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TV RADIO MIRROR

APRIL, 1957

ATLANTIC EDITION

VOL. 47, NO. 5

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Cover Portrait of Dinah Shore by Elmer Holloway of NBC

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But how long
will it last?

Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll *stay* sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Glamorous Liz Allen added curves when she dropped fashion modeling. And, as Gleason's Away-We-Go-Girl, she takes cues for comedy from Art Corney.



Marge of *Search For Tomorrow*, Melba Roe bets it'll be a boy, due in June.

Scoop & Double-Scoop: Presley is rumored to be considering an offer to head his own series of spectaculars next fall on a major TV network. Speaking of Elvis, Bing Crosby has this to say in Dave Kaufman's *Variety* column: "You can't just sing 'Hound Dog' all the time, and his tunes all sound like it. I think he's a sexy-looking kid, and can do very well in his career if he makes the most of the opportunity. But he has to take those sideburns off, and do other things. The kids will like him all the more, if he's smart and segues into something else." . . . Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence reported to be just around the corner from the altar. . . . Phyllis McGuire, youngest of the great singing trio, is going very, very steady. Lucky man is one of Manhattan's top oral surgeons. . . . Ex-Challenger Sonny Fox, still of *Let's Take A Trip*, will watch his wife take a trip to maternity hospital come June. . . . Handsome Ed Murrow planning to cut down on his work. Most likely his radio chores will go. Neither illness nor anything else of a serious nature involved. . . . An electronic manufacturer will cut cost of color TV receivers to \$300 by late spring. . . . Doug Fairbanks, Jr., may be named an ambassador. . . . Judy Garland has had it and so has CBS. What a furor! Judy was supposed to do a big, special show on February 28 but didn't like the CBS program outline. They thought she should do an extract of her night-club and stage-show acts. Judy didn't think this was much of an idea, and furthermore felt, after her Palace engagement, that she was too tired to create her own. Sponsors and CBS in agony. Judy remained adamant. So CBS tore up long-term contract. The loser: The public. . . . Just as it's titled, "The Very

Happy Piano" is a very happy listening. It's a Columbia collection of Errol Garner, one of the most creative of jazz pianists.

Panel Panic: Polly Bergen, "anchor man" on *To Tell The Truth*, thrilled over *Playhouse 90* assignment for May 2, when she plays title role in "Helen Morgan Story." But beautiful Bergen notes that her continuing panel work is plenty rugged. Says she, "It's high-tension work. Particularly this new panel show. It's like being a quiz contestant. There's no time to relax." Many people think you get to be a panelist by knowing the right people. Actually, in the case of *To Tell The Truth*, Polly was one of 300 persons auditioned. Panelists were chosen for appearance, intelligence, charm, wit, and composure. It's like no other aspect of show business and Polly should know, for she has starred on Broadway, in more than a dozen movies, in TV and radio and on records. "One of my big problems on the panel show is the fact that I'm near-sighted, which means I have to sneak on my glasses when the camera is off me." In private life, Polly is married to Freddie Fields, an exec at Music Corporation of America. The Fields, with nine-year-old daughter Kathy, live in a ten-room apartment. Polly has decorated her apartment so beautifully that her close friends, Phil and Evelyn Silvers, have called on her to do their honeymoon apartment. Polly makes a rare excursion out of the city next month when she goes to Hollywood studios for *Playhouse 90*. "Generally, I turn down night-club or movie work that requires my leaving Manhattan," she says, and explains, "This is as a result of my childhood. My father was a contracting engineer and we lived in five to ten different towns every year. It was no fun."

Kind of Personal: Jimmy Durante can't do enough for people. Ask him to a party and he knocks himself out entertaining. He's big-hearted, an easy touch, always ready to lend himself to benefits and a good cause, so it's altogether fitting that there should be an Entertainment Industry Tribute to Jimmy Durante at New York's Waldorf-Astoria on March 17. Sponsored by the Jewish Theatrical Guild, the testimonial dinner will also raise funds for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, Will Rogers Hospital, Welfare Funds of AGVA and AFTRA, Actors Fund, Catholic Actors Guild, Yiddish Theatrical Alliance, Negro Actors Guild and Episcopal Actors Guild. . . . And while on the subject of awards, let it be noted that, on March 26, Perry Como receives the Friars' Club's Man of the Year Testimonial. Usually Perry tries to avoid testimonials but he's quite flushed about this one. . . . And Perry Como's ex-secretary, now Mrs. Julius La Rosa, has exciting news. She's gonna make Julie a pappy. About July 24. Says Julie, "I hope this will be the first of umpteen." . . . Virginia Graham got herself a good, new deal. She becomes official spokesman for Colgate. A job comparable to the one Betty Furness does for Westinghouse. . . . Trend toward more and more calypso music. Predict in another year it will rival rock 'n' roll, and with cause. New calypso is vivid, rhythmic and full of vitality. Proof of this is a Columbia item entitled "Hi Fi Calypso, Etc.," starring Enid Mosier, Broadway star. She's just tremendous. . . . Positively set for "George M. Cohan Story" on NBC-TV, May 11th, is Mickey Rooney, assisted by Gloria DeHaven and June Havoc. All three were raised in vaudeville and should superbly interpret the Cohan era. . . . It's true that Ed Sulli-

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 14

COAST



Schnoz Jimmy Durante consented to be put on a "pedasill"—but for charity.

van sneaks out of Manhattan on free afternoons—he's off to visit his grandchildren in New Rochelle.

Have a Calorie: One nice thing about TV is that you don't have to be absolutely skinny. Everyone's commenting how much better Liz Allen looks. Not so gaunt. Liz is Jackie Gleason's Away-We-Go-Girl. Until recently Liz was combining fashion modeling with her TV career. For fashion, you've got to be positively splintery. Now Liz, who has launched her singing career at the Stork Club, can afford to eat nearly normal, for she has given up fashion modeling. TV cameras permit a little flesh. Another gal, Nancy Walter, just graduated from a Glea-girl to a Portrette, had a similar experience. Nancy, one of the most beautiful gals in the country, gave up fashion modeling for TV because she never felt right. Not getting enough to eat. She started out on *The Big Payoff*. Now she makes enough dough to pay for vocal lessons, a comfortable apartment, clothes—and a double-decker sandwich when she pleases.

Hit & Run: Pat Boone's father-in-law, Red Foley, now doing two radio shows a week for ABC. . . . Another of Red's discoveries is hitting big time via rock 'n' roll on Capitol discs. That's Sonny James, twenty-nine, whose disc, "Young Love," started out as a country record, jumped the traces into the pop class and climbed close to two-million in sales. . . . Young Sanford Clark, newly-discharged from the Air Force, breaks the news that he married Lucy Thrasher, sister of his fan club prexy, early last spring. He is set to sing in Miami, Florida, during February and March. Also (Continued on page 70)



Singer and panelist Polly Bergen enjoys a night out at The Harwyn with husband Freddie Fields. She'll fly West to play sultry Helen Morgan on TV.



British Donald Gray auditioned American starlets for *The Vise*. Finalists were Rita Constance, Geraldine MacDonald, Marjorie Milliard, Pauline Papi-neau, Kay Kimberly, Beverly Timsak, Kim Townsend. "Smashing," said Don.



After a Paris jam session, Edward R. Murrow gets Louis Armstrong into a confiding mood. In Africa, Lucille Armstrong shows natives how to dance to her husband's jazz.



TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

*TV favorites on
your theater screen*

By JANET GRAVES

The Saga of Satchmo

UNITED ARTISTS

For one of his *See It Now* programs, Edward R. Murrow sent his roving camera crew along with Louis Armstrong to Europe and Africa, but only about ten minutes of the show is used in this thoroughly delightful movie. All the rest is brand-new, the rousing story of the New Orleans jazz man who has carried America's own music to cheering fans overseas. Interviewed by Murrow, Louis outlines his background and musical beliefs. And the camera follows him from Switzerland to Paris to Africa to London and back home for a concert with New York's Philharmonic. Reactions of all the listeners are fascinatingly different, but the most exciting

are seen on Africa's Gold Coast, where people recognize the music descended from theirs, and "Satchmo" plays with his group for a bigger crowd than any musical performance has ever attracted. Lovers of the good old Dixieland style will find this picture a rich treat. TV viewers devoted to *Omnibus* will find an old friend in young conductor-composer-commentator Leonard Bernstein, who practically blows his stack while conducting "St. Louis Blues."

Top Secret Affair

WARNERS

Though Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are the stars, Jim Backus adds plenty of laughs to this gay romantic farce. Jim is known on TV as Joan Davis' husband in *I Married Joan*, and he's also the voice of animated cartoons' nearsighted Mister Magoo. Here, he has a subordinate but amusing role as public-relations officer for Army general Kirk. Plotting to give the general the works in a news-magazine profile, Susan softens when love enters the picture.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Young Stranger (RKO): In an excellent film based on a hit TV play, James MacArthur does a splendid job as a teenager in trouble. TV regular James Daly is his stubborn father; Kim Hunter, his mother.

The Rainmaker (Wallis, Paramount: Vista-Vision, Technicolor): Also born as a TV show, later a Broadway success, this wistful comedy-drama gives Katharine Hepburn a lovable role as a farm spinster who gets encouragement from adventurer Burt Lancaster.

Edge of the City (M-G-M): Score one more for TV's playwrights. The familiar John Cassavetes is an unhappy youth, deliberately friendless until Sidney Poitier takes an interest in him. Gentle to begin with, the film ends violently.

The Wrong Man (Warners): Alfred Hitchcock turns from whimsy to a story based on fact. Henry Fonda's a musician accused of robbery; Vera Miles, his wife.

movies on TV

Showing this month

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO (Warners): Drama of 19th Century France, excellently acted by Bette Davis, governess named as motive for nobleman Charles Boyer's alleged murder of wife Barbara O'Neil.

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

CAGE OF GOLD (Ellis): Jean Simmons sparks up a British suspense item with her beauty and skill. Believing that caddish husband David Farrar is dead, she marries James Donald. Then Farrar returns.

CAT PEOPLE (RKO): Wonderfully eerie fantasy casts Simone Simon as a girl who trusts in an ancestral legend. She holds husband Kent Smith off, sure that embrace will turn her into a jungle cat.

DAISY KENYON (20th): Adult triangle drama finds artist Joan Crawford involved in an affair with Dana Andrews, a married man. A widowed war veteran, Henry Fonda also loves Joan.

DESPERADOES, THE (Columbia): Lively Western. Glenn Ford's the ex-outlaw who can't avoid trouble; Randolph Scott, the sheriff; Claire Trevor, the good-hearted dance-hall gal; Evelyn Keyes, nice gal.

EASY LIVING (RKO): Sharp expose of pro football. Star Vic Mature, with a heart condition, goes on playing to please selfish wife Liz Scott. Lucille Ball and Lloyd Nolan understand his plight.

GALLANT JOURNEY (Columbia): As a little-known pioneer of aviation, Glenn Ford does glider flights in the 1880's, beating the Wright brothers into the air. Janet Blair's his loyal wife.

HUDSON'S BAY (20th): Lusty story of Canada's early days, with Paul Muni as a Frenchman who made friends with Indians, persuaded England to open up the new country. The expert cast includes Vincent Price.

IN THIS OUR LIFE (Warners): Bette Davis plays a venomous Southern girl, with Olivia de Havilland as her civilized sister. Explosive drama springs from manslaughter Bette commits.

KISS OF DEATH (20th): Rough, top-flight thriller, famous for Richard Widmark's debut role, a giggling gunman. As a convict, Vic Mature turns stool pigeon for the sake of wife Coleen Gray.

LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A (RKO): A charmer of a comedy. On a Western vacation, Jean Arthur tries her best to lasso rodeo cowboy John Wayne. Fine character job by some guy named Phil Silvers, as the good-time conductor of a bus tour.

LIFEBOAT (20th): Tensely, Alfred Hitchcock close-ups survivors of a wartime shipwreck, including a career woman (Tallulah Bankhead), a sailor (the late John

Hodiak), a Nazi submarine captain (Walter Slezak).

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.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners): Warmth, wit and inspirational qualities combine as minister Fredric March tries to do his duties, raise his family (with wife Martha Scott) and make ends meet.

OUR WIFE (Columbia): Frothy farce with highly engaging players. Musician Melvyn Douglas gets out of an alcoholic fog to find romance with scientist Ruth Hussey. Ex-wife Ellen Drew interferes.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia): Honestly sentimental, beautifully done story of a marriage. To a series of "our songs," Cary Grant and Irene Dunne court, marry, adopt and lose a child, courageously face the future together.

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER (RKO): Entrancing tale of frontier days. Farmer William Holden, widowed, buys bond-slave Loretta Young as his wife, mother to his son. A ballad-singing wanderer, Robert Mitchum helps solve family problems that make Loretta unhappy.

SO LONG AT THE FAIR (Eagle-Lion): Fascinating English version of a popular legend. At a 19th Century Paris exposition, Jean Simmons seeks a missing brother—only to be told that he never existed. Artist Dirk Bogarde comes to her rescue.

SUSPICION (RKO): Alfred Hitchcock is in top form with this suave tale of suspense. An innocent bride, Joan Fontaine suspects that debonair Cary Grant has done murder—and plans to kill her.

TALES OF HOFFMAN (Lopert): A lavish feast for ballet and opera fans. Robert Rounseville recalls the three loves he had as a student—exquisite Moira Shearer foremost among them.

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN (Warners): Haunted romance, with Merle Oberon and George Brent as doomed lovers who meet on a trans-Pacific voyage.

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia): Show business goes on in blitz-torn London. Rita Hayworth and Janet Blair are gallant show girls; Lee Bowman, a naturally amorous flyer; Marc Platt, dedicated dancer. Fine musical.

TOO MANY GIRLS (RKO): Here's where Lucy and Desi first got together, in a gay college musical. Miss Ball is a spoiled heiress; Mr. Arnaz, a Latin football hero. Eddie Bracken, Richard Carlson join the tuneful fun.

YELLOW CANARY (RKO): Terribly mysterious British mystery, with Anna Neagle as a supposed Nazi sympathizer. Navy man Richard Greene reveals she's really spying for England.



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

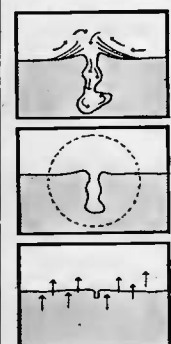


New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

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



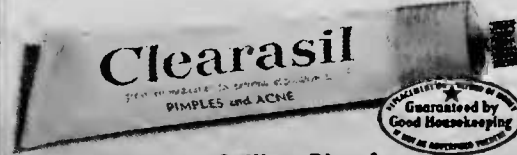
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- 3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . .** CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

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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.

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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¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

T
V
R

HOME IS



At home in his work, Bob Smith gives music a merry go 'round on WOR

LIKE taking candy from a baby? Bob Smith, long a favorite of the lollypop set as *Howdy Doody's* pal, Buffalo Bob, has been reclaimed—and acclaimed—by his own generation. On *The Bob Smith Show*, heard weekday afternoons from two to five on New York's Station WOR, he plays records—but with a difference. A rare contradiction, an untemperamental virtuoso, Bob may harmonize a chorus on a Patti Page recording or improvise a vocal introduction for a Dorsey instrumental. He's also apt to join in on piano, organ, accordion, saxophone, clarinet, trombone, trumpet, guitar, contrabass, slide whistle, sweet potato, washboard, frying pan—or a set of perfectly pitched bicycle horns. Each day, there's a time-out for nostalgia, with music and memories of yesteryears. It's radio in a relaxed mood—and all of it comes from the studio in Bob's New Rochelle home. "My home is your home," Bob tells his listeners—and he means it. . . . Born in Buffalo, Bob started piano at the age of five, was singing with a male trio, the Hi-Hatters, when he was fifteen. Coming to New York in 1936, he starred in a number of programs for adults. He especially remembers one that preceded a Tex and Jinx interview show. Bob would "plug" their guests and, one day, he was told that Dana Andrews was scheduled to appear. Bob, who's seen three movies in the last ten years, ad-libbed: "I just saw Dana Andrews out in the corridor and she's the most gorgeous girl I ever saw in my life!" A flood of mail informed Bob that Dana is a he-man star. . . . When television appeared on the scene, Bob auditioned some ten shows for the NBC network. *Howdy Doody* was among them. Having done about 2,100 shows on "Howdy" alone, Bob

Bow and zither—a Smith innovation.



Tuba is a big thing in Bob's life.



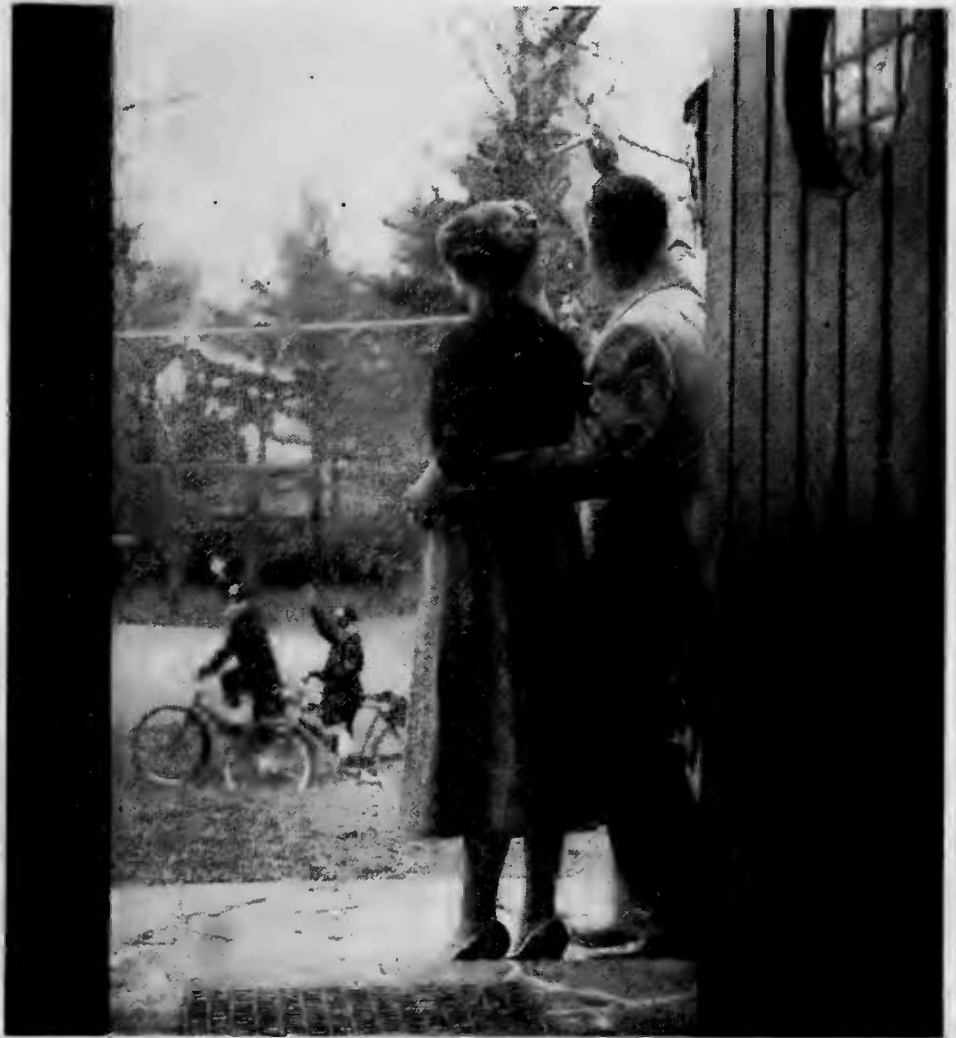
Records "take five" as sax stars.



WHERE THE MUSIC IS

has probably put in more hours before the TV cameras than almost anyone else in the business. He still does the show on Saturday mornings for NBC-TV, but, speaking of the days when "Howdy" was a daily visitor, Bob says, "I'm glad I don't have to work that hard any more. I love radio and I love being able to work in a sweatshirt and sneakers, with a cigar in my mouth." . . . It took almost two years for Bob to recuperate from a heart attack he suffered on Labor Day, 1954. The doctor's latest prescription: "Get out on the golf course and get back to work." It was just what the patient ordered. "I treat it as a broken leg," Bob says of his heart attack. "It doesn't mean I can't break it again, but once you've broken a leg, you don't go sliding into second base any more." . . . The long recovery gave Bob a chance to count his blessings. First there is his wife Mildred, a classmate of Bob's through the eighth grade in Buffalo. There are their three sons: Robin, 14, Ronnie, 13, and Chris, two. There's the gracious New Rochelle home, with its studio-in-the-basement that means Bob can have more time with his family. Like Bob at their age, Robin and Ronnie both prefer box-scores to musical scores. Mildred likes to tell of the time Ronnie was nine and she visited him at his day camp. All the boys were marching, and each carried a blanket. All, that is, but Ronnie. The boy behind him carried two. When Mildred asked him about it, Ronnie told her, "He's carrying mine, because I'm famous." Mildred began to admonish him about trading on his father's name, when Ronnie interrupted. "He doesn't even know who my father is," he said. "I'm famous myself. I hit three home-runs today!" Fame runs in the Smith family.

You nome it—and Banjo Bob con play it.



Mr. and Mrs. Smith wave their sons off on a cycling expedition. But no one has to wave Bob off to work. He just steps down to the basement.



The boys prefer baseball to Bach—or boogie. Off-season, Robin toots a horn, Ronnie's the drummer, as Bob and Mildred play guitar and piano.

This monthly page of views and interviews on music rotates among Jerry Warren of WINS, Al "Jazzbo" Collins of WRCA, Gene Stuart of WAVZ, and Art Pallan of KDKA



GENE STUART



BOBBY SCOTT

Versatile's the Word

By GENE STUART
WAVZ, New Haven

A FEW WEEKS AGO, after signing off my show at 9 A.M., with my scalp intact—the exception and not the rule—I thought it would be nice to see Bobby Scott again. Three months had elapsed since last I visited the Scott abode and near-drowned Bobby with a spilled glass of water. Time heals all wounds, or so the saying goes, and I reasoned that when I told him I wanted to interview him for TV RADIO MIRROR, he would accept the fact as a peace offering. So, I strapped on my skates (no money for gas) and zoomed down the highways to New York City, barging in on Bobby at noontime. I think I startled him, for he looked over his shoulder at me, yawned and said, "Oh . . . hi, Gene-o."

After explaining to him about the intended interview, Bobby sprawled onto the couch, pointed a finger at me and smiled, "You're on, Mr. Stuart. Go."

Not yet twenty, this native New Yorker is definite concerning his work, his life, his likes and dislikes and his ambitions. Through the media of writing music, playing jazz piano and singing, Bobby intends eventually to have recorded the serious music—"classical" to some—he has written and will continue to write. He's already completed a number of suites and is now working on a musical comedy.

For the present, Bobby, who has had several nibbles from Hollywood, hopes for a regular spot on a network TV show, and also to keep his jazz trio together and working for the coming year.

On his home hi-fi set, you can hear anything from "Appalachia" by Delius and "Third Piano Concerto for Or-

chestra and Piano" by Bartok to his favorites in other forms of music. Mahalia Jackson, Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles rank as his favorite singers, while Bud Powell, Herman Chittison, Billy Taylor, Dave McKenna and "the master" Art Tatum are his favorite pianists. Musing over his own piano playing, Bobby says, "I find that playing jazz piano is great kicks for me, but even more important, it acts as a storehouse of improvisation that I'll use in my writing of serious music."

Bobby has worked with Gene Krupa, Tony Scott, his own group and many others while building his own distinctive piano style. More recently, he has played and sung on radio and TV shows and in clubs throughout the country and has recorded such hits for ABC-Paramount as "Chain Gang" and "There I've Said It Again."

"The reason for my singing is twofold; to make some money and to be able to help further the listener's appreciation of music by adding something new musically and technically with each recording."

When I asked him his likes and dislikes, he smiled: "I like baked macaroni, Sherwood Anderson books, Phil Silvers' TV shows, Tony Bennett's warm personality and great character and Stella, my cat. Oh, yeah," he added with a wider grin, "don't forget my wife Betty. She's in a special category."

Bobby dislikes people who are phonies and who are unthinking. "I hate to see someone with native intelligence goof his life away by being lazy or indecisive. Of course, I hate the evils of this business, but I can't complain. I have my health, a great wife, my own apartment, a hi-fi set with my favorite

records and a chance to work and make money. What more could a guy ask for?"

Then Bobby served me a cup of coffee, backed away quickly and laughed, "Don't spill *this* on me, 'cause I'm meeting Betty for lunch and it's too late to change clothes."

With that, he helped me strap on my skates and wished me Godspeed on the highways back to New Haven. Quite a fella, "Young Blood" Bobby Scott.

LIGHTLY IN THE GROOVE:

Deejaying can lead to big business. WATV's Paul Brenner manages talent, WABC's Martin Block has a publishing company, Grady and Hurst of Wilmington's WDEL-TV own record shops, and Gene Klavan of WNEW's *Klavan And Finch Show* owns a hatchery for barracuda, man-eating fish which he raises to send to competing morning deejays. . . . Columbia Records' Mitch Miller relayed to WMGM's Dean Hunter a simple formula for becoming a successful songwriter: Blarney, guts and talent. Hit tunesmith Harry Warren answered a knock on his door some fifteen years ago. A young boy said, "I'm Johnny Mercer. I have some lyrics I'd like you to look at." Result: "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"—and a famous writing team. . . . John Milton Williams, who is perhaps our most photographed male model, had hoped to get his new singing discovery Joannie Dunn into an LP jacket. So far, he's only gotten *himself* on the cover of one—he's the "swinging lover" in Charles Varon's photo on the new Frank Sinatra album, "Adventures of the Heart."

—Jerry Warren

Which is your hair problem?



Hair dull...no shine?

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



Hair too dry?

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



Unruly after shampoo?

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

Hair abused...brittle?

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



Teen Tangles?

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



HELENE CURTIS
Suave[®]

HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

59¢ and \$1 (plus tax)



NEW! for extra dry hair

Special Suave Creme

Magic in his Voice



Magic's a hobby Allen puts to TV use. Scripts for video and Broadway are another "professional" pastime.



Allen and son Lewis are chess mates, as Vivienne and "Scrabble" watch. Below, Allen's "Man With the Cane."



Man of many voices, Allen Swift of WPIX is also a master of many trades



Captain Allen is all at sea in the 125,000 contest drawings of Popeye. In an average week, mail call is 2,000.

IF THE VOICE is familiar, it probably belongs to Allen Swift. Thirtyish of age, reddish-blond of hair, Allen has created more than a thousand voices for radio, TV and movies. This includes fifty voices on *Howdy Doody* and ninety percent of the voices that accompany the animated line-drawing commercials done by UPA. . . . Often heard, Allen can also be seen. He's Captain Allen, a genial, white-bearded old salt who fills the time between reels of cartoons on *Popeye The Sailor Man*, seen on New York's Station WPIX, weekdays at 6 P.M. (Ray Heatherton emcees the show Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 4:30.) Allen treats the youngsters to feats of prestidigitation, does "scribble scrabble" drawings, and slips in painless lessons on good behavior. The deck of the *S. S. Popeye* is his stage—which answers a question that troubled Allen as a boy. . . . When his mimicry at parties drew bravos, Allen decided on a career in show business. But, for public consumption, he announced he was going to be a painter. To Allen and his parents, this seemed more substantial. "I could always get a canvas," Allen says, "but where could I find a stage?" Eventually, he found quite a few—as a "legit" actor and a comedian. He was the comic at a Catskills resort when the wartime male shortage placed him at a table with eight beautiful girls. He married the one named Vivienne. Also a writer, songwriter, magician and mind reader, Allen describes his career as "an uphill fight not to be typed." . . . Nor has Allen limited his painting to the makeup he uses as Captain. He is a leading exhibitor at the famed ACA gallery. The Swifts' apartment in Forest Hills, done in "comfortable modern," features Allen's impressionistic canvasses, originals by leading contemporaries, and Egyptian and Aztec sculpture. Son Lewis, now ten, inherits his dad's art and vocal talents. When he's in school, so is Vivienne. She's a straight-A student at Mills College of Education in New York. . . . "Basically, I'm a creative guy," Allen describes himself. "If this seems to be the age of specialization, I see no reason for myself to specialize." If this be talent—and we think it is—Allen makes the most of it.

information booth

Reticent Redskin

Please write something about Michael Ansara of Broken Arrow.

E. G., Baltimore, Md.

One of the big, new topics of fan chatter these days is Michael Ansara, who scores weekly as "Cochise" on ABC-TV's *Broken Arrow*. Yet Michael was once a shy, retiring type, and acting was about the farthest thing from his mind! . . . The future Apache chieftain was born April 13, 1923, in Lowell, Massachusetts. Later, the family moved to Los Angeles, where Michael graduated from public school, and entered Los Angeles City College. Feeling that he lacked poise, Michael took part in college dramatics—and the acting bug soon had a willing victim. Subsequent training at Pasadena Playhouse was followed by numerous little-theater appearances in and around Hollywood. Curiously enough, he made his movie bow as another Indian warrior—Tuscos in Warners' "Only the Valiant." Many screen roles and a 1954 TV debut preceded his current assignment as "Cochise." . . . History interests the tall, dark bachelor, and he's not adverse to sessions of fishing, hunting or golf, either.

Merry Mousketeer

Would you please publish some information about Doreen Tracey?

J. M., Omaha, Neb.

Out in Lotus Land, a certain Hollywood theater manager is a celebrity named Sid Tracey. Sid and his wife, Bessie Hay, are a retired dance team, but his current laurels have little to do with dancing. Sid happens to be the father of ABC-TV Mousketeer Doreen Tracey and, as such, is constantly besieged by a never-ending



Michael Ansara

line of ambitious juveniles all clamoring to know "how Doreen did it." The pert, vivacious little star, along with her *Mickey Mouse Club* cohorts, is among the most popular personalities in TV today. . . . With bombs falling, and war raging all around her, Doreen was born to her American show-parents in London, England, on April 13, 1943. The family settled in California in 1945, and though Sid gave Doreen her first dancing lessons, she eventually enrolled for formal training in tap and toe dancing, ballet and singing. Exactly two years ago, her studio sent her to audition for Walt Disney, and the result has been happy viewing for thousands of fans across the country. . . . Soft brown hair set in a curly fringe of bangs, and a large and expressive pair of hazel-colored eyes, are Doreen's trademarks. The petite charmer stands four feet nine inches, weighs eighty-seven pounds, and is rated an excellent eighth-grade student at Hollywood's Blessed Sacrament parochial school. She loves to swim and ride horseback, is fond of pets—especially a Siamese cat named "Samson"—plus a bevy of hamsters.

Calling All Fans

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

Rosemary Prinz Fan Club, c/o Sandra Becker, 1815 37th Ave., Jackson Heights, L. I., New York

Mousketeers Fan Club, c/o Flapdoodle Club, 701 N. 30th St., Omaha 2, Neb.

Clint Walker Fan Club, c/o Frances Greene, 64 Florence St., Newington, Conn.

Newsman of Note

Would you please give me some information about NBC-TV commentator David Brinkley?

B. K., Atlantic City, N. J.

While the Supreme Court pondered a decision in the Rosenberg case, NBC newsman David Brinkley stood by with mobile cameras. Seconds after the Chief Justice announced the opinion, Dave passed it on to a nation of waiting viewers. "Nice going, Dave," commented a friendly rival. "You beat the world." It was nothing extraordinary. Dave Brinkley, who teams with Chet Huntley each weekday evening at 7:45 for *NBC News Caravan*, has been a world-beater ever since he first entered the news field. . . . Born July 10, 1920, in Wilmington, North Carolina, Dave attended both North Carolina and Vanderbilt Universities, and got his first news job with the United Press in Nashville. Transfers to Montgomery, Atlanta, and Washington, D. C., plus time out for the Army, preceded his 1943 appointment as radio-TV newscaster with NBC in Washington. There, he was responsible for many NBC exclusives, including a filmed tour of the Russian Embassy. With everyone taking it for granted that the Reds would never open the doors to reporters and cameramen, Dave simply



David Brinkley

asked for permission—and got it. He cites coverage of the Army-McCarthy hearings as "one of the roughest," but only once has he received negative reaction—and that, after the 1953 Inaugural Parade. Dave became intrigued by the daily diet of an elephant named "Miss Burma." It specified that she receive a quart of whiskey in a bucket of hot water. While the ponderous pachyderm lurched up Pennsylvania Avenue, Dave commented fully on her unusual menu, and failed to note the passage of a smart-stepping Jackson, Michigan group known as the American Legion Zouaves. In the Jackson paper the next day, the title told all: "We Wuz Robbed." . . . Soft-spoken and quietly self-assured, Dave drew on his extensive Capitol background to make quick spot-identifications at last summer's political conventions, received nationally favorable comment. But at the previous convention in 1952, the Brinkley aplomb threatened to vanish. That was when the NBC staff slipped in some films, flown from Washington to Chicago, of Dave's new-born child—and Brinkley, Sr., found himself looking at his second son for the first time. Somewhat reluctantly, after the film was over, Dave turned back to politics. . . . Three young sons—Alan, 7, Joel, 4, and John, who's now two—are the chief pride of Dave and wife Ann. On Sundays, Dave can be seen as Washington correspondent on NBC's *Outlook* show, to which he commutes from the Brinkley manse in Montgomery County, Maryland.

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.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST

By BUD GOODE



Dancing your way on a new show are Marge and Gower Champion. Here, son's first photo.



Guitarist Buddy Merrill, of Lawrence Welk's shows, is at the marryin' age. When he turns twenty-one, he'll wed high-school sweetheart, Faye.



Latest singer to turn actor is Nat Cole. He'll play a Foreign Legion villain in "China Gate." But, to Carol and Natalie, he'll always be "King."

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

Buried Treasure: It's been rumored that ABC-TV *Cheyenne's* giant of a man, Clint Walker—six-feet-six, 230 pounds of well-distributed bone and sinew—buries the family garbage in his backyard. Why? "Organic fertilizer," he explains. Health addict Clint doesn't believe in chemical fertilizers. The fruits and vegetables in his garden have to be organically grown. Scientifically, not a bad idea; but what do you do, Clint, when your radishes come up coffee flavored?

The Heart of Hollywood: Hugh O'Brian (ABC-TV's *Wyatt Earp*) never does commercials, but agreed to do one for Gleem Toothpaste with the understanding that his \$1,000 fee go to the treasury of Hollywood's young performers group, The Thaliens. Hugh is past president of the organization devoted to the problems of children's mental health. The Thaliens' creed: "If you are of a mind to enjoy today—help a child's mind enjoy tomorrow." Congrats, kids... And Groucho Marx's wife, Eden, weekly contributes her time to the Los Angeles County Hospital working in the handicrafts ward, helping to rehabilitate psychiatric patients. "I don't mind," kids Groucho, "but I try to point out there's a great deal of that kind of work to be done around our house, too."

Goals and Guys: George Gobel confides his lifetime ambition was to become a big league ballplayer. Main objection to his plans was the observation that a ballplayer's career lasted only ten years. "So," says George, "I became a television comic—where they tell you it's a miracle if you last *three* years!"... Looks like this year's television awards are going to the dogs: CBS-TV's *Lassie* romped off with "Best Children's Show of the Year" from Philadelphia's Poor Richard Club... Art Link-



Lovebirds May Wynn and Jack Kelly have a date with a long-legged bird.

letter was voted the school's most valuable basketball player while attending San Diego State College, where he garnered twelve letters. Phil Silvers says he received twenty-four letters while in college—all from his mother. . . . Jack Crosby, an artist at CBS-Television City, was being groomed for a part on the Phil Silvers show, but was beaten out for the role by another Crosby—his Uncle Bing. . . . After the death of her daughter, Jan Clayton and her husband, Bob Lerner, and their family of three, are moving to Cuernavaca, Mexico, for a change of scenery. Jan will commute from Mexico to Hollywood. . . . Now it's official: Buddy Merrill, guitarist on ABC-TV's *Lawrence Welk Show*, will marry his high-school sweetheart, Faye Philpott, sometime after his twenty-first birthday, July 16. . . . Although NBC-TV's *Noah's Ark* may go off the air soon, co-star May Wynn has her own production in preparation. She and husband Jack Kelly, married in November, are expecting. . . . So are Gordon MacRae and wife Sheila. Sheila's recent role with Gordon on *Lux Video Theater* was her last professional appearance before baby number five arrives. . . . The twenty-six popular members of the ABC-TV Lawrence Welk band received over 300 pounds of candy from loyal fans for Valentine's Day. Oh, what a tummy ache!

Casting: Marge and Gower Champion, those dancing parents of baby Gregg, will debut a new CBS-TV series on Sunday evening, March 31. It replaces Ann Sothern. . . . NBC-TV's Nat "King" Cole, famous for his renditions of ballads, "Nature Boy," "Mona Lisa," and "Too Young," has done an about-face. In 20th Century-Fox's "China Gate," he plays a French Foreign Legion villain. It's tough to picture Nat, the guy who made (Continued on page 71)

New Patterns for You



4609

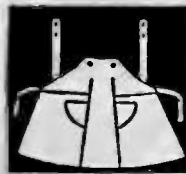
4609—New Printed Pattern—easiest to sew! Just two main pattern parts plus facings. Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4634—Wrap-on for daughter is jiffy sewing for you, mother, with our new Printed Pattern. It has few pattern parts, and opens out to iron. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 takes 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4606—Perfect twosome—sundress and bolero designed for the shorter, fuller figure. Easy to sew with our new Printed Pattern. Half Sizes 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ -24 $\frac{1}{2}$. Size 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ takes 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch for dress; 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards for bolero. State size. 35¢



4634



4606

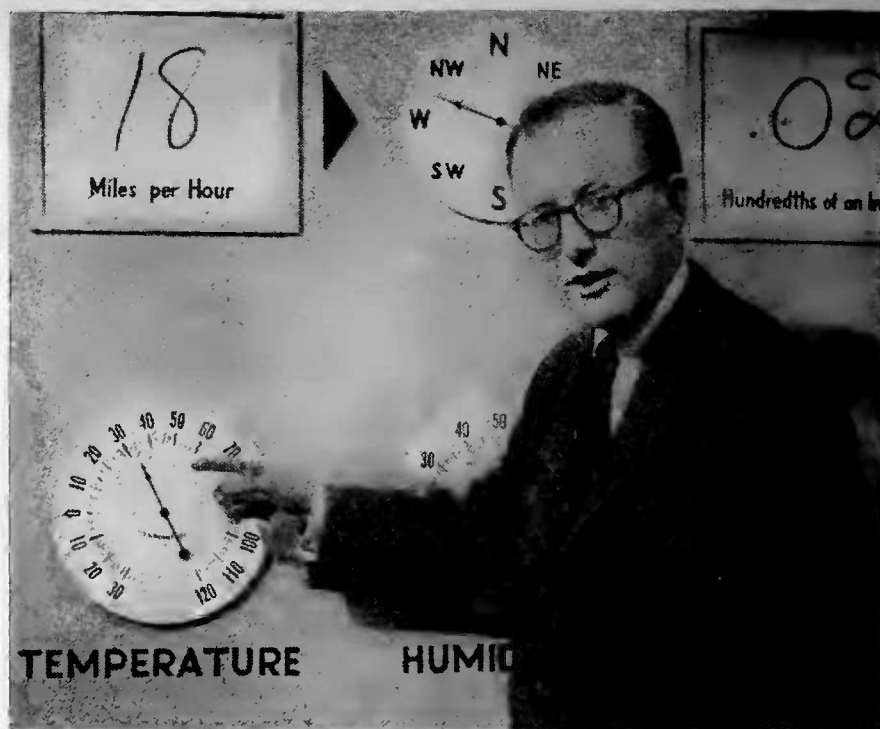
Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to state pattern number and size when ordering.

AT EASE

With a frequency of such talent as Mac McGarry, WBUF rates ultra-high



From lightweight clowning to heavyweight topics, Mac is always interesting. Here, he talks shop with Joy Wilson, "Weather Girl" on an earlier show.



Emcee, newscaster and all-around talent, Mac's at ease as he talks Fahrenheits or, below, fisticuffs with two "bantams."



WHILE many of the know-it-alls looked glum when the subject of ultra-high-frequency television channels came up, the brass at the NBC network grinned knowingly. In Buffalo, they were busy changing the skyline with a \$1,500,000 Color Television Center—and a tower that is four times higher than Niagara Falls. The structures were for NBC's new "leadership station" in the Niagara Frontier Area, Station WBUF. Construction was only half the battle. Next, the network had to break down the resistance of people to buying UHF converters. They did it with fireworks, a bicycle rodeo, a "Miss Channel 17" contest—and an antique fire-engine trademark. It was hoopla on a grand scale, but the most powerful persuader was the ultra-high frequency of talent being offered to WBUF. . . . Typical is Mac McGarry, a genial guy with a genius for putting people at ease. Mac is casual, informal, relaxed. Weekdays at 2:15 P.M., he captures the pulse-beat of Buffalo in *Memo From McGarry*. The highlight of the show is an interview, and Mac prefers his guests with an offbeat occupation—a night-club chorine or a town dog-catcher. If the guest is a celebrity, Mac is not unduly impressed. Coming to Buffalo last April from WRC and WRC-TV in Washington, D. C., Mac has introduced Presidents Truman

and Eisenhower on the air from the White House and has greeted such Washington Airport arrivals as General MacArthur and the then-Princess Elizabeth. Other experiences include commentating on *Three Star Final*, announcing on *Meet The Press* and *American Forum*, and deejaying. . . . Weekday evenings, Mac does a newscast at 6:50, and is on camera with *Weather Log* at 11:10. Saturday at 7 P.M., he emcees *Bantam Bouts*, a half-hour during which youngsters display the zeal if not always the finesse of champions. "Their greatest danger," Mac grins, "is being flattened by the wind from a wild swing." . . . Mac was born Maurice J. McGarry in Atlanta, Georgia, of Scottish-Irish descent. The family moved to New York when Mac was four. An appropriate number of years later, while attending Fordham University, Mac became a deejay on WFUV-FM, one of the earliest college radio stations. Sheepskin in hand, he went to WBEC in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1947, as an announcer. He was program director when he left three years later. . . . Mac lives with his parents in Buffalo, where his father, Maurice S., is a land and tax agent for the New York Central Railroad. A TV star, Mac's also a fan—and a golfing enthusiast. His winning talent is par for the course at the WBUF "leadership station."

A Message for Easter



Dr. Billy Graham at his desk.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? . . . My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

DR. BILLY GRAHAM has selected this Bible passage as an important message for this holy season. This American evangelist, who has fired men throughout the world with renewed fervor for the Word of God, believes that we cannot have a better, more peaceful world until we have better men. If all men and women could somehow solve their own problems, find personal peace instead of personal frustration, the wars and famines and hatreds and uglinesses of the world would melt away. Perhaps if we—men and women the whole world over—say together this comforting text Dr. Graham has chosen, we will be better people, and so make a better world filled with His peace.

J. S. Mantelmeier
Publisher

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The newest bra fashions
cost less than you think
at your favorite
variety store

only
\$1.49
for the new
6
Way
style



Style #489

The Bra you can wear ↑ 6 different ways

Adds exciting glamour to your figure and to all your smart fashions . . . from casual sports wear to your formal evening wear . . . you can wear it 6 different ways because the shoulder straps can be moved or removed!

White or Black Pre-shrunk cotton in AA, A and B cups . . . only **\$1.49**
Also in C cup only \$1.69

The New Sweater Bra \$1.00 →

For just that right touch of extra fullness and roundness! Pre-shaped cup in Air Foam so that only you know the secret. Pre-shrunk white cotton broadcloth in AA, A and B cups. only **\$1.**

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the self-locking clasp
—doesn't "dig in"
as metal clasps do,
yet won't ever break

You'll agree, this new Kotex belt does wonders for your comfort. The unbreakable clasp flexes with the body so it can't "dig in" as metal clasps do. And it holds the napkin firmly and securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug. No matter *how* much you move around, the edges won't curl or twist.

To get your free Kotex belt, send the end tab from any box of Kotex napkins with the coupon below. We will send you a certificate that's as good as cash.



Now's the time to discover new Kotex napkins with Wondersoft covering . . . so gentle it won't rub, won't chafe. And the new Kotex napkin goes with the new Kotex belt perfectly, to complete your comfort.

More women choose Kotex than all other brands

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Chicago 80, Illinois

I enclose the end tab from a box of Kotex napkins. Please send me a coupon good for one free Kotex belt at my favorite store.

My name is _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer expires May 31, 1957

always near your Heart



Thanks to George and Dinah Montgomery, Missy realizes that Jody helps make them all a *real* family.

Dinah Shore loved her own little Missy so much. How could she explain about the new, adopted brother—and expect Missy to love him, too?

By MAXINE ARNOLD

DINAH SHORE had prayed for guidance. For the words, the right words, to tell an adorable little six-year-old that she was going to have an adopted brother or sister. And now that hour had come.

Missy listened with her hazel eyes wide and thoughtful . . . with her own way of finding the words . . . and sinking them home. "Oh, *Mommy*," she said, her face stricken. "I want you to carry one next to your heart—"

"I would love to, darling, but it hasn't happened," Dinah explained, moved beyond words. What, she

always near your Heart

(Continued)

wondered, did you say at a moment like this?

Missy had been told many times just how loved she was. How her mother had carried her for months so close to her heart . . . how close, Missy could never know, as no child can ever know. From the moment they knew Melissa Ann was coming, her parents' every thought revolved around her. Her father spent long hours at night, after getting in from the studio, making Missy's maplewood cradle. Carving little animals lovingly on the side of the cradle. Elk, rabbits and buffalo. So Missy would have her own animal kingdom ever protectively near. . . .

One night, Dinah had a dream and awakened crying. *There was a fire—and there was only one way out of the bedroom—down the front stairs. . . .* "George!" said Dinah, sitting straight up in bed. "We couldn't get down. There's just one way out of here. If we had a fire—"

"What fire?" her husband said drowsily.

"Well—we *could* have one," she said.

The next morning, Dinah awakened to hear her husband hammering away. George was cutting another door out of their bedroom, a door leading to a back stairs. . . .

And then there was the morning Missy came!

"When I first saw her," Dinah was remembering now, "I cried. I kept my face covered when I looked at her, I was so afraid I might have a germ of some kind. I didn't know babies are less likely to contract disease than than at any other time. To me she was the most gorgeous baby. I was scared to touch her. I thought, *This exquisite little thing—mine?* I couldn't take my (Continued on page 62)

Missy's found out about family sharing. Fun together, yes. But "age" gives her privileges Jody doesn't have, as yet—and responsibilities which she shoulders gladly.



Jody couldn't be closer, if Dinah had "carried him next to her heart." And Missy knows that, the more there are to love in a family, the more love there is to go around!



Each has a separate bedroom, but the two children share one playroom. Jody has his own sturdy toys, is learning not to touch more fragile treasures on Missy's shelves.





Tribute to a loving homemaker—and a public-spirited citizen: This month, Dinah is being honored as "Hollywood Mother of the Year," by the Westwood Chapter for the City of Hope (free, nonsectarian national medical center).

The Dinah Shore Show, NBC-TV, Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Chevrolet Dealers of America. Dinah also stars on *The Chevy Show*, NBC-TV, Fri., March 22, 9 to 10 P.M. EST.

always near your Heart

(Continued)

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"When I first saw her," Dinah was remembering now, "I cried. I kept my face covered when I looked at her, I was so afraid I might have a germ of some kind. I didn't know babies are less likely to contract disease than at any other time. To me she was the most gorgeous baby. I was scared to touch her. I thought, *This exquisite little thing—mine?* I couldn't take my (Continued on page 62)

Missy's found out about family sharing. Fun together, yes. But "age" gives her privileges Jody doesn't have, as yet—and responsibilities which she shoulders gladly.



Jody couldn't be closer, if Dinah had "carried him next to her heart." And Missy knows that, the more there are to love in a family, the more love there is to go around!



Each has a separate bedroom, but the two children share one playroom. Jody has his own sturdy toys, is learning not to touch more fragile treasures on Missy's shelves.



Tribute to a loving hamemaker—and a public-spirited citizen: This month, Dinah is being honored as "Hollywood Mother of the Year," by the Westwood Chapter for the City of Hope (free, nonsectarian national medical center).

The Dinah Shore Show, NBC-TV, Thurs., 7:30 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Chevrolet Dealers of America. Dinah also stars on *The Chevy Show*, NBC-TV, Fri., March 22, 9 to 10 P.M. EST.

CINCINNATI'S

Ma Perkins



Cincinnati: Miss Payne views the city of her birth from atop the Terrace Hilton Hotel. Below, in 1919, Virginia with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Lewis Payne, her younger sister Adele, and brother John.



Rushville Center: Ma Perkins and her beloved town were born in 1933, at Cincinnati's Station WLW. Virginia (below, right) was Ma and Charles Egelston (center) was Shuffle from the beginning—he hails from Covington, Kentucky, on the other side of the Ohio.



Exclusive! The first revealing story of talented Virginia Payne—and her two wonderful home towns



Reunion in Chicago, 1939: Virginia with one of her dramatic teachers, Mrs. Patia Power—whose son Tyrone had been Virginia's classmate back at Schuster-Martin School in Cincinnati.

By **FRANCES KISH**

UNLIKE MOST PEOPLE, Virginia Payne can claim two home towns, and both of them are dear to her. One is Cincinnati, Ohio; the other is Rushville Center. The latter really grew out of the former, because it was on Station WLW, Cincinnati, on August 14, 1933, that a very young Virginia first became the elderly but young-in-heart *Ma Perkins* on the now-famous radio program of that name. As *Ma Perkins*, a leading citizen of the fictional town of Rushville Center, a mother, grandmother, and the dynamic owner of the lumber yard founded by her late husband, she is adviser and comforter and problem-solver to most of the folks in the town.

Virginia not only created *Ma Perkins'* voice that day in Cincinnati, she gave her a personality of her own. She could not help but endow her with some of the special Payne warmth and strength and charm. While they are years apart in age, the two women share many basic qualities and many basic ideals.

All through the years, however, Virginia



Reunion in New York, 1948—*Ma Perkins'* fifteenth anniversary: Seated, Nancy Douglass, Kay Campbell, "Ma," Rita Ascot, Judith Lockser. Standing, Casey Allen, Dan Donaldson, Murray Forbes, Edwin Wolfe, "Shuffle," Clark Whipple, and Joseph Helgesen.



Reunion in Cincinnati—where it all began! March 15, 1952, Virginia visited WLW with her mother, talked of old times with newscaster Peter Grant, "Shuffle Shober," violinist Virgillio Marucci, and writer Jack Maish—who wrote for her in her teens.



See Next Page →



Recent visit home: Virginia Payne and Peter Grant compare new mikes with old ones they'd used at WLW.



At the Schuster-Martin School of Drama, she chats with Helen Rose—who gave her "wonderful training."



Before leaving Schuster-Martin, "Ma" signs autographs for students Pat Minges (left) and Helen Dooley.

CINCINNATI'S

Ma Perkins

(Continued)



Family reunion at "866"—John Louis, 7, Margaret Anne, 9, and their mother, Mrs. John Payne; sister Adele Hollem, Virginia, and brother, Dr. John H. Payne; their mother, and neighbor Ted Learn. (Right) A fine pianist, Virginia plays for her nephew, niece and sister-in-law.

herself has remained in the background, and TV RADIO MIRROR is now honored to present the first story ever printed about her as Ma Perkins—and about Ma Perkins as Virginia Payne. As years have gone on and Ma has become such a real person in her own right, so dear to so many millions of listeners—in this country, in Hawaii, in Europe over Radio Luxembourg—letters from many of them have shown they now want to know about "the woman behind the woman" they have come to love. This other woman, who brings Ma Perkins' wisdom and faith and understanding into their homes and hearts.

"At the time the broadcast begins," she says, "I know people forget Virginia Payne completely, and that it is Ma Perkins they hear and 'see.' They admire her as a good wife, mother and grandmother, a good friend and neighbor and citizen, a good business woman. Older people, in particular, recalling the busy years of their own lives, thrill to the fact that she still runs a lumber yard successfully. Younger people look up to her as an example of what can be done by a courageous, good and generous person."

Whenever Virginia goes back to Cincinnati, for brief vacations and holiday get-togethers in the house the family still calls by its street number, "866," she returns to a (Continued on page 75)



Virginia Payne is *Ma Perkins*, CBS Radio, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lever Brothers, Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., Scott Paper Company, and others.



On the U. of Cincinnati campus, she recalls playing St. Joan at dedication of Wilson Memorial Hall.



She chats with Theodore Learn, who was president of their neighborhood drama club, is now a bank officer.



At the news shop in Bell Block, Meyer Kawetzky tells her he watches for *Ma Perkins* stories in magazines.

They've been "in character" for many satisfying years—and still get along together as well off the air as on: Kay Campbell (Ma's daughter Evey), Miss Payne (Ma), Murray Forbes (Willy Fitz), and Charlie Egelston (Shuffle).





Eloise English, as executive vice-president of the Slenderella company, often consults with teen-aged girls. She appears (below) on radio with Galen Drake.



By MARTIN COHEN

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS most frequently asked by mothers of teen-age daughters is: "Can my daughter be happy?" Daughter may be unattractive for one or for several physical reasons. She may be shy and moody. She may not be popular with boys. She may be overweight. As a result, she is unhappy. And modern mothers have come to realize that their daughters' figures, posture and grooming are just as important to the youngsters' happiness as good health and good eyesight and straight teeth.

So speaks beautiful Eloise English, who gives down-to-earth advice on just such problems every Saturday on her CBS Radio show with Galen Drake. Eloise, twice chosen by the Fashion Academy as one of the nation's best-dressed women, is also a successful business woman, as executive vice-president of Slenderella International. She is a stunning, pepper-and-salt blonde who fits perfectly into a size-twelve sheath dress or mink jacket. She is bright and animated, and speaks with a slight

Twelve answers for Teens

AN INTERVIEW WITH FIGURE-AND-FASHION EXPERT ELOISE ENGLISH



Among figure faults, Eloise English classes bad posture as worst problem. Teenager who props schoolbooks on hip or stomach automatically throws herself into bad posture.



Student above illustrates correct way to carry books, in contrast to girl at left. Below, Eloise shows one of girls how to keep shoulders back for erect bearing.

smile as she continues, "Very few of us are lucky enough to be born pretty and popular.

"Cinderella herself was a teenager—and a rather unattractive one, until her fairy godmother showed her something about grooming. When she walked into the ballroom beautifully gowned and carrying herself like a princess, she was date bait." Eloise muses further. "Most attractive women were once upon a time Cinderellas. For one, it was bad posture; for another, bad health or too much weight or a frightful complexion or something else again."

Eloise recalls that her own problem was awkward height. "I was so very tall. I tried to bend into myself, and I still kept growing and didn't stop until I was five-ten. One day, however, I faced the mirror and took a long look at my frightful slump. (Continued on page 82)

Eloise English is heard on *The Slenderella Show*, CBS Radio, Saturdays at 10:50 A.M. EST, as sponsored by Slenderella International.



JIM LOWE from



The singing sensation from the Show-Me State is really showing the world what a Missourian can do

By HELEN BOLSTAD

GIRLS MAY SWOON over his magazine-cover good looks, every time he makes a TV appearance. Listeners in the Greater New York area may stay glued to their sets, every week-day morning, for his shows over WCBS Radio. Purchasers may push sales of his recordings, such as "The Green Door," up into the millions. But Jim Lowe himself—the center of all this flattering interest—remains unimpressed. He's strictly from Missouri. From Springfield, Mo., to be exact.

His closest day-to-day friends are a tight-knit and talented group which includes production and business-staff people, as well as performers. Impatient with any form of sham or pretense, they shun the bright lights in favor of Saturday get-togethers in their own homes and apartments. And they'll tell you: "Jim's not one to make an entrance. He'll slip into a corner, but, before you realize what's happening, he's the focus

Continued →

Home: The Springfield house now occupied by his brother's family is the same one in which Jim was born. (There's a bulldog and a scottie today, too—just as there was then.)



Who can enjoy a scrapbook better than "Mother"? And Jim finds special pleasure in retracing his trail to fame with Bess Rogers Lowe (Mrs. H. A. Lowe, Senior).



SPRINGFIELD, MO.



Jim's the center of attention for his nieces, Cindy and Melissa; brother, Dr. H. A. Lowe, Jr.; and sister-in-law—who's well-known to local TV-viewers as "Aunt Alice."



Let's look at the record: The womenfolk are eager to see Jim's latest. So are Drs. Lowe, Senior and Junior (unlike Jim, his brother took up their dad's profession).



Let's play it! Jim obliges Alice, Melissa and Cindy—who noted in a letter from Springfield: "They're saying here that Uncle Jim made it the hard way, without sideburns."



Now, in person, Jim sings, plays, signs autographs for a bevy of attractive student nurses at St. John's Hospital, where both his father and brother ore on the staff.

Jim is heard over Station WCBS Radio (New York) on *The Jim Lowe Show*, Monday through Saturday, 9:05 to 9:30 A.M.—*Jim Lowe Again*, Monday through Friday, 11:30 to 11:45 A.M.—*The Saturday Lowe Down*, 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.

JIM LOWE from

(Continued)



Springfield notables: Above—E. E. Siman, *Ozark Jubilee* producer; Jim; and F. W. McClerkin, manager of Heer's department store (in background). Below—Pat Boone (Red Foley's son-in-law); Jim; *Ozark Jubilee* star Red Foley.



Station KYTV: Jim proved to be quite a fan himself, on visit to his sister-in-law's show. Left to right—Fred Rains, puppeteer and producer, with the popular puppets, Skinny and Rusty the Rooster; Jim; "Aunt Alice" herself.



Students Mike Fox, Tom Rogers and Nancy Zoloudek were eager to shake hands with Jim—who won both dramatic and scholastic honors in his Springfield high-school days.

of the party. He's fun to have around."

Jim's absolute lack of conceit continues to amaze newer acquaintances. Milton Rich, a veteran WCBS press agent, tells how, during the worst of last season's Christmas-shopping rush, Jim steamed in, late for an appointment and full of apologies. He'd had to deliver a television set, he explained.

"What do you mean, *deliver* a television set?" Rich demanded.

"To my manager," said Jim. "It was the last one the dealer had in his store and, if he had sent to the warehouse, it wouldn't have arrived in time and . . ." he stopped, out of breath.

Rich didn't get it. "What, exactly, did you do?"

Jim explained. "It was just a couple blocks, so I asked this other fellow to help me and we couldn't get a cab, so we just carried it, and people stopped to stare and they got in our way and once we almost dropped it and I caught it with my foot . . ." He thrust out for inspection a badly gouged toe-cap.

"Guess I ruined a pair of shoes."

Rich, by this time, was in stitches. "Jim, will you ever start acting like a star?"

The look Jim gave him held a large portion of Missouri show-me. "If I had taken time out to be a star, as you call it, if I hadn't carried it myself, then *this* star's manager wouldn't have had a Christmas present."

Jim's personal reaction to "the star stuff" continues mixed. Certainly, as a disc jockey who has helped to build other recording names and presided over their personal appearances, he is familiar with the pattern of popularity, and its consequences. Certainly, too, he has worked for his success. Although the recording industry says "The Green Door" just took off last fall, Jim aided the launching by many a long-distance call to disc jockeys. (Continued on page 65)

SPRINGFIELD, MO.



Jim Lowe Night at Hickory Hills Country Club—with the doors painted green! That's Sandra Kennon with Jim.

Back in New York, Jim likes informal get-togethers at home—behind his own green door! With him in the kitchen are former roommate Bill Carey and girls-next-door Barbara Wood and Marie Wollscheid. In the living room, Minneapolis deejay Sandy Singer watches the foursome play Spin-the-Platter, modern style.





By MARIE HALLER

MEEETING Joan Alexander—better known to her listening audience as Tracey Malone in *Young Dr. Malone* and as Erika Ronning in *Backstage Wife*—is just like meeting “the luckiest girl alive.” A modest young woman, Joan would hesitate to assume that fortunate role in public, though a total stranger could spot the resemblance with one swift glance into her private life: Ten-year-old daughter Jane is pretty, bright and the delight of her mother. One-year-old Adam is sturdy, gay and what every mother hopes to gain in a son. Husband Arthur Stanton is tall, handsome and devoted to his wife and family (to name just a few attributes). And Joan’s large New York apartment is a positive dream.

“Yes,” Joan smilingly admits, “I guess I am a lucky girl . . . in fact, I know I am. It just sounds a little boastful to say it. But please remember I’m just human . . . my luck hasn’t always been so great. Take my entrance into the theater, for example. I was fifteen and just graduated from private school in New York. I wanted desperately to become an actress, but my stepfather was just as ‘anti’ the profession as I was ‘pro.’ In fact, when I went ahead with my plans against his wishes, he threw me out . . . temporarily, of course—but, none- (Continued on page 85)

“Dating” or homemaking, Joan says Arthur Stanton is an ideal husband.

Call it Luck

Or call it love—Joan Alexander doesn’t need any more worlds to conquer. The best of all possible worlds is right in her own home





Joan enjoys home decorating but never "had such fun" as with this one! Plenty of space, no doubling up on rooms—and a fine collection of paintings and prints.



The kitchen is a spacious realm, presided over by French ma'mselle Odette Bemaille. Like every American housewife, Joan also relies on that indispensable ally, the telephone.



Arthur and Joan share an interest in all the arts, are happy to see her daughter Janie practicing piano seriously, whether or not she makes music her career.



Like any "youngest," year-old Adam is the present center of their household. "Janie is just wonderful with him," Joan tells you. "Sometimes I think he prefers her to me!"

Joan Alexander is Tracey Malone in *Young Dr. Malone*, heard over CBS Radio, M-F, at 1:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lever Brothers, Scott Paper Company, Campana, and others. She is Erika Ronning in *Backstage Wife*, heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive and others.

LIVE for Today

*Loretta Young knows grief and joy—
and that there's enough of both,
without borrowing from past or future*



Early in her marriage to Tom Lewis, Loretta learned a valuable lesson in making people happy. Later, she drew on that knowledge—and her own grateful heart—to cheer little blind children at New York's famous Lighthouse.

By DORA ALBERT



THE SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY turned toward the lovely woman with the huge gray eyes and the shining brown hair. "They say you are very pretty," he said. "I want to see for myself."

A mist filled Loretta Young's eyes as she leaned toward him. Smiling, the little one—who "saw" with his hands—sent them, exploringly, over Loretta's face. They touched her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks, felt the beautiful narrow cheekbones, and lingered over her lips, which she had curved and locked into a radiant smile.

His smile was radiant, too, as he whispered to his teacher, "She is very pretty. And her smile is very beautiful."

Loretta Young swallowed the hard lump in her throat. She forced the mist from her eyes. She hasn't been

called "the iron butterfly" for nothing. She can and does steel herself to composure. Only five minutes before, tears had escaped her control and coursed down her cheeks. During this visit to the blind children at The Lighthouse, in New York, she had unexpectedly looked upon one who bore an amazing resemblance to her younger son, Peter. But only her close friend and associate, Helen Ferguson, knew of Loretta's tears—when she saw Loretta's face pale, she had drawn her swiftly into the corridor outside the room.

Loretta's tears had been tears of grief for these children forever deprived of sight, and of gratitude to God that her own children had the blessed gift of sight. The radiant smile she had managed while the little blind boy "looked" at her face was her silent gift to the child. She had smiled just for him, (Continued on page 68)

The Loretta Young Show, NBC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Camay, and Gleem.



HE'S FUNNY THAT WAY



After posing for the color portrait on the opposite page, Mrs. Herman Goebel, George and his wife Alice, son Gregg and daughters Georgia and little Leslie, gather round Grandpa Goebel, while he interprets the family album. Many of the pictures are reproduced here—with quotes from Mr. Goebel's story.

And his father tells tales to prove George Gobel's been a comic since he was four!

By HERMAN GOEBEL

as told to

Maurine Myers Remenih

BACK IN THE FALL OF 1953, Mrs. Goebel and I were guests when our son George opened his act at the Empire Room of the Palmer House in Chicago. This is one of the fanciest eating places in town. The cover charge there costs more than we pay for a Sunday roast. After George finished his act that night, all those people in that high-toned restaurant stood up and clapped. I guess it was what you call a standing ovation. I was mighty proud, of course, but I couldn't understand then, and I still can't figure out

Continued →



George's career begins—"with the children's choir at St. Stephen's in Chicago."



Then—radio fame, at Station WLS, as Little Georgie Goebel. Later, he "just dropped out that 'e' so's people would pronounce it right."





Young George "about 1938"—with Ernie Newton, who played the bass with the original Les Paul Trio.



Alice began dating him at Roosevelt High. Before that—"she used to think he was an awful show-off."



They were married, not long after. "Then George enlisted in the Air Force—helped train B-26 pilots."



With Diana Dors in RKO's "I Married a Woman"—"and he has the nerve to claim he 'works!'"

HE'S FUNNY THAT WAY

(Continued)

why everybody gets so excited. George is doing the same sort of thing he's done since he was knee-high to a grasshopper. It isn't as if he'd all of a sudden come on something new. But all these people act like *they've* discovered something. Pshaw! I've been watching him cut up like that for years!

People are all the time asking me how-come George is so funny. They want to know if I was a comedian, or if Mrs. Goebel was in show business, or were any of George's grandparents entertainers. As for me, I've practically always run a small (Continued on page 78)

The George Gobel Show is seen on NBC-TV, three Sat. out of four, 10 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Pet Milk and Armour & Co.



Gregg used money earned on Dad's show to buy him an infielder's glove—because Dad was "still using the one he'd had since Chicago." And George is teaching Georgia golf—at 5—"to make it easier for her husband someday."





George also helped entertain the men in uniform—"so he knew what they thought was funny." Pictured above, Bobby Byrne, Graham Young, G. G., Chubby Berger.



Even before he was an air cadet, he was plane crazy—"used to fly around and around over my store."

Can't call him "Lonesome George," with his wife and children, mother and father—who has a title all his own: "Kids in the neighborhood nicknamed me 'Handsome Herb!'"





Happy ending: Sue and Bill were married last December at the Riviera in Las Vegas, where Liberace and his brother George helped them cut the wedding cake. But in the beginning, Bill laughingly admits, Sue Coss wouldn't even "give me the time of day" after they'd first met.

Sentimental Journey

Bill Leyden's heart races between two homes—one on the air, with TV audiences of *It Could Be You*—and one in the clouds, with his Sue

By GORDON BUDGE

SENTIMENTAL GUY that he is, Bill Leyden has the most grateful job he could ever imagine, as host of Ralph Edwards' *It Could Be You*. Daily on NBC-TV, he brings the "lost and found" together, reuniting mother and child, husband and wife—often after long separations by the widest of oceans. Other people's reunions, yes. But they touch Bill to the heart, with the same gratitude and joy he felt when he and his bride, Sue Coss, were united in marriage last December 7, in Las Vegas.

The brief but beautiful ceremony took place before an altar covered with roses and gladioli, in the small wedding chapel of the Riviera Hotel. Judge Johnny Mendoza officiated, and Liberace was best man. However, the happily dazed bridegroom is still hazy about the details. Always genuine and sincere, but blessed with a beguiling sense of humor, Bill laughs as he recalls, "I was in a state of shock. I can't remember a thing about it. Were there flowers? Let me see . . . the only thing I'm sure of is that the marriage ceremony took three and a half minutes—I couldn't have stood it much longer!

"Sue and I decided to get married without a large wedding or reception," he explains. "Because of the daily TV show, we felt we didn't have adequate time to plan. So Ben Goffstein, manager of the Riviera in Las Vegas, took care of everything. He looked after us in a regal manner, and we think of him as our Cupid."

Shortly before *It Could Be You* made its debut on NBC-TV, Bill was working overtime at Station KTTV in Los Angeles, as (Continued on page 72)

Ralph Edwards' *It Could Be You*, emceed by Bill Leyden, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Welch Grape Juice, Raleigh Cigarettes, Brillo, Boyle-Midway, Corn Products, Alberto Culver, Lehn & Fink, Armour & Co., Pharmaco, others.



Surprise: Bill and pop singer Connie Haines beam as *It Could Be You* gives collector Dr. Ed Richardson a hard-to-find Dorsey disc. Problem: It wasn't so easy for Sue and Bill to find just the place for everything in their new home—let alone finding the home itself!





HAPPINESS *Plus*

If "perfect" was just the word for Eddie's and Debbie's marriage, how can they ever describe little Miss Carrie Frances Fisher?

By PAULINE TOWNSEND

YOU NEVER SAW a happier baby. And not because there are so many who love her, so many who were wishing her well, even in the months before she was born. Little Carrie Frances Fisher could never in the whole, wide world meet all the people who regard her with such personal interest and real affection. So far, her own world is a small one, but very warm, secure and satisfying.

Carrie knows her mother, who took her to her breast when Carrie was hungry, those first weeks before she was weaned. She knows her daddy, who has put her against his broad, strong shoulder and patted her gently from time to time, during those nursing periods, to "burp" out the air bubbles, and make room for milk "to grow on." Yes, she knows the mother and daddy who hold her so tenderly, look at her so adoringly. But she doesn't know they are famous. She only knows they are *hers*.

She doesn't know that "mother" is Debbie Reynolds, movie star, admired the world over. Or that "daddy" is Eddie Fisher, idol of millions because of his very special gift of song. Not for years will she hear of the romance that filled the headlines until Debbie and Eddie were married, on September 26, 1955. And she can never really know all the excitement her own arrival created, last October 21. But, in a way, perhaps she guessed how very much she was wanted — for little Carrie Frances arrived two weeks earlier than she was expected!

Young father-to-be Eddie had been so solicitous, mother-to-be Debbie had been so careful, during those months of pregnancy. Everything had been so *right*, from the day (Continued on page 81)



"Bundle of Joy" not only describes Carrie today—it's the name of the RKO musical which gave co-stars Eddie and Debbie a foretaste of caring for their expected baby! Debbie's next picture for home-studio M-G-M is "The Reluctant Debutante."



Coke Time Starring Eddie Fisher is heard over Mutual (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:45 P.M. EST) and other stations (check local papers), as sponsored by The Coca-Cola Co.

For every woman who has faced the crack-up of her marriage and sought the courage to go on, here is the story of Claire Lowell: One of the several themes which make up the popular daytime drama,

AS THE WORLD TURNS

IT WAS perfectly tranquil in Dr. Snyder's office. It wasn't at all like what Claire had once thought a psychiatrist's office would be. In the past few months, she'd come here often enough to feel quite at ease, and yet today she had a feeling of inner disturbance. She had come to a conclusion—and a decision not to tell Dr. Snyder about it. It was an important conclusion. It might be the key to the solution of all her troubles, and even end the need for further treatments. The doctor probably should pass upon it, but there was a stronger reason not to tell him. She was still disturbed as she sat in the patient's chair for the beginning of today's session.

She answered the routine questions briskly. Yes, she'd slept fairly well. She hadn't worried as much as usual. It had been easier to talk to people without looking for meanings behind the words they said. He nodded. He did not really act as though she were a patient, but as though she were someone with whom he consulted interestedly about the origin of her troubles, so they could be brought into the open and disposed of. He settled back in his chair, now, with the murmur of traffic in the street below a sort of soothing background of sound. He looked at her inquiringly.

"I'm better in every way," she told him. "I don't think there is anything I really need to discuss, today. I'm so much better that maybe I won't need to bother you much longer."

"If you really feel that way," he said pleasantly, "it's a very good sign."

She nodded, in her turn. Then she looked at him intently. "If I really feel that way?" she asked. "Why do you put it that way, Doctor? Do you doubt it? Don't I seem better?"

He smiled a little, but did not answer. And she suddenly was sure that she should not tell the doctor about the conclusion she'd reached. It was the key to the future: It was knowledge of the positive act which would mean her salvation. It

was not a matter for Dr. Snyder to pass on. But he was waiting, not answering.

"Why do you speak as if you were doubtful?" she insisted. "If I really feel that way. Do you doubt that I slept well, or that I'm less nerve-racked?"

Doctor Snyder said mildly, "I spoke as anybody would. But you look for a hidden meaning, Claire. And that is a sign of fear, and one of the things you want to be rid of is fear."

"But what did you mean?" she insisted again.

"I meant nothing but politeness," he said, as mildly as before. "But, since you're afraid I meant more than I said, maybe you'd better think about whatever you're afraid I may guess."

He swung his chair and looked out of the window. It was not discourtesy, but a way to give her time to think without the feeling that he watched her. When he could not look at her directly, she could marshal her thoughts. Of course what she had been thinking was ultimately concerned with her husband Jim and her daughter Ellen. With the doctor's eyes turned away, her thoughts flowed freely:

She saw the image of Jim, in her mind, as vividly as the picture on her dressing-table showed him. There'd been a time—even a very recent time—when an image of Jim meant only a wrenching at her heart. A long, long time ago, when Jim was living at his club and their marriage seemed to be breaking up out of sheer confusion and frustration—then, even his picture had been banished from sight. But now she could look at it without tears. Ellen adored her father and, despite and during her parents' separation, she'd kept a picture of him in her room with a sort of quiet obstinacy. During that horrible period it had hurt Claire terribly that Ellen cherished a picture of the father who was publicly separated from her mother—and from her.

Claire hadn't mentioned that it was disloyal of Ellen to cherish her father (Continued on page 84)

As The World Turns is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow and Oxydol. Anne Burr and Ed Prentiss are pictured at right in their original TV roles as Claire Lowell and Dr. Snyder.



"You still have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes," Dr. Snyder observed quietly. Claire flushed.

For every woman who has faced the crack-up of her marriage and sought the courage to go on, here is the story of Claire Lowell: One of the several themes which make up the popular daytime drama,

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She nodded, in her turn. Then she looked at him intently. "If I really feel that way?" she asked. "Why do you put it that way, Doctor? Do you doubt it? Don't I seem better?"

He smiled a little, but did not answer. And she suddenly was sure that she should not tell the doctor about the conclusion she'd reached. It was the key to the future: It was knowledge of the positive act which would mean her salvation. It

was not a matter for Dr. Snyder to pass on. But he was waiting, not answering.

"Why do you speak as if you were doubtful?" she insisted. "If I really feel that way. Do you doubt that I slept well, or that I'm less nerve-racked?"

Doctor Snyder said mildly, "I spoke as anybody would. But you look for a hidden meaning, Claire. And that is a sign of fear, and one of the things you want to be rid of is fear."

"But what did you mean?" she insisted again.

"I meant nothing but politeness," he said, as mildly as before. "But, since you're afraid I meant more than I said, maybe you'd better think about whatever you're afraid I may guess."

He swung his chair and looked out of the window. It was not discourtesy, but a way to give her time to think without the feeling that he watched her. When he could not look at her directly, she could marshal her thoughts. Of course what she had been thinking was ultimately concerned with her husband Jim and her daughter Ellen. With the doctor's eyes turned away, her thoughts flowed freely:

She saw the image of Jim, in her mind, as vividly as the picture on her dressing-table showed him. There'd been a time—even a very recent time—when an image of Jim meant only a wrenching at her heart. A long, long time ago, when Jim was living at his club and their marriage seemed to be breaking up out of sheer confusion and frustration—then, even his picture had been banished from sight. But now she could look at it without tears. Ellen adored her father and, despite and during her parents' separation, she'd kept a picture of him in her room with a sort of quiet obstinacy. During that horrible period it had hurt Claire terribly that Ellen cherished a picture of the father who was publicly separated from her mother—and from her.

Claire hadn't mentioned that it was disloyal of Ellen to cherish her father (Continued on page 84)

As The World Turns is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 to 2 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow and Oxydol. Anne Burr and Ed Prentiss are pictured at right in their original TV roles as Claire Lowell and Dr. Snyder.

A FICTION BONUS



"You still have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes," Dr. Snyder observed quietly. Claire flushed.



Peggy Wood has been everyone's ideal "Mama" since the series began almost eight years ago. And Judson Laire, as Papa Hansen, has been her perfect TV partner just as long.

Mama

It's the family show which insisted on living—because its heart beats with the pulse of all America's own heart

IT WAS ONLY a small family squabble, but one which Mama could not possibly approve. Would she take issue? Or would she, in her wisdom, give Nels and Dagmar time to change their minds and settle it themselves? . . . In the CBS-TV rehearsal hall, Peggy Wood read from her script, "I have a headache. I will go upstairs and lie down."

Then she paused. It was one of those magic moments when script, character and performer merge as one. Miss Wood said softly, "Mama never makes excuses. If she had a headache, she never would admit it." She pondered a moment. "How would it be if I said, 'Excuse me. I have some things to do upstairs'—?"

Nels, Dagmar and director Don Richardson nodded. Aunt Trina, Aunt Jenny and everyone else on set smiled. Mama was still staunchly *Mama*. To each actor and actress, the minor revision was important. They don't think of *Mama* as just a play. It is what happens to the Hansens, a living, breathing family, and they belong to it. Their devotion has drawn answering devotion. *Mama* was a book, a play and a motion picture before it became, in 1948, one of the first TV shows to go coast-to-coast. When, in June, 1956, some people thought it was time to retire *Mama*, they (as *Mama* would say) "certainly heard about it" from the viewers.

The Governor of Connecticut wrote a letter. So did many, many eight-year-old boys. A church sent a petition bearing 5,000 names. Sons of Norway lodges took official action—but that was to be expected. Unanticipated were the letters from young mothers saying, "Please, our children love *Mama* and it is good for our family."

Mama, therewith, became that television rarity, a canceled show which came back stronger than ever, in prime viewing time. CBS-TV has set that nostalgic hour when day turns to dusk on Sunday for the weekly visit to Lars and Marta Hansen, Norwegian immigrants, and their American-born children, Katrin, Nels and Dagmar.

Why did people insist on keeping *Mama*? That great





Scene is San Francisco. Time has progressed from 1910 to 1918. Katrin Hansen, now 20, is married; Nels, 23, is in the Army; Dagmar, 14, is in high school. Pictured with Papa and Mama, left to right: Rosemary Rice as Katrin, Ruth Gates as Aunt Jenny, Toni Campbell as Dagmar, Dick Van Patten as Nels.

lady of the theater, Peggy Wood, who portrays her, has some answers. "It is concerned with the everyday drama of children growing up." She recalls with pride that a woman judge in a Brooklyn family-relations court once made *Mama* prescribed viewing for husbands and wives at the break-up point. The judge found it helped save many a marriage.

Miss Wood has a theory why so many of the letters were written in childish scrawls. "Television is real life to children. *Mama* breaks through that bafflement between generations. They like the security of a day when children's manners were firmly taught."

She cites a program incident in which the children, as children do, were playing one parent off against the other. *Mama* stopped it by saying, "Your father has the final word. Your father is head of this family."

Miss Wood feels strongly on that score. "I object to the current attitude which depicts the father as the fool. It is unkind, and I'd like to see it stopped. *Mama* is the reverse of 'momism.' It re-establishes the authority of the father. *Mama* Hansen makes it clear that Papa not only is to be loved, he is to be respected. He is head of the house and the provider."

Freedom is another appeal. She explains, "The Hansens have a little house, with a front yard and a back yard, a thing for which city children, whose play must always be supervised, always yearn. The Hansens have close friends. They have their church and the whole Norwegian community to draw from. They are not alone. I think the children who wrote to us would like to go back to a day when life was simpler. I think they were really saying, 'We wish things were like this.'"

See Next Page →

Mama

(Continued)



Former child actor Dick Van Patten is the original and only Nels. Present child actor Kevin Coughlin is "T.R."—the child Aunt Jenny (Ruth Gates) took to her heart.



Seems as though Rosemary Rice has always been Katrin—and she has, TV-wise. Like Katrin herself, Rosemary has wed since *Mama* first came to CBS-TV, July 1, 1949.

Mama's success is the latest of many triumphs for its talented star. Born Margaret Wood in Brooklyn, before the turn of the century, she began studying voice at 8, changed her name to Peggy when she joined the chorus of a Victor Herbert musical at 18. Since then, she's won fame on two continents as both actress and singer, in works of Shakespeare and Shaw, Noel Coward and Jerome Kern. Widow of poet John V. A. Weaver, she is now the wife of printing executive William H. Walling—and a grandmother, courtesy of her son David. . . . Like "Mama" Peggy, "Papa" Judson Laire adopted Norway as a second homeland, has visited Lars Hansen's own birthplace in Bergen. A real estate broker, he did little-theater work near his home at Pleasantville, N. Y., before turning "pro" at the age of 34. He made his Broadway debut with Jane Cowl, has done many stage plays, began TV in its experimental days, has entertained troops overseas in Germany and Austria. A bachelor, he boasts two families: His sister's—and his adored Hansens, whom he often entertains, off camera, in his New York apartment. . . . Rosemary Rice has a very special role as Katrin—the "original" of Kathryn Forbes, who wrote the autobiography which inspired both the Broadway play and TV series. Rosemary's a native of Montclair, N. J., where a high-school play won her a scholarship at New York's Professional Children's School. She's done Broadway plays, radio daytime dramas, and summer stock. Rosemary wed insurance-man Jack Merrell in July, 1954. . . . Dick Van Patten began his career in the cradle, as a baby model for a New York agency. He made his Broadway debut at 8, appeared on stage with many "greats," including Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, has done films, summer stock and radio, as well as TV. His wife is Pat Poole, a June Taylor dancer—and Dick's classmate at Professional Children's School. They have two small sons. . . . Aunt Jenny is Ruth Gates' other self, by now. She created the role in Broadway's "I Remember Mama," has played it on tour, in summer stock, radio and TV. Texas-born Ruth got her first stage job from famed producer David Belasco—as the result of a fake telegram sent her by practical jokers. A TV and radio veteran, she can play any woman from 35 to 100 years old. . . . Aunt Trina is Alice Frost from Minneapolis—



Modern teenagers grow up fast, so Mama has a new Dagmar in Toni Campbell. Alice Frost (near right) is still Mama's younger sister, Aunt Trina, now a widow.

where her father was a Swedish Lutheran minister. While studying voice and dramatics, Alice got an offer with a stock company in Florida, soon found herself acting on Broadway for the Theater Guild. Her many radio roles have included Pam in the late *Mr. And Mrs. North* and Marcia in today's *The Second Mrs. Burton*. . . . Youngest member of the cast, as "T.R." Ryan, is Kevin Coughlin, born Dec. 12, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coughlin of New York City. His mother was a professional dancer and still teaches. He himself began as a photographers' model at 3, did his first TV show at 4, has also acted on Broadway. . . . Newest member is Toni Campbell, who is Dagmar, now that Robin Morgan has "graduated" to other TV roles. Born Sept. 27, 1944, in Newark, N. J., Toni won a citywide beauty contest at 3, studied dancing, did fashion modeling and TV commercials, but had little acting experience till her natural gifts—and resemblance to Peggy Wood—proved that here is a real little Hansen.

Mama, produced by Carol Irwin, is seen over CBS-TV, approximately three Sundays out of four, from 5 to 5:30 P.M. EST.



an Evening with ELVIS



Crowds at WMC when Elvis visited me (below) showed how far he'd come since we both went to Humes High School.



I'd known Elvis Presley ever since we were in high school together. How much had fame and fortune changed him? Those hours at his home in Memphis gave me the answer—and some new questions!

By **GEORGE KLEIN**
Prominent Deejay, Station WMC,
Memphis, Tenn.



Memphis girl—a real sweet one, too—is Barbara Hearn. I introduced 'em!



Biloxi girl, June Juanico, arrived for a visit while I was at his home.



Scene with Debra Paget in "Love Me Tender." Elvis admires Debra a lot.

GEE, AS I REMEMBER IT, it was about eight years ago when I first heard Elvis Presley sing. It wasn't for big enormous screaming crowds, nor for television, radio, or even on records, but merely at a little eighth-grade music classroom get-together during the Christmas season at Humes High School here in Memphis. After the class had finished singing carols, Elvis got up in front of the room and started to sing "Cold, Cold, Icy Fingers," which was popular in the country and Western field at that time. I never will forget Elvis singing that song, there just seemed to be something about the way he sang that stayed with me.

Elvis came (Continued on page 87)



He likes starlet Natalie Wood, too, who also came to Memphis to see him.



With dancer Dorothy Harmony—just after he passed his Army physical.

The sharp velvet shirts are new, but he has the same old love for his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Presley.

Elvis with Dewey Phillips, Memphis deejay who gave me that first Presley disc, and Hollywood actor Nick Adams.



**You raise the questions.
The panel chooses its answers
—and tells why. Result:
Solid entertainment!**



Panel members Edith Walton and John S. Young (above) send up a brilliant opinion barrage
Arthur Henley, program's creator, producer.



OVER the ABC Radio airwaves whizzes some of the fastest ad-lib thinking and talking current in this year 1957. Daily from Monday to Friday, a fifteen-minute panel session takes up everyday problems sent in by listeners, and a guest psychologist sums up the opinions invoked from regular panel members Edith Walton and John S. Young and two guests. The entire proceedings are competently moderated by George Skinner.

On a recent program the opening bombshell was this problem: You are a single man and have a very rich old uncle. He tells you if you marry the girl of his choice, he will leave his entire fortune to you, and it's considerable! But this girl is also considerable—considerably homely! So, how would you meet this situation. . . . Just refuse to marry the girl? Marry her for *his* money? Or try to talk him out of it and maybe lose your opportunity? Make Up Your Mind!

Confronted with this intriguing set of alternatives, Joan Barnes—a secretary who was chosen from the audience—took a strong stand against the marriage, claiming that any man who would do such a thing would have to be very mercenary. Edmund Purdom, Hollywood star who was making a guest appearance, rejected with disdain the idea of *anybody* choosing to marry an unattractive wife, no matter how many shekels she would bring along with the marriage. John S. Young concurred. Only hold-out for money against the romantic concept of a beautiful wife (be she rich or poor) was Edith Walton, ex-newspaper woman and book reviewer, who stoutly maintained that “beauty is only skin deep,” and the man in question might find that he had literally

YOUR MIND



with secretary Joan Barnes (from studio audience) and Edmund Purdom (the day's guest star).

George Skinner, urbane moderator of the show.

married a treasure of a wife, in addition to all that money. When the opinions were in, Dr. Fred Brown, psychology professor of New York University, said: "If this man is suggestible, submissive and pleasure loving, he may marry for the uncle's money. If his pride is unusually high, he may regard the offer as an insult to dignity, and refuse. If he is *not* an extremist, he may talk the uncle out of his autocratic notion. But he *may* be mistaken about the girl's homeliness, and discover she has warmth, kindness and humor, and that the uncle's wider experience with life has enabled him to discern these valuable traits."

Questions like these are considered daily by the panel. To the sessions they bring a variety of background. Mr. John S. Young has been an American diplomat, intelligence agent, and is now Deputy Chairman of the UN Committee of the City of New York. Edith Walton has long experience as a reporter and literary reviewer, is now an editorial adviser to the Macmillan Company and G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. George Skinner, moderator, also had a series of news jobs, broke into radio in Dayton and Cincinnati as an announcer and then into TV in Philadelphia—with three shows of his own. Arthur Henley, producer of *Make Up Your Mind*, also got an early start on radio with a show he produced while still in Far Rockaway, L.I. High School, and has an impressive array of show credits, including *Duffy's Tavern*, *Kate Smith Hour*, and others. With the bright bunch of minds at work, it's no wonder that *Make Up Your Mind* is such a fast fifteen minutes of argument and discussion—with a built-in information content.



Make Up Your Mind is heard on ABC Radio, Mon.-Fri., 11:15 A.M. EST (on WABC only, at 1:15 P.M.). George Skinner also has his own show over WABC Radio (N.Y.), Mon.-Sat., from 6 to 9 A.M.

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The panel chooses its answers
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"MAKE UP YOUR MIND"



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My Life

Is there a difference, on TV and off?

Ask Ronnie—he's been part of "Burns and Allen" as far back as he can remember!

By EUNICE FIELD

YOUNG, dark and handsome Ronnie Burns looked genuinely puzzled. "Wonderful? My life with Burns and Allen?" he echoed. And then, with a sudden wry grin: "Let me give you an idea. . . . Some time ago, I was skin-diving for abalone, off Catalina. I was about thirty feet down, and stuffing abalone into a bag, when I saw something big and silvery swirling in from my right side. My blood froze. It was a shark. According to instructions, I was to stay put—no panic, no movement. Luckily I had my aqualung on. After three minutes, the shark swerved by and disappeared. I couldn't get to the top fast enough. That evening at dinner, I told my family about this frightening experience. These were the comments:

"Sandra (my sister): 'Ronnie Burns, how can you fib

Continued →

Sandra at 3½, Ronnie at 2½—not long before he threw away his water-wings forever. Not to be outdone, Mommy learned to swim, too, with typically Gracie-ish results.



Ronnie and Sandra were adopted babies. And no one laughed when George and Gracie chose such a sick little boy. It took love and care to make him the "lifeguard" type.



The laughs came later. Ronnie knew his parents were funny long before he knew they were famous. How could he miss it, with all that was happening in the Burns and Allen home?

Ronnie is seen on *The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show*, CBS-TV, Mon., 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by B. F. Goodrich and Carnation Co.

with GEORGE and GRACIE



My Life with GEORGE and GRACIE

(Continued)



Burns and Allen, Sandy and Ronnie—when he was a student at military school, and learned he lived in a "crazyhouse"!



Much kidding, when he decided to act—but George also gave Ronnie the serious advice only a true professional knows.



At 14, Ronnie was an amateur critic of "Sugarthroat's" singing. Gracie and Sandy played along with George.

so? I heard that one two years ago and it had a much better punch-line.'

"Gracie: "The poor shark was probably hungry. Why didn't you give him some of your abalone, dear?"

"George: 'Three minutes, eh? Your mother would have been a goner if she had to keep still three minutes!'

"How," asks Ronnie with a look almost as rueful as his dad's, "could anyone be anything but chipper in a family like that?"

Now in his second successful year with *The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show*, Ronnie confesses it was not until his middle teens that he became fully aware of what celebrities his parents were. That there was some-

Continued →

Watching Sandy with her baby girl, Ronnie looks forward to the day "I have a family of my own."





Ronnie has studied seriously at the Pasadena Playhouse, as well as the University of Southern California. But he finds time for dates, too—and the beach is his natural home. Below left, with Diane Jergens, Dwayne Hickman and Linda Burns. Below right, with Diane.



My Life with GEORGE and GRACIE

(Continued)

thing unusual about them, however, was impressed rather forcefully on him at a comparatively early age. He was about ten, and a student at the Black-Foxe Military Academy in Hollywood, when he met a schoolmate who seemed to have taken leave of his senses. Instead of the regular greeting, this boy did a handstand and yelled, "Hello there, upside-down cake!" Since the boys were always coining new nicknames for one another, Ronnie thought nothing of it until the boy got back on his feet and declared, "You live in a crazyhouse!" When Ronnie protested this libel on his home, the boy said, "My pop says that your mom turns everything topsy-turvy."

Precisely four minutes and twenty-odd blows later, Ronnie started for home, victorious but sporting several lumps and bruises as trophies of the encounter. He applied to his father for a key to this riddle, "Just what did that kid mean, Dad?" George pondered a moment. "Son," he said at last, "you know your mother and I are performers. We're what's called 'comedians.' We tell funny stories. But, aside from that, your mother is a great American philosopher. A philosopher? That's a person who puts us in our place and makes us laugh doing it. Now, when people get to feeling they're too small or too big to enjoy the world, your mother turns everything upside-down—and, all at once, the ones who feel too small get a new slant on things, and the ones who feel too big realize that everything is touched with absurdity . . . even they themselves."

One reason why children of entertainers are liable to take the importance of their parents for granted, Ronnie believes, is the "herding instinct" of theater people. "They stick together and their kids stick together," he explains. "When fans or autograph-seekers used to come to our table at the Brown Derby or some other restaurant, there would usually be Jack Benny, Fred Astaire, Groucho Marx, Johnny

Green, or some other celeb at the table, and they would be getting an equal amount of attention. It was obvious Burns and Allen were 'somebodies.' But, at the same time, they weren't the only somebodies there. So I never gave it much importance."

To bear this out, Ronnie tells a story that happened when he was a child of eight. Several children of screen stars were bragging about the guests who had stayed at their homes. Said one moppet, "Gary Cooper was at my house yesterday." Little Freddy Astaire, a lifelong friend of Ronnie's, retorted: "So what? We had Rin-Tin-Tin at our place." Whereupon Ronnie drew himself to his full height and silenced them all with the awesome revelation, "We had a dress manufacturer from New York, and he stayed a whole weekend, too." At this period, Ronnie also believed there was some mystic association between stardom and wearing a toupee. His father and so many other prominent figures of stage and screen did. To Ronnie and Sandra, a toupee was sort of a badge of success.

Nobody looking at Ronald Burns, six-feet-two, tanned and muscled like a life-guard, would believe for a second that he had once been thought too sickly to adopt. Yet George Burns, in his hilarious and touching book, "I Love Her—That's Why," tells of the moment when he and Gracie looked at the baby they had come to take for their own, and he voiced a great doubt in his heart. "Gracie," he had said, "I don't mind responsibility, but this is a sick one." Gracie's reply had been characteristic and decisive. "What if we'd had him ourselves and he'd turned out sick? Just look at his eyes, and you'll see what I mean. This is our Ronnie."

The eyes that Gracie fell in love with are still large, dark and piercing; they dominate the long angular planes of his face, which will probably grow craggier in time. These eyes already show every indication of being as magnetic to the public, particularly women, as they were twenty-one years ago to his parents.

Ronnie began his life with Burns and Allen in a triplex at the Hotel Lombardy in New York. He and his sister Sandra—one year his senior, and adopted the year before he was—remember nothing of this apartment because, three months later, they were all on their way to California. George and Gracie were going to make a film, and it was decided to buy a real home on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. It was a two-storey, white frame house of sixteen rooms, and it was here that Ronnie developed one of the great interests of his life.

George had decided that the kids ought to have a swimming pool. But, when he approached Gracie, she expressed some fear. Sandra was only two, she pointed out, and Ronnie barely one. Wouldn't it be dangerous? After much persuasion by George, Gracie gave in. The pool was built and the children allowed to splash about in water-wings and rubber tubes.

When Ronnie turned three, he noticed that Sandy was swimming without any life-saving device at all. With his mother standing by, speechless with horror, he doffed his own cork jacket and jumped in. George came running, but refrained from going to the rescue when he saw Ronnie strike out boldly and thrash his way to the other end of the pool. The boy swam a whole hour that day, and has been an addict of water sports ever since. As a result of this exploit, Gracie—always anxious that the children think well of her—conquered her own fear of the water and

learned to swim. She called Sandra and Ronnie out one day, swam the length of the pool and back, and hasn't been in it since.

Ronnie's devotion to the beach—he is constantly surfing, skindiving, sailing, fishing, and so on—is the subject of much teasing by his family. "Look who's talking about beach-bums," he will finally explode. "A bunch of desert rats that rush out to Palm Springs in 120 degrees of heat, when every sane and sensible person is out dunking in nice, cool water."

Ronnie, according to his father, was actually the sort of American boy that the movies and magazines have made popular. He was in all kinds of boyish escapades. He seldom used the stairs, when going up to or down from his room, but made his entrances and exits by way of a trellis outside his window. One night, not so long ago, he forgot his key and, rather than wake the family, resorted to his old trick of climbing the trellis. Suddenly he was caught in a glaring spotlight. The Beverly Hills police were below, eyeing him with undisguised suspicion. George and Gracie had to be called out to identify him. "A humiliating experience," Ronnie recalls, "and—in a family that knows eighty variations of every joke—the bitter, absolute end!"

There was also the time when Ronnie was given permission to buy his own coat for the first time. He returned with something in huge plaid checks that George describes as: "The loudest thing ever seen outside a burlesque prop room."

Then there was the outrigger Ronnie wanted to build. He went to a lumber yard with the idea of getting material for a ten-foot boat. As he began work in their back yard, members of the family stopped by to offer suggestions and criticism—not always charitable, even if funny. The boat was finally done. It had turned out too heavy to lift, too large to go through the gate—and, amid "a routine of Burns and Allen at their best," Ronnie had to tear the thing apart and start over.

One of the more memorable incidents in a youth that seems to have had the usual amount of excitement was his fling at archery hunting. Though George himself had never hunted and Gracie views it with a squeamish eye, they both pretended to share his enthusiasm for this latest of his hobbies. Along with some teen-age schoolmates, Ronnie ventured into the hills near Lake Arrowhead and bagged his first deer. Bubbling over with elation, he brought it home, where he and his buddies skinned and cured it, using "a little knowledge and a great deal of imagination." Unfortunately, the carcass still retained what Ronnie calls "a slight odor" when he proudly hung it on his bedroom wall. Gracie, however, when she came in to view the prize, wrinkled her nose and called it something else.

She suggested gently that perhaps it would have a more decorative appeal in the garage. Ronnie protested hotly. Gracie said nothing more. Several days later, his enthusiasm had worn off and his nose had begun telling him he had made a dreadful mistake. He was rather relieved when Gracie slipped into his room one night while he was asleep, removed "the thing" and put it in the garage. She replaced it with a beautiful seascape in water colors. After studying the picture a few hours, Ronnie decided to re-do his room in nautical style. He and Gracie went shopping for drapes, bedspreads, (Continued on page 73)



Ronnie on TV with Gracie and George—who warned him: "The going won't be smoother because we're your folks!"

Because They CARE...



Deejays brought back eye-witness accounts of the Hungarian tragedy. Refugees need food, shelter, and a new start in life, they reported.



Interviewed by Buddy Deane (with earphones) and Art Nelson (second from right), refugees sang U.S. songs learned via Radio Free Europe.



American Ambassador to Austria Llewelyn Thompson briefs the deejays. At table, l. to r.: Buddy Deane, Art Nelson, Paul Berlin, Mr. Thompson.

The beat comes from the heart as deejays unite for public service

ROUND UP a group of deejays and you've rounded up as many opinions as record-spinners. One thing is unanimous: Every deejay wants music to be a force for good. Agreed on this, they also agreed that collectively they could exert a more powerful influence. The result is the newly-organized National Council of Disc Jockeys for Public Service, which is well on its way to a goal of 15,000 members. According to President Murray Kaufman, the Council will concentrate on campaigns which are of special interest to young listeners and which are not otherwise heavily supported. Their first project is to raise \$5,000,000 through American youth for Hungarian relief, much of the money to go to CARE. Ten members of the Council—Murray Kaufman of WMCA in New York, Paul Berlin of KNUZ in Houston, Bob Clayton of WHDH in Boston, Del Courtney of KSFO in San Francisco, Buddy Deane of WITH in Baltimore, Al Jarvis of KFWB in Hollywood, Phil McLean of WERE in Cleveland, Don McLeod of WJBK in Detroit, Art Pallan of KDKA in Pittsburgh and Art Nelson of KLIF in Dallas—flew to Austria to talk to Hungarian refugees and bring back eye-witness reports on tape and film. Then the entire Council membership went to work organizing teen-age fund-raising committees. Other teenagers invited Hungarian immigrants into their homes. Music shows and record hops set CARE contributions as the price of admission. In this and future campaigns, the beat comes from the heart.



Above, Al Jarvis meets a refugee family. Below, Murray Kaufman interviews a student.



MUSIC is his Beat

*From the police force to the WWDC staff,
Jack Rowzie leads Washington's music patrol*



Policemen talk shop. Jack Webb, as *Dragnet's* sergeant, outranks Jack Rowzie, who never rose above real-life patrolman.



Jack was proud of his policeman's badge, but Jon, wife Edith and Donna are even prouder of his Gold Record Award.

FROM *Gang Busters* to *Dragnet*, the airwaves are filled with show-business personalities impersonating policemen. Washington boasts the opposite. Jack Rowzie is a man who went from night stick to microphone in the twinkle of a brass button. . . . Once a member of Washington's Metropolitan Police Force, Jack is now a top-ranking deejay on Station WWDC. The transformation occurred when Jack, assigned to night duty around Thomas Circle, struck up a friendship with George Crawford, a WINX announcer. When Crawford admitted the war had left the station hungry for announcers, the "flatfoot" hotfooted it over to the studios to file an application. One Sunday in 1943, the entire staff came down with the virus and a voice was needed fast. Jack went on the air for eight hours straight. . . . By 1951, he'd moved over to WWDC, where he soon had his own deejay show. Now, his beat is a solid one. Jack patrols *Club 1260*, heard Monday through Saturday from 3:30 to 8 P.M. For his first hour, Jack jumps for the teenagers. From 4:30 to 6, the emphasis is on traffic information, news and sports interspersed with records. And, from then to his sign-off time, Jack plays it sweeter for the dinner audience. Rating surveys put the show in the capital's number-one spot. . . . Born June 1, 1914, in Manassas, Virginia, Jack moved to Washington in 1923. He admits to being "a ham from way back," but his younger brother, Bruce Eliot, moved into radio first and is one of the top announcers with WOR-Mutual in New York. . . . As a deejay, Jack took to reading Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "How Do I Love Thee," to a background of David Carroll's instrumental record of "Melody of Love." Then Mercury Records announced a national contest for the deejay who got the most requests to do just this. Jack won in a walk, later recorded his reading for Mercury and won a Gold Record Award. . . . Jack followed his brother into radio and his sister into marriage. He liked the family she'd married into so much that he married his sister-in-law, Edith Evans. They now live in a two-storey, seven-room frame house in Forest Heights, Maryland. Donna, 17, and Jon, 9, will greet a new sibling any day. As a booster of teenagers, Jack likes having one around the house. "Donna's a built-in record player," he grins. "If she plays a record more than ten times in a row, it's a hit." A parakeet named Joe Smith is the family's other whiz at auditioning records. At home or on Station WWDC, Jack Rowzie patrols the music beat.

Three For All

It's a family affair as maestro Lee Vincent and his daughters, Juanita and Candy, star on WILK



The Four Aces are among the many top stars to sing with Lee Vincent's band.

ON A MUSICAL free-for-all, it's three for all. In order of seniority, they are Lee, Juanita and Candy Vincent, father and daughters who take to the airwaves every Saturday from 11 to 1 P.M. over Station WILK in Wilkes-Barre. Between records, there are stories and chatter by the Vincent trio—none of whom is likely to be at a loss for words. . . . Lee, of course, is the popular Pennsylvania maestro who graduated from bass man with such bands as that of the late, great "Hot Lips" Page to baton man with his own aggregation. Lee Vincent and His Band are on record with a fast-selling album, "Collector's Club," have appeared with such name stars as Nat Cole, Bill Haley and His Comets, Eddie Fisher, and the Four Lads, and have played in ballrooms all over the East. For six consecutive seasons now, they have opened the famed Steel Pier in Atlantic City. . . . For Lee, baton-wielding led to record-spinning and broadcasting. Then, one Saturday afternoon, he brought Juanita, now thirteen, along to do the radio show with him. Listeners responded with a deluge of mail and Juanita became a regular. Candy, who'll be seven this May, wasn't one to sit at home while her big sister became a "star." She, too, joined the show, with the same mail results. Juanita, who takes over when Lee goes on tour with his band, has her own half-hour show from 12:30 to 1, when she plays the top tunes of the day. But even today, it's Candy who receives most of the mail. Much of this is due to her uninhibited comments. When Coca-Cola became one of Lee's sponsors, he asked Candy how she liked it. "I don't like it, Daddy," she replied. Lee grew pale—but amused listeners wrote so many letters to comment on the accident that the sponsor renewed his contract. . . . Lee, being a family man, is delighted at the chance to work with his daughters. The trio lost their number-one fan and listener when the girls' mother passed away just after Penny was born. From then on, Juanita was her dad's girl and went on many band dates with him. She was jealous of every other woman—until a visit to a beauty parlor one day for a haircut. "Daddy," she reported, "I asked Lucille, the hairdresser, to come to the show and dinner with us." Juanita arranged this first "date," then followed it up by inviting Lucille to the Vincent home for dinner. She played Cupid for six months, until Lucille and Lee were married on Thanksgiving Day, 1955. This December, a fourth daughter, Rose Ann, arrived at the nine-room home in Shickshinny. Lee, a former newsboy and coal miner, is a graduate of the high school here, and his daughter-partners go to Shickshinny School. It looks as though this lucky town will be famous for music-makers for a long time to come.



From jazz man to disc jockey, Lee has always hit just the right note.



Each has his own musical mind. Juanita likes rock 'n' roll, Lee's a jazz man, Candy's sweet on daddy's band.

T
V
R

Always Near Your Heart

(Continued from page 21)
eyes off her. She was absolutely perfect."

They named her Melissa Ann. George had leaned to "Dinah." But he was no match for the look on the young mother's face when she said, "I've always loved Melissa . . . and—well, Ann was my mother's name."

Then the magic day they took Missy home.

"All my life, I'd dreamed of the day my husband would take our baby and me home from the hospital. Well!" Dinah smiles now. (George Montgomery is naturally a very calm man, but he was a wild man that day. He yelled at traffic and shook his fist and bawled, "Where d'ya think you're going!" The new father was so afraid somebody might run into them and hurt Missy.) "George carried Missy into the house so carefully—like she was made of spun sugar—like she would break. . . ."

Yes, from the moment they knew she was coming, her parents had carried Missy very "next to their hearts."

The decision to adopt a baby brother or sister for her had not come suddenly. Nor easily. Theirs were all the mixed emotions . . . all the longing and the hesitation.

"We knew this was a very big step—and it's so difficult to adopt a baby. You put in an application, and there are so many on the waiting list. We had our natural child, and many of the others hadn't. Then again, there is the popular conception of the instability of our town that makes authorities timid about giving you a child," Dinah says slowly, remembering all those months, waiting and waiting.

"George and I had hoped we'd be able to have other children of our own, but so far, this hadn't happened. We realized Missy was six years old and being raised alone . . . and—well, this wasn't good. There's a certain strength you need in this life, which comes from a larger family."

George Montgomery came from a family of fourteen brothers and sisters, but Dinah did not. And, during the days of waiting, Missy's mother was remembering another girl. Another intimate little family, a house in Nashville, Tennessee . . . and how empty that house—the day a lovely, vivacious lady left it. She remembered a fifteen-year-old girl, Frances Rose Shore (as Dinah was known then), who'd rushed home from high school one afternoon to

find her mother suffering from a heart attack. The overpowering sense of loss, when her mother had gone. Her father had to be away a lot, traveling around his chain of stores. Her brother-in-law, Dr. Maurice Seligman, who was interning in St. Louis, and Dinah's sister, Bessie, had given up their place there and come to Nashville to make a home for her. . . .

"In a small family it's so hard to adjust to a loss." Dinah remembers—very well. "A small family can be warm and cozy, but it's nothing like having responsibility and attention spread around. I've always felt this. And if one parent dies, the loss is irreparable. Not that any loss isn't—but the smaller the family, the greater the loss. There's something about a large family, during tragedy or any time of distress, that's so wonderful. A certain strength just being with each other—the togetherness the feeling of belonging. I believe the more people you belong to, in the immediate family, the stronger you are."

And so the day finally came, when Missy had to be told they were enlarging their own family. And how they were going to do it. "We told Missy just a week before Jody was born. If you tell a child too far ahead of time, you can't explain the procedure, the delays. We knew Missy would keep asking questions like 'But when, Mommy?' Questions you can't easily answer."

Dinah began preparing her, that day, by saying, "You know how you've wanted a baby brother and sister for so long?" Yes, Missy said, wide-eyed . . . waiting . . . sensing. . . .

Dinah explained that Missy's Mommy and Daddy had put in an application for one, and what a wonderful privilege it was to be allowed to adopt a baby. They'd told the authorities all about Missy—what a wonderful little girl she was—and the authorities had decided she would make a perfect sister for a little boy or girl. They were particularly impressed with Missy—and how lucky the little baby would be to have a sister like her . . .

And then her daughter had stopped Dinah with those simple words: "Oh, Mommy—I want you to carry one next to your heart!" As Dinah says now, "Missy knew I'd carried her close to my heart. Then, too, children don't want to be different from other children. Missy knew she would hear her little friends talking about

their brothers and sisters, and she didn't want hers to be any different."

But the day her parents brought John David Montgomery home, the pink cherub with the golden hair, big bright brown eyes and warm smile made his own conquest. "We brought Jody home in the daytime, and George went after Missy at school. It was time for Jody to eat before his nap, and Missy gave him his first bottle. From that moment, he was hers!" her mother says now. "She's a very remarkable little girl—her reaction was so wonderful . . ."

"He is so *cute*, Mommy," Missy had said excitedly. And added, "It's nicer this way—really, Mommy. The other way, you'd have to be in the hospital so long—and I wouldn't like that. I'm glad we got him this way."

But you don't "adopt" a sense of belonging, and strength of family involves more than mere numbers or how many papers you may sign. Now they were four. How *strong* a foursome would depend, in part, on how much each loved and depended upon the other. It takes time for this sense of belonging to grow. It would—and did—take time for Missy to really get used to the new relationship.

"Missy was worried at first," Dinah says now. "She wasn't used to having another child around. It took a little while for her to know that her own security, or our love for her, wasn't being threatened."

This was brought home poignantly one day when Dinah and both children were in the nursery. Dinah was bathing Jody, and Missy decided to perch herself up on top of his dresser and watch. In the process of climbing up there, she almost fell.

"Darling! Be careful. You'll hurt yourself," her mother said.

And Missy's response startled her. "You love me anyhow, don't you, Mommy? Even if you do have the baby—"

"How could I ever love *anybody* more than I love you!" Dinah said, holding her close—and realizing Missy must really have been giving this serious thought, to come out with it suddenly that way.

Missy's parents were prepared from the beginning for various facets of the tender problem of the adopted versus a natural relationship. "There are problems and questions you naturally anticipate," Dinah explains. "And you have the answers—you hope. But, of course, nobody knows really what the problems will be before they come. The children are both still so young, it's hard to know. And I don't try to anticipate too many problems. I take things as they come—and just try to anticipate the most vital things."

That Missy could even feel this, as she showed, that day in the nursery, was a vital thing. By way of reassuring Missy how important she was to her Mommy and Daddy, as Dinah says, "You give them even more attention than usual. And you try to be even more understanding than you may have been on occasion. You make them feel a vital part of the new relationship, and you favor them in certain ways."

"Missy gets certain privileges anyway, that Jody doesn't have. She gets to eat later with the family. She gets to stay up and help entertain guests when they come over. And she participates in many various family activities. But we've found that, if you're always fair, if you let children know their own security and your love for them isn't being threatened—that's the thing."

Jody's quarters were arranged from the beginning so that his schedule would in no way infringe upon Missy's. "We put

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Jody's room 'way down the hall from Missy's room, so he wouldn't be a burden to her. So Missy wouldn't have to worry about keeping her little friends quiet when they come, or have to be curtailing any of her own activities, noise or fun for fear of waking him."

Missy figured importantly, too, in preparations for him, contributing many of the furnishings for the nursery. "We used mostly Missy's things. Jody's bed was Missy's. George had made it for her when she got too big for the hand-carved cradle. And Jody not only has Missy's stuffed toys—she even contributed a beautiful Raggedy Ann doll which had been intended as a gift to me," her mother laughs now. When Missy saw the doll, she quickly latched onto it, saying, "Mommy, you can't keep that. It's perfect for Jody." Picking up the doll and appraising it carefully, Missy decided, "It's Jody's." And it is.

Missy is assuming her full share of "family responsibility" for her little brother, too, leaving no doubt that he is very near her own heart. "Missy's a fine little mother," Dinah says proudly of her nine-year-old. "She baby-sits with Jody whenever it's necessary, and she's very responsible. Nobody could be more responsive to his needs. If George and I go out, Missy always makes sure Jody's all right. She hangs onto him for me when we go shopping, too—and that's a labor of love, with any slippery two-year-old!"

Although, as Missy informed Dinah, she herself no longer believes in Santa Claus, she insisted on taking Jody to see Santa. "I like it much better this way," she told her mother, in her amazing way of pinpointing just the right word. "Last year, I got my beautiful doll. And I like it much better, Mommy, that you picked it out, rather than Santa Claus, who picked out dolls and presents for so many people." But she still thought Jody should go see Santa.

While Jody was over ad-libbing with Santa Claus—"I want weindeer, I want 'no (snow)"—and, in short, requesting a sample of everything the jolly, red-suited gentleman had—Missy did look at a few dolls. But, when Jody was through, she was immediately on active duty again. "Now, Mommy—you go get the car," she told her mother. "Don't worry about him." And, when Dinah drove up, she found Missy holding on to Jody with one iron little hand—and holding onto a post with the other, firmly anchoring them.

The baby-sitting is a labor of love and a family contribution. But, recently, Missy established a credit system for such regular chores as cleaning her room and picking up her clothes. With an eye toward promoting a raise in her allowance, Missy made a chart—and gives herself a gold star, whenever that seems in order. As her mother observes, "she didn't do too well for a while—but, toward Christmas, she improved amazingly!" Her dad gave her an automatic raise from fifty cents to a dollar, the chart got her another fifty cents and, by Christmas, Missy had saved eight dollars and did all her own shopping for the family—at the five-and-ten.

To her parents, Missy's is somewhat of a mystery chart, but she herself experiences no difficulty. The other day, noting a starred item labeled "No Sneaking of Candy," Dinah turned to her daughter for clarification. "Now, let's get this straight. You mean you get a gold star if you don't sneak any candy?" she asked. "Why, yes, Mommy," Missy said patiently.

Baby-sitting, however, never appears there. This is a responsibility for which Missy neither credits nor discredits herself. "Missy's so adorable with him,"

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| 14. Cornel Wilde | 136. Rock Hudson | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 244. Buddy Merrill |
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| 23. Bing Crosby | 143. Pier Angeli | 224. Shirley Jones | 250. Dean Stockwell |
| 25. Dale Evans | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 225. Elvis Presley | 251. Diane Jergens |
| 27. June Allyson | 145. Marlon Brando | 226. Victoria Shaw | 252. Warren Berlinger |
| 33. Gene Autry | 146. Aldo Ray | 227. Tony Perkins | 253. James MacArthur |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 147. Tab Hunter | 228. Clint Walker | 254. Nick Adams |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 148. Robert Wagner | 229. Pat Boone | 255. John Kerr |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 149. Russ Tamblyn | 230. Paul Newman | 256. Harry Belafonte |
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| 52. Montgomery Clift | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 232. Don Cherry | 258. Luana Patten |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 174. Rita Gam | 233. Pat Wayne | 259. Dennis Hopper |
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Dinah beams. "And Jody—well, he worships her. He follows her everywhere. If she dances, he dances. If she cries, he cries. He can't say 'Missy' yet—he calls her 'Me-he'—but he makes himself generally understood."

And "Me-he" assumes her share of sisterly disciplining, too, whenever her little brother gets out of hand. As her mother says, "If Jody messes with Missy's things, she lets him know about it."

Missy keeps most of her "untouchables" in her own pretty powder-blue room in the elegant free-form modern home George Montgomery designed and personally built in Beverly Hills for his family. Jody's gay nursery, accented with bright red and peopled with stuffed toys, is his own little-boy-world. Here he keeps his own special treasures, such as the toy Corvette he keeps within reach by his bed, and the wonderful rocking horse his dad made him. George found a horse from an old carousel, finished it beautifully, and mounted it on a metal stand which swings back and forth. Here in his room, a delighted little boy rides the wind on a mighty magic steed.

But there are times, in their joint playroom upstairs, when the worlds of a two-year-old and a nine-year-old overlap. The room is equipped so they can play their respective hearts out. They have individual wall-boards "so each can paste whatever they want on them." Jody has a window-seat of toys on one side of the room. Missy has a chest of toys, and shelves for her horse collection, on the other side. If Jody's busy little hands get into her prized china dolls or her horse collection, he gets his fingers rapped lightly.

"Well—you're not supposed to touch her things," his mother rules neutrally, when an offended Jody comes running to her. "His eyes get big as saucers, he turns this way and that—and he can't find an ally anywhere. Then he goes away somewhere and hides his head. When he comes back a minute later, it's all over and he's full of bubble again," Dinah says softly. "He's a joy—this Jody."

There is also the way he shows affection. "He has the cutest way of patting you on the back and saying, 'Kiss Mommy—Kiss Daddy,'" sighs Dinah. "When Jody does this, George just melts."

At such times, it's of small moment whether you carry a child close to your heart—or whether he creeps there. Jody couldn't be closer, either way. And all

the problems child psychologists expound about, concerning the "adopted-versus-the-natural" family, seem far, far away. . . .

The feeling of love and unity grows stronger, month by month and year by year. And the feeling of "belonging" grows along with their family. "Our fifteen-year-old niece, Donna Marie, is here from Montana spending the winter with us," says Dinah, "and I can't wait to get home to see what the three of them are doing."

Despite two of Hollywood's most demanding careers, Dinah and George arrange their schedules to spend a maximum of time with their family. In addition to constant film commitments, George Montgomery has now formed his own production company. He's active in television, starring in such dramatic shows as *The Alcoa Hour*, *Jane Wyman Show* and others. He also owns and operates a very successful furniture factory in the San Fernando Valley.

With her wealth of talent and energy, Dinah Shore's the wonder girl of television today. The Goliath of entertainment mediums, which eats others alive, seems to make no dent on Dinah. She stars in her own fifteen-minute show each week, over NBC-TV, and an hour-long *Chevy Show* each month. She records and makes personal appearances. But no star spends more time with the family.

"We try to let nothing interfere with this," says Dinah. "But that's the nice thing about television," she adds. "You can have more time with your family. I don't have to leave to go to the studio until Jody's up and fed and about to take his nap. I usually get home around five-thirty, and we have a little time together before dinner. We all have a standing date for dinner at six every evening. On the two nights I rehearse my monthly show, I always know George will be there."

There are certain warm family observances that are a "must," too. Every evening, Missy puts on a record and dances for them—and, for her parents, this is a command performance. "In the afternoons, whenever we can, we have a little 'tea party.' I have tea—the children have milk and cake. On Sunday mornings, George takes them over to the merry-go-round. Later we go to the club, and Missy has her own group of young friends there. We have lunch, we play tennis if we feel like it, or we all go home and watch television."

When they gather around the family TV

set, Jody's eager gold-red head is in the front row. "Jody'll watch *anything*," his mother says. "But we usually keep the TV set turned off until five-thirty in the evening. I think it's a mistake for children to depend on being entertained by television all the time, instead of learning to entertain themselves."

Are they Dinah Shore fans? "Well—I like to think so. They came to the studio for one of my 'big ones.' Missy loved my dance with Trigger—and Jody had eyes for nobody but Dizzy Dean. Jody doesn't get to see the hour show on television—he's in bed. But Missy's very much awake. She has a million suggestions—'Mommy, you can do *this*,' and 'Mommy, why don't you do *that*?' And, of course, I'll never really be important at home—until I have Elvis Presley on the show. That's fifteen-year-old Donna Marie's influence."

But Frances Rose Shore is home. No doubt about that today. The lonely girl from Tennessee, who was born with so much music to give the world, has found the "togetherness," the strength of family, she sought. All the warmth, all that happy music, which so endears her to millions who have adopted her into their own living rooms, has come home to her to stay.

She's a great believer in that old truism: In love, there is strength. And she believes love will also provide the answers for any problems, any questions, which Missy and Jody may occasion either today or later on.

"You try to anticipate the vital things, and let love—and time—take care of the rest," she says. "The children are still so young—you can't really know what the problems and the question will be. It's hard to know."

One thing sure, "adopted" is already a familiar word around their home. "Jody's a little young to worry about this yet, but we use the word 'adopted' in our conversation all the time—so he'll get accustomed to it, before that day comes. We want him to be so used to the word that it will have no meaning—no mystery—for him. We have no problem there until Jody's seven or eight. And, by that time, we hope he will feel so secure, and be so sure of our love, that he won't question the relationship. That he'll just know his place is with us. That this is where he belongs."

When Jody begins the questions about being adopted—if he ever does—Dinah and George have planned what they will say to explain that he's a child of love in his own way, just as much as Missy is in hers. They have a love story all written in mind for him.

"We will explain to Jody that Mommy and Daddy are in no way related to each other by blood. That Daddy's from Montana, and Mommy's from Tennessee. Yet Mommy and Daddy found each other and loved each other and decided they made a family. Then Missy came along, and she was added to our family. Jody came along—and he wasn't related by flesh and blood, just as Mommy and Daddy aren't related by flesh and blood—but by love. And we added him to our family."

"I don't know whether Jody will ask these questions or not," Dinah goes on slowly. "He may be so sure of our love that he won't. I don't know whether any of these things will happen. But if they do—we hope we'll know how to handle them. And we believe that, if you keep children happy and secure, if they know how much you love them—that's the important thing."

The important thing—as a lovely, wide-eyed little girl once pointed out, when she ordered a little brother or sister her mother carried "next to your heart." Wherever Dinah Shore is today, Missy and Jody are never farther than a heart away.

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Jim Lowe From Springfield, Mo.

(Continued from page 30)

Yet he began his own round of personal appearances somewhat with the feeling of "Oh me, oh my, can this be I?" At Minneapolis, he had a ball during the Cerebral Palsy drive. Girls held out hands to be autographed and, after Jim had inked a signature, demanded, "Kiss it." Jim was flattered, the girls were pleased, everyone had fun.

A supermarket's gala opening on Long Island was a different story. Jim, among other WCBS Radio personalities, had spoken his piece and was crossing a parking lot when the kids surrounded him. Their autographing session was broken up by an over-obstreperous chick. As Jim tells it, "She must have taken a hundred-yard running start. When she hit me, flat-handed, between the shoulder blades, she nearly bowled me over. As I stumbled into the crowd, all I could think was, 'Gosh, I hope I don't hurt anybody.' I still can't figure why the girl did it."

Jim much prefers the lady-like girl to the wildcat. "A kid can be hip without being rowdy." He likes blue jeans and treader pants "when the occasion warrants—but, at parties, no. Girls look so pretty all dressed up that I don't think they should miss the opportunity. Or am I being an idealist?"

Jim's eleven-year-old niece, Cindy, reported her observation of Jim's relationship with his fans in a letter. "They're saying here that Uncle Jim made it the hard way, without sideburns."

Jim Lowe was born in Springfield, Missouri, home of *Ozark Jubilee*. Proudly, he calls it, "the Paris of the Ozarks." He is the second son of Dr. H. A. Lowe, Sr.,

and Pearl Lines Lowe, who died when Jim was two years old. Dr. Lowe then married vivacious Bess Rogers.

He had a happy childhood. "For a long time, our big old house was the only one in the block. We had two dogs, a bulldog and a scottie. Something was happening all the time. When my folks sold the old house, they built another at the corner. Then, when my brother and I grew up, they moved to a hotel." But, again, it is home base. "My brother, when he went into practice and married, bought the old house back. He and Alice—who is *Aunt Alice* on KYTV—have two daughters, Lucinda and Melissa. They also have a bulldog and a scottie. And my folks bought a house just down the block. We're back where we started."

Both boys made sick calls with Dr. Lowe. It was taken for granted they would become physicians. At the age of seven, Jim balked. "I watched an operation and I knew medicine wasn't for me." His hangout became his maternal grandfather's Lines Music Company, which then had a three-storey building, just off the public square, and branches in near-by towns. "On the first floor," Jim recalls, "there was a stock of instruments, radios, records and phonographs, and always a woman at a piano 'demonstrating' sheet music. On the second and third floors, there was a forest of pianos—a fine place to play hide-and-seek." Jim's piano lessons were fairly painless.

The store, now on Jefferson Street, is still in the family. "After my grandfather died, my Uncle Mort took over and today his son, Mort, Jr., runs it. Funny thing happened when I made 'Gambler's Guitar,' my first hit record. The promo-

tion manager came to me, excited about a telegram which said this record was the greatest."

Jim, when he read the signature, had to grin. He also had to say, "I hate to tell you this, but that man who signed it—Mort Lines, Jr.—he's my cousin."

Hickory Hills Country Club became a second home, for the whole family loves golf. His mother became city champion and tri-state champion. Jim was so absorbed in it, he paid little attention to school athletics. When "The Green Door" first reached the hit parade, club members hunted up an authentic and well-used green door, autographed it in orange paint and sent it to Jim at WCBS in New York—express collect. During his recent trip home, they celebrated "Jim Lowe Night." Says Jim, "They got me over to the piano, yelled 'Surprise!' and we went on from there."

In high school, he made National Honor Society and took part in dramatics. Their class plays were "You Can't Take It With You" and "Our Town" (Jim was the narrator). At the University of Missouri, he enrolled in the Journalism School and later settled on a political science major. "I thought I might want to be a radio commentator."

His choice caused no family consternation. "Dad was a theater usher while he was working his way through medical school," says Jim. "He admits he has a lot of ham in him, too. I say that he's the only physician who also is an A & R (artists' and repertoire) man. I get a kick out of the way he reads *Billboard* and *Variety*. Dad can listen to a recording of mine and tell right away whether I've got a hit. One of the nicest things about all

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this is the way my folks have enjoyed it."

Jim claims two college distinctions. The first was his role in the Journalism School's annual musical, *The Jay Show*. "It's a funny thing," says Jim. "Those guys could write the greatest copy. But, when it came to singing it, they had to borrow talent from other departments. I was the first 'J' major to sing the lead since Jane Froman was a student."

He was a commander—president—of his fraternity, Sigma Nu. "I may not have been the best commander they ever had," says Jim, "but I can tell you one thing: Under my regime, we had the best bands at our formals." It was at the end of the "big band" era, and highly original economies were called for to get the big names. "We didn't take the girls to dinner and we didn't buy them flowers, but when they heard bands like Kay Kyser, Johnny Long, Griff Williams, they flipped. Often it would end in a jam session. Our own guys would sit in and we'd go on until morning."

In the aftermath of such a dance, Jim made his move toward radio. "I was lying on my bunk, Indian-summer lazy, and sort of discontented. An announcer was having a bad time. I decided I could fluff as well as he could, so I got up and went over to KFRU to see Mahlon Aldrich, who was then the manager. Strangely enough, he hired me."

During the summer vacation following his junior year, he was accepted in the NBC Radio Institute in Hollywood and won the term award. His first full-time job was at home in Springfield, at KWTO. Says Jim, "On *Ozark Jubilee*, I had a chance to study the great performers. It's a privilege to go back on it with Red Foley any time I can get home."

Ed Burton, from Jim's management firm, makes a sharper appraisal. "It's not generally known, but Jim is both a great balladeer and somewhat of an authority on American music in the pop, country and jazz fields. He can tell you what part of the country a tune came from, who first recorded it, what year, and who played every instrument."

Indianapolis and WIRE were next on Jim's itinerary. "It sharpened me up," says Jim. "I had to compete with that native Hoosier humor." Moving to Chicago and WBBM, Jim found opportunity—and disaster. *Opportunity*, because it was a key CBS station, staffed with people of great imagination and talent. Jack Sterling, Dave Moore, Skee Wolff and others now in the national spotlight were there. Standards were high. Jim's informal, bright comment just suited Chicago, and Chicago suited Jim.

The disaster became a classic. Every major station has the apochryphal story about the popular announcer who is supposed to have followed a funny-paper reading session by stating, into an inadvertently open mike, a rude opinion of the little monsters.

At WBBM, worse really happened. It was New Year's Day, the Rose Bowl game was being piped in, three announcers and three engineers were standing by. The mike was open in preparation for a station break. Some one expressed an opinion—profanely. Among the shocked Chicagoans who heard them was the station owner, the colorful, able, but explosive Leslie Atlas. With two phone calls, he summoned replacements and fired everyone on duty—as of that minute.

Jim, who actually had been across the street having coffee when the debacle occurred, consoled himself by sitting in the Florida sun for a month and then going to Hollywood. "Hollywood never noticed," he says tersely.

Back in Chicago, he was welcomed at

WMAQ, the NBC station. "Q" Radio was already past its peak, but WNBQ, the television station, was on fire. Some one has said, "For one thirty-seconds in television time, it looked as though Chicago was going to be the place." *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* were a daily delight; *Garroway At Large* was setting a new pattern in "relaxed" entertainment; *Hawkins Falls* was pioneering daytime drama; *Zoo Parade* showed what wonders could be found on a remote. Directors and technical staffs substituted ingenuity for dollars. CBS was in the television picture via WBKB, and WENR-TV was the ABC origination point. The networks were taking Chicago programs.

Jim, officially a radio announcer, caught a few TV assignments. He was new. He was young, even in that crowd of boy wonders. He searched for a way to claim attention.

He found it in his song-writing. The unpublished songs in Jim Lowe's personal files could keep a recording company going for a year. Art Talmage, at Mercury, gave his "Gambler's Guitar" a hearing and they released Jim's cut of it in the country-and-Western field. Rusty Draper made the pop version and it became a hit. Jim cut a few other records for them, but nothing really took off. (These are now to be re-issued in an album.)

Then Chicago TV reached its crisis. Some network shows were cancelled. Others moved. The exodus was on.

Jim came to New York in 1954. He would concentrate on his song-writing, he decided. He never got past the revolving door of the Brill Building. He says, "For a solid year, nothing happened."

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MAY AWARDS ISSUE**

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My money was going fast, and my nerve was dropping faster. It got so I made out a daily schedule for myself, and often the only entry would be '9:15 A.M., take clothes to the laundromat.' My first break came when I wrote a song I figured was right for Eddie Arnold and took it to his managers' office."

The three men he met there changed his career. Joe Csida is a former editor of *Billboard* and was later A & R man for RCA Victor; Charlie Grean had followed Joe at Victor and had also written such novelty hits as "The Thing" and "Sweet Violets." Ed Burton had been at Hill & Range Music before joining up. They believed Jim's immediate future was brighter in singing than in song-writing. On their advice, he gambled most of his remaining capital on a free-lance recording session. Smart Randy Wood, head of Dot Records, took "Close the Door, They're Coming in the Window." Jim calls it, "A mild hit."

Since Jim's a worrier, it was a far from comfortable period. Record royalties are paid quarterly. Cash was scarce. He was deep in the blues the day he encountered another young singer who had been hot in Chicago but was finding Manhattan less than enthusiastic. Bill Snary—billed "Bill Carey" professionally—and Jim decided to join forces. Bill says, "Both of us had dismal hotel rooms. Together, we could afford an apartment and live better."

That apartment, on Fifty-Fifth Street, doubtless is destined to be surrounded by

as many stories as the one which Marlon Brando and Wally Cox once shared. Jim and Bill borrowed two cots from the landlady, and moved in. They borrowed a chair from Jim's managers. "We didn't get it back for a year," says Ed Burton.

They borrowed clothes from each other. Bill, who is of the same size and build but is as dark as Jim is fair, says, "First it was the laundry that got things mixed up. I'd discover I was wearing one of Jim's shirts and vice versa." Jim says, "It was a nuisance until we realized it doubled our wardrobes. Whichever one had an important appointment got first choice."

By far the most interesting feature of the apartment was the neighbors. Says Bill, "We'd be working on a song, and we'd hear these girls' voices on the other side of the wall . . ." Says Jim, "We counted four of them and decided it was time to make ourselves known."

How did they accomplish the meeting? Jim grins at the question. "Out where I come from, you can always borrow a cup of sugar."

"And that's exactly what they did," says Marie Wollscheid. "We, being neighborly, gave it to them. It was the start of a beautiful friendship."

Marie, Barbara Avallone and Barbara Wood are secretaries. The fourth girl, Sue Spurier, an actress, later departed to play the Florida winter-stock circuit.

For two young men alone on Manhattan, having such neighbors was a happy break. "I wouldn't call either one of them really handy around a house," says Marie. "Bill can turn out a good steak and salad, but Jim's top is boiling an egg. When we knew he was going to be home alone, we'd always set an extra plate."

Says Jim, "Those girls are wonderful. Having them invite us in to dinner was fine, but it mattered even more to us to know we had some one to see, some one to talk to on evenings we couldn't afford to go out. And some one to take with us when we did go on the town."

Jim was fending off the well-known wolf-at-the-door with club dates. An early one was at the Lotus Club, Washington, D. C., which specializes in good chow mein and good entertainment. On arrival, his spirits were dashed. "You Jim Lowe?" said the manager. "We thought we were getting a Chinese boy."

The solution to his professional problem came through the combined forces of the Csida office, MCA, and a packager, Gordon Auchincloss. They put Jim on WCBS, the CBS key station in New York, for a nine A.M. daily radio show on which he spins records, talks a bit, and finishes by singing one song to his own accompaniment. A similar Saturday-afternoon session keeps him in touch with his teen-age fans. "When I got that, I figured I was living again," says Jim.

Last year, as May approached, Jim began to feel something was due to happen. "It's my lucky month," he explains. "I was born in May, graduated from college in May, got my first full-time job in May, went to WIRE in Indianapolis and to WBBM in Chicago in May, recorded 'Gambler's Guitar' in May, and first saw 'The Green Door' in May . . ."

"The Green Door" written by Bob Davie and Marvin Moore, and destined to be so important in Jim's career, got plenty of personal-life competition. Jim's parents were in town, and with Marilyn Lovell, a pretty young singer who has been one of Jim's special friends since they were both at WNBQ, they had a round of sightseeing planned. Marilyn couldn't attend his recording session—she had one of her own scheduled—but Dr. and Mrs. Lowe were present. Says Jim, "We were in a hurry. We had tickets for 'My Fair Lady'—those almost-unobtain-

able tickets—and we didn't want to be late." But Jim was happy and his exuberance carried into his voice. "I did three takes, then I saw that look on Dad's face and I knew I had it."

Although Dot Records' release of "The Green Door" has sold more than two million copies, Jim refers to his new apartment on fashionable Sutton Place as "the house that CBS built," and explains he found it before the big royalties came in. "Joe Csida was helping me look for an apartment and, when I saw the green door, I flipped. I was sold before I ever saw the place."

It fulfills its promise. The living room is thirty-two feet long, the kitchen has every modern appliance, the bedroom is huge. The windows provide a magnificent view of the East River. Off the dining area there is also a small balcony which Jim joyfully calls "the veranda."

The move was accomplished with the help of Jim's feminine neighbors and Bill Carey, whose own career was shortly to take him to the Coast. "I guess my folks were too good to me when I was a kid," Jim confesses. "I always expect some one to turn up to help me out. By myself, I can get into the darnedest messes . . ."

It was par for the course that Jim, in moving, should draw a cold and rainy day. When the movers had taken out their load, Jim still had things to gather up. Just outside the door of the elegant new place, rain soaked through the box he was carrying and the bottom fell out. "There I was," says Jim, "scooping up shaving cream, toothbrushes and neckties from the sidewalk just when everyone in the block was walking a blue-ribbon poodle."

Bachelor-type troubles also assaulted him when he purchased his carpeting—green, of course. "I was feeling my oats. I had just been on *The Steve Allen Show*, and it turned out that the people at this store had seen me and that their kids had my records. We were getting along so well, and that carpet was so soft and thick, I guess I got carried away. I asked if they would mind if I took off my shoe and stepped on it. I said sometimes I liked to go barefoot at home. Well, I wasn't home, but I was barefoot—or nearly. I kicked off a shoe and saw I had a hole in my stocking. I quick slipped it back on and tried the other one. That not only had a hole, the entire toe was out and peeled back. I said, 'Pardon me.' They said, 'That's all right.' We all cringed. It wasn't until the next day that I was able to think of gags I should have said, like, "These are my special carpet-feeling socks."

By now, domestic difficulties have abated. The bedroom is furnished in black walnut, modern, square-cut, and masculinely masculine. Drapes are white, with gold and black figures. There's a huge, white, kidney-shaped coffee table and, bit by bit, he is finding other furnishings he wants. Jim is his own decorator. "It's a challenge and I'm getting a great kick out of it."

And he is getting a kick out of life. Two new recordings are in the presses. New shows are being discussed. Friends drop in to see the new apartment and stay for conversation and music. There is no "serious" romance on the horizon, but there are a number of girls Jim likes and who like him. Eligible James Lowe, *Esquire*, is happily at home behind the green door.

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Live For Today

(Continued from page 34)

pretended joy for him, though she felt her heart was standing still.

"Live for today," Loretta has always said, "not for yesterday, not for tomorrow." More than that, she believes in living each moment as fully, tenderly and exquisitely as possible. For her, the day is not something divided into twenty-four parts—some of which can be carelessly thrown away. To her, a day is full of seconds and moments, all of which are precious and to be treated reverently.

Loretta doesn't mean that one should never take the time to watch a beautiful sky, or sit still in meditation. She doesn't challenge the poet who wrote: *What is this life if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare?*

"If a woman spent a whole day staring at the sky, and found spiritual peace that way, she'd be spending that time very well," said Loretta. "I'd call that 'living for today.' Anne Lindbergh wasn't wasting time, when she went down to the seashore, and spent those days alone, studying the seashells and trying to grow in understanding the real purpose of her life."

We were sitting in the living room of the Tom Lewis home in Hollywood. It is a beautiful room, its decor Chinese modern. Sunlight poured through the plate-glass windows, onto the bookshelves which completely fill one wall from floor to ceiling. It fell gently on exquisite antiques, brought out the glossy green hue of a little ivy plant.

The sunlight also brought out coppery lights in Loretta's dark brown hair. Loretta looked exquisitely feminine in a powder-blue dress, with her hair drawn straight back and swirled close in back. It was hard to remember that this radiant, sun-tanned girl is one of the most intelligent, most professional actresses in Hollywood. Toward acting and toward living, she has an approach that is a rare combination of masculine directness and feminine subtlety.

In her own living room, Loretta is very much like the girl who sweeps gracefully onto your television screen. The hostess of *The Loretta Young Show* is truly Loretta. Like Loretta, she likes to tell upbeat stories, neatly packaged with bright quotations.

Loretta Young loves quotations! One of her favorites was written in her guest book by a priest she admires greatly. A missionary, he had rescued some of Doolittle's flyers from the Chinese Communists. "He's the happiest man I know," she says. "He hasn't a material possession in the world. Once, I wanted to give him a book. He shook his head. 'Every six months,' he said, 'I give away everything I own. I'd only have to give it away in six months.'"

To this brave man, Loretta owes the quotation which has become the heart of her philosophy: *Give us the strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed; give us the courage to change the things that can and should be changed; give us the wisdom to distinguish the one from the other.*

By inclination and training, Loretta is a perfectionist. The perfectionism had its roots when she was only a child—trying, at fourteen, to play a mature woman. She knew so little about life and love that, when she had to play a love scene with Nils Asther, she heaved her chest up and down, thinking that indicated great emotion. Finally Nils said to her, ever so kindly, "Look, child. Just look at me—as though I were the largest, gooiest, most beautiful ice-cream sundae you ever drooled over."

Loretta was rescued from her insecurity as an actress by Frank Capra, when she

was making a picture for him. "What do you think of this character, Loretta?" he asked her. "Think?" she murmured. "I never think about the characters I play. I just try to do what the director says."

"Loretta," he said gently. "Little Loretta, you must learn to think. Your opinions are important. Acting isn't doing just what the director says. It's deciding what the character you're playing would do, and then doing just that." So it was Frank Capra who slew the dragons of Loretta's uncertainties—and released her artistry as an actress.

The years went by, and Loretta became an accomplished, polished actress. But as a young teen-age girl, she was uncertain, not too sure of herself, a little giddy with success. One day, the Reverend Pat Ward, a Jesuit priest who often had dinner at the home which Loretta—whose real name is Gretchen—shared with her mother and sisters, spoke to her very sternly. He didn't speak as one usually does to a star, carefully avoiding criticism—but honestly, candidly.

"You're living at much too fast a pace, Gretchen," he said. "Did it ever occur to you that God didn't give you your talent, your beauty, just to delight your ego?"

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POLIO
SHOTS
THIS
SPRING...



AND
PLAY SAFE
THIS
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These are great gifts—you are bound to them as much as they to you. And, in your position, you are bound to be an example. Whether you like it or not, you'll be an example. You dare not be a bad example."

Some more years went by. Loretta, the impulsive, wide-eyed, eager child, became Loretta, the beautiful, disciplined woman. She learned to live completely in the present. "I do not believe in wasting the present in remorse about the past or in worries about the future," she said. "My heart aches for those who swing madly on an eternal trapeze, between regrets for the past and fears for the future.

"I know a woman who used to worry continually for fear she'd become ill. One day her fear came true. Then she went through a real agony of worry for fear she'd lose her job. Eventually, she recovered. And she went back to work. But there was still no serenity in her. Because now she worried right back where she started, with fear she would become ill again!

"The present never has any meaning to her. She whines about the past; she frets about the future. There's no happiness in

her—past, present or future. 'If only I hadn't become ill,' she moans. She's in perfect health, but she doesn't really enjoy it. She's got a wonderful job, but she doesn't get any kick out of it. And the future she stews over is a pretty dreary prospect, too!"

Loretta never worries about her health. She's always taken it for granted. But, when she's ill—as she was a couple of years ago, for four pain-ridden months—she asks herself what lessons God means her to learn from her illness. And she tries, humbly, to learn them.

When she recovers, she sits on top of the world again, enjoying each blessed moment. "A complainer, a worrier, she is not," says a close friend. "You know how many women whine about their troubles. Never, no matter what problems she's had to cope with, have I heard Loretta whine. When she has a problem to face, she never yackety-yackety-yacks about it, as most of us do. She has great reticence. She wraps herself in her silences. When the problem is real tough, I've seen her disappear suddenly from a room, with her rosary in her hand. To God, and God alone, does she unburden herself—and, from Him, seek the answer to what troubles her."

Loretta likes the old English proverb: *For every evil under the sun There is a remedy, or there is none. If there be one, try and find it; If there be none, never mind it.*

When she was first married to Tom Lewis, even then a brilliant advertising man, Loretta knew some uncertainties in her role as a young wife. Of course she wanted to be a perfect wife and hostess. The Tom Lewises love people, love their friends, and they decided to give a series of dinner parties.

For Loretta, these parties were as seriously important as her career. She intended for them to be perfect in every detail. On the first one, she worried about her guest list. She worried about whether or not she'd succeed in seating her guests properly. She worried for fear she'd forget to invite some guest to whom she owed a social or business obligation.

How could she be sure that everything at the dinners would be perfect? Would the meat be done perfectly? Would the wine be served at just the correct temperature? Would it be just the right wine? And what about the silver, the linens, the centerpiece? Would each of these be perfect?

By the time the dinner hour arrived, Loretta was a bundle of nerves. A real hostess-tension victim.

At last the dinner was over; the last guest gone. Loretta turned to her husband. "Tom, how was it?"

He smiled, and then he gave Loretta the shock of her life. "Everything was perfect," he said, "except you!"

Loretta turned pale. "Tom," she said, "what do you mean?"

"You planned and executed a perfect party," he explained. "But you were so jittery, you were the only off-key, imperfect part of the whole evening. It would have been a far more enjoyable example of hospitality if the meat had been overdone, the wine wrong—and at the wrong temperature—the linen wrinkled, the china cracked. Our guests couldn't have cared less about those things. They did care that their hostess wasn't enjoying their company. You were so anxious, they couldn't enjoy themselves, either."

Loretta was crushed. But she accepts just criticism quickly. She knew this was just. She pondered every word Tom had said. Her next dinner party was a brilliant

success. Something went wrong with the linens. But Loretta was having such a good time at her own party, no one noticed that not all the napkins were exactly alike.

"Today," Loretta laughs, "television takes up so much of our time that we're lucky if we can give a half-dozen dinner parties a year. When we do give them, I never worry about details. I do know that, if I have a good time and 'go' to my own party, my guests will have a good time, too."

To Loretta, there is a simple solution for every problem. Literal-minded, she sometimes greatly over-simplifies a problem. Take her entrance into television, for instance. She fell in love with TV when she and Tom bought their first television set at an auction given for the benefit of their favorite charity, St. Anne's Maternity Hospital for Unmarried Mothers.

Soon the whole family was enchanted by such "visitors" as Hopalong Cassidy, Arthur Godfrey, Ted Mack, Kate Smith and other TV pioneers.

"What fun they must have visiting!" said Loretta. "I'd like to go visiting in hundreds of thousands of homes, just as they do. This is so exciting, so intimate, like floating right into other people's living rooms. And, seriously, I think it is more challenging than motion pictures. TV's going to be in every home—and forever!"

One day Loretta said to Tom, dreamily, "I'm going to be on television. I've made up my mind."

Tom actually shared her faith and vision regarding the new medium, even while he wondered if Loretta would be able to adjust to it. It's no easy task, trying to achieve—in a week of rehearsals and shooting—the perfection that it takes the movie-makers months to achieve. And, knowing Loretta's own perfectionist tendencies, Tom was afraid that TV might cause too much tension in her. How would she ad-

just to the difficult grind of making thirty-nine TV shows a year? At the accelerated pace of TV?

Loretta grinned. "If you'd produce the show, I know everything would be perfect," she said serenely. And, forthwith, she told her agents not to accept any movie commitments for her, but to start looking at once, for a TV series.

Months went by. There were conferences and more conferences. Finally Loretta wearied of them. She likes action, not dawdling, not talking. She drove to her agency offices. "What are we waiting for?" she asked.

"We have to have a perfect pilot script," they said.

"Well, then, get a script."

They tried to explain that scripts don't grow on trees, like so many leaves, or get self-sown, like white alyssum in the garden. Loretta wasn't listening. This was now; this was today; this was the time to get going. "Let's go!" she said. "Get a script and let's go." They did, miraculously. And the pilot was filmed, and sold, in four weeks.

Loretta had achieved her dream. She could go visiting via TV every Sunday evening.

Since then, Loretta has learned that good scripts don't flourish like weeds in a garden, but have to be developed with tender care, like a glossy carpet of dichondra.

And achieving her TV dream has compelled her to live even more completely in the present. In the beginning, she had no idea of the amount of time she would have to give to her show, day after day, week after week—of the unabating pace she would have to follow. For the first three weeks, that first season, the set was like "Old Home Week." Everyone came to visit Loretta. But there's nothing in the budget of any TV show to allow for all this visit-

ing. A "No Visitors" sign had to be nailed firmly to the door of the stage.

Loretta still sighs over it. "If only it weren't so big," she says. "So implacable." But she knows it's got to be there.

Where other women stew about little and big worries, Loretta says: "What's to be done?" then does it. Like the time she discovered a big mistake she'd made. "I had carelessly repeated something detrimental I had heard about someone. Months later, I learned it was not true. I had to find the people to whom I'd told it—and admit my stupidity. I was wrong—and there was no time to waste in fretting—I had to do all I could to correct what I'd done, and do it pronto. When I'd reached each of the six to whom I'd been so gabby—and repeated my apologies and admitted my error—I felt I had been honest about it, and I knew I'd learned a lesson.

"I ate humble pie that day," she smiles, "and found out a strange thing: Eating humble pie can be mighty sweet."

Her six friends respected Loretta for her honesty. Loretta says simply, "The incident taught me to keep my big mouth shut!"

"But if I had stewed and fretted about what I had done—if I'd been filled with remorse—what good would that have done the woman the gossip was about?" Loretta asks, with her usual reasonableness. "When you know you've done something wrong, you've got to try to set it right, if you can. Not tomorrow—not next week. But just as fast as possible—this minute.

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(Continued from page 5)

rumored is a young Clark progeny. . . . Martin Agronsky swings over to NBC this spring as Washington correspondent. . . . Lovely Melba Rae, seen on *Search For Tomorrow*, expecting about June. Melba and artist husband Gil Shawn have got an assortment of boys' names ready but are totally unprepared for a girl. Any bets? . . . Liberace and candlesticks to England again this fall. . . . Owing to poor health, Jimmy Dorsey will retire from the band business. . . . Margaret Truman not very active in TV. Speculation is that a former President (not Hoover) may be a grandfather this year. . . . Biggest event of the spring is Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Cinderella* on CBS-TV, March 31st, starring Julie Andrews, 21-year-old "Fair Lady." Between her Broadway role and rehearsal for Cindy, Julie has been using her voice more than an opera star, so her physician has ordered her to limit conversations to ten minutes out of an hour. . . . CBS didn't renew Bing Crosby's contract. NBC couldn't come to an agreement with him. Now ABC is hopeful. . . . Most exciting issue of the year is Victor's "Tribute to Dorsey" in two 12-inch discs. The music is from TD's great swing era, when his vocalists were Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Connie Haines and Jack Leonard. Band instrumentalists were such as Bunny Berigan, Dave Tough and Buddy Rich. Pianist on most of the music is Howard Smith, who has been Garry Moore's musical director for many years. All the music is Dorsey at his best and what more can you say except to remember that the Sentimental Gentleman gave many youngsters their first break? Sinatra was one of the first. One of the last was Elvis, who made his TV debut on the Dorsey show.

Burning Stars: Rumor has it that *The Big Surprise* is on the critical list and may perish momentarily, but Mike Wallace is causing a sensation with his local Gotham show titled *Nightbeat*, on Du Mont's WABD.



T
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R Mike Wallace and *Nightbeat* are the talk of the town with new ABC-TV deal.



Singers Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme may do a duet—and for life.

It is an interview show, but not so polite as Ed Murrow's *Person To Person*. Mike pulls no punches. He interviews celebrities and asks controversial or highly personal questions. The camera holds close on the interviewee's face in what is described as the "open-pore" technique or "look-at-me-Ma-I'm-sweating." So successful has the show become in New York City that Mike has been signed to a \$100,000 contract by ABC-TV. The network will beam his program country-wide Sundays, beginning April 28th, at 10:00 P.M. Mike, himself, favors the late hour. He says, "We talk about a lot of things which I wouldn't want my own kids to hear." And there are four kids in his home.

Scratching Around: That Wyatt Earp man—Hugh O'Brian—will debut in Eastern theaters in a one-man show, yet. He will dance, sing and bongo the drums. Honest! Incidentally, Hugh, who is Hollywood's sharpest and straightest shooter, has been making some good sense in his campaign to foster safety in the use of firearms. . . . Brenda Lee, a miniature Ethel Merman, started out with Como at a thousand bucks per, is now getting more than double that from Steve Allen and Dinah Shore. . . . Dave Garroway not having so much trouble with his gout. . . . Stop to think about it, things haven't changed much for Lescoulie since he switched from *Today* to *Tonight*. When he worked with Dave, he left home at 3:45 A.M. Now it's 3 A.M. when he drives home. It's like living in a black-out. . . . Denise Lor made her supper-club debut at Manhattan's Persian Room and overwhelmed the mink set. . . . Keeping up with the times: Strapless evening gowns verboten on *Voice Of Firestone*. . . . Anyone for Europe? Elaine Rost, Mrs. Pearson on *The Second Mrs. Burton*, is already dreaming about another summer abroad. Last year, she spent three months in England, France and Italy with Charita Bauer of *The Guiding Light*. This coming summer, Elaine is hoping things clear up in the Middle East so that she can paddle around the Mediterranean. Wanna paddle along? She's looking for a companion. . . . Handsome Donald Gray, who stars as Mark Saber in *The Vise*, British-made ABC-TV series, says what British TV and movies need most is a large dose of American

actresses. Says Donald, "British actresses are better trained because of our repertory companies, but American girls have chi-chi chicness that projects so glamorously on the screen. American girls dress smarter, make up better, and carry themselves with carefree dignity. They are absolutely smashing." Donald interviewed thirty beautiful starlets for roles on *The Vise*. He dismissed twenty-three. The remaining seven, with Beverly Timsak in the lead, "smashed" him.

TV Graveyard: Buried, or enroute to the cemetery this season, are *Giant Step*, *The Brothers*, *Stanley*, *Winchell*, *Can Do*, *My Friend Flicka* and *Hiram Holliday*. It's been a bloody year, but the biggest casualties are likely to be the Sid Caesar and Jackie Gleason shows. Nothing definite on Caesar, but sponsors are withdrawing and NBC is murmuring dissatisfaction, for they expected a greater show of strength from the mighty Caesar. On the other hand, Jackie Gleason has announced that he will not return next year with his present show. Two reasons: He has taken a rating licking from Como, and he is tired of doing the same show after six years. Gleason has a fifteen-year contract with CBS that pays him whether he works or not. He will work. At the moment, he figures on appearing only in special shows. What he would like to do first, though—and this is his real secret ambition—is make a motion picture, preferably in collaboration with his good friend Orson Welles. Anyway, it would be a sad commentary on the state of TV programming if we were to lose the great comedy of either Gleason or Caesar. . . . And here's the big news on what you can expect a lot of in the future. They're filming Westerns like mad for both kids and grownups. Difference between kid and adult shoot-em-ups is mainly in the ending. In the end of an adult Western, the cowboy gets the girl. In the end of a kid Western, he kisses the horse.



Virginia Graham fans will soon see their favorite as TV rep for Colgate.

WHAT'S NEW—WEST

(Continued from page 15)

"Mona Lisa" smile, as a tough, villainous, hard-hearted heavy. "I was worried about it, too," says Nat, "because I didn't want my two daughters—Carol, or 'Cookie,' 12, and Natalie, or 'Sweetie,' 6—to get the wrong idea about their dad. But they reassured me with, 'It's okay, Daddy, 'cause we know when you're gruff, you're only acting. How about that?'" . . . Something to look forward to will be CBS-TV's *Playhouse 90* production of "Carbine Webb and the Four Sisters," based on a true story of four Catholic nuns. Helen Hayes, Ralph Meeker, Katy Jurado and Janice Rule will co-star in this April offering.

Who's Breaking Records? Pat Boone had five gold records, for five tunes cut in the last year on the Dot label, waiting for him when he recently came to Hollywood for filming 20th's "Bernardine." . . . Tab Hunter is the boy who didn't believe he could sing well enough to record, went into his first session, "just plain scared." Tab just won gold record number one from Dot for his recording, "Young Love," which sold over a million copies in three weeks. . . . The one, the only, glamorous grandmother Marlene Dietrich has signed with Dot Records, too. She made her first recordings in February. What a barber shop quartet Dot records president Randy Woods has now: Tenor Tab Hunter, baritones Pat Boone and Sanford Clark, backed by the inimitable bass voice of Marlene!

Family Affairs: Ever since *December Bride* made its CBS-TV debut, Harry Morgan, who plays next-door neighbor Pete Porter, has been talking about his mother-in-law, Gladys. Recently viewers asked, "When are we going to see Gladys?" You will be pleased to know that Gladys will be on the show March 18. Well, not exactly. Gladys will appear at a masquerade party—disguised as a gorilla. Nobody connected with the show knows when we'll see Gladys after that. We'd hate to think she's going back to the jungle. . . . This should be a big year for twenty-four-year-old Jack Imel, dancer-marimba player of the ABC-TV *Top Tunes And New Talent*, who is moving his wife and two children from San Diego to Hollywood. Jack is celebrating his recent discharge from the Navy, his joining the Welk gang, and the eagerly-awaited arrival of a third little Imel. . . . It's rumored that Tennessee Ernie may drop one of his shows, and it won't be the Thursday night-time hour. Ernie's big problem—he loves his children too much to spend all his hours in front of a TV camera.

Cuties and Cabbies: Mary Costa, CBS-TV's super salesgirl of *Climax*, would like to be an opera diva. She sings as pretty as she looks, too. . . . Molly Bee has just bought a half-dozen parakeets and named them after members of the cast, Ernie, Doris, Dick, etc. Seventeen-year-old Molly says, "I know about the bees—now I'm learning about the birds." . . . There's a cab driver in Hollywood whose adroit maneuverings down Sunset Boulevard have earned him the nickname of "Swiftly." Last week Swiftly was carrying two very prominent Hollywood TV stars, both married, but to different people. Swiftly reports he couldn't help overhearing the family-type squabble going on in the back seat. "The gal was giving the guy what-for because last night she'd seen him on TV kissin' his own wife!" Well, what's one man's Hollywood is another man's punch-line.

here's the entire

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Sentimental Journey

(Continued from page 41)

host, emcee and entertainer on three daily shows. One day, running from show A to show B, he passed through colleague Jack O'Mara's office—and working there was Sue Coss, a natural blonde with a pixie sense of humor.

Says Bill, "I made some smart-alecky remark which promptly inspired a 'drop dead' look in her pretty brown eyes. I knew that, although I had my motor racing, I'd been left at the starting line with my brakes on—in short, I was making no headway with this lovely lass. It took two weeks, at least, before she'd give me the time of day.

"Then, by chance, I asked if she'd like to go to a professional football game. When I said 'football,' she suddenly sat up in her chair as though it had been wired. As it turned out, Sue was an avid fan. We formed our own Rams' Rooters Club, never missed a game. Of course, the Rams lost them all—but, by then, we'd found other things to talk about. In fact, I talked her into working for me."

Sue became not only Bill's secretary but his right-hand man. She quickly learned that, under his surface humor, Bill is hard-working and sincere, and she was soon as concerned with his work as he was. "Sue began having ideas about the shows and making practical suggestions," says Bill. "I found myself listening to her. Then, one day, we were having coffee together in a few free minutes between shows. On the spur of the moment, I said, 'Will you marry me?' She thought I was kidding. The next day, I asked her again. This time, she said, 'Yes, yes, yes.'"

Born in Chicago, Bill attended the St. Thomas of Canterbury School and Senn High, later went on to both De Paul and Northwestern Universities. His career began when he was only eighteen, while he was still going to school, as a page boy at NBC's radio station in Chicago. There, he was soon advanced on the page staff to duty on the nineteenth and twentieth floors, known as "the artists' floors."

"At the time," says Bill, "Chicago was the radio center of the nation. Nearly all dramatic and musical shows of any consequence originated there. Members of the page staff working the artists' floors had to know where every actor and actress was at any given moment. Producers and directors relied on us as winged messengers to keep the station on the air. A lot of 'big names' were starting then. Don Ameche, John Hodiak, Tyrone Power—all struggling young actors in Chicago—sat on benches in the hall waiting for a call."

NBC had an announcing school for the boys on the page staff. "We were taught by the top announcers of the time," Bill recalls, "Charlie Lyon, Louis Rowen, Ken Griffin, and Edward Mitchell, among others. Ed Bailey, later producer of *Truth Or Consequences*, was on the page staff with me." Upon completing the course, aspiring student announcers were sent to NBC's affiliate stations. Bill went to WHK, in Cleveland. "This was the first time I'd ever worked at announcing," he says. "I was nineteen and, though we worked six and a half days a week on a split shift, I still grew homesick for Chicago."

Bill went back to Chicago as a replacement for a well-known disc jockey. Then, in 1940, he went on to Detroit's WBJK, an independent station. There he started on a small salary and a percentage—the show, then untitled, was earning three dollars a week. Bill called it *Corn 'Til Morn*, broadcasting to the swing-shift workers from twelve to five A.M. In a few short months, he was making more money than

he would have earned at the network.

His announcing career was interrupted for a period of three years and ten months while he served with the Army Air Force. He flew B-25 and B-26 medium bombers—a fact he mentions only casually today, since he's not the kind of guy to talk about his exploits in the war.

Bill took his discharge in California, where fate smiled on him as brightly as the sun. Walking down Sunset Boulevard one afternoon, he ran into an old friend, Harry Patterson. Harry, as program director at Radio Station KMPC, passed on the word that the station had an opening for a disc jockey. "The sun was shining, it was a beautiful day," Bill recalls, "and I thought to myself, *Why not?*" He went to work immediately, still in Air Force uniform—his civilian clothes didn't catch up with him for five days.

From KMPC, Bill went to Radio Station KFWB. During the five years he was there, he also took his first step into television, on a twice-a-week, two-hour show at KHJ-TV called *Helpfully Yours*. Bill's reaction to television? "Bewilderment. I couldn't find any microphones—and I was upset because I couldn't appear before the camera with a two-day growth of beard or in my favorite old T-shirt! But I found TV's fast pace challenging and exciting. When KTTV asked me to do their two-hour *Top Of The Morning*, I jumped at the opportunity. Viewers will remember that show as a wild melange. I did everything: Drove an Army tank on stage, rode an Arabian horse, was shot from a cannon—and had my skull fractured by a stuffed eagle 'flying' down from the wings."

It was while Bill was at KTTV that he met Sue and was offered the emcee's role on the upcoming *It Could Be You*. "His reaction to the offer was one of concern," Sue says, "because he would have to change the visual character his audience had come to know, from a brash comedian to a sensitive 'straight' personality. He worried about that, but his philosophy of life has always been: *What will be, will be*. 'Things take care of themselves,' he said. 'If it doesn't work out, I'll find something else to do.' He accepted the offer—and, if 22,000 fan letters a week mean anything, he's a whopping success."

Bill himself says that the Ralph Edwards production of *It Could Be You* offers more laughter and more tears than any show he's ever worked on. He's not the kind to hide his sentiment under a false smile, and he shares all the feelings of the show's participants, laughing with them, crying with them. For example, he'll never forget what he personally considers one of the most touching moments he's ever experienced—the reuniting of Mrs. Gerald Mount with her daughter Hannelora.

As he himself describes the event: "Mrs. Mount previously had been married to a Communist policeman, who was the father of her child, Hannelora. In an attempt to escape the growing Communist oppression, she fled to West Germany. There she met and married an American Army sergeant, Gerald Mount, later coming to the United States. For years, she tried to bring her daughter Hannelora to safety. She saved every penny, in the hope that somehow she would be able to get Hannelora into West Germany and then supply passage for her to the United States. But, as the months went by, the prospect of ever seeing her daughter again grew dim, and Mrs. Mount lost hope.

"Then *It Could Be You* heard about Hannelora. Through secret channels, the Army was able to deliver the youngster

to Denmark. From there, the program flew her here by Scandinavian Airlines, over the North Pole. When mother and daughter were once again united, the tears that flowed were both salty and sweet. I cried, too," Bill admits candidly. "I'm sorry—but on this show I just can't help feeling the same emotions as the subjects." He adds, "You might like to know that, at Christmas, I received a card from Hannelora. She wrote: 'Remember September 26, 1956—that was the day you brought me to America to join my mother.' As if I could ever forget!"

Bill's schedule today calls for him to be at NBC-TV early in the morning, with two hours of rehearsal before showtime, then the program itself, followed by script meetings and additional rehearsals. Morning, noon or night, Bill would be satisfied with the same dish for his meals—steak! At lunch, he'll cap it with an order of mushrooms. At dinner, he'll want two helpings. After his steak luncheon, he returns to his office over the famed Hollywood Brown Derby and spends the afternoon answering his mail. But Sue, who still works with him, says: "I try to keep him from pawing through *all* the mail, because he's so conscientious that—even if he receives the most casual note—he'll want to sit down and write a long letter."

When he isn't busy with his program or his mail, Bill works in the yard of his new home or on his sports car—his two prime interests, at present. "It's really not a yard," he says. "It's more like a jungle. We have three-quarters of an acre, and it all slopes down hill. It's heavily planted with a combination of pine trees and avocados, and wildly overgrown."

Before they bought their home—a rambling, contemporary ranch-style house with a shake roof—Bill and Sue were only looking for a place to rent. For some weeks, they'd been out searching with a rental agent, but with no success. Passing the house one day, Bill commented, "That's nice. How about taking a look?" The agent pointed out that it wasn't for rent, but for sale. However, at Bill's insistence, he showed it to them. They liked it. Two days later, they called back—and bought it.

"After we had stopped living out of boxes," Bill says, "we had some old friends over for dinner. I was all for going out to eat, but Sue insisted on preparing a roast and a fancy frozen dessert. That's when the trouble began! The electricity 'conked out' in the stove and refrigerator at the same time, so the roast was uncooked, the potatoes only half-baked, and the dessert melted to a soup. And we had so wanted to make a good impression!"

"I was almost in tears," Sue remembers. "But Bill has a personality that never lets these uncontrolled situations get him down. He laughed good-naturedly over what seemed a catastrophe to me, and said, 'Don't worry. Tomorrow we'll get an electrician up here. Now let's all go out to eat.' He'd never say, 'I told you so.'"

Whenever Bill has a free moment from the heavy schedule of *It Could Be You* and working on the new home, he turns to tinkering with his sports car. His interest in racing motors began while he was a teenager in Chicago's Senn High School, when he and eight of his chums chipped in \$100 each to buy a stripped-down Alfa Romeo. Later, of course, there were the zooming bombers during the war.

Today, he still enjoys getting places in a hurry—but for a brand-new reason. Blue eyes sparkling, Bill Leyden says, "Easy in traffic, easy on gas, and great acceleration on the hills, my speedy little roadster brings me home just that much faster to my wonderful wife!"

My Life With George and Gracie

(Continued from page 58)

and items with a sea motif—which, all who know him agree, is the major interest of his life, aside from acting.

Less funny was the time—he was eleven then, and at summer camp near San Francisco—when a horse threw him, breaking an arm. In pain, and threatened with loss of the arm, he lay on the operating table four hours while George and Gracie, who had flown in from Hollywood, suffered parental agonies until the doctor came out to assure them the arm was saved and the boy would be as good as new. When they were allowed to see him, Ronnie took his mother's hand and smiled up at her. "Mother, this is the first time I ever saw you look sad," he scolded. At which George uttered a loud and unmistakable snuffle and promptly covered himself by announcing, "Why is it, every time I walk into a hospital, I catch a cold."

No matter how their tastes might differ in some respects, there were certain little traditions George and Gracie made a rule of sharing. "It gave Sandy and me a sense of togetherness," says Ronnie, "and I guess that's what made us feel secure." As an example, they had their Thursday nights. It was one night when they all tried to be together, no easy thing for show people. Gracie cooked and George produced his specialty, a tossed salad. The Burns do not go in for barbecues, but on these occasions Gracie would see that Ronnie got his favorite meats—leg of lamb, steak and chicken. "Eating together leads to facing problems together," is one of George's maxims, and it is one of the things Ronnie plans to carry on "when I have a family of my own."

One thing Burns and Allen did not share

with their children was the youngsters' love of sports and exercise. Gracie viewed their gymnastics and athletic games apathetically, while George was almost as bad. "When Daddy feels the urge to do more than a round of golf," Ronnie jokes, "he lies down and concentrates on forgetting all about it."

Another interest of Ronnie's not enjoyed by his parents is the ancient art and ritual of bullfighting. Ronnie has considered himself an aficionado since he took his first trip to the ring in Tijuana. Remembering Ronnie's deer-hunting memento, Gracie warned him, "You can go to the bullfights if you want to, but please don't bring home any little souvenirs like a bull's tail or ears."

While in Mexico, Ronnie became acquainted with a group of matadors and was entertained by them. On saying goodbye, he invited them to give him a call "if you're ever in L.A." A few weeks later, several of them came to Hollywood, and true to their promise, called Ronnie up. He immediately invited them to the house. It was a whale of a party, lasting to 7 A.M., with Spanish records going like mad, and Joe Carioca doing his stuff on the piano and guitar. The next day at lunch, Gracie, unfustered and smiling, told her son, "Dear, next time just bring home the bulls."

Although Ronnie has been raised according to Gracie's faith, Catholic, he has been taught a deep and abiding affection for his Dad's Jewish relatives and for friends of the family who follow various sects and creeds. "We're show people," he likes to quote George, "and, with us, it's what you do that counts, not what you are."

Gracie runs the household. But, on occasion, George, like most fathers, has been pushed into doing some of the disciplinary chores. These were made especially difficult in the case of Ronnie, who apparently was born with a fine talent for talking his way out of punishment. This has been further complicated by Sandra's habit of rushing to her brother's defense, even assuming some of the blame for his mischief. "The trouble with punishing that kid," George concedes, "was that he was always on your side. When he was naughty and I told him he'd have to take his medicine like a man, he'd pipe up, 'You're right, Daddy. I was very, very bad, so you go ahead and spank me.' How can you spank a kid after that? Besides, the little faker knew I'd never laid a hand on either of the children and never would."

Once the governess complained to Gracie that Ronnie had been naughty while company was in the house. Gracie told him he couldn't stay up the next time there would be guests. Shortly after, guests came and she began marching the boy upstairs. On each step, he paused to assure her she was doing the right thing, that he was only getting what he deserved. By the time they reached his bedroom, Gracie was in tears and only too eager to give him a full and humble pardon.

Still on the subject of discipline, Ronnie points out that he benefitted by a theory of George's. "Daddy believes that anything forbidden becomes an added temptation. He learned that from Grandma Birnbaum. (George's real name is Nathan Birnbaum.) She never had anything in her house stronger than sacramental wine, and that only on Jewish holidays. But, when Prohibition came, tipping suddenly

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was transformed into a daring adventure. One night, she amazed Daddy by locking the door, pulling down the shades and producing a bottle from a closet. When I was eight and Sandy nine, we went to camp with a governess. Daddy gave her a bottle of sherry and told her to give us a teaspoonful of the stuff at night if she thought we were coming down with a cold. As a result, we associated alcohol with medicine and never had any real hankering for it. That doesn't mean we don't like a sociable drink. Our bar is always open to us, but we just don't take much advantage of the opportunity.

"The same was true of cigarettes," he grins. "A friend and I hid in a closet to sneak a smoke. The maid thought the place was on fire and called Daddy. He took us both into his den and said, 'Why be sneaky about it? If you'd have asked me, I'd have given you a couple of cigarettes—and lit them for you, too.' Well, smoking's never seemed very important since."

Privacy? That seems to be a dirty word in the Burns family, at least in Ronnie's version. Family conferences are more the order of the day. "You take education—mine. Everybody got in on that one. If we'd had a dog, he'd probably have offered a few well-chosen words, too. One thing they all agreed on: I ought to have an education." George admits he leaned toward the law. Gracie was all for Ronnie becoming an architect. Sandra, "probably seeing herself serving tea at my first one-man show," favored the fine arts.

"But when all had said their say," Ronnie recalls, "Daddy wound up by telling me to do whatever I really liked doing and felt I could do well. He said there was nothing so frustrating as working at a job that bores you. He said, 'A fifty-dollar-a-week clerk who loves his work is happier than a millionaire who hates what he's doing.' Without meaning to, I got flip. I said, 'Dad, in that case there's nothing I love more than spending my time on the sand at the shore.' Quick as a wink, he was back at me with, 'Just the thing, son. There ought to be a fortune in canning sand!'"

Ronnie finally pitched on cinematography as a possible profession. He worked two summers for his father's firm, McCadden Productions, as a filmcutter. He still thinks "it's the soul of the movie art." Even now the fascination of montage, which is the piecing together of film strips to convey special meanings and atmosphere, holds him in the cutting room after hours. Often, while at the studio, he will have his dinner in the cutting room and watch the men put a film together. He has also majored in the subject at the University of Southern California, and, with two-and-a-half years behind him, plans to attend classes until he can get his degree.

His plunge into show business, however, has seriously hampered his studies. In addition to rehearsals for the Burns and Allen show—where he plays himself with notable success, judging by the fan mail—there are guest spots on TV, and also lessons in dramatics with Estelle Harmon, and in dancing with Nico Charisse. This is done on George's advice, to keep him physically fit, as well as prepared for future roles. George often twits him on the show, recently declaring in one of his famous soliloquies, "If Ronnie keeps up his studies, he'll be the most educated office boy in Hollywood."

It was after a warm-up stint at Pasadena Playhouse, where Ronnie had the lead in "Picnic," that the question of his joining the Burns and Allen show came up. His father was quite blunt. "Okay, be an actor if that's the thing in your heart. But you've been around show people long

enough to know it's a tough grind. And let me warn you—the going won't be smoother for you because we're your folks. We won't have it that way. You'll either prove yourself like any other stage-struck kid, or the hook for you, boy!"

Fortunately, Ronnie went over big in his first appearance and has won many plaudits from professionals for his work. This has not gone to his head—his parents took pains to make sure of that. When one columnist panned Ronnie for a poor performance, George went right on having lunch with the critic and even saw to it that Ronnie joined them. "Praise can only encourage you," George told Ronnie, "but criticism from people who know their onions can help you become a better performer."

During the discussions that led to Ronnie going on the show, George and Gracie decided to list Ronnie last on the casting credits. Their view was straight to the point. "When you're at it as long as people like Harry Von Zell, and are as good, your name will stand as high."

It was at this time that Gracie suggested that she act as Ronnie's agent, "so, when George says yes to a raise, the ten percent will remain in the family." Ronnie earns \$200 a week, the minimum scale. Of this, he saves almost one third, and spends the rest on dating, dining out, his hobbies and clothes. The latter is not a costly item—in spite of his early pre-

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dilection for loud plaid checks, he has turned into a quiet, almost conservative dresser. Five suits, three sports jackets, several pairs of shoes. As Gracie puts it, "a barefoot boy in bathing trunks."

"I haven't asked for a raise yet," Ronnie explains, "but, when I do, it will be strictly business. I will honestly feel I've earned it." Meanwhile he lives at home, thereby saving rent and board, and gets along splendidly on his salary and the extras he picks up on guest appearances.

After his first Burns and Allen show, he rushed up to his father and asked, "How was I?" George answered as follows: "The first time I played the Palace with Elsie Janis, my mother was sick. They had to carry her into the theater. After the show, I asked her, 'Momma, how was I?' She gave me a hard look that had a little twinkle around the edges and said, 'Elsie was better.'" Further comment was not required.

Actually, both George and Gracie were delighted with his showing and their belief in his talent has grown with each performance. Nevertheless, they do not spoil him with flattery. Instead, they try to be helpful with hints derived from their long years in show business. "People always remember the big jokes," George told him, "so only repeat the little ones." George also takes him along on Friday nights when he dines at the Friars'. The jokes fly thick and fast among George, Danny Kaye, Jack Benny, Georgie Jessel and other members and Ronnie has learned a great deal about timing from these experts. He is proud and awed at the way his father can trace

every joke, through its many variations, back over the years, to its original source.

Both George and Gracie have devoted hours to perfecting their son's timing, adaptability and ease on stage. "He has natural rhythm," Gracie says, obviously pleased. "Many actors understand how to meet their marks (follow the tape placed on the floor to indicate where they are to stand). But, as soon as another actor makes a mistake and steps out of position, they lose their heads. Ronnie has a knack for following through when the other actor moves, and so is never out of step. I've told him many times, on stage or out in the world, *position is everything*."

This last has become a family joke since Ronnie's appearance on Peter Potter's *Juke Box Jury*. When Gracie saw the panel, she quipped to George. "Didn't I say that boy learns fast? I told him '*position is everything*,' and look at him—right between Cathy Crosby and Danny Thomas's Margie."

But, when the question of girls comes up, Ronnie's long jaw drops and he lets out a groan. "Girls! You never saw such a helpful, enthusiastic family when it comes to my dates. Dicky Zanuck, Bob Wagner and other fellows take out girls, and it's all between them, their dates and their consciences. But me? Just listen. Mother will get in the first lick. 'What's she like?' I'll tell her the girl is my favorite type, the Dresden china type . . . like Janie Powell or Jean Simmons. She will go into a crying act at once. 'Oh, my goodness, our Ronnie is going out with a married woman!' This brings Dad in. 'Why a married woman?' Then with her best dead-pan, she'll answer, 'Didn't you hear him say like Jane Powell or Jean Simmons?'"

"Sandy will now chime in, if she happens to be visiting us. 'Well, I don't think it's right to tease Ronnie about girls—he's frightened enough as it is.' And of course Daddy dear will bring up the rear with, 'Courage, old man. Remember how you flunked Spanish three times and went on bravely to flunk again? Well, it's no different with girls.'

"Oh, my, yes," Ronnie chuckles. "In spite of the anvil chorus, I go out with girls all the time. But there's no one big heart-throb at the moment." His idea of a night on the town is dinner at the Luau or the Matador, then on to hear Josh White, Frank Sinatra, Harry Belafonte or some other favorite entertainer appearing on Sunset Strip, and finally topping off the evening with dancing.

But, all at once, as Ronnie talks about his life with Burns and Allen, the original question that started him off drifts back to his mind. "Wonderful?" he murmurs again, his expression brooding. "Wouldn't that mean I'd had a real glamorous life? I don't think it has been that. I don't think my folks meant it to be. They gave me a normal life, pleasant and healthy—and, while doing it, threw in a few lessons about decency, good humor and affection. But maybe," and here his face lights up as a new understanding comes, "maybe—considering that they are Burns and Allen, headliners—the fact that they did succeed in giving me that kind of normal life is pretty wonderful, after all. They got me when I was too young to know my own good luck. But I've learned since. Daddy calls Mother 'Googie' because he fell in love with her googoo eyes. She calls him 'Nat' because he was using his right name when she got the fifteen-dollar wedding band she still wears. And I call them 'Mother' and 'Daddy,' not only because they are the only mother and father I've ever known, but because—to borrow the title of his book a moment—I love them with all the love that's in me, that's why!"

Cincinnati's Ma Perkins

(Continued from page 24)

city and home of happy memories. Her beloved father, Dr. John Louis Payne, has passed on, but her mother still lives in this house to which they moved when she was about four, a block from the one where Virginia was born. So do Virginia's widowed sister Adele (Mrs. Howard Hollem, now director of Home Service for the Red Cross in Cincinnati), and Virginia's aunt, Mrs. Kathleen Brophy. Her surgeon brother, Dr. John Hilliard Payne, his wife Peggy and two children, Margaret Anne, 9, and John Louis, 7, live in Cincinnati and are on hand for the family gatherings. Rex, the adored collie, barks a "welcome home" to all of them.

The O'Connors, old friends down the street, stop by to say hello to Virginia, and Mrs. George Feltes, now moved away from the old neighborhood, telephones. Irene Ganzel, Alfreda Luth (a singer with whom Virginia did many programs in the old days), Mary Eleanor Whitehead, whom she has known since fifth grade, and a dozen others are on the list of people she would like to see if her time allows.

Tom Robben, now married and associated with a Cincinnati savings and loan company, and Virginia get together to laugh about the time he was chosen, at four, to hand out the presents at a shower given at the Paynes' for one of Virginia's Omega Upsilon sorority sisters. They had dressed him up with bow and arrow, as Dan Cupid, and Virginia had coached him in a brief and graceful little speech. By the time they were ready, a tired little boy came into the room, head drooping sleepily, announcing in a do-or-die voice all that he could remember of the carefully planned presentation: "I'm Dan Cupid, for Virginia."

A close foursome of her college days, at the University of Cincinnati, have remained close, at least in spirit. Charles Rechenbach, now a college professor in Illinois; Roy Marz, a writer now and professor of English; and Mildred Hartsock, her chum at college. "We studied together, the four of us," says Virginia, "we went to parties and movies together, and we had a wonderful time. Roy 'bailed me out' frequently when I was wrestling with homework. I would rehearse with the Mummies until eleven, then call him late at night and he would explain the work to me over the telephone."

Ted Learn, now a Cincinnati bank trust officer, was president of their little neighborhood dramatic club, and he talks about the days when they were growing up together, and his first glimpses of Virginia's acting talent. "There were a bunch of young people in that neighborhood who were interested in dramatics. They were working on a story that this young girl had rewritten into a play, and she was directing it, displaying uncanny talent as a writer and actress. Her father was family doctor for a number of the kids, and we made her house the hangout for the crowd. We had good times reading the play, but Virginia was the only one we admitted had real talent. Everyone looked to her for instruction and guidance, but it wasn't until some time later that I began to appreciate all the talents she had."

Jack Maish, now with the Cincinnati Safety Council but formerly a writer at WLW, remembers how she could handle any kind of part. "We were doing a couple of series on the air, one called *Historical Highlights* and another called *Great Adventures*. Sometimes I would come up two pages or so short, and while the program was on the air I would be batting out



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some additional lines on my typewriter. Ginny could take them and read them with all the proper inflections and meanings the first time over, without a stumble." Virginia has said of Jack that the programs he wrote were so interesting, and he did such tremendous research to make them factual, it was a stimulating experience to work with him—and having to grab extra lines to read at first glance was probably part of the exacting training she felt necessary to a good actress.

Listening to Virginia Payne talk, watching her today, perhaps it is not so difficult to imagine how she became the voice and the interpreter of an older woman like Ma Perkins, conveying her emotions and her wisdom through many scripts, over many years. There is a quiet maturity in her own manner, although there is still that "little-girl" look about her which she had when her blond sleek bob was cut in bangs, over the blue-gray eyes, and she was still playing at being an actress. She is still petite, five-feet-one, with a small, piquant face that is expressive and sensitive.

The only two persons who ever seemed to doubt for one moment that she could be Ma Perkins were Virginia herself, and Virginia's mother. Virginia had to be talked into taking the role, even after she had successfully auditioned for it. "I didn't like the idea a bit at first," Mrs. Payne says. "I just couldn't see my daughter as an older woman." (What mother could? When the daughter was barely out of school, starry-eyed about life, untouched by most of the problems that come with maturity and lengthening years!)

Virginia's physician father may have had some qualms about the whole acting business for a while. In fact, she recalls the time he helped her make out her first income tax return. When they came to the line marked "Occupation," he said rather wryly, "I suppose we shall have to write *Actress*." Later, he used to say that she had once been known as Dr. Payne's daughter, but now he had become Virginia Payne's father!

"He certainly had not, nor did he ever," she says of him. "He was the finest type of family doctor, a general practitioner who was honored before his death by the American Medical Association for fifty years in the practice of medicine. He taught at the medical college, he ministered untiringly to our community, was devoted to the welfare of great numbers of people, and was a trusted adviser on many subjects besides medicine. Sometimes, when Ma Perkins is said to be almost 'too good to be true,' I think immediately of my father and know that the criticism is not valid."

Being born into a family which for generations has produced civic and social minded men and women, scientists and physicians—and being born in a city like Cincinnati—has always seemed a double blessing to Virginia. From her family, she has a legacy of interests which, in her case, have made her a worker for many cultural causes and for various projects for young people. From her city, she has a cultural background she feels is invaluable. "Until I traveled in Europe I had no idea of the unusual advantages we had in Cincinnati, so like many of the cities of Europe. There has always been a truly professional attitude in preparing youngsters for careers in the arts. As a child, I went regularly to symphony concerts planned for children, and Thomas James Kelly of our Cincinnati Conservatory of Music gave talks for us on musical appreciation, pointed out themes, identified instruments. While the music itself was being indelibly impressed upon us, we learned to appreciate the fine musicianship of the orchestra. All our schools were

exacting in their training, and highly professional."

Virginia went through the elementary grades and the four years of high school at Cedar Grove Academy, and no doubt the teachers there knew from the beginning that they had a born actress in their midst. "She had talent sticking out all over her," one of them has said.

Helen Rose, speech teacher at Schuster-Martin School of Drama, spotted that talent the moment Virginia walked into the school. "She was only about twelve or thirteen then, but she brought her talent with her. In her first play, we realized she could act with rare ability and feeling. She had a rich and beautiful voice, although you would never know just how rich and beautiful, hearing her as Ma Perkins."

(Editor's note: Ma Perkins' voice is older, flatter, matter-of-fact, which is exactly the way that lady should sound. Ma Perkins' grammar is also sometimes strictly of her own invention, while Miss Payne's is impeccable, but this, too, is in character for the unschooled, unpretentious but glorious woman she plays.) Understanding this situation fully, Miss Rose says: "It's just part of Virginia's talent that she can disguise her own voice like that."

Her mother, a woman who lives literature and poetry, began to teach Virginia bits of fine poems almost as soon as she began to talk. At five, Esther Brown (who later married the Reverend Hodson Young) became Virginia's dramatic teacher. At six or seven, she was reciting at lodge and club and church affairs. By the time she was a high school student, she was studying at Schuster-Martin, apprenticing two summers with the famous Stuart Walker stock company, continuing her dramatic work while she went to the University of Cincinnati for her B.A. degree, and then her M.A., in English literature, continuing piano and voice at the Cincinnati College of Music.

At Schuster-Martin, one of her dramatic teachers was Mrs. Patia Power—and one of her classmates was the latter's son, Tyrone Power, Jr. "Tyrone was a handsome boy, very like his beautiful, regal-looking mother," Virginia recalls. "I was immensely impressed with them, and with Ty's sister Anne, now Mrs. Hardenburgh and still my very good friend. Even then Tyrone was a very exciting actor, although just a boy, but his mother was as exacting with him as she was with the rest of us. She had been her husband's leading lady before she turned to teaching, and her standards were most professional.

"Mrs. Martin, who has since passed on, was the head of the school. A wonderful woman, marvelously kind to me, a great influence in my life. Her daughter Roberta, now Mrs. Walter Eyer, and her son Bill Martin have schools of their own now, but were part of my happy life at Schuster-Martin."

Roberta Eyer remembers Virginia as "a very brilliant teenager, with a wide appreciation of everything. She not only knew theater but she knew music, could play the piano, and was a most talented person." When the school was asked by Station WLW to put on some dramatic programs, it was natural that Virginia should be chosen, and she and many of her fellow students began to work regularly on WLW, not for payment but for experience. Incidentally, her first paycheck from radio was for being the speaking voice of singer Jane Froman, in the role of a Southern girl, Honey Adams. More than forty actresses had been tested, thirty of them authentic Southerners with accents, before Virginia was chosen—a tribute to her vocal versatility.

Her first radio role (unpaid) was in a Thanksgiving play in which she played an Indian maiden named Little Scarface. They telegraphed all the relatives announcing that event, and its importance was not to be underestimated, since it probably was the turning point for her career. It later led to her being cast as star of the first serial mystery story ever put on the air, *A Step On The Stairs*—a three-station broadcast, over WLW in Cincinnati, KYW in Chicago, and KDKA in Pittsburgh. The cast was not paid, but could take cabs to and from the broadcasts at studio expense, and all of them were sure they had attained Lunt-Fontanne stature by this gesture.

A Step On The Stairs was directed by Helen Rose, and Virginia says, "I thought then, as I do now, that she was an amazing person, with great ingenuity and invention, who could function in any capacity. She would cast and direct plays, work out all the sound effects (we actors then did them for ourselves), and she could handle anything and everything. Working with her was wonderful training for me."

They did a series of opera stories in which Virginia played all the heroines—"I died a different way every Sunday." Virginia was active in many parts, in many different plays and series. Some years later, when Virginia went back to the Cincinnati College of Music to participate in a symposium on radio, she and Fred Smith, manager of WLW, had great fun recalling the many types of programs they put on during those days, and the daring way in which they attacked every new situation.

In August of 1933, when Virginia heard that auditions would be held for a proposed daytime serial, *Ma Perkins*, she called Harry Holcombe, now well known as an actor on radio, television and stage, but then directing at WLW. He said, sure, she could come and read for the part, along with the others. She was number five, and was asked to wait while they went on auditioning all afternoon. Finally three were waiting, then only two. Then Virginia was chosen—and so was Charles Engelston, who is still the Shuffle of *Ma Perkins*. Murray Forbes, who is Willie, Ma's son-in-law, joined the cast a few months later when the show went to the network in Chicago.

The producers had a tough time talking her into the part, even after the successful audition, largely because she began to doubt her capacity to portray a woman like Ma Perkins. "We thought it would be a thirteen-week series, and had I known that we would move to Chicago and the full network—and, after about thirteen years, to New York—I really would have been overwhelmed. I had no idea I was beginning a whole career."

"Charles Schenck was our first network director, and he helped me greatly. At first, I felt that I was making Ma Perkins sound a little harsh, and I kept reminding myself that listeners could not see the twinkle in her eye and the little smile playing around her lips even when she seemed to be a bit gruff, but quickly her voice began to match her genuine kindness and her tender heart."

The tremendous mail response to the initial weeks of the broadcasts was largely responsible for the decision to take the program to Chicago and continue it. People fell in love with *Ma Perkins* at first hearing. They felt the show was about real people they could know and appreciate. So Virginia left home, set up her own apartment in the big city, made new friends to add to the old ones, went on with her study of voice at the Chicago Conservatory of Music, and became an independent person. It was in Chicago, too,

that she became president of the local AFRA (American Federation of Radio Artists), which later led to being active in AFTRA, the organization which succeeded it to include television.

One day, in Cincinnati, before the great move, a woman was waiting to see her after the broadcast. "My name is Marian Jordan," she said. "I have been in vaudeville and radio all my life, and I wanted to tell you that, in your Ma Perkins characterization, you have a fortune in your pocket. Don't ever let anyone change anything about her." Virginia didn't know she was talking to the famous Molly of *Fibber McGee And Molly*, only that she liked the woman very much, and that those were wonderful words of encouragement which meant a great deal to her.

It was in Chicago that she broke her ankle one evening, had it set in a hospital before midnight, and hobbled into the broadcast on crutches the next day. She holds a record for not having missed a broadcast, in more than six thousand consecutive times.

In New York for the past ten years, she had surrounded herself with the things she has picked up in travels to many countries, and with beautiful antique furniture she ferrets out wherever she goes. Her apartment is an entire floor in an old New York mansion on the upper East Side. Off the small kitchen, at the back, is a terrace planted with roses in season, and other flowers and shrubs. At the five-room vacation cottage she has been building at Ogunquit, Maine, there is a bigger garden, where she is learning to "winter" the plantings and is waiting with excitement to see how well she has done. Two roses have been named for her—the "Virginia Payne" of the American Rose Growers Association, and the "Ma Perkins" of the Jackson & Perkins rose growers.

Addie, who has kept house for Miss Payne for ten years, is referred to as "a treasure." Addie was a Ma Perkins fan before she ever met Virginia and had always hoped to meet this woman she listened to every day and admired so much. "The whole cast has been at the house many times, and I don't wish to meet nicer people," Addie says. "They are like a real family that has stayed together for a long time. I say that, if everyone were like Ma Perkins and Miss Payne, there would be no more trouble in this world."

When Station WLW, Cincinnati, celebrated its thirtieth anniversary, Charles Egelston and Virginia returned for the occasion and re-did the very first broadcast of the *Ma Perkins* series, some 6,000 scripts ago! So touched was Virginia by the memories that crowded her heart, she had difficulty keeping Ma Perkins' voice to its usual calm level. When she spoke as Virginia Payne, home-town girl who had won fame as an actress, she let her feelings come through and her audience felt them, too. Among them were those who knew her as the only actress in a family filled with scientists and doctors—and they may have remembered something Mrs. Payne said when a reporter asked how these scientific men felt about the budding actress of those days. "Frankly," Virginia's mother had told the reporter, "they were quite bored!"

No one, however, could have been anything but thrilled by this girl who had taken on her first radio assignment at fifteen and, since then, had played many diversified parts, on radio and on the stage, with skill and imagination. No one could have been anything but thrilled by a girl who, in her early twenties, had taken on the difficult role of an elderly woman—and had made that personality a rich contribution to the radio listening of countless millions.

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He's Funny That Way

(Continued from page 38)

general store. And Mrs. Goebel was always a housewife. Oh, she played the piano some, and even had a few pupils. And I must say she's got quite a voice, especially when she's scolding. But neither of us ever thought of show business. I was an orphan, and Mrs. Goebel's father was a tug-boat captain on the Chicago river, Capt. MacDonald. So you can see George didn't inherit any of this theatrical stuff.

And I've read a lot of this high-falutin' psychology stuff, where someone says George is such a good comedian because, as a little man, he has always had to attract attention by what he did instead of by what he was physically. Now, this is all nonsense, because George has been funny since he was four years old. And then he was just the same size as every other four-year-old in the neighborhood.

No, it's just like I've always said. George was just born funny—and he was born in a funny neighborhood, to boot. When he was born, we lived in a flat over the store, at the corner of Waveland and Francisco. We just left that flat last fall, when we moved to California.

That was in Irving Park, one of the neighborhoods on the northwest side of Chicago. I guess you'd call it a "mixed" neighborhood. There were lots of Polish people living there, and Jewish and Irish and Swedish, and lots of Germans like us Goebels. They'd all come into the store, and sit around the stove on winter afternoons, or out in front on benches in the summertime. And, of course, every one of 'em would have stories to tell.

George used to sit around, quiet like, and listen. Just listen. And he must have soaked it all in. Because every once in a while, since he got to doing this comedy stuff, he's come out with one of those stories, in the same dialect I used to hear Chris Petersen, or Sol Kaplan, or Pat McGinnis, tell them in, back in Irving Park.

Except for being such a clown, I don't imagine George was much different from any other boy his age. He'd spend his summers "exploring" the woods near the store—there was quite a bit of open country out that way in that day. Winters, he went to Cleveland School, near by. One of his teachers there was Miss Frey. She's been out to visit him in California twice in the last couple of years—so I guess he couldn't have made too bad an impression at school.

He spent all his spare time at the Neighborhood Boys Club, over in Paul Revere Park on Irving Park Boulevard. The club was started by Robert Buehler—I think he was co-owner of the Victor Adding Machine Company. In fine weather, the boys would play baseball. George played shortstop, if I remember rightly. He was a "switch" batter, although he was a "southpaw" catcher. And, right at that time, he wanted to grow up to be a big-league player. The kids went on hiking trips, too, and did handicrafts at the clubhouse on rainy days.

George used to like to ride his bike around the edges of the clay pits over at the brickyard not far from our place. Till we heard about it, that is, and put a stop to it. He'd try to see just how close to the edge he could ride without falling in—good thing he never got too close. Not long ago, he was flying back from Chicago, and his plane went over the Grand Canyon. He says to me, "Pop, that looked just like those clay pits used to look to me back in Irving Park. I swear they were every bit as deep!"

When people want to know how George got started on his career, about the best

answer I can give is "when he started to Sunday school at St. Stephen's Episcopal church." A neighbor of ours, name of Mr. Thompson, took George off to St. Stephen's with her one Sunday. He liked it, kept on going there, and pretty soon they asked him to join their children's choir. The Rev. St. John Tucker was the pastor then; still is, so far as I know. He's real fond of young people, and this choir was a fine group. George really enjoyed it. Oh, yes—they called St. Stephen's "The Little Church at the End of the Road." It has quite a story all its own.

I guess he must have been about ten years old when the choir went down to the radio station, WLS, to sing one day. They called WLS "The Prairie Farmer station"—they used local talent exclusively, and had a lot of hillbilly, barn-dance type shows. The folks at the station liked George, and before we knew what was happening, almost, he was signed as a staff member of WLS. And him only ten years old!

Because he was still going to school, he could work only certain hours, so for a while he was mostly on a Saturday morning show. Later on, after "Little Georgie Goebel" got to be better known, they gave him an early-morning show all his own. It had to be real early, so he'd be through and back in Irving Park in time for school. He'd leave the house every morning at six o'clock, all by himself except for our big collie dog, Prince. The dog would walk with him to the Kedzie Avenue streetcar, and when the dog got back home we'd know George was on the streetcar and on his way to work. He had to make a transfer from the Kedzie car to go east to the WLS studios on Washington Boulevard, but he was always such a self-sufficient kid, we never even thought about fretting over his going all that way alone.

Lots of people get all worked up about only children being spoiled, but I don't think George was spoiled, even if he never did have any brothers or sisters. Because I'd been an orphan, I made sure George had the love and security only parents can give.

Oh, the Uhlick Orphans' Home where I'd been brought up wasn't like a lot of orphans' homes of that day, I will say. It was located then at Burling and Center Streets. They renamed Center Street later, called it Armitage Avenue. There was love and plenty of good care, but it wasn't the same as if we'd each had our own folks.

When I was about fourteen, I went out to a farm at Eustis, Nebraska, to live. That's near Lincoln. I worked there about a year, and then came back to Chicago. I got a job learning the window-trimming trade when I was fifteen. Worked for the old A. M. Rothschild store, at Jackson and State. I guess I must have lived pretty simply—anyway, I had enough saved up in five years to open the store out at Waveland and Francisco.

One of my customers was Lillian MacDonald. I'd deliver her groceries, and get in a little courting at the same time. Before long, we were married. When I want to tease her, I tell her I married her because I couldn't afford to hire a clerk I needed then for the store.

After I got that store, one of the things I was able to do was to pay back a little on the debt I felt I had to the Uhlick home. Not just money—but affection. I'll bet there were a hundred kids from that home who used to call on me regularly. Not all at the same time, you understand, but in little groups of five or ten. I'd

treat them like they were my own.

I've always loved kids. Even now, though we've been here with George only a few weeks while our house is getting remodeled, I know all the kids in the neighborhood. I tease them about being "ugly," so they've nicknamed me "Handsome Herb."

No, I don't think we ever spoiled George. Love and trust and security don't spoil a kid. We just expected him to behave himself, and he did. It was that simple. We never gave him an allowance. But, if he needed money, he always knew he could help himself to some from the cash register. Same thing with the stock.

He worked some around the place, sort of as a stock boy in the store. But I don't remember he ever was any keener for work than any other boy his age. Did it if he was asked—but was pretty careful about volunteering.

Just before WLS signed him, he appeared in some Saturday-morning kid shows at the Commodore Theater, there in Irving Park. He got a big thrill out of this, as I recall. You see he'd been going to those shows for several years, paying ten cents to get in. Now, as one of the entertainers, he got in free. He liked that.

He'd been singing around at weddings for a couple of years, too. I guess the first song he ever sang "professionally" was "Oh Promise Me." He'd sing at Polish weddings, Jewish, German or Irish weddings. I don't imagine he ever got more than a dollar or two, if he was paid at all. But it was good training, standing up in front of an audience.

Then for a while he worked on Radio Station WMAQ. He did kid parts in the old Tom Mix radio show on the NBC network. He was the one who'd always pipe up, "I'll hold your horse, Tom," or "They went thataway, Tom."

After he got started on WLS, he'd make the rounds of the county fairs, there in northern and central Illinois, whenever they were held on weekends so he didn't have to miss school. He'd learned a lot of cowboy and hillbilly songs by this time, things like "Beneath the Lonely Mound of Clay" and "Billy Richards' Last Ride." Gene Autry and Red Foley were with WLS then, and they taught him a lot of songs. So did the other folks at the station. I remember how they used to trade song books around like kids trade comic books nowadays.

It's funny, but most of George's close friends in California nowadays are those same people who used to be on WLS when he was. Autry and Foley both live out in the Valley, same as he does. And there's Pat Buttram, Curt Massey, Rex Allen, and the fellows who called themselves the "Hoosier Hot Shots." They're all out here now.

It was while George was with WLS that he made his first phonograph record. It was under the Sears, Roebuck label, and he was "Little Georgie Goebel" on it. It had a guitar accompaniment played by Gene Autry, except Gene didn't get any mention on the label. The record was one of those real thick ones they used to make. I hear it's what they call a "collector's item" nowadays—people pay fancy prices for it whenever they find a copy. I can't imagine why.

One of the big thrills for George about that time was appearing on the Christmas kiddies' show at the State-Lake Theater down in the Loop. This was about like playing the Palace Theater in New York, I guess. For this one show, the regular vaudeville bill was filled out with kids from Chicago. I recall Mrs. Goebel went

downtown with him on the streetcar that morning. We had a car then, but Mrs. Goebel didn't drive, and Saturday morning was too busy at the store for me to take time off for that kind of nonsense.

A few years later, when he was sixteen, George bought his first car. A new Hudson sedan, it was, and was he ever proud of it! He didn't drive it himself, for several years—one of the fellows from WLS would come out and drive it whenever George had a county-fair date or something to play. But he sure loved that car!

Things went pretty fast for George the next couple of years. He was working a lot, and going to school, too, of course. He went on to Roosevelt High School, after he finished at Cleveland Grammar school. About the only brush with theatricals he had at Roosevelt was playing Ralph Rackstraw, the tenor lead in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H.M.S. Pinafore." He wasn't any great shakes as a scholar, but he got average grades, and I've always figured that that was pretty good, considering how much time he spent working outside school.

It was while he was going to Cleveland Grammar School that he met Alice. Her father, Anthony Humecke, worked in the Chicago post office. I guess George liked Alice right off, but it was several years before she'd pay him any attention. Because she sat at the end of the same row George was in, Alice was the one who always picked up the homework every day. George remembers trying to attract her attention mainly by trying to trip her. This must have been the wrong approach; she says now she used to think he was an awful show-off.

I guess it got so this didn't matter so much to her after they started going to Roosevelt High School. They started dating, and it wasn't too long after they were out of school before they were married. They moved some, around to different apartments, like a lot of young couples. But they always stayed in Irving Park, and not far from us. Later on they bought a little house, out on Peoria Street—but that wasn't till after the war.

George bought a plane. He kept the plane out at Sky Harbor airport, and learned to fly it. He used to fly around and around and around, over the store, so that we'd know it was him in the plane. We'd all go outside, and Mrs. Goebel would wave a tea towel, and we'd all get a thrill out of knowing it was our boy up there flying that plane. He says he used to be able to find our place, from up there, by first sighting the big chimney on the Edison Power plant at Addison and California Streets, near by.

Then George enlisted in the Air Force, and they sent him down to Frederick, Oklahoma, where he helped train B-26 pilots. He was down there when little Gregg was born, back in 1945. I remember that, when George came home to see Alice in the hospital after that first child was born, he couldn't afford to take the limousine or a taxi to the Loop. So he took the streetcar, had to transfer four times, and the trip from the airport to the hospital took him longer than the plane flight had from Oklahoma to Chicago!

It was while he was in service that he turned into a comedian. He'd just been a singer and guitar player up to then. But he used to entertain at the officers' club, playing his guitar and singing. To sort of string things out—they were short on entertainers—he got started telling stories. Just funny stories he'd heard at one time or another. He was pretty uncertain, though, about the way his audience would take these. And he'd sort of hesitate, hunting for the right word to make a story really go over. All of a

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sudden he realized that this hesitating was what was getting the laughs. So he worked on it a while, and that was the way he developed the style he's famous for nowadays. The one where he says, "Well, maybe not . . ." You know the way he does it.

After he got out of the service, most of the pilots were hunting jobs with the airlines. But with George it was different. He sort of thought he'd like to get back into show business. And he figured maybe this new comedy stuff he'd built up in the service might go over. None of the agents he called on in Chicago felt that way, though. Not until he got to the David P. O'Malley office. Dave booked talent for what they called industrial dates—big conventions, sales meetings, that kind of thing.

George struck Dave as being pretty funny, with that frozen-face delivery of his. So Dave took a chance, and booked George for a big U.S.O. show there in Chicago. This was an easy audience for George—after all, he'd been playing to soldiers for several years, and he knew what they thought was funny. Then Dave sent him off to a convention show in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and though it was a different type audience, George still made a hit.

After that, Dave kept George pretty busy with bookings. Sometimes he'd play two or three dates in a single evening. He'd do his act for the Funeral Directors' association at the Stevens Hotel at 8 o'clock, for instance, and then he'd dash across the Loop to the Sherman Hotel, where he'd go on at ten o'clock before the Plumbing Contractors' association. He was a pretty busy boy.

Building up from those industrial dates, Dave booked George into some of the night clubs and hotel dining rooms across the country. He almost became a fixture at Helsing's Vodvil Lounge, up on Montrose Avenue and Sheridan Road in Chicago. Bill and Frank Helsing owned the restaurant then. I understand it was sold last fall, and is now called the Flamingo. Sam Honigberg was doing publicity for Helsing's then; that's where George met him. They got to be real good friends, and when George moved out to California a couple of years ago, Sam and his family moved out, too. Of course, Dave O'Malley did too—he and George formed Gomalco, the company that handles all George's business. Sam still handles George's publicity.

But I'm getting a little ahead of my story. There in Chicago, George played at the Walnut Room of the Bismarck Hotel, too. And Dave got him bookings at the Waldorf-Astoria and the Hotel Pierre in New York, the Raddison in Minneapolis, and the Chase Hotel in St. Louis. I never saw any of these places, but from what I hear tell, they're pretty fancy. Then he came back to Chicago, and played the Marine Dining Room at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and at the Empire Room of the Palmer House, like I mentioned before.

It was about along in here he started showing up on television now and then. He was a guest on the *Garry Moore Show*, and Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town*, and on *Who Said That?* and *This Is Show Business*, all in 1952. The next year, he was on seven weeks in NBC's summer show, *The Saturday Night Revue*. That's the one that had Hoagy Carmichael as master of ceremonies, and I guess that's the one that did it. Anyway, in the fall of 1954, NBC started George on his own weekly show.

A couple of weeks after his show started, he did a spot on the special "Diamond Jubilee of Light," produced by David O. Selznick and shown on all three

networks. George got up there and made like he was explaining the electronic brain—only, of course, neither he nor his audience could make head or tails of it. In the original plans for that show, George's act was scheduled for six minutes. But at rehearsals he started horsing around, ad-libbing and stuff, and what do you know but Selznick told him to keep a lot of that foolishness in. So when the show was broadcast, George was on that screen for twelve minutes! And that's a long time.

Next day, a lot of the critics were raving about him, calling him a "new Robert Benchley." I don't know much about this Benchley fellow—it was just the same old George Goebel so far as I was concerned.

Oh, yes—about that name. When George was born, it was George Goebel. He used it that way all the time he was at WLS, and through the Army. But when he became a standard act, he found out that a lot of people weren't sure how to pronounce it. So he just dropped out that "e," so's they'd make sure to pronounce it right. I didn't mind him changing it. Like he said, "After all, Pop, I'm no Gable, and that's the way lots of people are pronouncing it with that 'e' in it." I still keep that extra "e" in Goebel. After all, it's not me that's famous, and everybody I know pronounces it right.

I think maybe the biggest thrill George has had since he got famous was when he went back to Chicago about a year ago for "George Gobel Day." Dick Valentine, the director of the Neighborhood Boys Club, brought a bus-load of kids from the club out to the airport to meet George. They even brought along his old baseball uniform—number 138, it was. And darned if he wasn't able to squeeze into it! Wore it on the trip back into town.

Then he went back to WLS, and everybody he ever knew came to talk to him, and congratulate him on becoming such a success, and all that. He'd just finished his first movie, "The Birds and the Bees," and I suppose the trip might have been considered a publicity tour for that picture. But, so far as George and the rest of us were concerned, it was Old Home Week for sure.

He did another movie last summer—"I Married a Woman" they called it. In the first one, he played opposite Mitzi Gaynor. In this second one, it was Diana Dors and Nita Talbot. And he has the nerve to claim he "works"!

When George went on TV with his show regular, he moved out to California. Alice's mother came out with them—Mr. Humecke passed away several years earlier. George and Alice kept writing back about how wonderful the climate was, and all, and I guess Mrs. Goebel and I got the bug ourselves. I'd sold out the business about ten years ago, but Mrs. Goebel and I had stayed on in the flat above the store.

There wasn't anything really keeping us back there, and those Chicago winters and summers can be pretty fierce. Besides, we got sort of lonesome for our three grandchildren. So we decided to sell the building, and come out here to live. I miss my friends pretty much, but I must say George was right about the climate.

Like I said to begin with, I figure George is a pretty lucky boy. He's doing pretty much just the same thing he did back there for free in the Army, but look what he's getting paid now! They tell me his house isn't "fancy," like lots of television and movie stars have. But it looks pretty good to me. After all, we never had any swimming pool in the back yard at the place in Irving Park!

Happiness Plus

(Continued from page 43)

they spoke their vows together. But they knew their married life was going to be even more wonderful, when they could hold their first-born in their arms. They wanted nothing to mar that moment. For Debbie, her pregnancy was a happy time, unmarred by illness or fear. The delivery itself proved to be comparatively easy, when the time came. But the time came at Carrie's choosing—not Debbie's and Eddie's.

Debbie and Eddie were weekending in Palm Springs when they knew that the time was at hand. Fortunately, their obstetrician, Dr. Charles C. Levy, was in the desert resort town with them. Eddie had been foresighted enough to insist that they not leave town without him.

A little after midnight, on October 21, the excited parents-to-be climbed into Dr. Levy's car and, with the doctor at the wheel, made their way to St. Joseph's, one hundred and fifty miles away. Eddie held Debbie's hand, and she managed frequent happy smiles to encourage him. Early reports said they "raced," which wasn't true. Debbie was comfortable and there was plenty of time, so they drove at safe, normal speeds all the way. They made excellent time, however, since the Los Angeles to Palm Springs highway is not jammed with traffic at that time of night. It was just four A.M.—on Carrie's birthday—when they arrived in Burbank.

Eddie stayed with his wife almost until the deadline, and the awed excitement and tremendous surge of love they shared in those two hours of closeness is something neither of them will ever forget.

By the time Debbie was rolled into the delivery room—some friends and family had gathered in the hospital waiting room. Debbie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Francis Reynolds. (Eddie's father and mother were both in the East, and he called them as soon as he could speak coherently after Carrie made her debut.) Monte Proser, producer of the *Coke Time* shows. Eddie's press secretary, Gloria Luckenbill, and her husband Phil. Eddie's boyhood friends, Bernie Rich and Joey Foreman—now actors in Hollywood.

Eddie spoke with his pals, smiled in response to their murmured encouragement, but he didn't really hear much of what was said. His thoughts were with Debbie, and their child. When Dr. Levy appeared in the waiting room in his surgical gown, Eddie leaped up, his face going white. "Not yet," the surgeon told him, "but it's getting close to the time." He told Eddie that now he could go up and wait outside the delivery room on the fifth floor.

Eddie heard his daughter's first cry at exactly 12:40 P.M. Five minutes later, he was holding a tiny, blanket—and noisy—bundle in his arms. With something akin to awe, his eyes filling, he looked into the little face. After a moment, the baby quieted and opened her eyes. *How little she is*, he thought, *how sweet*. What was eating those guys, anyway, the ones who said that all new babies looked like wrinkled old men? Not *his* baby, not Debbie's. She was . . . she was beautiful.

The white-masked nurse held out her arms for the child, and headed for the nursery. As they disappeared behind a heavy sound-proof door, Carrie was again kicking and crying lustily.

Dazed from the impact of his first few moments of fatherhood, Eddie didn't hear the rubber-tired approach of the hospital cart until it was almost upon him. "Hi," a small, weary but exultant voice said, and he wheeled to see his wife. Debbie

was pale from her ordeal but smiling. Their embrace was wordless. Their emotions were too strong—just then—for words.

Their days in the hospital were a blur of almost miraculous happiness for Debbie. She had a brief glimpse of Carrie before the baby was carried from the delivery room, enough to know that she was "perfect"—and perfectly beautiful. Debbie was absolutely triumphant late in the afternoon of Carrie's first day, when mother and child met for a longer time and Debbie discovered that she was going to be able to nurse her child.

Eddie had his triumphs, too, as he brought Debbie's family and all their closest friends, one or two at a time, to visit the hospital, and admire the miraculous new creature behind the glass wall of the nursery. Bringing Debbie and Carrie home was even better. After Carrie had cozied up in her ruffled bassinette and popped off to sleep as though she already knew that everything *here* was going to be all right, Eddie sat by Debbie's bed in the big master bedroom and they talked quietly and with full hearts of the new dimension in their lives.

They would not plan for her, just yet, they decided. No important decisions would be made about her future until Carrie herself was big enough to have a voice in her own affairs. They would just see to it that she had a happy, healthy start.

And, ultimately, a brother, a sister. They had always said they wanted a big family. Now they would have to—for Carrie's sake. It would not be fair to bring her up as an only child. As it turned out, Debbie continued wearing her pretty maternity clothes for so long after Carrie's birth, she started premature rumors that she was already pregnant again!

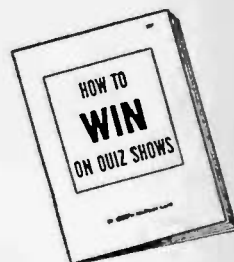
Debbie has always been a budget-wise bride. Eddie, not too long out of bachelorhood, is still inclined to spend with an open hand. But Debbie wisely says nothing as Eddie continues to bring new gifts home for their first baby. Friends and fans have presented Carrie with everything from a real diamond ring to a "mink toothbrush." Eddie's own specialty has proved to be toys—including a stuffed elephant so big it will be years before Carrie can cuddle up to it.

The stream of gifts will eventually taper off to a more sensible trickle. Eddie and Debbie are fully aware that, under the circumstances, their baby could easily be spoiled. They plan to watch this carefully, to bring up a sweet, sunny-natured little girl. But loving isn't spoiling, and Carrie will always have more than enough of that to fill her heart. Smiling up at them, she seems to know this now, perhaps even sensing instinctively that her happy security is all part of the great love her parents shared before she was born.

Someday, she'll know the story of Eddie Fisher's and Debbie Reynolds' romance, as the whole world shared it. Someday, perhaps, when she's beginning to dream of romance for herself, in the misty future. Already, Carrie has a date for some 'steen years from now. The day before she was born, Bernie and Margie Rich had their own first child—a boy. Next day, when Carrie herself was born, she received a telegram signed by the very new Michael Lewis Rich. It read: "Please save the first dance for me."

But Michael will just have to take his turn with all the others who loved Carrie even before they saw her. Right now, she belongs to Debbie and Eddie. And they belong to Carrie. Together they are a family. And that's happiness *plus*.

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Twelve Answers For Teens

(Continued from page 27)

I thought of what I was doing to myself. I threw away my flats and began to wear heels and walk straight."

Today, Eloise has every opportunity to help others to good posture and grooming, for she has had a chance to know intimately the problems of women all over the world, through her work with Slenderella. Obviously, she is well-equipped to discuss teen-age problems of personality and appearance, since during the war she held an important job as personnel officer with the Waves, handling the problems of many young women.

In answer to a series of questions, Eloise English summarizes below some of the teens' biggest problems.

Question: Eloise, will you analyze the figure faults of the average teen-age girl?

Answer: The worst fault is bad posture. There is the F-shaped girl and the L-shaped girl—the L in reverse. There is the girl who leans herself out of shape carrying books on her hips. The most frequent weight problem seems to run to thick hips and thighs. Of course, when girls are excessively overweight, the fat may bunch on waist, bust and arms, as well as hips. But teenagers should be happy to know that, when they do slenderize, they lose inches much faster than weight. And they lose inches and weight much faster than adults.

Question: Are there food problems peculiar to teenagers?

Answer: Definitely yes. Snacking is one bad habit. I mean nibbling while studying or watching TV. Running to the icebox for a quick sandwich. To fight the nibbling habit, I recommend self-control. And, if you must nibble, try low-calorie snacks—celery, carrots, radishes, watercress. They fill the stomach without adding much to calorie intake.

Another problem for the teen is the fact that most school lunchrooms tend to serve foods which are fattening. The poor dieter is confronted by sandwiches with fillings, meat loaf with rich gravy and potatoes, creamed chipped beef, chicken a la king. For the dieter, it may be wiser to settle for a sandwich with lean meat and lettuce and mustard, or hardboiled eggs and lettuce. She may even have to bring her own lunch from home. But the trouble is well repaid by lost poundage.

Probably the worst teen-age eating habit is gang-eating. When you're out with the crowd and everyone else orders malteds and hamburgers, it's hard to stick with a diet. But try to limit yourself to the low-calorie type of plain soda or black coffee. You'll still be with the gang, and they'll understand your wish to reduce.

Question: What can a mother do to help her daughter achieve a slim figure?

Answer: It's best when mother and daughter work as a team. And, when mother takes care of her figure, daughter usually follows suit. In the same way, if the mother is intelligent about foods served at home, she can encourage good eating habits in her daughter. But there are exceptions. Some mothers still contend that teen-age girls actually need excess weight for energy. This is scientifically untrue. Other mothers reflect a naive view, when they say, "My daughter has 'baby fat.' It will go away in a few years." Unfortunately, teen-age fat can become adult fat. The adolescent weight cannot be counted on to disappear magically at twenty.

Teen-age overeating may also be compulsive—an unconscious rebellion against feelings of insufficiency, or against a family conflict. For example, perhaps, a teenager has a nagging mother. In resentment of what she feels is unfair treatment, the

girl may turn to the pleasure of eating. Thus she compensates for the disagreeable feelings, given her by her mother, that she is always wrong in the things she does. This attitude is typified by the remark one teenager made to me: "My mother thinks I'm eating all the time, so I might as well."

I have found that teenagers, like adults, respond to positive treatment. An ounce of flattery is worth a pound of nagging. And mothers can help their teen-age daughters immeasurably by the simple remark, "You look lovely today, dear. That dress is so becoming."

Of course, when only the teenager in the family is dieting, she must develop strength of mind about maintaining her diet. Few families are in position to prepare two completely separate menus. I know one girl, struggling with a diet, who struggled mightily whenever her mother baked pumpkin pie—and lost. She ended up eating two large pieces. But should her mother have stopped baking for the family because her daughter had no will power? I don't think so.

Question: If a teenager doesn't get help from her mother about dieting and other problems, what should she do?

Answer: Being a teenager is difficult. They are simply nice people in the difficult spot of being neither children nor adults. A teenager seldom knows when she will be applauded for making her own de-

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cisions and when she will be chastized for doing so. Her father and mother may not even agree between themselves about just how "grown up" their daughter is. There is also more tension during teen years between mother and daughter than at any other time. Many girls, when they want help or an answer to an intimate problem, are inclined to call on an older sister or an aunt. And, when a complete outsider is the adviser, it often means one less point of tension in the home.

Question: Exactly what is "compulsive" eating?

Answer: Emotional or "compulsive" eating is like a disease. It is, in a way, similar to alcoholism. People get comfort from food, just as they do from alcohol. Obviously, if overeating stems from an emotional problem, the problem must be solved before the overeating can be stopped. That means starting off with a trip to the family doctor. Some teenagers, or adults, may excuse compulsive eating habits by telling themselves that heavy eating runs in the family. This is not so. It is a serious personal problem and needs to be dealt with medically.

Question: Which is more important—proper exercise or proper eating?

Answer: Obviously, both are equally important, particularly for teenagers. The teens are supposed to be very active. Many people assume that they get plenty of exercise. On the contrary, most teens live a rather sedentary life and they need exercise for health, posture, figure. Posture

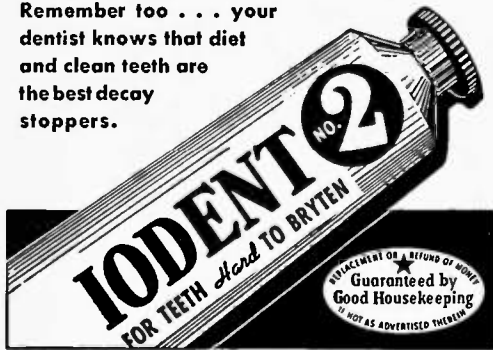
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can be improved by standing erect against a wall or by walking fifteen or twenty minutes a day with a book balanced on the head. There are good leg exercises to slim down hips and thighs as well as the waist. An exercise program plus diet requires discipline, but will result in a good figure and good posture.

Question: This has been called the age of the "sweater girl." Anyway, a lot of girls worry about the size of their bust-line—is there any way to bring it up to normal or down to normal?

Answer: No one can say a 34-inch bust, for example, is normal or subnormal or abnormal. The size of the bosom depends on a girl's build, her height and bone structure. The bust should, ideally, be in proportion with waist and hips. The current accent on big bosoms has become a fetish.

The teen-aged girl who is hippy, thick-waisted and too busty can do something about it with diet and exercise. As she slenderizes, her bust should resolve into more natural lines. Posture has a lot to do with the bust-line. If a girl stands round-shouldered, the supporting tissue and muscle break down, with the resultant effect of a pendulous, sagging bosom. The answer here is obviously exercise and good posture. For the gal with the under-sized bust, exercise can add inches to the chest, but will not develop the size of the bust. Some girls try swimming for this purpose, but at the risk of making their arms muscular. Posture, of course, is just as important for the small-bosomed woman, as for the large-bosomed. In any case, a girl should strive for the slender, proportioned figure. To get into a sheath dress, you must have the figure for it.

Question: As a fashion authority, have you any advice for the teenager on clothes?

Answer: The teenager is inclined to think that, the more expensive clothes are, the more elaborate they have to be. Actually, the reverse is true—for good, tailored, simple clothes can also be expensive. But, regardless of price, the important thing is to wear what is right for the individual, regardless of fashion and fad. General rules exist for those of us who are too tall or too short. We can't wear bows and bangles. We must wear simple, tailored clothes. Of course, I am too tall to wear vertical stripes. They only accentuate my height. But I can wear big hunks of jewelry and wide-brimmed hats, while a short woman can wear neither. Her jewelry should be delicate and a hat should never cover her face, or she'll look like a mushroom.

A small girl should dress in one color, rather than in a contrasting skirt and jacket. The two masses of color give the effect of cutting her height—which she can't afford. A tall girl may mix colors, but, if her blouse is lighter than the skirt, she looks as if she's in flight. The girl in between, neither too tall nor too short, can wear more types of clothes.

Colors are important, too. Olive-skinned girls, for example, should never wear black or brown. It makes the skin look sallow. They should favor pastels and high colors. A fair-skinned girl can, however, wear almost any color.

Of course, grooming makes or mars the entire picture. There is no substitute for neatness. Clothes should be brushed and hung up after each wearing. If a hem droops, odds are that the dress wasn't hung away properly.

Question: Are there any tricks for complexion?

Answer: For a teenager, cleanliness is the important thing. Face should be cleansed thoroughly at least twice a day—three times, if possible. The right food and lots of drinking water, along with exercise, are helpful for a good complexion. And keep

your hair shining and clean. Straight hair can be just as attractive as curled, if it has enough body. I see many girls wearing hair attractively straight or turned under. If your hair is thick, then it must be thinned out regularly so that your head doesn't look untidy. And your hair-do should be chosen for what it does for you, not because it is fashionable. Incidentally, one glaring fault of teenagers is their choice of nail polish. Too often they choose garish colors rather than subdued pale tones.

Question: You have proposed universal military training for girls. Why?

Answer: I began thinking along this line during my service in the Navy. It occurred to me that military training would be just as helpful for girls as for boys. Such training develops self-respect, self-discipline and self-reliance. It teaches good grooming and good posture. Military service would get girls in shape mentally and physically, plus giving them a chance to think about their careers. Often, girls go off to college with no idea of what they want to do in life. Incidentally, in line with my thinking, one college has instituted R.O.T.C. for women.

Question: Isn't UMT for women an unusual approach?

Answer: Perhaps—but I have very strong opinions about education for women. For one thing, I don't believe in a straight business course for a girl. If she plans to start a career in secretarial work, then she should take typing and shorthand in addition to an academic course. Women, and teenagers in particular, should stop thinking of themselves as the serving class in business. The typewriter and filing cabinet shouldn't be the limit of a girl's ambition. She can and should strive toward the same executive jobs as men. For these jobs, she needs a larger horizon, the kind of attitude she will get in an academic course. Languages, literature and science open the mind to the world. They contribute to personality in a lasting sense. It's not enough to be pretty and efficient.

But a teenager may ask, "Who needs French and science to have babies?" Well, the modern housewife doesn't stay at home. She is active in the community—in drives for charity, in PTA meetings, amateur dramatics, church groups—where she is expected to show signs of learning. And a teenager is not too young to prepare for the mature world. One way to do this is to develop a curious mind. The knack of thinking outside one's self is in itself self-educating and absolutely painless.

Question: Then what you are saying is that an attractive woman must be mentally as well as physically attractive?

Answer: Yes, and sometimes they are one and the same. For example, I don't approve of teenagers living in jeans. I think jeans lead into bad habits—of sloppiness and laziness. Good grooming sparks a mental attitude important to women, and habits of good grooming shouldn't start any later than the teen years. These years set the pattern of a woman's life, establish the foundation for good health, good looks and a healthy outlook. Remember, there were two Cinderellas—the daytime drudge and the dazzling girl at the prince's ball. Put the drudge behind you *right now*.

ANY QUESTIONS?

If you have a figure or diet problem on which you'd like to consult Eloise English, write to her c/o TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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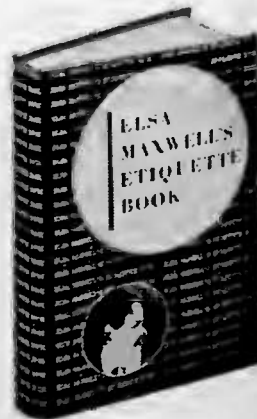
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As The World Turns

(Continued from page 44)

while he acted as he did. No. Not even when she found that, alone in her room, Ellen talked to the picture as though her father were there with her. Claire had heard her saying softly to the picture that she missed him—her father—and wished he would come home. And Claire heard her confide things to the picture that she would never have told her mother.

That was anguish. Such emotional turmoil had brought Claire to sheer despair. But it wasn't like that now! Blessedly and wonderfully, it wasn't like that now!

She found herself trembling a little. Not the nervous shivering she'd known before. There was no dreary, hopeless sense of utter frustration behind the way she felt now! This was a new kind of feeling. It was a confident, a sure, a clear-eyed view of reality. She knew she could tell Dr. Snyder. But if she did—

He spoke without turning. "You understand, I do not suggest that you talk about it if you do not choose. Upsetting things should be faced. But, for the facing to be useful, it must be done by your choice, not my direction."

"Y—yes," said Claire. "There is something I do want to talk about. Jim and—" she stopped and then said resolutely, "I can do it, but—"

Doctor Snyder sat silently looking out of the window. His air was that of meditative attention. Claire's thoughts raced back through time.

She and Jim had grown up together. In high school, it was so natural as to seem inevitable that Jim would take her to the school dances and the parties. If a day passed when they were not together, someone asked solicitously if there was anything wrong. Her parents beamed sentimentally upon them. Jim's father was a tyrant, but he did not object to Claire, and Jim's mother really seemed to love her. So that going with Claire was one matter in which Jim could at once please the mother he adored and the father he dreaded.

It was natural, then, that a day came when Claire found herself in a bridal veil, being married to Jim. And they'd believed honestly that they loved each other, but they really married because they'd always known each other and because their parents expected them to. It was a long time before Jim realized the truth. Claire'd hoped he never would. But he did. . . . And she didn't want Ellen to have a mar-

riage like that! That would be disastrous.

She said abruptly, "I've told Ellen that I'd rather not have her such close friends with Donald's sister Penny. I—would like to have her break off their companionship. I had a long talk with her about it."

Doctor Snyder seemed not to notice that she spoke about Ellen when she'd said she wanted to talk about Jim. He waited.

"She's going away to college soon," said Claire. "She'll need to make new friends there. Penny will go to the university here in town. It's better for Ellen to be ready to make new friends, and not miss old ones."

Doctor Snyder still waited. He began to look faintly quizzical.

"She hasn't a brother," added Claire, "and Penny has. I wish Ellen did have a brother. My brother was a wonderful help to me when I was Ellen's age! But—a brother has to be a real brother. When girls are as close as Ellen and Penny—there's a chance that Donald could become involved. . . ."

Doctor Snyder had a distinctly quizzical air, now. It was as if he waited for Claire to be amused at her own dodging around something she was reluctant to say. She fidgeted. Then she said defiantly, "I think it dangerous for Ellen to be too close a friend to Donald Hughes' sister!"

Doctor Snyder seemed to think over what she'd said. "You've worried that they'd think they were in love because they know each other so well," he observed. "You and Jim were childhood sweethearts." Then he said, in a different, meditative tone, "Have you noticed that, when you speak of Donald ordinarily, you use his first name alone? But, when you disapprove, you call him Donald Hughes? You still have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes."

Claire flushed. Pictures, images, memories flooded her mind. They brought surging emotion with them. The emotion came, of course, from the tragic time when, because his own marriage was a pattern of mutual frustrations, Jim considered that he was in love with Edith Hughes. Which was monstrous in every possible way! Edith's own brother Chris was Jim's best friend, and Chris's wife Nancy was close to Claire, and Edith's niece Penny was Ellen's inseparable companion, and of course there was Donald. . . . Of all people, Edith Hughes should have left Jim alone! Not that he was



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quiltless! For he was partly responsible. Surely it was natural for Claire to have a strong emotional reaction to the name Hughes!

When she remained silent, Doctor Snyder stirred in his chair. "Would you want to talk about Ellen's reaction when you asked her to give up Penny's friendship?" he asked.

"No-o-o," said Claire. "She was not happy. But I said, when I came in, that there wasn't anything I felt I ought to discuss, Doctor. I really do feel tremendously better!"

"You should not try to consult with me when you feel that it can do no good," said Doctor Snyder mildly. "It would not be useful. I take it you would rather not try? Not today?"

Claire shrugged. But she picked up her purse.

She did feel more composed, more poised, more confident of herself and of the future than she'd felt for longer than she liked to recognize. Basically, she knew, the improvement had come about because, at the beginning, she'd been so harried and upset that she'd been a dutifully submissive patient, frightenedly discussing anything Doctor Snyder thought it wise for her to talk about, bringing out facts she'd tried to hide from herself, unraveling a tangled web of fears and frustrations and unhappiness. But that was over, now. Blessedly and wonderfully ended!

"Claire," said Doctor Snyder mildly, as she stood up, "do you think this has been a successful—ah—part of a session?"

She smiled uncertainly, without answering.

"You came in," he observed judiciously, "saying that you had nothing in your mind worth discussing. Then I made a comment in which you suspected a hidden meaning, and you picked at it until I guessed that there was something you were afraid I might guess."

Claire tensed a little. "Well?"

"So you said you wanted to talk about your husband. But do you realize that you actually talked about nearly everything else—when you would talk? And do you realize that it has been you who guided the conversation throughout, not I? That you carefully kept it from something you did not want to talk about?"

Claire tensed a little more. It was true, of course. But she was not distressed and

upset at the discovery, as she would have been only a little while before. Now she nodded, watching his face.

"As an individual session," said Doctor Snyder drily, "this has been very poor in results. But, as the result of other sessions, it is not at all bad! A parent wants his children to reach the point where they do not need him. As a psychiatrist, I succeed only when my patients—"

Claire smiled. "Don't need you? But I do, Doctor! I wasn't very cooperative today. I realize it. But it isn't that I think I have no more need of you! You've done so much for me!"

He nodded. "Yes. You will need me for a while, still. But I am encouraged. It is natural and promising for you to want to think for yourself instead of only feeling. It is even natural to want to make decisions without asking advice."

She was startled—almost to the point of blurting out an appalled question of how much or what he'd guessed. But he rose and held out his hand. She got out of the office without any reference to the conclusion she'd decided must be solely her own. On the way down to the street she realized that he must have come to the same conclusion a long while before, and that he'd been working gently and patiently with her until she could arrive at it for herself.

She lifted her head higher as she went out into the street. Now she knew she could take her own life into her own hands again. She became suddenly, warmly aware that the sunshine was bright and the skies blue. She felt more alive than she could remember. It wasn't that she looked for happiness for herself. Not at once, certainly. What she must do would be difficult. She would even be unhappy, often. But she could do what she now saw must be done. She had her own life in her own hands again, and she could use it for the purposes for which life is given.

She walked with her head held high, rejoicing in the inner strength she'd fought back to, ready to face and conquer the problems and the griefs that had defeated her before.

She thought tenderly of Ellen. With her new wisdom, she could make sure that her daughter's life would be happier than hers had been.

That, far and far ahead, would be her own happiness.

Call It Luck

(Continued from page 32)

theless, it made life pretty rough for a fifteen-year-old.

"Needless to say, I didn't take Broadway by storm. I slowly worked up from an understudy part to walk-ons and minor roles. Finally in 1938 a good part came my way—but I was fired after seven days of rehearsal. Right then and there, I decided to go abroad to study drama seriously in European dramatic schools. The experience of being fired had proved to me that I needed to be taught. I stayed in Europe for a year—working, studying, and having a wonderful time."

Even though her dramatic schooling lasted just one year, Joan's conscientiousness brought its rewards. Upon her return to the States, she picked up a number of good parts on Broadway. Then Hollywood beckoned. A major studio called her for a screen test. It seemed as though Lady Luck really had her by the hand now . . . she couldn't lose. But lose she did. Almost the first thing that happened to her in Hollywood was an automobile accident which resulted in a shattered face, the loss of the screen test—and an almost sub-

zero morale. Everything seemed lost.

"Of course," Joan explains, "I recovered from both . . . the doctor took care of the physical injury, while my good friend Madeleine Carroll took care of the psychological set-back. By the time I returned to the East Coast, I was in sufficiently good condition to start again.

"Then, in 1941, I heard of an audition which was being held for a leading role in a CBS daytime drama called *Bright Horizons*. I had never tried radio, but the steadiness of it appealed to me . . . even though I had done fairly well on Broadway, I was still pretty far from making a steady living out of it. So, along with a lot of other hopefuls, I took the audition—and, much to my surprise, I won. It wasn't long before I realized that this end of the theatrical business was more exciting than I had ever dreamed. In radio, I could play such a wide variety of roles . . . so, whereas I never really left Broadway, I did take a long hiatus from it in favor of radio. Meanwhile, I never stopped studying, just in case I should get another chance on Broadway. I had five years with Benno Schneider, who taught very



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much the same 'method' the Actors' Studio uses today."

It is just this varied experience which has made it possible for Joan to play the "menace" on *Backstage Wife*—and then, less than one hour later, be equally as convincing as the soft-spoken heroine on *Young Dr. Malone*. And, in 1955, she returned to Broadway to take on quite another type of role, as the challenging female lead in the hit whodunit, "Witness for the Prosecution."

"You might say," Joan interjects, "that that Broadway stint whetted my appetite for more . . . and, even though I can't talk about it right now, I am hoping to do another play in the near future. If I do return to Broadway, there will be a major difference from years ago . . . I've been sufficiently lucky that now I can do the things I want to do, not have to do just anything to keep going."

Yes, even though Joan was not always lucky in her chosen profession and has had her share of hard knocks . . . after eighteen years of conscientious work, she has arrived at the most enviable position of being able to do what she wants to do. But, to be the luckiest girl alive, one must have luck personally as well as professionally. Like anyone else, Joan's personal life has had its ups and downs . . . which in itself could be a good thing, since it is often the contrast which makes one appreciate the good things when they come along.

Today it is hard to imagine that Joan Alexander was ever insecure within herself. But the fact is that, as a child, she claims to have been most insecure—"probably because I spent so much time in boarding schools and developed a feeling of being pushed away from the family. Believe me, there will be no boarding schools for my children . . . going away to college will be soon enough."

As her career progressed, she naturally developed a sense of security, a belief in herself. But as she will tell you, it takes love—unstinting love—to produce a really secure person. With Arthur Stanton she has that.

However, love was not always kind to Joan. Her first marriage dissolved in the divorce courts. It was a real low point. Then in June, 1953, life perked up. She met Arthur Stanton at a party . . . and, a few months later, they were married in Mexico.

"Arthur's business is pretty far afield from the theater," Joan continues. "He's in charge of distribution of the Volkswagen in six Eastern states. But his outside interests all dwell with the creative arts and the people in them. That party where we met was a group composed mainly of theatrical people. We have so many friends in common that it's amazing we never met before we did! Besides the acting profession, Arthur has a lot of friends in the arts . . . writing and painting. One of our common interests is art, although Arthur's knowledge rather outdistances mine. In fact, over the course of years he's become what you might call a small collector . . . Picasso prints and lithographs, Phillippe Bonnet oils, a Marini sculpture, to name a few. He has wonderful taste.

"In the past, I've decorated several of my own apartments—and, even if I do say so myself, they've been attractive. But, compared with this apartment, they've been pretty conventional. I suppose that's one of the reasons I've had such fun working on this apartment . . . with the help of Arthur, I've finally been able to master my inhibitions about decorating.

"Of course, the size and arrangement of rooms has helped make the decorating a little easier than is usually the case with New York apartments. With ten rooms

and three baths, it hasn't been necessary to make rooms or corners 'double in brass,' so to speak. That in itself gave me freedom of thought, which wasn't ever the case in the past. Funny, now that I think of it, but the only room that isn't finished is the den, and that's the one room which may see double duty . . . overflow overnight guests.

"It's probably the most conventional room in the apartment, except for the color scheme. The walls are a deep but soft green—a bitter green—and the carpet will be blue. Startle you? Well, it did me, too, at first, but that's where Arthur's artistic courage comes in.

"Nor would it ever occur to me to mix as many periods and nationalities, so to speak, in one house or apartment as we've done in one room . . . the living room. It's a large room, twenty-nine by eighteen, so it's not crowded. But, even so, there's a contemporary couch, an English coffee table, a French chair, a Biedermyer table and a French iron bookcase, to name a few pieces. One of the most outstanding features, to my way of thinking, is the wall that houses the fireplace. It's wood, lightly painted white so that the knots and graining show through.

"The dining room is quite interesting, too. One wall is a series of windows to which we've attached white louvre shutters as the Swiss do. The table is a copy of a French one . . . an oval, marble-topped table with iron legs. Suspended from the ceiling is a large, black, painted French tole chandelier. The buffet is an English hunt table. I guess we've been pretty unconventional in our decor for most of the rooms.

"That is, all except the nursery . . . which is just plain nursery and—sentimentally at least—my favorite room. It certainly is one of the most used rooms in the apartment. Though I have a nurse for Adam, Jane loves him so much she's always in there 'tending Bab-O' as she calls the baby. You see, when we brought Adam home from the hospital, Janie wasn't sure just how much she liked him. Up to this point, she had been my only child . . . and, as was to be expected, a little jealousy or insecurity reared its head. Her first impulse was to put Adam in the sink and wash him down the drain with Bab-O . . . which is how he got his nickname! However, that situation cleared up quickly, and now they're inseparable. It's really quite amazing—and, needless to say, gratifying—to see how expert Janie has become with the baby. I have absolutely no qualms about leaving Adam in her care. She's just wonderful with him, and sometimes I think he prefers her to me. He almost always makes tracks for Jane . . . Mommy and Daddy get his full attention only when Janie isn't there to play with him.

"But then, I'm really grateful that the situation is as it is. After all, I know all about insecurity and the dreadful things it can do to youngsters. I know how difficult it is to overcome this handicap as an adult. I don't want my children to feel uncertain or unstable because of anything I've done . . . or not done. I not only want them to know they're deeply loved by Arthur and myself, but I hope they will develop a true devotion to each other. If you'll pardon a cliché, love does make the world go 'round. Love is the only real buffer we have against the elements. I have it now, and it's the one thing I really want for my children. If they have that, the other good things in life will just naturally fall in place. They have for me, so why shouldn't they do the same for everybody?"

"Hm-m-m-m. Yes, I am a lucky girl. If not the luckiest—well then, I'd like to meet her!"

An Evening With Elvis

(Continued from page 51)

to Humes in the eighth grade and stayed on to graduate in 1953. As Humes is a pretty large school, no one really noticed Elvis too much until he began to sing at school parties and functions. I can remember lots of times seeing Elvis walk down the hall with his guitar in his hand. It was noticeable because no one else brought a guitar to school except Elvis. And I just sort of marveled at the way he sang, because I really hadn't ever seen one of the students get up and sing and play a guitar at the same time. Elvis seemed to have talent, I thought, and anyway, no one else ever volunteered to sing. But, boy, Elvis was always ready.

In the twelfth grade I was elected president of the class and also editor of the school paper, and I had a couple of classes with Elvis in the senior year. I remember in particular a class called American Problems, a discussion class dealing with the general problems facing us then, such as the election, taxes, various laws, and so on. It was a performance class in which the students had to make oral reports. You can take my word Elvis certainly held his own.

About this time Elvis' sideburns began to show up pretty good, since he was maturing, as all seventeen-year-old boys do. Elvis took quite a bit of kidding about the now-famous sideburns. Elvis didn't seem to mind and went right along with the kidding.

Elvis wasn't one of the best-dressed kids in school, as his parents were having a pretty tough time. But he always seemed to dress real "catty" and looked pretty sharp. Well, anyway, one fellow in particular used to kid Elvis a lot about the way he dressed. This guy wore some pretty nice clothes and was sharp himself. However, Elvis, although he couldn't afford expensive clothing, managed to get by. Elvis took the kidding from this fellow without saying anything. It was as though he was thinking, okay, wise guy, someday you'll eat those words. And so, because of Elvis' good nature, the other classmates seemed to lay off Elvis and give this other guy the eye. Elvis was okay in our book.

The last time I heard and saw Elvis sing in high school was at a variety show in the spring of our senior year. It's real funny that, once again, I can't tell you anything about anybody else on the show except Elvis. Elvis sang a couple of country and Western songs that night (as that was his style then). And, believe me, he got the biggest applause of the night. You could sort of tell he was really happy and pleased. In fact, he showed more professionalism than anybody else on the show. As he stepped back before he sang the second song, he dedicated it to a couple of my friends in the audience. He did this in a kidding manner, and our fellow students got a real kick out of it.

After graduation I didn't see a whole lot of Elvis, as I went to college (Memphis State here in Memphis) and Elvis went to work. However, I didn't live too far from Elvis, so I frequently ran into him. In the meantime I had landed a part-time job at night at Radio Station WHBQ. One night, I remember, I was walking down Main Street to the station and I ran into Elvis. We shot the bull for a while. He said that he had heard Dewey Phillips (who later played a big part in starting Elvis on the road to success) mention my name on his show. Dewey and I both worked the night shift at WHBQ and I was frequently around when he was on the air. Sometimes I sort of helped Dewey do little

things to prepare for his show, and thus he talked about me on the air. Elvis and I chatted a while and then we talked about college. Elvis said he wished he had been able to go to college. He said that he was then working in a machine shop and it was kind of tough but he liked it and was getting a fair salary.

The next time I saw Elvis was a couple of months later, and he said that he was now driving a truck and working for Crown Electric Company here in Memphis. Shortly after that, Memphis State College was recessed for the summer. I had been offered a summer disk-jockey job in a town about fifty miles from Memphis. I used to come home for a couple of days a week. And usually I would stop by and chat with Dewey Phillips at WHBQ. Well, one night, just as I walked into the station, Dewey grabbed me by the arm. He said, "Come here, I want you to listen to a new record." He seemed very excited. Along we went to his studio and he put a record on the turntable. The first thing I heard was "Blue moon, blue moon" (the name of the record was "Blue Moon of Kentucky"). I was puzzled as to who was singing. Dewey said, "You ought to know him, since you and he went to school together—" "Elvis?" I shouted.

Dewey began to tell me the whole story about how Sam Phillips of Sun Record Company in Memphis had recorded Elvis and developed this new style of singing. The record hadn't even been released yet. Dewey was telling me how Sam brought the record up to him, the night before. Dewey played it on his show. The reaction was tremendous as telegrams and phone calls galore came in requesting to hear the record again. "Well," Dewey said, "before the night was up, I had played the record seven times." Dewey told me that, after the telegrams and phone calls began to come in, he got Elvis up to the station and Dewey interviewed him over the air. Dewey told me that Elvis called him "Mr." Phillips (which made Dewey feel real good). He reminded Elvis just to call him Dewey during the interview. But not Elvis. He called him "Mr." Phillips all during the interview.

That night Dewey gave me an extra copy of the record. I took it with me back to the station I was then working at, just outside of Memphis. I began to play it on my show. I told the other disk jockeys on the station to spin the record, too. I thought maybe if we all played the record it would help Elvis and sort of "push" the record. Boy, did I tell my listeners that I had gone to school with Elvis and how great I thought he was! I was really serious about it. First, I knew the guy singing and had gone to school with him. Second, the record sounded different and had a good "big beat." I checked with Dewey and Sam Phillips in Memphis for the next couple of weeks. They said that Elvis' record was the "hottest" thing in Memphis.

When my summer job ended, I came back to Memphis. A new shopping center was opening, and I landed a free-lance sort of emcee-deejay stint at the grand opening. Guess who the entertainment was for the night? Yep, it was Elvis. As far as I can remember, this was Elvis' first appearance in public before a fairly large crowd. Elvis got there a little early that night, and I went over and talked with him. While we were talking, young teenage girls gathered around him and were asking him for his autograph. He very happily consented. Right then and there, it looked as though Elvis was really on his way. The teenagers that night were serious about Elvis and really liked him. This

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pleased me, because I had been plugging Elvis all day on the public address system. Elvis went over real big with the crowd that night and the town began to buzz. Everyone was talking about Elvis.

A couple of weeks later, Elvis started singing in a local night spot, and then from there he went on tour around the mid-South. But the news that really got Memphis stirred up about Elvis was when they found out he was to appear on a national television show (the Dorsey Brothers' *Stage Show*). I'll bet every TV set in Memphis was tuned to that show.

A couple of weeks later, Elvis came home. To show his appreciation to Dewey for helping him get started, he did a free show for him. Dewey asked me to help him out. Boy, did we go to work! The show only featured Elvis. It was held in a local hotel. The show didn't start till eight P.M., but the people started lining up at six. By eight we were sold out completely: We had to turn away about five hundred people that night, and some of them had come two hundred or three hundred miles to hear Elvis Presley. You talk about a wild show, that was it.

Elvis then went back to New York, as he had about four or five more appearances on the *Stage Show*. From there on in, the rest of the story concerning Elvis nationally is well known.

But the best performance I ever saw Elvis do was this past spring, during the Cotton Carnival here in Memphis. The show was held in the auditorium downtown and both halls were packed to the rooftops (a major feat in Memphis). Elvis usually stays out on stage about twenty minutes, but that night he was on stage performing for forty-five minutes. The only thing that made him stop was that he was completely exhausted and could hardly breathe. This was, without a doubt, the greatest show I have ever seen Elvis do. It was as if lightning had struck.

The next thing we knew about Elvis was that he had signed a movie contract. We didn't see much of him for a couple of months, since he was in Hollywood making "Love Me Tender." But, as soon as the major part of the picture had been made, Elvis came home. He dropped by to visit me at the station (by this time I had switched to Station WMC and had my own three-hour-long rock 'n' roll show). With him were Nick Adams, the actor, and Barbara Hearn, Elvis' girl here in Memphis. I interviewed Elvis on the air. As we let teenagers come down to the studio and dance, there was a crowd there. They nearly busted the studio windows trying to get a peek at Elvis.

I asked Elvis how he liked Hollywood. He said, "I like it okay, because everyone out there was real nice to me." I asked him how he managed to memorize his lines, as he wasn't even in a school play over at Humes High School. Elvis replied that it was easy, and that the rest of the cast were surprised at how easily he remembered his lines. Elvis said he believed this came from having to memorize so many songs. While we were chatting on the air, I said, "Did anything unusual happen while you were making the picture?" Elvis said, "There was one scene where I was riding a horse under some trees. Well, the horse ran into a limb and I got knocked off. The funny part about it was that I didn't get hurt at all, but the director Robert Webb almost swallowed the cigarette he was smoking."

On that day it wasn't more than five minutes after Elvis arrived at Station WMC to appear on my show before two photographers and three newspaper reporters turned up to catch him for a picture and a word or two. Boy, did the word travel fast to the town that he was there!

Elvis headed back to Hollywood to finish up the picture and then came back to Memphis. I told him that I had his new RCA record album and asked him about a couple of the songs. Elvis said that he didn't even know the album was out and asked if I'd bring it out to his house so he could play it. When I got there, about two-hundred people were standing out front of the house hoping Elvis would come and talk to them. There was a policeman and a plain-clothes guard at the gate keeping the crowd away from the house. I went in.

Elvis noticed that I had the album, so he put it on the record player and we talked about several of the songs. I told Elvis a couple of fellows who were in Humes High with us were cut front. The guard wouldn't let them in. Elvis went out himself and brought them in. So we all gathered in Elvis' room and started asking him questions about Hollywood and the movies.

Just then, June Juanico, a model from Biloxi, and her sister arrived. Elvis' mother and father had just picked them up at the airport. They had invited the girls to be Elvis' house guest for a couple of days. I had previously met June when she was in Memphis about a month or two ago. Elvis gave her a hello kiss right in front of all of us. Elvis picked up his conversation about Hollywood. He said the only bad part about movie-making is that you have to get up at five in the morning to report on set. He hates the way they pack the makeup on you, too.

He told one anecdote to illustrate how green he is about movie techniques. There was a scene in "Love Me Tender" where Elvis shoots his brother (played by Richard Egan). When Elvis shot the gun, he thought it contained a blank cartridge. Richard Egan grabbed his shoulder where the bullet had ripped into his shirt. Blood seemed to be gushing out. Elvis said he really got scared. He had heard about those "empty" guns that turned out to be loaded. He started to run toward Egan. He thought he'd really shot him. Everybody on the set started to laugh. It seems it's an old Hollywood trick. An electric wire fires off some powder on the "victim" and breaks a sack of red fluid to give a realistic effect of bloodshed. Elvis said he was really embarrassed.

Elvis told us that Debra Paget was even prettier off the screen than on. She'd been real nice and friendly toward him. On Elvis' dresser was a big picture of Debra on which she had written a complimentary message to Elvis.

That night Elvis was wearing a blue velvet shirt, black denim pants and white desert boots. I asked him about the shirt. He said that Natalie Wood had it made for him and she also gave him a red one. He jumped up and went to his closet, which looked like a rack in a clothing store, he had so many, many shirts, pants, and sports coats. He got the red velvet shirt and showed it to us. He said that each one cost seventy-five dollars. I asked him about Natalie Wood. He told us that she was just a friend—very down-to-earth and not stuck-up at all.

I started to ask Elvis questions about how he felt about his sudden success. I said, "What would you have said if someone had told you four years ago that someday you'd be the top show-business attraction in the country?" He snapped back, "Why, I would have told them they were crazy."

"I never thought I'd be as well off as I am now," he said. "But somehow I'd always had a feeling down deep that someday I'd have something. I owe it all to the good God above."

"How does it feel, Elvis," I asked, "when you are on stage and the fans start

screaming and hollering and carrying on?" "Well, when it first started real big," he said, "I'd look around on stage for the star. I just couldn't believe they were screaming for me. It's a real funny feeling. When I drive up at night to this house, I just sit there for a while and meditate. I ask myself, 'Is this really me?' I still can't realize that I'm a big star and that all this was really destined. I'm afraid all the time that I'll get big-headed. That's one thing I don't want to do. I've met many people who were just half-way up the road and thought themselves big stars and acted kind of stuck-up."

I asked Elvis if the fans in any certain city were more wild for him? "No," he said. "They're just alike all over. I was mobbed in Kansas City, just like I was in California."

"What about New York?" I said.

"Well, once when I was going shopping in New York, some fans spotted me. They started running toward me. The shopkeeper had to slip me out through the back basement door. I jumped in a cab and shot back to the hotel. And when I was in New York for *The Ed Sullivan Show*, I tried to see the movie 'Giant' twice. Both times I was mobbed before I could get into the show. I had to go back to the hotel to keep from being ripped apart."

I asked Elvis if he knew how so many false rumors got started about him.

"I know about some," he said. "For instance, once in Kansas City, I was mobbed on stage. The rumor got out that the drummer, D. J. Fontana, had been thrown into the orchestra pit. The funny part about it was that there wasn't even an orchestra pit in the place. Another story had me shooting my mother when I was young. Isn't that just crazy?"

"How about the capped teeth you were supposed to have had made in Hollywood?" I said. Real quick, Elvis put his hand up to his mouth and slipped off a small round object, a cap for one of his teeth. He said that he had worn two of them originally, but he dropped one on the floor in a cafe in downtown Memphis. When he went to pick it up someone had stepped on it and broken it to pieces. He said that they were very expensive and he would have to have another one made.

It was about 10:15 now and we were sort of getting restless. Elvis told us to follow him, as he had something to show us. So off we went to his patio. A cute little puppy was running around and June Juanico picked it up and started patting it. Off to one side was a huge cage with a little monkey in it. Elvis played with the monkey. Then Elvis said, "Come on out in the back yard. I have something real unusual I want you to see." Out behind the garage Elvis had two big burros in a fenced-off area. He said his manager, Colonel Tom Parker, had sent them from Texas as gifts. Elvis grabbed June and put her on one of the burros. She started to ride him, but he began to buck. Elvis ran up and caught her just before she slid off.

We asked Elvis about the cars. So he opened his garage. There was a 1956 Eldorado Cadillac convertible and a 1955 Fleetwood Cadillac. Also Elvis pointed out his little German Messerschmitt foreign car, which he said he hadn't driven too much lately. (When Elvis first got the little foreign car he took me riding in it down Main Street. Boy, did we cause a commotion!) Parked out in the yard was his Cadillac limousine, in which

the band sometimes travels. And in the drive was parked a 1956 Lincoln Continental. I asked Elvis if it was okay if I sat in it. He said, "Sure." So I hopped in and started looking around, feeling like a king. Elvis sort of laughed and said, "Yeah, it looks a mile long in the front, doesn't it?"

We then all walked over and inspected Elvis' swimming pool. Elvis took us back into the house then, into his den. He has just installed a new organ in there. He likes organ music very much. Elvis sat down at the organ and played while everybody else sat around. We started playing a little quiz game of guess the melody. Elvis would play a song on the organ and taking turns (I acted as emcee) I would quiz someone as to the name of it. If they answered correctly, they supposedly won twenty-five dollars. We had a lot of fun doing this. I asked Elvis which of all the songs he had recorded was his favorite. He quickly answered, "Don't Be Cruel."

We continued to play the game for a while, until about 11:15, and then Elvis suggested that we break it up. I agreed, as we had been there for over three hours. As we were leaving, there were still about forty or fifty people standing outside of Elvis' house hoping to get a look at him.

Elvis likes gospel singing a lot. The other night, I ran into him down at a gospel sing at the auditorium here in Memphis. The Blackwood Brothers were sponsoring the sing (they are featured on my station, WMC) and Elvis was glued to the side of the stage watching every performance. He said that he would like to have sung a couple of numbers with them, but his contract wouldn't permit it.

Of course, about girls, everybody's fascinated about who it might be that Elvis likes best. June Juanico, the girl from Biloxi, is a good friend. She's spent a lot of time with Elvis. And there's another girl named Dotty Harmony, who's a dancer Elvis met. She works at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, and Elvis met her when he was on the West Coast, and liked her. He asked his mother to invite her to Memphis during the holidays at the end of last year, and she spent a few days here. And there's Barbara Hearn, his girl in Memphis.

About Barbara, it just so happens that I was the one who introduced Elvis to her. She had dropped by Dewey Phillips' show one night when I was there chatting with Dewey. She does modeling for WMCT. One night I had a date with Barbara and we drove down to see Dewey. While we were sitting there, Elvis walked in and joined the party. She was just a regular friend to me, and I was glad that she and Elvis met. After that, they started dating. A couple of weeks ago, I had a salute to Elvis on my radio show and I interviewed Barbara. We taped the interview in advance, so she got to hear herself on the air and she got a big kick out of it. She is a real sweet girl.

And so that brings me up to date on Elvis Presley, the fellow with whom I went to school. He is now the most popular thing in show business. It seems now as if Elvis will be going into the Army not too long from now. But we're all sure that he'll continue successfully on his career after his service is over.

The way we all feel here is that, in spite of all the publicity about him, Elvis—when he's with people he's always known—is just about the way he always was. And all his friends here in Memphis respect and like him and wish him a great future.



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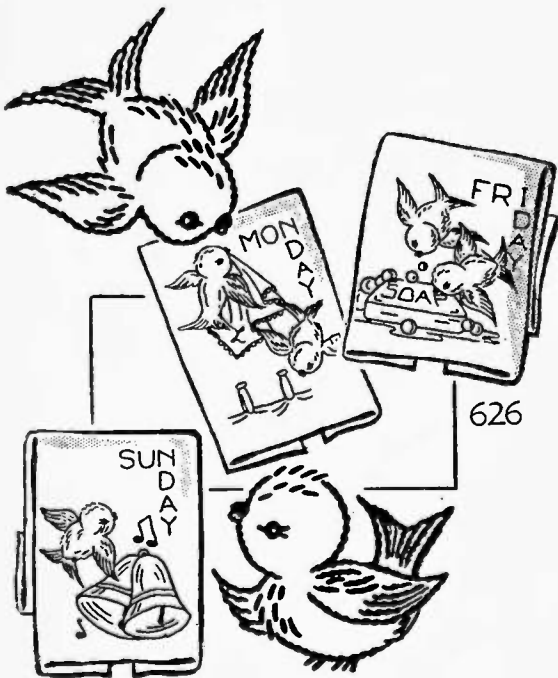
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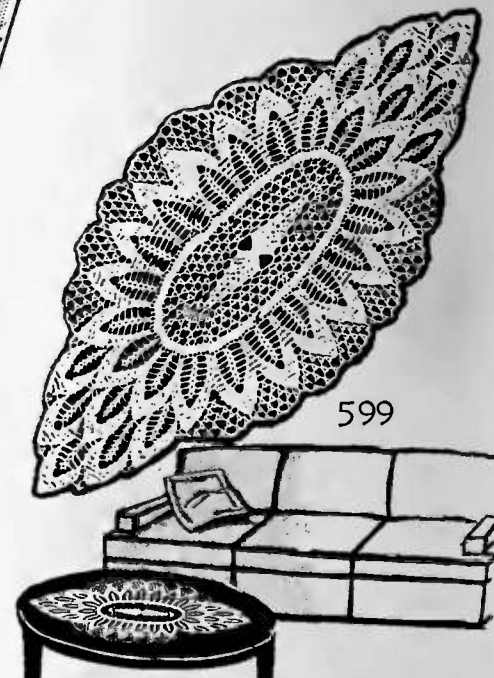
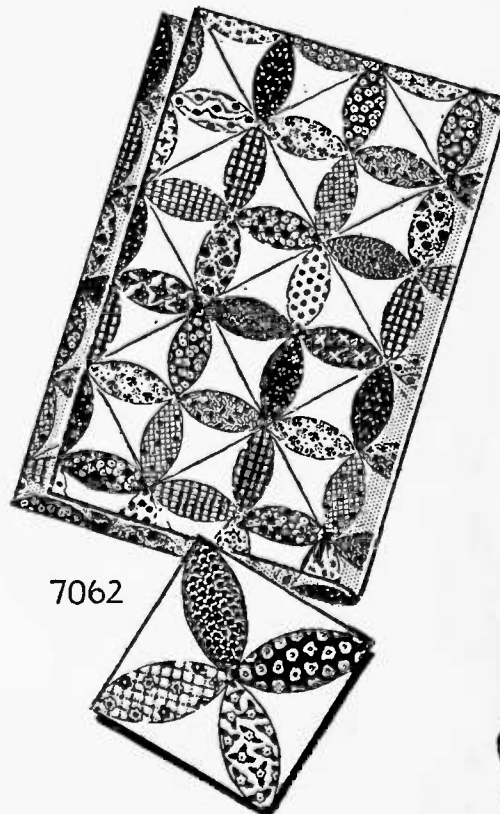
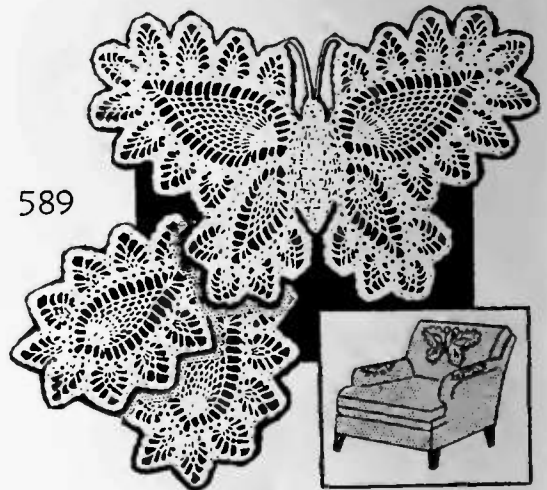
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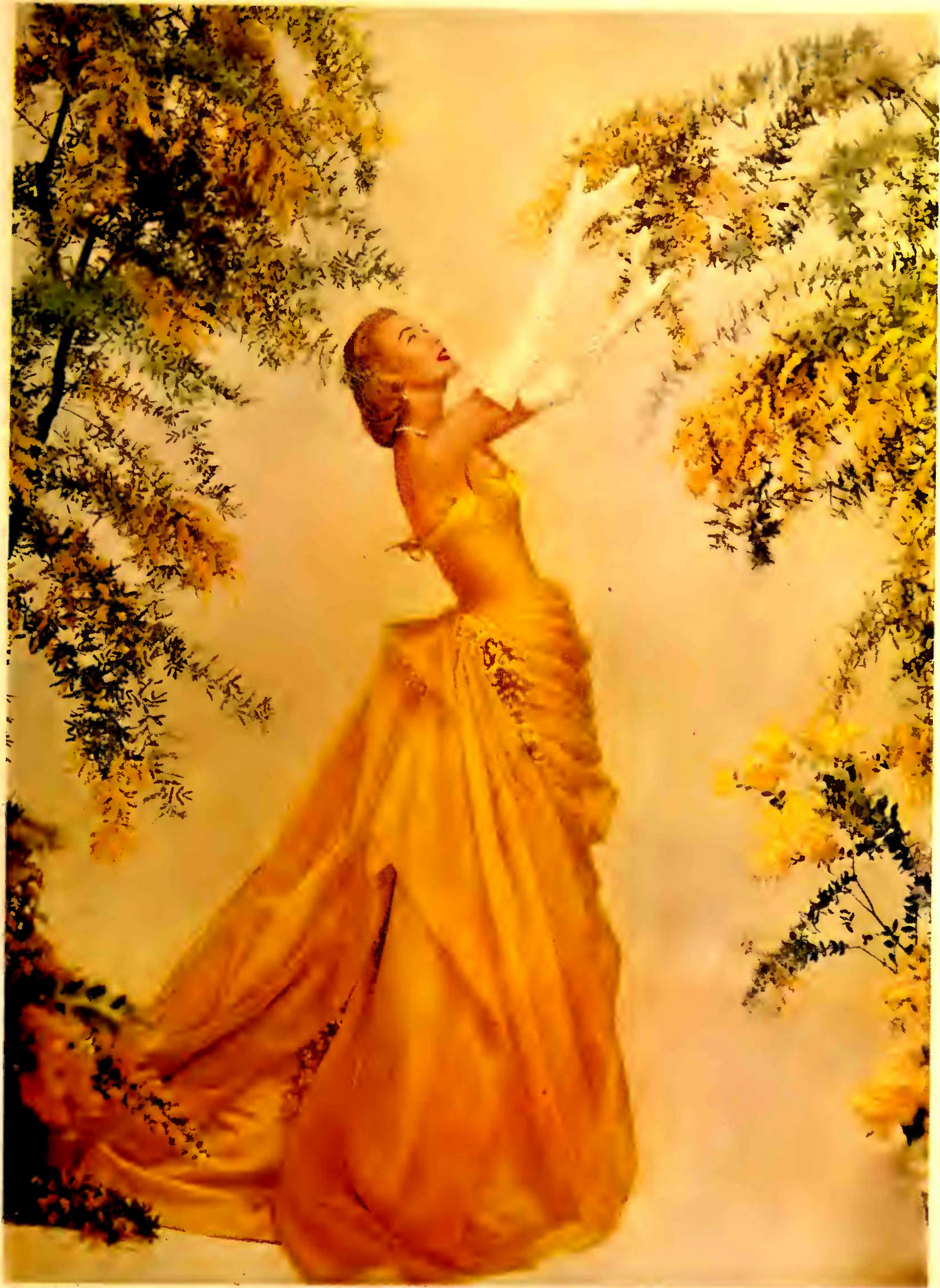
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