

TV RADIO MIRROR

DIO MIRROR
Y

THE CROSBY CLAN OF SPOKANE



BUD COLLYER



JACK IMEL



ROSEMARY RICE

In color:
IN DAYTIME
ADIO GREATS

Meet Little
ette Funicello
Disney Doll

Y JOHNSON
"dreamed"
a storm!



Tommy
Sands

25¢

TOMMY SANDS AND THE DATE DEPARTMENT!



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A NEW, SLENDER CONTAINER FOR THE FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE



Breck Hair Set Mist, a fragrant spray, is available in an attractive new container. This slender package is easy to use and economical to purchase.

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New 8 ounce size \$1.65; 4½ ounce \$1.25; 11 ounce \$2.00. Plus tax Available wherever cosmetics are sold.

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If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily or right after shaving or a hot bath—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream is so gentle and safe for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please, as often as you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day. When a deodorant is so effective—yet so safe—isn't it the deodorant for *you*? Get new Mum Cream today.



WON'T
DAMAGE
CLOTHES

MUM® stops odor 24 hours a day with M-3
(bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)

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keep

COOL

Nothing to stop you from rushing headlong into a clear, fresh pool, a mountain spring, a briny surf! When it's time-of-the-month, you can *still* keep cool! You can swim wearing *Tampax*—the internal sanitary protection that really protects while it keeps your secret safe!

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TV RADIO MIRROR

JULY, 1957

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 48, NO. 2

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Cover portrait of Tommy Sands by Paul W. Bailey, courtesy 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.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath *by far* is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

LISTERINE
the most widely
used antiseptic
in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

a weekend with MONITOR



Man of Today, Dave Garroway is the Sunday evening "communicator," a low-pressure host who's at peace with everybody on the *Monitor* globe.



Here's Henry Morgan with Miss Monitor (Tedi Thurman), Melody Girl Lorna Lynn.

TWO YEARS AGO this June, an electronic "bleep" introduced *Monitor* to America. NBC's weekend radio service, it was a new and flexible concept that offered something of everything and for everybody. There are music, news and sports, big names and brief skits, visits to night clubs and jaunts around the world. It has Dave Garroway to be at "peace" with the world, Henry Morgan to satirize it, Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding to poke fun at it, an army of on-the-go "communicators" to report on it—and recently welcomed Fibber McGee and Molly to be at home with it. With all of this, it's also the longest program on the air. *Monitor* warms up Friday from 8 to 10 P.M., then settles down for a siege from 8 A.M. to midnight, Saturday and Sunday.



Monitor's idea paid off, cashed in on "counterfeiting" by Bob (right) and Ray.



Glamour: Fitzgerald Smith party-hops to interview two blondes, Monique Van Vooren and Jayne Mansfield.



Travel: George Folster, NBC correspondent in Tokyo, visits the famous Ginza shopping district for an on-the-spot report.



Exclusive: Dick Jennings flew to and from Paris for first interview with Ingrid Bergman on her U.S. visit.



Sports: *Monitor's* a winner in the coverage of champions. In Arizona, there's a run-for-the-money named for the program.



Stars: Toes of the "Nose," Jimmy Durante, were heard coast to coast.



Bavaria: Exec Producer Al Capstaff looses a Radio Free Europe balloon.



Sounds: Helen Hall listens to the Duffy Square pigeons in New York's midtown.

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-77, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the



Harmony doesn't always prevail between political advisers Paul Douglas and Darren McGavin and mayor Bob, who loves Vera Miles more than his career.

TV favorites on your theater screen

Beau James

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

On TV, Bob Hope usually sticks to his familiar stint as the brash but likeable clown. Now, on the theater screens, he steps into the guise of Jimmy Walker, New York mayor who symbolized the spirit of the Jazz Age, when a peppy personality seemed more important than private morality or political integrity. Pulling no punches, Bob makes the colorful mayor a pitifully human and very endearing character. Playing respectively wife and girl friend, Alexis Smith and Vera Miles give strength to the roles of the women in Bob's life. Among his business pals, tough Paul Douglas and high-minded Darren McGavin are nicely contrasted. To bring an era back to life, movie veteran Walter Catlett is seen as Al Smith, while Jimmy Durante and George Jessel cheerfully portray their own younger selves.

The Lonely Man

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION

Winner of the "best acting" Emmy for his work in the TV play "Requiem for a Heavyweight," Jack Palance now draws a

strong movie role in an unusual Western. Circumstances have brought him a reputation as a killer, yet he returns to his home town—and to the grown son who bitterly hates him. This part offers equally rich opportunity for TV grad Anthony Perkins. Also with TV experience, Elaine Aiken makes a promising film debut as the sensible, courageous girl loved by both father and son. Here's all the action and gunplay you expect of a good horse opera, but there's also a bonus, in the picture's serious treatment of complex relationships between human beings.

The Buster Keaton Story

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Like Bob Hope, Donald O'Connor is currently dropping his own familiar personality to take on the mannerisms of another celebrity. Usually adept at mugging, Don goes deadpan to play the sober-faced comic of silent-film days. As the vaudeville-bred Keaton, Don breaks into movies, scores a hit as a slapstick star, but has trouble with dames and the bottle. On the romantic side, it takes him a while to realize that the loyal love of working

movies

By JANET GRAVES

girl Ann Blyth is worth more than the flamboyant charms of glamour doll Rhonda Fleming.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

This Could Be the Night (M-G-M; CinemaScope): Sparkling romantic comedy tosses schoolteacher Jean Simmons into the rakish night-club world, where she's pursued by young Anthony Franciosa and guarded by boss Paul Douglas. Dashes of song and dance add merriment.

12 Angry Men (U.A.): Based on a TV play, this vigorous, thought-provoking film pits Henry Fonda against eleven fellow jurors, all swayed by personal feelings in their fight over a murder-trial verdict. Fine character portrayals plus the excitement of a whodunit.

The Bachelor Party (U.A.): Also drawn from a TV drama (by Paddy Chayefsky, author of "Marty"), this close-up of ordinary New Yorkers is notable for its frankness and sympathetic acting. A night on the town reveals the domestic problems of Don Murray and his office pals, married or not.



Re-enacting a Keaton scene, Donald O'Connor nobly plays heroic mariner.

New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!



*leaves hair silkier...
softer... easier to manage*

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

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

Economical 29¢, 59¢, \$1.



WHAT'S NEW ON

By PETER ABBOTT



Comic Ernie Kovacs, now turned author, commiserates with wife Edie Adams. Her shoes pinch, now that she's a barefoot star on Broadway in "Li'l Abner."

Virginia's Gene Vincent is a solid citizen in the rock 'n' roll world.



Squeeze Gently: Sonny James's most expensive item on the road is his long distance phone calls to his best gal in Dallas. . . . TV execs eating their hearts out trying to lure Cary Grant into television. . . . Como still refuses to let *Person To Person* come into his home, so resistant is Perry to exposing his family. . . . Percy Faith takes a July vacation into Canada, land of his birth. . . . An actor, big radio and TV serial star, involved in a real off-stage drama as he and his wife try to hold on to adopted child. . . . Lovely Frances Wyatt, who came out of the chorus to solo on *Firestone* last month, adds her soprano to a great fun album, "Here Comes the Showboat," presented by Epic with "thrills and surprises for all the family." . . . When *Tic Tac Dough* adds a night-time stanza, Jack Barry will step aside for another emcee. He's tired. . . . Edie Adams, whom you'll be seeing a lot of on TV this summer, is spreading at the lowest extremes. Her feet are getting bigger from dashing about barefoot in the Broadway production of "Li'l Abner."

Secret Sweethearts: In spite of denials, our Elvis is quite serious about his little gal back in Memphis. But his brain-trust share the same golden jitters that is scaring the ten-percent out of most managers of bachelor stars. They are convinced that teenage females account for as much as

75 percent of their success and they fear that sudden marriage or announcement of a serious romance will murder their appeal. Hipsters in the recording biz trace Eddie Fisher's drop in popularity to the day he married Debbie. Prior to the wedding, his recordings sold in the millions. The exception, of course, is Pat Boone, with a wife and three kids. The only explanation for this is that Pat came into the business with the family. Anyway, right or wrong, our young glamorous males are in a sweat because most of them are truly in love and ready for marriage. About the only young singer who hasn't a secret sweetheart is handsome Tommy Sands, but he's so shy and sincere that he'll probably get picked off first.

Lotsa Gossip: Pretty Polly Bergen and husband Freddie Fields hoping to adopt a child this summer. . . . Whispers that the Pat Boones may multiply again. Pat and Shirley make no secret of the fact that they would love to have a little boy. . . . Snooky Lanson may wind up at ABC. . . . Bishop Sheen wants to quit his TV show. Why? . . . Tell the kids *Rin Tin Tin* has been renewed for two more years of adventures.

Shelter for the Stars: Nanette Fabray, visiting Manhattan, noted that she and new groom, Ranald MacDougall, have bought a tract of shore land at Newport Beach, just an hour's ride from Hollywood studios. They will build a home to their own specifications. Since Rannie is a writer and needs quiet, and since Nan is a singer and breaks quiet, they have decided to build their workrooms at opposite ends of the house. . . . Rosemary Prinz, lovely Penny of *As The World Turns*, has moved into her new ranch house in Nyack, N. Y. . . . Pity, pity Hal and Candy March. They gave up parties and weekend invitations to house-hunt this past year. They were out looking in rain, snow and sleet. Finally, up in Westchester, they found just the house. Fell in love with it. And it was for sale. The sale was ready to go through, when illness struck in the home of the owner. Now the deal has been postponed indefinitely. "But, with the new baby, we've just got to get out of the apartment," Hal says. "With Candy, the two kids, the baby, the maid and little bit of space I take up, there's hardly room to move. We'll just have to rent a house." . . . And speaking of temporary shelter, Scott Forbes (Jim Bowie) reports being a bit shaken

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 10

THE EAST COAST



Western star Scott Forbes, who's often joined on *Jim Bowie* by his wife, Jeanne Moody, came East to find the wildest—a bedroom-full of Presley pix.

during his Manhattan stopover. Scott and his actress-wife Jeanne Moody stayed with Jeanne's sister and her family. Jeanne's niece, thirteen-year-old Diane, gave up her bedroom to the Forbes. Scott says, "It was the strangest feeling, waking in Diane's bedroom. The walls are covered with Presley pictures."

B-I-Bickey-Bi, Go, Man, Go: Capitol's gold-record holder, Gene Vincent, who rocks like Elvis useter, kind of surprised Manhattan girlies. They expected him to be as wild as his compositions ("B-I-Bickey-Bi, Bo-Bo-Go," "Be-Bop-A-Lula"), but Gene turned out to be softspoken and reticent. The Virginian came into the city still favoring his bad leg, broken when he drove his motorcycle into a tree. Norfolk doctors want him to give up the two-wheeler, but it's his special fun. Medics couldn't even keep him in bed long enough to heal the

break properly. Twice he got up to rock against their orders. . . . Please note that a Columbia University psychiatrist describes rock 'n' roll as a "contagious epidemic of dancy fury" that could possibly sweep the country, ending in world chaos—except that it's not crazy, just a craze, he hopes, he hopes. . . . And Columbia U.'s most famous teacher and newlywed, Charlie Van Doren, goes on a \$50,000 annual retainer with NBC as educational advisor. The fee is ten times what he makes teaching.

Call Out the Head Doctors: We've mentioned before that the TV networks will be barking sixshooters like mad next season. A whole posse of adult shoot-em-ups are in the works. That's only part of it. There'll also be an onslaught of crime. Martin Kane, Perry Mason and a slew of sleuths come on en masse. But that's not all. (Continued on page 79)



Chorus gal with *Voice Of Firestone*, Frances Wyatt is a solo star, too.



Sweet 'n' lovely Martha Wright gave her newborn her husband's nickname.



Home for Nanette Fabray and Randal MacDougall has two workrooms.

WHAT'S NEW ON

By BUD GOODE



New wife for Danny Thomas—on TV, that is—is pretty Marjorie Lord.



Groucho insists he *won't* eat Bob Cobb's hat—the Brown Derby.



Wise investments mean Welk and Myron Floren earn champagne.

Traveling: Vacation time will take Tennessee Ernie Ford and wife through the New England states. . . . George Gobel goes to ye jolly olde England on a combination business-pleasure trip. George will be present at the premiere of RKO's "I Married a Woman," with Diana Dors. George's young son, Gregg, bought his Dad a monocle as a gag gift for the trip. Or was it to help George see Diana better? . . . Another European camera clicker this summer will be Lawrence Welk, who has uh-one, uh-two weeks to tour the Continent. . . . With a flip of his cigar, Groucho says about his vacation from his NBC-TV show, "For three months I know I'm not going to have to eat in the Brown Derby at least one night a week (show time). The show doesn't tire me out . . . but I need a vacation from Bob Cobb's cooking. You can only eat so many old brown derbies." . . . On their vacation, Desi and Lucy moved into their new \$11,000,000 home in Palm Springs—Desi's Western Hills Hotel. After a two-week stay, Lucy agreed that Desi's service was pretty good, saying, "But how come I can't get him to do anything around the house?" . . . Eddie Fisher and Debbie took the baby on their Las Vegas junket. Eddie wowed 'em at the Tropicana. Eyeful Elaine Dunn, also in the act, will be featured on Eddie's TV show in the fall. . . . Gale Storm, who has traveled everywhere in the world on Stage 1 in her Hal Roach series, *Oh! Susanna*, has gone to Colorado Springs for husband Lee Bonnell's insurance convention.

The Shape of Things: Not-so-amateur-painter, Jack Bailey, is teaching art to the pretty *Queen For A Day* models. Jack uses oranges, apples and vases in still-life form to teach principles of composition, shape and form. . . . Pat Boone's wife, Shirley, who has been resting flat on her back under a doctor's care since their last baby was born, is now 90% recovered. A few weeks ago, Pat went out on a personal appearance tour, was gone 10 days. Since their marriage four years ago, this was the longest they had ever been apart. . . . Jack Webb dating Jackie Loughery, seen on TV in the *Judge Roy Bean* series and the lead in his new film, "The D.I." . . . Jack Carson and Lola Albright together-apart again. . . . Molly Bee introduced Tommy Sands to her priest, Father Michael, at Hollywood's Blessed Sacrament. . . . And speaking of romance: Danny Thomas "weds" Marjorie Lord, not for life, just five years or more with options. Marjorie is Danny's new "wife" on *Make Room For Daddy*.

Books 'n' Bikes: This shuttle-flying back and forth makes Hollywood and New York like the two opposite ends of a yoyo. Ernie Kovacs' wife, Edie Adams, flew in for one night and then back again to her Broadway play, "Li'l Abner." Kovacs is in Hollywood starring in Columbia's "The Mad Ball." With Ernie, everything is a "mad ball." During his last two-week vacation, he wrote a novel, "Zoomar," a close-up of the television industry. "Actually," says Ernie, "the book took only thirteen days to write. I spent the rest of the time changing ribbons. Book will be published by Doubleday. What's the book about? Well, it's a different book about the entertainment industry—the married couple end up with each other." . . . Clint Walker of ABC-TV's *Cheyenne*, his wife Verna, and their six-year-old daughter, Valerie, can be seen early mornings flying along the dirt roads near their North Hollywood home. On horseback? No. On the latest in Italian motor scooters. Clint's newest hobby is the trim two-wheeler. He has "his" and "her" models, one for wife Verna and one for himself. Daughter Valerie rides in a wire basket seat on the handlebars. The Old West was never like this.

Casting: Beautiful, talented teenager Margaret O'Brien, beginning her new TV series, *Maggie*. . . . Hal March begins shooting his picture, "Hear Me Good," in mid-June. . . . Dorothy Shay, the mad Manhattan Hillbilly, and Michael Wilding, the veddy proper Britisher, will share TV panel show, *What's The Occasion?* . . . Charles Bickford has the lead in *Boots And Saddles*, a post-Civil War cavalry series. . . . Don't be surprised if Tommy Sands subs for Tennessee Ernie on his Thursday-night *Ford Show*. . . . John Payne in the *Restless Gun* series on NBC-TV. . . . Joan Caulfield in *Sally* on CBS-TV. . . . Bette Davis to star in and host a dramatic series. . . . And casting in reverse: Gordon MacRae moves behind the *Lux Video* cameras part of next season to assume directorial chores. . . . Finally, Jeff Donnell closes out the George Gobel season with her last guest appearance. We hope this means Jeff will be on the first show when George and Eddie Fisher join hands in the fall.

Bing Wings: Crosby has taken to flying. Bing has studiously ignored travel by air before. No reason. On last trip to Europe, he came and went by boat. Now he has begun regularly reading airplane magazines and the flying columns in the newspapers, and recently flew to a Las Vegas charity golf tournament. Maybe he's going to buy an airline. . . . Bing's youngest son, Lindsay, in town for Easter vacation, called his

For What's New On The East Coast, See Page 8

THE WEST COAST



Girls, girls, girls get in the oct with Eddie Fisher at the Tropicono in Los Vegas. Etoile Dunn (seen in center) will go on Eddie's TV show in the fall.

Dad on the M-G-M set of "Man on Fire," asking if he and some friends could visit. Bing said "Sure," calling one of his assistants to look after Linny and his pals. When Lin hit town he called all of his old buddies to say hello—and when he arrived on the set, he was dragging twenty-five of them along with him. Imagine the consternation on Bing's face when he saw the commissary lunch tag signed by his assistant: "Twenty-six lunches, Lindsay and friends. . . ."

Banjo-Eyes' Birthday: "I'm 26 years older than Jack Benny," says Eddie Cantor with a laugh. On April 22, Eddie and his wife Ida drew their first Social Security check—\$323.40. The usually confidential information was released by Eddie to publicize the insurance benefits of Social Security for all men over age 65 (62, for women). Cantor, who celebrated his 65th birthday last January with an hour-long television show, says, "My Social Security, and yours, too, is just like any other insurance policy . . . it pays off, and believe me," says Banjo-Eyes, "I intend to collect!"

Did You Know: That when Jack Webb was in high school, he wrote poetry . . . that Mercedes McCambridge always wanted to be a newspaper reporter . . . that George Brent breeds

race horses . . . that Edgar Bergen's hobby is antique autos?

Postal Present: The Lennon Sisters' Venice, California mailman, Jack Arter, is their best buddy. The Lennons grew up with Jack, who has delivered their mail for the last thirteen years, whistling while he did it. But during the past few months, their fans had sent so many letters and packages that poor Jack could barely stagger up the front steps, and was too out of wind to whistle. So the girls invested in a present for him—the largest mailbox they could find—and, to save Jack steps, they planted it next to the sidewalk. Thank you, Jack is once again whistling.

Who's Breaking Records? Pat Boone's "Why, Baby, Why?" over the million mark. Pat has just bought \$100,000 worth of real estate in Brentwood and Palm Springs. . . . Tab Hunter started taking singing lessons when he was 16. It didn't pay off until recently, when his two records, "Young Love" and "99 Ways," skyrocketed across the radio and TV airways, bringing Tab a quarter-of-a-million. . . . Breaking records of a different sort, *Climax!*, on CBS-TV, has just been signed through 1960; and *Matinee Theater*, brain-child of producer Albert McCleery, has been set through 1958 on NBC-TV. . . . Tommy Sands' (Continued on page 75)

You're Lovelier

SO GLAMOROUS,
SO VERY EXCITING...



WHEN YOU
Color your Hair

Your appearance, your whole personality come vibrantly "alive" when your hair gleams with glorious, sparkling color. IT'S SO EASY WITH EITHER ONE OF THESE SAFE, TEMPORARY RINSES. TRY IT TODAY!

Nestle **COLORINSE**
GIVES COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS
and beautiful sheen!

Use Nestle Colorinse *after shampooing* to enhance your natural hair color, add glorious new lustre, remove dulling shampoo film, make hair softer, silkier, easier to manage. Easy-to-use Colorinse quickly rinses in — easily washes out! Comes in 12 glamorous colors. 29¢, 50¢.

Nestle **COLORTINT**
ADDS COLOR THAT LASTS
through 3 shampoos!

Nestle Colortint gives hair rich, intense, all-over color but is not a permanent dye! It intensifies your natural hair color OR — adds exciting NEW color. Lonolin-rich Colortint also blends-in gray, streaked or faded hair to youthful new beauty. 10 triple-strength colors. 29¢, 50¢.



At all cosmetic counters or ask your beautician for professional applications.

T
V
R

OF MANY WORDS



If he has a hobby, Bergen says, it would be sleuthing out literary facts and fallacies.



Address Bergen Evans in Chicago, the world of words, realm of ideas.



He rides a motorcycle, or falls back on a bike—"figuratively," he insists.



Too happy for hobbies, says Bergen, "I find my satisfaction in my work"—and with his wife Jean and sons Derek and Scott.

TEACHER'S DIRTY LOOKS" don't bother Bergen Evans' students—as long as they laugh at his jokes. Which isn't hard. The jokes are funny. The wit was so lively, in fact, that it bounded the Northwestern University English professor into a coast-to-coast class. Evans is still at work taking the pain out of grammar and the bugaboos out of book learning. . . . On radio, there is the man, the mind and the microphone combining to deliver provocative "spoken" essays on *Of Many Things*. Ranging from the nature of humor, happiness or Hemingway to the new suburbia or the old Machiavelli, it is heard on the Westinghouse Broadcasting stations (WBZ-WBZA in Boston-Springfield, KYW in Philadelphia, KDKA in Pittsburgh, WOWO in Fort Wayne, KEX in Portland, WIND in Chicago) and on New York City's Station WNYC. . . . Bergen joins authors, lecturers and raconteurs on *The Last Word*, seen Sunday at 3:30 P.M. on CBS-TV and heard Saturday at 6:30 P.M. on CBS Radio. The subject is usage and grammar, and, with Evans to keep the arguments brewing, it's a stimulating libation. Behind the scenes, Bergen's the man behind the questions on *\$64,000 Question and Challenge*. . . . Born near Dayton, Ohio, Evans spent his boyhood in England, where his doctor-father was in the consular service. The elder Dr. Evans likes to tell of how young Bergen would mumble in the London streetcars until somebody asked him what he was mumbling about. "Kipling," Bergen would answer, then climb on the seat to declaim the rest of the piece. . . . Author of "The Natural History of Nonsense," "The Spoor of Spooks," and a new "Dictionary of American Usage," Bergen recalls that his initial broadcasting adventure was unimpressive. When the dean heard his audition record for a University radio program, he suggested politely that Evans take a course in remedial speech. But you can't keep an ebullient man down. In 1949, Bergen joined the panel of *Majority Rules*, then really made his mark on *Down You Go*. "When I first went on the air, speech students would approach me and tell me I had glottal stop and such things," Bergen recounts. "When the show succeeded, it was too bitter a blow for them." . . . Bergen met his wife Jean when she, a Vassar grad, was taking some extension courses—not Bergen's—at Northwestern. They live with their two sons—Derek, 13, and Scott, 11—in suburban Northfield. Professes the professor, "The besetting sin of my life is to have a joke. It can be dangerous." It can also be fun.

information booth



Frank Lovejoy

Bull On Broadway

I would like to know something about Frank Lovejoy. A. S., Detroit, Mich.

It was a highly significant departure that brought Frank Lovejoy down from the Exchange boards of Wall Street to the boards of Broadway prosceniums. Frank first hit Broadway in 1934 via Elmer Rice's "Judgment Day." The big break had followed five years of preparation for the way of a Thespian, marked by a stiff apprenticeship at the Brooklyn Theater Mart, where he had served on evenings free from runner duties along a very depressed Wall Street. A short while afterwards, a "Pursuit of Happiness" touring company closed down abruptly in Cincinnati—leaving Frank stranded. With a knack for "turning a 'bear' into a 'bull,'" to use the brokerage vernacular, he won a staff job at WLW. On his return to New York, Frank found no lack of work. His radio performances—which have included starring roles in *Gangbusters*, *Mr. District Attorney*, *Boston Blackie* and numerous other mystery serials—now total in excess of 5,000 separate network productions. In 1940, he returned to Broadway in "The Snark Was a Bojum"—a misleading title, it turned out, for the play was a "turkey." But it did serve to introduce Frank to a young stage and radio actress, Joan Banks, whom he married shortly after the play closed. They have two children, Judith, now 12, and Stephen, 9. . . . Frank is known to the movie audiences, too, especially for his roles in "Champion," "Julie" and "Strategic Air Command." For the past year, he's been "Mike Barnett," private dick on NBC-TV's *Man Against Crime* series, and several other protagonists on *Playhouse 90*, *Four Star Playhouse* and *Ford Theater* productions. He may star in a new TV series come fall. Frank's often heard on radio's *Suspense* and *Family Theater* dramas, often co-starring with his wife. . . . All told, it was no "walk up 'he plank'" Frank elected some 20-odd years ago when he strolled north to Broadway.

No Nonsense

The World History class at Massey Hill High School has found programs like NBC-TV's Bengal Lancers very helpful. Could we have some information on Phil Carey, who is Lt. Rhodes on that program?
J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.

Eugene Joseph Carey, known to TV audiences as Lt. Michael Rhodes of the 77th Bengal Lancers, was always very happy with his own given name, or, at least, with the seemingly contraction "Gene." But his studio, Warner Bros., was adamant and, in 1950, Gene Carey was rechristened, albeit sans ceremony, Phil Carey, and launched on "Operation Pacific," replete with new moniker and new career. After that, the sailing was smooth. Phil remembers that stars can be very helpful to a young actor. "Working with a Wayne or a Cooper as I did those first few years, you find out they're nice to you if you're nice to work with. Those pros like to help, but they don't like to put up with nonsense when they're working." . . . Born in Hackensack in 1925 (July 15th, to be exact), Phil served in the Marines for three years of World War II, planned to attend Notre Dame on his G.I. allotment. Instead, while awaiting admission there, he was lured by a friend to Miami U., where he was so successful in college dramatic productions that he decided to chance the field. "I've never regretted it," declares Phil. And he never regretted Miami U., either, for it was there he met art student Maureen Pepler. Married in 1949, they now have three children: Linda, almost 7, Jeffrey, almost 6, and Lisa Ann, just over one. They live in a ranch house in Sherman Oaks, California, and Phil yearns for a working-ranch life, some day. . . . With a capacity for work matched only by his enthusiasm, Phil Carey is a polished performer, self-aware and ambitious. He has great hopes for the *Lancers*, but loves movies, too, is currently in "Wicked As They Come" and "Shadow on the Window."

(Continued on page 85)



Phil Carey

Ever wonder what "happened" to the man you married?



Let **MILES® NERVINE**

help him relax and be "fun-to-be-with" again

You're lucky if your husband is pushing hard for success. Occasionally, though, such a man finds it hard to calm down and relax—nervous tension "bottles up" his best disposition. Then, see how gently, yet effectively MILES NERVINE can help your man feel tranquil and serene . . . be "fun-to-be-with" again!

So many modern men and women also use MILES NERVINE when they're too restless to sleep at night. MILES NERVINE relaxes you and lets you sleep—*naturally*. Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use. Buy it at any drugstore—in effervescent tablets or liquid.

Soothe nerves . . .
feel calm and tranquil with

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No Prescription Needed!

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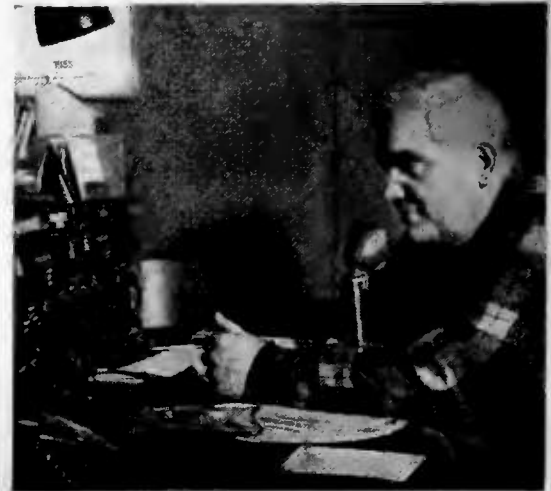
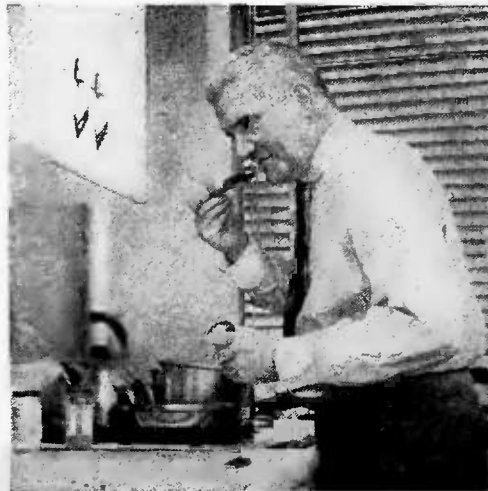
Bill Leonard's beat is a city with as many stories as it has people.

NEW YORK is too big for a formula—and so is a show about New York. Taking it from there, Bill Leonard tells tales on the tall city in *Eye On New York*, seen on the CBS-TV network each Saturday at 2 P.M. EDT, and on *This Is New York*, heard on New York's Station WCBS, Monday to Friday from 10 to 11 P.M. Earnest and outspoken, with a warm smile and a shock of prematurely iron-gray hair, Bill makes only one restriction. "I cover what interests me," he says. "Who is so wise that they can guess 'what the public wants'? I figure people are not so very different." Bill may delve into the city's history or reflect on the future, as he did when Joe Louis was to meet Ezzard Charles. Bill boxed each of them to foretell the outcome. Bill talks to men in the public eye and men in the street. His series on West Side slums and on graft in the housing department led to improvements in both areas. "People said we shouldn't show this," Bill says of his series on the mentally retarded at Wassau. "But we did and the world seemed to survive and maybe learned something." Bill makes Monday-morning headlines when, each Sunday at 11:05 A.M., he's moderator on the *Let's Find Out* panel on WCBS. . . . Born in New York, Bill stayed for only three weeks. Then he moved to Orange, New Jersey, and, at age twelve, to Westport, Connecticut. "I'm the only guy who ever came from Westport," he grins. The early passion of his life, and still a ruling one, was "ham" radio. He does the Amateur Radio Program for the Voice of America, and holds the world's record for a single operator, having made 842 contacts in 96 hours. . . . It was Budd Schulberg, then editor of the Dartmouth College paper, who first got Bill interested in journalism. Bill succeeded Budd as editor, and, after graduation, went into the newspaper business. Then came his own radio production company and work in the radio department of an advertising agency. He began *This Is New York* on December 31, 1945, when he changed from Lieutenant Commander in the Navy to civilian. . . . Bill's love affair with New York isn't a blind one. He could live and be happy elsewhere—although he isn't over-anxious to try. "Everybody who wants to amount to anything is trying to get to New York," he grins, "and everybody else is trying to get out!"

When an apartment, even a duplex, is "home," a window is the "garden."

"I'm as good at cooking," says Bill, "as I'm bad at gardening."

Ham radio's a passion. Bill's been to 100 countries by radio, 65 in person.



COME INTO MY KITCHEN

To Marjorie Mariner, sharing recipes over WFMJ-TV is just like visiting over the back fence



Assistant "My Margaret" Hertok shares Marjorie's love of cooking—be it muffins or more exotic fare.



At home, Marjorie tends to her mending, Janis to her homework, Minola to training Irish setter Chet to "sit." Janis likes to cook, too, perks up dishwashing with phone.



MY ONLY AMBITION," says Marjorie Mariner, "was to get married." And Marjorie's career as a wife and mother has always come first. That she's a television star, too, on Station WFMJ-TV in Youngstown, Ohio, is the icing atop her cake. "It's wonderful when a gal can cook and talk and get paid for it," she laughs. . . . On *Kitchen Corner*, seen each weekday from 1:15 to 1:45 P.M., she encourages a love for cooking and an awareness of better food habits for better health. "And sharing of recipes," says Marjorie, "is just like visiting over the back fence." Each day, her "visit" is different. Monday, it's seasonal cooking ideas; Tuesday's the day for club ideas; Thursday, for special diets. On Wednesday and Friday, she invites a guest homemaker to prepare her favorite recipe. Marjorie is also heard daily on WFMJ Radio at 8:45 A.M., when she joins Bob Jolly, Bob Locke and Kathryn Leskosky on the *Coffee An'* panel. . . . Marjorie's home has always been in Youngstown and her earliest recollection of public appearances are times her mother, who wrote poems, lifted her over the rostrum at church to "speak" them. Her interest in cooking started early, too, and she baked her first cake

when she was just seven. She studied home economics and nutrition at Ohio State and taught school for five years. "Then I married the first love I ever had," says Marjorie. "We had not dated for years and then we met again after college and fell madly in love again, this time for keeps." And so she married Minola Mariner, a civil engineer in construction work. They have a son, Joseph, who's a sophomore at Ohio Northern University, where he's preparing to be a lawyer. Daughter Janis, a senior at high school, wants to study journalism. The Mariners' home is a remodeled farmhouse with ten acres of land and three dogs. "Do they ever love what's left over of my cooking," laughs Marjorie. . . . Her broadcasting career began when Marjorie was asked to judge some recipes in a contest on radio. This led to a daily, five-minute show. "When TV started," she says, "it seemed natural to do a cooking show." While teaching nutrition classes for the American Red Cross, she received what she considers her greatest compliment. "Please send Marjorie," the women requested. "She's not too smart and we can understand her and how she loves to cook—just like us." Marjorie thinks that's just fine.

T
V
R

ENDS DULL DRY "THIRSTY" HAIR

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

A: By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.



Q: What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair —make it oily—

Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

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THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

\$1.25 and \$1.89
both plus tax



Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

movies on TV

showing this month

BERLIN CORRESPONDENT (RKO): Mild World War II thriller casts Dana Andrews as an American newsman who makes like Superman in Nazi Germany, fooling the Gestapo, rescuing sweetie Virginia Gilmore.

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO): Memorable acting by Katharine Hepburn and the late John Barrymore. As his daughter, she finds her happiness threatened by his fight with mental illness.

BORN TO KILL (RKO): Determinedly tough crime story. Murderer Lawrence Tierney snares himself a rich, innocent wife, with the aid of equally hardboiled Claire Trevor. Good acting, sordid plot.

DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE (Columbia): Pleasantly dizzy comedy plants bachelor Ray Milland and lady bachelor Loretta Young in the same apartment. For business reasons, they have to pretend they're married. You guess what happens.

FOREVER AMBER (20th): As an adventuress in 17th-century England, Linda Darnell collects a variety of men, including George Sanders, as King Charles II. But she can't capture her true love, seafaring Cornel Wilde.

FURY AT FURNACE CREEK (20th): Good, solid Western. Gambler Vic Mature and Army officer Glenn Langan plot in different ways to save their dead father's good name. Coleen Gray is Vic's girl.

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.

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

IN NAME ONLY (RKO): Strong, adult treatment of a marital triangle. Cary Grant is the well-meaning, suburban New York husband; Kay Francis, his selfish wife; the late Carole Lombard, a young widow who truly loves him.

LODGER, THE (20th): The classic true story of London's Jack the Ripper gets an elegant film translation. The late Laird Cregar plays the mad killer; Merle Oberon, a potential victim; George Sanders, a Scotland Yard man.

MOSS ROSE (20th): Smooth murder mystery, set in England. Social-climbing chorine Peggy Cummins trails suspect Vic Mature to a country estate where Ethel Barrymore holds sway.

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.

TALL IN THE SADDLE (RKO): Vigorous horse opera with a lively love interest. Fighting for his inheritance, aided by pal Gabby Hayes, John Wayne has time for romance with rancher Ella Raines.

"Coral Ice"

COOL NEW LOOK.

NEW CRYSTAL-BRIGHT BRILLIANCE FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

It glitters...it dazzles...it crackles with excitement! It's the new, all-the-rage color by Cutex...an electric spark of coral, flashed with a potent touch of pink. Breathtaking the way "Coral Ice" lights up your spring and summer fashions! Bewitching the way it brings out the secret fire in you! And wait till he sees you with this "real cool" look! So tempting—it's tingling!



"Coral Ice" Swimsuit by Cole of California.

BOATER BY MR. JOHN

CUTEX

YOU'LL LOVE creamy, lasting Cutex Lipstick...and the matching nail polish (both regular and iridescent Pearl) that wears longest of all!



Ahoy, My Mate!



Deborah and Penelope watch Bob as Dan Tempest, but they don't link this swashbuckler with their gentle dad.

OUR neighbors at Hampstead Heath, a residential area just outside of London, half expect Bob to come home every night armed with cutlass and fierce scowl. Instead, a tall, respectably dressed young man strolls sedately up our walk to be greeted with shouts of affection from our two little girls, Deborah, aged three, and Penelope, who is two.

The wholly unwarlike gentleman is my husband, Robert Shaw. In the starring role of Dan Tempest in the CBS-TV series, *The Buccaneers*, he captains the crew of the pirate galleon, *Sultana*. He swings from the rigging, knife in teeth, and generally operates in the midst of ferocious violence. But always, he fights for a good cause, the brave prototype of a seafaring Robin Hood.

Bob and I first met when both of us were touring with the Old Vic company. I played fiery ingenues and he called me his "red-haired vixen." . . . Bob actually enjoys writing as much as acting, and one of his plays, "Off the Mainland," was produced recently in London. Brought up in Truro, very near the Cornish port of Falmouth where most of the scenes for *The Buccaneers* are filmed, Bob finds it quite natural to spend most of his working days on a ship's deck. As for me, I plan to return to the stage when our girls are older. Meanwhile, I'm quite content to be both wife to Robert Shaw, a mild-mannered and devoted husband and father, and mate to Dan Tempest, a bold buccaneer. Either way, I hope he never makes me walk the plank. He better not!

*As buccaneer Dan Tempest,
he's swashbuckling; as my husband,
Robert Shaw, just s'wonderful!*

By JENNIFER BOURKE SHAW



Perhaps I shouldn't reveal this, but Bob concocts dishes I'm sure no pirate ever ate—much less cooked!



And what brave buccaneer ever batted at cricket or lavished the loving care Bob does on our Rolls Royce?



As Dan Tempest, Bob spends most of his working days aboard the *Sultana*. He grew up near by the port where it's docked.

Robert Shaw stars in *The Buccaneers*, seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 7:30 P.M. EDT, for Sylvania Electric Products.



your golden hour . . . your own special time . . .
when you alone can know the wonder
of a warm SweetHeart bath

Such a lovely interlude, your own SweetHeart Bath. The quiet luxury of a little leisure. Then the warm glow, and the fresh, lively tingle your skin adores.

How SweetHeart manages to make you feel so good is SweetHeart's own special secret. We can tell you this much though: SweetHeart's blossom-light fragrance, graceful oval swirl and gentle, gentle softness are only part of it. The rest? Well, try SweetHeart for your hands and face or all of you and see.

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now "glamorapped" in new gleaming foil



because SweetHeart
adores you so!

Lawrence Welk extended a welcoming hand—and a contract with his band—just as Jack's Navy duty ended.



IMEL from INDIANA

True to the best land-locked Hoosier traditions, Jack joined the Navy—to conquer the world on the Welk shows

By MAURINE REMENIH

NOT MANY SAILORS make an overnight switch from Navy anonymity to the center of a TV spotlight. Julius La Rosa did it, some years ago. And now comes Jack Imel, new marimba player and dancer with the Lawrence Welk organization, on both the *Top Tunes And New Talent* show on Monday nights, and the "Champagne Music" hour on Saturday evenings.

Jack signed a contract with the Welk organization last January 9—two days before the official termination of his stretch in the Navy. It was a wonderful break for Jack Imel. But the deal was hardly one-sided—the Welk organization got, in Jack, a man who has been preparing for twenty years for just the type of spot

Continued ▶

IMEL from INDIANA

(Continued)



Above, Jack shows son Greg his Navy "Oscars" and photo from first appearance on Welk shows in 1957. Below, he shows daughter Debbie "how high is up."



Norma and Jack were childhood sweethearts back in Portland, Indiana, where both played in the school band. They were wed in 1951, when Jack was just 19.

which their big Monday and Saturday shows give him.

When you learn that Jack is only in his mid-twenties now, it doesn't take advanced mathematics to figure he was practically born a musician. That's what his mother thought, back in Portland, Indiana, when she watched her only child, as the four-year-old danced to the tunes coming in on the radio. She sent him off to dancing school, and saw to it that he took piano lessons. Then, when Jack was about fifteen, his mother went to a movie one night, and saw a young boy playing a marimba. "That would be a good instrument for Jack to try," she decided—and ordered one for him the very next day.

That instrument has become as much a part of Jack as his good right arm. He claims he'd as soon lose one as the other. The marimba carried him through high school, directed his course in the Navy, and now has enabled him to hit a spot where he can assure his family of a more-than-comfortable living. If he pats the "vibes" (as he calls it) with an almost-personal affection, it's understandable.

Taking lessons on the marimba wasn't the easiest thing to do there in Portland, which had a population of 10,000. There wasn't any teacher in town. There was, however, a marimba instructor in Richmond, some fifty miles away. So a compromise was effected. Both the instructor and Jack drove to Marion, a town half-way between. There, at the home of a girl who was also studying marimba, Jack got his lessons.

He was an apt pupil, and in no time was playing for school and club programs in Portland. Dorothy Durbin, who had a booking agency in near-by Fort Wayne (and who also started that other Hoosier, Herb Shriner, on his way), got Jack some dates at lodge meetings and conventions in near-by towns.

Jack's bookings became so heavy, in his last years at high school, that it became slightly complicated, just fitting them in with his school work. His folks would pick him up after school, and they'd drive—usually some





"Navy wife" Norma followed where Jack's duty led. Greg was born at Great Lakes Naval Hospital in 1953, Debbie was born in San Diego two years later.

fifty miles—to play at some Elks or Eagles lodge meeting. Then, late at night, after the show was over, the Imels would head back for Portland. There was one longer trip, when Jack made it back to Portland just in time for his first class in the morning! In all, Pop Imel drove the family car about 100,000 miles, during Jack's years in high school, just chauffeuring his offspring around to his various appearances.

Jack realizes now that this was about the best "basic training" any performer could get. At an early age, he was trained, through these club dates, to be at ease

in front of an audience, and to be in control of himself and his instrument.

Which is not to say that all those youthful public appearances went smoothly, and without incident. There was one horrible night when he was scheduled to play for the Eagles Lodge in Richmond. He was given a big-buildup type of introduction, and walked onstage toward his waiting marimba. Only then did he discover he'd left his hammers at home! And, in case you haven't noticed, one just doesn't play a marimba without hammers—those implements which look (Continued on page 66)

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M., sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent* is seen on ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., for both Dodge and Plymouth. On ABC Radio, Lawrence Welk and his band are heard Sat., at 10:05 P.M., once a week on *ABC's Dancing Party*, M-F, 9:30 P.M., also other times; see local papers. (All times given are EDT)

Stars in the daytime



Colorful as their voices: Left to right—Teri Keane, Claire Niesen, Sandy Becker, Florence Freeman, and Claudia Morgan.

Exclusive!

**FIRST COLOR PHOTOGRAPH EVER
TAKEN OF THE BELOVED, TALENTED
STARS OF ALL TEN CBS RADIO
DAYTIME DRAMATIC "SMASH HITS"**

NO THEATER on Broadway, not all Times Square itself, could boast the fabulously long-run hits represented by these smiling stars—who hold the same devoted audiences, day after day, while adding new generations of listeners.

The average run of these current CBS Radio daytime dramas is about eighteen years. The two youngest celebrate their tenth anniversary this year. The two oldest were premiered back in 1933, and their more than 6,000 scripts (apiece!) are approximately the equivalent of 350 full-length stage plays.

Into your homes every day come the fascinating characters

your CBS radio favorites



Stellar quintet from five more dramas: Virginia Payne, Julie Stevens, Don MacLaughlin, Joan Tompkins, and Vivian Smolen.

For even the most successful Broadway hit, the curtain must go down each night. But daytime dramas grow and develop through the years, telling "what happened next" to characters the audiences now know and love. That's the secret of this hit-drama success story: Well-written scripts about lives as real to us as our own—superbly acted by people as warm and true as our next-door neighbors.

The ten stars pictured here are best known for the lives they live each day, over the magic microphone: Teri Keane as *The Second Mrs. Burton*; Claire Niesen

as Mary Noble, *Backstage Wife*; Sandy Becker as *Young Dr. Malone*; Florence Freeman in the title role of *Wendy Warren And The News*; Claudia Morgan as Carolyn Nelson in *The Right To Happiness*.

And, above: Virginia Payne—*Ma Perkins* herself; Julie Stevens in the title role of *The Romance Of Helen Trent*; Don MacLaughlin as Dr. Jim Brent in *The Road Of Life*; Joan Tompkins—*This Is Nora Drake*, in person; Vivian Smolen as *Our Gal Sunday*.

They're wonderful people in their own right, too, as even thumbnail sketches of their lives will prove!

See Next Page —>

played by these radio "greats." Here are their personal stories . . .

Stars in the daytime / our CBS radio favorites



Colorful as their voices. Left to right—Teri Keone, Claire Niesen, Sandy Becker, Florence Freeman, and Claudia Morgan.

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See Next Page →

RADIO



more than eight years, but she's been the *Backstage Wife* of matinee-idol Larry Noble (James Meighan) even longer—ever since the drama moved from Chicago to New York, in 1945. Claire herself had moved to Manhattan from her native Phoenix, Arizona, when she was 8. She danced professionally during vacations, still did so well scholastically that she was valedictorian at her high-school graduation. Acting was always her first love, and she got her start in a Shakespearean series on a local New York station. Reversing the usual procedure, Claire won her first Broadway role as a result of TV appearances. She's still very much a

back on Long Island—with Ruth, son Curtis, older daughter Joyce and younger daughter Annelle. . . . **Florence Freeman**, who created the title role in *Wendy Warren And The News*, has the talent and training to be a good journalist. But teaching is the only career which ever side-tracked her from acting. A native New Yorker, Florence gave her first recitation in kindergarten, won a dramatics medal in high school—then earned A.B. and M.A. degrees at Wells College and Columbia U. She was teaching in Pearl River, N. Y., when friends dared her to try radio. She auditioned for a New York station in early morning, was



Teri Keane



Claire Niesen



Sandy Becker



Florence Freeman



Claudia Morgan

SINGING has vied with acting as a possible career for **Teri Keane**. She was born in New York City, where her mother—a leading coloratura from Budapest's Royal Opera House—enrolled her at the Professional Children's School, thinking it was for the offspring of busy show people, rather than actual child performers. Teri's talents were soon discovered, and she made her stage debut at 9—by 19, she'd appeared in two Broadway plays and three musicals. She also got an early start in radio, where she's best known today as Terry in *The Second Mrs. Burton*—a role she took over just this year—and as Jocelyn in *The Road Of Life*. Not so much taller than her own six-year-old daughter Sharon, Teri has won dancing contests, been a featured singer at swank night clubs, and still takes vocal lessons. . . . **Claire Niesen** has been married to popular actor Melville Ruick for

wife offstage, however, designs most of her own chic wardrobe, enjoys needlework—and gourmet-husband Mel swears by (not at) her cooking. . . . **Sandy Becker's** father wanted him to be a doctor, but Sandy didn't achieve that status until he took over as *Young Dr. Malone* on March 21, 1949—the day before his own son was born. Radio lured Sandy from pre-medical studies at N.Y.U. in his teens. Before that, he'd dabbled in puppeteering and dramatics at school in Elmhurst, on New York's Long Island. Sandy made his mike debut at a near-by station, was an experienced announcer by the time he pursued his calling to Charlotte, N.C. There, he spotted his future wife—and recognized her at first sight, though pretty Ruth Venable took a bit more persuading. They met in June, eloped in July, had a church wedding in August. Now, in his mid-30's, Sandy shares a lovely home—

so successful they kept her working until after midnight. Since then, radio has claimed all her time—except for her home and community activities in near-by New Jersey. Married to a clergyman, Florence has two daughters, Judith and Deana, now in college, and a seven-year-old son, Leonard. . . . **Claudia Morgan**—who has starred as Carolyn in *The Right To Happiness* for all but four of its eighteen years—was born crown princess of a theatrical royal family. The birthplace was New York but, by the time Claudia was 6, she'd visited every state of the union with her touring parents. By 16, she'd played leading lady to her own father, the late Ralph Morgan, on Broadway, but returned to private school after the summer work-vacation. Following graduation, she got good parts in other plays “on her own”—including the last drama ever directed by

Stars in the daytime—your CBS radio favorites

(Continued)

David Belasco. Since then, she's been in many a stage hit (her featured role in Shaw's "The Apple Cart," last season, was her thirty-ninth on Broadway), has been seen in most of the leading summer theaters and top TV playhouses. She's done some movies and a lot of radio—where working hours adjust better to those of her husband, Kenneth Loane, who's in real estate. . . . **Virginia Payne** has never missed a performance, though she's been *Ma Perkins* ever since the drama began in 1933—in Cincinnati, Virginia's own birthplace. She was only a slip of a girl then, but she had a big, rich voice. All her family were doctors or

gan in Chicago in 1933, but Julie's been star since it moved to New York in 1944). Julie was born Harriet Foote in St. Louis, where she made her stage and radio debuts. She toured to the Coast with a Shakespearean troupe, landed a lead at Pasadena Playhouse—and a contract in films. She's done both movies and plays, but is happiest at a Manhattan mike, just thirty miles from home, husband and children. Julie became Mrs. Charles Underhill (he was then a Navy officer, is now a public-relations exec) the same year she became Helen Trent. . . . **Don MacLaughlin** was a doctor's son, back in Webster, Iowa,

always been a fine-arts family—grandparents were composers and painters, her father and mother were professional singers, and the latter coached amateur theatricals after they retired to the suburbs. Born in New York, reared in nearby Mount Vernon, Joan spent summer vacations from school working with the Mount Kisco Westchester Playhouse, has since done Broadway dramas and toured as understudy to Katharine Hepburn. Joan's husband, Karl Swenson, is a well-known actor on the airwaves, but they've seldom appeared in the same stories. The first—and perhaps still the only—time they were cast as a



Virginia Payne



Julie Stevens



Don MacLaughlin



Joan Tompkins



Vivian Smolen

scientists, but her mother, a talented amateur musician, taught her bits of poetry as soon as she could talk. Virginia made her radio debut on WLW, while still a student. A star pupil at Schuster-Martin School of Drama, she also earned an A.B. and M.A. from Cincinnati U. She studied music at the Chicago Conservatory, has been active in dramatic groups wherever she lived, still does off-Broadway and summer plays. Now living in New York, Virginia spent *Ma Perkins'* vacation last year doing a job Ma could heartily enjoy—supervising the building of a seaside cottage in Maine. . . . **Julie Stevens** wouldn't desert *The Romance Of Helen Trent* for anything—except the birth of her babies. The first one, Nancy, was born in 1951. The second, Sarah, was born last November. "Subbing" for Julie during maternity leave was Virginia Clark, the original Helen (the drama be-

but never thought of a medical career for himself—until he became Dr. Jim Brent in *The Road Of Life*. Acting was his goal, though he took a roundabout way to success. Don did a variety of jobs, while attending Iowa Wesleyan, Northwestern, Iowa U. and Arizona U. He made his mike debut in Tucson, but tackled many another trade—including a stint at sea—before he found his niche with the networks in New York. Luck changed when he married newspaper gal Mary Prugh. Now he puts in a busy week, on both radio and TV. Weekends, he makes a beeline for the little Vermont town where he and Mary have just the home of which they'd dreamed for teenagers Douglas and Janet and younger son Britton. . . . **Joan Tompkins** never trained to be a nurse, though she's become very interested in hospital work after ten years of *This Is Nora Drake*. Joan's has

married couple was on nighttime TV. . . . **Vivian Smolen** has been *Our Gal Sunday* for all but seven of its twenty years. Born in New York City, where her father was a violinist and conductor, she had a thorough training in music, dancing and drama. While attending James Madison High, in Brooklyn, she wrote to a network for a children's-program audition, was soon so busy on radio she had to give up her plans for college. She continued her study of acting and singing, has now taken up painting, with classes at the Museum of Modern Art. Her favorite pastimes are traveling and collecting art connected with the theater and its history. Last year, Vivian visited London and was shown the sights by none other than Alastair Duncan, who plays Sunday's husband, Lord Henry—London being the "home town" of both Alastair and Lord Henry Brinthrope himself!

Heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday afternoons: *Wendy Warren And The News*, at 12 noon; *Backstage Wife*, 12:15; *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, 12:30; *Our Gal Sunday*, 12:45; *This Is Nora Drake*, 1; *Ma Perkins*, 1:15; *Young Dr. Malone*, 1:30; *The Road Of Life*, 1:45; *The Right To Happiness*, 2; *The Second Mrs. Burton*, 2:15. (All times given here are EDT)



FAITH had the Answer

Unshaken belief brought Bill Lundigan through darkest hours to brightest dawn

By DORA ALBERT

THE SISTER at the receiving desk of the Salvatore de Mundi Hospital in Rome took one look at the pale, thin American woman who had arrived with her husband, the tall, lanky, good-looking American, and her heart was moved to pity. *How pretty this one must have been before she became so ill, she thought. How sad that the professors had to send her here to die.* (She always thought of doctors as professors.) "We'll send you to your room in a wheelchair," she said gently.

With a fleeting gasp of strength, the woman protested, "I can walk." Her husband sat there dazed, as if the world were coming to an end. He didn't seem to know what words there were to say. (Continued on page 72)



There's humor, too, in the Lundigan home. Bill and Rena had many a laugh together, before they seriously contemplated matrimony. Today, they teach Stacey to enjoy the *here and now*.



Three who have much to be thankful for—Bill, for one, can never fully express his gratitude for having his lovely wife, Rena, and a healthy, happy Stacey to hold close to his heart.



Bill Lundigan is the host on the hour-long *Climax!*, seen every week over CBS-TV, Thursday, from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Chrysler Corporation.



THE "DOLLY" PRINCESS

Always tiny and shy—but so talented, too—Annette Funicello has become a Disney star at the age of fourteen!

By GORDON BUDGE

A FEW YEARS AGO, the rustic two-bedroom house on Ben Street in North Hollywood, California, was known in the neighborhood simply as "the Funicello place." Then, thanks to Joe and Virginia's brood of three—Annette, Joey and Mike—it became known as "the fun place." Brown-eyed, curly-black-haired Annette, who danced and sang all (Continued on page 64)

Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club* is seen on ABC-TV, Mon. thru Fri., 5 to 6 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Pert and lively today, on Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club*, Annette was once a truly timid little mouse—till her kindergarten teacher suggested that she study a musical instrument.



At 6, she could beat the drum for everyone. Then her parents noticed that Annette had *too much* rhythm.



At 10, she considered herself a "second mother" to younger brother Joey and their baby brother Mike.



At 12, she danced the "Swan Lake" ballet—and set pointed toe on the path which led to Disney stardom.



Annette, Daddy Joe (who's always called her "Dolly"), Joey, mama Virginia and Mike were all slightly delirious about Daddy's birthday-gift convertible—but it was Mike who almost lost his head, first time they put the top down!



Letters delight her, and so do the sweet-scented gifts from fans who know that perfumes are her hobby.



The phone doesn't really turn her life upside down—she sees her best friends at the studio all day long.







She began as gospel singer, still doesn't think she's a glamour girl.



Charlie Grean, her fiance and manager, wrote "1492," novelty tune paired with "Little White Lies" on her new Bally recording.

Sing and be Happy

Betty Johnson knows hard work but also knows how to lift a tired heart—including her own

By MARTIN COHEN

IHATE to wear shoes," says Betty Johnson. "I can't wait until I'm a star so I can do what I want. Now, some of my friends say that I embarrass them—that I'm sweet but corny. But I just like to be myself." Betty Johnson has no intention of walking down Madison Avenue in bare feet. But, on the other hand, she doesn't like to be told what to do. She doesn't want to be made into something other than what she is. Charlie Grean, Betty's fiance and manager, remembers that, about three years ago—when his office first began to represent Betty—they talked about sophisticating her with a new hairdo, a new nose, and renaming her to "Kim Something." Betty listened to the ideas and finally said, "I want to be Betty Johnson and keep my own face. This is what God gave me and I just want to be me."

Betty is a five-two blondeshell with beautiful blue-green eyes that sputter like a fuse. She has (Continued on page 61)

Basically a homebody, she sews most of her clothes and is an excellent cook, too.



the Crosby Clan

By MAXINE ARNOLD

THE MAN in the uninhibited sport shirt got out of his convertible and looked up and down Sharp Avenue, casing the neighborhood for faces he'd known. He turned into the walk of an old-fashioned white frame house, whistling while he awaited the opening of a door which had opened for him many times. . .

As Margaret Carroll laughingly described it later, "I had on an old house coat. I was down on my knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor, when the bell rang. I went to the door—and there stood Bing."

"Hello, Margaret, what's new?" he said, picking up, in typical fashion, where he'd left off some fifteen years before. He'd just dropped by, he said. And added, "I wanted to see the old neighborhood."

Sure, and Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.—whose sentimental heart belies the bland blue eyes and the casual, wig-wagging left foot that accompanies him whenever he sings—had come calling on the street where he'd lived. Sharp Avenue, in "northside" Spokane. . . .

The leprechauns had taken very good care of him since that day he'd rattled down the street in an old wreck of a Ford with Al Rinker—Hollywood or bust! The day the neighbors waved Kate Crosby's son goodbye and Godspeed—and speculated that he was really straining the luck of the Irish, if Bing thought that car would ever make it. It was stripped of everything—except the heart to get him there. . . .

Yet all that luck had been his. And more. His was the voice of the people, and his the Americana success

Continued →



Three of Washington's seven Crosby boys, in 1933: Bob, Bing, and Everett (low man on the totem pole)—who can't sing, but has his Irish wits about him.



Angelic, Bing looked as a Gonzaga High School grad—but the Fathers had another word!



War time: Bing entertained at Camp Pendleton and found brother Bob in the Marines.

from Spokane

Here, on Sharp Avenue, are memories which will always spell "home" for Bing and Bob



Proud moment—when Bob's mother and father came visiting him during rehearsals of Bob's early radio show, *Club 15*.



Now living in the old Crosby home in Spokane, Mrs. Margaret Higgins watches "the boys" on her TV set.



The Sharp Avenue neighborhood is filled with Crosby memories. Here's Bob, at 2, with his Easter basket.



White now, the Crosby home was once brown—but always bright with music and laughter of frequent "clambakes."



For the boys, Gonzaga University was favorite playground in runabout days, "alma mater" in later years.



"St. Al's"—St. Aloysius Church—was "soul mother" for young and old of most families in community.



For the girls, it was Holy Names Academy—with a big orchard in back which youthful Crosbys often raided.

the Crosby Clan from Spokane

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the Crosby Clan from Spokane

(Continued)



In 1928, Sharp Avenue was thrilled by news of Bing's rising fame, as he toured with Whiteman. Above, "Rhythm Boys" Al Rinker (left), Bing, and Harry Barris (right).



Home in triumph—sister Catherine, Mother, Dad, his brother Edward J. Crosby and brother Larry were there as Bing received honorary degree from Gonzaga in '46.



Later, neighbors followed the success story of Bob's own band. Gil Rodin—playing sax in those days—is now producer of the Award-winning *Bob Crosby Show*, on CBS-TV.

saga of all time. Many of those along Sharp Avenue liked to think of the Crosbys as their own neighborhood Cinderella story: "The way it all happened—so suddenly . . . and the way they took it—so beautifully." Even the skeptics took heart from the fact that, however unlikely, it *can* happen here.

Here—two doors down from the Carrolls', in an old two-storey gabled house with a wide front porch—was where the whole story began. Here Bing's future was molded, man and star.

Here, too, was fostered the sense of family—the Irish wit and warmth—that was to make Bob Crosby at home in the living room of all the millions who watch his daily show on CBS-TV. For it was here, in this large, old-fashioned frame house, that George Robert Crosby made his own first "personal appearance."

The neighbors all agreed Bob was a pretty baby. The Bradleys' daughter, Gladys, who lived next door, thought him "the most beautiful baby ever born." She was always asking Mrs. Crosby's permission to take him over home with her. At that time, Gladys Bradley was studying the violin, and—though Bob Crosby was to rise to fame, later on, directing a Dixieland band—at the age of two months, he used to listen to her practicing on the violin and laugh and coo. . . . (Continued on page 86)

The Bob Crosby Show is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.



Parrot perched on a wooden limb. Then a voice from nowhere left her speechless.



Jerry didn't mind being the low man on this totem pole.



Stone camel at Sahara Motel was fun. So were Miami's lady motorcycle cops.



Rehearsals were on the beach. Rocky Graziano guested on show, Florence Chadwick kibitzed. Jerry's guard was down as Rocky jawed him for splinters. Paul was alert for tips from Florence.

Florida was fun, and Jerry Mahoney had a chance to meet the palm branch of his family tree. But, for Dorothy and Paul Winchell, two weeks was long enough to be away from *their* family—Stacy, 3, Stephanie, 10.





the Girl Tommy Marries...

*Can you get a picture of the future
Mrs. Sands—comparing the favorite
dates of this dynamic young singer?*

By EUNICE FIELD

A YOUNG MAN'S MIND—what a springtime world it is, where romantic daydreams shoot up faster than field flowers! And Tommy Sands, little more than nineteen, is no exception. He, too, has already done quite a lot of long wish-thinking on the subject of girls, romance and even marriage.

And why not? It's a subject he hasn't been able to avoid since he reached his middle teens and played the lead in a high-school version (a very free version) of Irving Berlin's "Annie Get Your Gun." In that musical play, he sang the well-known ballad, "The Girl That I Marry." This is a song Tommy has been called upon to sing many times since. Yet, when the big question is put to him, he flashes the mischievous grin that has captivated a coast-to-coast audience and says crisply, "I love that song, but only as a song. The girl it de-

Molly Bee—of Tennessee Ernie Ford show—his date for this year's Oscar presentation (facing page). And Mrs. Grace Sands (below), his mother—and all-time best gal!



Betty Moers, his "teen-age crush" in high school.



Lynn Trosper, his first true love—when he was 4.

scribes is exactly the kind of girl I've never dreamed of marrying."

In the wake of his sensational hit on *Kraft Television Theater's* "The Singin' Idol," and with his recording of "Teen Age Crush" hurdling the million mark, Tommy Sands has won the esteem of a multitude of fans for keeping his head, his balance and his grasp on values that few men are able to grasp until they are fully matured. He shows this same pattern in the sensible way he tackles that most intimate of wish-thoughts . . . the girl, or type of girl, that he sees as his wife, helpmate, mistress of the hearth and home, and mother of the children he hopes to have someday.

"Listen," he says, "I was reading about a young actor. He said he'd love to get a girl like his mother. That's great—" and now the grin forms again and a twinkle

Continued →

Wherever he goes, fans of both sexes mob Tommy for his autograph—and speculate about romance. Below, the camera caught him in New York for *The Steve Allen Show*.



the Girl Tommy Marries...

(Continued)



Hollywood party, junior style: Sunlit lawn for setting, ice cream for refreshments—and a serious discussion of youthful problems for Molly Bee, Kathy Nolan and Tommy.

lights the depth of his steady dark eyes—"I love my mother, too. I wouldn't change her for anything. She's definitely what I want in a mother. I'm happy to say she's an original. I mean she's herself at all times. And there isn't a bit of the fake or copycat in her make-up. But that's just the point. That's exactly what I want in a wife. Above anything else, I want to see that quality of being herself. I feel uncomfortable with girls who mimic actresses they admire, or strut around like some model they saw on TV.

"I prefer the types who aren't afraid to make a few rules of their own. I don't think I'd ever be happy with a carbon copy, no matter how beautiful or attractive she might be. How does Shakespeare put it? *Be true to yourself and then you can't be false to any man.* . . . That pretty much sums it up for me."

Tommy may not agree that "The Girl That I Marry" must "wear satins and laces," but there is one phrase in Irving Berlin's song which does strike home: "I'm a sucker for perfume," Tommy admits. "A gal 'smelling of cologne' gets me all fussed up." But, he adds, "I'm not picky when it comes to clothes. I'd admire the real-life Annie for wearing the clothes that suit her style. I think she'd look ridiculous in satins and frills and bows. On



Poolside dancing, to a Sands recording: Molly says, "He's real cool!" Tommy says, "She's the greatest!" Judy Boutin and Ken Fredricks are the other dancers.

the other hand, some girls look awful in blue jeans. To me, the best-dressed girl is the one who looks comfortable in what she's wearing—and that goes for sweater and skirt or gown and mink stole.

"Another thing," he points out, "it's not the color of her clothes or the fact that she's a blonde, redhead or brunette that counts with me. I've walked down streets where one type or another came by and, if I liked a particular girl, this is what I'd be thinking, *Boy, I bet that one's a real sweet date.* It just doesn't occur to me to think, *What a blonde,* or *What a redhead!*

"Sometimes it's the smart, easy way she carries herself. Sometimes it's her voice, which ripples like a guitar. Sometimes it's the clothes, not because of the cut or color, but because they go so fine with the girl. I was eating in Frascati's on Sunset Boulevard the other day. A woman in a simple black dress came through the door and every man's eyes, including mine, jumped up to get a look. She was the most striking woman in the place.

"A friend of mine," he smiles, "told me he flips over the tall, high-fashion type. I said to him, 'But that's just physical!' He jabbed me on the chin and joked, 'What else?' Then he went into the details. She had to have such and such measurements, (Continued on page 78)

Tommy Sands and Molly Bee both sing on *The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, as seen and heard over NBC-TV, M-F, from 2:30 to 3 P.M. EDT.



Parlor tricks, garden variety: Below, Tommy shows Molly he's a balanced young man. Left to right, in background: Joe Maggio, Kathy, Judy Nichols, Ken Miller, Ken Fredricks and Judy Boutin.



Ice cream for "Cindy," who really laps it up! Then, clean-up time for Molly and Tommy—"just good friends"—after the other guests have gone.



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(Continued)



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FAMILIES are FUN

For Bud Collyer, that includes his contestants on *Beat The Clock* and *To Tell The Truth*, as well as his wife and youngsters at home

By MARY TEMPLE

AFTER YEARS of asking questions and posing problems on a variety of TV and radio audience-participation programs (presently, *To Tell The Truth* and *Beat The Clock*, over CBS-TV), Bud Collyer still thinks people are exciting, interesting, wonderful. Good winners, and just as good losers. Willing to try their hardest in competition, but able to laugh at themselves and their failures. Rich in their sense of fun and capacity for enjoyment.

It is this sense of fun, this enjoyment of things, (Continued on page 80)

Bud Collyer emcees *Beat The Clock*, CBS-TV, Fri., 7:30 P.M. EDT, for Hazel Bishop, Inc.—and *To Tell The Truth*, CBS-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EDT, for Pharmaceuticals, Inc. (Geritol)



Their home has the deepest of meanings for Bud and Marion Collyer. For them, it's filled with memories of children growing up . . . and the menagerie which hoppy children gather around them as they grow—pets from poodles to parakeets, from alley cats to crested conories!



With Marion at the piano, and choir-singer Cynthia stifling a giggle, Bud teaches Mike to play both guitar and banjo as relaxation from mathematics.





To the Collyers, "teenagers" are really "young adults"—Mike, Cynthia and Pat prove they are right. Pat's a gifted pianist, but concentrates primarily on getting a well-rounded education at college . . . Cynthia plans on special art training, after finishing high school . . . Mike's young heart is already set on a career in aero-dynamics. They can always count on warm encouragement from Bud and Marian.



Mr. and Mrs. is the name: Rosemary and Jack Merrell wed just four weeks after they met—"My family thought he was wonderful. So did I!"



Rosemary Rice's personality blends many lives . . .
as actress . . . as physician's daughter, in
Young Dr. Malone . . . and as Jack Merrell's bride



By FRANCES KISH

A BLUE-EYED BLONDE with honey-smooth hair—and a glowing "brunette" kind of personality—is a happy young New Jersey housewife who loves her home, loves to keep it polished up, loves to cook. She is also an eighteen-year-old named Jill, daughter of *Young Dr. Malone*, the beloved physician. For years, too, she has been *Mama's* elder daughter, Katrin, now grown up to an early widowhood.

This business of being three people hasn't been one bit upsetting to Rosemary, but interesting—and *fun*. She's enjoyed being all three. As Jill, that modern miss, she was at one time rebellious and

Continued →

Homemaking—every waking minute. "Rosie" waters plants as Jack reads before bedtime.



All the things you are



Welcome! "I love our house so much that I make a tour every morning before I leave," Rosemary admits.

She plays drama, Jack plays golf. He hasn't tackled the airwaves, but she'd like to keep up with him on the fairways.

The old-timers had a wheel for it, but a modern housewife still finds a husband's strong arms handy for winding yarn.





Rosemary claims she's "only a fair musician," but her accordion proudly bears her name—and Jack gave her the elegant baby grand as a birthday gift.

All the things you are

(Continued)

at odds with Dr. Malone's second wife, Tracey, but now a warm understanding and friendship exists between them. As Katrin, she had a happy childhood in San Francisco, married, and lost her husband during World War I—the time period recently covered in *Mama*.

As Rosemary Rice Merrell—married to management consultant Jack Merrell since July 3, 1954—she is the sum of these two other personalities added to her own. Young and gay and enthusiastic, like Jill. Gentle, sympathetic, and mature beyond her years, like Katrin. Honest, direct, frank, poised. In short, the sum of all the things that life has taught Rosemary Rice.

"Rosie," as everyone now calls her (though her family called her "Roses" and she likes that better, if there must be a nickname), can thank her acting career for bringing romance and love into her life. An old school friend and her husband have always been enthusiastic fans of Rose-

mary's, listening and watching whenever they could. The husband kept saying that he knew someone who would like Rosemary—and whom he was sure Rosemary would like—but he hadn't seen the man for a while and maybe he'd married in the meantime. Rosemary didn't think much about the whole thing, anyhow. She had a lot of beaux, and no one had ever "arranged" anything for her that had turned out to be romance. So she laughed it off.

One day, the friends asked Rosemary for dinner at the country club and also invited *the* man—who was not married, had never particularly noticed Rosie on television or listened to her on radio, but now decided he must have been missing something rather special. "Jack doesn't like me to tell this, because it might sound a little foolish," Rosemary confesses, "but we both fell in love *that* fast and were married (Continued on page 70)

Rosemary Rice is Jill Malone in *Young Dr. Malone*, heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 1:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.



Above, at the snack bar, Rosemary fills the "orders" of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Whelan, little Carol Pfister and Linda Whelan. Rosie and Jack built three "fun rooms" in basement.



Ping-pong club meets downstairs, too, as the Merrells take on the Whelans for a game, with Barbara Ann Whelan as referee. There's a third basement room for barbecues, but in fine weather they prefer eating outdoors—left to right, Cal Wenke, Barbara Ann, the Whelans, the Merrells, and Linda.





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HILLBILLY HERO



Off-beat role in "A Face in the Crowd" finds Andy in jail—where Patricia Neal discovers his talent.



Pat, a roving radio reporter, gives Andy a boost toward fame—and a power which he misuses.



Fun between takes—for Jeff Best (with the guitar), Harry Stradling, director Elia Kazan, Andy and Pat.

Andy Griffith can never be just "a face in the crowd." It's right on the records that everyone's got time for Andy, his songs and his sayings

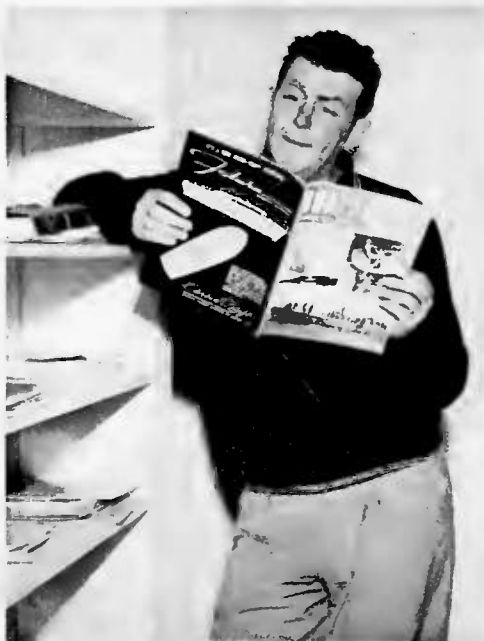
By **FREDDA BALLING**

AT FIRST SIGHT, Andy Griffith would appear to be constituted like a good gelatine dessert—all one color and clear. Investigation, however, will disclose that his personality pattern is one of shades and shadows, that his flavor is various, and that contradiction is probably his most obvious component.

He looks like an ex-blocking back, yet he has never played football—though he did try basketball, without inspiring the rules committee to raise the hoop or diminish its circumference. . . . He (*Continued on page 68*)



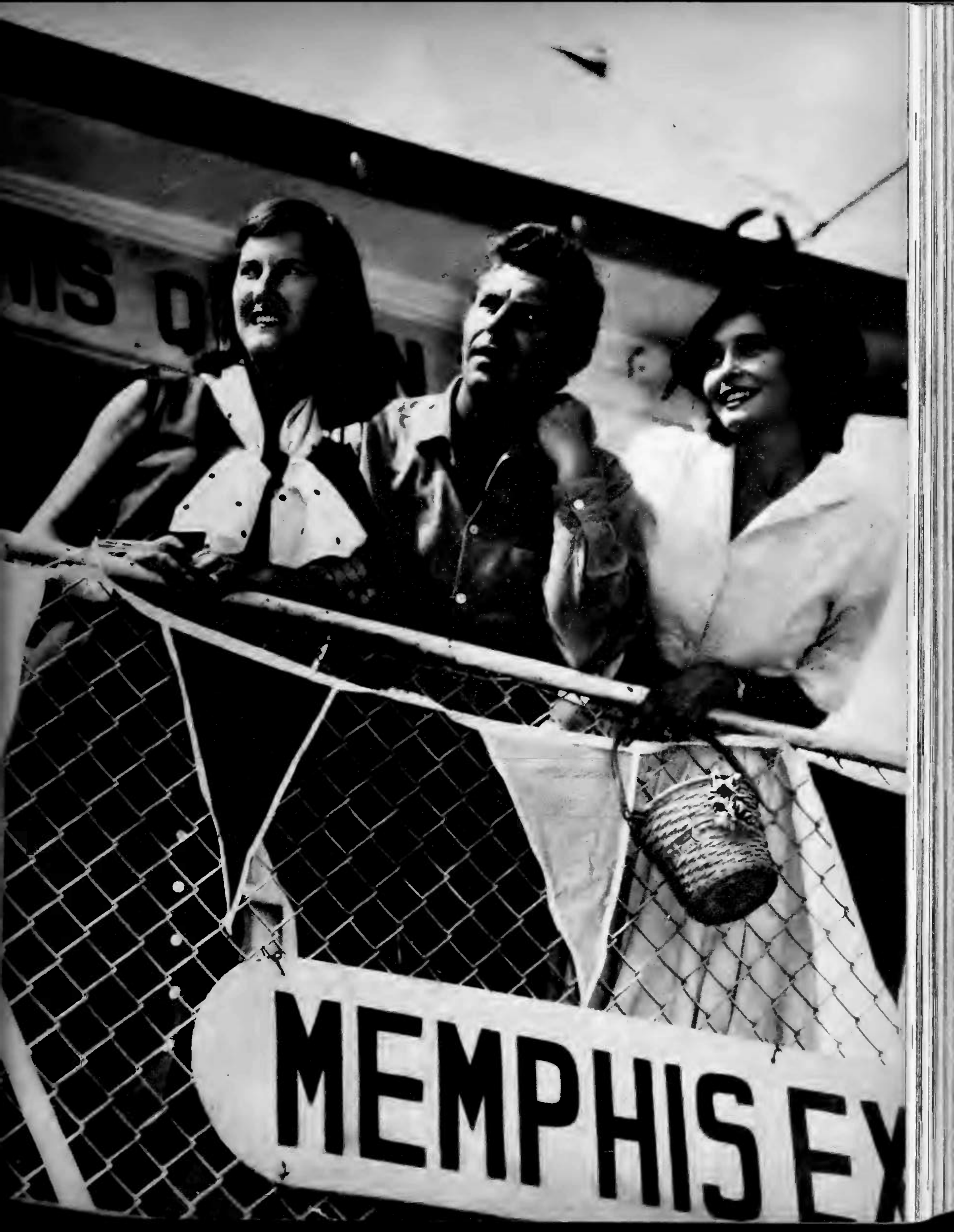
Now it's the Hollywood Hills for Andy and his Barbara—the "Bobby" whose name once confused him!



Sea dream: "Always wanted a boat," says Andy. "Finally, got one—an eighteen-foot dinghy."



Above, Barbara and Andy at home. Facing page, Barbara visits Andy and Pat Neal on Warner Bros. lot.



MEMPHIS EX

MY 13 YEARS WITH JERRY

*Lucky, heart-filling years!—
though being married to a comedian
isn't always a laughing matter*



Joining Jerry on tour, I try to make a home for him, whether in backstage dressing rooms or hotels. On the recent New York stay, we even had baby Scotty with us.



KO PALACE
 IN PERSON
 JERRY LEWIS
 ALL STAR SHOW



Playing the Palace, Jerry was right with his audience—they loved him! But cooling off after was more of a problem.

By PATTI LEWIS

NEXT OCTOBER, Jerry and I will have been married thirteen years. There have been times, I'll admit, when it has seemed much, much longer than a mere baker's dozen. But most of the time, when I think back, my reaction is, "Could it have been only thirteen years ago?" When you're happy, time goes fast.

But, having been happy during those thirteen years doesn't mean I've led a tranquil, peaceful, well-ordered existence. Far from it. In fact, most of the time it's been pretty frantic. But happy-frantic and funny-frantic, and only rarely, now and then, has it been sad-frantic or mad-frantic.

There have been times, for instance, when I've been up in the air. Quite literally, that is. I've logged more flying time than Jerry has, in the last thirteen years. There are moments now and then, after I get on a plane, when I have to stop and think whether I'm headed for New (Continued on page 76)

The Jerry Lewis Show, seen on NBC-TV, Saturday, June 8, from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, is being telecast in color and black-and-white.



At New York's Essex House, we had an apartment with a tiny kitchen. Jerry had his favorite after-show snacks—and Scotty had his favorite toys with him (below, right).

Back in the Pacific Palisades, we can relax and Behave Like People. Our boys, left to right, are Gary—who looks so much like Jerry; Ronnie—the "brain"; Scotty—the baby.





British tour began in London's Dominion Theater, as 3,000 fans shouted: "We want Bill!"—and then the curtain rose on Haley, his guitar, and His Comets.



William Haley and Mrs. Haley—as listed by dignified Cunard Line—looked forward to a sunny though brief vacation on board the *Queen Elizabeth*, sailing for England.

the ROCK ROLLS

**It was three cheers and a skyrocket
for Bill Haley and His Comets
as they spread the happy beat abroad**

By HELEN BOLSTAD

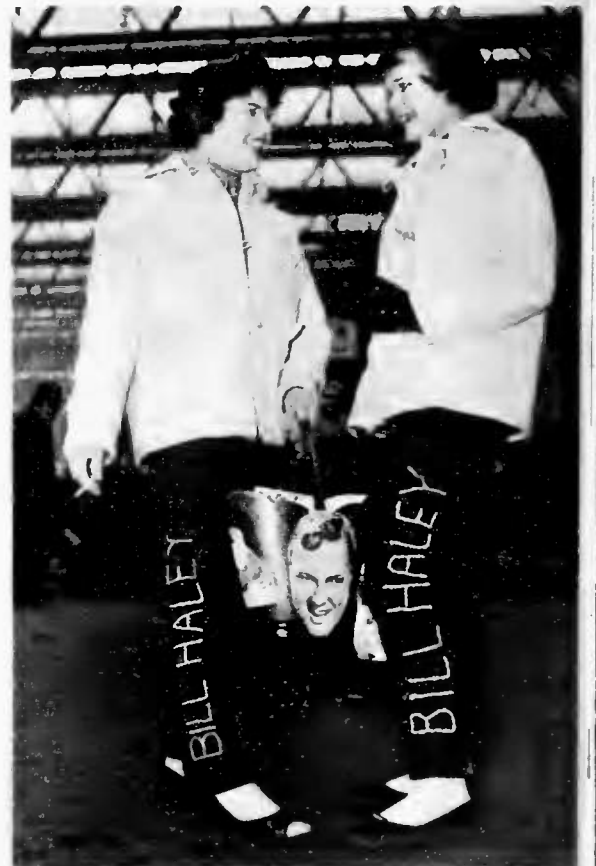
AUSTRALIANS exclaimed, "Fantabulous!" A London newspaper bannered, "All Haley Let Loose!" It was fun to watch the young people of the world prove the prophets of doom all wrong. When rock 'n' roll first burst on the scene as the freshest—and most controversial—music in thirty-five years, these prophets thundered that it was the drum-beat of delinquency. None of them foresaw that, this year, it would turn into one of America's most potent goodwill-builders—a means of communication and a bond of unity between teenagers of many lands.

Suitably, the first to carry it abroad were Bill Haley and His Comets, the little crew from Chester, Pennsylvania, who had also been the first to define the happy big beat in the United States. During the first seventy-two days of 1957, they whizzed across 42,638 miles. They were on three (Continued on page 82)



Nature's own typhoons and earthquakes couldn't top The Comets' welcome at the dock in Southampton (above) or on special train to London (below, left).

ROUND *the* WORLD



Above, at London's Waterloo Station, Sylvia Wakefield, 17, and Diane Thompson, 15, proudly displayed hand-lettered jeans they'd spent all the night embroidering.



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When she believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself

It isn't just that Ma understands, even when you don't say right out what's troubling you. She *helps* too. Not by telling you what to do. More by seeing the good in you when you can hardly see it yourself. Like Esther Hunter said to Fay the other day, "Why, when Ma believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself." Everybody in town feels that way about Ma Perkins. You would too if you met her. And you *can* meet her. You can get the *whole* story — even while you work — when you listen to day-time radio. Hear **MA PERKINS** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK.**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.



Toni Campbell, not yet 13, who decorates the summer scene above, is better known in the demure costume she wears at right, as *Mama's* beloved younger daughter, Dagmar.

Special beachtime good-grooming rules protect Toni Campbell's young beauty through a month of sun-days

By HARRIET SEGMAN



Under the Sun

BETWEEN Sunbonnet Sue, who never shows the sun her face, and Lila Lobstertint, who doesn't know when to come in out of those burning rays, there's a happy medium in under-the-sun beauty care. TV actress Toni Campbell, who's as smart as she's pretty, makes the bright summer air a friend of her good looks. The first essential for Toni's young skin, as for any skin-under-the-sun, is an invisible parasol—a suntan lotion or cream to slather on before sunning and re-apply every two hours and after each swim, with special care at ankles, knees, thighs, shoulders, nose, forehead. Long sun-sessions dry even well-protected skin, so Toni times her sunbaths, then moves into the shade, or creates her own oasis under a big hat and long-sleeved shirt. Before sunning, she massages hair cream into scalp and hair, treats nails and cuticle

of fingers and toes with nail oil, pats cream around her eyes to prevent "crinkles." Sunglasses, part of her program, belong in every bag of summer tricks—have lenses ground to prescription if your own sight keeps you from spotting a tall, bronzed life-guard at twenty paces. Toni wears soft, non-drying lipstick and light pink polish, uses hair-spray for neatness. In her sun-kit she carries skin lotion, cotton balls, and fresh-scented spray cologne. She shampoos hair as soon as possible after swimming, to remove salt and chlorine, restores luster with creme rinse or hairdressings, quick-sets with hair-spray. Toni's careful of her posture, too, and her tips can help every girl who owns a bathing suit—tuck your sitting-spot 'way under, pull tummy in flat, don't collapse on your hips. Sit up, not down, like the lady you are and the sun-beauty you can be.

DEEJAY ON THE KEYS



It takes such lovely stars as Lu Ann Simms and Peggy King to lure Sandy away from "Simo," his talking piano.



Sandy Singer, WTCN's piano and platter man, answered a very special request



Sandy answered a record request from Eleanor. Now, he's speech teacher to Po Po—and kitchen apprentice.



TALK AND A TURNTABLE are standard equipment for a deejay. To this, Sandy Singer adds eighty-eight keys and bills himself as "the Northwest's only piano-playing disc jockey." *The Sandy Singer Show* is heard on Station WTCN in Minneapolis-St. Paul each weekday from noon to 12:30, from 2 to 5 P.M. and from 6:15 to 7 P.M. It's back again on Saturday from 8 A.M. to noon and may soon be visible on WTCN-TV. Between the platters and the patter, Sandy wanders over to his ever-ready Steinway to introduce records with a flourish of the keys or, sometimes, to play right along with them. Or Sandy may join in with a chorus on the organ as well. On records, the music multiplies and Sandy has produced discs with up to six pianos, à la Les Paul. . . . "I never tire of the letters and phone calls and requests," says Sandy. "I love my job and everything about it." Actually, Sandy pays perhaps more attention to requests than most deejays—and well he might. While launching his deejay career on a Peoria station, he met Eleanor Drazin at a party. Three days later, Sandy received a letter from her asking him to play the record, "I Want To Be Loved." Taking the request literally, Sandy phoned for a date, and the duo of music lovers have been happily married now for six years. . . . From Peoria, Sandy went to Augusta, Georgia, where he served both Uncle Sam and the listeners to Station WBBQ. Thence to KCRG in Cedar Rapids and, in 1956, to WTCN. Sandy and Eleanor share a modern apartment in South Minneapolis, near Lake Calhoun, with Po Po, a parakeet they've trained to recite the station call letters. Tickings and chimings come from the many unusual clocks the Singers are collecting for that future home-of-their-own. Bowling, swimming, golf, horseback riding and flying are Sandy's hobbies. But Eleanor refuses to fly with him until she learns how herself, because, as Sandy explains, "she wants to be a back-seat flyer." . . . If Sandy ever decides to fly home, it'll be to Chicago, where his mother was a vocalist for CBS and where Sandy began his piano lessons at age five. A year later, he'd narrowed his choice for the future down to either doctoring or radio. By the time he was eleven, radio had won out and Sandy was a pro on radio and TV. He's been music to Midwestern ears ever since.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Moe Milliken's easygoing approach as weatherman or talent emcee turns KHOL and KHPL viewers into friends



Before he becomes evening weatherman, he's Cousin Moe. With Uncle Jerry, he meets junior talent on *Little Rascals*.



Moe's workday starts after lunch with Jeon, Stevie and Lorry. But on evening schedule means a late-hour finish for Moe, too.

THE OPEN SECRET to success in television is to remember that you're a guest in somebody's living room—and not a speaker from the rostrum at Madison Square Garden. It's a "secret" nobody ever had to whisper to Marlyn "Moe" Milliken. He knew it instinctively and practices it for two television areas, that of KHOL-TV in Kearney, Nebraska, and its "satellite," KHPL-TV in Hayes Center. Though he speaks to thousands of people each day, Moe's is a relaxed and genial intimacy of talking to a gathering of just a few friends. . . . Heard each evening at 6 and 10 as weatherman for Channels 6 and 13, he is constantly bombarded with the request, "When you gonna get us some rain, Moe?" But, drought or deluge, his viewers prove their loyalty each year in the annual Labor Day weather-guessing contest. Last fall, 6,323 viewers competed. Sunday evenings at 8:30, Moe is at the helm of *Talent Show*, with five contestants competing for prizes and for the eventual six-week finals and elimination programs. Each weekday evening at 5, he becomes Cousin Moe and joins Uncle Jerry Granger in cavorting with puppets Ozzie, Mr. Scratch and Hoiman the hippopotamus on *Little Rascals*. Add to this his chores

as production manager of KHOL-TV and here is a busy man, indeed, carrying a lot of responsibility for someone who's just twenty-five years old. . . . Growing up in Naponee, a small community within the KHOL-TV area, he acquired his present nickname of Moe while in high school—but he's not saying how. Still, it stuck with him through the University of Nebraska and Kearney State Teachers College, where the program director of KGFW spotted Moe in a radio speech class and launched him on a broadcasting career. . . . Moe and his wife Jean met while both were at college. Friends say their sons look like Moe, but he insists that Larry, 3, and Stevie, 2, take after their mother. Moe and the boys are "outdoor men," and, on Moe's days off, they like to take camping trips. Moe couldn't be happier at Larry's early choice of a career as a football and basketball player. Stevie, who hasn't yet made up his mind about the future, was born shortly after Moe joined KHOL-TV. Even after so brief a time, viewers celebrated the event with 1,500 letters and gifts, including a number of pink, baby-girl items. Asked about these unused feminine garments, Moe just grins and says "We're saving them for possible future use."

THE RECORD PLAYERS

Each month, four of your favorite disc jockeys alternate this space with views and interviews. This spin around, it's Josh Brady of WBBM in Chicago



This singing Cinderella, Cathy Carr, lives in an "Ivory Tower."

NO PUMPKINS, PLEASE

By JOSH BRADY

IT WAS one of those April days when a guy longed for a little conversation, and I guess we all have our favorite haunts where we can count on running into a good listener, if nothing else. Anyhow, this particular day, the roof fell in.

I'm about halfway through my second cup of coffee when I am joined by the writing team of Jack Fulton and Lois Steel, composers of such gems as "Until," "If You Were But a Dream," "Wanted" and "Ivory Tower." After inquiring why they look a little tired, I ask when they are coming up with another hit. I get an immediate answer to both questions in one breath. Up late last night with Cathy Carr, discing their latest composing effort "Speak for Yourself, John" . . . And they are quick to add that it looks like another "Ivory Tower" . . . And, if I stick around, Cathy will be dropping by any minute. So I say, sez I, "Don't nobody move"—the customary Brady byline when something is cooking. I had asked a leading question, and composers, song pluggers, distributors, publishers and record companies love them.

About then we are visited by as likeable a guy as you'll find, singing star Dick Noel, who also records on the Fraternity label with Cathy. And right on his heels is publisher's representative Al Beilin—who reaches for the glass bowl full of sugar lumps, throws it over his right shoulder with his right hand and catches it behind his back with his left. Some day he'll miss, and I want to be there.

It is then that we move to the big round table, and in walks our Cinderella girl, Cathy Carr. If I were allowed two words to describe her I would say sweet and petite. But she's more than that. Pretty, too . . . blond hair, a twinkle in her eyes and I guess she'd probably wear a small-size glass slipper.

With a little quizzing on my part, the Cathy Carr story began to unfold. Cathy calls the Bronx, New York, home. It was there that this little Cinderella graduated from high school and started a singing career that began with the little bands, and some of the big ones, including Sammy Kaye. She had a couple of record releases, but nothing seemed to happen. She signed with G.A.C. and was booked into clubs and began to get the real feel of what the audience wanted her to do. Cathy styled her singing accordingly. Indeed, she became a real song stylist, as opposed to the out-and-out commercial bandstand songstress.

And how did she come to the attention of Harry Carlson, president of Fraternity Records, who launched her on her real recording career and to whom she is so grateful? Well, it was Harry's friend, Frank Hanshaw, who discovered Cathy at a club in Detroit and sent her to Cincinnati to hear Fraternity's offer. Oh, yes, there were record releases with Fraternity that did very little to set our Cinderella's carriage in motion. But then it came, in early '56 . . . a song that was to project Cathy to heights far exceeding that of

the Alabaster Tower she was to sing about—that "Ivory Tower."

I was very close to that song from the day the composers—Jack Fulton and Lois Steel—first played the demonstration record for me. I saw record companies turn them down time after time, because they felt the song just didn't have it. But the keen ears of Harry Carlson perked up when he heard it, and he said, "This is for Cathy."

You know the rest . . . the song went right up the ladder on the Hit Parade. It became Number One in Canada and Australia and Cathy was on her way. If you took the top dozen records of 1956, you would find Cathy Carr's "Ivory Tower" among them. The months to follow saw Cathy on *The Perry Como Show*, *The Lawrence Welk Show* and *The Cross Canada Hit Parade*, among others.

About this time, Cathy sipped the last of her coffee and reached into her purse for some airline tickets to double-check her time of departure. When I asked where she was going, she said, in excited tones, "Didn't you know, Josh . . . I'm going on a tour with Stan Kenton, Guy Mitchell and Lionel Hampton and we're leaving for Australia this afternoon."

And as she left, you couldn't help but say to yourself: I do hope her latest, "Speak for Yourself, John," is another "Ivory Tower." She deserves it. I'm sure the hands of time will move slowly toward the hour of midnight for our little, modern-day Cinderella, Cathy Carr.

Sing and Be Happy

(Continued from page 33)

lovely lips, too, and through these lips passes one of the finest voices of the day. During the past season, this voice made her a frequent guest on such top network shows as Ed Sullivan's and George Gobel's. For two years, it kept her on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, and she could have stayed on forever. When Betty sings a love song, her voice breezes right up the nape of your neck. On a rhythm number, she belts wide and handsome. And yet she isn't a pop singer by choice.

"I never wanted to be an entertainer or pop singer," Betty says. "My ambition, right up to the time I was nineteen, was to sing religious music. But down South, where I lived, a woman can't travel and sing by herself. On my first trip to New York as a soloist, I auditioned with hymns for six weeks. No one even threw me a bone."

But pretty, pert Betty is no softie. She is used to handicaps, road-blocks, insufficient funds and plain bad luck. She wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth and nothing has been presented to her on a silver platter. As young as she is—twenty-five, this past March—her career has been as colorful as an entertainer's twice her age, for Betty began singing when she was four years old.

In those days, dressed in a gingham dress and white stockings, she sang with her family, The Johnson Singers, at churches, evangelical meetings, weddings, funerals, country fairs and fish fries and barbecues. The Johnsons were poor tenant farmers who sang for the love of singing. When the crops were in, Jesse Deverin Johnson hitched his homemade trailer to a tired model-A Ford and the family traveled and sang.

"We worked for nothing," Betty says frankly, "but I never felt poor, because Daddy never asked for anything. We might be hundreds of miles from home, and it was obvious that we had no money. We would be there to sing at an evangelical meeting and the preacher would collect money so that we could get home. He would usually put the money in an envelope before he gave it to Daddy. Well, Daddy would save the envelope for an emergency. And nearly every time, just as he got the envelope out to buy something we simply had to have—like gasoline or a loaf of bread—something would happen. We'd stop at a gas station and start to sing, and someone would donate the gas and someone else would invite us in for dinner. Poor people know how to take care of one another. And so we'd get home with the envelope unopened. At home, we'd have a big ceremony before we mailed back the money, although sometimes we had to borrow a few cents for postage stamps."

Betty was born on a farm near Cat Square, North Carolina. Cat Square was more of a general store than a town. She grew up in another area known as Possum Walk and later went to high school at Paws Creek. "We didn't have a home of our own," she says. "As sharecroppers, we moved from one farm to another and we lived in log cabins. And Daddy really loved real log cabins. There was usually one big room on the ground. This was kitchen and living room, as well as bedroom for my parents. The kids slept in the room overhead, kind of an attic, and we got up there by ladder. But the cabin was our castle and Mother kept it as neat as the most beautiful mansion."

Betty's mother is a petite, pretty woman and Betty resembles her. Betty has no sisters. Her father and three brothers are

DO ANY OF THESE PROBLEMS GET YOU DOWN?

- How I can Tell My Fiance about my Past
- How to Cope with a Jealous Husband
- Understanding Your In-laws
- Meeting the Demands of Growing Older
- Is Artificial Insemination the Answer for Childlessness?
- Can a Divorcee Start Anew?
- Should We Break Off or Should We Marry?
- How Should Teenagers Handle Love?
- How Can We Help Our Children?
- Getting a Part-time or a Full-time Job

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THESE are typical excerpts from the hundreds of actual letters contained in "WHAT SHOULD I DO?":

"My husband and I get along wonderfully together, but we aren't happy in our physical relations . . ."

"I am fifteen and a sophomore in high school. I'm not bad-looking, but I have never been asked for a date . . ."

"How do you tell a twelve-year-old boy the facts of life? . . ."

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NAME.....
(Please Print)

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

all tall, handsome men. Her older brother Ken, a graduate of Duke University's Divinity School, is a minister at the First Methodist Church in Ashboro, North Carolina. Betty's twin brothers, Jimmy and Bobby, are students at Chapel Hill. Betty herself, who is continuing her academic studies by extension at Northwestern University, got in two years of resident study at Queens College at Charlotte, North Carolina.

"I don't know how we did those things," she says. "I remember Daddy said to us, 'You've got to forget about going to college. We have no money.' He loved us and wanted us to have the best, but he told us the literal truth. We had no money. We couldn't possibly afford college—but we did. Of course, we worked hard. I had as many as five jobs at a time, and it was worth it. I loved the school."

Betty's constant companions, until she went to college, were her three brothers and their male friends. With them she swam, caught rats, rode horses. She was a rough-and-tumble tomboy. "I had to be. If I'd ever complained to my parents about what the boys did to me, I wouldn't have had anyone to play with. I remember how they taught me to swim. They just pitched me into a pond and it was sink or swim. And they taught me to ride by tying me to a saddle. The horse took off through some trees and I was nearly broken in half by low limbs." When Betty went to college, she studied home economics and made good grades, although she had a hard time keeping her mind on her studies. "It wasn't that I was thinking about boys. To the contrary, I had been so starved for female companionship that I just couldn't stop talking and listening to my new friends. It was just so wonderful to hear girl-talk."

Betty always sang. Even while in college she was on two radio programs out of Charlotte. One program was her own and the other was with the Family. Until 1950, The Johnson Family was a CBS network feature on the program, *Carolina Calling*, originating from Station WBT in Charlotte. "But radio or evangelical meetings," says Betty, "it was all the same. All fun. From the time I was four, we went as a family to prayer meetings. We sang until midnight or into the early morning. It wasn't work. Work was picking cotton during the day and often we were all in the field together. For that, we were paid. But we sang because people wanted to hear us, and it's wonderful being able to sing that way. People love you for what you are doing and the happiness it gives them. We never thought of ourselves as entertainers."

The Johnsons became nationally famous and started recording for Columbia Records. It was at one of these sessions that Percy Faith put the bug in Betty's ear about being a soloist. "He came into the studio to talk with us and said, 'Betty, I think you ought to be on your own. If you ever decide to do something about it, call me up.' Well, that was in 1950. Next year, I decided I had to do something for my parents. Mother and Dad were farming, but also looking to singing for part of their income. Well, in 1951, we were touring Veterans' Hospitals and I remember we were in Parkersburg, West Virginia, when I took a good look at Daddy and Mom. They looked tired. The traveling was getting to be too much for them. I had a long talk with them and said that I was going up to New York and sing my way into fame and fortune and then take care of them. They took the practical attitude and told me I'd just knock my brains out. But up I went in October."

Betty stuck it out for six weeks on forty

dollars. She remembers: "I was so miserable and lonely. I took to baby-sitting—and not just for the money, but because I was so homesick and, that way, I'd get into someone's home. And I was always hungry. Once in a while, Percy Faith would take me out and feed me and try to pep me up. I went around auditioning and singing hymns. No one would give me the toss of his hat. I gave up and went home. Spring of the following year, I went North again. This time I took Percy's advice and auditioned with a popular song. It was 'Tenderly.' I tried for Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* and got on the show and won. That was a break. That got me a job at the Copacabana at one hundred and fifty dollars a week for six weeks. I sent home a hundred a week and lived on what was left after tax, social security deductions, et cetera. Well, everyone was wonderful to me at the Copa. I wasn't the star in the show, by any means. I sang in the opening production number—but sang well enough, I guess, for they wanted me to stay another six weeks. But I wasn't feeling too well, and I went back home again."

That winter, Betty stayed home, singing and recording with the family. But, in March of 1953, she was back in Manhattan to audition for CBS and, this time, got a contract to do a regular network program. She sang with Alfredo Antonini's orchestra on the show, *On A Sunday Afternoon*. "Antonini thought I could read music," she recalls. "but I've never had a music lesson. The only kind of accompaniment I was used to working with was a guitar and, naturally, I felt friendly toward guitar players. So I told Antonini's guitarist about my predicament and he used to keep an eye on me and would give me a nod when I was to come in. Of course, after that, I had no trouble."

She sang on the CBS Radio show, *There's Music In The Air*, and was also a featured singer on Galen Drake's program. Then the Borden Company hired her as the "Borden Girl" for all of their commercials. By then it was 1954, and it was in June of that year that she walked into the Trinity Music Company and met Charlie Grean and Joe Csida.

Charlie Grean's background differs from Betty's. He was raised in Mount Vernon, New York. That's a suburb of New York City, and it would not make sense to call anyone raised in Mount Vernon a hillbilly. Charlie's father, a retired designer, is an artist. Charlie has two older brothers who are lawyers and a younger brother who is a minister. Charlie was no backwoodsman, but Betty says, "I took to him right away because I thought he was a real hillbilly. It was the way he talked to me, as if he understood me. He didn't make me feel ashamed of my background. There is something that Charlie has in common with country people. I know that, where I come from, my friends think he's one of them—unless they listen too closely to his Yankee accent."

Charlie, who plays bass, had fiddled with some "country" groups. He had worked five years at Victor Records and had spent time in the country-music division before he moved into the pop department. Today, Charlie and Joe Csida, former editor of *Billboard*, are partners in Trinity Music. They publish sheet music and manage such artists as Eddy Arnold, Jim Lowe, Norm Leyden, Kathy Godfrey—and Betty Johnson. On the side, Charlie Grean is also a songwriter. He penned Betty's hit, "I Dreamed." He wrote the Dinah Shore best-seller, "Sweet Violets," and the novelty hit of 1950, "The Thing."

"You might say Betty came into our office cold," Charlie says. "I didn't know her. Jim Leyden, Norm's brother, sent

her in, saying that she was looking for management. And I was about an hour late for my appointment with her. I couldn't help it—but, when I realize now that I might have missed her, it gives me kind of a shock. Anyway, she was forgiving about my late entrance. I talked to her and liked her attitude. She was open and frank. I listened to her recording and she reminded me of Rosemary Clooney or Doris Day."

Charlie went into his partner's office. "I told Joe I wanted him to talk to this girl and tell me if he liked her. So Joe sat a spell with her, and I met him outside the office and he said, 'I like her. She's great. Are you sure she can sing?' I told him that I was, went back into my office, and told Betty we wanted to sign her. She said, 'Sure. In a few days.' Then she went out and had us investigated."

Betty grins as he tells this story. "Well," she chuckles, "I knew you had a lot of friends in the business, but I wanted to see if you knew how to work as hard as I did and whether you had talent."

Charlie got to work on Betty's career immediately. She was under contract to Bell Records, and then made three releases for RCA Victor. For Bell, she cut every top tune that came along, which meant a lot of good experience, as well as working with master arranger Sy Oliver. At RCA, she was one of about seventeen young girls on the list, so Charlie asked Victor to release her from contract. They did, and Charlie got her working with Bally Records. The first record that made any real money for Betty was the disc, "Please Tell Me Why," for Bally.

"She came to me then," Charlie recalls, "and asked how much money she'd made on that record after costs. I figured it out for her, then she said, 'Well, I'm going to buy myself something for the first time.' She went out and bought a diamond solitaire. In the ring band, she inscribed the tune title and her birthday. She explained, 'This will be for my first-born girl.'"

Betty is no spendthrift. Neither she nor her brothers have drawn heavily on their parents, and they have always contributed to the family kitty. Even the twins at college do not take financial assistance from their parents—although the mink coat Betty *hasn't* bought has helped meet their tuition. During the two years Betty worked with Don McNeill, she earned a very good salary, but she still wasn't extravagant. She had a modest apartment in Chicago's Loop that she decorated herself.

"I have a lot of experience in sewing and just doing for myself," she explains. "When I was a child, I won the state 4-H Club prizes for my string beans and for my own clothes that I'd made, and for canning beets and chow-chow. The first important thing I ever bought myself was a portable sewing machine. That was in college, and I've been making my own clothes continuously. So—fixing up the apartment was a lot of fun. It was a charming place. It was over a coffee shop and you had to walk through the shop to get to my apartment."

"I thought it looked dull and depressing when we first looked at it," Charlie admits, "but Betty didn't see it that way. She was already seeing in her mind's eye what she would do to it, and she did a lot."

"My favorite colors are pink and white," says Betty, "and those were the predominating colors even to the bathroom walls. There was a small bedroom and I turned that into a dressing-work room. We did a lot of sewing there. 'We' includes my Chicago friend Mary Clinton, a young designer. Together we made all of my clothes. Every gown I've worn has come

from her hands and mine." Betty adds, "The apartment turned out very nice, very charming. Everything was antique or secondhand, depending on your viewpoint. Furnishings for the whole place cost me only a hundred and fifty dollars."

When Betty moved to New York's Greenwich Village this past spring, she brought along her tremendous collection of classical records and her library on the Civil War. Charlie kids that she's been trying to find a Civil War book in which the South wins. Betty explains more accurately that her interest started in childhood: "I saw many beautiful Southern mansions. We lived in none, but mighty close by in our cabins. It was the old homes that stimulated my interest in the Civil War period."

Being engaged to a man who was usually half a continent distant, Betty had too much time to read. "The trouble with our romance," says Charlie, "was that we were never together more than a few days at a time. Neither of us could see any sense in starting off a marriage with that kind of handicap."

Betty and Charlie had hit it off well from the beginning. "We didn't even think anything personal the whole first year," he says now. "It was strictly business. But we worked so well together. And, the second summer I knew Betty, I invited her out on my boat. Well, she'd never been on a boat before, but again she was just a natural. She pitched right in—cooking, cleaning, sailing. It was obvious that she would make a wonderful first mate. I fell in love and renamed the boat the 'Beejay.'"

But, once they realized they were in love, their romance got a bit rocky. "Being apart most of the time was terrible," Betty says. "I was in Chicago. Charlie was in Manhattan. The tension got so bad that, when we did get together, we were always under a strain the first day. The second day was fine. But, on the third, we'd be faced with separating again, and so it was a fight."

Charlie thinks it's just a matter of months before they're married. He knows he has a real find in Betty. "After all, I know enough about the business to know she has a great talent. And, when it comes to domestic virtues, she can't be beat. Even her cooking is great. She makes Southern-fried chicken as good as a Yankee. Her beef Stroganoff is angelic and her apple pie is downright sexy. And the way she does it! Why, she prepares the whole meal, serves it, eats with you—and has the table cleared off and the dishes washed and dried before you finish your coffee. Never any fuss."

Betty matches Charlie's enthusiasm when she talks about Charlie, and she notes that even her parents are crazy about him. Her parents still make their home in North Carolina, and today Jesse Johnson has a hundred-acre farm of his own, and a Cadillac instead of a model-A. Jesse Johnson is also a deejay on Station WDIX in Orangeburg and hasn't, by any means, given up singing. The Johnson Family has a standing invitation to appear on Ed Sullivan's show—and that includes Betty. They have a handsome album on the market, issued by Victor, named "Old Time Religion." This, too, includes Betty. Betty has always been close to the family and has particularly depended on her father for comfort and advice. She has always called on him when she's had a hard decision to make—which was the case recently, before quitting Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*.

"I've wanted to study acting and dancing for a long time now," Betty explains. "I did work a couple of months on a radio serial, a couple of years back. But,

when I decided to leave Chicago, I called Daddy. It had been wonderful experience being with Don McNeill two full years, and he's so great to work with. But I called Daddy about what I wanted to do, and he said, 'Well, Don likes you and you could stay on and it's great security.' So I told him, 'I want to study for a while. I want to go to New York.' So he said, 'Then do it now, rather than later.'"

Betty notes that her father shares her enthusiasm for Charlie. "What Charlie means to me I can best tell in Daddy's words. It came about after my first appearance on Ed Sullivan's show. That was before Christmas last year. It was a momentous evening for me. Sullivan in-

spires me—he's like a coach and I'm the team. Well, I thought the show went well and, a few days later, I had a letter from Daddy. He loves Charlie and I wasn't surprised at what he had to say. He told me first that I sounded and looked so good on the Sullivan show. He wrote, 'Sullivan must be a wonderful man to show your talents so well and you must be very fond of him. But remember one man you owe everything to—and that is Charlie Grean, because Charlie had faith in you. He's done the things for you I'd have done if I'd had his talent. You have his faith and love and you're a lucky girl.' And that," Betty concludes, "is hitting the nail on the head."

Vote FOR YOUR FAVORITES

Each year TV RADIO MIRROR polls its readers for their favorite programs and performers. This year, for the first time, the polling will begin in the July issue and continue until the end of the year. Results will be tabulated after December 31, and award winners will be announced in the May 1958 issue. So vote today. Help your favorites to win a Gold Medal.

TV STARS and PROGRAMS

- Mole Singer
- Female Singer
- Comedian
- Comedienne
- Dramatic Actor
- Dramatic Actress
- Daytime Emcee
- Evening Emcee
- Musical Emcee
- Quizmaster
- Western Star
- News Commentator
- Sportscaster
- Best New Star
- Daytime Drama
- Evening Drama
- Daytime Variety
- Evening Variety
- Comedy Program
- Music Program
- Quiz Program
- Women's Program
- Children's Program
- Mystery or Adventure
- Western Program
- TV Panel Show
- Best Program on Air
- Best New Program
- TV Husband-and-Wife Team

RADIO STARS and PROGRAMS

- Mole Singer
- Female Singer
- Comedian
- Comedienne
- Dramatic Actor
- Dramatic Actress
- Daytime Emcee
- Evening Emcee
- Musical Emcee
- Quizmaster
- Western Star
- News Commentator
- Sportscaster
- Best New Star
- Daytime Drama
- Evening Drama
- Daytime Variety
- Evening Variety
- Comedy Program
- Music Program
- Quiz Program
- Women's Program
- Children's Program
- Mystery or Adventure
- Western Program
- Radio Record Program
- Best Program on Air
- Best New Program

Send your votes to TV RADIO MIRROR Awards, P.O. Box No. 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

The "Dolly" Princess

(Continued from page 30)

day long, drew the kids from blocks around, with her pied-piper personality. The Funicello lawn was soon the gathering place for the whole neighborhood.

Annette dreamed of becoming a famous dancer—with a chance of someday meeting a real movie star. But, in her wildest dreams, she never imagined that her some fifteen admirers would so quickly grow to some fifteen million TV fans across the country! Through the marvel of television—and the magic touch of Walt Disney—Annette surprisingly found herself the center of attention among a hundred movie stars, just four short years later, at the Foreign Press Awards presentation in the Coconut Grove, where Mr. Disney and his ABC-TV "Mouseketeers" were being honored. Wide-eyed, Annette found herself face-to-face with Alan Ladd—and Alan Ladd said, "My son David is a great admirer of yours, Annette. Could I have your autograph for him?"

Annette—who never thought she'd see so many stars at one time, and certainly never dreamed she'd be one—couldn't believe this was happening to her. The pert little princess of TV had to pinch herself to be sure she still wasn't dreaming.

Born in Utica, New York, October 22, 1942, Annette Funicello was always so tiny for her age that her father had nicknamed her "Dolly" before she was old enough to walk. "When Annette was one-and-a-half," says her mother, Virginia, "she began picking up, by ear, every pop song on radio. The first song she learned in its entirety was Johnny Mercer's 'Accentuate the Positive.' The members of our family were amazed when Annette—still only about two feet tall—would stand and sing at the top of her lungs, 'You've got to accent-chew-ate the positive . . . Yet Annette has always been shy. She would sing for her family. But, if a stranger were present, she was quiet as a bird.

"When Annette was five," her mother continues, "I started her in kindergarten. Still shy, and surprised to find five hundred other children on the schoolground, she cried all day. But she was quick to adjust. In fact, she was soon singing for the entire student body. The principal, amazed by her wonderful sense of rhythm and apparently natural musical ability, called me one day to say he thought we should do something to develop it. He suggested Annette's taking up drums.

"This was an exciting—and, at the same time, heart-breaking—experience for all of us," recalls Mrs. Funicello. "Annette soon became a master, for her age. At six and seven, she was doing rolls and performing with her drums as well as a boy of fifteen or sixteen. All her life, it had been obvious that she possessed a natural musical ability. Then, suddenly, we were surprised to find that Annette had become so involved with the rhythm of her instrument that she had developed rhythmic quirks throughout her body—her eyes blinked, her head nodded in time to such an extent that we knew she would have to give up the drums.

"We think one of the most soothing influences in Annette's life was her religious faith. From the first day she went to church, it has been an important part of her life. Her First Communion and Confirmation were made at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood, where we had moved when she was still only six. She was so serious about the church that when she was younger, she wanted to be a nun. Though she has given this idea up, today she wouldn't miss mass for anything.

"Roy Ball, Annette's drum instructor," Virginia Funicello continues, "was sorry to lose her but agreed she should give up drumming. He suggested, however, that Annette continue to develop her natural talents and thought dancing would be a healthful outlet. Annette took to dancing like a bird to flight, though she was still shy. Again she was such a standout, the instructor suggested she take private lessons. The first week she was with Margie Rix, her teacher, the class put on a recital. This was Annette's first public performance, and Joe and I watched to see how she would react. After the recital, pink-cheeked with excitement, she came up to us, saying, 'Oh, dancing is fun!'

"When Annette was nine," her mother recalls, "we were swimming at Pop's Willow Lake in the Valley, one summer day, when we saw they were preparing to have a beauty contest. Girls between nine and sixteen were eligible. 'Should I?' Annette asked me. 'I really don't think I have a chance.' But I was pleased to see some of the shyness leaving her, and I encouraged her to enter. In spite of the fact that Annette was one of the youngest entrants, her pert personality helped her to win. She was crowned 'Miss Willow Lake' and 'Queen of the Valley.'

"We were both surprised to learn that a raft of prizes came with the title: \$140 in cash, a wardrobe and a modeling course from Lynn Terrell. Annette was thrilled with the modeling course. Every day she wasn't dancing, she spent modeling for the stores around the Valley. I think that's how her mad passion for new clothes developed. Today, she has dozens of Capri pants and an equal number of petticoats.

"Dancing and modeling were Annette's life," says Mrs. Funicello. "But if she had had to choose between them at that time, I'm sure she would have chosen dancing. She loved it. She cracked all the tile in the bathroom mastering new tap steps! She has danced, at one time or another, for every hospital and charity in Los Angeles.

"When she was twelve, Leo Damiani, conductor of the Burbank Symphony, prepared a recital for Walt Disney. He asked Margie Rix's dancing class to perform the 'Swan Lake' ballet. The very next morning, Mr. Traver—the Disney assistant casting director—called to ask if Annette could audition for the Disney Studios!

"We went in, the next day. There seemed to be a thousand children there already . . . and they all looked talented. Annette performed, for just a few seconds, in front of seven men. They didn't tell us how we scored, at the time, but we were assured we'd be notified at a later date. Two weeks went by, before the phone rang."

Annette herself says, "I was anxious about that second audition, too. But later, Mr. Disney came over personally to say, 'You're a very pretty girl and a good dancer, too.' I was scared, going in—but, after that, I felt like flying!"

"At the close of the audition," Mrs. Funicello recalls, "Annette was asked if she'd be willing to come in for a two-week trial. At first, she was frightened—she had never worked in front of a camera. I told her to give it a try. If she didn't like it, she could quit before she signed a contract."

After two years on the *Mickey Mouse Club*, the pretty little princess has found TV land to be a fabulous world of wishes-come-true. Today, she is a star in her own right, reportedly receives 3,500 letters a week from fans across the country. Every day, the mailman is Santa Claus. He's always glad when he gets to Annette's home—because his load is so much lighter when he leaves. On Valentine's Day, for example, he delivered sixteen

boxes of candy. And, during Easter Week, a lovely assortment of rosaries and prayer books from fans who know Annette is a Roman Catholic.

Locally, Annette has an enthusiastic Culver City fan club of boys. Frequently, on Saturdays, they'll ride their bikes the twenty miles to her Studio City home to see her. Recently they brought two dozen roses, and two corsages—one for Annette and one for her mother. A more distant fan club, in Oklahoma, faithfully save up their nickels and dimes until they have enough money to buy Annette another gift—usually, a bottle of perfume.

Annette answers as much of the mail herself as she can. She sits down and personally writes long letters to some of her first fans with whom she still stays in touch. "I have to come in and turn off the lights," says Mrs. Funicello, "or Annette would be writing all night. There are some letters she will always answer, those from the deaf and mute, ill and injured, and letter writers who she feels need a friend.

"She's sensitive to the feelings of others," Mrs. Funicello points out. "Her brother, Joey, for example, is at that age where he's gotten a little heavy, and is frequently referred to as 'chubby.' But Annette comes to his defense, by saying, 'He's not chubby, he's husky—that's all.'"

On the other hand, Joey, at eleven, is at the age where he doesn't need anybody to fight his battles for him. He's finally a big Little Leaguer. He is secretly proud of his older sister's stardom on the *Mickey Mouse Club*. But, on the surface, he is a cynic. His attitude is: "Ah, dancing—so what? How many home runs did you hit last season?" To Joey, success is measured by the number of yards you can hit a ball from home plate. Annette's mother and father think that's fine, because Joey's attitude helps keep Annette's feet on the ground, though they are quick to reassure you she doesn't need it. And she doesn't.

A more well-adjusted teenager would be hard to find. She spends a steady three-hours-a-day in the Disney Studio school, and is nearly a straight-A student in the following subjects: Algebra, English, Spanish, and Social Studies. Her teacher, Mrs. Seamon, says, "Annette is aware . . . she's sharp . . . a serious student." Annette's favorite subject is English. Why? "Because," she says, "it comes easy to me. I feel as though nouns and pronouns are friends of mine."

Among the Mouseketeers, Annette's closest friends are, quite naturally, the boys and girls nearest her own age—Doreen, Sharon, Bobby, Lonnie, and Tommy. Most of them are in the same class (one teacher to ten pupils). The Mouseketeers are much like the famed French Musketeers. They share great camaraderie. Their idea of a perfect day is not missing a single ride at the fun zone at the Ocean pier, spending the evening roasting marshmallows around the bonfire at the beach, all topped off, for the girls, by a pajama party at one of the girls' homes.

At home, Annette is still the typical teenager. Her all-pink bedroom, her favorite room in the new house, is her domain. On the custom-designed dresser, you're sure to find copies of *Photoplay* and *American Girl*. Eighty bottles of perfume (gifts to her hobby collection from fans) rest on the dressing table. Behind the door she has the typical teenager's pin-ups: Elvis Presley—"He can really sing . . . he's different!" Tommy Sands—"He's the new Presley . . . isn't he cute!" Pat Boone—"He's married . . .

(sigh)." Tab Hunter; the late Jimmy Dean; Jayne Mansfield; Natalie Wood; and Elizabeth Taylor. When asked who she'd like to be if she could be anyone else, Annette instantly replies, "Oh, Elizabeth Taylor!" More than anything else in the world, she wants to be a good actress, looks upon her acting roles in "Spin and Marty" and "The Dairy Story" as being the highlights of her Mouseketeer career.

Annette's schedule (up at 6:30, to work at eight A.M., home at 7:30 P.M.) is so full filming the *Mouse Club* series that she has little chance to do anything more than keep her own room picked up. "Annette is not the greatest housekeeper in the world," Mrs. Funicello laughs. "If I ask her to do the dishes, she'll do them all right, because she is obedient, a really good girl—but it will take her two hours. Honestly, you've never seen so many other things that have to be done at the same time as the dishes—the radio has to play on a very certain station, and the dancing on television has to be watched, or she'll break off for a minute to practice a new dance step. Anything, it seems, to keep from doing the dishes. But they do get done.

"On the other hand, Sundays before Mass, she's up early to whip up the best hotcakes of any of us. She loves hotcakes . . . Annette's not a great cook, but she can boil spaghetti, broil a steak, bake a potato and prepare hotcakes. She's learned to cook all the things she loves to eat."

There is a warm, loving aura among the members of the Funicello family in their new Studio City home. Annette loves both her brothers, Joey, 11, and Mike, 5. Joey, though he's loathe to admit it, loves his now-famous sister, too. He'll jump at any opportunity to play miniature golf with her or go bicycling or horseback riding (sports she excels in). Mike shows his devotion by being the greatest *Mickey Mouse Club* fan in the house—he has all the *Mouse Club* caps, shirts and records.

Annette's father, Joe Funicello, owns a combination garage-gas station on Ventura Blvd. in Sherman Oaks. Joe has lovingly called his daughter "Dolly" all her life. You can tell Annette loves her father dearly by the way she says "Daddy" and runs to greet him when he comes home at night. Recently, she and her mother surprised him on his birthday—when he came home to find a silver-gray Cadillac parked in the garage. Still amazed, Joe says, "I was so surprised, I thought I was at the wrong house!"

The Funicellos waited for two weeks, until they could put the top down, to go out for a drive in Dad's new convertible. "Mike was so excited," Annette grins, "he almost got his head caught as we folded up the canvas top."

To Annette, the silver Cadillac was Cinderella's own golden coach, the night she and her parents drove up in front of the famous Coconut Grove to be present at the Foreign Press Awards. She knew her grandest dream had come true.

Then—to be treated like a star herself! George Gobel, for instance, topped off the magic evening by asking, "Annette, may I have your autograph? It's not for me, you know, but for my son Gregg. He's a big fan of yours . . . in fact, we have a *Mickey Mouse* house. I even buy *Mickey Mouse* cat food . . . and we don't have a cat!"

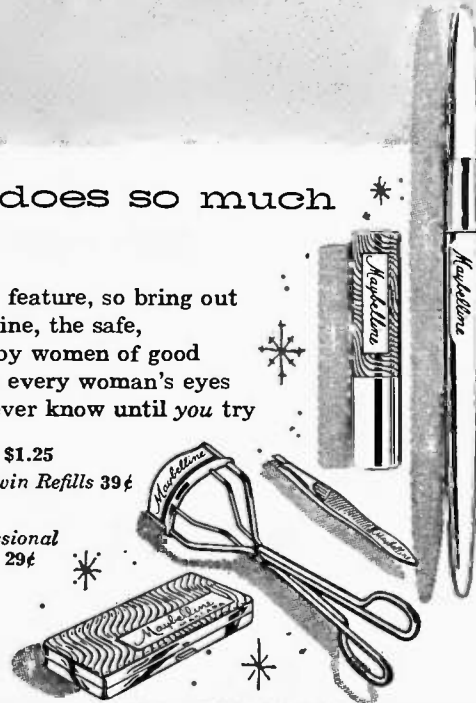
It was almost too much. Surrounded by stars, Annette Funicello had to pinch herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming. But it was no dream. Joe's little girl "Dolly" is really a star, a fourteen-year-old princess in Walt Disney's magic land of make-believe.



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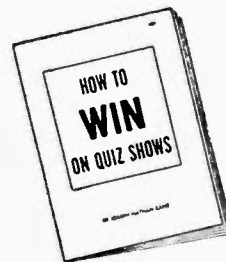
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Imel From Indiana

(Continued from page 23)

like wooden sticks stuck into small balls of yarn.

There was another night when Jack forgot to bring along one of the legs to his marimba. He'd remembered the hammers that night, however, so—while some stout fella from the audience held up one end of the marimba—Jack knocked out his numbers. The audience thought the whole thing was pretty hilarious. Jack recalls that it didn't seem so funny to him at the time. And it certainly wasn't amusing to his agent—who hadn't booked him as a comedy act. His memory improved considerably after that one.

As soon as he was out of high school, Jack's family started on him to go to college. The prospect didn't intrigue Jack greatly, but the persuasive powers of his Uncle Lawrence were so great, he couldn't think of much of an argument. Jack's grandfather, Dr. Paddock, had once been mayor of Portland, had run for state representative from Indiana, and had taught anatomy at Indiana University. Uncle Lawrence had been graduated from that school, too. To carry on the family tradition, everyone thought Jack should go to Indiana U., pledge Phi Gamma Delta, and get his degree. But, at the last minute, Jack decided to go instead to the Arthur Jordan Conservatory, which is part of Butler University in Indianapolis.

Jack had been at the conservatory only nine weeks when Horace Heidt came into the area, and held auditions for his "Youth Opportunity" shows. Jack auditioned, and was offered a berth with the traveling company. Jack felt he'd learn faster on the job than in school. His parents backed him up and he quit school.

This tour stretched into two years, and included one-night stands in five or six towns in each of the forty-eight states. As Jack had anticipated, this rugged touring proved invaluable as training. Besides, it proved to him he'd chosen the right profession. "Unless you loved your work," he laughs now, "you couldn't possibly stand the strain of a two-year tour made up of one-night stands. But, even after two years of it, I was as full of enthusiasm about dancing and playing the marimba as I had been the day the tour started!"

On November 29, 1951, having reached the advanced age of nineteen, Jack was married to Norma Denney, the pert Portland miss, one year his junior, he'd been courting for five years. He remembers the first time he ever laid eyes on her—as she rode the ferris wheel at the Jay County Fairgrounds the summer she was thirteen. They had gone to different grammar schools, and so had never met before. Happily, Portland had only one junior high school, and one senior high school—which simplified things considerably. Of course Jack was in the school band, and Norma "played at" the drums. (She admits to having had no particular talent, except for concealing her lack of talent from the band director.) There were the usual trips to out-of-town football games, as well as local games, concerts, rehearsals. After each of these, no one ever bothered to ask to escort Norma home—everyone knew Jack would be doing that.

Although he can't recall ever "walking" her home, he remembers riding her home on the handle-bars of his bike. After all, he points out, she lived "clear across town"—a distance of about two miles in Portland—and he claims he was too lazy for the walking-home routine. Later, as soon as he turned sixteen and could get his driver's license, he'd wangle the fam-

ily car. Even that great opportunity was not without its drawbacks. Pop Imel got a new car every year, and was forever warning Jack: "Be careful you don't scratch the paint job!"

Finally, Jack managed to attain the exalted status of a Man Who Owns a Car. A convertible only slightly younger than Jack himself, it was immediately dubbed "The Yellow Peril." "I didn't even have to buy it on time," Jack remembers, "but that was no particular accomplishment. For what it cost, anyone could have paid cash!" There were no rear seats, but Coke cases served as well. And it was with genuine regret that Jack traded "The Yellow Peril" in, several years later, on a somewhat more recent model.

Having changed his status from single to married in November, 1951, Jack made another abrupt change only two months later, this time from civilian to sailor. He was sent off to boot camp at Great Lakes Naval Training Camp, on the shore of Lake Michigan north of Chicago.

Eddie Peabody, then a commander at Great Lakes, was holding auditions for Navy personnel for entertainment units. Jack played for him, and then—for the next year and a half—was entertaining recruits as they passed through Great Lakes. Meanwhile, Norma found an apartment in near-by Waukegan, and Jack was able to live at home. Their first son, Greg, was born at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital in 1953.

On September 1, 1953, Jack was transferred from Great Lakes to the Navy School of Music in Washington, D. C. There, in the typical stepped-up fashion of the armed forces, he compressed a year's musical training into a six-months' course. He studied theory, harmony, rehearsed with the concert and dance bands, and had private instruction on the marimba. He'd report at school at eight o'clock each morning, and have classes until 4:30 each afternoon, five days a week. Then—unless it was his turn to stand watch—he'd have his weekends free to join Norma and Greg at their apartment in suburban Anacostia.

It was while he was in Washington that Jack met Alex Sheftell, who was later to become his manager. A group of Navy musicians were playing a benefit at a suburban country club and Sheftell, one of the guests, heard Jack play and became interested. Sheftell had never managed any talent before, and Jack admits now that he was frankly dubious about Alex's ability to do all the things he promised. He need not have worried—Alex had a wide acquaintance in show business, and whatever he promised, he delivered.

First, there was an audition for Dennis James' television show, *Chance Of A Lifetime*. By a curious coincidence, the man hearing the auditions was Frank Reeves, who had also conducted the Horace Heidt auditions several years before when Jack appeared there.

Subsequently, Jack appeared on *Chance Of A Lifetime* on three different occasions. He lost out the first two tries, then won on his third appearance. Being in the service, he couldn't accept part of the prize—engagements at the Moulin Rouge and the Latin Quarter. But he could and did take the thousand dollars which went along with first prize. Looking back on it now, he realizes that those three appearances brought him infinitely more than just that thousand.

"On the shows I did when I was still in high school, and even the appearances on the road with Horace Heidt," he ex-

plains, "I had only two or three routines, and never had to bother to create more. But, for those *Chance Of A Lifetime* shows, which were competitions, I saw the need to work up ideas which were more than just good—ideas which would win. I'd work five and six hours a day on a new routine. After I'd finally won, I realized I'd improved my act at least eighty percent, and had stimulated my thinking to the degree that ideas came more easily when I needed them. I'd jolted myself out of a rut—and, without that jolt, I'd probably never have got where I am now!"

His training completed at the Navy Music School, Jack was transferred to San Diego, California, where he was attached to the Admiral's Cruiser and Destroyer band. In typical Navy-wife fashion, Norma trailed after him, and they were soon settled in an apartment in San Diego. Their second child, a daughter, Debbie, was born in Balboa Hospital in San Diego.

In 1955, Jack was first-place winner in an all-Navy talent contest, pitted against acts from all the naval districts in the world. His award was an appearance on Ed Sullivan's all-Navy television show. Again in 1956, Jack won a spot on Sullivan's show, this time as third-prize winner of the annual Navy talent contest.

As the end of his tour of duty came into sight, Jack was faced with a terrific decision. He had been offered a spot in the Navy Band at Washington, D. C. This would mean that he and Norma would be permanently based in Washington, that he'd have a comfortable salary, and be eligible to retire, at thirty-eight, on a pension of three hundred dollars a month. He could take this, and be reasonably secure for the rest of his life. Or he could strike out on his own, and try for something more than just security. Jack decided to take the chance.

He made a try, first, for an audition with the Welk organization. He sent along a record of his marimba work, and was summoned to the Aragon ballroom to do his stuff in person. Of the forty-five entertainers who had been spotlighted on Welk's *Top Tunes And New Talent* since the show's debut, Jack was the first to impress Welk to the extent that the band-leader wanted to add him to the established troupe.

Today, Lawrence Welk says, "I think Jack Imel is a fine young man and a credit to our orchestra. He's a hard worker, lends variety to our show, and has unlimited talent." Those behind the scenes say that Welk is particularly impressed by Jack's down-to-earth approach to his music. Although he's been pounding away on the marimba for ten years, he still practices daily as if he were a newcomer to the instrument. When the band rehearses at the Aragon ballroom on Wednesdays, Jack has been known to take his marimba off somewhere, shut the door, and get in some private practice.

Two days before his Navy duty officially ended, Jack signed with the Welk show. It's a one-year contract—officially. But it's a well-known fact that the Welk players have a way of sticking around as long as they indicate by their enthusiasm that they want the job.

The first Welk show on which Jack appeared created a mild sensation back in Portland, Indiana. Jack has enough relatives in that area to make up a respectable audience, all by themselves. His dad, "Hap" Imel, has a grocery store and meat market on Main Street, just across the

square from the court house. His Uncle Jack is a partner in the store, his Uncle Tom is head meat-cutter for the market, and his Uncle Roy is in charge of the store's deliveries. It's a cozy, family-type arrangement all the way around. Jack's Uncle Charlie is a partner with Hap on the farm near Portland, where much of the livestock for the Imel Brothers Market is raised and butchered.

Jack's Aunt Lela owns the block of real estate where the store is located, and the wholesale grocery house where Imel Brothers buy some of their stock. Uncle George and Uncle Bill are retired, and live there in Portland. Uncle Harry is a grain broker in Muscatine, Iowa, and Aunt Pearl Trout lives in West Palm Beach, Florida, where her husband is a barber. The clan is large, and devoted to following Jack's career.

"When I signed for the Welk show," Jack recalls, "there was a big story in the *Portland Commercial Review* about it, with my picture and everything. But I think the folks in Portland must be pretty tired of reading about 'that Imel boy' by now. Every time anything has happened to me in the last ten years, one or another of my relatives would 'just happen to mention it' to someone at the paper.

"They sure are faithful about watching me on the Welk show, I've got that to say for them! I call home every week, as soon as the show is over. Generally, I put in a person-to-person call to Mom. And almost always I find her over at Aunt Lela's house—Aunt Lela's television set works better than some of the others."

After signing with the Welk group, Jack and Norma Imel moved to a pleasant apartment in suburban North Hollywood, only minutes (via the freeway) from Hollywood's ABC studios, where Welk shows are staged. They hardly had a chance to unpack, however, before Norma was off to the hospital again. This time she brought home another son: Lawrence Jack, born March 15. That Lawrence is not for Mr. Welk, however, but for Jack's grandfather and uncle—and for Jack himself. "I don't think I've ever mentioned it to Mr. Welk," Jack grins, "but my first name is Lawrence, too."

There was one slight disappointment connected with young Jackie's birth, so far as Jack was concerned. When Greg and Debbie were born, in Navy hospitals, regulations did not permit Jack to be with Norma after she entered the hospital. Having attained civilian status again, Jack anticipated that *this* time he'd get a chance to see what the expectant father goes through in the waiting room of a maternity ward.

So what happens? Three days before the baby arrived, Jack burst forth in a glorious array of polka-dots, which the doctor promptly diagnosed as chicken-pox. Norma, happily, had got that sort of thing out of the way years ago. But Jack was not only denied the chance to go to the hospital with Norma—he was also assured of a fair amount of ribbing from the Welk gang, who felt somehow that chicken-pox is not exactly a dignified affliction for an adult.

For at least one person, however, that bout with the chicken pox was a silver-lined cloud. When Lawrence Welk called to inquire about the state of Jack's health, Jack admitted that he wasn't feeling too bad. But he looked a mess, he added, and had been forbidden by the doctor to return to work for a week.

"Good!" Welk replied cheerfully. "Now you can get in a solid week of practicing!"

No "doctor's orders" ever reached a more willing "patient" than young Jack Imel, who began practicing 'way back home in Indiana—and has never stopped.

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T
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Hillbilly Hero

(Continued from page 50)

manages his farflung framework with the easy grace of an ambling lion—but he maintains that he is poorly coordinated physically. . . . He married a beautiful and talented girl—yet he insists that he has always been afraid of “wimmin.” . . . He’s a master of hilarity—guaranteed to roll ticket-purchasers for the Warner Bros. film version of “No Time for Sergeants” in the aisles—but his first screen role, enacted for Elia Kazan’s “A Face in the Crowd,” is as “a guy that everybody said would make me hate myself before the picture was over.”

The graph of his career would show a jet trail upward, as a result of his behavior as the Georgia hillbilly who demoralized the U.S. Armed Forces in “No Time for Sergeants” on Broadway—and he’s even formed his own production company, Manteo Productions (named for his home town in North Carolina)—but it’s obvious he doesn’t consider himself a screen star yet. . . . He’s under contract to Capitol Records—who will release four sides from “A Face in the Crowd” in July—but Andy still cannot think of himself as a platter paragon. He says, “Sometime, I guess, I’ll make a record I like, maybe.” (The above spelling is correct. But, as Andy speaks the sentence, it comes out like this: “Some-tom, ah gay-us, ah’ll make a reck-aud ah lak, mebbe.”)

This list of contrasting elements, existing gene by chromosome in the Griffith make-up, could be extended for some distance. But the answer at the end of the column, whether long drawn or cut short, would be the same: Andy’s essential ingredients make up a fascinating individual.

Born in a North Carolina city with the unlikely name of Mount Airy, Andy managed to get himself through high school undamaged, although he played Sousa-und and slide trombone in the school band. (Not simultaneously.) He also sang bass in the school choruses, and dreamed of preparing himself for a career in opera. One method of preparation was to catch repeated performances of Ezio Pinza in the picture, “A Night at Carnegie Hall,” singing the great operatic role of Boris Godunov. That, thought baritone-basso Andrew Griffith, is for me.

After high-school days, Andy continued his education at the University of North Carolina, where he majored in music, inevitably encountering such cultural sacred cows as “Hamlet,” “Romeo and Juliet,” the “Swan Lake” ballet, and “Carmen.” Yet, as he became familiar with story and/or music, the clown side of his sincere, almost solemn nature began to take liberties with the classics. Occasionally, he undertook to “explain” one of the stories—in a sorghum accent.

Actually, Andy didn’t think much of his lampoonery, although it seemed to others to be a rare talent. In his opinion, it was merely college hijinks. Yet, while he was teaching at Goldsboro High School, Andy decided to test himself by undertaking the study of drama with Ainslee Pryor, who was a director of the Raleigh Little Theater. Andy told himself he was doing it—not in hopes of a theatrical career—but because he felt that any pointers he could pick up from Mr. Pryor would be useful when, as a harried music prof, he found himself serving as referee in an assault upon Gilbert & Sullivan by teenage glee clubs.

Came a day, one spring, when the Chapel Hill Choral was preparing a presentation of Haydn’s “The Seasons,” and was auditioning singers. Someone asked Andy,

“Have you heard Bobby Edwards sing? Now there’s a voice!”

Andy thought it over for a moment, then admitted, “I don’t know him. I don’t know any Bobby Edwards.”

“You really don’t know Bobby Edwards,” chuckled Andy’s informant. “The ‘Bobby’ is short for ‘Barbara,’ and she’s quite a gal.”

“What’s her voice?” Andy wanted to know, refusing to be conned into admiration sight unseen and sound unheard. He was told that Barbara’s voice was a dramatic soprano, and that she had taken her M.B. degree from Converse College at Spartanburg, South Carolina.

“From then on, it developed like a 1930 movie,” admits Andy.

Like this: One afternoon, Andy and Carl Perry (tenor) were loitering around the rehearsal hall when Carl announced belatedly, “By the way, there goes Bobby Edwards.” All that was to be seen was a pair of shapely underpinnings (taking their owner rapidly away), a matching sweater and skirt (trim), and a mass of shining brown hair worn in a long bob. Naturally, Andy remembered the hair.

He knew that he was going to remember the voice, as well—probably forever—when he heard her sing in rehearsal a few days later. With all speed—taking into consideration a certain Dixie deliberation and a natural reticence—Andy asked Barbara Edwards to be his guest at a coffee break. This led to other coffee breaks, to dinner, to moonlight conferences, to love.

In due course, Andy decided to spend his summers on Roanoke Island, appearing in Paul Green’s “The Lost Colony,” traditional presentation of the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh’s colonization attempt. In the midst of this occupation, Andy signed a teaching contract for the ensuing year. Abruptly, it seemed a fine idea to get married. On a summer’s Saturday morning, Andy and Barbara met at Norfolk and selected her wedding gown—a rust silk afternoon frock with matching hat, shoes, and gloves. For Andy, they selected the traditional navy blue.

Because Andy had an evening off, on Mondays, the ceremony was celebrated at eleven o’clock on the morning of August 22, 1949. There was no problem of church or sect: Barbara is Baptist, Andy is Moravian—so, inevitably, the rites were performed by a Methodist minister in the only sanctuary available on short notice, the Episcopal Church. The octet from Westminster Choir sang, and Sal Razassi played “Ave Maria” on his vibraharp. As Andy recalls it: “You wouldn’t expect a vibraharp to be effective—or maybe even ecclesiastical—but I’ve never heard the ‘Ave Maria’ played with greater solemnity. It was the sort of thing you can never forget.”

The ensuing three years were both blissful and troubled. Blissful, as the early years of a highly compatible marriage must always be. Troubled, because Andy felt, in the depths of his conscientious soul, that he was not making a success of teaching high-school music. “It takes talent to be a good teacher,” he says, respect in his tone. “I knew my subject, but I couldn’t seem to pass on my knowledge. There were some gifted kids in my classes, and I felt they were entitled to the best possible instruction. Well, I didn’t feel I was the best possible instructor.”

Day after day, month after month, he and Barbara discussed their quandary. At length they hit upon an idea: Why not go into business for themselves, capitalizing on their singing ability? Why not put to use their excellent training, plus

Andy’s flair for comedy? There was a market: Throughout the South there were civic groups needing an act or two to enliven a social evening. Why not provide it?

They borrowed a thousand dollars, made a four-hundred-dollar down payment on a station wagon, and moved to a house having a room remote enough from neighbors to make rehearsal possible without arousing local malice. With their remaining capital, they invested in five hundred brochures, on the cover of which appeared the legend: “Unique Entertainment by Barbara and Andy Griffith.”

Their first professional appearance was before the Ashboro, North Carolina Rotary Club on October 28, 1952, and consisted of art songs by Barbara, comic monologues by Andy. The take was seventy-five dollars, of which fifteen went to their accompanist.

Favorable word of Griffith-type entertainment spread. Andy’s proficiency on the guitar increased and his repertoire of monologues was expanded. In a hillbilly accent that could have been cut only with a quart of mountain dew, Andy explained to his audiences—much as he had done in college—the highly involved plots of such venerable classics as “Romeo and Juliet,” “Carmen,” the “Swan Lake” ballet, the art of playing football, and “Hamlet.”

After some eighteen months of guitar barn-storming, Andy was placed under contract by Capitol Records and waxed his first glorious lampoon, a devastating exposition entitled “What It Was—Was Football.” More than eight hundred thousand customers applauded his effort by buying the disc and wearing it smooth.

That success ended Andy’s trips to homebody gatherings and started him zooming on the night-club circuit. Such a move was supposed to represent a rung upward on the ladder of success, but there were times when Andy was convinced that it was more like being put through the wringer.

He was spotted on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and, according to Andy, “I was a bomb. Whoo-eeee. I laid a real bad egg.” Analysis of his failure to win friends and influence applause on the Sullivan show has turned up many possibilities. Perhaps the Sullivan studio audience wasn’t adequately hip to Shakespeare to appreciate a parody. Or perhaps it was so conservative that it resented the Griffith liberties taken with monuments of English literature. More reasonable is the suspicion that, when Andy Griffith—a handsome, blue-eyed, tousle-headed hunk of personality in the super-Tab-Hunter class—ambled onto the stage, he was expected to render some maple-sugar love song. No one was prepared for a murderously witty parody delivered in a backwoods drawl.

There were other frustrations, other problems. In Birmingham, Alabama, one evening, a portly lady—turned 100-proof sentimental by certain beverages—made her way to the stage, shaking her fist and announcing in the dialect that Andy was using, “I just wanna tell you . . . I just wanna shay. . . .” She took up a position on the steps, and Andy went into a revival song, a foot-stomper called “In the Pines,” to—well, change the subject.

Sometimes the frustrations of show business were funny rather than painful. On one occasion, Andy found himself billed with a striptease act. There was the news on the marquee: “9—Beautiful Girls—9.”

By that time, Andy had acquired a following of youngsters, some of high-

school age—whose mortal combat with English Lit courses had given Andy hero status because of his jousts with the classics—and some even younger, who merely enjoyed guitar, dialect, and the sense of fun intrinsic in Andy's act.

Andy went to the management, diffidently, and explained that he couldn't appear with strippers. Everybody had to make a living in accordance with his talent and energy, he conceded, but his conscience wouldn't permit him to attract youngsters to entertainment that would not be approved (although possibly indulged in) by their elders. "I was real embarrassed," Andy remembers.

His protests were forwarded to his booking agent, and thereafter Andy has found himself sharing the boards only twice with 15—Beautiful Girls—15. Friends say that nothing is ever lost on Mr. Griffith: In the midst of a trusted and sophisticated group, Andy has been known to provide a quakingly funny travesty of the striptease without removing so much as his sports coat.

When Andy read Mac Hyman's "No Time for Sergeants," he got in touch with Hyman to request permission to incorporate some of the more hilarious passages in his night-club act. Inevitably, this represented one of those happy juxtapositions of player, period, and vehicle. Andy Griffith was the perfect person to bring to life the Georgia hillbilly, and the triple arts of stage, film and TV could well agree that "No Time for Sergeants" was a vehicle perfect for all three.

Oddly enough, Andy seemed to fit into many other garments in addition to khaki. Even before "Sergeants" was launched, an actor named Robert Armstrong listened one night to a lament from Elia Kazan. Where, Mr. Kazan wondered, could he find a big, blond, blustering hillbilly—with sensitivity—to star in a segment from Budd Schulberg's novel, "Faces in a Crowd"? (The story was titled originally "Your Arkansas Traveler," but its film version was to be called "A Face in the Crowd.")

"Easy," said Mr. Armstrong. "Andy Griffith could do it."

Which brings us full circle to Andy's first picture, to be followed by "Sergeants," to be followed (everyone believes) by a long and satisfying career in TV, in theater, and on film and records.

The problems will continue, of course. Andy says that any success demands that a man take stock of himself regularly to make sure that he is keeping his basic values. A degree of unvarying normalcy, he believes, is the basis for all personal happiness. "Keeping basic values and remaining normal will be easy—or at least easier for me than for some—because I'm fundamentally lazy. It takes lots of energy to go completely haywire."

Another safety measure is the fact that Andy enjoys people, mobs of people or minor numbers—it doesn't matter—but only in job context. His working associations are felicitous, his professional personality delightful. But he loathes the social scene. He abhors large parties, benefits, galas. He has to be dragged to premieres, and he leaves as quickly as courtesy will permit. "Barbara has trouble with me," he admits. "You should hear her say, 'Now Andy. . . .'"

Mr. Griffith's idea of a fine evening is one of reading while a hi-fi set plays suitable music, or one of joining a few friends having a community of interest. Informality and fellowship are probably the keynotes of Andy's social ideal.

A quick check will indicate that this attitude is about par for American husbands. In brief, Andy Griffith is the All-American Boy, Southern Division.

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All the Things You Are

(Continued from page 48)

four weeks later! My family thought he was wonderful. So, of course, did I."

It was a lovely wedding. Rosemary's mother had passed on after a long illness, but her mother's sister, Mrs. Percy Johnston, and her uncle offered their house for the wedding—the same house from which Rosemary's mother had been married and where Rosemary was now living. Even the decorations were the same. There was bitter-sweet in the memories, but mostly there was warmth and tenderness to overshadow any sorrow.

"Jack and I both love our families," says Rosemary, "and have learned to appreciate them even more since some members have passed on. His folks live only a short drive away and my relatives are not far—my Aunt Belle Johnston, now a widow, my father, my sister and brother. There are several groups of young people in our area, too, and we get together a great deal. With both of us so busy, and with so many people whose companionship we enjoy, the weeks just fly by."

Their ranch house, which sort of rambles up a hill, was built with seven rooms, but the Merrells have added three extra rooms in the basement. There's a room for barbecue parties, done in knotty pine like the others and decorated in red and yellow, with a long picnic table and benches. A ping-pong room, where they entertain their ping-pong club. A small lounge and bar, with tables and divans along the wall for informal serving, and where guests can watch Jack's collection of many kinds of exotic and beautiful fish swimming about in mammoth and handsome tanks.

The rest of the house is more formal, but still gay and bright with color, and everywhere there are the Oriental touches that satisfy something in Rosemary's soul. (She isn't sure just what it is, but only that she has always loved beautiful art objects from the East and longed to own a few of them.) There are some fine Chinese tapestries and rare bits of ornament, and even the dull green and gold pattern of the foyer wallpaper has this Oriental feeling.

The big living room is mostly eighteenth-century traditional and gracious, with Rosie's baby grand piano—a birthday gift from Jack two years ago—over in one corner. She describes herself as "only a fair musician, who loves to play the piano a little, and also the accordion," but the

piano has been a stimulus to continued practice.

The den is filled with Early American antiques, the kitchen is desert pink, the porch done in charcoal with pink blinds and pink wrought-iron furniture. Upstairs are three bedrooms, in such unique and lovely colorings as burnt lemon and aqua. One is Rosie's Valentine Room, so-called because she decorated it in red and white, with little hearts.

"I love our house so much that I make a tour every morning before I leave," she admits. "Each room is different. Each looks beautiful to us, probably because we started without one thing and picked the furnishings, piece by piece, with loving care. Everything has a special meaning for us now."

When you ask Rosemary how she manages to keep a house so spic and span with only the help of a cleaning woman, and do all the cooking, too, she laughs. "I run. All the time. I usually get up about 6:45 and I get home just in time to do any marketing necessary and to have dinner on the table by 6:30. Poor Jack—he used to have to wait until all hours while I learned to assemble a dinner, but now I have learned to plan better. When he is away, I eat with friends, if I'm not too late or too tired. I'm supposed to have one day a week to myself, but it doesn't always work out that way. I do my housework in bits, a little whenever I have time. We would like to own a dog, but we're away so much and an animal would be lonely. I did have a Siamese cat we called Minute—but cats get lonely, too."

Rosemary has always been a busy little girl on the go. Her interest in acting started in high school, in Montclair, New Jersey, where she was born. As a member of a dramatic group, she was singled out by a friend of playwright George S. Kaufman and was soon offered a teen-age role in a Kaufman-produced play called "Franklin Street." Unfortunately, it closed in Washington, D. C., before coming to New York, but now playwright Moss Hart had seen her, and he put her in "Junior Miss." That ran about a year. Then Mr. Kaufman cast her in a play written by Gypsy Rose Lee, called "The Naked Genius," in which Joan Blondell starred. By this time, Rosemary was attending the Professional Children's School in New York, playing in summer stock when she wasn't on Broadway, and had, all told,

become a full-fledged professional actress.

Rosemary's mother was never quite sure that acting was a career for any daughter of hers—especially when the play had a name like "The Naked Genius." But the family went along with Rosie's ambitions, and her Aunt Belle encouraged her, believing that young people should have the chance to do what they really wanted to do.

"By 1944, when I opened in 'Dear Ruth' on Broadway," Rosemary recalls, "my mother was so ill that she was in a hospital, and I didn't know she was there in the audience on opening night. She had asked to be brought in an ambulance, and had to be taken back immediately after the performance. I was so proud when I was told she had been there, and I am sure it made her happy. It was the last time she saw me perform, and a little later she passed on. My Aunt Belle was just wonderful to me. When I was playing in 'Dear Ruth,' I was also doing some radio work, and my aunt used to sit in the car and wait for me and whisk me off to the theater in time."

Even with her aunt's help, and the help of others in her family who loved and believed in her, and the help of many friends she had now made in the theater, Rosie was never a girl to wait for someone else to do her work. She is as honest with herself as she is with others, and she faced the fact that an actress doesn't find much economic security in the legitimate theater. She wanted to use her talent, and she wanted to be sure there would be a place for her to keep on using it, so radio seemed more and more attractive and secure. She planned a campaign to get known in radio circles.

"Over a period of time I bought many pairs of tickets for 'Dear Ruth,' sending them to producers and directors of radio shows with my compliments, and suggesting they might enjoy our play. I never knew whether my first program, *Grand Central Station*, was a direct result of my campaign, but I think it was an indirect one. Tickets were acknowledged and used, and opportunities did begin to open. I played a Saturday radio show for eight years, *The Adventures Of Archie Andrews*, opposite Bob Hastings. I had many dramatic parts on radio, and not for one week since my bold campaign have I ever been out of work. Like other radio performers, I made the step into television—probably more easily than some, because of my stage background."

Although she seemed destined from the first to be the rebellious teenager, Jill, who would learn lessons of sacrifice and family loyalty, it was months after reading for the part before she was finally chosen for *Young Dr. Malone*. One actress after another was tried, and later rejected, because the producers had certain qualities in mind that seemed elusive when they tried to pin them down to any one person. Only Sandy Becker, who is *Dr. Jerry Malone* himself, picked Jill from the start. "You're Jill," he kept saying to her. By the time everyone else was agreeing with him, he just smiled and said, "Didn't I tell you it would happen?"

"Radio and television have given me roots," Rosemary says now. "I really grew up on *Mama*. I loved the show from the first moment, and never dreamed it would have such a success. I was just so proud to be in it. We are like a real family by now."

"As Jill in *Young Dr. Malone*, I have another family. Sandy Becker has been just wonderful. And Joan Alexander, who is Tracey. I love the talk of hospitals and

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medicine. I think I have always been a little in awe of the medical profession, and when I was single I was attracted to young doctors. I did volunteer work in Roosevelt Hospital in New York and sometimes I almost wished I had become a doctor."

Until the time of her marriage, Rosemary went to New York University early mornings before rehearsals and early evenings several times a week. She found herself learning her lines for the show in class, and doing her class homework at the studio. But, in spite of the confusion of interests, she loved it all, loved to study, used to be so pleased when "Mama" and "Papa," as she fondly calls her TV parents, liked her compositions, or when Sandy Becker, her "other father," congratulated her on her marks.

Now, of course, it's her personal life that comes first, although she can't imagine any life that doesn't include her work as an actress. "Jack is so willing to let me be a person," she points out. "An individual, and an actress, as well as his wife. I have always believed it is hard for anyone out of our profession to marry someone in it, but Jack makes it easy. Most men I knew before him showed some jealousy of my devotion to my work and the way it took my time. Some men don't like to have a wife who can earn a fair amount, believing that this takes away their own prestige. We haven't built up any such problems.

"Jack is proud of me, I believe, but not too proud. He makes it plain that he is more proud of me as a person than as an actress, proud that I have the ability to work hard for what I want. When he gets a certain twinkle in his eye, I realize that he thinks I'm getting a little 'upstage' and I snap right out of it. He's the most well-adjusted person I know, without a trace of sham."

They both worry about the state of the world and what may happen, and they both realize that each day should be lived to its fullest. Both have a sense of humor, both know that everything cannot always be perfect—so they strive to make it as perfect as possible, here and now.

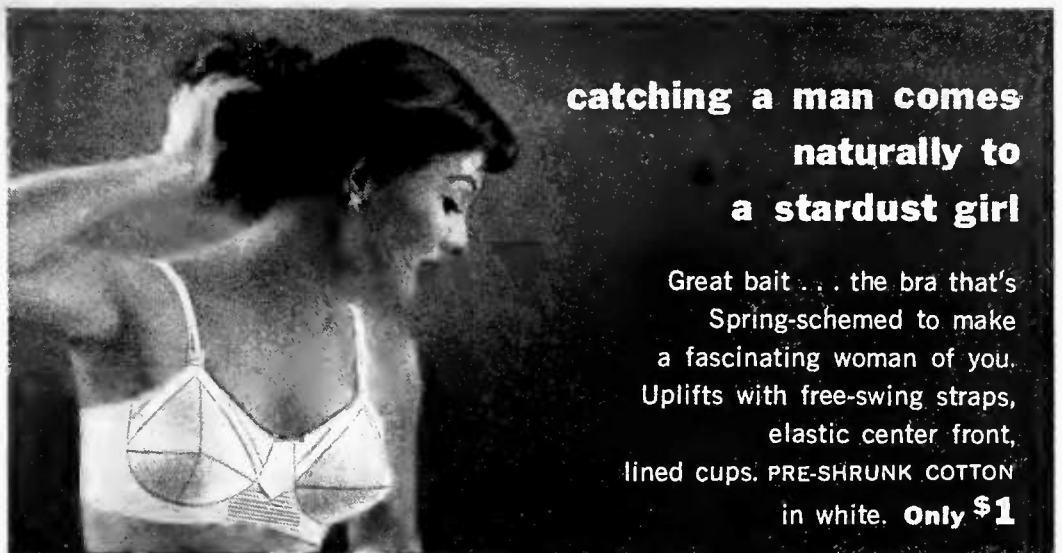
"I like getting older, because I get happier every year," Rosie says. "I have a husband, a home, and I hope someday to have children. It's wonderful to have a career, too—to create, to use what I have learned during these past years. But I have also learned how important a personal life is to a woman."

When Rosemary and Jack were married, Ralph Nelson (then the director of the *Mama* show) and his wife Barbara announced they had arranged to have all the whistles in New Jersey blow at the moment the wedding began. Sure enough, the minister had just started the ceremony when suddenly it seemed as if every siren in the state began to shriek. What the two had forgotten was that this was Saturday noon, when the air raid sirens and the warning whistles are always tested. It almost broke them up!

"Now, when Jack and I hear the sirens scream, we look at each other and laugh. 'Must be a wedding somewhere,' we say."

The whistles are still blowing, the bells are still ringing for Rosemary Rice Merrill—the way she hopes they will ring, joyously, in the future of *Young Dr. Malone's* teen-aged daughter Jill.

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Faith Had the Answer

(Continued from page 29)

"We'll get a wheelchair for you," the sister said firmly to the woman. Poor thing, she thought. *She probably doesn't realize how close to death she is. And she's so young—in her twenties. But God must have His own reasons for summoning her.*

That was how close to death Mrs. Bill Lundigan was, three years ago. At the time, Bill Lundigan—your host on *Shower Of Stars* and *Climax!*, the Chrysler Corporation shows—had only recently completed making a picture, "Terror Ship," in London.

Bill didn't know how close to true terror he and his wife, Rena, were to come in the days and weeks that followed. They had gone to Paris and Rome in a holiday mood. A few signs of illness which Rena showed had disturbed their Paris holiday, but they had hoped it was just a passing thing. Then, in Rome, she had become deathly sick.

Whenever the hospital rules permitted, Bill was by Rena's side. Between visits to her bedside, he was on his knees in the chapel of the hospital, praying that God spare Rena, if it was His will.

Rena's blood count was down to 44. According to most medical science, with a blood count of 44, she should have been dead. Somehow, through Bill's faith and her own, and with the help of the greatest of all Physicians, she survived.

In Rome, she had six transfusions of blood. The doctors said she needed an operation, but they couldn't operate on her till they got her blood count up to at least 72. They planned to operate on her in the hospital in Rome. But, when Rena learned that she would have a long convalescence, she implored the doctor to let her go back to Los Angeles for the surgery. Finally, he gave his consent.

"The doctor," Bill told me, "was taking one of the greatest chances a medical man ever took. For going back to the United States meant flying at a height of 22,000 feet to California. If Rena had started again to lose blood on the plane, where could we have gone for help? At 22,000 feet above the ground, how are you going to get to a hospital?"

We were sitting in the living room of the Lundigans' modest but charming Benedict Canyon home, built in simple French Normandy style.

"It was Bill who took the greatest chance," said Rena simply. Her happy, healthy face shone with the light of fulfillment. This is the way a woman looks when her dearest dreams have come true.

Rena's hair was the glossy dark brown of perfect health, and her brown eyes danced impishly. Today, things are a far cry, at the Lundigans', from what they were three years ago.

It seems unlikely that Bill Lundigan would have been able to endure the anguish of those days, if it had not been for his deep, abiding faith in God. "Faith," as he said earnestly, "is ninety-nine percent of the happiness Rena and I have found with each other, and with Stacey."

Stacey is the two-year-old bewitching bundle of energy whom Bill and Rena adopted about a year ago. She is some twenty pounds and about thirty-four inches of sheer enchantment, with reddish-blond hair, blue eyes that change in different lights but look very like Bill's, and a temperament which seems a composite of both Bill's and Rena's.

The little house in Benedict Canyon is filled with the presence of Stacey. There's her photograph over the fireplace, right

in the heart of the living room. There's a nursery filled with her toys and dolls—she has had so many of them that the Lundigans have given two-thirds of the wonderful gifts away, since no one child could ever find time to play with all of them. And there's the pink and white bedroom, which was ready and waiting for Stacey a whole year before the Lundigans found her.

Stacey is a bundle of dynamite from the moment she wakes up in the morning till she goes to bed at night. As soon as she jumps out of bed, she rushes into Daddy's room, pats his cheek, flings herself across his chest, and begs to play "horsie." Bill, of course, is the horsie, little Stacey the rider. "Thank heavens she doesn't wear spurs," he laughs.

The rest of the day, Stacey bounds around the house with the same tireless energy. She reaches for everything her little hands can grasp. When told she mustn't touch something, she walks away, diverts your attention elsewhere, pretends to have lost all interest in the object she was told not to touch, but eventually comes back to it.

Among her big interests in life are Bill and Rena, pocketbooks in general, and her life-size doll. She loves to have breakfast with this big jointed doll, which was exactly her size when Stacey received it last Christmas as Bill's gift. Now Stacey is a couple of inches taller than the doll, which she dresses in her cast-off dresses and shoes. This particular doll is probably the best-dressed one in Benedict Canyon.

Who would have dared predict such complete and ecstatic joy for the Lundigans during the grim days when Rena lay, struggling for life, in her room in St. John's Hospital? She needed transfusion after transfusion, and it had to be whole blood, not just plasma. There were always willing, eager donors, for Bill and Rena have always been loved by those who knew them. The men at 20th Century-Fox, where Bill was then under contract, gave quart after quart of blood.

Though Rena needed the blood desperately, it was hard for her thin, wracked body to take it. It used to take five hours for a single transfusion; and she could be given only one transfusion a day. There was one day when the doctors were almost sure that they were going to lose her. For two or three hours, she was losing blood more rapidly than it could be administered.

The possible danger of cancer never worried Rena. "It just didn't occur to me," she says simply. "I didn't allow myself to think of it, any more than a soldier thinks that he is going to be killed in battle. He knows some men will be, but doesn't believe his number will come up."

Bill knew that it was a possibility, but there was no way of getting a final answer till five days after the operation. The preliminary biopsy was hopeful, but only the final biopsy after the surgery would tell the complete story.

Bill was on his knees every day in the chapel at St. John's. Just as he had sought God's guidance before he took the flight with Rena to Los Angeles, so he sought it daily while Rena lay, wavering between life and death.

Five days after the operation, Bill learned the merciful truth. There was not a sign of malignancy. Bill says, "Through those trying days, I would have buckled under, if it hadn't been for faith. If you don't have faith in God to live with when you have happiness, and to fall back on when you have sorrow, you're in trouble."

With faith, as Bill learned, you can go

through the most harrowing experience, and your spirit and courage and sanity will survive. The Lundigans have parlayed faith, love and laughter into true happiness. Without these three precious ingredients, they would have nothing.

How thoroughly they have found happiness is evident in the joyful atmosphere of their home today. Stacey stood on the staircase leading from the living room to her bedroom. On her head was perched the most audacious hat, a vivid Kelly green, embellished with flowers.

"Macushla," said Bill to Stacey, "on what boat did you come over?"

And truly, with those bluish-green Irish eyes, that impossible hat, and the pink dress that any smart little colleen would know was just right for her to wear, Stacey might really have come straight from the Emerald Isle.

Actually, when the Lundigans first beheld her, she looked altogether different. Instead of looking like a rosy-cheeked colleen, she was all eyes and ears, thin and wan, with sparse, lackluster hair—and a bald spot in back which might have been caused by hours and days and weeks of lying in a crib, with no one close by to pick her up and fondle her. Of course, things changed when she was brought to the agency, but she had been there only a couple of weeks—not nearly long enough for the sisters there to give her the feeling of being forever loved, forever secure. "I'd always pictured a blue-eyed blonde," Rena admits. "And there was Stacey, with straight darkish hair. She was very apathetic. There was no expression on her face. She looked as if she didn't give a hoot."

The Lundigans looked at each other. The Mother Superior said, "Why don't you take a couple of weeks to think it over?"

"We don't want time to think it over," said Rena. "That's right," said Bill. For two years, they had been searching for a baby girl. They hadn't wanted an infant, but a child who might sometimes be able to travel with Bill, who covers 125,000 miles a year on his good-will tours for Chrysler Corporation. During those two years, it had sometimes seemed as if they'd never get the baby they wanted. This was the first baby girl old enough to travel with Bill and Rena, on at least some of his cross-country flights.

"Let's be honest about it," says Rena. "It wasn't that we had an instantaneous feeling of great love for Stacey. But she was available."

"We didn't take her because she was the loneliest child we'd ever seen, but in spite of it," Bill adds, with that almost painful honesty of his, leaning over backward, so he won't be credited with "noble" motives. "Let's get one thing straight. Nobody was doing anybody any great favor. Least of all, were we doing anyone a favor in taking Stacey. It was the other way round. The good Lord blessed us by giving her to us."

The Lundigans were not quite sure what to name her. Bill held out for the name Anastacia, after his grandmother. Anastacia is also a saint's name. Rena, who dislikes nicknames, wanted a name that couldn't be converted into a nickname. She'd always liked the name Stacey. They compromised. The baby was named Anastacia—Stacey, for short.

Stacey thrived on love. With the passing of months, her hair turned lighter, her figure a little fuller, though she's small-boned and will never be chubby. After a trip to Honolulu, her hair even turned curly. This was such a phenomenon that friends have asked Rena what she did to

turn the straight hair curly! "I didn't do anything," she laughs. "Actually I can hardly get a comb through her hair now." She believes that the vitamins in Stacey's diet may have caught up with Stacey's hair.

Stacey has probably traveled more than almost any other baby her age in the United States. When Bill went to Washington, D. C., to emcee the Inaugural celebration, Rena and Stacey flew there a few days later, to be with him.

"We confused the admirals and all the big shots in Washington, D. C.," Rena laughs. "They just couldn't understand why such a small child was being allowed to take a walk in the hall on our floor of the Mayflower Hotel at nine each night. Of course, the reason was that there's a three-hour difference between California time and Eastern time. Since we were going to be in Washington for only a few days, I didn't think it wise to put Stacey on Washington time. Why put Stacey to bed at six?"

"Stacey knew everybody on our floor at the hotel, and she was always flying around the corridor. One evening, my brother, a professor at the University of Maryland, came over to baby-sit for us. He had quite a time chasing after Stacey, especially when she wandered toward the wrong suite at the hotel."

"As a result of that experience," Bill chuckles, "he may remain a bachelor for the rest of his life." But it's obvious he really thinks an evening with Stacey should be enough to make any man yearn for marriage and a family, with a bouncing little angel-imp like Stacey to make things really interesting. The Lundigans themselves are so far from being frightened by their hectic experiences with Stacey that they plan eventually to add three more children to the family, first a girl, then two boys.

Love, laughter and prayer have been a part of the Lundigan life from the very beginning.

Bill was born in Syracuse, New York, the eldest son of Martha and Michael Lundigan. Bill's father owned a shoe store in Syracuse and, as a youngster, Bill worked part time in his father's store. But Bill became fascinated by radio very early in his life. Jack Shannon, program director of WFBL in Syracuse—who later became Father Shannon—had great faith in Bill, and gave him a chance to become a full time announcer for the station.

At the beginning, however, Bill was unsure of himself and pulled so many boners that the station officials asked Jack Shannon to fire him. Instead, the future priest pleaded with them to give Bill more time to get accustomed to his new chores—and promised to coach him himself. Aided by Jack Shannon, Bill became a very successful announcer. In fact, he got his first chance to act in the movies as a result of an incident that occurred during his days in radio.

One day on the air, Bill interviewed a man who was publicizing one of the "Tarzan" pictures. The man had a number of boxes with him, and asked Bill Lundigan if he would mind his opening a couple of the boxes. "Oh, that'll be fine," said Bill, never guessing who was in them. Out of the first box came Cheetah, a chimpanzee. Out of the second box the publicity man pulled a fourteen-foot python. "Take her," he told Bill. "She's harmless, because she's all doped up."

Bill confesses that he is a devout coward about two things—pythons and airplanes—airplanes because he knows quite a bit about them and is always aware when anything goes wrong, and pythons because he knows nothing about them. Unwilling to admit that he could be so frightened of a doped-up snake, Bill picked up the

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slithery creature and put on the greatest act of his life. He pretended to be completely unconcerned. This so impressed the publicity ambassador from the movie studio that he suggested Bill should have a movie test.

The test led to a contract with Universal. For the next six years, Bill worked first at Universal, then at Warner Bros., and finally at M-G-M. Then he got a much more important contract with the U. S. Marines.

Bill has never been known to speak more than a sentence or two about his service with the Marines. When eager-beaver press agents or reporters have asked him to discuss his war adventures, he has politely refused. He feels that he did only what any decent American would and should do—and he's not going to do any flag-waving about it.

Most writers about Hollywood claim that Bill is just a plain, average, ordinary American, exactly like your next door neighbor and mine. But the truth goes much deeper than that. The Lundigans have proved themselves extraordinary people, raising themselves above "typical" experience in the way they have faced both tragedy and joy with a valiant, undefeated spirit. Watching Bill over your TV set, admitting him into your living room as the friendly host of *Climax!* and *Shower Of Stars*, you are welcoming someone with a much deeper faith—and a brighter sense of humor—than most people have ever developed.

Take, for instance, the Lundigan love story. It might have happened to anyone—but not in just the way that the Lundigans tell it.

The first time they met, they were introduced by friends at Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles. Rena was fifteen. "I was the kind of child," she laughs, "who wore braces on her teeth and no make-up. I was anything but precocious. I had no romantic ideas about Hollywood actors. I'd liked Bill's personality on the screen, but I thought he was just another Hollywood actor."

"Thanks for the word *actor*," Bill grins.

"I didn't really expect him to pay any attention to me," Rena confesses, "but I thought he could have been a little more polite. It seemed to me that he gave me an awfully fast brush-off. At that time, I thought he had some warmth on the screen, but not much warmth off it. Frankly, I thought he was conceited."

Bill's memory of that first meeting is very, very hazy. However, he was older than Rena, considered himself a mature type, and presumably dismissed her from his mind as a child.

Four years later, they met again. This time, Rena was no longer the kind of young woman who could be easily dismissed from anyone's mind. The braces were gone, of course. Her dark brown hair was lustrous. Her blue dress brought out the sparkle of her eyes. She was vivacious, attractive, a challenge to any man. She had come to Quantico, Virginia, to visit her friends, Leonard Lee, a captain in the Marine Corps, and his wife.

Bill won't sit still for any moonlight or roses or soft music, when you discuss his romance. The most he'll go for is his masculine admission, "There must have been a pretty vital attraction."

You ask hopefully, "Was it love at second sight?"

Rena laughs. "I don't know whether Bill loved me or not, but he certainly liked my convertible! His car was on the Pacific Coast, and mine was available. Going from Quantico to Washington, D. C. by train was like traveling by train during Civil War days—so slow it was murder. And Bill loved to travel to Washington. So we

used my car. We went together for about a month."

During that month, Bill told Rena that she was spoiled. It made no impression then—but now, looking back upon her past life, she admits she had been spoiled. All her life, she'd had her own way. Bill was the first person who didn't let her have it. "It took a lot of years to change me," she admits. "I guess that secretly I liked his masterful ways. Or perhaps I was just stunned. One day he decided he'd drive my car. He didn't ask . . . he just drove it."

"It was a mating brought about by 'mutual antagonism,'" Bill chuckles. Then, more seriously, he adds, "All around us, young people of eighteen or nineteen, caught up by war emotions, were rushing off to get married. I was almost thirty-one. Our feeling for each other was much more serious than just war-emotion excitement."

Perhaps they would have married then and there but Bill had to go overseas on six hours' notice.

"Rena saved my life by writing to me regularly while I was overseas," he says

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—and behind the flippant words is *real* emotion.

One of the greatest links with the peaceful world he'd left behind was Rena. No matter whether his letters reached her or not—and usually they didn't—she wrote him regularly, pouring out her thoughts, her emotions, her beliefs, in a way that stirred him with the knowledge that this was the girl for him. Now he knew for sure that, if he survived the war, he would want her to be his wife.

Neither of them remembers the exact time and place where Bill proposed. But they'll never forget the wedding on August 18, 1945. By this time, Bill was considered a pretty important Hollywood star, and photographers and newspapermen would have loved a tip-off on where and when he was going to get married. Bill wanted none of that Hollywood hoop-la. To avoid it, Bill and Rena decided to get married at Huntington Beach. No newspaper men were informed; no photographers called in.

"In fact," laughs Rena, "Bill was so determined not to get publicity out of our wedding that he forgot to call in a local photographer, to take a photo for the family album. So we have none of the

wedding. My family was unable to come, but looked forward to getting a photo, at least. When they learned we hadn't taken one, they were very disappointed."

Oddly enough, there were no photographs taken of Rena on another important occasion—when she wore one of the most beautiful gowns ever designed for her—a dark green ballroom dress with an embroidered lace top, and a bodice made of an unusual Italian material. This was the gown she wore at the President's Inaugural. Bill selected it from a group of designs by Howard Shoup.

In order to do his job as emcee for the Inaugural, Bill dressed before Rena, and went down to the hotel ballroom first. Rena, in her beautiful gown, sat with some friends in a box on the opposite side of the room. Designed to hold about eight hundred people, the room held several thousand that night "It would have taken the entire Notre Dame forward line to get from me to Rena or from Rena to me," Bill grins.

Rena was with some friends who had to leave early to fly to Detroit. Not wishing to sit alone in the box, she went up to her room, took off the gorgeous gown, sat around in her robe, waiting for Bill. When he finally came upstairs, her eyes were drooping, and she was ready for slumberland. Bill smiled and said, "By the way, darling, how *did* you look in that dress?"

To this day, he hasn't seen Rena in it. The Lundigans are so busy devoting all their spare time to Stacey that Rena wouldn't dream of wasting precious time parading in the gown for Bill's inspection.

Currently, it's very obvious that the real ruler of the Lundigan household is little Stacey. The real Anastasia may have had difficulty proving she was a member of Russia's royal family, but this particular Anastacia has no difficulty getting everyone to treat her as a princess.

Practically every day is Christmas at the Lundigan household. At Christmas time, little Miss Stacey was showered with more gifts than a quiz contestant. Among last year's gifts were a pink and white tricycle from a close friend of the Lundigans, and a miniature pink-and-white Plymouth, small enough for Stacey to drive, presented by Byron Avery, head of West Coast promotion for Chrysler.

Sometimes friends ask Rena, "Is Stacey impressed by the fact that she can see her father performing on TV?"

"No," laughs Rena. "She takes it for granted."

The first time Stacey saw Bill on TV, he was away on a trip, and she was feeling disconsolate because she hadn't been permitted to accompany him. She missed him very much. Then, suddenly, she was startled not so much by his picture on the TV screen, as by the sound of his voice. She began hunting everywhere for him, even under the TV set.

The next time she saw Bill on TV, he was in the room. Hastily, she patted the TV image on the cheek, then hurried over to Bill's lap, and patted his cheek. On the whole, she showed a distinct preference for Bill over his TV image. After all, who can possibly sit on the lap of a TV picture?

Among Stacey's endearing habits is that of taking dollar bills out of her mother's wallet, and handing them to Bill. "How in the world did you train her to do that?" one friend asked Bill admiringly.

Recently, Bill was given a certificate by American Airlines stating that he is an Admiral of the Flagship Fleet—this, in honor of his many travels by plane for Chrysler. "I really ought to give the certificate to Stacey," he smiles "I think she has done almost as much traveling as I have." There's not much doubt about it—Stacey's the Admiral from whom the Lundigans take their orders.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from page 11)

million-selling record "Teen-Age Crush," being chased up the sales ladder by his newest, "Ring-A-Ding-A-Ding," which looks like it will set the million-mark sales bell a-ringing, too. On the strength of his new national prominence, Tommy has moved out of the small Hollywood apartment he shared with his mother, Grace, and they have found a new home in Brentwood. . . . Who else is moving? George Montgomery and Dinah Shore, celebrating the first birthday of their new Beverly Hills home, are building a newer place in the Hills—so the children will have more children of their own age to play with. . . . And in June, Groucho is moving into his new place in the hills above B.H. . . . And *Tic Tac Dough*, having found a new night-time home in this country, also found a home in England. The quiz's TV counterpart overseas will be known as *Naughts And Crosses*.

Music Memos: Lawrence Welk, always a man to encourage saving and thrift among his bandsmen, was delighted when accordionist Myron Floren started the Champagne Club's Investment Fund for the band several years ago. Each member contributed a portion of his weekly earnings, and this in turn was invested in the club's behalf. Recently, a special dinner-meeting of the club celebrated its earning of \$2,500 on their investment, which then totaled \$20,000. Now, that's what we call sweet music. . . . Other dividends in the Welk band: Larry Dean, vocalist, and his wife Alice expect a second baby next November. Larry will celebrate his 21st birthday, a new baby, and a new home all within a few months. . . . Elvis, move over, here comes Ricky—Nelson, that is. Ricky, the youngest son of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, has started on a new career. And, from all reports, he sings a mean song. In fact, Verve Records, with whom he's signed, says Ricky promises to sing up a real storm. Says Ricky, "This singing, man, this is the life for me!" Maybe we can get Ozzie, Harriet, and David to join in a little four-part harmony. Mom and dad were musical before they were mirthful.



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My 13 Years With Jerry Lewis

(Continued from page 53)

York or Los Angeles. I've made so many round trips I know now to ask for a seat on the right or the left side of the plane, depending on which direction I'm headed, so I avoid sitting in the sun the whole trip.

I'd really do this job a lot better if I were twins. You see, when Jerry's playing a date in New York, Miami, Atlantic City or Chicago, I try to be with him most of the week. Then I'll hop a plane for Hollywood, spend the weekend at home with the children—and, on Monday morning, I'm flying again, headed back to Jerry.

When Jerry's in Las Vegas, I spend almost more time in the air than I do on the ground. I fly home Friday afternoon, pick up the children, and fly back to Las Vegas with them that evening. The five of us spend a wild, wonderful weekend together. Then, on Sunday night, I fly back home with them. Monday morning finds me once more in the air, streaking toward Las Vegas and Jerry. My friends tell me I'd save myself a lot of time and trouble if I'd let the nurse bring the children up on the plane, or take them back home. But, for some crazy reason, I can't bear the thought of them getting on a plane unless I'm there to watch over them.

It's a good thing I like flying and the delicious food they always serve. I can sneak in a snooze or catch up on my reading—and I'm soon on the ground again.

This flitting about the country is very exciting, because I get a chance to meet new people all the time and, most importantly, I have the chance to share in Jerry's happiness doing the work he loves so much. Naturally, I love pattering around my house in the Pacific Palisades, but the house means nothing to me without my husband. However, when he and the children and I are all together in our beautiful home, then my world is complete!

When Jerry is playing a date in New York, for instance, we take a small apartment at the Essex House. It has a tiny kitchen, and I bought an electric frying pan to use there. When we come home from the last show, I fix up some scrambled eggs, or Jerry's favorite tomato-and-cheese sandwiches, and we make like newlyweds all over again. This last time, before I left Jerry to come home for a weekend with the children, I cooked up a big casserole of chicken the way he likes it best. I left it in the refrigerator, so that, when he got home late at night, he could have his after-show snack just as he likes it, even though I wasn't there.

A lot of people have made comments, both in print and out, about how I shouldn't "mother" Jerry so much. This always makes me smile a little. If folks would just think a bit, they'd realize that, in any successful marriage, the wife does a spot of mothering. Maybe more, maybe less of it. It all depends on how much of it the husband requires.

One of the responsibilities of any mother—whether a wife-mother or a mother-mother—is to see that her "offspring" matures, grows self-sufficient and able to meet life head-on by himself. This is not easy, believe me. The fact that Jerry has matured magnificently in the thirteen years we've been married is a matter of considerable pride to me. Not that it's all due to my direction—actually, only a very small part of it can I claim credit for. But the satisfying part is that he *has* matured. Even more satisfying, he realizes this fact, and realizes what part I played in his maturing. His giving me credit, and not taking me for granted, makes it all very, very worth while.

There's been a lot written in the last few months about Jerry's "new maturity." Condensed into a few well-written paragraphs, it sounds like a fairly rapid, relatively painless metamorphosis, and an exciting one at that. And the impression probably is that I must have been mighty thrilled to have a front-row-center seat while the whole admirable change was going on.

Oh, I was thrilled, all right. In fact, I don't suppose there's anyone who gets more deep and abiding satisfaction out of the new look in Jerry's eyes, the look which says, in a surprised way, "Hey, I'm me, Jerry Lewis—a Something, and they like me!"

I fell in love with, and married, a wonderful, wild boy of eighteen. I expected him to grow up, soon, into a wonderful (and probably still wild) man. But he kept on being a boy. It took Jerry nearly nine years to grow up to be that man. I'd have been inhuman if I hadn't run out of patience with him, now and then, along the way.

In fact, I am not always a patient woman, really. I can blow up as easily as anyone. But—when you love a man, and really try to understand him—you find within yourself funds of patience you never dreamed existed. That is why, I suppose, I've been able to put up with most of the zany things this Lewis guy has pulled, over the years.

Oh, I won't say I've never been mad at him. After all, I'm Italian by birth, and no one ever accused Italians of being placid, stolid, phlegmatic creatures. But, just when he's made me simply furious, he'll do something funny—and I can't decide whether to laugh or cry. I don't know how many times I've snapped at him, "Get out of this room, you big lug, until I decide whether I'm going to laugh at you or cry over you!"

I don't know why I bother, really. I almost always end up laughing.

Some of the "mads" didn't always end up with laughter . . . at least, not right away. A couple of times, I even walked out on him. But only to be able to get far enough away to cool off, to think things over. I always realized what had made him act as he did. And I always figured that, if I'd be patient just a little while longer, he'd make it! And he did. Looking back, even those rough spots seem well worth while, now.

Most of my "mads" have been caused by the way Jerry drives himself. He isn't really well, you know. He was in bed for seventy-two days last year, with hepatitis. And he's got the kind of heart which is sensitive to nicotine. So he drinks very little, and smokes only lightly. But, in other ways, he abuses himself.

When he was playing his date at the Palace in New York last winter, for instance. . . . The last show was over at eleven P.M., and we'd sit around in the dressing room for a while, waiting for him to cool off, and for the stage-door crowd to thin out. We could have made it back to the apartment by one A.M., easily. But no—most of the time, he'd want to go out to a night club, where we'd sit and talk shop with some other show-business people until all hours. Even if we did go to the apartment, he was all for sitting up and talking, or watching television, until three or four o'clock.

I worked out a pretty good system, though, for that one. Whenever I could get him back to the apartment right after the show, I'd casually suggest, "Hey, why don't you climb into bed and watch television, while I fix you a snack?" Just getting him into bed was the trick. Once between the

sheets, he was off to sleep in five minutes. Half the time he wouldn't even stay awake long enough to eat the snack I'd fixed.

It's really easier when he's making a picture. Then he's at home for several months at a time. He goes off to the studio fairly early in the morning, but he's home for dinner nearly every evening.

We have a quiet dinner, generally alone. That's because Jerry gets home from the studio about seven, and Gary and Ronnie are always "starved" by five or five-thirty. So it's just simpler to see to their dinner when they want it. Besides, this gives Jerry and me a few precious minutes alone together. There are few enough of these in any household with children—and, what with all the extra distractions our household groans under, we must snatch these times when we can. The boys are generally deeply involved in one of their early-evening TV shows at this hour, and don't mind waiting until after dinner for their romp with Dad.

When Jerry and the children romp in the living room, Mommy is always called upon to act as referee. I'm also the "official pianist" when they have a singing contest. And when they go off for baseball in the lot next door, I'm always on hand to applaud a good catch or a well-hit ball. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see my two sons and husband enjoying themselves together, and I can't wait for the day when Scotty is old enough to join in the fun. My being with them means my little family circle is complete.

Once the boys are packed off to bed, we settle down—like most every married couple across the country—with the paper, the new magazines which came in the mail that day, a new book, and the television. Once in a while, Jerry will have a script to study. But, most of the time, he stretches out on the couch, and watches television.

The difference here is that we are doing something which, to us, is sheer luxury! Because—to the Jerry Lewises—it amounts to Behaving Like People. It's a welcome change from the mad routine of night-club or theater appearances, when evenings are spent sweating out the hours between shows in dreary dressing rooms.

Like half the husbands in the country, Jerry never gets to see how the late movie ends—he falls asleep halfway through. As a matter of fact, he's lucky if he sees how the late movie *begins*. It's not unusual for him to conk out before the ten-o'clock news. I sit there and read, or watch, until I'm sleepy. Then, I generally just take a robe, cover him snugly, and off to bed I go. I swear I never make any noise, and I leave the television set going so that the sudden silence won't waken him. But he seems to sense when I've left the room. Five minutes after I've crawled into bed, he trails right along.

I don't think he ever really wakes up then, even so. He undresses all the way from the den to the bedroom—you can track him next morning by the trail of shoes, socks, et cetera. I must remember, some night, to cross him up, hide out somewhere, and watch that sleep-walking strip-tease. I'll bet it's as funny as any of his on-stage acts.

Anyway . . . the times he's in Hollywood making a picture—like when he was here last winter doing "Delicate Delinquent" and, this spring, working on "Sad Sack" (both down on the Paramount lot)—are the happiest for all of us.

Leading the kind of a life I do—part of the time at home and part of the time on the road—can be pretty rough. I don't mind the temporary quarters we put up

with when Jerry's playing a date somewhere... actually, they're generally quite comfortable, even luxurious. I don't mind sitting backstage in the drafty wings while he does a show—this is a thrill which will never wear thin for me. The only heart-ache for me is having half of me, my children, separated from me by the width of a continent. And at a time in their lives when every minute away from them means I'm missing some of the fun of watching them grow up. They get away from you too fast as it is, these days, without your missing great chunks of their life, as I must.

But Jerry needs me too—and when I do come home to be with the children for a while, I still feel like half a person, wanting to be where he is. I tell you, it could tear you in two, if you'd let it!

The boys are getting old enough now that they miss Jerry terribly when he's gone. The last time I flew back to New York to join Jerry, after spending a week-end with the boys, Gary (who's eleven and a-half now) handed me an envelope. "I wrote Dad a note. Will you give it to him?" I promised that I would and, since it was sealed, I didn't read it but handed it over to Jerry unopened.

I thought poor Dad would weep when he finished reading the note, so painstakingly written in Gary's still unformed scrawl. It was all about how he missed his dad, but how he knew it was necessary for him to be away from home to make our living. And it wound up: "But no matter how far away you are, somehow I feel you are always near me!"

Everyone always comments on Gary's resemblance to Jerry. That resemblance is more than physical—Gary is a terrific ham, "onstage" every chance he gets. He has a wonderful sense of timing, for a youngster, and I'll admit he's clowned his way out of some discipline due him, now and then. Ronnie (now seven) is very different—we like to think he's the "brain" of our trio. In the curious way adopted children often have, of becoming like their adoptive parents, he is beginning to look a little like Jerry, too. And he tries so hard to be the comic, mimicking Jerry and Gary. We laugh at the proper places, but Jerry always reminds him, "You're going to be the lawyer in the family!"

Now that they're growing up, they need Jerry more and more. Boys that age begin to have a fairly low opinion of being dominated by a woman all the time. I suppose they think, in their new maturity, that it's "sissy" to take orders from a woman. Which is not to say that the boys don't mind me, or that they resent me. They mind as well or as badly as the average, I suppose. And the times they "resent" me are the times any small male will resent any grown female issuing edicts. But with Jerry, it's different. Dad can do no wrong—all his decisions are as wise as Solomon's. And, if he says something, that's it! Final, period, amen.

Jerry has trained me to the point where I can make decisions for the boys when he's not around and, since I have great respect for my husband's opinions, I try to do what I feel he would wish done. But when a problem gets especially tough for me, I simply pick up the phone, with both my sons on extensions, and we talk it out as though we were all in the same room. Other times, when Jerry and I are both in New York, Gary knows that all he needs to do is phone us, if he gets lonesome or wants to ask some important question (such as can he go to the movies on a school night). At any rate, it all works out beautifully and there are no hard feelings.

I try to toss in as many "substitutes" as I can. This last weekend, for instance, I took Gary and a pal to Disneyland for a

merry, mad day. Ronnie was supposed to be in the party, but he carelessly picked up a virus the day before and felt so rocky that, at his own suggestion, he was given a rain-check and stayed behind. The boys had fun, that was obvious. Except I kept thinking how much *more* fun they might have had if we *all* could have gone.

Jerry realizes the way he has had to short-change the boys. And he's working toward the time when he can spend the bulk of the year out here, with only occasional engagements at other places.

It isn't easy for him, either, being separated from the boys. Far from it. If anything, I think he misses home more than I do, when we're away. Because this is the first real, solid, permanent-type home he's ever known. This is the first tightly-knit, comfortable family relationship he's enjoyed. When I wave goodbye to him in New York, you've never seen anything look so forlorn and all alone.

In fact, Jerry wrote just the other day that he'd got so horribly lonesome he'd gone out and bought a dog, just to have something alive in the apartment when he came home at night. Of course, we already have six dogs, one cat, and assorted other livestock the boys have accumulated—so we really needed that dog! But I understand how Jerry probably *did* need it... temporarily!

So now, when I go back to New York, I'll have Jerry, and the baby, and the dog, to take care of... and you know what? I'll love it. It's fun, watching Jerry with that baby. As everyone knows perfectly well, we were absolutely sure No. 3 would be a girl. But I say now that I think the good Lord had a hand in it. He knew Jerry simply couldn't survive having a girl-baby. Jerry's delirious *enough* about this boy-baby—and I've heard all about how dads behave with daughters!

Viewers who have never known a comedian off-stage probably grow to think of him as a buffoon, with never a care in his head, with a quip and a laugh from breakfast to midnight snack. But from all I can gather, after thirteen years' experience, comedians (at least, *my* comedian) are probably the most sensitive, the moodiest, and the most sentimental characters in a business peopled by sensitive, moody, sentimental people. Not just Jerry. Most comedians are like that. And if, like Jerry, they're in the process of proving themselves, of making their name and establishing their reputation—then the sensitivity, the moodiness, and the sentimentality all go double.

I sometimes wonder what it would be like to be married to a man with an even disposition. One who wakes up every morning feeling placid, and relaxed, and rested. One who neither goes off into gales of laughter, nor nears the point of hunting out an open window in the Empire State Building. I think about it... and then I decide it would probably be pretty dull, being married to someone like that.

Because, in the last thirteen years, I have crawled up out of the deepest, blackest holes with Jerry, watched him fight his way out of frighteningly depressing moods, had him cry on my shoulder more than once. And I have watched him come off stage positively glowing with happiness, because some warm, wonderful audience loved every clowning moment he was on.

I've hit the bottom, at times, during those thirteen years. But, more important, I've had more chances at the top. And I wouldn't trade any one of those thirteen up-and-down years for a lifetime with some placid, smooth-sailing type.

Being married to a comedian may not guarantee 365 days a year full of laughter. But it *can* guarantee 365 days annually without a dull one in the lot!

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

The Girl Tommy Marries

(Continued from page 42)

have this shade hair and that color eyes—bunk! The only color eyes I don't care for on a girl is red. That means she's been crying or dissipating too much. What counts with me is the way those eyes behave. I go for eyes that look straight at you and try to understand what you're saying. That flirty sidelong stuff with the fluttery lids—well, that's for the birds!"

Taking Tommy at his word that he favors no one type, it is interesting to gaze into the crystal ball and try to see what sort of girl is likely to dominate his future. Three girls are known to have been closely linked to him at one time or another. Are there any traits they have in common? In what respects are they different? How do they add up when their personalities are crossed to form a composite image? In short, *Who* is the girl in Tommy's future?

Lynn Trosper of Greenwood, Louisiana, was only three when she caught the eye of our young hero. Tommy was then four. They took part in a wedding shower and were given the pleasant duty of wheeling in the gifts. It must have touched a chord. They promptly invented a marriage of their own. As with all well-wed couples, Tommy went out to earn the wherewithall—"the fanciest collection of mud pies ever seen"—while his bride "poured tea" in regal splendor.

Lynn was his first true love, and he became a standard fixture at the spacious, dignified Trosper home, which he still calls "the big house." Now, what sort of girl is Lynn? She is a blue-eyed brunnette, an active and studious type quick to laughter or sympathy, poised but pert. Like her mother, Mrs. Florence Trosper, she shows a capacity for being both a homemaker and a community leader devoted to causes that transcend her personal interests. She is equally at home on a horse, in a drawing room or at a library. With it all, she has a certain air of breeding and awareness of her prerogatives that stamp her at once as the best type of "young Southern lady." At nineteen, she attends Shreveport Centenary College and toys with the idea of becoming a teacher. "Whatever I'll finally do," she says, "I'll do it with all that's in me."

An intriguing sidelight was cast on this girl when she was interviewed with regard to her childhood romance. "What do you think of your Tommy now?" she was asked. "My Tommy?" she echoed, puzzled. Lynn broke into a hearty laugh, "Here in Greenwood and Shreveport, we think of him as our Tommy. He's a credit to all of us already, as we like to think we have some small share in his career. As for romance, I know I teased him dreadfully as a child—but we're too much like brother and sister for anything like that."

Tommy's second flame was cute Betty Moers, also brown-haired and blue-eyed. Presently completing her education in Houston, she is the daughter of a successful physician, Dr. Arthur Moers, whose wife still enjoys working as receptionist and assistant in her husband's office. Betty is very likely to follow her mother's example and seek the satisfaction of work well done. She first crossed Tommy's path on a blind date while they were juniors at Lamar High School. Light-hearted, witty and deliciously feminine in dress and manner, Betty was described by a former classmate as "getting her full portion of wolf whistles when she comes tripping by—but get this straight, they're respectful wolf whistles!" Her laughter is contagious and seems to combine deep

feeling with gaiety. Her soft voice promises a relaxed and earnest conversation, and her trim figure reveals the skillful grace of a trained dancer. For Betty has studied modern dance and, in fact, she performed in "Annie," the high-school musical that starred Tommy Sands.

From her father, Betty has apparently inherited an unusual reserve of energy and will. Once she has explored the facts and drawn a conclusion based on them, she will act and act firmly. It was this quality that decided her against going on with her dating of Tommy. By her own account, she found it hard to adjust to being the girl friend of a young entertainer who had to "be here today and there tomorrow," and who obviously was becoming a target for scores of smitten girls.

Their parting was an unforgettable and heartbreaking experience. It points significantly at the words in Tommy's hit song, "Don't call it a teen-age crush." To Betty and Tommy, it was far more than that. Talking about it now, Tommy's face saddens. "You know what's hit me as the most awful thing about life?" he says, "It's the way we can get used to 'most anything.' We learn to live with our disappointments and troubles—and, after a while, we even get to believe it all happened for the best. Maybe!"

And Betty, with her clear blue eyes and clever laugh? She, too, adds a quiet, "Maybe . . ." and goes on to explain: "You see, Tommy was lucky in finding himself so early. He knew as a child that he'd stick with show business. But I'm still searching, groping . . . I could never be satisfied to be nothing but a tiny part of a husband's career. I want to be someone on my own, to achieve something. Sometimes I look at the compact-cigarette case Tommy gave me when we were going steady. And I wonder—what if he had been a law student or a young newspaperman, instead of an entertainer always on the go? Would things have turned out differently? But then, if Tommy had been any different, I'd probably not have felt so deeply about him. No, I wouldn't want to change him or have him change because of me. And I couldn't be anything but the girl I am, without losing self-respect. So maybe, when all's said and done, it did happen for the best."

Like the Trosper, Betty and her family still retain their fondness for Tommy and consider him "one of us." As Betty puts it, "He will always be a very special thing to us. And, whoever she may be, the girl that gets Tommy will get a very rare fellow. He has a heart as great as his talent, and he will do his level best to make his wife and family happy."

So much for the past. What now? Is there any girl at present who might sum up—as Lynn and Betty did in earlier stages—the way his taste is turning? Just what sort of girls does he favor for his dates? Well, first it must be said that Tommy has had little opportunity to date at all during his year in Hollywood. At first, he was kept "on the jump," making the rounds of producers, agents, and studios, trying with furious zeal to get his foot in the door. Now, he is being pulled this way and that by people who press him to go on various TV and radio shows, to cut more records, to do movies, to make personal appearances, to take and autograph pictures, to give more time to his mushrooming fan clubs, to hold more interviews with the press, and so on.

The only girl in filmland he has dated with some regularity is Molly Bee. The teen-aged blond singer, who has lent both glamour and gusto to Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree* and the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, is the most spectacular of Tommy's dates—perhaps because her profession requires her to be spectacular. For what it is worth to those who have been watching this pair for a sign of budding romance, Molly was our young man's choice as his companion the night he sang "Thee I Love" (from "The Friendly Persuasion") at the Oscar awards show.

On the other hand, aside from her blue eyes, Molly does not conform to the pattern Tommy has followed in his dates up to now. She is as colorful as the treader pants she loves to swank about in, and her performances usually bring forth a hail of tributes that abound in words like "sparkling" and "zippy." This is especially nice for her, since she still likes to present herself and her songs with a country flavor, like champagne poured from a cider jug.

It is always hard to foresee the course of a young man's fancy. Every month is liable to produce a new variation or change. If this is true, then Molly Bee may signify a turn in the path Tommy has been taking. But—if his taste runs true to form—then the girl in the crystal ball may emerge along these lines:

Physically, she is likely to prove small, cute, blue-eyed and dainty. She will probably be graceful in her movements, quietly musical in her speech, and poised in her manner. She will undoubtedly be the type who attracts attention for her ladylike taste and bearing over and above beauty, exotic clothes or stunning hairdos. It is worth mentioning here that, at the Oscar awards, he expressed his admiration in public for Deborah Kerr, who is universally esteemed for her knack of projecting allure without losing gentility.

The girl of Tommy's choice—providing he doesn't change—will also be of an independent frame of mind. She may or may not be a career woman, but she certainly will have a serious concern with matters of artistic, social-welfare, political or even religious scope. She will have an exquisite sense of humor and a fine education or professional training. It is more than likely she will make his home a castle of family security and of release from the tensions of work. As Tommy himself puts it, "No matter how far my work takes me, I'm the pigeon who'll always fly home to roost."

Quite surely, the future Mrs. Tommy Sands will be the kind of woman who can walk with charm, tact and determination on any level of society at any time—the kind whose proud husband will always know that people are saying, "That lady is his wife . . ."

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(Continued from page 9)

We are going to be stuffed with fairy tales until they come out of our pink ears. NBC is readying Pinocchio, Pied Piper and Hans Brinker. CBS will lead off with Aladdin. And Shirley Temple will narrate, probably on NBC-TV, twenty hour-long fairy tales. Cowboys, crime and fairy tales.

Battin' the Breeze: Those delighted with Anne Jeffreys and hubby Bob Sterling in *Topper* will be delighted to hear they're shooting a new comedy series. . . . All of the La Rosa buddies distressed by premature loss of baby. . . . Plan to stay home night of November 25th. Mary Martin stars in the jubilant "Annie Get Your Gun." . . . Isn't Durward Kirby prime to do an audience participation show of his own? . . . Wonderful Martha Wright named her newborn "Mike" after her husband's nickname. Hubby is restaurateur George "Mike" Manuche. . . Martha Raye enthusiastic about pilot film starring her as Baby Snooks, the character created by Fanny Brice.

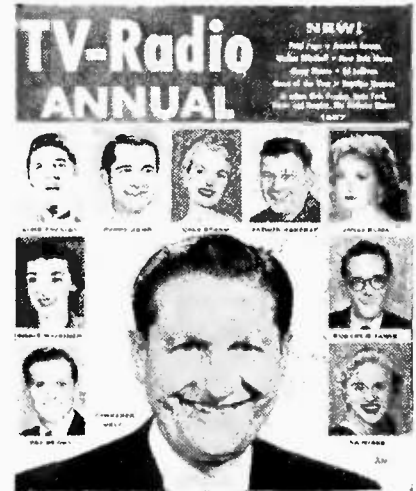
About Men Only: Jack Lescoulie wrote himself a Broadway-type play. . . . Sam Levenson says, "A joke isn't a joke until they laugh." . . . Rumor rife that Gordon MacRae may head a musical variety for Lux next fall in addition to his emcee chores on *Video Theater*. . . . Jimmy Dean, star emcee of CBS-TV *Country Style*, angry at inference he's chosen his name to cash in on fame of actor James Dean. Jimmy (the

live one) was born in Plainfield, Texas, 1928, and christened "Jimmy Dean" and has been singing professionally as such since 1948. . . . John Cameron Swayze, also, says it isn't so. He denies using a tie once and discarding it. He's just as thrifty as the next man. . . . One who admits it "is so" is Lionel Wilson, bachelor actor. Lionel admits that almost at any time he is up to a hundred different voices on the air. On many of those cartoon commercials, Lionel is all of the voices. On toothpaste ads, for example, he is both the villain (Mr. Decay) and the hero (Mr. Toothpaste). He's both rabbits for a laundry starch and a couple million other things for other commercials. He has starred in several Broadway plays and acted in *Valiant Lady*, *Search For Tomorrow* and practically all of the top dramatic shows. On radio, he once did a perfect imitation of Ilona Massey's sultry sextones while continuing as the private eye in the same script. That was on NBC's *Top Secret*. Lionel, a very eligible bachelor, counts among his close friends Jimmy Kirkwood and Kathy McGuire and Dolores Sutton. He lives alone in a Manhattan apartment, although he was born right across the river in Brooklyn. "I got a lucky start as an actor," he says. "It was my luck that our neighbor in Brooklyn was a professional acting coach. She took me in hand and made my career." In the new CBS-TV Terrytoon series, *Tom Terrific*, Lionel does every voice you hear, fifty-two in all.



Old-time radio detectives, seen yesteryear (above) and today—Staats Cotsworth (*Casey, Crime Photographer*), Bret Morrison (*The Shadow*), Lon Clark (*Nick Carter*)—re-created roles on *Mysterytime*, with host Don Dowd.

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T
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Families Are Fun

(Continued from page 44)

that is so important to Bud, whether it applies to contestants on his shows, to his own professional life, his family life with his pretty actress-wife, Marian Shockley, and the three Collyer children . . . or to the class of sixty-five teenagers, from about fifteen to eighteen, which he teaches every Sunday at the First Presbyterian Church in Greenwich, Connecticut—where he also serves as Sunday school superintendent.

About contestants, Bud says: "When I see them backstage, before I go on to do the show, I have always tried in that brief time to leave them with one thought. *You came here to have fun*, I remind them, *so enjoy whatever happens.*"

It never ceases to amaze—and please—him that losers, as well as winners, tell him what a good time they had . . . the fun being not so much in the winning, pleasant as that may be, but in the doing. "When you remind people that no one can win at everything, every time, but everyone can enjoy trying, they understand. It's one of the ideas we can apply to life, as well as to contests."

At home—although the Collyers are a serious-minded group, with respect for family, church and civic responsibilities, and the responsibilities toward their country which they share with all good citizens—this spirit of fun and of joy runs through all the various personal and collective activities. "Marian and I and the children try to keep to simple solutions of the problems that come up," says Bud. "So many people tend to make their problems more complex than they were at the start. Perhaps one of the reasons we've had no so-called 'teen-age problems' in our home—although the three kids fall into that age group—is that we never built up such problems. Not Marian, not I, not the children themselves. We enjoy one another, and every phase of the children's lives has been a challenge to all of us."

About teenagers in general, Bud says: "I sometimes think it would be a help if we were to drop that word *teenager*. It has been so over-emphasized, often so adversely. Teenagers are really young adults, still closer to the simple and direct truths than most of us older adults are. They haven't yet begun to rationalize everything. I never close a Sunday school year without telling the students how much I thank them for what they have taught me. I always learn more than I teach."

Even too much organized teen-age activity seems unnecessary to Bud, believing as he does that kids are happiest when they are doing the things which arise naturally out of their daily lives at school and among their own friends, and which are the outgrowth of their own bents and talents. "Equally important," he emphasizes, "they want to be allowed to join now in more of their parents' activities, to be accepted on a more adult level. It's a time to make the change from the child's dependence on the parent to the child's need of the friendship of the parent."

Pat, short for Patricia, the eldest of the Collyer children, is nineteen now, ready to begin her sophomore year at Sweet Briar College, Virginia. Cynthia, 17, is a high-school student. So is Michael Clayton, 15, known to all as "Mike." The name "Clayton" is for Bud's lawyer-father. It's Bud's first name, too, though a German nurse he had as an infant called him "Brother," which soon became "Bud," and stuck—about the only place he ever sees the more formal name now is on documents, such as his law degree from Fordham Uni-

versity, his various other diplomas and some legal papers.

The kids are all different, in disposition, personality and talents. Pat is already a fine pianist and is emphasizing music at college, but only as part of a well-rounded academic course. Cynthia is an artist who plans to get more specialized art training when she finishes high school. Mike's present announced plans are to work so hard that he can ultimately enter the new air college in Denver, his goal being advanced work in aero-dynamics.

If anyone in the family is likely to turn to show business eventually, it might be Cynthia. Show business is in her background, 'way back. Bud's grandfather was actor Dan Collyer, Bud's mother was an actress and his father an accomplished amateur musician. His sister, June Collyer Erwin, wife of Stu Erwin, is, of course, a well-known performer, and their brother Richard is now in the production end of films for television. Bud himself started singing on radio when he was still in college and then turned to acting, before becoming famous as a quizmaster.

"Cynthia is the family clown," he says of his younger daughter. "She keeps everyone laughing, has a talent for the comic pose, the well-timed line, the quick quip, the funny gesture." Her art work hangs in a permanent gallery in their upstairs hall, a revolving exhibition changed at least twice yearly. She is developing a fine singing voice and, when she takes her place now in the adult choir of their church on Sunday morning, Bud glances over at her from his place in the choir and smiles proudly, as he used to smile at Pat when she sat down at the piano. All the children have been in their dad's Sunday school class, Mike being the present incumbent.

"The best way to describe Mike is to say that here is a kid who will never have an ulcer," Bud says fondly. "My son is easygoing, loves people, loves life, and—like all the kids—loves and believes in God. He has humor. He has a great personal sense of courage, and he also has great gentleness. Only those who are aware of their real strength can be really gentle, and Mike has both these qualities. My wife has that combination of inner strength and outward gentleness. It shines out in her relationship with the family and with our friends, and it shines out in her professional work as an actress. Marian has gone back to dramatic work on radio recently—although only briefly—but she talks about doing more as the children grow up, one by one."

Mike has a musical bent, in addition to a mathematical mind. Bud has given him his own banjo and guitar and is teaching Mike to play them, while father himself has decided to take piano lessons. "Just for playing popular music," Bud hastens to add.

"I'm not going into competition with Pat."

The children have practically grown up in the fourteen-room house at the top of a hill in Greenwich, Connecticut. It's a replica of a French-Norman farmhouse, complete with a round tower, and every part of it is dear to the Collyers. The mere mention of ever giving it up and moving to a smaller place raises cries of anguish. Cynthia threatens to save every cent of her own, present and future—or deliberately to marry someone, anyone, with the means to buy it!—if Bud so much as intimates that the place is getting too big for them. The years of growing up have been happy, and the house and all its memories are woven into that tapestry. Secretly, Bud and Marian feel the same way. Bud says to Mike, "Let's take a walk," early on Saturday or Sunday. "Okay—where to?" Mike asks. "Oh, just around the place, to look at things," his dad answers, and off they go to circle the modest bit of property as if it were a many-acred estate.

"Now that the children are growing up, we have passed the phase of having many pets," Bud starts to explain, and then belies his own words by introducing two French poodles, Jennie and Mark (for Black Market); one alley cat, adored ever since it was rescued as a tiny orphaned kitten from a barbed-wire fence and christened Orbus by Pat (then deep in Latin); two parakeets named Caesar and Pompey; two crested canaries named George and Penelope, with head feathers as unruly as a small boy's hair that no amount of coaxing and water can tame.

A while back, Bud and a friend were discussing family life, and Bud bewailed the fact that the kids were growing up fast and wished he could be starting all over again and living through their childhood. "Don't be silly," the other man said. "After a while, they will be really grown up and get married and have kids of their own, and then you'll have the fun of watching your grandchildren grow up—without any of the responsibilities." Bud's comment, later, was characteristic. "He didn't know what I wanted. All the fun—and, with it, all the responsibility. They belong together."

Perhaps it is because Bud shares responsibilities with his God that he doesn't mind them, or find them burdensome. "Man makes his own problems and then chooses the most complex ways to deal with them," he has said. In the Collyer family, problems are treated as such, but approached simply and directly.

When one of the girls faced a difficult school examination and expressed fear about passing it, Marian reminded her to take her fears to God before she went to sleep that night. There were no specific instructions or advice, merely the suggestion that she talk it over and then leave it in God's hands. It seemed perfectly natural when the child mentioned, quite casually, at dinner next evening, "Oh, by the way, it worked. I could answer all the questions. I had no trouble remembering." Such incidents are common in a household where no one has ever been self-conscious about asking for or receiving such help.

On the other hand, there are no false ideas about expecting prayer to take the place of one's own courage and stamina and hard work, but only to help each one make better use of these qualities. "If you don't bet on yourself, you can't expect anyone else to bet on you," Bud tells his kids and his contestants.

Sounds like pretty practical advice, doesn't it? For contestants, children—and even for parents!

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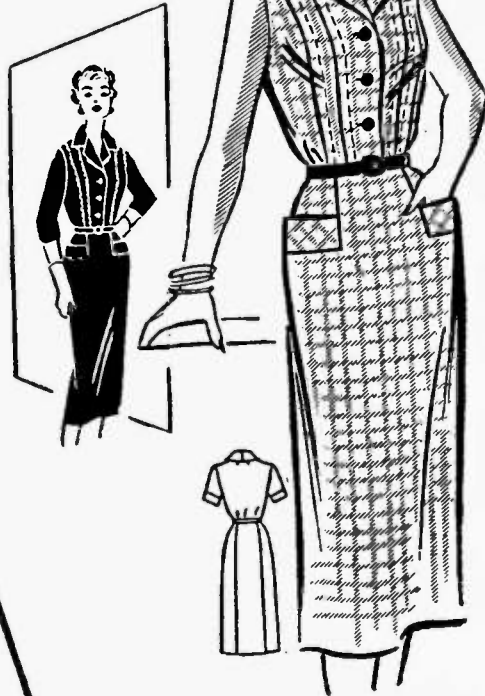
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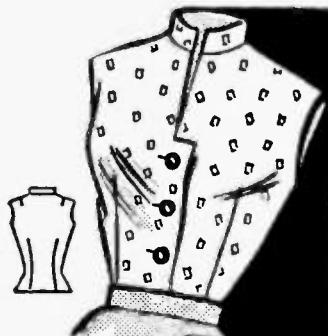


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The Rock Rolls 'Round the World

(Continued from page 54)

continents, crossed the two great oceans twice, and entertained more than half a million people at their ninety-four shows in Australia and Great Britain.

Had they accepted other invitations from European and South American countries, from lands as widely separated as Japan and Lebanon, they would still be going, non-stop. Yet this was no government-sponsored tour. It cost no country a cent of tax money. As Haley explains, "We paid out our money to travel, and the kids paid theirs to buy tickets. We all had fun."

The overseas expedition began when seven young men, in matching pale cashmere coats, caught a midnight plane at Los Angeles International Airport. Even at that anything-but-witching departure hour, people recognized The Comets. Their personal appearances, their films for Columbia Pictures, "Rock Around the Clock" and "Don't Knock the Rock"—together with a total sale of twenty-two million records—had made them familiar figures.

They were, of course, Bill Haley, guitar and bass; John Grande, accordion and piano; Billy Williamson, electric guitar; Al Rex, bass; Rudy Pompilli, sax; Fran Beecher, Spanish guitar; and Ralph Jones, drums. With them were their manager, James H. Ferguson; his seventy-seven-year-old mother, Charlotte S. Ferguson, who was bound for a Honolulu vacation; and bandboy Vincent J. Broomall, aged seventeen and known as "Catfish."

The Comets found out how far their music and films had preceded them when their plane touched down to refuel, a day out of Hawaii. To the American rock 'n' rollers, the Fiji Islands were a remote and storied spot on the map. But, to natives and to the English colony alike, The Comets were, in an electronic age, old friends.

What a reception they gave them! The path to the main building on the island was lit by torches on ten-foot poles. Sarong-wrapped natives led the way. The English entertained at cocktails. The natives prepared a South Sea Island feast. Fish and game were followed by strange but delicious fruits. The climax was a scene which had photo-fan Billy Williamson wishing he could operate two cameras at once—and cut a sound track besides.

"Man, you should have seen and heard it," says Billy. "When we went back to our plane, a native band headed the procession, serenading us. Now, there was a beat and a sound for you! Maybe we'll get a bit of it into a recording of our own some day."

There was dancing at the airport when they reached Australia. Welcoming The Comets, the fans presented a furry toy koala bear, a symbol which carries the same good-luck wish in Australia as a shamrock does in Ireland, or a horseshoe in the United States. The Comets named it Billy Koala. "We couldn't guess then how superstitious we were going to be about that charm," says Haley. "I carried Billy Koala as a photographic prop at first. Before long, we were rubbing his ear for luck at the start of every trip."

Luck was all on their side at the big outdoor stadiums. The summer air, "down under," was mild, the fans enthusiastic. In most cities, all seats were sold in advance and the box office never opened. The Comets chalked up the biggest attendance record ever achieved in Australia.

New to them as the country was, in one respect The Comets felt they had

never left home. "Everyone had things to say about those few show-offs who try to ruin a show for the rest of the crowd," says manager Jim Ferguson. "Such kids as Americans describe as 'juvenile delinquents,' the Australians call 'Boogie-widgies.' The British have a phrase, too—'Teddy boys.' We heard about them, but that's all that happened." Haley says with satisfaction, "I trusted the kids and the kids trusted me. I've yet to see a rock 'n' roll riot."

Possibly, it might be said that there was one "incident." Jim Ferguson grins as he tells it. "It is the custom there to close every performance by the singing of 'God Save the Queen.' Then everyone goes home—but, in Brisbane, they didn't. The kids clapped and shouted until The Comets played another encore. People told us that had never happened before."

It was on their return journey that the old earth and its elements first got into the act, seemingly intent on proving to The Comets that, in rock 'n' roll, it was still the champ. As friends and families waited to welcome them at New York's Idlewild Airport, that chill January night, a passenger agent scanned the cloudless sky and worried: "Chicago and Cleveland are closed down. We should be, too, right now. I can't understand what's happened to that blizzard."

The Comets knew. They had been through it. When they stepped out onto the landing stage, they were trying to clown. Each wore a vivid South Seas shirt and a palm-frond hat. Bill carried Billy Koala, perched on his shoulder. But it wasn't The Comets' usual kind of comedy. Shy "Cuppy" Haley, who had stayed back in the shadows, out of range of photographers, took one wifely look at her Bill, who was trying to pin a grin on a face blank with weariness, and moved forward, arms open. Unaware of popping flashbulbs, they held each other a long time.

As The Comets claimed their baggage, Jim Ferguson muttered a low-voiced explanation: "The blizzard wasn't bad, but we got sort of beat up by a typhoon over the Pacific. The plane dropped flat, Heaven only knows how many thousand feet."

The voyage to England had been planned as the big family vacation, a care-free five days aboard the Cunard luxury liner, the *R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth*. Four wives were making the trip: Cuppy Haley, Helen Grande, Kate Williamson, and Dot Jones. The youngest generation was represented by Linda Grande, 5, and Billy Williamson, Jr., 4; the eldest, by Mrs. Charlotte Ferguson. The Comets' agent, Jolly Joyce, of Philadelphia, and his wife, Smiles, were there. And, to give TV RADIO MIRROR readers a first-hand report, I was invited to come along, too.

Everyone hit the deck dead tired. There had been an interval of only thirty-six hours between the landing of The Comets' plane at Idlewild and the time set for the *Queen* to cast off her lines. Driving in from Chester, they had fought fog and slick pavements. In New York, too, the clouds were down to street level. That "lost" blizzard had sent its harbingers.

At the gangplank, they learned they had another problem. Their luggage was on hand—but the second bandboy, who had brought it from Chester, had vanished. He left a note: "I'm too much in love to leave my girl behind. God bless you all. See you later, Alligator." They were sailing short-handed.

They also were informed that reporters were waiting for them in the ship's press room. They hurried up to the sun deck. In the midst of an interview for NBC's *Monitor*, a steward attempted to summon Haley to the purser's desk. Bill, on microphone, waved him off. Photographers were taking pictures when the second steward appeared. He, too, was told, "Just a minute." The third steward broke right into the reporters' interview. The ship could not sail, he stated, until Mr. Haley reported to the purser's office.

Trailing reporters, photographers, friends and business staff—as the original Halley's Comet trailed stars—the perplexed Bill took off. A stern official awaited him. Where, he demanded, was Mr. Haley's passport?

Bill stared at him blankly. "It's in my overnight case. Harry West has it. With my ticket." Harry West, Bill's secretary who runs The Comets' office in Chester, is the kind of man who usually knows where anything is. This time, he didn't. "I don't have it, Bill. I've looked in everything. It isn't here."

"You must find it," the official announced. "It is illegal to sail without it. You'll have to leave the ship."

"But I have it. I know I have it," Bill protested. "Maybe I left it in a desk drawer in the library."

It was a dilemma. The Cunard crew knew, even better than The Comets, how many English youngsters would be hurt if Haley were left on shore. The potential money loss, to many people, was great. The emotional loss would be greater. Two stewards appeared to remove Bill's luggage. Everyone's face was somber. The champagne, forgotten, went flat in the glasses.

Then Eddie Elkort, representative for General Amusement Corporation, had an inspiration. He phoned the State Department. A deputy director, young enough to remember how disappointed kids can be, cut red tape. He specified that a messenger should bring the Haley passport to Washington. The department would then air-mail it to England—it's illegal for an individual to send an American passport through the mail. Just as the *Queen Elizabeth's* big whistles blasted, the word came through that Bill had emergency permission to sail.

Ironically, all that fuss proved unnecessary. Forty-five minutes later, at lifeboat drill, Bill announced, "I found my passport."

Still wrapped in life jackets, everyone gasped, "Where?" Bill's grin held a sheepishness any husband could understand. "Cuppy found it. Tangled in some clothes I hadn't unpacked since we came from Australia."

Some intimation of the welcome which awaited Haley in England came from the ship's crew. Many told how their children had "queued up" all night, carrying thermos bottles and wrapped in blankets, waiting to buy tickets to the shows. Further indication came from the British press. Several London newspapers made calls to the ship every day. The largest, *The Daily Mirror*, had topped its rivals by flying a reporter to New York to return to England with The Comets on the *Queen Elizabeth*.

That reporter, Noel Whitcomb, was hip in both English and American idiom. In daily columns, he and Bill told how American teenagers had taught The Comets what music sent them: After they had worked out their basic big beat, they tried it out by playing for free at one

hundred and eighty-three high schools in the Philadelphia area, watching the reaction. When The Comets took the kids' favorite expression, "Crazy"—and added it to their football cheer, "Go! Go! Go!"—it turned into The Comets' first hit, "Crazy, Man, Crazy." With that, rock 'n' roll started its sweep of America and was on its way around the world.

Of the trip itself—that long-sought "vacation"—the less said, the better. That much-delayed blizzard caught up, and gained an ally from the Gulf Stream. We went through two hurricanes. A stabilizer went out of order. Off the coast of Ireland, one radar set was swept overboard, and the scanner of the other was damaged. It could be that The Comets and their families, staunch sailors through it all, added a new term to the language of the sea. Where the crew of the *Queen Elizabeth* had originally described the ship's antics as "rolling and pitching," they soon were remarking cheerfully, "She's a-rocking and rolling today."

Everyone was anxious to arrive in Southampton. It would be pleasant, all agreed, to have solid land under our feet again. As it turned out, solid land was what we darned near didn't have. The Comets knew that *The Mirror* was running a special fan train from London to Southampton—but surely no single train could hold all the people who lined that dock. As they caught sight of Bill and Cuppy, coming down the gangplank, their shout of "Haley!" was loud enough to drown out the ship's whistle, and that's quite a blast.

From there on, it was frantic. In the customs shed, members of the company found themselves tugging at their own luggage. The dockers who were supposed to move it were following Haley. We struggled through crowds of adults, not kids, to make our way to a bus. We saw Bill make a try for the car which was to transport him, then fall back on the protection of the police. He couldn't even open a door. Kids not only were on all sides of it, they were on top of it. Somehow, the bobbies cleared them off and the car moved.

At the train gates, the confusion doubled. Teenagers who had never before been so near their hero struggled to stay close. Police lines broke. Bill and Cuppy were separated. Buttons were snatched off Bill's coat, his gloves from his hand, his overnight case out of his grasp. One girl shrieked ecstatically, "I almost got his wedding ring."

As we sped along toward London, it was easy to think that this could have been the world's super-colossal publicity job, turning out all those teenagers. But no press agent in the world could have got workers to line up at the doorways of the factories we passed, just to wave at a train. Only one thing could do that. Bill Haley and His Comets, through their motion pictures and recordings, must have brought a great deal of enjoyment to a great many people.

As the train inched into London's Waterloo Station, the British managers organized the exit on the basis of "women and children last." By the glare of the klieg lights which stabbed like beacons through the cavernous place, we could see that every inch was filled with youngsters. Youngsters who, individually and collectively, had one objective: To see, touch, talk to, and—most of all—seize a souvenir from Haley. Later, people called it "The Second Battle of Waterloo."

As *The London Daily Sketch* described it, "Haley's car sped off between rows of police. Then it happened. The fans realized Haley was getting away. Within ten sec-

onds they had surrounded his car—a solid wall of bodies, hundreds deep. The Haley car stopped dead. The mob pounded the windows. Two boys climbed on the roof. They were swept aside by policemen. Two more police jumped in front of the car and helped push a way through the waves of shrieking, rock-intoxicated teenagers. . . . It was the most triumphal procession ever given one man in peacetime."

It was a scene to be repeated, with variations, in Dublin, in Glasgow, in Cardiff, and in all of England's major industrial cities. The particular situation which I shall never forget occurred in Coventry, England's equivalent of Detroit. Fans followed Bill back from the theater to the Leofric Hotel—"Europe's most modern." (It should be. Bombs, not bulldozers, cleared its site.)

A bit in the distance, one could see the staunch bell tower which refused to fall when Coventry Cathedral was bombed and burned to the ground. In the public square, where she finished her bare-backed ride in protest against an unfair tax imposed by her husband, stood the statue of Lady Godiva. And up on the balcony stood Bill Haley, waving to a crowd of at least a thousand teenagers who were serenading him by singing, "We're going to rock . . . right 'round the clock . . ."

For the real triumph had been Bill's. Despite the triumphal welcomes, he saw no riots. In the newspapers, he appealed to his fans, "Take it easy . . ." and they did. To stand at the back of the theater and watch the crowd, as well as The Comets, was a thrill for anyone who loves the theater. Together, they formed a single unit. One young fan expressed it best in a letter: "When my girl friend and I left the show, our throats were raw from singing and our hands were sore from clapping, but it was worth it. We never had such a good time in our lives."

It wasn't an easy tour. The battle with the elements continued. After the typhoon in the Pacific, and the hurricanes in the Atlantic, came a landslide which forced the re-routing of that boat train from Southampton. The day The Comets left London for the provinces, the Thames flooded. In Coventry, an hour after they visited the Jaguar factory, a large portion of the plant burned. Immediately after their first show in Norwich, an earthquake, unprecedented in England, rocked the city.

It may be that this tour was the point where rock 'n' roll grew up fast in public estimation and, like American jazz, turned respectable. It was the talk of London when the august *Times* devoted three-quarters of a column to a review which was written with charming humor and with an understanding which made the bandboy, Catfish, exclaim: "Hey! This cat digs us the most." When one newspaper, ever critical of Americans, headlined, "Haley Go Home," another replied, "Don't go home, Bill Haley"—and stated, "Everyone's having fun . . . what's wrong with that?"

In view of the way the Haley rock 'n' roll has gone around the world, it is pleasant to recall that The Comets' home town, Chester, lies just beyond earshot of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia's Independence Square . . . a bell which our founding fathers "rocked and rolled" until it cracked, the day they proclaimed the unalienable right—not only to life and liberty—but also to the pursuit of happiness: Happiness, as The Comets proved, is a traditional American export which too often is in short supply and will ever be in great demand, in all parts of the world.

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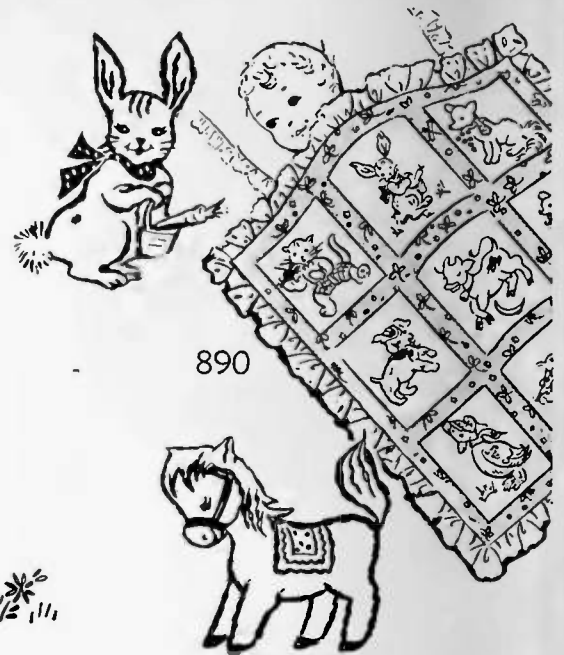
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884—Cool, jiffy-wrap halter. Make several in gay prints or pastels; trim with gay embroidery. Misses' Sizes 12-14; 16-18 included. Pattern, embroidery transfer, directions. 25¢



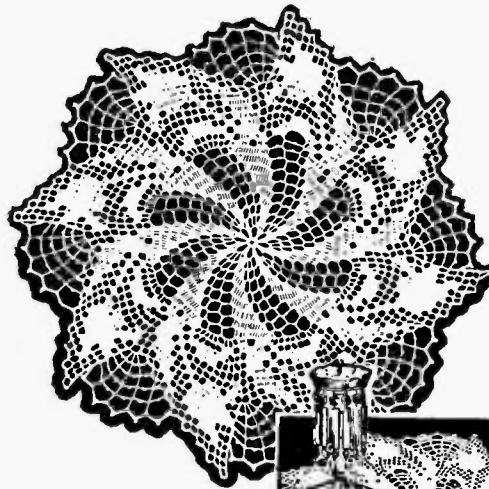
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783—Wall panel for a child's room. Bed-time prayer is done in simple embroidery. Letters are large, easy to read. Transfer, directions for panel 15 x 18½ inches. 25¢



890

890—Cozy quilt for baby with lovable little animals to keep him company in dreamland. Easy to embroider! Embroidery motifs, applique transfers, diagrams. 32 x 44 inches. 25¢



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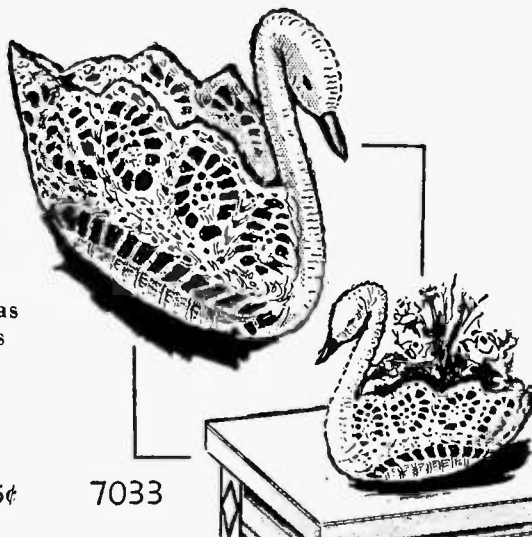


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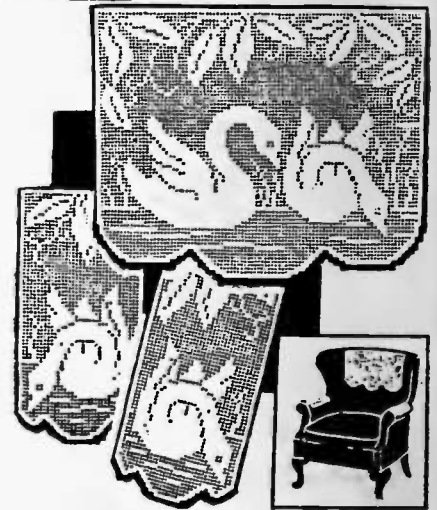
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7231—Design of graceful swans in filet crochet makes a stunning chair-set, scarf ends, table decoration. Smart for modern or traditional homes. Chart, crochet directions. 25¢

INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 13)

United For Success

Please tell us about the Mello-Larks, whom we see on Club 60 on NBC-TV. G. W. A., New York, N. Y.

Show business may be like no other business, but the Mello-Larks found that one principle holds true for both: If you don't succeed when you're in business for yourself, try amalgamating . . . A few years ago, Tommy Hamm was singing with Orrin Tucker and his orchestra, Joe Eich was vocalizing for Claude Thornhill and Bob Wollter was on Ken Murray's TV show. Tommy, who'd majored in business administration at the University of California, surveyed the economic situation of the music business and concluded that big bands were giving way to small musical combos. He decided to form his own quartet, with himself as top tenor, and found eager partners in Joe, as second tenor, and Bob, as baritone. And Tommy's economics were right. In six months, the Mello-Larks were earning five times what their combined former salaries had been . . . The only sour note was that of trying to hang on to a girl singer. After a couple of weeks, Karen Chandler was snatched up by a record company. Peggy King, Edie Adams and Judy Tyler flew off in even less time. But, three years ago, the problem was solved. Jamie Dina left Vaughn Monroe's band to join the quartet, then married its leader, Tommy Hamm, to make it a lifetime contract. Bob Wollter, too, is wed. Joe Eich's the sole hold-out.

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR. Tommy Sands Fan Club, c/o Glenda Bigham, 4422 Begg Boulevard, Northwoods 20, Missouri.

Tim Considine Fan Club, c/o Barbara Lable, 77 Cedar Lane, Cheshire, Conn.

Buddy Merrill Fan Club, c/o Judie Smyth, 2172 Fir Street, Wantagh, N. Y.



Dane Clark, TV visitor to millions of homes, has three of his own.

Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant . . .

Could you write something about Dane Clark, star of ABC-TV's Wire Service? N. M., Tampa, Florida

Dane Clark has been a star of theater, radio, the movies and TV for nearly a score of years. As Bernard Zantville, he was born and raised in Manhattan, went to college at Cornell and studied toward a law degree at St. John's in Brooklyn. After a major career reversal in 1935 separated him from a steady job in a legal firm—the firm's senior member had a nephew—Bernard became, by turns, a construction worker, boxer, baseball player, football pro and soda jerk. As a result of some pick-up modeling jobs, he became acquainted with the "Village" bohemians. Their "artistic" way of life appealed to him, but it struck him that "their constant snobbish talk about the 'theatah' was a little on the phony side." So he decided to give it a try "just to show them anyone could do it." Before he knew it, he was "Dane Clark" and a series of tough guys in "Dead End," "Waiting for Lefty" and "Golden Boy." Then came the Broadway lead in "Of Mice and Men" and a Warner Bros. contract. A series of radio and TV appearances culminated this past year in the TV role of reporter Dan Miller in ABC-TV's *Wire Service* . . . Dane's been married for twelve years. His wife Margot, whose professional name is Veres, is one of the most accomplished painters of circus art in the country. They live in West Los Angeles, but keep a flat in London and a New York apartment as well. Dane is an avid traveler—prefers *Wire Service's* location sets to the studio.

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.



Mello-Larks: Joe Eich and Bob Wollter and, in front, Tommy Hamm and wife Jamie Dina.



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MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
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The Crosby Clan From Spokane

(Continued from page 36)

and show every indication of becoming a long-hair.

George Robert was the only Crosby born at 508 Sharp Avenue in Spokane, Washington, but all the young Crosbys—Larry, Everett, Ted, Bing, Catherine and Mary Rose—grew up there. Guided by the firm and loving hand of their handsome, spirited mother, Kate Harrigan Crosby, and by their not-so-firm but ever-loving father, Harry Lillis Crosby, Sr.—otherwise (and deservedly) known as “Happy Harry.”

Sharp Avenue revisited. . . Today, the house was painted white instead of brown. Pat Higgins, a public accountant, and his wife Marge had bought the place from the Crosbys, and Mrs. Higgins (now widowed) still lives there. It was the Higgins family who opened the door to Bing and to his many memories.

Memories of the “Crosby clambakes” in the large family parlor, and the “Sunday-night sings,” with Pop on the mandolin or guitar and Catherine at the piano and all the others joining their voices in “When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose.” The chatter of the college crowds who gathered at the house after a football game. The way the whole Crosby clan trooped across the three blocks from their house to the gridiron, with their mother, Kate, a solid fan, leading the way.

The woodbox that wouldn't stay filled, and the devious ways he avoided filling it—until his mother would pointedly put on a heavy coat, go out into the cold, and bring in a couple of chunks. The hot mush Harry Crosby, Sr. used to make up in the mornings for breakfast—and the way every Crosby would heat it up and make his own breakfast, when he came down. . . .

The house on Sharp Avenue brought back all the boyish escapades, like conspiring with pals about the best means of sneaking in free to the basketball games, and stealing cherries from the orchard back in Holy Names Academy. The lilac bushes in the back yard. And the heady aroma of the plum pudding and raisin bread Kate Crosby used to make.

To the man who went around whistling and ringing doorbells along Sharp Avenue that afternoon, the old-fashioned frame house would be *home*—in a sense the five more pretentious homes he owned today had never been. Just as the Kearneys, the Bradleys, the Huetters, the Giannellis, Albis, Sholderers, Brokmans and Bresnahan—*who'd* shared those years and the street where he'd lived—would be part of Bing's life in a way the famous who touched his life today could never be.

With the exception of one family—“the brick house on the block”—those who lived on Sharp Avenue then were poor in material things. Pop Crosby's salary, as bookkeeper at the brewery, took some stretching for his brood. Father Joe Kearney—Bob Crosby's boyhood friend, who lived next door to the Crosbys “on the other side”—recalls that his own dad, as a railway inspector, was at one time making eighty dollars a month “and feeding a whole flock of us.” There was “a flock” in just about every house on the street, and a strict bed-check was no small responsibility, counting youthful noses, after the sun went down.

But, if there was little money, there was no limit on fun. The whole campus of Gonzaga was their playground. And no boy could ask for more adventure than riding the logs down the treacherous Spokane River from McGolderick's Mill. The river

ran right back of the school—and, as one of the Fathers who taught at Gonzaga then recalls, “They thought it fine sport riding those logs—the little imps.” It was very dangerous and the mill was “out of bounds,” which made it more attractive.

Bob Crosby almost drowned there, when he was seven years old. “Bing and the older boys would go down to the mill and walk the logs,” Bob reminisces. “I tried to imitate them and I fell in.” Which so unnerved his brother Bing that “he took me out to the end of the dock in Liberty Lake the next day and threw me in, saying, ‘Now swim!’”

Theirs was a neighborhood thick with brogues and a smattering of other accents. The young Irishers nicknamed their district “The Holy Land,” inasmuch as just about everybody there was a Catholic. The boys went to Gonzaga, the girls to Holy Names Academy. And, on Sunday, all of them attended St. Aloysius Church, which they shortened to “St. Al's.” Their parents played cards over at the parish hall and, on weekends, the Irish lads would join the colleens to dance at the hall or attend the movies frequently shown there.

“Sharp Avenue was like a little town,” Mary Bresnahan, former Crosby neighbor and friend, remembers warmly now. “You could go in and ask for a piece of bread in anybody's house. It was just one of those neighborhoods.”

Nor, Father Joe Kearney adds, did they always stop at sharing bread: “My grandfather was in his nineties, and Bob would come over to the house every day just to eat breakfast with him. Then, later, the two of us would go on over to the Hardigans—and have cold eggs or any leftovers they had. What our parents thought of us going around getting handouts, I don't recall,” he laughs. “Nor do I know now why we did it.”

It was one of those neighborhoods where “they did quite a lot of porch-sitting,” too. On a balmy summer evening, Pop Crosby would come out on his front porch to air out his guitar, and other sitters up and down the street would leave their own porches. “Dad Crosby would start singing and playing,” Gladys Bradley remembers, “and we'd all gather there.”

True to the Irish, opinion was divided about Bing's talent. Some entertained grave doubt that he would ever make a living with his voice—and, later on, they were even more fearful of Bob's chances. One neighbor recalls warmly how she'd hear Bing come by her house whistling every night: “You could always tell Bing's whistle from the other boys'. He was the best whistler in the bunch.”

However, Mary Bresnahan remembers that, when Bing's whistle passed their house, her father took a very dim view of any future for him musically. “We lived two blocks from the Crosbys,” she says, “and, when Bing would pass our house on the way home, he'd always be whistling in harmony or bass, and my dad would say, ‘I wish that kid would sing—instead of whistling off-key.’ He didn't realize Bing was whistling the harmony. Or he'd say, ‘Why can't that kid whistle the *tune*?’”

“Sometimes Bing would hear him,” Mary laughs, “and he'd call back, ‘Someday this is going to pay off, Mr. Bresnahan. I'll do it someday—and I'll make it pay, too.’” But Mary's father would just shake his head and lament again, “If the kid would even whistle the *tune* . . .”

Father Cornelius McCoy, who was then teaching at Gonzaga, recalls that Bing was fired from the choir there. The choir director, the late Father Lewis McCann, came from a very musical family in San

Francisco. “He was a brilliant musician, with a fine knowledge of the classics.” Around Bing's crowd, he was referred to as “Frisco Louie,” and considered both strict and lacking in humor.

But there was surprise when he fired Bing from the choir, and a few in the community wanted to know why. “For two reasons,” Father McCann told them. “The boy never comes to rehearsal. And he can't sing.”

“Bing wasn't a bad boy,” Father McCoy adds now. “He was a good-natured, mischievous boy.” And the fact that he “never came to rehearsal” was fairly indicative of his casual temperament, even then. “He was always relaxed about everything—which turned out to be, I believe, largely the secret of his success.”

But—if some hometowners were disparaging about Bing's future possibilities vocally—in the beginning, they held almost no hope at all for his brother Bob's. Nevertheless, Bob had music on his mind. From boyhood, he'd been a fan of Bing's. “He was always hanging over the phonograph listening to Bing's records. And, whenever he got a new one, he'd call up some of us to come hear it. He was very proud of him,” says Father Joe Kearney, who not only had lived next door but had also worked with Bob's band before deciding to study for the priesthood. Today, he teaches at St. Gregory's in Los Angeles, is chaplain with the Catholic Labor Institute, and the two of them still keep in touch.

“A lot of people were on Bob's back then,” the red-haired priest says of those earlier days. Even more so when Bob was fired by Anson Weeks from his first job with a band. “They would say, ‘He ought to get a job—he can't sing.’ According to custom then, you worked part-time to get through school and then you got a job. To some, Bob seemed to be just sort of hanging around. Actually, he was singing wherever he could. But, to them, he wasn't working. He was a target for a lot of criticism then.”

But Bob wouldn't be discouraged, however depressed he may have felt personally during this time. “Bob never had any doubt, from the time he decided he was going to do it. This was it.” And, to his detractors, Bob would prophesy, even as his brother had done before: “You wait—someday you'll be payin' to hear me sing.”

Even so, there were few back in Spokane—including George Robert himself—who would have believed the day would come when television sponsors would be paying plenty for that privilege. The day when his would be an audience of millions. When Bob Crosby's voice and warm personality would be a daily must for the fairer sex, and his CBS-TV show part of the pattern of their lives.

Nor would even the most loyal along Sharp Avenue ever have believed that Bob's older brother would be the most beloved and famous voice of his time, an institution in show business, and the donor of a \$500,000 library to Gonzaga University, his alma mater. Nor that the day would come when it would take a very large room in the Crosby library to hold all the valuable souvenirs of Bing's success—the “Crosbyana” which he hopes might encourage other young bloods coming up in his home town who would dream big, like the fellow who whistled “off-key.” Bing's Oscar; his now-twenty gold records, each representing more than a million record sales; his *Photoplay* gold medals, awarded him as the favorite motion-picture star of readers all over America. Hundreds of trophies, all “wins.”

Now, in television, Bob is winning his own awards, too—including three gold medals from TV RADIO MIRROR's readers as their favorite daytime variety program, for the past three years in a row. But Bob's biggest victory can't be measured by trophies. It came from earning his own identity in show business, in the shadow of the most famous and beloved song-man of all time.

From the beginning, the success of both Bing and Bob was sparked by their own heritage. The courage, the character, the Irish spirit that has always been Kate Harrigan Crosby's. The warmth, the music, the carefree charm—the bit of gypsy—that was Pop's . . . a genial gentleman prone to smoking his duceen and playing his guitar, undisturbed which way the winds might blow. Pop's gypsy strain, in turn, dated back to his grandfather, Captain Nathaniel Crosby, Jr., a New England salt who sailed into the Northwest, helped found the fair city of Portland, built the first frame house there . . . and sailed away to China one day, and never returned.

And, from the beginning, Harry Lillis Crosby could take good care of himself—physically, mentally and vocally. "Bing was a pretty good fighter," recalls Jimmy Cottrell, Northwest ex-middleweight champ who grew up with him in Spokane. "Good with his right. I've always kidded him about his left, but he was a good amateur boxer, actually. I saw him knock out Buddy Fitzgerald in an amateur meet at Gonzaga, one time."

The friendship of Crosby and Cottrell—who's been a prop man on Bing's pictures ever since he hung up his gloves twenty-three years ago—was first inspired when Bing saw Jimmy knock out the neighborhood bully. "All the kids had gangs," Jimmy recalls, "and Bing and I belonged to different teams. I lived down in the Logan school district, so I belonged to the 'Logan' gang. There was also the 'Hayes Park' gang, the 'Minnehaha' gang, and Bing's 'Mission Park' gang. We all intermingled and played ball."

But there was one big bully who didn't play ball with much of anybody—and Bing was an interested spectator when Jimmy Cottrell took the measure of him: "This boy was the 'ace' kid—the tough one—in the outfit. I didn't know whether Bing ever had any trouble with him or not, but others did." One day, Jimmy had a fight with him, in back of a local grocery store—and, from then on, Bing was on his team. In all the years he's observed Bing himself in the clinches, Jimmy adds, "He'll always go down in my book as the champ."

Bing early indicated that, whenever the stakes were to his liking, he'd always finish somewhere in the money. He had both the will and the ability to win. Pop Crosby once told about how Bing entered a city swimming meet, against supposedly far superior swimmers, and brought home every medal they gave—one for every event he entered, plus the medal for the entire meet.

Kate and Harry Crosby were always anxious that their brood have a good education and—although "there was no midnight-oil-burning at our house"—they kept a vigilant eye on all report cards. As well as on all reports of conduct at school. Bing has given credit to the Fathers at Gonzaga for helping condition him to life—"to facing whatever Fate set in my path, squarely, with a cold blue eye." His difficulty in childhood, however, was in how to face the Fathers.

Nevertheless, Bing didn't encounter too much difficulty in the matter of being disciplined—though his parents had anticipated that he might, when he started go-

ing to Gonzaga. They tried to have a heart-to-heart talk with him regarding a priest who was known to be very severe. "That guy will never see me," Bing decided. "What about Father So-and-so?" his parents went on, naming another who was also reputedly strict. Bing thought about it a moment, then summed up the whole thing. "I'll be okay," he said seriously. "It will work out all right. A guy would be crazy to start anything in there."

A respect for knowledge and for discipline, for being self-reliant and resourceful, were part of the young Crosbys' home training. Pop used to say proudly, "None of the boys ever bothered us for any spending money. They all earned their own." And he'd add that Bing began earning his, by getting up at four A.M. to deliver the *Spokesman-Review*.

They all shared responsibilities of the home to a certain extent. On Saturdays, all the family helped. Larry and Catherine helped their mother in the kitchen, the other boys beat the carpets and helped with the cleaning—and, by two P.M., the work was done. There had to be system, with so many mouths to feed . . . and their parents never knew how many there would be. "We never did mind how many friends they brought home with them," Pop used to say. "And we didn't mind the noise or the phonograph or dancing." Thinking back, he didn't know how they managed: "We didn't have much money . . ."

Money they didn't have. But, if a house could speak, what a heartwarming story the old place on Sharp Avenue could tell of the family who lived there . . . the music, the laughter, and the full, Irish fun. "We all loved to go over there," Mary Bresnahan says now. "Mrs. Crosby would turn the whole house over to us. But, at a reasonable hour, she would come and say, 'Now it's time to go home.'"

The joint really started jumping when Harry Lillis did his "homework"—practicing the drums. Any early opinion to the contrary, Pop Crosby was always quick to say proudly that his boy Bing was born to sing and to perform. And Bing's mother has gone on record privately, refuting any popular impression that he knows nothing about music technically. As she once pointed out. "Bing played the drums in the Gonzaga College orchestra—and they didn't play jazz, either—so you know he had some knowledge of music." Pressed, Bing has admitted to a few voice lessons—but gallantly refuses to name any instructor to share the responsibility.

One of the members of the Gonzaga band—Leo Lynn, who was later to be Bing's stand-in in Hollywood—speaks with authority of days when they both played the snare drum in the band. He recalls Bing's application, mentioning one day in particular: "We were in the Elks parade in downtown Spokane, going down Main Street. It was raining a touch, and we were really beating those drums. They wanted us to play good and loud. 'You put a hole in those drums and we'll treat you after the parade,' they said. Bing and I were beating them to death."

Their freshman year in college, both Leo and Bing were end-men in the school minstrel show: "I was on one end of the line, and Bing was on the other. I had one joke. But Bing did everything. He was really the star of the show. He told jokes, he sang, and he'd even picked up a little soft-shoe dancing on the side."

Then—as now, with his experience of twenty-three years working closely with him—it was evident to Leo that "Bing would have been a success at anything. He always believed whatever you do—it was worth doing well."



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T V R

At Gonzaga, Bing put his strong rhythm arm—and his voice—to work commercially with Al Rinker's "Musicaladers." Their first steady job was for three dollars a piece a night, playing at Lareida's dance pavilion a few miles from Spokane. Jimmy Cottrell, who was "hustling bouts" during those days when Bing was singing for a few bucks wherever he could, used to go out to Lareida's to hear him sing.

"Bing was an outstanding singer then," he says. "The only difference—his voice is deeper now. But he was always a stylist. He had complete control of any song he sang. There was only one thing: Bing was doing some of those dreamy Hawaiian numbers, and he had a tendency to sing with his eyes closed then." Jimmy would dance by him and say, in a loud stage whisper, "Keep your eyes open . . . open up those eyes . . ."

But Bing's blue eyes were wide open—the music that was becoming so much a part of him. He'd had two years of pre-law. But he knew that words without music would hold small meaning for him. The words had to be set to melody and a beat—and that beat was really beckoning. And, one day, his itchy, wig-wagging left foot took him away . . . while his ten-year-old brother watched, wide-eyed, from the old front porch, and waved him off to exciting adventure. . . .

During Bob's boyhood years, there was even less money in the family cookie jar. With extra space at home, Kate Crosby rented out rooms to students who were going to Gonzaga or Holy Names Academy. And Bob figures that, if doing chores builds character, he was loaded with it during this time. "I had it tougher than the others," he says now, of the cooperative homework his older brothers had known. "Larry was married and editor of the *Wallace, Idaho, Press-Times*. Everett and Ted were out on their own. When Bing left, I was the only boy around. I piled all the wood and carried it to the basement."

Also, with the ranks thinned, Pop and Kate Crosby were able to pay even closer attention to any infraction of house rules. Even easygoing Pop, who'd always ducked disciplining any of them, found he had a free hand. Bob's next-door friend, Father Joe Kearney, remembers one day in particular when Harry Crosby, Sr. took the situation—and George Robert—firmly in hand: "Bud Luedcke, an adventurous type of kid in the neighborhood, had taken Bob for a ride on the back of his motorcycle, and Pop thought they'd stayed out much too long. When they got back, Mr. Crosby came out of the house with a stick.

"Bob was wearing coveralls, and there was a catcher's mitt lying in the yard. Bud said, 'Why don't you put the catcher's mitt in your pants?' Bob thought this was great advice," Father Kearney twinkles. "He was reaching for the mitt—when Mr. Crosby reached for him. Bud was laughing, and Bob was reaching, and Bob's dad didn't see anything humorous in that at all. He was mad—and he really whacked him."

The pattern of his teen years was as Irish as theirs had always been—and Bob's hardy Crosby heritage was to prove as fortunate. Baseball was his forte and, one day while he was catching, a friend recalls, "Bob got hit in the mouth with the ball. He lost four or five teeth, and it changed his facial appearance somewhat, at first." He was lucky—it could have endangered his whole future in television later on.

Like his brothers before him, Bob went to dances at the parish hall. But, Irish or no—"There wasn't too much romance. About the time I got to thinking about girls, Bing was a big success with Paul Whiteman. And it was as tough to follow

him in romance as it was in song," Bob explains. "The first time I tried to kiss a girl, she looked up into my eyes soulfully and said, 'How tall is Bing?' And that was that." He was, however, his brother's most enthusiastic fan. He was always inviting pals over to hear Bing's latest record. And, as one of them recalls, "Whenever Bing was going to be on a radio show, Bob would always keep us informed, to make sure we listened in."

During the summer months, Bob was temporarily employed picking apples or cucumbers or strawberries—for twenty-five cents an hour—at a crossroads called "Opportunity," about twelve miles from Spokane. "They called that whole area 'Opportunity Valley,'" he recalls. . . . But, when opportunity really knocked for George Robert Crosby, it was to be with a beat. And, even then, he was thinking in terms of that day to come.

One Spokane friend recalls the time the two of them and another pal decided to form a trio: "We all met at Bob's with that thought in mind. But nothing happened. We didn't know what to do, or how to put voices together, or anything. Bob's sister, Catherine, played the piano for us and we tried to sing 'Bye Bye Blues' in harmony, but we just didn't know how to be a trio."

With the help of two schoolmates, Ray Hendricks and Bill Pollard, Bob eventually formed "The Delta Rhythm Boys Trio." They played for school dances and parties, and one of the boys had an old jalopy for transportation to "engagements."

One day, Bob learned that Bing was coming to Seattle with Paul Whiteman's band, and he went looking for Joe Kearney, full of enthusiastic plans for going there: "Bob came over to Gonzaga in an old Ford, with another kid, and said, 'Come on, bring your banjo, and we'll go to Seattle.'" By then, Joe Kearney could play "a couple of things on the banjo." And Bob had it all figured out. If their jalopy broke down, he would sing, Bill Pollard would play the piano, Joe Kearney could play his banjo, and they'd work their way on. Which wasn't necessary, fortunately. For, as the priest twinkles now, "We couldn't have made any money at all.

"Seattle was three hundred miles away and, to us, this sounded like great adventure. We got a picture of Paul Whiteman and put it up in the car. We had a big sign saying, 'Seattle or Bust'—and we had flat tires all the way. But Bing was very good to us. He got us a room at the Olympic Hotel and we stayed two or three days. We'd catch the show down at the big auditorium at night, and we'd hang around with all the gang during the day—and it was a great experience. Bob was already sold he was going to be a singer, but meeting all these big people . . . all this was a big thrill."

Not long after, the young Irish were again gathering at the gabled house on Sharp Avenue—seeing another Crosby off to glory. Bing had put in a word for Bob with Anson Weeks, Bob had sung for him long-distance—"with a very bad connection"—and had gotten the job. Now he was packing excitedly to go to San Francisco and join the band. "We were all tremendously excited," one of his pals recalls. "Bob was going to try his luck in the world. And we were seeing him off and were very impressed. Later on, when we heard he was making a hundred a week, we thought he'd really made it. He was a 'smash success.'"

In no time, however, Bob was home. Fired because "I felt I wasn't ready and shirked the job." It was a tough homecoming for Bob—who, like his brother before him, had promised the skeptical: "Someday you'll be payin' to hear me

sing." That pay-day now seemed increasingly remote. "That was really a depressing period in Bob's life," an old friend says. "I remember he just kind of wandered around. He'd started his career—in a way—and then flopped. He was really low.

"He had range, but his voice just didn't quite come off then. He had a vibrato and he had to work to get rid of that. And some people thought he was trying to sing like Bing. He had a sound in his voice, a quality, that reminded you of Bing's—but Bob certainly wasn't copying him."

During this period, Bob says now, "I decided to learn to sing. I studied with an Italian professor, as many lessons as I could afford. And I sang wherever I could get experience." He sang at the Fifth Street Theater and at McElroy's Ballroom in Seattle, and at Lareida's and Liberty Lake and the Walkathon in Spokane. In the face of those who kept saying, "He should get a job and go to work . . ."

Then, one day, Bob Crosby headed South again, on another trial run. No triumphant departure this time: "A dealer gave me five dollars a day to drive a used car to another dealer in Los Angeles, and I came back by way of San Francisco and told Anson Weeks I felt more qualified to sing. Anson said, 'Until I'm sure of the same thing, I'll just pay you ten dollars a week and board and room.'"

Bob's job, however, was to be far rougher than just proving he could sing. In the years that followed, his was the challenge of building an identity of his own, distinct from one of the most famous and beloved in the land. He couldn't know, when he drove out of the city limits of Spokane that last time, just how much heart and how much hard work that would mean. And how long a time. . . .

True to prophecy, when Bob Crosby and his Bobcats really got to rolling, the folks were all "paying" to hear him sing. Buying smash records like "Big Noise from Winnetka" and other platters, as fast as they came out. All along Sharp Avenue, the younger Irish were soon jumping to the rhythm of Bob's own beat—a Dixieland beat. Television cinched his fame . . . and an identity of his own. . . .

But Bob Crosby and his brother—the chap in the wild sport shirt who goes around ringing doorbells along Sharp Avenue—will always feel identified with the old neighborhood in Spokane. Here were their green years, the nostalgic years. Here are memories too strong to be broken by fame or by time. Here, one fine day, Bing Crosby—resplendent in cap and gown, and flanked by his family—was honored by his old alma mater. Here, in the same building where a mischievous boy was fired from the choir for never showing up at rehearsal, he heard such words as: "In token of the high regard in which he is held by his school and his fellow citizens, Gonzaga University confers on Harry Lillis Crosby the degree of Doctor of Music."

Here today—in token of Bing's own high regard for youth—is fast rising the ultra-modern Crosby Memorial Library. Here on the old playing field at Gonzaga—the "playground" of the noisy young Irish who used to bat balls and punt pigskins and dream big. Here in a museum—to be shared with those who dream—will be the Crosbyana. All the golden "wins," brought back here just a whistle away from the old gabled house on Sharp Avenue, where all the music began.

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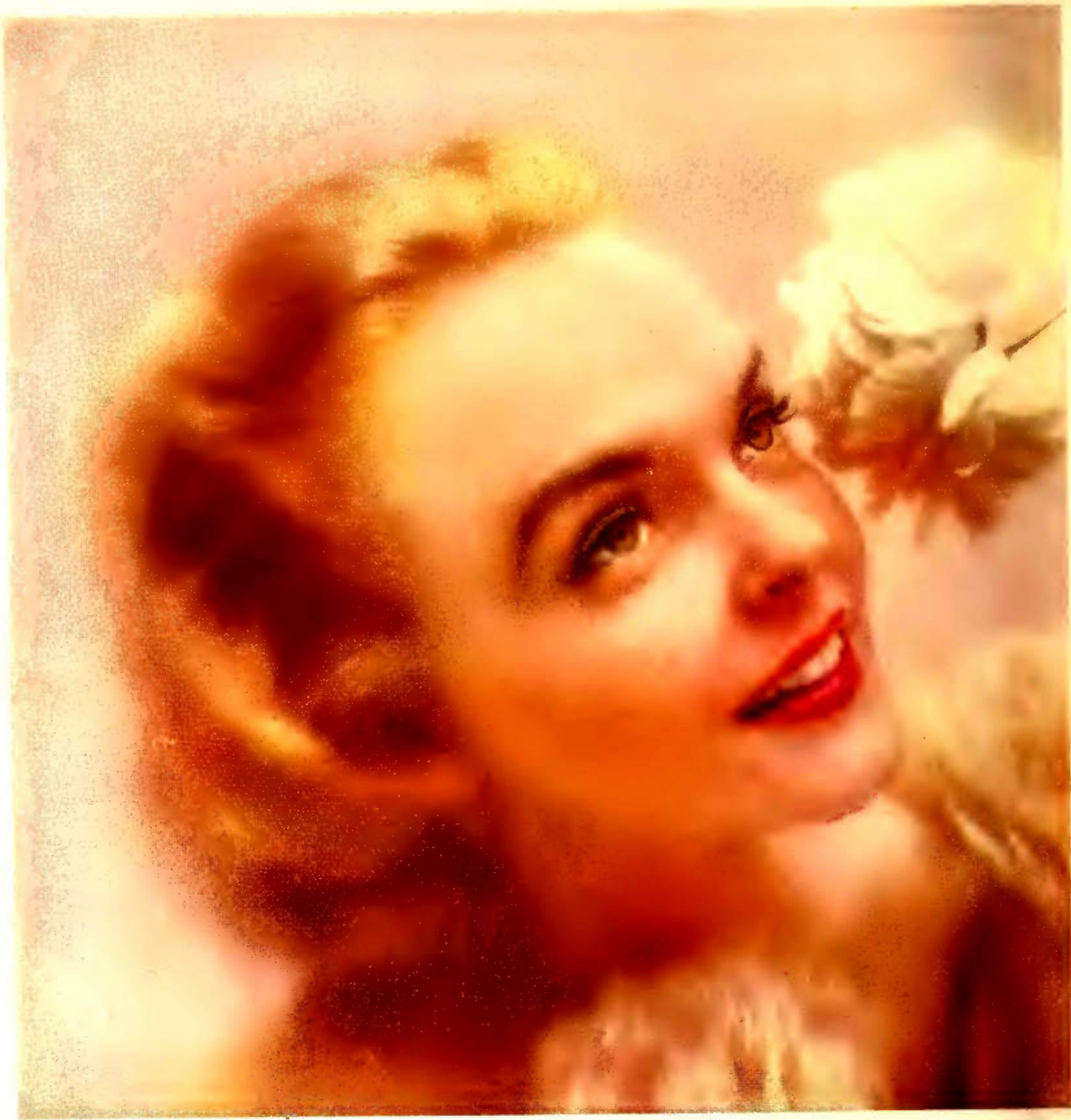
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