks in what I'd call a fast drawl and his voice sort of crackles. Billy had met Bill a few times at the station and had seen him work at an entertainment park outside Wilmington. "Man, he had a band," said Billy. "Every guy in it could double and they got a chance to show. Haley doesn't hog the spotlight himself."

That was for me, too. We agreed that Bill would go up to Chester to see Haley.

He came back deflated. Haley didn't have an outfit anymore. Didn't want one, either. Too many worries.

That should have finished it, but Billy wouldn't give up. In a couple of days, he went back and I went with him. I remember the way he introduced me to Haley. "Johnny can play piano and accordion, pops, Western or Dixie. He's had eight years of classical music education, too. And, in eight years, one can't help learning something—even this guy."

We talked. The longer the huddle went on, the more I liked Haley. He looked like just a kid with his smooth face and sandy hair and that curl that kept falling down onto his forehead, but Billy was right. Young as he was, this guy had something. Music to him was more than some notes on a page or sounds dragged out of an instrument. It was direct communication from one person to another.

Haley clinched it by saying, "All my life I've been looking for something I haven't yet found in music. Maybe it's a sound. Maybe it's a beat. I've always thought if I could get together with some guys who felt the same way I did, we might work it out."

Billy's Irish grin was wide as a jack-o-lantern. "What are we waiting for, Bill?"

"It's going to be rough," Bill warned. "I don't know where the loot is coming from."

"Johnny and I have worked odd jobs before," said Billy. "But what about you? You've got a family."

"I'll make out," said Bill. "The way I figure it, I've got to know whether I'm ever going to amount to something in music. This is the time I've got to make my move as a man. Want to go partners?"

We shook hands on it. That's all the contract The Comets really have to this day. When we turned into big business, we had to formalize it with corporations, but we're still just a bunch of guys who trust each other.

We got our fourth partner, Jim Ferguson, who is our promotion and business manager, in about the same off-hand way. A big, colorful character who has been all over the world, commanded a Navy vessel and done all sorts of interesting jobs, "Lord Jim" published a little newspaper and was a commentator at the station. He took an interest in us and helped us. When we felt low, he encouraged us. We were his hobby—until eventually we took up so much of his time, we asked him if he would let us be his business—if he would become a partner. Jim is the one who has foraged around, got us bookings, guided us through the time when we didn't fit anywhere, and now is about to take us around the world.

We had a lot of work to do, however, before much of anybody wanted to hear us. Bill Haley connived and contrived to get us pocket money—one show a week, officially, at the station. We sort of drifted into others. In the beginning, I was paid eighteen dollars a week, and my folks thought I had flipped when I was happy about it. I found an outside job with the Wilmark System, a department store protective system, and was lucky to have a boss who wanted to see me make it in music. Whenever our bookings were good, I'd quit. When they were bad, he would hire me back. Billy, at various times, worked in a hosiery mill, a woolen mill, and as a plumber's helper. Haley, at the station, worked practically around the clock. When he had his *Country Store* on at 5:00 A.M., he even slept at the studio. It's no wonder his marriage broke up. That's a personal cost which he paid and which none of us like to talk about.

We took any bookings we could get, lodge dances, banquets, weddings, little joints that called themselves night clubs. But the important thing was that we rehearsed in the studio every day for two years. The people there, including the owner, went out of their way to help us. One of the engineers gave us a big assist by putting our trial runs on tape and playing them back so we could study them. When we were broke, he would sort of delay putting it on the bill.

Always, we were looking for something. We'd take a standard, like "Ida," and play it every way we could think of—fast, slow, loud, soft, hillbilly, waltz, Dixie, progressive. "Haley was like a scientist, putting one thing after another into a test tube," Billy says, "and he'd be so happy when some experiment came out right."

One of the most important of those happened the day we were studying some Count Basie records. Since we didn't have brasses, we fooled around with the strings, trying to get the same effect, trying to build volume. Haley, with the bass, discovered that when he plucked the strings in the accepted way, it came out *rrom*-pahhh. If he back-slapped them, it changed the accent to rrrroom-*pah*. That's how the heavy back-beat became the basic form in our rock 'n' roll.

We liked it, but we didn't know what we had—nor was that, alone, enough. Always, we had the feeling that, if we just managed to turn the next corner, we would run into the big surprise—the thing we were hunting for.

We worried most about getting people to dance. Time after time, Bill Haley would say, "We've got to get them on their feet. Make them move. Make them feel that rhythm." We talked about it constantly, for this, we knew, was the biggest problem any musician faced. America had quit dancing. That period when the vocalist was the top attraction had brought an end to the big band and the big dance hall. Kids listened instead of danced. The entertainment tax had killed off dancing in night clubs—and the jobs with the clubs. Good musicians were out of work.

Every time we did get a club date, we watched every minute to see what effect our music had on people. Once we thought the secret was to play loud. If people couldn't talk across a table, they got up and danced. We peaked up our amplifiers—and got thrown out of more joints that way. Owners didn't like it when people danced instead of buying

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drinks. Volume, alone, wasn't the answer.

Finally, came the time when the big surprise hit us right in the face. It's Bill Haley's story, and I'll let him tell it:

"Just ahead of my show at the station, Bill says, "there was a rhythm-and-blues disc jockey who had the wildest sign-off I'd ever heard—something about 'We're going to knock down the mail box, tear up the floor . . . we're going to rock this joint . .' I couldn't get it out of my head. Out on the job one night, just kidding the band, I went into that thing, hitting it with our rrrroom-*pah* beat instead of the way the deejay had it on his record. Billy and Johnny started to laugh and joined in. Al Rex hit it on the bass. We really got a kick out of it ourselves. It was our private joke. Then I looked around—and, so help me, people were dancing. I turned to the guys and asked, 'What on earth did I do?'"

Whatever we did, one person told another. The next night, we had a bigger crowd. And, the night after, the joint was packed. Bill went to Lord Jim and said, "We wish you'd come over and see this. Something has happened here."

His verdict was just what we had hoped to hear. "If you can do it with eighty people in a place like this, there's no reason you can't do it with eighty thousand."

His judgment proved right—a long while later. An independent recording company cut "Rock the Joint," but disc jockeys didn't go for it. It wasn't rhythm-and-blues, it wasn't pops, it wasn't Western. For about a year, we remained a freak attraction. No one knew where to place us.

What I still think of as our "desperation huddle" brought the turning point—but, believe me, it was a long, slow turn. Bill, Jim, Billy and I, talking things over, realized that the kids were the ones we had to reach. They were the ones who were tired of the old music which had been warmed over since the days of Benny Goodman. They were the ones who kept the recording industry going by buying 100 million records a year. How to get to them was the problem.

"You're not going to find them playing in beer joints," said Billy. "The kids we want to have hear us aren't permitted to go into those places."

"If the kids won't come to you," said Jim, "why don't you go where they are—in the high schools?"

We knew that score. No dough. But Haley had an idea and took a vote. "You guys game to do it—for free?" Billy and I nodded.

That's how it happened that we played 183 high-school assemblies. It was tough to do at the time, but it proved the smartest thing we ever tried. The kids taught us. We tried our experiments on them. When their shoulders started moving, their feet tapping and their hands clapping, we knew that particular tune or style was worth keeping in the act.

It was the Haley ear, the Haley sensitivity to his audience, which brought us our first hit. Bill noticed that the kids' favorite expression was "Crazy." A crazy sweater, a crazy tie, a crazy beat. Bill took their word—and their football chant "Go! Go! Go!"—and gave it back to them in a song. As he says, "'Crazy, Man, Crazy' sold a million records so fast it would make your eyeballs shimmy." It was the first nonclassifiable tune to break over into pop record sales. Riffs we had invented in our band were copied by others. Our rrrroom-*pah* was picked up everywhere. The big back beat was rocking the country.

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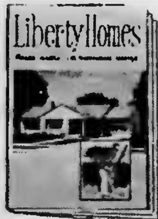

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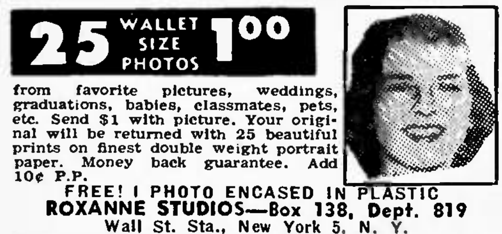

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at WINS in New York, who popularized the name, "rock 'n' roll." He was one of the first to recognize that here was the new music which all of the young people in America wanted to hear. This wasn't jazz—fine as that is—left over from their parents' day. Neither was it the swing of their younger uncles and aunts. This was their own. The thing that is happening now. The big beat.

Many, many others helped build it. We happened to be the ones chosen to appear in the movie, "Blackboard Jungle"—which got it into films. We caught a lot of grief when some squares decided that we were thereby the voice of juvenile delinquency. This is not true. For every kid who makes a nuisance of himself, I'll show you a hundred thousand who are real great. Sometime, maybe, you can get Bill Haley to tell you what he thinks about that.

We had a better time with our own picture, for Columbia, "Rock Around the Clock." "Don't Knock the Rock" is now being released. We'll soon have news for you about the next.

Recording-wise, we've made eighteen hits for Decca—the highest sales anyone has had during the past couple of years. You've liked best "Rock Around the Clock," "See You Later, Alligator," "R-o-c-k," and a couple of others.

We got our own kicks out of seeing you kids at our concert tour. You were just great, coming into the theater every night, from Alabama to Canada, dressed in your party best. When you started clapping and beating your feet, any man in the world would give you the best show it was possible for him to give. You behaved yourselves, too. You didn't always get credit for that, but we knew it.

Now we're headed around the world. We realize it is a long time—nine years, in fact—since Billy Williamson and I sat in that dismal hotel room in Newark and blueprinted our ideal leader, our ideal band, the way we wanted to live.

We've got the band Billy and I wanted—the guys who would stick together. Everyone who has joined us has been chosen to fit the gang. Al was the first to come in. We've now got Franny Beecher on electric guitar, Rudy Pompillii on sax and Ralph Jones on drums. It's a good crew.

Perhaps the most important thing about keeping us together is the fact that we know, to keep this happy beat of rock 'n' roll going, each one of us has to have a happy life of his own. We'll work up a storm. We'll drive 500 miles a night to play the next day's date, we'll make a picture as fast as a studio can focus its cameras, but we have to know where home is.

Sometimes our phone bills, for calling home, run up to a thousand dollars a month. We say there are fourteen in this outfit, not seven, for all the guys are married now. Rudy was the last holdout.

As you might expect, from our own long friendship, Billy married an Italian girl and I married an Irish girl. Cathy was a practical nurse at the Delaware County Hospital when she came to hear us in Lima, Pennsylvania, and suddenly, that confirmed bachelor, Billy, wasn't quite so "confirmed" anymore. I met Helen O'-Shaughnessy in Philadelphia—and when my folks, like good Italians, were still saying I should have a steady job before I thought of getting married, Helen was saying, "I'm a good office worker. That makes one regular income in the family."

We got married when the band found its first two-weeks engagement. Billy and Catherine Cafra on November 29, 1950; Helen and I on December 2, 1950. The girls went with us, and our fine friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Caletti, of the Edgemont Inn, Trenton, New Jersey, greeted us with a double wedding cake and a party.

Bill Haley, too, found his big romance when a pretty girl came to hear the band. On November 18, 1951, he married Joan Barbara Cupchak at Camden, New Jersey. They now have three children—Joan, born March 15, 1953; William John Clifton Haley, Jr., born July 28, 1955; and James (named for Lord Jim, of course), born October 8, 1956.

The Williamsons have a son, Billy Jr., born October 24, 1952. Our daughter, Linda, was born October 3, 1951.

We all live near Chester, Pennsylvania. It turns into a little community of our own, because when we men are on the road, our wives can get together. When we're all home, we have parties and picnics. We also have a couple of boats we use for the fishing trips which are our big recreation.

Only poor Jim remains a bachelor. We were his worry so long he had no time for anyone else. But we have hopes for him. One of these days, he, too, will meet a pretty girl when we're out on some show. Then there will be eight families, instead of seven, in the Haley community. It's inevitable, for we already have what Billy and I dreamed about, a great big, devoted musical family.

The World's My Family

(*Continued from page* 44)

truly blessed. About a year ago, when Roy was on a hunting trip, and Dale alone with the children, there was a fire, but no one was hurt. Later, the living room, which had been badly damaged, had to be redone. It is now more attractive than ever.

On the side opposite the fireplace is a family altar. This is just one of several places in the house where this family prays.

Of the seven children, four are legally adopted. Marion is technically a "ward" because of Scottish laws which make a legal adoption by the Rogers impossible.

"Your family," a friend once said to Roy and Dale, "reminds me of the one described in 'Room for One More.' Whenever I think your family is complete, you always seem to add one more."

Dale laughed gently. "Yes, there is *room* for one more. And sometimes I think I'd like to adopt another child, perhaps a little boy. But it might not be fair to the other children. For each one needs our love and individual attention. Life is a constant battle against the clock. Sometimes it seems as if there just aren't enough hours in the day to give each child the love and individual reassurance he needs."

As soon as the children are old enough to understand, each one learns how precious adopted children are. Roy and Dale tell them that they were especially chosen, out of many children. They make them understand how much they were wanted, how eagerly they were welcomed.

"The others don't need any reassurance," said Dale. "They already have emotional security."

But Sandy, Dodie and Debbie, the three youngest adoptees, love to hear the stories of how they came into the Rogers' love-filled life. "Mama," says Dodie, her dark eyes gleaming with love, "please tell me

again the story of Robin, the baby that died, and of me."

And so Dale begins: "God gave us a little girl. She was sickly but wonderful. Her name was Robin. She had blond hair and blue eyes and she looked like a little angel. I think she was an angel that God sent to us for just a little while. She taught us many things. And then God reached out His arms for her, and took her home with Him.

"We missed her so, your father and I, and we were very sad. One day we came to a home with lots of babies that didn't have any mothers. There were thirty-two babies in the room we visited. And right in the middle of the room was a darling little girl with black hair and brown eyes. I took her in my arms and hugged her. Do you know what the little girl's name was?"

And Dodie, her dark eyes sparkling, says, "Dodie."

"Do you know her full name?"

Dodie says proudly, "Mary Little Doe Rogers."

"I told Roy all about the little girl," Dale continues, "and he said, 'Why don't we adopt her, and make her our very own? She needs a mother and father, and we need a little girl.'

"And so we asked if we could have this little Indian girl for our own child, to take care of her so that she would always know she was loved and wanted. Roy, you know, has Choctaw blood in him, too, just as our little girl has. One day a telegram came, saying we could have Dodie for our very own.

"We went to the orphanage where Dodie was, and we put one of Robin's little hats and coats on her. We thought that would help our grief, and it did."

Sometimes Dodie or Debbie sleeps in the crib that was Robin's. "I can't bear to give it away," said Dale, her voice breaking a little.

The older children were away at school, but Dale tiptoed into the guest room, where little Debbie, the Korean girl, was supposed to be asleep.

She was awake, and greeted Dale by holding out her arms from the crib that had been Robin's. On the wall to the left of the crib was a crayon copy, by a fan, of a color etching of Robin which Roy and Dale will always treasure. And over Robin's bed, in which Debbie was now resting, was a little figure of an angel, with a night light in her hand.

"Debbie likes to hear how she came into our lives," said Dale. "I tell her how she was chosen out of 800 children, and how she flew in a plane over the deep ocean." Like Dodie, Debbie responds with interest to the detailed story of how she came to be a part of the Rogers household.

When Dale Evans married Roy, about nine years ago, and took over the care of motherless Cheryl, Linda and Dusty, she didn't dream that she and Roy would ever adopt other children. It was very difficult at first to get Roy's children to accept her in place of the mother whom God had taken, as the result of childbirth complications following Dusty's birth. The children at first resented Dale, regarding her as an intruder in their household. Once, when Dale was changing the position of a chair, little Linda walked in and said, "Don't push that chair around. That's my mommy's chair, not yours."

Dale dropped on her knees and said, "Darling, your mommy has gone to heaven. And God has brought us all together, so we can have a complete family. We all belong to each other now, and everything we have belongs to all of us. That's what families are for—to love and to share."

It took months for Dale to win over the Rogers children completely. Often when she was bewildered, hurt and confused, she prayed to God. And praying, found the answers. The children grew to love her, and soon called her "mother" and "mama" of their own accord.

Dale and Roy thought their happiness was complete when Robin was born. "Hi, you're beautiful," Dale said, when she looked at Robin for the first time.

And Robin was beautiful. At first, the doctor who brought Robin into the world couldn't bear to tell Dale that her beautiful baby appeared to be mentally retarded. When Dale first learned this about Robin, she couldn't believe it, couldn't accept it.

The doctor who had delivered Robin, and their minister, both told Dale and Roy the same thing: "This can either make your lives or break them. It's up to you."

"They were right," said Dale. "What happens to people faced with this kind of problem depends on the amount of religious faith they have. If they have nothing to reach out to, beyond themselves, having a mentally retarded child can be so frustrating that they will break under it. But, as Dr. Madison said, 'The person who has strong faith in God can come through the experience with colors flying.'

"That's what saved my sanity. If I had not had experience with God before Robin was born, I could not have taken it. I feel so deeply for parents who have no place to turn. Without faith, such an experience can be like being in a squirrel cage."

Al Rackin, Roy's and Dale's public relations expert, had said, "Robin lived just two years. And yet, in those brief two years, she accomplished more than most people do in sixty or seventy years.

"Because of Robin, parents no longer hide their mentally retarded children. Because of Robin, there are schools for these exceptional children. Because of Robin, there is a special clinic at the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles, founded by three pioneering doctors, who have found ways to help these children."

After Robin's death, Dale Evans realized how much Robin had been like an angel of God, sent to teach her own family undying lessons of unselfishness.

When a new baby arrives, the other children usually resent the new arrival, for they fear that there won't be enough love to go around. Often, they temporarily hate the new child, for needing so much of the mother's time and attention.

But Dale taught the children that Robin needed so much attention because she was like a bird with a broken wing, who naturally needs more help and attention than the birds with perfect wings, who can fly about on their own.

After Robin died—her face radiant, her hands outstretched to the ceiling, as though she saw some wonderful messenger coming for her—Dale penned the moving book, "Angel Unaware." All royalties from the book, a best-seller, have gone to the National Association for Retarded Children.

Though torn by grief when Robin died, Dale and Roy were strengthened by their faith that Robin had been a part of the heavenly purpose, sent to show them what they could do with their lives.

One of the things they decided to do was to adopt other children. They'd had an uneasy feeling for some time that Dusty, growing up in a household filled mostly with women, needed a brother about his own age. While they were on a personal-appearance tour, they got a message saying that they could adopt little Dodie, the Indian girl. Wouldn't it be wonderful, they asked each other, if they could also bring back a brother for Dusty?

While they were on the last leg of their personal appearance trip, in Cincinnati, a woman in Covington, Kentucky, wired to ask permission to bring a girl suffering from cerebral palsy to meet Roy. He

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phoned, and learned that she was acting as foster mother to about fourteen children.

"Is there any adoptable boy of about six among them?" he asked.

She said she did have such a boy, but that he was quite ill with rickets. "That's all right," said Roy. "Please bring him."

Sandy was a wonderful little boy, tow-headed, shy, and full of affection for others. Both Roy and Dale responded immediately to Sandy's appeal.

"But, knowing Sandy had rickets and that his coordination wasn't perfect, weren't you frightened to adopt him?" Dale and Roy were asked.

"No," said Dale. "Not after Robin. You see, there was something that could be done about everything that was wrong with Sandy. We considered ourselves lucky to be able to get a boy for whom these things could be done."

And Roy said, "Anybody would take a kid who's 100 percent. Sandy had a couple of strikes against him. Maybe some people would have refused to take him, because of those. That was all the more reason why we ought to take him home."

"We made one bad mistake," confessed Dale. "I'd often talked to Dusty about some day getting a brother for him. But I failed to warn him that we were on the way home with one. It was one thing to talk about a brother, but another thing to accept him when he came.

"Sandy was too much of a surprise. We should have told Dusty specifically that we were bringing home his brother."

At first, Dusty resented Sandy terribly. The idea of sharing his toys with this new little stranger was abhorrent to him, as it would have been to most children. Roy explained to Dusty that Sandy was like a little colt, who needs "gentling." He said, "After all, you want to be a rancher. With your interest in ranching, you are the one who'll know best how to handle Sandy."

That did it. When Dusty discovered that Sandy really loved him, not just his toys, he was completely won over.

A few years ago, the Rogers family had to face one of its most difficult problems. While on a good-will tour abroad, Dale and Roy were enchanted with the singing of a young Scottish lass, Marion. She's very pretty, too, with light brown hair and blue eyes. Marion is fifteen, about a year younger than Cheryl.

Roy and Dale discovered that she was eager to come to America, and they obtained permission to bring her to this country as their ward.

Now, the other children had all entered the Rogers household while very young and pliable. Marion was accustomed to doing things her own way, and she was quite bewildered at first by American ways.

When the children all sat down at the big family maple table with the lazy-Susan in the center, Marion sat with them, of course. But, when they started to eat, she followed the European rules. Startled, the children watched her. Marion used a knife and fork differently from the way they'd been taught.

Roy and Dale quickly realized that either the children would all copy Marion—and then probably be criticized for it—or Marion would have to follow the American rules for table etiquette. It wasn't easy for Marion to change the habits of a lifetime, but she did.

Today, the Roy Rogers family—even though it's an international family—runs as smoothly as any typical American family. Perhaps more smoothly, because, guided by prayer, Roy and Dale are always there, ready to help the children solve their problems.

Television, for instance. The youngsters almost came to blows one day, because they all wanted to watch TV in the living room. But the girls wanted to watch a dramatic show; the boys wanted to see a Western. So every time the girls twirled the dial to their favorite program, one of the boys twirled again to his!

When Roy came into the room to find out what all the shouting was about, the children looked like vengeful little angels, each eager to win his point. He had to appeal to "Mama" for help. Mama ruled that the girls would have to watch the TV set in another room. Then Mama sat down and made out a schedule, indicating just which set was to be used by whom, and at what hours. She made several carbon copies of this proclamation, and one was given each child.

Since then—no arguments about television!

Though most of us would consider the Rogers family wealthy, they don't spoil the children. The girls are taught to alter their own dresses, starting with such simple projects as turning up the hems. And each does her share in caring for the others. Cheryl dresses Dodie and Debbie after their naps, straightens their beds and, after dinner, brushes their teeth and hears their prayers. Linda dresses them in the morning. Marion coaches Sandy with his homework.

Roy loves to take the boys out fishing—the girls, too, when they feel like going—and he likes to explain the intricacies of home craftsmanship to them in his workshop. He has also tried, though not with too much success, to teach the boys how to milk the cows on the ranch.

On a note of faith, and on a note of love, Dale and Roy run the Rogers family, made up of so many seemingly discordant elements, so that harmony results. As they sit before the big maple table where the family eats, each child says a prayer. Nothing mechanical; nothing stilted. Just what's in their hearts.

When Dodie was waiting for Debbie to come from across the ocean, she prayed, "God make that man bring my little sister quick. And thank you, God, for my toys and for this house and for food."

Linda said, "Thank you, God, for Mom and Daddy, my sisters and brothers, and thank you to make me a nurse." (She saw her little friend, the late Nancy Hamilton, smilingly face up to forty operations. And she wants to be a nurse, to make things easier for other children who have to suffer—and for grown-ups, too, afflicted with pain.)

The boys love to thank God for outings, excursions, and for the fun they have playing together or with their father.

Dale and Roy have some wonderful ideas about bringing up children. "I never tell the children that they should obey us 'just because,'" Dale explained. "You can't tell a child, either, 'Benefit by my experience,' because that doesn't work. They want to try their own wings.

"It's best to instruct them under God. I teach them not to obey me for my sake, but for His sake. I tell them that Roy and I are just caretakers for Him, guarding His precious ones. That way, children are not so rebellious."

With such a philosophy, it is little wonder that the Rogers family is a supremely happy one.

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My Friend, Jackie Gleason

(*Continued from page* 39)

in common: a love of Dixieland music, the will to laugh, an enthusiasm for sports, and a storehouse of memories of "the business"—from vaudeville, night clubs, Broadway, Hollywood. We had fine jaw-sessions on the air. One night, after a long session, we put on a record and sat down in the studio to talk privately about our ambitions. It was about four A.M. Even the light bulb looked tired. Jackie reached across, patted my knee and said, "You got class, Li'l Abner. Someday I'm going to be on the top and I'll remember you."

And he remembered.

Jackie's loyalty to friends is unsurpassed. I'm not going to tell you what he's done for others. That's their business. I will tell you a little of what he's done for me.

Jackie really began to go when the *Cavalcade Of Stars* show clicked at Du Mont. But it wasn't Jackie's own show. He was working for Du Mont. When Jackie moved over to CBS, it was all his baby, from station break to station break. That's when he phoned me and said I was to be his announcer. I was already at work at NBC on *Today*, so Jackie's decision and my decision didn't set well with the brass at NBC or CBS.

The brass at CBS pleaded with Jackie to take on one of their own announcers. They pointed out that it was standard procedure to give the boys at home a break.

"At least audition our announcers," they begged.

"Sure, okay, pal," Jackie finally said. "I'll audition each one of them complete with cameras, lights, etcetera. But, after it's all over, I'll still take Lescoulie."

I could give innumerable concrete examples of how Jackie stands behind a friend. And what better way is there to evaluate any human being than by his relationship to others? Jackie is noted for generosity, friendliness, his awareness and consideration of others. And that brings up another sore subject. Once in a while, I read in Broadway columns that he is a "tyrant in rehearsal." This again is something that makes me see red.

First, I can state unequivocally that, in three and a half years, I've never heard him yell at anyone in the theater. And yet there is no other comedian in the business who plans and directs a rehearsal like Jackie. He doesn't begin a week before the show, not even three days before the show. Rehearsals begin Saturday, the day of the show, and there is one run-through. The famous comedy skits seldom are rehearsed more than once.

Most rehearsals are picnics. Jackie has laughs for the cast as well as the TV audience. His is an easy relationship. With me or Art Carney, whom he knows well, he may make a familiar joke. If I get snarled in my lines, he picks up a prop phone and says, "Get me that announcer who works for Godfrey." But, with someone new or strange to the show, there is no kidding that might be misinterpreted. A show girl with her first lines to read, or a new and nervous commercial announcer, gets Jackie's undivided attention and help until he or she is at ease.

And talk about consideration. Well, I've seen Jackie argue with June Taylor about rehearsing. Perhaps the dancers haven't quite perfected their routine. June wants to work over it again. Jackie will battle her. "The kids are tired," he may insist. "It'll work out all right tonight. Let's give them a rest." (It's not that June is a tyrant, either, but the appearance of the dancers is her responsibility.)

Incidentally, Jackie achieves a quick friendliness with people through his use of nicknames. He has new names for almost everyone. Nine years ago—at just about our first meeting—I became "Li'l Abner." The program director, Frank Satenstein, he calls "The Panther." My manager, Lee Meyers, is "Diamond." Jackie comes on stage and calls out, "How's the Clam today?" He's talking to one of June Taylor's dancers. He directs, "Hey, Mighty Mouse, face this way a little more." He's talking to one of the glamorous Portrettes.

One other thing about Jackie is that he does not hog laughs. His years of experience in comedy are liberally bestowed on supporting members of the cast. There'll be a run-through of a skit, and suddenly he'll stop Art Carney and say, "When you come away from the stove, why don't you do that funny walk of yours?" Or he'll show Audrey Meadows a bit that will get her an extra laugh.

A comedian's life is making people laugh and making them happy. With most comedians, the fun is over when the show ends. Not with Jackie. He likes to see his friends look good and he likes to see them enjoying themselves. Maybe that's why he's such a party-giver. He has at least five parties a season for his friends and their wives or husbands. The Christmas party is a ball. Everyone connected with the show comes—musicians, stage crew, dancers—and they bring along the family.

I remember one party at Jackie's apartment that I wasn't invited to and unintentionally interrupted. A photographer wanted shots of Jackie and me together. I phoned Jackie at his apartment. The noise over the phone was easily identified as that of a good time, but Jackie said, "Well, come on up, anyway, and we'll shoot the pictures quick." It was a party all right. Just Jackie and thirty girls. He was giving his daughter Linda, who was celebrating her tenth birthday, a party for her and her friends. And he was doing everything. He was butler, waiter, emcee, comedian. The kids were having the time of their lives.

One of the nicest things about Jackie is his trust in people. Once you become a friend of Jackie's it is hard to shake his faith. I think you'd have to cut his heart out and literally hand it to him, before he believed he was deceived. Once he decides you've got "class," you'd better have it. His professional attitude is the same. Once he has decided you're a pro, you'd better behave like one. Jackie may rewrite a script at six P.M., the evening of the show. At show time, Carney and Audrey Meadows and Joyce Randolph, or whoever else is in the script, are expected to know their parts just as Jackie will. And I think one of the reasons the impossible is done is because Jack lets you know that he has that faith in you.

I don't mean to over-emphasize my job, but I'm talking about myself and my relationship with Jackie, so I'll tell you about the time I pulled a king-sized blooper. It was the beginning of the show. I was introducing the program, and I concluded with: "Our guest star tonight is the great Jane Froman."

When I came off the stage, producer Jack Hurdle stared at me as if I had just punched my grandmother in the nose.

"Do you know what you said?"

"No."

"You said, 'the great Jane Froman.'"

"No. I couldn't have."

"You did."

Well, I felt terrible—because Jane Froman wasn't anywhere near the theater.

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Our guest that night was Jane Pickens, and that is an awful thing to do to a grand gal like Jane Pickens. So I hunted up Jackie and told him what happened and he said that I wasn't to worry about it, but he sounded curt. Then the second hitch came when something went wrong backstage. I was told to go out and ad lib about the Red Cross. I did for a minute. When Jane Pickens was due to sing, Jackie came on and covered beautifully for me. He said, "I want to tell you something. We've got a person on this show who's letter-perfect, and that's something no one can stand. He never makes a mistake. It's obnoxious. He's always been right. Until tonight—and tonight he pulled a beaut. Welcome to the club, Jack Lescoulie, for there are *two* great Janes, and tonight we have *Jane Pickens*."

That wasn't the end of it, so far as I was concerned. Jackie had been curt, and I had forgotten this is usually the case while the show is on the air. Then Jackie is all business, wholly occupied with the performance. Anyway, I figured I'd pulled a pretty big boner and, when a letter arrived Tuesday from Jackie's office, I figured, *This is it. The ax finally fell.* But the letter didn't mention the Pickens incident. Jackie wrote that he had seen the kinescope of the show and wanted to tell me the Red Cross bit was one of the finest pieces of ad-libbing he'd ever seen.

Jackie has heart and Jackie remembers. He remembers his own childhood and the poverty. He remembers that talent isn't much good without a little luck. He remembers there were years when people thought he was very, very funny (and he was) but he wasn't getting anywhere. Guts and genius aren't quite enough. Jackie had been in movies, on the stage, in night clubs and vaudeville, but it took the miracle of television to make him a great name.

TV has worked miracles for many of us. I was nothing to brag about, before TV. Actually, I started in show business long before Jackie. My mother was an actress. Her name was Daisy Teazle. I was seven when she pushed me out on a vaudeville stage. We lived in California—I was born in Sacramento. In high school, I worked as a disc jockey at Station KGFJ in Los Angeles. I studied acting and music. I remember the first time I had top billing, as an orchestra leader, and that was at the Santa Barbara Theater in Los Angeles.

I studied at Los Angeles City College. Played football and ran the half mile, too. I won a scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse for further study in acting. I won that reciting Shakespeare. I know a lot of Shakespeare. Got that from my father. I was on the stage and in night clubs, and on the radio, but it wasn't much of anything. If you have a good memory and lived on the Pacific Coast, you may remember a radio show called *The Grouch Club*. That was mine. And, if you live around New York, you may remember an early morning show I did with Gene Rayburn called the *Jack And Gene Show*. As a network announcer, I worked with Benny, Cantor, Hope, Jessel, Berle, Fred Allen, Joe Penner and maybe a couple more stars.

And, by 1950, in spite of a lot of experience in various media, I was nothing. That's show business. I had no job. No offer as an entertainer. When I had the oppportunity to go over to CBS as a producer with a desk, regular hours and security, I took it. It was like Shangri-La for myself and my family.

I'll tell you just a bit about the family, since I think that I'm a very lucky man. My parents live in Los Angeles. My brother runs a ranch in California. My sister, Sylvia Lescoulie, is on television in Santa Barbara. I have two children. A little boy, Buddy, who is a toddler, a year and a half old—and a little girl Linda, who is three, blonde, blue-eyed, with a freckle on the tip of her nose.

My wife, Bridie, is my particular pride. It was better than thirteen years ago that we met for the first time. She was a waitress, a pert redhead with green eyes. I went in for breakfast with a musician friend of mine who needed a shave. He knew Bridie and she kidded about his beard. I said, "Next time he comes in, I'll have him put on his tuxedo." She said stiffly, "I wasn't talking to you." She thought I was a wise guy—and it was eight months before she gave me a date. Three months after our first date, we were married.

She's a woman who is warm and loyal. She has a tremendous sense of humor and tremendous pluck. She's been with me through some of the worst years as well as the best—and if I lost everything tomorrow and couldn't get a job, she'd be the same. Nevertheless, I know she was pleased when I got a job with regular hours. And when, out of nowhere, after a year of heaven, came the offer to go on *Today* with Garroway, Bridie and I really talked it over. For hours. It could be the rat race, all over. Crazy hours again. A new show that could flop, and again I'd be out of work. Or it could be the big break. We decided to try it. And TV was my big break.

Now things are going my way. I have four big jobs—with Gleason, with *Today*, as official announcer for Buick, and as spokesman for Phillies on my own sport show. I am very pleased with the latter, *Meet The Champions*, because it is my idea of a good sport show—a kind of *Meet The Press* of the sports world, where controversial questions are asked. I've always liked reporting sports and that accounts, too, for my being sports editor on *Today*. I was lucky to get my start in TV with Garroway. He taught me a lot that first year. That's where I figure I earned my Ph.D. in TV. And Dave is a wonderful guy. He not only talks peace but lives peace. I've never had an argument with him.

But I've had one argument with Jackie Gleason—and he is our subject for today. I don't remember the reason for the argument. It was very late. We were both tired. We were old friends. Maybe we had the right to flare up. We were in a restaurant, and I walked out.

The next morning, at eight A.M., the phone rang and a familiar voice said, "Is this the home of dear John P. Lescoulie?"

"It is."

"This is The Greatest," said the voice.

I said, "Well, then this must be Jackie Gleason."

He roared and said, "If you'd answered Milton Berle, you'd have been fired."

It takes a big man, a full-sized human being, to make the first move after a hot argument. Jackie had made the move even though it meant getting me out of bed on the only morning of the week I could sleep. So I see red when a reporter takes a swipe at Jackie. I know what makes an occasional columnist do a thing like that. Maybe his feelings get hurt. He thinks he's been slighted or crossed up. I've seen a friend of Jackie's come backstage and talk over an idea. It sounds good and Jackie agrees to it. A reporter standing by hears the conversation and breaks the story. Next day, a couple of other newspaper guys may call Jackie and complain—"Why didn't you tell me first?" So, after that, instead of tossing posies, they're pitching rivets.

Well, I can't stop that, but don't knock Jackie to me. This is a great human being.

That's My Steve!

(*Continued from page* 26)

Sunday nights, after Steve's show, we always go out to dinner. But Steve prefers coming home to eating in restaurants, so we have a 6:30 dinner at home, the other six nights of the week. When Steve gets in at 5 or 5:30, I make him take a little nap. While he is showering after his nap, I ask him what suit he wants to wear. He tells me, and I then valet him (just call me "Meadows!") by laying out the suit—complete with shirt, socks, tie and handkerchief. We then have dinner and, at 9 or 9:30, depending on when he must be at the theater, I push him out the front door in good time to be *on* time.

When he is tired (and I employ a kind of tenth sense about judging that), I make a 5:30 appointment for him, here at home, with his masseur. Likely as not, *this* will be the day Steve won't turn up until time to eat dinner and run!

Whenever he is going to California, or anywhere at all by himself, he says, "Here is my ticket," and hands it to me. I know this means I am to take care of it and get him to the plane, the right plane, at the right time, on the right day. Once, recently, I was unable to go to the airport with him. One of his many secretaries (the one In Charge of Absent-Mindedness) usually goes with him when I can't. But this time, he went alone.

When he got back from California, the story got out: With his ticket in hand, he'd stood in line waiting to have his luggage weighed in. "Better hurry with my luggage—only five minutes to get my plane," he said, when his turn came. "What time does your plane leave?" the weigher asked. "Eleven-thirty," Steve answered. "We haven't any eleven-thirty plane, sir —may I see your ticket?" Steve Allen produced it. There was a moment's silence. Then: "Your ticket is on Mutual, sir. This is TWA."

Steve made the plane—and on time—as he makes every television show, movie-studio call, recording date, magazine and book deadline.

It gives you pause. . . .

As for the where-is-anything department: "My blue overcoat—where is it?" he'll call to me. "In the hall closet, dear." Removing his head from the innermost recesses of the closet into which he's been burrowing, he states categorically, "No, it isn't. I just looked." I look—and there, of course, it is, dangling its length.

I have now rearranged the hall closet—as, when we were first married—I rearranged all his jumbly cupboards and bureau drawers, got him a tie-rack and organized all his ties (the greens together, the blues, and so on). I have also rearranged the ice box. One shelf is labeled: "*You can't miss it!*" On this shelf, each and every item is right out in front, face to face, cheek by jowl with anyone who opens the ice-box door. Even so, Steve still manages to "miss it"—although not quite so often.

An amusing (and endearing) trait in Steve is that—in spite of what I like to think of as my efficiency in taking care of him and of our home—he laughs at me more than at anyone. Calls me "Jaynie-bird," looks at me as a silly little child, cute and funny. . . .

We're told—and I believe—that personality traits are formed by the age of seven. Having studied psychiatry, I am positive that the explanation of Steve's absent-mindedness, and his helplessness about the workaday things of life, is to be found in his first seven years. Raised as he was, during those years, partly by married aunts and uncles who didn't have any children, Steve filled the lack in their lives—and they, in turn, doted on him and waited on him, literally hand and foot. If Steve's bicycle broke and he tried to fix it, an uncle ran out and fixed it for him. If he started to make himself a peanut-butter sandwich, an aunt materialized and made it for him. If he didn't wake up in time for school, he was waked up. It was almost a "Stevie, *you* sit down, I'll stand up" sort of thing.

Unused to doing anything of a practical nature, all his life, Steve Allen is a perfect example of a person absolutely helpless in a kitchen. Before I met Steve, I never knew *any* man who couldn't boil an egg. I know one now.

What first attracted Steve to me, I'm positive, was my cooking—and the maternal instinct of which liking to cook for one's menfolks is a part, in every woman. I still remember the fervent, "Wow, *yes!*" with which, when we began dating, he accepted my first invitation to come to the apartment Audrey and I shared, for a home-cooked meal. I can see him now, sitting in the living room before dinner, sort of pale around the gills and asking if he might have "a glass of tomato juice or something—I haven't eaten since last night!" After that, there were many home-cooked meals—and, clearly, none too soon!

Not until after we were married, however, did I realize how genuinely helpless he is. The first time I wasn't at home to get breakfast for him (I think I was at my mother's), he said briskly, "Never mind, I'll get myself something for breakfast." What he got himself, I discovered later, was a piece of cake and a Pepsi-Cola!

When he asks me, "Can I get you a cup of tea?"—as, being sweet and considerate, he sometimes does—the tea, poor darling, is always cold. Once when I was ill—most inopportunely, on the maid's day off—he got me dinner. Brought me soup into which he'd dropped everything in the kitchen. Tasted good, though.

Steve's stomach is, I would say, his last consideration. Of all the men I've ever known, he is the easiest to please at table. A *bona fide* meat-and-potato man, he can't bear delicacies—caviar, frogs' legs, anything like that. . . .

In other household departments, as in the kitchen, Steve is "Man overboard!" Before we were married, nothing *ever* got put away for the summer. He didn't know there were such things as moths—or, if he knew, they were in other people's apartments, not in his. He was always rushing out to buy a shirt, having forgotten to send out his laundry. He never remembered to get those important and very legal stickers for his car, and drove around for months, after he came East from California, without a New York license.

Makes a good living, though, and such a sweet, thoughtful husband—I say, who cares if he can't cook, can't find anything, doesn't know the time of day? No one. Certainly not I. For the wonderful thing (one of the many wonderful things) about Steve Allen is that he is absent-minded and helpless *only* about the things that do not interest him. And the things that do not interest him (you live and learn) are the things—and values—that *do not really matter.*

Calendar dates, for instance.

Since he has trouble remembering birthdays, one of his many secretaries (the one In Charge of Absent-Mindedness) remembers for him. My last birthday (September 27), she remembered a bit late and, at 5:30, Steve jumped in a cab, got home a little after 6—having bought me a *most* beautiful matching cigarette case, compact, and billfold. For our first anniversary, he gave me a diamond wristwatch, delicate and lovely. For our second anniversary,

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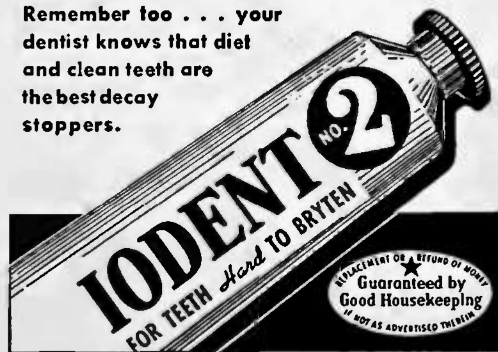

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last July, a gorgeous white mink stole.

Steve's heart always remembers. . . . He dedicated his first book, "Bop Fables," to the boys. "Fourteen for Tonight" was dedicated to his mother, and "The Funny Men" to "Jaynie-bird." "Wry on the Rocks" he dedicated to Marguerite Byrne, his old English teacher in Chicago's Hyde Park High School, who first encouraged him in his writing. *People* he remembers always, and the qualities in them, and the gratitude he owes them. Steve lives, in other words, not by the letter but by the spirit.

He wouldn't be able to tell you, I'm sure, on what dates of the month he last flew to California to be with his three young sons—Stevie, 12, Brian, 9, and David, 6—who live in Hollywood with their mother and stepfather. What matters to him is to get there and be with them. And every four or five weeks (rarely less often), he *is* with them for anywhere from two to four days or as much time as he can manage.

While he is with them, he devotes all his time to them, is never away from them, except for taking his mother (who lives in Santa Monica) to dinner. Plays football and baseball with them. Takes them to Disneyland. Swims in the pool with the boys. Watches TV with them. Has dinner at the house with them and with their mother and stepfather, with whom he is on wonderfully friendly terms. In the summers, the boys are with us here in the East, and we rent a house on Long Island Sound.

As a father, Steve is wonderful, and well I know it. He, who never had time or opportunity for athletics, has a natural aptitude for them. Of Steve on a tennis court, my crack tennis-playing brothers, Frank and Edward Cotter, say, "Gosh, he has a natural swing!" Natural aptitude for golf, too. And, although he couldn't swim a stroke, when I first met him, he now swims, water-skis, everything. He's wonderful with children, too, because of his serenity, his even disposition.

A peaceable and peace-loving man, Steve as has been said is "no rooter for the TV rating system" which is a fiercely competitive battle. However since the system exists and he is, perforce, a part of it, he will compete—with, specifically, Ed Sullivan—but not with blood in his eye nor with hate in his heart. Steve Allen couldn't hate anyone. He can't even stay angry at anybody longer than thirty minutes.

Actually Steve keeps in the very good health he enjoys by not being disturbed by anything. No vitamins, a very barren medicine chest—no vacations, just quiet within—accounts for the fact that he can do so much without paying a penalty.

Another wonderful quality in Steve is that he—who literally has no time—finds time for everything. For instance, when Audrey and I started this recording thing, Steve used to play the piano for us while we practiced. And he wrote the lyrics for "Dungaree Dan," our second recording (a big-selling one, too). Steve and I also made a record together—"What Is a Wife?" on one side, "What Is a Husband?" on the other. This one was a real big hit. Thousands and thousands of copies were sold, and Bill Cullen tells me he gets more requests for it, on his early-morning show over WNBC Radio (New York), than for any other.

Monday and Tuesday nights, we usually go to the theater, to a movie, or to a party. Or we entertain here at home. Saturday nights, we watch Sid Caesar (one of the "greats," we agree) on television. We like Jackie Gleason, too, and *Your Hit Parade*. Time out for fun, Steve takes—time for living and loving, for *me*. . . .

But perhaps his most wonderful quality is that he has never been egotistical about anything. He'd been writing ever since high-school days, and all through his years as announcer and then a disc jockey on radio—but, until I met him, he'd never sold anything or made any serious effort to do so. Now that he's been published, now that it's been said of him that "he writes like a writer of the top grade," now that he's been likened to O. Henry and Steinbeck (among others), he is still without egotism.

There's nothing of the long-hair or egghead about Steve Allen. He plays it for laughs. "A Girl Smiles," one of the poems in "Wry on the Rocks," he says was written about a high-school girl named Zella Corpenny—"and I hardly knew her." Some of his love poems were written about me. But, for the most part, he says his poems are written to no particular person, have nothing to do with his mood. He just "gets an idea." Once, for instance, I was frying some Mexican beans and little Brian, who was watching, said, "Oh, boy, chocolate mashed potatoes!"—hence the poem, "To Brian" was written.

Nothing of the temperamental artist about Steve Allen,• whether as musician, comedian, poet, author, or in any of the fields in which he excels. . . . Not too long ago Steve was driving across the country and, two-thirds of the way across, he found that he had only about twelve dollars in his pocket. The rest of the way across, he ate peanuts. It never occurred to him to go to a local NBC station and say, "I am Steve Allen. May I borrow some money?"

He goes through life that way. That's why he *is* Steve Allen.

All-American Mother

(*Continued from page* 33)

about my work, and to be more humble about everything."

And, shortly thereafter, Jane Wyatt was to realize popular success on a scale she had never before attained. All her experience and her years of theater paid off in television, the greedy giant of the entertainment world. In the part of the gay, glamorous, modern mother in *Father Knows Best*, over NBC-TV, Jane found the long-run hit role of her dreams.

Today, Jane Wyatt is achieving for the mothers of America what Myrna Loy once did for the wives. The chic actress whose ancestors virtually chartered New York society is being identified as the average All-American mother and housewife—and modernizing no few of them. She's warm and gay, and svelte of form, with a lovely, piquant face and laughing hazel eyes. She's enthusiastic about everything and she talks at full speed, fairly clipping off the words.

Jane's constant twinkle and tremendous vitality amaze all who work side by side with her during the hectic two days they rehearse and the three days they shoot the weekly television show. "I don't know how she keeps all that exuberance," marvels her television son, Billy Gray. "I run down around four P.M., but Jane never seems to get tired on the set. She just keeps going and going. She's always so gay and enchanting, always so bubbly, always so—*ready*," he says, triumphantly finding the word.

All of which her husband, Edgar, attributes to an inherited family trait called "the Wyatt energy." As he says laughingly, "These who've known her all her life are always saying, 'Jane has *all* the Wyatt energy.'"

"It was the way I was brought up," she

explains. "I was taught you were never to admit you were too tired, or too cold, or too sick, or anything. That you just sort of over-ride those things."

"There's a Spartan streak in her family," her husband adds.

In the double life Jane leads today, she can well use "all the Wyatt energy." Every morning at seven A.M. she maneuvers her sturdy little foreign car (with the four-way mystery shift) out the family drive and through the traffic to the sound stage at Columbia Studios where *Father Knows Best* is filmed for Screen Gems. All day she's the gay, understanding wife of Robert Young and the sometimes puzzled mother coping with an energetic brood of teenagers in the persons of Elinor Donahue (Betty), Billy Gray (Bud), and little Lauren Chapin, who plays the impish Kathy in Jane's television family.

After seven P.M. Jane is again immersed in the myriad activities of her own lively household. Her husband, Edgar, is an avid "fly-fisherman"—a sport about which Jane knows very little, but in which she participates to a degree. "I'm a bird-watcher. I go fishing with Eddie—and watch the birds," she says. Her young son, Mike, 13, is a brilliant student of the piano and violin and is currently engrossed in building and flying model airplanes.

Her oldest son, Chris, who attends M.I.T. in Boston, is interested in sports cars, chamber music, and in becoming a fine engineer—a field about which, individually or collectively, his mother knows nothing. "Chris has the mathematical mind of the family," she says proudly, "and I can't add one and one."

You may truly say that this mother's work is never done. Before the cameras, during the day, Jane may be faced with the situation that her son Bud has decided to become an author and insists on going out into the world—at least as far as Pomona—and learning about life. Then back home, that evening, Jane may be faced with the grim reality that Mike's growing up—and going away to camp for the first time. . . .

"That I'll never forget!" sighs Jane. "Going to Glendale to the station when Mike went away. All the mothers were there, seeing their sons off and clinging to them—including me. It was Mike's first trip on a train and he was going to camp in the mountains about a thousand miles away. I felt *awful* when I saw that big train coming in, wailing and wailing—and Mike standing there with his sleeping bag, and fishing rod, and violin. That was what made him look so pathetic—the violin. . . ."

At times like this, Jane admits, the "Spartan streak" is very thin.

She was born Jane Waddington Wyatt in a place called Campgaw, New Jersey, about which she admittedly remembers nothing—"I was only there three months." One of four children, she grew up in the red brick ancestral mansion in New York City, just off Gramercy Park, and she's "socially" descended on all sides. Her great-great-great grandmother, in fact, co-founded the Colonial Dames of America and, when pressed, Jane will admit that convincing directors and producers a so-called "society girl" could be serious about an acting career was "the most difficult thing—the infuriating thing." Her father was a wealthy financier until 1929. Her mother, Mrs. Christopher Wyatt, who is still drama critic for *The Catholic World*, early influenced Jane's desire for self-expression. "Mother's seen every play in New York for the last thirty years," says Jane. "We were all taken to the theater at an early age."

Jane, in fact, first decided to be an actress at the age of five, when she accompanied her mother to see Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella." She remembers "seeing John Barrymore in 'Hamlet,' too—and loving him." While attending Miss Chapin's School, Jane found herself a fine emotional vehicle in "St. Joan." "I was president of the dramatic club," she laughs, "so I could pick the part I wanted to play." Impressed with her performance, a producer told her then, "If you ever want to go on to the stage, come see me." However, Jane wanted to go on to college, to acquire more maturity and much more experience.

"I felt it was a very tricky and a difficult thing to do—putting your whole life into acting," she explains. "I didn't want to go on the stage just to satisfy an ego. I felt you had to prepare for it, and I didn't know whether I had any talent for the theater or not." She attended Barnard College, she worked with the Berkshire Summer Playhouse group and with the Westport Players—and one day she began, as she puts it: "walking up and down Broadway. I started walking every morning at ten A.M. and I made every office." The producer she'd impressed had stopped producing by then. However, he did give her a little commercial advice. "Go buy yourself a lipstick and a pair of earrings—and pretend you're very sure of yourself," he said. Which she did. She also pretended a whole backlog of experience: "You fib like a trouper, telling them you've done all sorts of things."

Because somebody thought she looked like Rose Hobart, she got a job as understudy in "Trade Winds," in which she had three words to speak for the whole run of the play—five days. Through sheer persistence, she finally got in to see a producer and read for the role of Louis Calhern's daughter in "Give Me Yesterday." And she got the part.

However, the play closed almost before it began. In two heartbreaking years, Jane was in six plays that flopped, plays with "name" authors and star casts. Her scrapbook reveals that critics unanimously called her "the most promising ingenue." And, as seasons passed, they went farther than that. They panned producers, as one critic put it, "for not giving Jane Wyatt a chance to play the roles for which the gods created her." Then, on the strength of her performance in Philip Barry's "The Joyous Season"—which also flopped—she was signed to a Universal movie contract.

In Hollywood—where, traditionally, boy meets girl—Jane Wyatt was reunited with an old beau, Edgar Ward, handsome Harvard graduate and wealthy young sportsman whom Jane had known since she was sixteen. They first met "on a plane flying to Hyde Park to a house party at the Roosevelts'." They'd date, off and on, through the years. And, when Jane shuttled to the Coast to make "Great Expectations," Edgar was there sweating out a leg injury, in the Good Samaritan Hospital. He'd broken his leg skiing at St. Moritz, inflammation had set in, and he'd been rushed to a great bone surgeon in Los Angeles to save his leg.

Their reunion there, as Jane recalls now, was one of the few times she's ever been angry at him. "I arrived back in town for the picture. I put down my suitcase and rushed breathlessly to the telephone and called the hospital. 'Hello—guess who this is,' I said. And he said, 'I never guess on the telephone.' I started to bang the phone down—"

"You can get in a lot of trouble, guessing on the phone," her husband observes now, hearing this.

"So—I went over to the hospital and courted him . . . and we were married," Jane says laughingly.

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Today, her husband says teasingly, "I wouldn't marry an actress—except Jane Wyatt. She's the one actress I would marry." One senses theirs is a rare marriage indeed, rich in humor and understanding. "My husband is quite a philospher," Jane says quietly, paying tribute to his encouragement during tense, unhappy periods of her career.

But for her husband's encouragement, Jane would probably never have starred in "Lost Horizon," which seemed to promise such a brilliant future for her. Jane's ambition then was to act in a picture directed by Frank Capra, and they'd celebrated with champagne the day she was told she would play the part. But, the day before she went before the cameras, her husband was taken to the hospital for another operation on his leg which would decide the final outcome. Jane wanted to give up her part and be with him, but Eddie wouldn't hear of it. This was the one part she'd waited for, the one director she'd been dying to work for. "Go ahead and take it, honey," he told her. "I'll be all right." Besides, there was the family reputation to maintain. What about all the "Wyatt energy" and over-riding all the obstacles? "Show them what you're made of," he smiled.

Every day at six A.M., Jane Wyatt would streak for the hospital, having made arrangements with the authorities to visit him then. At 7:30 A.M., she reported to make-up at the studio. From 9 until 12, she worked before the camera with Ronald Colman. During the lunch hour, she was again at the hospital, and by one o'clock—back on the set again. This was the routine for a month, and nobody who worked with Jane on "Lost Horizon" knew what was happening—until the happy day Eddie went home from the hospital assured he would walk again.

Career-wise, however, Jane Wyatt was to find her own Shangri-La in television. And, with her experienced background, no challenge was to prove too great. She loved the hour-long live dramatic shows that paled many another performer, and shooting a film in three days worked no hardship for her. Directors welcomed a fine talent—without temperament. And, one day, there came along a wonderfully warm, gay part so perfect for her. In fact, the role waited a year just for Jane.

Jane was always Robert Young's choice to co-star with him. At the beginning of 1953, when producer Eugene B. Rodney and Bob Young, who co-produces *Father Knows Best*, first sat down to talk about the series, "Jane was our top choice," Bob recalls, "but she wasn't available. She was living in New York, her boys were in school there, her husband was in business there, and Jane was interested in the stage and live TV." They didn't however, anticipate too much difficulty casting Margaret, the All-American mother and housewife. "We thought the kids might be trouble to cast, but finally we had everybody else—and still no Margaret. And I'll admit we'd set the standard very high," Bob says now.

"We had a definite personality in mind," he continues. "She must be very attractive. She must appear to be of an age to be the mother of a family this size, but she must *not* be the popular conception of the matronly type. She must be chic and able to wear smart clothes—but as a mother would wear them, not a model. And, of course, she must be equipped professionally to hold up the other half of the couple. We were really asking for the moon," he recalls.

"A year later, we'd cast the kids, the pilot was ready—and still no Margaret. We began to wonder if we'd actually painted ourselves into a corner. Whether we'd designed a person we just couldn't cast."

Then, one day, the phone rang in Bob Young's office and an agent was saying, out of the blue, "By the way, is the part of Margaret still open?"

"Yes," said Bob wearily. "It so happens it is."

"Well, Jane Wyatt's back here to live now," the agent said.

"We didn't even discuss a test," Bob says today. "We decided we'd go with the pilot—which is a commitment for the whole series—and the cameras rolled with the Margaret we'd always wanted. I was tremendously gratified—it meant a great deal to me," he admits.

The public took her immediately to heart. In many respects, Jane's the "other mother" of today's youth, an inspiration in households throughout the land, and the confidante of many troubled teenagers who write to her.

"People feel closer to you in television, anyway," Jane explains modestly. "You're closer to people in the living room. They feel very close. And well—we're the happy kind of family kids like—"

As for Jane's television family, Billy Gray puts it this way: "She's real nice—the closest thing to a mother I've ever had, besides my own. And, you know, she is like a mother in certain respects. She watches out after us—she's always reminding me of my nails," grins Billy, who's a mechanic at heart, spends every moment he can on his motorcycle—and admits he can take some reminding.

What with rehearsing and shooting *Father Knows Best* five days a week for thirty-nine weeks of every year, Jane Wyatt and Robert Young spend more time with their television families than with their own. "It's been real fun watching the children grow," she says. "They're the real life of the show and they're changing all the time."

Sometimes, when Jane's talking, it's a little hard to tell where her television family ends and her own family begins. When the cast of *Father Knows Best* visited New York recently, Jane couldn't have been more excited making plans for her own. "The *whole* family's going and we're looking forward so to the trip," she bubbled. "Elinor's just dying to go—she's never been there. This is going to be a ball. The children just can't wait to go to the Empire State Building and to Sardi's—and to all the places they've heard about. How we'll keep track of all of them, I don't know!"

Jane is sure that being so full of chatter about her TV family must be a little monotonous, conversationally, to Eddie at home. "I go home so full of talk about the children's problems and all the dramatic little things that happen on the set which seem so awfully important there, but which must not seem awfully important to your husband in connection with real family affairs at home," she laughs.

The Wards live in a charming old two-storey English house on a quiet tree-shaded street where West Hollywood and Beverly Hills meet. The house looks Ivy-League and lived-in. It has spacious lawns and many fruit trees and a wide brick patio in the backyard "where I watch the birds—which may seem like an odd pastime, but I enjoy it," says Jane. "This is a fun-street," she'll tell you. "I don't think many people even know it's here. Aldous Huxley lives just down the street, and Theodore Dreiser used to live next door. I think this once started out to be *the* place to live—then they passed it over and went on to Beverly Hills."

It's evident that Jane's is a "happy kind of family" at home, too. Her youngest son comes bounding down the stairs in blue jeans, monoculars in hand, and politely acknowledges the introductions. "I brought Mike that from Germany," Jane says of the long one-eyed instrument he so carefully holds. Taking a bead out the window, on an object some distance removed, Mike comments, "Not too big, Mom—but I like them better than binoculars."

There have been times, Jane admits with a chuckle, when the whole script seems reversed—when her own home could be that on the television show. "I came home the other evening," she smiles, "and I found Eddie upstairs with a small fishing rod in the bathroom. He was fishing in the bathtub—"

"I was pulling the flies through the water," her husband explains. He had been tying some "Roballo flies," some festive yellow feathery numbers featuring "saddle hackles—or rather, rooster feathers," he says. "They've had great success with the bass in Florida with this sort of fly." He was checking the movement in water.

Jane accompanies Eddie on many fishing trips. As he says warmly, "She's a very good companion—she loves watching the birds." His wife also loves to watch Eddie fish. "I love everything that goes with camping out—as long as somebody else does the fishing. I like cooking fish on the beach at sunset, and I like hiking in the hills, and I love to lie in the woods and read. I like the feeling of being out in the open."

But, as far as that goes, just give Jane Wyatt a pair of binoculars for watching the birds, and a book for reading, and she's happy almost anywhere. "I'm terrified to be left without a book any place," she says. "I even keep the compartment of the car filled with books—so, when we stop at the service station, I'll have a book to read while they're working on the car."

Presently, Jane Wyatt's "inherited" ability for over-riding obstacles is getting quite a workout, redecorating their home. Visualizing for her own family just how elegant the living room will look some day done in the assorted splotches of grey and gold material. Just how smart the charcoal and white chintz will look accented by the bright tomato red. "That is, if we can get that shade. Out of twenty shades of red, we finally narrowed it down to this—now they say they are out of it.

"Eddie went to Canada fishing and expected to come home and find it all finished," Jane says, looking around her at the dismantled fireplace and the uncovered chairs. "But we can't get anything done until we get the marble for the mantel—and we can't get the marble for three weeks."

Her husband is confident and content however to leave all such details up to Jane and the "Wyatt energy"—"She has so much of it," he says.

"That comes from the theater," Jane says now. "It takes tremendous energy or you'll never last through the physical part—or the agony part."

Today, there's no "agony part" in Jane's professional life. She's found her Shangri-La professionally, as well as personally. She's starring in that hoped-for hit "that would run and run and run." Her theater stretches across America—farther than the unhappy young actress who was so certain she had failed would ever have believed possible. And Jane Wyatt's performance as an All-American wife and mother, which is so reflective of her own home and happiness, touches the lives of millions in a way which that girl would never have envisioned.

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