

# TV RADIO MIRROR

ROBYN BRUNER  
He's Raising the Roof!  
**BETTY WHITE'S**  
Four-Footed Friends

**RADIO MIRROR** Jerry Lee Lewis: The New Memphis Skyrocket!

AN.  
Garry Moore Speaks Out  
about Teenagers' Problems  
•  
Liz and Jinx Tell How  
they Merge Career and Marriage  
•  
The Truth About  
These Three Men In The Street  
•  
Barley Temple's Fairytale Story



Gene Gillespie



Jerry Lee Lewis

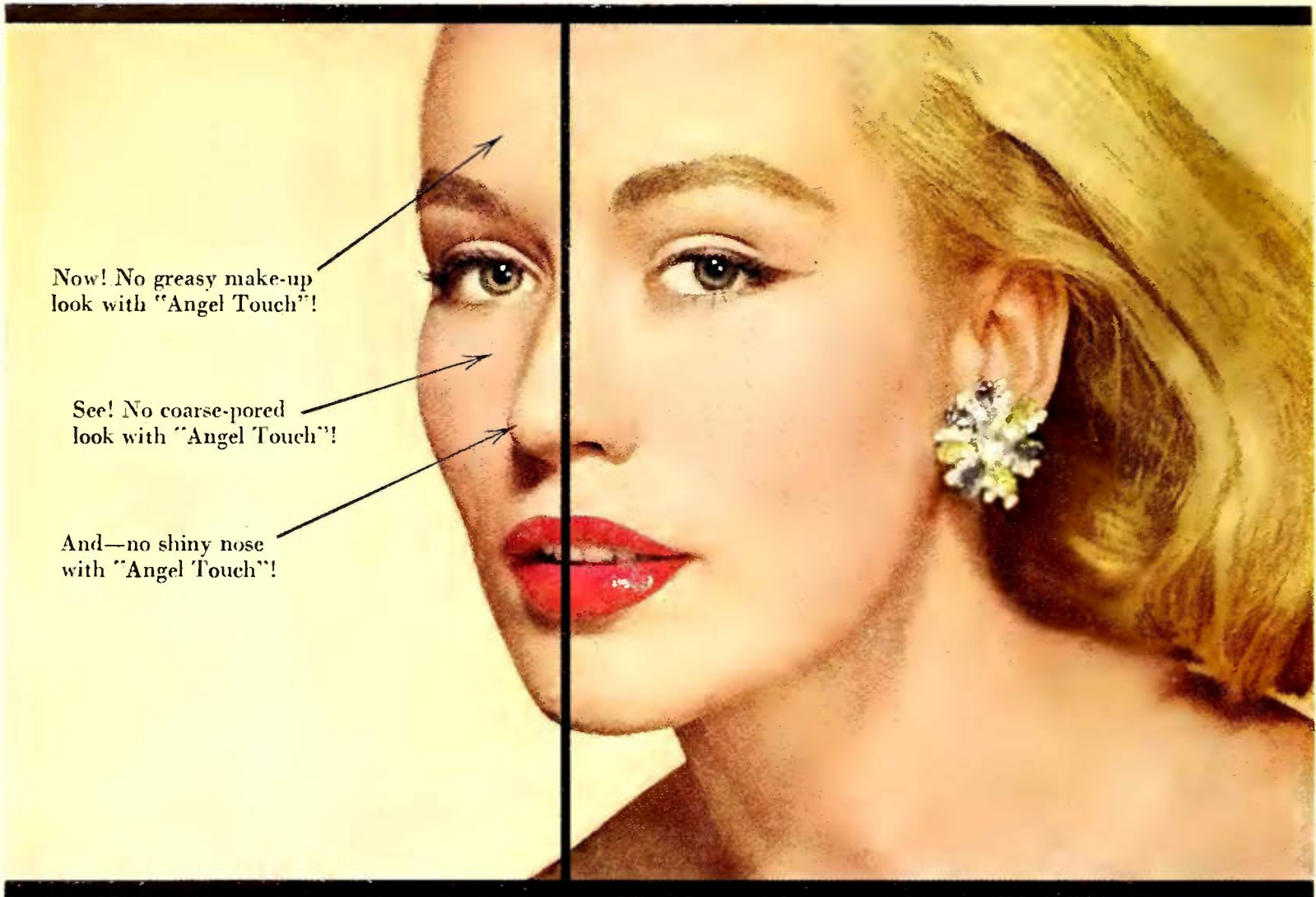


Garry Moore

Barley Temple



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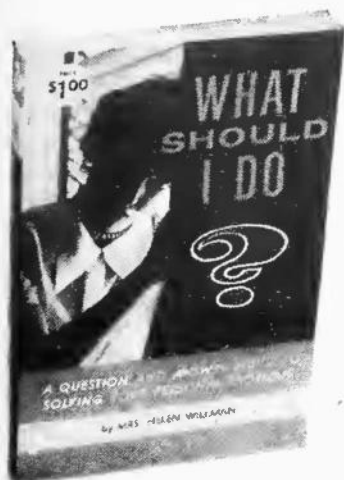
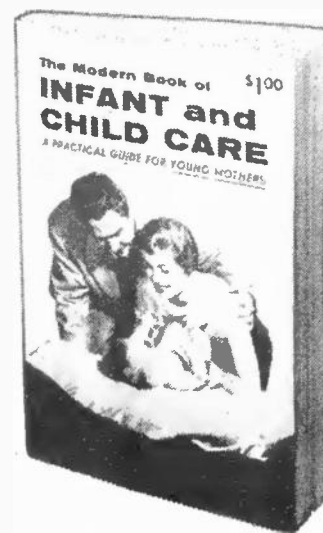
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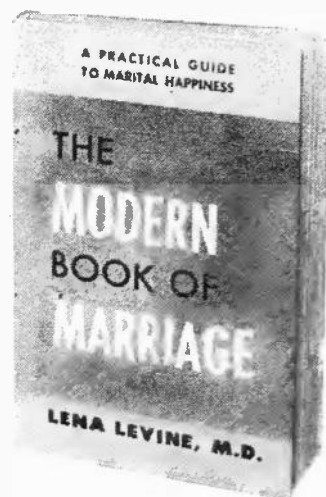
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Cover portrait of Garry Moore by Jay Seymour of Gary Wagner Associates

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# movies on TV

Showing this month

**ALONG CAME JONES (RKO):** Delightful spoof on Westerns. Mistaken for a deadly killer, Gary Cooper is a peaceable cowhand, awfully clumsy with guns. But Loretta Young's a sharpshooter!

**CONQUEST OF EVEREST (U. A.):** Splendid British documentary on the triumph of Hillary and Tensing, showing the planning and teamwork leading to the mighty peak.

**DANCE, GIRL, DANCE (RKO):** Music is just incidental to the vigorous story of two showgirls crashing Broadway. Maureen O'Hara is the elegant one; Lucille Ball, the tough operator. Louis Hayward and Ralph Bellamy are men in their lives.

**HOTEL SAHARA (U. A.):** Wacky comedy, set in North Africa during World War II. Peter Ustinov tries to protect his hotel and his girl (Yvonne De Carlo) as one army after another moves in on him.

**I'LL BE SEEING YOU (U. A.):** Affecting study of a GI's recovery from combat fatigue. Yet Joseph Cotten finds healing through Yuletide friendship with parolee Ginger Rogers.

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

**MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, THE (RKO):** Amusing fantasy with a very different sort of monster. In Africa, Terry Moore picks up Joe, a baby gorilla who presently grows to preposterous size. Ben Johnson's her beau.

**MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET (20th):** Most entrancing Christmas story that Hollywood ever put on film. Into the big-scale merchandising scheme of New York's holiday season comes Edmund Gwenn—as the genuine Santa Claus! Natalie Wood's seen as Maureen O'Hara's little daughter.

**OPERATION MANHUNT (U. A.):** Neat thriller with a surprise finish, inspired by a true spy story set in Canada. Employed at the Russian embassy, Harry Townes seeks asylum, only to be pursued by Soviet agent Jacques Aubuchon.

**SNAKE PIT, THE (20th):** Deeply touching study of an illness that may hit any family—mental illness. Olivia de Havilland is the stricken wife; Mark Stevens, her devoted husband.

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

**TWIST OF FATE (U. A.):** American actress played by Ginger Rogers gets involved in Riviera intrigues with her rich protector (Stanley Baker) and an honest artist (Jacques Bergerac, latest of Ginger's real-life ex-husbands).

**YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH (Columbia):** Mild musical of World War II casts Fred Astaire as a prosperous gent drafted into the Army. Rita Hayworth is his dancer sweetheart. Music by Cole Porter.

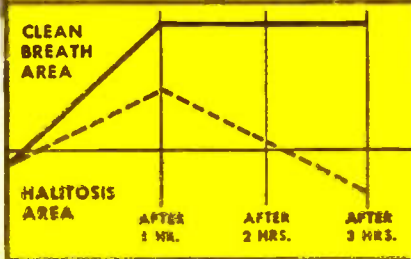
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NO TOOTH PASTE—NOT A SINGLE ONE—  
STOPS BAD BREATH THE WAY LISTERINE DOES!

Chart shows how quickly bad breath  
returns after brushing with tooth paste

BREATH LEVEL  
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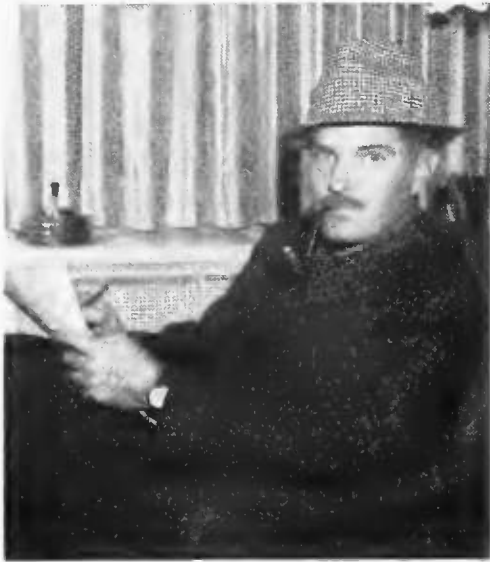


## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . .

Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

# WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Pencil in hand, mustache on face  
—Peter Lind Hayes is a writer now!



Singer Ann Leonardo, now studying drama, has a secret, "heady" yen.



And Chicago's Howard Miller will  
toss a hat in the mayoralty ring.

**Quick Gassers:** Michael Ansara (Cochise of *Broken Arrow*) mobbed by females in his Eastern tour and the gals insisting that he looks scrumptious in his Indian wig. (Grim advice: Presley, Sands, go get an Apache haircut!). . . . *Strike It Rich*, ten years on radio, six on TV, now making with death rattle. Rumor Row has the wake set for February. . . . Candy March will be turning up on TV soon as she gets servant problem straightened out at home. . . . Jan Murray joins the Ed Sullivan Club as another proud(?) possessor of a baby ulcer. . . . Ed, who travels as much as Bop Hope, will go only as far as Scarsdale on Christmas to spend the day with his daughter's family. . . . Pretty Polly Bergen will be adopting a two-year-old boy. . . . CBS-TV's Jimmy Dean waxed a Columbia Album titled, "Jimmy Dean's Hour of Prayer." Most of these songs he learned when he was knee-high to his mother's piano. . . . And that delightful ole debbil, Peter Lind Hayes, is sporting a pipe and a handlebar mustache—for he is now a writer, in addition to other duties. His first teleplay debuts on *Kraft Theater*, December 4. It's a story of a gal singer who gets into an emotional mess with a too ardent fan, and then there is a murder. "I love to write bloody dramas," says gentle, bloodthirsty Peter. "I'm at work on another play which will be much more gruesome than the first." However, wife Mary Healy and children report that Peter remains his same lovable self in their New Rochelle home.

**Bobbin' Along:** The holiday deluxe show, "Junior Miss," a musical version of the great Broadway play, comes on CBS-TV at 7:30 P.M. EST, December 20, with Bob Cummings starring as the middle-aged father of two teen-aged daughters. So this season Bob plays three different generations. On his own show, NBC-TV's *Bob Cummings Show*, besides playing the youthful, perennial bachelor, he is, also, his own grandfather. He fashioned the characterization after his own grandfather, who lived to be 98. "About the role, the toughest part is the make-up. It takes up to three hours, with three men working on me." He adds, "And my kids love grandpa. They beg me to come home in the make-up. Well, I couldn't get my food through the whiskers, but I

leave some of it on and all through dinner they make me talk like grandpa." About the sexy dames on the show, he says, "Sure, the show is sexy, but in a realistic way. Based on my own experiences, I have a theory that a guy shouldn't fall in love and marry the first lovely gal he meets. Well, 'Bob,' on the show, plays the field. He's in no rush. And the show is instructive for young men as well as gals in dealing with each other. If 'Bob' gets too predatory, the gal gives him the brush-off." Bob, who has been happily married to former film beauty Mary Elliot since 1946, the mother of his five kids, does have a second love that has nothing to do with sex. It's airplanes. He has 6,000 flying hours and is a colonel in the Air Force National Guard. Moral: Don't get married until you have 3,000 flying hours.

**Snappy for Pappy:** Jackie Gleason resisting all pleas to appear on TV this season. Still fed-up. . . . Barry Sullivan, *Harbourmaster's* star, in Europe working on film with Lana Turner. Nice work. . . . Nice, cute Ann Leonardo, Godfreyite, now making New York City her home. She's studying acting with Stella Adler and continuing her education at Fordham, with courses in psychology and philosophy. "I know I want success in the entertainment business, but truthfully, and don't tell anyone, my secret ambition is to be a psychiatrist." . . . Garroway has a new Victor LP, "Some of My Favorites," featuring songs by Matt Dennis and blues by Red Norvo. Dave recommends this worthy bit of jazz for its "deep feeling" and "great simplicity." . . . A rumor to be squelched is the one that Patti Page will move *Big Record* to Hollywood. Not true. Patti has just signed a three-year lease on a new Park Avenue apartment where she expects to cook her first Christmas dinner. In company with Faye Emerson, Patti has been taking cooking lessons from Dione Lucas. Patti says, "It makes me so nervous—like being back in school again." She good-humoredly admits that it hasn't been a breeze. Her first French concoction, a veal dish that she took home for herself and husband, made her very ill. . . . The Milk Bowl game, the annual football classic for small-fry elevens, takes place on December 28 at San An-

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 6





Friends Art and Lois Linkletter and Bob and Mary Cummings are partners, too—in a rice plantation in Australia!

tonio's Alamo Stadium. Mutual will probably carry it nationally and there'll be local TV coverage. The young players get to stay at the fabulous King Ranch, and all revenue from the Milk Bowl goes to the Lions Club Camp for crippled children, at Kerrville, Texas.

**Windy Items:** It'll be a big Chicago Christmas for Don McNeill. This is his 25th year in network radio and, on December 23, he celebrates his 50th birthday. All of his giant-sized (6'4") sons will be home. Tom and Don, Jr., plane in from Notre Dame. His youngest, Bob, is a junior in high school. Incidentally, Don's wife's birthday falls on December 20, which makes it quite a Christmas week. He says, "We exchange gifts only once and say 'Happy Birthdaymas.'" On radio, he is now reaching a third generation of listeners. "My original audience, now grandmothers, come into the studio with their daughters and granddaughters." He concludes, "It's been very exciting—being in radio at its birth and now with its rebirth." . . . Another Chicagoan, Howard Miller, is a bachelor eligible to the extent of \$350,000 a year before taxes, and he is probably the most exposed personality in electronics. He's on two networks: NBC-TV's *Howard Miller Show* and CBS Radio's *Howard Miller Show*. Besides this, he does about another twenty hours a week on Chicago's WIND. He gets just 30 hours' sleep a week. "That's enough," he says, "for I sleep fast." Daily, he smokes four packs of

cigarettes, drinks thirty cups of coffee and eats several rare steaks. He is, also, dead serious about his ambition to become Mayor of Chicago, for his civic interest is deep-rooted. He studied law and is the son of a Chicago judge. Proposals of marriage to Howard need merely be addressed to "Mr. Chicago, Illinois."

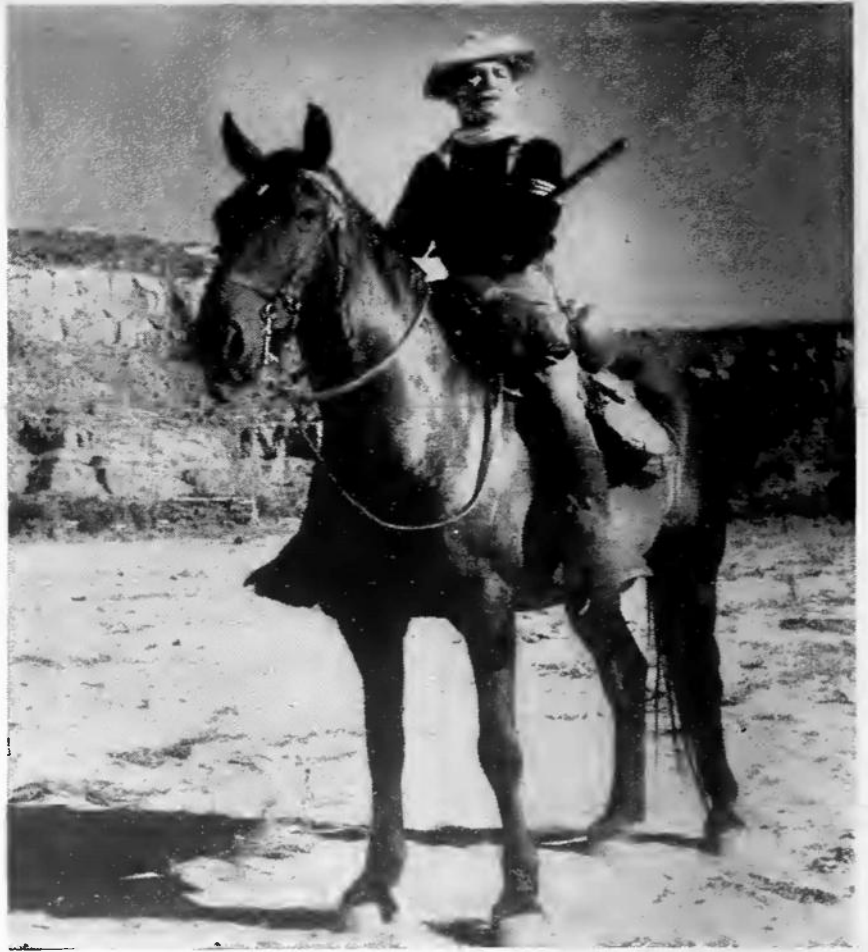
**Cultural Note:** *The Last Word*, off TV since early fall, returns to CBS on January 4, Sunday afternoons at 3:30 P.M. . . . Julie Christy, who plays villainess Irene Egan in *Edge Of Night*, is a lovely blonde whose eyes go from blue to black, depending on her mood. Her eyes are always black in the serial. "My friends ask, 'How can you do that nasty part?' and I tell them, 'I like it. It's fun to break things and throw bottles. I get rid of all my own frustrations.'" . . . Como's wonderful Ray Charles Singers have cut an M-G-M LP, "Here's to My Lady," twelve beautiful bouquets in song for the gals. . . . Nat Hiken, who wrote the *Phil Silvers Show* until this season, now readying *The Magnificent Montague* for TV. Monty Woolley, who created the radio role, is in retirement. Considering the title role is Dennis King, who may be aided by Myrna Loy and Pert Kelton. . . . Another new show in the making, *Turning Point*, will be based on the actual lives of the big money winners in quiz shows. Speaking of quizzes, *Twenty-One* announced it paid out \$500,500 in 55 telecasts. Simple division makes this \$9,100 per show, not much as TV budgets go.

**Katy-Did, Does It Again:** A Gallup poll made this year to select the world's top ten women included only three people from the entertainment world: Grace Kelly, Marian Anderson and Kate Smith. Now the big news is that Kate's coming back to radio. By January 6, or a little earlier if it can be managed, Kate will pick up the mike five days a week on the Mutual network. Kate had to be convinced, for she has said that after 25 years of hard work in show business she didn't want another regular show. Mutual convinced her, not only with top pay but also with enthusiasm. A spokesman for Mutual explained, "We think of ourselves at network headquarters as servicing our 465 stations, so we polled each station individually on a Kate Smith show and we were overwhelmed with yeas." You can expect a truly great program from Kate, for she never does less than her best, and her best is what has made her one of the few entertainers in the world who deserve the adjective "great."

**Beware of Curves:** Next month, *Studio One* moves to Hollywood. Reason simple enough: Sponsor, Westinghouse, wants movie stars for audience bait. On the other hand, Johnny Carson moved with *Do You Trust Your Wife?* to New York City. He brought along his wife Jody and his three sons. Johnny recently went to court to change the first names of his two younger boys. "When they were born, they rushed us so  
(Continued on page 74)



A cowboy who always gets his man, *Tombstone Territory's* Pat Conway may also get this girl, Pam Duncan.



Off-camera, J. S. Peters is a retired Cavalry officer. On TV, he's been demoted to a sergeant on *Boots And Saddles*.

## WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE

**Together Again:** Molly Bee is back with Capitol Records where she had her first hit, "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." Is it chance or good fortune that Capitol is Tommy Sands' recording company, too? Wouldn't be surprised to find the kids dueting beautiful music together. . . . Debbie Reynolds, President of the Thaliens—Hollywood young people's organization formed to raise money for mental health, with an emphasis on emotionally disturbed children—picked up the phone to kick off the Thaliens' annual drive. Eight telephone calls later, with hubby Eddie Fisher on one line and Debbie on another, and the kids had pledges from the major studios and networks for \$8000. After the annual meeting, she and Barbara Ruick rose to entertain the members. Quipped Debbie, "You will now be sung to by the four of us . . ." Barbara and Debbie are both expecting.

**Bugs And Arrows:** Pat Conway proposed marriage to actress Pamela Duncan quicker than his grandfather, Francis X. Bushman, proposed to grandmother—something of a record

in itself. Bushman had popped the question only three months after meeting his wife, then proposed on an average of thirty times a day, until she said "yes" a year later. . . . But Pat proposed to Pam the first day they met on his *Tombstone Territory* set. Pam hasn't given a definite "yes" yet, but Pat shyly admits they're by way of being engaged. . . . Recently, Art Linkletter was scheduled to fly Asian flu expert, Dr. Hugh Hussey, out from Washington for an appearance on his *Houseparty* show. Night before the program, the doctor called to cancel it. Reason: The doc had the flu.

**Casting:** Hermione Gingold pilot for George Burns' MacCadden Productions is in the works. . . . George Sanders doing a pilot for the peripatetic Mr. Burns under the title of *The Amazing Oliver Gentry*. They ought to call it "The Amazing George Burns." He acts, directs, writes and oversees four series produced under his MacCadden banner. . . . Don Murray and wife, Hope Lange, will co-star in a Christmas *Playhouse 90*.

The story is based on Don's own experiences in Europe where, as a conscientious objector, he set up a home for refugee children. . . . Frankie Laine will talk about rock 'n' roll with Mike Wallace in December. . . . Gilbert Roland, as a dashing charmer, goes into the pilot of his own TV series. . . . Ronnie Burns has signed with Verve Records and is busily taking voice lessons with the thought of getting on the record bandwagon.

**Who's Proud:** Cloris Leachman, new mother of the *Lassie Show*, and the mother of three of her own, has finally decided, after four months, to name her third, George Englund, Jr. . . . Because mother Eve Arden is wearing so many elegant suits and dresses in her new TV series, daughter Liza has developed an avid interest in sewing. She recently won a sewing contest at the San Fernando Valley Fair. Item: A sequined blanket for her horse, "Patches." The judges described Patches as the only high-fashion mare in the Valley. . . . Lady viewers, who will be watching the NBC-TV Loretta Young series





Co-stars Kathy Nolan, Walter Brennan show Mrs. B. a *Real McCoy* evening.



March brings that long-legged bird to Jeanne Moody and Scott Forbes.



Shouts of "Look out!" follow Frank Sinatra as he takes to bicycle wheels between movie and TV reels. Whispers follow, too—of a wedding date.

this season, will be doubly blessed by the designing works of two of the fashion world's leading exponents. The first thirteen weeks, Loretta's gowns will come from the fine hand of Travilla; the remainder of the season, Werlé will be back for the fifth year gowning Loretta.

**Home Sweet Home:** Danny Thomas, on a cross-country tour in behalf of United Charities, stopped off at his home town, Toledo, Ohio. The city fathers honored Danny by dedicating "Danny Thomas Park." At the ceremony, Danny quipped, "At least now I'll always have a bench to sleep on." . . . Richard Eyer, age 13 and a retired Little Leaguer, taught star Charles Laughton how to play baseball for a recent *Playhouse 90* role. . . . Walter Brennan has a 10-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley, with a hothouse where he grows orchids. Hobby? No. Just so Mrs. B. can have a fresh orchid every day.

**Bubbles 'n' Babies:** Myron Floren uses his day off from the Lawrence Welk shows to play cross-country

concerts. Flying from the West Coast to the East Coast and back, Myron arrives just in time for the next morning's rehearsal. No sleep, but lots of loot and good-will. . . . Welk's tenor Jim Roberts and wife have a new baby boy. . . . The Myron Florens have named their bundle Holly Jean. . . . On the expecting list are Welk violinist Dick Kessner and wife. . . . Jim and Lois Garner's baby is due Christmas week. "Gambler Maverick" is betting it will be a boy. . . . Scott "Jim Bowie" Forbes and his lovely actress wife, Jeanne Moody, are ecstatic over the stork's March date. Their first. . . . Tennessee Ernie's prize heifer, Granny, has a new calf.

**Love Light:** On the first show of his ABC-TV series, Frank Sinatra sang the new song hit, "All the Way." If you thought Mr. Sinatra was giving it his all, you might like to know that Lauren Bacall was sitting front row

center. Frankie Boy was singing right to her. Our money is still on an early wedding date. . . . Sinatra will only be doing two live hour shows on the series of 39. For the comfort of Frank's crew and guest stars Bob Hope, Kim Novak and Peggy Lee, ABC dragged in twelve luxurious dressing-room trailers. Sinatra's trailer, complete with kitchen and bathroom, was pink and six feet longer than all the rest.

**For Real:** Walter Winchell received hundreds of congratulatory telegrams on the debut of his new show, *W. W. File*. But the wire that thrilled him most was signed by the people in New York with whom he dwells—"The Captain, House Dick and Bell Boys of the St. Moritz Hotel." . . . J. S. Peters, who in real life is a retired Cavalry officer, was hired as technical advisor for *Boots And Saddles*, the new (Continued on page 59)

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

*TV favorites on  
your theater screen*

That pooch plays a big role in the movie love affair of Kim and Frankie.



## TV RADIO MIRROR

# goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES



Fan mail gives Elvis a fine case of swelled-head—in his new movie.



Psychoanalyzing Jerry Lewis can be quite a trick, as Phyllis Kirk finds.

### Pal Joey

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Top performer Frank Sinatra has a ball in this offbeat musical, singing the lovely Richard Rodgers tunes, playing a cagy opportunist. He latches on to rich widow Rita Hayworth, gets her to finance a night club for him. But he also becomes romantically interested in Kim Novak, pretty and penniless chorine. Such popular classics as "I Could Write a Book" lend grace to this adult story of shabby but appealing Broadway types.

### Jailhouse Rock

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

Well, this is the month when heroes turn heels. Like Frankie, Elvis Presley now portrays a rough character, an ex-con who is not at all improved by success as a singer. He's mean to his discoverer (the late Judy Tyler, young girl tragically killed in a car crash shortly after she finished this film). He's ungrateful to his prison pal, Mickey Shaughnessy, who lent him lots of show-business know-how. But eventually Elvis learns that you can't get along without the devotion of fellow human beings. While the story is absorbing, the movie could use a bit more music than it provides. Comer Dean Jones looks highly attractive in a small role as a disc jockey who boosts Elvis.

### The Sad Sack

WALLIS; PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

As adept a clown as ever, Jerry Lewis does his best to wreck the U. S. Army in this dizzy comedy. Oh, he means well; he *wants* to be a good soldier. Psychologist in the WAC, Phyllis Kirk tries to help him. GIs David Wayne and Joe Mantell just get stuck with him. In a wild finale in Morocco, Jerry finds an unexpected ally—Liliane Montevecchi, slinky lady spy whose allegiances are uncertain.

### At Your Neighborhood Theaters

**April Love** (20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color): Pat Boone's at ease in a homey, down-on-the-farm musical, with Shirley Jones as a Kentucky neighbor who initiates him into thrill of sulky racing.

**Sayonara** (Warners; Technirama, Technicolor): As lovers in a deeply touching drama, Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka receive fine support from James Garner and Red Buttons. Filmed in Japan.

**Operation Mad Ball** (Columbia): Lots of laughs are supplied by noncom Jack Lemmon, plotting to get himself and fellow GIs together with Army nurses. Officer Ernie Kovacs tries to outwit him; Mickey Rooney comes to the rescue.





When you need her, nothing keeps her from your side

Even when she's too tired to go another step, even when it means giving up her own happiness — she's there...comforting you...*helping* you, until you can help yourself. Because you're not just another case to Nora Drake. You're a human being in trouble — frightened, lonely, sick. And taking care of you comes *first*. Does her devotion to others cost her too much? What gives her the strength to go on? You can get the *whole* story — even while you work — when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **THIS IS NORA DRAKE** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.

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

Just sixteen, and sweet as  
sugar candy, this Disney darling is

# *That Livin' Doll, Darlene*



Stardom doesn't keep young Miss Gillespie from such teen-age fun as dancing informally with Hal "Johnny Tremain" Stalmaster (above)—or riding with famed fellow-Mouseketeer Annette Funicello.







Baby brother Larry is really the Gillespie family idol. Ask Darlene!



She loves clothes, still likes to try on her mother's "best"—and hope.



Gillespies are devoted, as well as talented. According to Darlene, older sister Pat (left) has "the best voice in the family." Younger girls Gina and Larrian (foreground), also study singing—but Larry just coos in his mother's arms. Dad is equally proud of them all.

## By GORDON BUDGE

ONE DAY last summer, pert, freckle-nosed, sixteen-year-old Darlene Gillespie bounced out of the Walt Disney Productions office with news that she had just been cast as Dorothy in the feature motion picture, "The Rainbow Road to Oz." Darlene was bursting with excitement, for it had been a short three years which had taken her from a small part in the ABC-TV *Mickey Mouse Club*, through a featured role in "Westward Ho, the Wagons," to co-starring roles in the "Margaret" and "Spin and Marty" serials. Now, Dorothy, the plum role of the studio, was to be hers! Darlene remembered it was not so long ago that she had dreamed of becoming a singing-dancing actress. When Darlene was eleven, her entire family, with faith (Continued on page 77)



Larrian's the youthful visitor in room Darlene shares with Pat—but the toys are Darlene's. She collects 'em.

Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club* is seen on ABC-TV, M-F, from 5:30 to 6 P.M. (all time zones), under multiple sponsorship.

# 3 MEN

By **BETTY ETTER**

**U**NCLE MILTIE BERLE was padding along the beach at Fire Island one morning last summer when he spotted a familiar face. "Hi-ho, Steverino," he shouted. And when Gordon Hathaway (Louis Nye) introduced his three-and-a-half-year-old son, Milton promptly went into his act. "He did his whole routine for our Petie," says Louis Nye. "But he didn't remember—and I didn't tell him—that I used to work on his show now and then."

Meanwhile, back at a ranch house in Dumont, New Jersey, a slight young man in a jazzy flowered sports shirt was inching his car out of the drive when a second car pulled up alongside the curb. "Hi, Shaky," the driver called out, grinning. And Don Knotts—Steve Allen's nervous "Man on the Street"—got himself (Continued on page 69)

*The Steve Allen Show* is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son., Inc., Greyhound Corporation, and Pharma-Craft Corporation.



Waitin' for "Steverino," mebbe? Left to right—Louis, Don and Tom.

**Talent, they've always had. It's the "sudden" recognition they've got from Steve Allen's show which surprises Louis Nye, Don Knotts and Tom Poston**





# ON EASY STREET



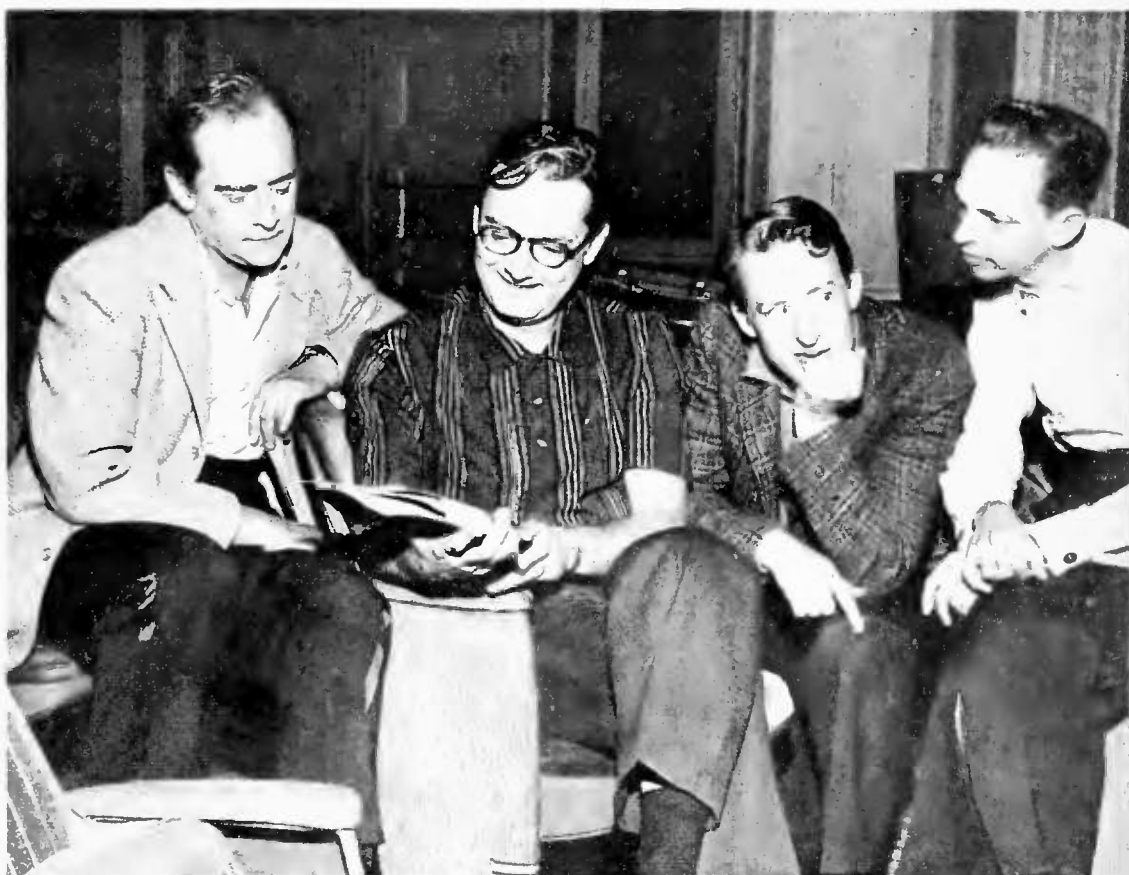
**Hi-ho** "Gordon Hathaway"—alias Louis Nye, who hails from Hartford, Connecticut (via Madison Avenue).



**"Stupid,"** they call him on Steve's mythical street. Actually, Canton, Ohio's Tom Poston is anything but.



**"Shaky"** by name—not by nature! Don Knotts of Morgantown, West Va., began as self-taught ventriloquist.



**Above,** Steve Allen "researches" Man-on-the-Street interviews with Nye, Poston and Knotts. At left, the three prove they can be penthouse-type playboys, too—when they forsake the city's dusty sidewalks for a slick night-club turn with gorgeous Barbara Nichols on *The Steve Allen Show*.



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**“If you want to be Actors...”**

*Rusty Draper's two teenagers know they'll have to show Dad, who's strictly from (Kirksville) Missouri*



Macia is already "in the act," as her husband's business manager. But if Judy, at 13, and Johnny, 14, want to be performers, they'll have to prove their willingness to work. Below, they try a time-step for Dad.



Rusty and Macia (far right) have never urged Johnny or Judy to aim for show business. But Rusty has let them appear on his CBS program—and been proud of their efforts.

By EUNICE FIELD

ON HIS TENTH BIRTHDAY, Farrell K. Draper made up his mind. He talked his parents into buying him a \$3.25 guitar, practiced up a couple of pop tunes, washed his freckled face, slicked down his red hair, and marched off to his Uncle Ralph's cafe to "play for the customers."

"I made up my mind to be a big star," he told Ralph and Arietta Powell.

The Powells were show folk. They fixed the boy with a hard-boiled stare and said, "Nephew, where are we livin' now?"

"Kirksville, Missouri," he replied.

"As long as we're in Missouri, you've got to show us!"

Twenty years later, "Rusty" Draper, as he is fondly known to his fans, is indeed a big star. He's shown them. With his own red-hot *Rusty Draper Show* on CBS Radio, two gold records signifying hit tunes which have sold better than a million copies, and "socko" appearances at plush night clubs, Rusty is perched comfortably on one of the top peaks in the entertainment world.

But, recently, when his fourteen-year-old son Johnny, and daughter Judy, thirteen, approached their daddy on the subject of taking a crack at the stage. Rusty listened quietly, tossed them the well-remembered



**Continued** →





Most of all, Rusty and Macia want the family to have roots. Having started "trouping" so early himself, the Missouri-born singer is glad he can now provide Johnny and Judy with a permanent home in Carmel, California—complete with barbecue for growing appetites.

challenge: "I'm from Missouri—you'll have to show me."

This attitude of skepticism about his children's talents is little short of heretical on the part of Rusty Draper. The theater, and all its allied branches, has grown to be like the medieval guilds when a shoemaker's son became a shoemaker and a weaver's daughter a weaver. Most stars of today are so delighted with the prospect of their kids carrying on the family tradition that they do everything in their power to guide their offspring (whether talented or no) up the golden trail they helped blaze.

Rusty and his charming wife Macia, the lively and

brainy young woman who manages his affairs, have *not* urged their children to try acting. And they offer only the mildest kind of approval when the youngsters try it.

"Mind, we're not against their taking a fling at it," says Rusty. "But when they came to me and said, 'We have an idea we'd like to try acting,' this was my answer: 'It's not enough to have an *idea*. I made up my mind to be a performer when I was not quite eleven. Show business was in my heart like religion. I'll let you two appear on my program once in a while if you can prove you're any good. But I (Continued on page 60)

*The Rusty Draper Show* is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, from 8:35 to 9 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

# "If you want to be Actors..."

(Continued)



Everything's planned for entertainment at home—not in public. Sun deck on which Draper family stands (above) is frequently used as dance floor for teenager parties.



Rusty's own great offstage hobby these days is golf, and he is teaching Johnny the game. Actually, baseball was the first sports love of both—till music took over.



Rhythm is the heartbeat of their home. Shaw business is in Judy's and Johnny's blood—as well as Rusty's.



Both youngsters take dramatics at summer schools in Colorado—with ranch life and riding as "extras."



Mostly, they live and go to school in Carmel—with "Aunt Clara" Klinck running the household on weekdays.



# The Happiest Search

For today, tomorrow, a lifetime, Mary Stuart finds fulfillment in the miracle of growing children



Mornings start early for Mary, to share the precious breakfast hour with little Cynthia and baby Jeffrey, before leaving for her *Search For Tomorrow* rehearsal.



Afternoons, she's "just another mother" playing with her children in Central Park. Weekends, husband and father Richard Krolik can join them on the carousel.

By ALICE FRANCIS

**A**S YOU WALK through the doorway of Mary Stuart's apartment on Park Avenue, in New York City, you marvel at what a difference a couple of years make. This time, a bright red balloon, caught in the draft from the opened door, comes rolling out in friendly greeting, even before you meet Mary's welcoming eyes. You sidestep a stroller parked in the foyer—a double one designed for two babies, holding some rubber pails and toys for "digging." On the living-room windowsill, just beyond the foyer, is a gray plush kitten with a perky red bow. Within an inch of Mary's prized yellow silk chairs bobs a tiny maple rocking chair. Moving about the apartment, you see other evidences of a new way of living for Mary Stuart, who in private life is Mrs. Richard Krolik, and on television is Joanne Tate of *Search* (Continued on page 76)

Mary Stuart stars as Joanne Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Co. for Joy, Oxydol, and Spic and Span.





**Curb** service for a busy mother: Mary places order on way to Park, then picks it up on the way home.



**Flowers** are purchased at last moment, to beautify their home (and Cynthia!) before Daddy's arrival.



**Happy ending:** Mary believes that motherhood is "the most rewarding thing that can happen to a woman."

Romp with children before bedtime crowns a satisfying day for both Richard and Mary.





# What's All This About Teenagers' Problems?

By MARTIN COHEN

GARRY MOORE is a good guy to ask for an opinion—because, if he has nothing to say, he says so. However, he agreed to talk about problems of teenagers and their parents. His comments are blunt but temperate—Garry Moore has never clubbed anyone. He is, today, one of the most successful men in the United States. He is forty-two and has been married eighteen years. Garry has two sons and he knows them well, since he is at home for breakfast and back from the city in time for dinner. He is deeply concerned with the welfare of his children—but it should be noted that Garry's only "preparation" for this interview was to loosen his necktie. From one minute to the next, he had no idea of what question would be thrust at him. Yet the quality of his response is that of a thoughtful person. Many parents may criticize Garry for the degree of freedom he has given his seventeen-year-old. On the other hand, some teenagers may feel he underestimates the degree of their maturity. Here are the

Garry, the father, senses the pulse-beat of teenagers—as the performer Garry feels the rhythm of the drums.



*Garry Moore dodges no questions—on sex, voting, jobs, drinking, trick haircuts, rock 'n' roll—though both parents and teenagers may want to argue with his provocative answers!*



questions—and Garry's answers:

*Today, teenagers have songs written and recorded for them, movies produced for them, magazines edited particularly for them. Do you think this means that today's teenagers are wiser, more grown-up, than previous generations?*

No. I think it merely means that they have more money in their pockets. And the salesmen have found that out.

*Do you agree with President Eisenhower's proposal that the voting age be lowered to eighteen?*

No—and I'm familiar with the argument, "If they're old enough to fight, they're old enough to vote." I think it takes less mature thought to fight than to vote. I think that any nation has a segment of its population which is subject to demagogues and easy persuasion by fiery speakers and colorful personalities. I think teenagers, being less mature, could be more easily swayed by a Huey Long or someone of that nature. Such a man could concentrate on voters between eighteen and twenty-one, tell them what they want to hear, rather than what they should hear. He might easily create a large and dangerous voting bloc.

*You have two teen-age boys?*

The older, Mason, is seventeen. The younger, Garry, Jr., is fourteen.

*Why have you kept them away from writers, photographers and most publicity?*

Well, that isn't a normal teen-age problem which is going to be encountered by the average parent. I've kept my kids away from publicity in order to keep their lives normal, and they prefer it that way. For example, they go to school using our real family name of Morfit. It is several months before the other kids find out they are "Garry Moore's" sons. By that time, they either make it—or don't make it—on their own.

*Do you (Continued on page 65)*



*The Garry Moore Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon. thru Thurs., 10 to 10:30 A.M.—Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. Garry also stars on *I've Got A Secret*, on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., as sponsored by Winston Cigarettes. (All times given are EST)



# PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

*"Silent night, holy night,"  
the voices ring, reaffirming  
faith and mutual devotion*

**O**UTSIDE, the little town of Elmwood is a winter fairyland. The scattered small homes, each with its candlelit windows, green-trimmed doors, sparkle as if some generous Santa Claus had tossed a handful of jewels onto the earth to beautify it. Safe indoors, the Young family, warm with the Yuletide spirit, gather at the home of Grandfather and Grandmother Young to celebrate. On this night, the troubles of the year are put aside. Forgotten for the moment are the developments involving Pepper's work for the new venture in which he and his friend Dave Wallace have been so absorbed . . . the mysterious Pinedale company, headed by Eric Matthews—a chemical engineer and a stranger in Elmwood. Eric is fast growing closer to the Young family, both as co-worker and as personal friend. . . . To Peggy Young Trent, forced by divorce to rear her daughter Ivy and son Hal alone, the presence of the attractive Eric as next-door neighbor has been disturbing. Is she falling in love with this man of the world—so different from Dave, who has long sought to marry her? To Dave, Eric presents a real threat. And he is bedevilled by the feeling that, someplace long before, he has met Eric under most peculiar circumstances. . . . But, on this most wonderful day of the year, the Youngs are united in love and faith. To each other—and to all their friends across the country—they say: "God bless you. Merry Christmas!"

*Pepper Young's Family*, as written by Elaine Carrington and directed by Chick Vincent, is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:45 P.M. EST.



Pepper (Mason Adams), Linda (Margaret Draper) and Buttons (posed by Margaret's son Christopher); Grandfather and Grandmother Young (Bill Johnstone, Marion Barney); Peggy Young Trent, son Hal (Betty Wragge, Jackie Grimes — back of couch), daughter Ivy (Lynn Loring — on floor).





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*Pepper Young's Family*, as written by Elaine Carrington and directed by Chick Vincent, is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, at 3:15 P.M. EST.



Pepper (Mason Adams), Linda (Margaret Draper) and Buttons (posed by Margaret's son Christopher); Grandfather and Grandmother Young (Bill Johnstone, Marion Barney); Peggy Young Trent, son Hal (Betty Wragge, Jackie Grimes—back of couch), daughter Ivy (Lynn Loring—on floor).

# Those Four-Footed Friends



As Vickie, on ABC-TV's *Date With The Angels*, Betty's "pet" is that feminine favorite, the all-American husband—os ployed by Bill Williams.

Be an "Angel" like Betty White—and your dog, your children's pets, can lead a people's life, too!



Household dogs have their own beds, but "Stormy," the St. Bernard, and "Bondy," the Peke, prefer Betty's—when not lolling on living-room carpet.

By MAURINE REMENIH

BETTY WHITE, star of *Date With The Angels*, over ABC-TV, claims she is no expert on dogs. But all her life, she has shared her heart and hearth with a succession of assorted canines—so many that Betty couldn't help but pick up considerable knowledge on the subject. You can't knock experience as a teacher. *Experience* becomes capitalized, and in italics, when you consider that Betty has never had fewer than three dogs around her house, and once had as many as nineteen cluttering up the corridors.

Among Betty's friends, there's some discussion as to whether Betty leads a dog's life, or whether Betty's dogs lead (Continued on page 72)

Mrs. White—whose own pet is poodle "Donny" (below right, with Betty)—loughs os big ond little pooches tug ot Betty's leosh, eoger for outing.



Guard fence is seldom needed in the White household. Pets hove learned conine etiquette, are rewarded with dog cookies during Betty's troining.



Betty stars as Vickie, and Bill Williams is Gus, in *Date With The Angels*, as seen over ABC-TV, Fri., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Plymouth Dealers of America.







# IT'S NO CRIME TO BE SHY!

*But it's mighty uncomfortable, admits Eve Arden—who hopes others may benefit from her own early experiences*

**By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER**

**T**WEEN-AGED Eve Arden (she was Eunice Quedens then—but let's call her by the name she has made world-famous today) was heading for her English class when the principal stopped her in the hallway and asked: "Please announce that the night of the prom has been changed from next Saturday to the week after, will you?"

Eve's knees started to buckle. Her face grew flushed, her voice hoarse. "I don't feel so well, Miss Adrian," she croaked. "I . . . I . . . I just wonder if I could be excused and go home . . ." The principal looked at her sternly. "Eunice, you are perfectly all right and you know it. Now you go right to class and make the announcement!"

Eve made one more attempt to get out of it. "I have a terrible memory. Honestly, I have. Couldn't someone else. . .?" "Now, Eunice, you have to get over this shyness. Nobody is going to hurt you when you get up in front of the class. Just do it." With that, she turned and left.

Somehow, Eve managed the announcement. But when she got through, her hands were wet with perspiration, her mind a blank as to what she had said, and how she'd said it. In fact, on the night of the dance, she was surprised that anyone showed up at all!

"That was only one of the many instances I was in agony because of my shyness," she recalls, over luncheon at Motion Picture Center, where she is now at work on her new CBS-TV series, *The Eve Arden Show*. "I used to think there was something drastically wrong with me. It took me years to realize that most young people, and a lot of older ones, go through the same qualms . . . I still do, from time to time."

Overcoming her shyness has been a constant, still continuing struggle. Yet Eve is now willingly discussing the subject, in the hope that her own experiences may be of benefit to others.

She first became conscious of her reticence when she was four or five and a distant relative from back East visited them during his summer vacation. Like most children, she was quite uninhibited when she met strangers. But there was something about this man that frightened her. Maybe his tremendous height, or the strong scent of tobacco he carried with him.

Her mother didn't realize the youngster's uneasiness when she asked Eve to go over and shake hands. "I don't want to . . ." Eve had resisted. But Mother insisted: "Be a good girl and show you have manners."

**Continued** ▶



Shyness is no problem for Eve—now—with husband Brooks West at Westhaven, their ranch in Hidden Valley. Sons Douglas and Duncan are anything but camera-shy, with Brooks keeping a photographic record of all the children's activities!









## IT'S NO CRIME TO BE SHY!

(Continued)

"Now, Eunice, I'm not going to hurt you," the tall one assured Eve as he walked over. Eve turned and fled in terror. For years, she was afraid of tall strangers who smelled of tobacco. "Had I known a little more about him, I wouldn't have been so terrified," she believes today. "I'm convinced that most of the shyness in youngsters starts at that age when they first become conscious of people."

Realizing this, she has made a very special effort to help her own children get adjusted to mingling with others . . . a process made somewhat more difficult by the isolated location of Brooks and Eve Arden West's ranch—and by Eve's and Brooks' long working hours—which have kept visitors to Westhaven at a minimum.

"I work on my children *and* our friends before they ever meet," Eve explains. "Ahead of time, I tell my youngsters who is coming and a little about them and their families—whether they have children, and about their hobbies and sports or anything else they might find interesting. Then I caution our friends and acquaintances that my children usually are a bit shy at first, and urge them to leave them alone till they warm up on their own account.

"I also point out little things that will give our visitors an opening for a conversation. Like when our oldest, Liza, took her first dancing lesson, she was thrilled because a new acquaintance asked how she liked rock 'n' roll. And, the moment anyone asks Doug about his favorite toy, he immediately runs to his room and brings his dump truck. Thereafter, the problem is to keep him quiet!"

Eve's system has worked so well that, a few weeks ago, when one of her writers came to the ranch to discuss the following week's script, Doug kept him so busy playing "road construction" that the business meeting had to be postponed until after Doug was tucked in bed.

Eve is convinced it's easier to overcome shyness by first recognizing that it exists, and secondly by finding the reasons for it. "In most instances—at least, judging by my own experiences—it's primarily due to unsureness



Primrose path in midst of Brookhaven—Brooks, "Mandy" and Eve walking, daughters Connie and Liza riding behind them. Roses on fence are fragrant, petunias in foreground were delicious—ask pony "Patches," who gobbled 'em up later.



No longer afraid to recite, Eve brings nursery rhymes to life on the big ranch: Above, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" for Douglas, Liza, Duncan and Connie (at rear of pasture). Right, "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" for the boys—who made their own "beautiful pea-green boat" from old sheets, a bench and a rake.







Eve and Brooks make sure their children always feel at home: Above, in their living room—Liza, Brooks, Douglas, Duncan, Eve, Connie. Below, calling on ranch foreman "Slim" Davison (center)—Brooks on "Patches," Connie and Eve in pickup.

and inexperience in any particular field . . ."

Like the embarrassment she went through every time a boy asked her to dance, for instance. Particularly one evening, when she was thirteen or fourteen and went to a prom dressed in her new white pleated skirt and red-and-black knitted sweater.

Throughout the evening, she uneasily sat on the far side of the gymnasium, hoping that one particular boy—the football hero of the class—would come over and ask her for a dance . . . yet hoping he wouldn't because she didn't know the newest steps! And when he actually headed across the floor to where she was sitting, she frantically thought up all kinds of excuses to turn him down. Too shy for even that, she had no choice but to accept his invitation with a nod of her head.

The next five minutes were the most miserable in her young memory, in spite of having the school's number-one (Continued on page 68)



The *Eve Arden Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lever Brothers Company and Shulton, Inc. Check local papers for time and station of both TV and radio versions of *Our Miss Brooks*, in which Eve also stars.





# Happily Married

## 24 HOURS A DAY

Here's Tex and Jinx McCrary's magic formula for working and living together. But is it "magic"—or the age-old wisdom of eternal woman?

By FRANCES KISH

WHEN Jinx Falkenburg McCrary and Tex McCrary began their husband-and-wife radio team in the spring of 1946, Jinx was five months pregnant. Her first solo interview assignment was a visit to the gorilla, Gargantua—only a month before the McCrarys' son, Paddy, was born. The mail and telephone response to the broadcast was terrific—and condemnatory—and mostly addressed to Tex.irate feminine listeners, genuinely concerned, warned that now Tex and Jinx's child would be irrevocably "marked." They hinted that the baby might "have fur," or learn to speak only in "guttural sounds."

Nothing of the sort happened, of course, and neither Tex nor Jinx was frightened by such old wives' tales—"Jinx doesn't (Continued on page 79)



Husband and wife on the air—where Tex "makes all the business decisions." But Jinx has their bays all to herself, at a weekday—they know who's "boss" then!

Public portrait: Successful interviewing team, Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary—wha says, "Being together professionally and at home is the only way far us." Private candid: Relaxing at home with sons Paddy and Kevin.



The Tex And Jinx Show is seen on WRCA-TV and NBC-TV, M-F, from 1 to 1:30 P.M. EST. Tex and Jinx are heard on WRCA Radio (New York), M-F, at 6:30 P.M., and 10:35 P.M. to 12:30 A.M. (with time out for hourly news).





# Sonny James: Singing Gentleman from Alabama

From Hackleburg to Korea, from Texas' "Big D" to Yankee big-time, he carries Southern music and gallantry with him, wherever he goes



Hackleburg, Alabama: Sonny sets out from his father's house to show Doris the town he'll always consider "home." There's nothing better than home-made ice cream, either—Sonny gladly turns crank for parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Loden.



Doris Farmer, from Dallas, shows Sonny first brief story about him in TV RADIO MIRROR (August, '57).

By GREGORY MERWIN

**Y**OU CAN get into some embarrassing situations, he admits with a grin: "There were those girls down in Atlanta, crowding around, waiting for an autograph, and this one little girl—she must have been about seven—held her pad out and I knelt down by her and she began to titter and asked if I'd mind if she kissed me on the cheek and I said, 'No, hon, it would be a pleasure.' Then the little girl with her gave me a kiss. About that time, a young teenager asked if she might kiss me and I could see they were lining up and growing. Some of them looked kind of like

***Continued*** →





# Sonny James: Singing Gentleman from Alabama

(Continued)



Mom's cooking is "best." Sonny did some himself, with Army in Korea, but won't try to compete with Mrs. Loden.



Just like old times: Sonny re-lives earlier days, with 1957 football squad at Hackleburg High, his alma mater.



He's had many stringed instruments since—none sweeter (in sentiment) than those Pop made for his little "Sonny."

middle-aged teenagers. I figured it was snow-balling and I'd be kissing my way all the way to Chicago and so I just stopped it."

The object of this affection is a big-hearted, long-legged troubadour, Sonny James, radio-TV star and Capitol recording artist. Sonny has blue eyes and weighs about one-eighty. There are six feet, three inches of him between his size-ten shoes and his tousled black hair. And those curls, too, hold a particular fascination for gals. "Well, there was this one little girl who asked me for a lock of hair, and she had a pair of scissors in her hand and I said, 'Sure.' And then another girl asked for a lock and a couple others asked. Well, I couldn't refuse the others, once I gave to one. When I got back

Sonny bats out a few with today's sand-lotters. He liked touring with The Loden Family, as a boy, but got biggest thrill from returning to finish high school in Alabama.







Here, in Hockleburg, are the people he knows and loves: Sonny plants kiss on forehead of "Grondmo" Evns, as Moyor Cloude Evns settles bill with grocer Ed Fowler.

to the hotel and looked in the mirror I had this hole in my head as big around as a baseball."

It is understandable that Sonny's generosity and amiability have won him the title of "Southern gentleman." But he is also a man of principle who doesn't flinch from his beliefs. Sonny will not sing where liquor is served: "There were only three exceptions in my life. I was booked into three clubs in Texas before my manager understood how I felt. I made good on those commitments, but I've never been in a night club since. In the first place, besides what I think of drinking, I want to sing only where teenagers can go." And he is a modest gentleman. For years he had been classified as a country singer. When his first sensational (Continued on page 70)



Fishing's still his favorite hobby. Above, he and Lennis Tesney get kick out of Freeman Cochran's latest toll tale about "big ones." Below, here's one that didn't get away.

Waiting on customers in Pop's clothing store, he feels so much like teen-aged "partner" he once was, he's likely to top cash register for date-money, just as he used to do!





Like his TV role, Guy Williams has two names, seems “born with a foil in his hand”—but his duel with fame has been hard-fought, as well as daring

By ELSA MOLINA

**B**AD LUCK in 1953 turned into good luck in 1957 for Guy Williams—the giant of a man who is now delighting TV audiences with his portrayal of the masked rider Zorro. Four years ago, Guy’s movie career seemed to have reached an abrupt end when the actor was thrown from a horse and suffered serious injury to his left shoulder and arm. He came out of the accident with impairment of muscular control of the left arm. In desperate hope that exercise could restore muscular co-ordination, Guy started fencing lessons. Within six months, he had regained full use of the arm and had become a crack fencer. This skill clinched the dashing role of Zorro for Guy a short four years later. *(Continued on page 66)*

Guy Williams stars in the Walt Disney Studio production, *Zorro*, as seen on ABC-TV, Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, sponsored by the AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors Corp. and The Seven-Up Company.



# ALIAS ZORRO



Don Diego by day, avenger Zorro by night, Guy matches wits—and swords—with Britt Lomond, TV's Monastario.



Walt Disney (center, below) and director Norman Foster (at left) were equally impressed by this romantic actor's amazing resemblance to the hero they envisioned for Zorro.



Guy Williams now, he was Armand Catalano when he met Janice in 1948. It was love at first sight, as they posed for a skiing illustration, back in New York City. Now it's sunny California for them and their four-year-old son Stevie—who has almost as many hobbies as his parents. With Dad, he shares New World passion for model-railroading (left) and Old World skill with a fencing blade!



# Shirley Temple's

## OWN FAIRYTALE STORY



Hollywood wanted only the best for its fabulous child star and everyone rejoiced when Shirley found grown-up happiness in marriage to businessman Charles Black.



Even their youngest daughter knows how Mommy looked when she was little, too. Lori immediately recognizes curly-top Shirley Temple doll, has seen Mommy's early successes on the Blacks' home movie screen.



Watching three-year-old Lori at play, Shirley has no acting plans for her children—and no regrets about her own youthful career, which started before school days.







Shirley's later absence from show business has been purely voluntary, "to spend all the time possible with the children and Charles." Now, the youngsters themselves—Lori, Linda and Charles, Jr.—are "delighted" she's going to have her own show on NBC-TV, with just the kind of stories they love best!

*Once upon a time, there was a tiny  
golden princess the whole world loved.  
Now grown up, she's still the queen  
of hearts to all who've ever known her*

By DORA ALBERT

MRS. CHARLES BLACK, exquisitely dressed in a dark sheath dress with white bodice and lace collar, sat in a hastily improvised theater room at the Los Angeles Press Club headquarters in the Ambassador Hotel. In her lap she held a nineteen-inch Shirley Temple doll with blond ringlets and hazel eyes. On the screen were being flashed scenes from Shirley Temple's early triumphs in pictures: "Heidi," "Captain January," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Wee Willie Winkie." Just before the films started, Mrs. Black looked down at the cuddly doll on her lap and said softly: "This feels so

*Continued* →

# Shirley Temple's OWN FAIRYTALE STORY

(Continued)



Fox title was prophetic: "Baby, Take a Bow." Shirley won whole world's heart, saved a big studio.



Scripts were never a problem—but she "studied" hard on set for Paramount film with Gary Cooper.



Shirley left lasting imprint on movies' hall of fame—along with childish scrawl, "Love to you all."



Versatile Shirley acted, sang, danced. Scene with Buddy Ebsen is from "Captain January," one of the four Temple films seen on TV, over NTA network, as *Holiday Specials*.



Revivals on TV include "Heidi," "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." In latter, Shirley danced with the late, great star, Bill Robinson (above, left).

natural. I feel almost as if I had my own little one on my lap."

When the lights flashed on after the films, I asked Mrs. Black—whom almost the whole world remembers as Shirley Temple—"When you watched the films, did you feel as if you were watching yourself, or someone else?" Her hazel eyes gleamed. The enchanting dimple in her cheek flashed, as she said, "I felt as if I were watching someone else—but I still remember all the routines."

Today, Mrs. Black is the mother of three children of

her own: Linda Susan, nine, Charles Jr., five, and three-year-old Lori. They have seen her old pictures flashed on their home movie screen, and have been as enchanted as the world was when these great film successes were shown for the first time.

It has been about twenty-five years since the world first fell in love with a dimpled darling named Shirley. Now she is coming back to the entertainment world in a TV series, in which she will narrate fairy tales just as she tells them to her own children. Already, a new





Rare picture with her parents, who wisely kept her out of public life—"in person"—as much as possible.



For "Wee Willie Winkie" (above, with Victor McLaglen), real tears. For "Heidi" (at right), sunny smiles.



Shirley Temple cult is starting. Audiences were spell-bound when NTA released on TV four of the films which made her famous. A new Shirley Temple doll (just like the one she held on her lap) is being sold all over the country—which is the reason the Ideal Toy Corporation gave the party at which the press met the grown-up Shirley Temple.

You couldn't mistake that face anywhere. The childish features are now those of a poised young woman. The face is almost heart-shaped. Her hair is darker now, and

she wears it in an attractive bob, but otherwise she is a grown-up replica of the child who became the most fabulous star in motion picture history.

As she stood in the center of a swirling crowd, friends came up to her who had known her "when"—among them, Frances Klamt, who (*Continued on page 74*)

*Shirley Temple's Story Book*, produced by Henry Jaffe Enterprises and Screen Gems, premieres on NBC-TV, Sun., Jan. 12, 8 P.M. EST. Four early movies are now being seen on TV, via NTA Film Network, with "Heidi" scheduled for WPIX (New York), Sun., Dec. 8, 3 P.M.

# *New Memphis Skyrocket!*



By HELEN BOLSTAD

**H**IS HARD-POUNDING BEAT at the piano comes from the people who make their own music . . . the gospel singers, the field hands, the honky-tonk professors, the hillbilly hotshots, and the little combos of kids who work up a special number for a high-school show. But the surging, exuberant drive which has carried Jerry Lee Lewis swiftly into the top hit class is distinctly his own. You could no more halt it than you could stop an ocean wave with a toothpick. Jerry Lee is a born singing, piano-playing, music-making entertainer . . . a guy who has to be heard.

They found that out at Sun Record Company in Memphis, Tennessee, the first time he came through the door with a grin on his face, a roll of tape under his arm and an urgency in his voice as he stated, "I came to see Sam Phillips."

Every performer's way to stardom is as personal and different as falling in love. Jerry Lee's destiny involved a family which put a son's needs first . . . a teacher who failed to understand him . . . and a man who was away from his desk.

Many (Continued on page 62)

"My next star": Sam Phillips of Sun Records had a hunch about Jerry Lee, at first sight. First listen proved it.







**Trademark:** Made in Memphis. A million-dollar array of song talent—Jerry Lee at left, Carl "Blue Suede shoes" Perkins on guitar, Elvis Presley on piano, Johnny Cash at right—gathers for strictly off-the-record jam session. Lucky number? "Blueberry Hill."

*In Jerry Lee Lewis, Sun Records has launched a boy with a beat which thunders up a storm all over America*



WMBQ deejay Dewey Phillips (at upper right) gave Jerry Lee's first platter its very first air-spin. Crowds flocked to Poplar Tunes Record Shop to buy it—and meet Lewis.



Jerry Lee is frequent guest at Sam Phillips' home, where young Knox, 12, and Jerry, 9, argue relative merits of Presley and Lewis haircuts. But there's absolutely no argument about the late snacks Becky, Sam's wife, makes for Jerry Lee. They're the most.



# WANTED: *Six Wives*



Michael Ansara of "Broken Arrow"

**M**AYBE there's not as much gold now in them thar California hills, but there's a sight more romance in the Golden West, as viewed on TV. The hero may still ride off into the sunset alone, at the end of each episode, but he'd rather kiss a gal than a horse anytime—on screen or off. And the gals are responding in spades. With a whole corral full of he-men waiting for the right she-women, the female posse is racing full gallop to carry the fan mail. Just as a sample assay, here are six eligible handsome critters—with helpful hints on their dates and hopes.

In this new era, the noble redskin is fluttering as many hearts as his paleface brothers. Few bachelors in film-land get more mail than Michael Ansara, Apache chief Cochise of *Broken Arrow* (ABC-TV, Tues., 9 P.M. EST). At 34, six-foot-two Mike is as brawny as any desert son, has scored highest in Indian roles. Actually, he's the New England son of Lebanese immigrants—and has old-fashioned ideas of marriage suitable to tribal customs of both Old World and New.

Of bachelor life in a Hollywood apartment, Mike says:

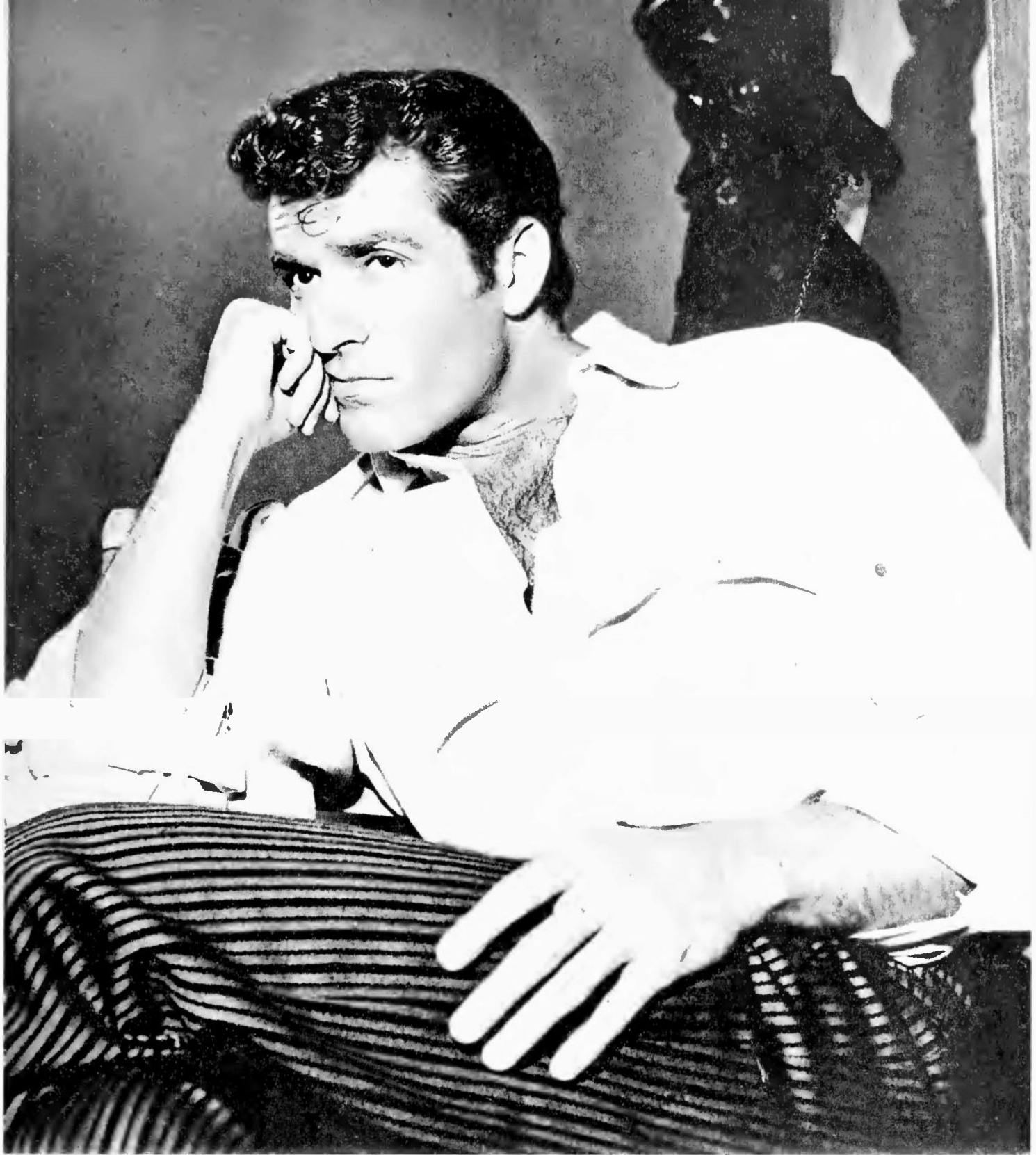
These rugged Western bachelors haven't been roped yet. Meet six men who are eagerly hoping to meet just the right girl!



Will Hutchins of "Sugarfoot"

"I like it. I know I'm having a lot of fun." Of single men in general: "They can struggle and they can squirm—but they're going to be caught by some gal. That's my goal!" Recently, he's been dating Gia Scala, Julie Van Zandt, Myra Monsour, Jill Jarman. But he probably won't wed an actress. "The man must be the *man* in the house," he affirms. "I think it's hard for a man and wife, both in the profession, to make a go of it. There are so many beautiful women in the world—and they are *not*





Hugh O'Brian of "The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp"

all in Hollywood. If the right girl would come along," he concludes, "I'd get married and have a dozen kids. That's what I'm looking for."

Blond, blue-eyed Will Hutchins—who is cowboy Tom Brewster of *Sugarfoot* (alternating with *Cheyenne* on ABC-TV, Tues., 7:30 P.M. EST)—dates starlets, too, because they share similar career interests. But he likes coeds even better. He's the collegiate type. Los Angeles-born Will got a B.A. in drama at Pomona College,

studied for his M.A. in movie production at U.C.L.A. after overseas duty with the Army Signal Corps.

Starlets or collegiennes, Will likes a girl who can carry on a sensible conversation. A thinker, he likes his women that way, too. Six-foot-one Will is the kind of guy who takes a gal to a play, buys her a book. Youngest of our six "eligibles," at 25, he feels he isn't ready for serious romance, thinks he has a lot more to learn about women, after all that concentration on school and career.

***Continued*** →

# WANTED: *Six Wives*

(Continued)

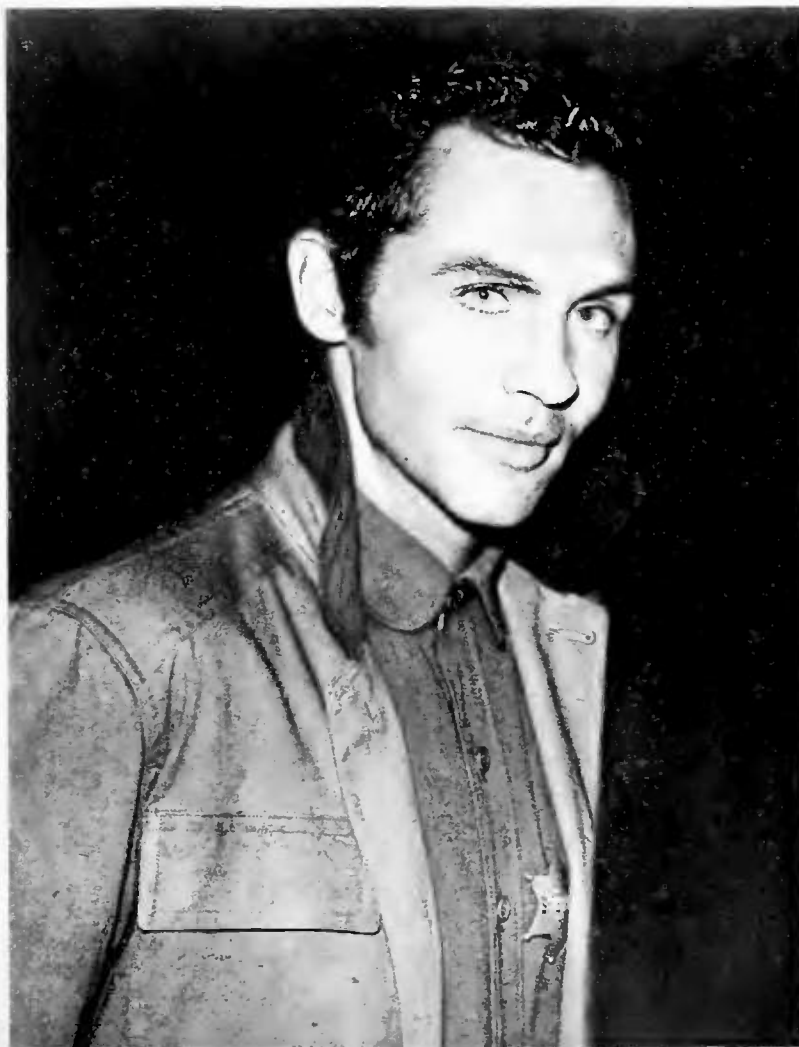
But he definitely wants a wife and family as soon as he's "established." The way things are going now for Will, that doesn't seem far in the future—ladies, get your lassos ready!

With the undoubted, enduring success of *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp* (ABC-TV, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST), Hugh O'Brian is in a position to consider romance and marriage seriously right now. Born in Rochester, New York, brought up in the Midwest, this dark, intense six-footer is also a college man—Kemper Military in Missouri, and Cincinnati U. But there were lean years of struggle, when he decided to take up acting after his service with the Marines during the war.

When Hugh was offered the role of Wyatt Earp three years ago, he says he didn't have anyone but himself and his canine pal, "Lady," to provide for. Since "Lady" only ate thirty-three cents' worth of dogmeat a day, she wasn't much of a responsibility. Today, at 32, O'Brian could raise a whole family on filet mignon—and he's ready to settle down. Gallant as Earp himself, Hugh's much in demand socially, says that, to him, all women are beautiful. He has no preference in looks or type, except that he wants "the home-loving kind." Hugh wants to fall in love. But, more than anything, he wants to be sure it's the right girl.

Indian smoke-signals are wafting the news that Pat Conway of *Tombstone Territory* (ABC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST) is already branded and on his way to the matrimonial market. Pat was born to show business, out Hollywood way. His dad was movie director Jack

Pat Conway of "Tombstone Territory"



Dale Robertson of "Tales Of Wells Fargo"

Conway and his granddad is Francis X. Bushman, great lover of the silent screen. But Pat himself preferred life on the family ranch, in his earliest days, had learned to rope and ride before he was ten.

At 26, he's always been a shy one, who blushing admits he could never hope to match his grandfather's way with the ladies, on film or off. But—between drama studies at the Pasadena Playhouse and at London's Old Vic—Pat served a tour with the Marines in the Mediterranean and North Atlantic. Being a Leatherneck, as well as an ace-high cowpoke, he has learned to "advance." Now that he's Sheriff Clay Hollister of *Tombstone*, he's no longer afraid to swing his lariat, when the right heifer lopes over the horizon.

Black-haired Dale Robertson, the Jim Hardie of *Tales Of Wells Fargo* (NBC-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST), is living the bachelor life on his Sepulveda, California ranch. Born and raised in Oklahoma, this rugged six-footer loves the outdoors, raises quarter-horses in California, has a really large spread in his home state which his brother manages for him. Free weekends, Dale spends working the horses at his ranch, teaching riding to his four-year-old daughter by an early marriage. And, whenever he can, he likes to take off for Oklahoma to visit his parents. Dale was voted "outstanding athlete" at Oklahoma Military College, later served with General Patton's Third Army in Europe.

Date-wise, Dale's been out with a number of different girls, both in the industry and out. Nothing "steady," though he'd like to get married again and says it will "depend on the girl." She'll have to like both music and writing, which are the biggest things in his life—next to racing his horses. Dale takes his writing seriously, has done a few screen plays and submitted ideas for *Wells Fargo*. As for music, he loves the classics. So, ladies, take your pick: Riding, writing, romantic music!



Robert Horton, the Flint McCullough of *Wagon Train* (NBC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EST), likes the classics on his hi-fi, too, but is also fond of "pop" standards. "Music for listening," he calls it. A native Californian, Bob doesn't go for Hollywood-type dates, with both parties fighting to make bright, witty conversation: "As far as I'm concerned, there doesn't have to be any conversation." Thirty-three years old, and just over six feet tall, Bob can't stand people who are always "on stage." For that reason, he says, "I doubt if my wife will be someone from the industry."

Bob seldom takes his dates to night clubs, is more apt to wind up with them at the home of one of his best

friends, a European doctor, for black coffee—and conversation! That's his idea of a fun evening. Between times, Bob grubs around the libraries poring over historical journals looking for the kind of material which makes frontier-scout McCullough come to life in the post-Civil War period of *Wagon Train*. (Bob himself was in the Coast Guard, during more recent hostilities, and has studied drama at Miami U. and U.C.L.A.)

As Bob allows, "I don't mind this bachelor life . . . but I'd much rather be married." A sentiment which seems to sum up the philosophy of all six of these eligible males—who may be headed for the best roundup faster than the most fabulous Western hero could draw and shoot!

Robert Horton of "Wagon Train"



# "This Is the Way I Like to Look"

*Tiny Susan Douglas knows her own size is best —for her—shows small girls how to dress well*

By HARRIET SEGMAN

**I**F YOU'RE SMALL, why pretend you're tall? asks tiny Susan Douglas of CBS-TV's *The Guiding Light*. "Better," says Susan, "to pretend that all tall girls wish they were petite." At the right is Susan as she likes to dress. "I like fitted dresses," she says, "with simple lines and small details. Big collars may be fashionable right now, but not for us tiny girls." Susan chooses short or elbow-length sleeves, long only if they're skin-fitting. If she can't resist a dress with large lines, she has it made smaller in both size and proportion. "Make sure it's not a dress wearing you," she says, "but you wearing the dress." Susan's pumps always match her dress for an all-in-one look. She wears a one-piece foundation garment to avoid a figure break. "Don't over-decorate," she warns. "There's not enough of you to chop into four or five focal points. Wear one piece of jewelry, or a tiny, colorful hat, or a small, bright collar."

"NOT THIS WAY . . .



. . . BUT THIS WAY."



**A**T THE LEFT, Susan Douglas shows how she thinks a small girl should not put herself together. Explains Susan: "A full top is good with a slim skirt, or a full skirt can be worn with a fitted jacket—but full skirt plus full top overpower a tiny figure. Same goes for triple-tier dresses cut like wedding cakes. Leave these for your tall sisters. I like the all-one-piece look, so I avoid separate jackets, and choose full-length coats and all-one-color suits. The purse I'm carrying in the photo also adds to the unbecoming 'billowy' look. Small, slim, flat purses are better. I don't care for fluffed-out hair, either, for a small girl with small features. Too much hair, not enough face. I like my hair very short and well-shaped, in a cap or sculptured style, not wavy or bushy. Or quite long and pulled back and away to show the outlines of the face." Personally, Susan doesn't recommend bangs for a small girl unless she has an enormous forehead or extremely long or large face. "If you must have bangs," she says, "just wear a very wispy arrangement that leaves enough forehead showing. Always remember that your object is to show your face and trim figure, not your hairdo and dress."





Paul Anka



Hazel Court



John Russell

## INFORMATION BOOTH

### Fair Royalty

*Would you please write something about Hazel Court, who stars in Dick And The Duchess, on TV?*

*Mrs. R. M., Atlanta, Ga.*

The latest bundle from Britain to grace the American home screen is lovely Hazel Court, who plays opposite Patrick O'Neal in the CBS-TV series, *Dick And The Duchess*. And fair royalty she is. Hazel, who was born in Birmingham, England, remembers she made up her mind to be an actress very early in life. Much later, when Hazel's parents saw it her way, they sent her off to the Birmingham School of Drama for the necessary training. While there, Hazel distinguished herself in theater, painting, ballet and writing, and celebrated her eighteenth birthday by signing a five-year contract with the Rank organization. Major film roles followed, in quick succession. On stage, she appeared in "Laura." . . . Hazel is married to actor Dermot Walsh. Six-year-old Sally, their daughter, is undecided about a career, but hugely enjoyed "playing" her mother's daughter in a recent remake of "Frankenstein." Her parents had to take care she didn't see complete rushes of the famed horror film and get scared off from acting.

### This Is the Boy

*Please write something about singer Paul Anka, whom I've heard on the deejay shows on radio.*

*D. S., Springfield, Mass.*

Canadian teenager Paul Anka has a crush on "Diana." But so do millions of other teenagers on the North American continent. The difference is—as his fans know—this is the boy who wrote the song about the girl and sang it, just about "a million times." . . . Paul, sixteen, was born and raised in Ottawa. His ex-

tremely precocious interest in music and show-business took him around to every stage door in town. To Paul, any trifling bit of lowdown on the upbeat and its manners was grist for his music mill. . . . He developed his own vocal group, calling rehearsals daily. Within a year, Paul's teen-age trio was booking in theaters and teen-age clubs around Canada. . . . But making arrangements wasn't enough. Paul felt the material itself wasn't "right." He began to make up and jot down his own songs—both for the group and for solo. About a year ago, a representative from ABC-Paramount heard the young tunesmith on his own tunes and liked the style—that nervous, mellow vibrato which was to become Paul's trademark. Paul cut four sides, and "Diana"—written as a tribute to a slightly older heart-throb of Paul's in Ottawa—became the catapult for his rocketing success. . . . Of slight build and volatile personality, Paul writes new numbers, a batch at a time, using his own unique "shorthand" to notate them. As for "Diana," he'll never forget her.

### Fortune Smiled

*I would like to have some information on John Russell.*

*E. D., Nova Scotia*

Maybe it could only happen to a Californian—like John Russell. This *Soldier Of Fortune* was two days out of the Marines when, suddenly, Hollywood—in the form of a well-dressed stranger in a restaurant—tapped him on the shoulder. "Had John ever considered becoming an actor?" John thought the man was kidding, but he showed up at the appointed time and place the next morning. It turned out the man was a genuine theatrical agent. John was tested, and signed to 20th Century-Fox. . . . Over a long succession of roles—from "A Bell for Adano"

to his latest, "Untamed Youth"—John has become known as "an actor's actor." There's six feet, four inches and 190 pounds of him, and he can portray anything from villains to heroes. For his role of Tim Kelly in the TV series, *Soldiers Of Fortune*, John had to obtain a special release from Republic Pictures. . . . For movies, he's free-lance now, but for family life, John can't be called foot-loose. John's marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Renata, has been long and happy, and has produced three lovely children—Renata Amy, 10, Shaunna, 9, and John James, 6. John likes music and is an ardent skeet shooter. He sees to it, though, that the Russell collection of firearms is kept well out of the children's reach.

### Calling All Fans

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

*Pat Boone Fan Club #829, c/o Judy Pappas, 40 Alma St., Kingston, Ontario.*

*Hugh O'Brian Fan Club, c/o Darlene Religa, 429 Roehampton Ave., Toronto 12, Ontario.*

*Official Dale Robertson Fan Club, c/o Joanne Julian, 40 Bennett Ave., Rochester 21, New York.*

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**FOR YOUR INFORMATION**—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.

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# TALK OF THE TOWN

*After playing roles as others wrote them, Eloise Kummer is now happily herself on WBBM*



Twice a day, Josh and Eloise swap chit for chat, but he protests that she talks "while I'm interrupting."



Over an old copy of RADIO MIRROR, Eloise reminisces with Virginia Clark, who once starred in *Helen Trent*.

**L**IKE TWO GOOD FRIENDS sitting down to klatsch over a cup of coffee, Eloise Kummer and Josh Brady foregather at the microphone to talk of many things. *Eloise And Josh*, heard weekdays at 10:30 A.M. over Chicago's Station WBBM—and its afternoon counterpart, *Josh And Eloise*, at 3:15 P.M.—is a friendly and frank sounding-board for anything that pops into either's head. "Among our favorite topics," says Eloise, "are the battle of the sexes, clothes, interior decorating, gardening, and problems of the classroom and of housewives." . . . With little if any formal preparation, anything is food for this talkfest. "Josh loves to heckle," Eloise says, "and it's up to me to straighten him out when he gets off on women drivers or women golfers." "But then," Josh retorts, "I get real mad when she talks while I'm interrupting." Though they broadcast at times when most of the available listeners are feminine, there is a surprising amount of mail from males. "And a lot of the letters written on business stationery," Eloise adds. . . . Teaming with Josh, Eloise is just herself. She's known to millions—in character, though—for her leading roles in *Backstage Wife*, *The Story Of Mary Marlin*, *The Right To Happiness*, *The Guiding Light* and *The Road Of Life*. Eloise starred in these daytime dramas in the days when they were broadcast coast-to-coast from Chicago. When the shows moved to New York, Eloise did, too, for one year. On television, she was seen in *Hawkins Falls* and as Nancy Bennett in *The Bennetts* series. . . . Unlike Kay Thompson's famous Eloise, who lives at the Plaza, this talented Eloise grew up in Sheboygan. She got her show-business start in high school and Community Players productions, continued as a producer, director and dramatic actress over the University of Wisconsin's radio station, WHA. Next, she moved to Northwestern University's Chicago campus, a handy location to the broadcasting studios where she entered "big time" radio. . . . Today, before, immediately following and in-between her two radio shows, Eloise handles numerous spot commercials on radio and TV, narrates films for schools and industry, and plays an active role in her community. But evenings and weekends are reserved for being Mrs. R. A. Jones of Evanston, Illinois. . . . This year, on Mother's Day, Joseph or "Kicker," who's 9, and Amanda, age 7, presented Eloise with a bicycle. On Father's Day, Ray, who is president of A.F.T.R.A., got his. Now, an early-evening bike ride is almost a daily event for the entire family. They share other activities, too. Ray serves as executive chairman of Evanston Cub Pack 22 and Eloise acts as den mother. Eloise's wide range of interests also embraces gardening, refinishing furniture, and making needlepoint for antique chairs. . . . "Of all the radio roles I've done," says Eloise, "I think I probably enjoyed *Mary Marlin* and *The Right To Happiness* the most. The role of Jane in *Judy And Jane* is another favorite." But, though she's made many exciting women come alive out of a script, Eloise adds, "Interpreting and handling a daytime-serial part is always a matter of doing it as you believe the character would do it—this, as against simply being yourself, as we are on *Eloise And Josh*."



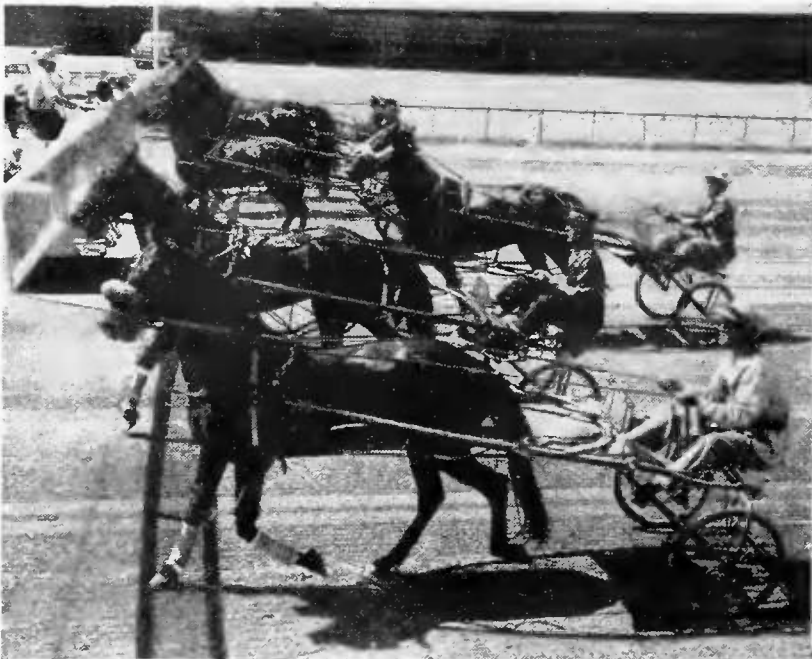


**Keeping** up with these Joneses means moving fast. It takes, at the very least, a bicycle—like the ones Mandy and "Kicker" bought for Eloise on Mother's Day, for Ray on Father's Day. But they slow down, below, for a family reading hour.



# MAN ON THE MOVE

There was lots to listen to  
but nobody to talk with at the studio,  
so deejay Joe Van took his WKMH mike  
and went out to meet the people



That's Joe, second from the foreground, in a sulky race at the Detroit track. Below, at right, in a change of pace, he interviews a draftee at the Fort Wayne Induction Center.



Wherever Joe roams, a WKMH mike goes with him.

**D**ON'T LOOK now, but Joe Van may be just around the corner of your shoulder. "Movin' Van," as his listeners have begun to call him, is a handsome, six-foot-three disc jockey for Station WKMH in Dearborn, Michigan. His time slot is from 7 P.M. to 1 A.M., Monday through Saturday. But that's the only thing stationary about him. Joe Van gets around—faster than sound, in a jet plane thousands of feet above Detroit or, another time, slowing down to the speed of a sulky at the Detroit Race Track. . . . "I got tired of just spinning records and yakking," he explains. "All of a sudden, I realized that there are a lot of people around who have plenty of interesting things to say, but no chance to say them. At first, I thought we could get them to come to the studio," he continues, "but that's not half as good as taking the studio to them! I've interviewed sailors in a submarine, librarians in a library, dogcatchers at the Dog Pound, guards at the County Jail, workers at the Automobile License Bureau during the last-minute rush, workers on an automobile assembly line while they were assembling cars—all live and on the air." . . . Joe is liable to pop up any place. "That man—Joe Van," Michiganders have taken to saying, but with a wag of the head and a wide grin. To Joe, it's a genuine thrill to meet these people. Others may have labeled them "the average citizen" or "the common man." But, to Joe, they're neither average nor common, and he presents them on his popular





At home, though, Joe slows down. Margan is perched on dad's lap, Peter is paired off with mam Pat.

program as intelligent, competent and, above all, interesting people. . . . The unexpected, on this type of program, comes to be the expected matter of course. "Like the time," Joe recalls, "that a shabby-looking fellow asked me for a dime for a cup of coffee—not realizing we were on the air." . . . Animals have provided as many laughs as people. On a visit to the zoo, Joe wanted to let his listeners hear the lions roar. But the jungle kings were strangely quiet. "It seems the popular music we play on our show was soothing to them," he explains. On another broadcast, a St. Bernard was less reticent. He barked—full force—right into the microphone. "It almost deafened the engineer," Joe recounts, "and half the housewives in Detroit thought they had a dog in the house." . . . One particular housewife, in a Detroit suburb, wasn't fooled. Pat Van knows that anything goes on her husband's show. In contrast to his hectic schedule on radio, television and stage, Joe and Pat live quietly with their two sons: Morgan, who's going on three, and one-year-old Peter. At home, Joe wages a constant war on a strange group of elements which he calls "anti-grassers." This foul group of plants and insects, according to Joe, constantly plan and perpetrate insidious schemes—all designed to destroy the lovely green grass that surrounds the Van homestead. It's a war to the end, and WKMJ listeners are betting on their wandering disc jockey. This is one case, insists Joe Van, when "we're not moved to move."



Joe broadcasts from anywhere, even a jet plane. Here, the Van foursome poses with a more old-fashioned vehicle.







Of kitchens, the Bontempis have four—two in the New York and New Haven TV studios, two more in their Connecticut and Long Island homes.



Chefs with a song, too, Pino prepares the onion stuffing, Fedora pours wine for steak marinade.



Above, they prepare Crema Corona. Below, like many mates, Pino helps at the sink—but glumly.



Sprinkle each with sugar and bake uncovered in a hot (450° F.) oven until tops of onions are glazed; cover pan and lower temperature (to 375° F.) and continue baking until onions are tender (do not overcook). Lift gently from pan and serve immediately with a little of the sauce poured over them.

### CREMA CORONA CON FRAGOLE (Cream Ring With Strawberries)

Serves 8 to 12

Hull and wash:

1 pint strawberries

Drain and place in a bowl. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and a little sherry or brandy, and chill.

Soak:

1 tablespoon plain gelatin

in:

¼ cup cold water

Dissolve over hot water and then cool.

Combine:

2 pounds ricotta cheese  
½ cup cream

2 tablespoons sugar  
¼ cup chopped nut meats

Blend well, add to the cooled gelatin and pour into a 7-inch ring mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Chill until set, unmold and fill center with strawberries. Decorate with whipped cream.



The Poni-Tails (l. to r.) are LaVerne Novak, Patti McCade, Toni Cistone. Above, crew-cut me.

*This space rotates among your favorite deejays. This month, he's Joe Finan of KYW in Cleveland*

## THREE ON A SONG

By JOE FINAN

CLEVELAND has been referred to as the No. 1 record city in the country by many phases of the industry—recording, promotion, exploitation. While this does not necessarily mean that Cleveland sells more records than any other city in the country, it is indicative of the fastest action on any new record or any new recording artist.

One recording group who just recently stepped into the charmed circle of success is The Poni-Tails, now recording for ABC-Paramount. Their latest record, (It's Just My Luck To Be) "Fifteen," is now making its way onto the best-selling charts across the land. Yet, a little over one year ago, these girls—LaVerne Novak, Patti McCade and Toni Cistone—were doing their singing in the girls' locker rooms and assembly halls of

Brush High School, right here in Cleveland.

On a dare, they showed up one evening at one of my record hops and asked if they could sing. They had such fine potential that their present manager, Tom Ilius, who was along, got in touch with their parents and asked if he could make a demonstration record.

Having accomplished this, the girls began to lead a double life—school from 9 to 4 and record promotion from 4 till sometimes midnight. This was accomplished with school books in one hand and an autograph pen in the other. While riding from radio station to radio station in Ohio, they did their homework, which later paid off in straight "B" and "A" averages at graduation.

After graduation came a firm con-

tract with ABC-Paramount and their first national release. In that one year of hard work, we here in Cleveland have watched three charming young ladies mature and develop into seasoned performers, The Poni-Tails. They have since appeared on Dick Clark's *Bandstand* program in Philadelphia, and are soon due for a national TV shot based on the success of their record. The trio is truly on the way to big things.

Cleveland breaks the hits and discovers some of the finest talent, including Tony Bennett, Perry Como (who first worked with the Ted Weems band), and now The Poni-Tails. KYW and yours truly were pleased that we could play a small part in the success story of this newest trio on the singing horizon, The Poni-Tails.

# NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



803



803—A gay Santa apron adds an extra note of welcome to holiday guests. Easy to make. Transfer of 17-inch long apron; color suggestions, pattern for applique pieces included. 25¢

7187—Any tot will love his "Kiddie" cover! Delightful children's faces are embroidered in gay colors on the quilt blocks. Fun to make. Transfer of 9 faces, each about 5 x 6½ inches. 25¢

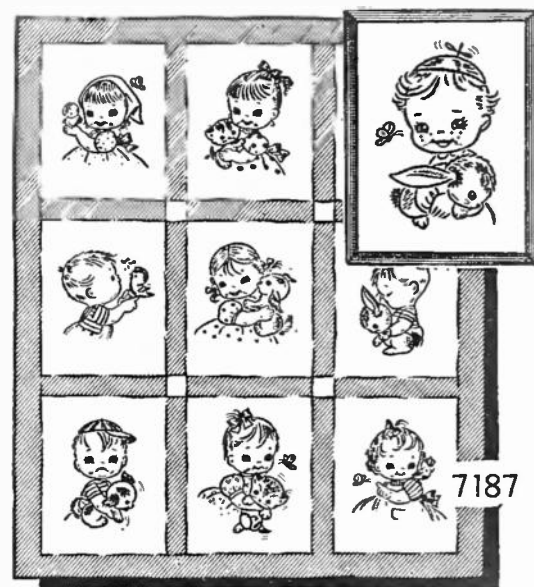
786—Three handsome doilies with flower-medallion centers, lacy borders. There's a 10½-inch square doily, 8 x 13-inch oval and an 8-inch round, each in No. 50 mercerized cotton. Directions. 25¢

7305—With your needle and colorful thread, you can "paint" this lovely woodland scene. Transfer of needle picture is 15 x 20 inches. Color chart, directions. 25¢

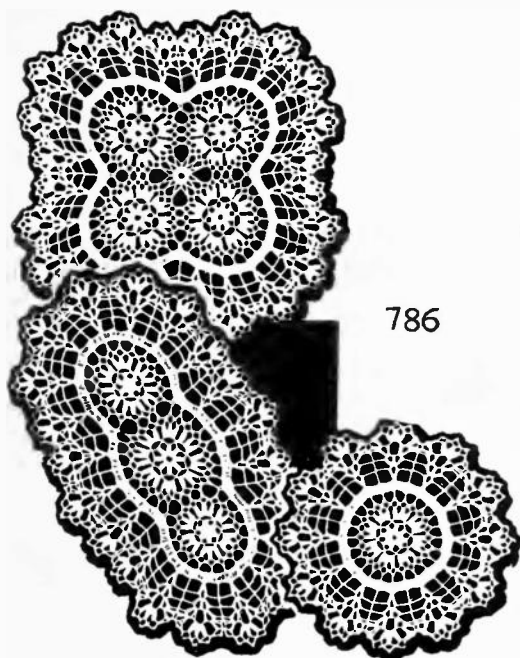
584—Protect and beautify your fine furniture. Feather-in-a-fan design adds interest to this chair or buffet set. Easy crochet directions. Use No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7032—Animal toys stuffed plump with foam rubber. Washable; tots love them. Each toy is just two pieces, plus ears and tail. Transfer, directions for four toys. 25¢

7132—Graceful swan in snowy white crochet—perfect for fruit or flowers. Directions for "swan" centerpiece, body about 13 x 7½ inches. Use heavy jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly. 25¢



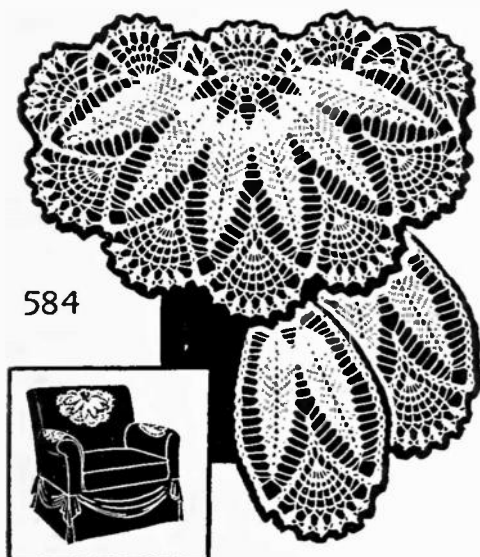
7187



786



7305



584



7032



7132



# MILES FOR A MISS



A wonderful world, says Jean, who plans to see it all before she stops traveling. Even then, she may not stop.



Jean meets *Broken Arrow's* John Lupton, Michael Ansoro.



She "disarmed" Hugh O'Brian (*Wyatt Earp*) on recent trip.



Travel souvenirs ore her celebrity interviews. Here, Jeon turns the tobles on Mike Wollace.

*"The Girl Who Travels Alone,"*  
pretty Jean Mager shares her  
adventures with WISN viewers

**P**ERT AND PRETTY, Jean Mager is also peripatetic. She went on her first trip when she was six months old—but that was in the company of her family. Since 1943, though, Jean has been billed as "The Girl Who Travels Alone." . . . For a girl like Jean, going it solo presents no problems. On a cross-country drive like the 7,000-mile jaunt she made this summer, Jean simply gets herself "adopted" by truck or bus drivers who blaze the trail for her. Wherever she goes, she makes friends. Curious and open-minded, she also finds that, wherever she goes, things happen. In Mexico City, one day, they voted her the Queen of the Bullfight. In South America, aboard a private yacht going out to wave a welcome at an ocean liner, she suddenly found herself being sprayed against the bubonic plague. In Peru, she arrived just in time for a revolution. . . . Whenever she returned to home base in Waukesha, just outside Milwaukee, Jean would regale her friends with accounts of her adventures. Soon, the Shriners, women's groups and assorted clubs were asking her to speak to them about her travels. Then she was invited to do a single radio show about a recent

trip. This grew to a series of fifteen, and then into *Feminine Viewpoint*, a WAUX program of travel, entertainment, fashions and celebrity interviews. This year, Jean has added video to the audio on two Station WISN-TV programs: *Luetzow Varieties*, each Monday at 1:45 P.M., and *Good Housekeeping*, seen Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M. Milwaukee area viewers have seen Jean frequently on Channels 12, 4 and 19, and her Jean Mager Dancers, a product of the dancing school she runs, are regulars on Milwaukee screens. . . . Jean travels alone—and likes it. She lives alone, too, in a huge six-room apartment whose bathroom itself measures eighteen feet. Her furnishings, like her clothes, are tailored and versatile. Jean likes to sleep late in the mornings, is a good cook, loves music, books and the theater. But, though she's a successful one, she doesn't look like a "career woman." She thinks it's about time for that right man to come along, but he'll have to be someone who will share her many interests. Meanwhile, when people wonder how she manages to stay a bachelor girl, Jean has an answer all ready. Says she, "I've been running too fast."

(Continued from page 7)

syndicated tales of the Fifth Cavalry in the Arizona territory in the 1870's. But he looked so much the part that Peters soon found himself before the cameras—minus his commission and as a Cavalry sergeant instead.

**Did You Know . . .?** Hugh Beaumont, co-star with Barbara Billingsley on the new *Leave It To Beaver*, is a licensed minister, spent the war years preaching at the Methodist Church at 28th and Main Streets in downtown Los Angeles. Hugh has a Christmas tree ranch in Marcel, Minnesota—plants 10,000 saplings every spring. . . . Michael Ansara, "Cochise" on *Broken Arrow*, was made a full-fledged Iroquois Indian Chief. . . . Speaking of Indians, NBC-TV's *Truth Or Consequences* emcee, Bob Barker, was raised on a Dakota Indian Reservation. . . . The foremost hobbies of Woody Woodpecker's creator, Walter Lantz, are golfing, mystery-magazine reading and amateur cheffing. He recently sold his Valley house to NBC-TV vice-president John West. The house came equipped with built-in barbecue in the covered patio, where Walter spent his hobby time. Since veep West enjoys the patio, too, and calls Walt every few weeks for recipes, Lantz quips, "I'm going to dedicate my first cook book to John."

**Traveling:** NBC-TV's George Gobel will be on the road in March with Diana Dors to plug their Paramount pic, "I Married a Woman." . . . Tommy Sands to Mexico City for two-week breather after completing "Sing! Boy, Sing!" . . . Speaking of travel, it seems nowadays that competition in the rating battle is sending performers out on the road. Guy Mitchell is touring in December, as are Joan Caulfield and Marion Lorne, who hit the trail for a two-week jaunt to plug *Sally*; and Hugh O'Brian has made a successful cross-country trip to plug the *Wyatt Earp* show and his album. Yep, more actors making the rounds today than toured the old vaudeville circuits. . . . NBC-TV's Tennessee Ernie is putting out a song folio of the spirituals he loves best. His favorite? "The Old Rugged Cross," which he sang at the First Methodist Church in Bristol, Tennessee, when he was four years old.

**Hollywood Heart:** Gale Storm, in the midst of her busy schedule, is taking off during the holidays to tour to Philadelphia, New York, Springfield and Chicago, in behalf of children's hospitals and every major charity. Nobody is sponsoring Gale's tour, she's paying her own way. It's something she's wanted to do for a long time. Gale is giving up part of the holiday season with her own baby daughter Susanna, and her boys Phillip, Peter, and Paul, to bring smiles to the faces of thousands of children cross country. That's the heart of Hollywood.

# New Patterns for You



9377  
SIZES  
12-20

9377—Sheath-slim front; a softly bloused back above flaring paneled skirt. Easy to sew with our Printed Pattern. Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric. State size. 35¢.

9262—Lovely princess jumper with companion blouse is such a versatile fashion for winter through spring. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 jumper takes 4 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, 2 yards 35-inch. State size. 35¢.

4572—Slim perfection for the half-sizer. Tucked bodice and neat midriff melt pounds away. Printed Pattern in Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 5⅝ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢.



9262  
SIZES  
12-20



4572  
SIZES  
14½-24½

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

# "If You Want to Be Actors..."

(Continued from page 16)

won't beg favors for you, pull wires or anything like that. If it's really in your heart, you'll work and pray and listen to advice and make your own breaks. That clear?" And they said, "All clear, Dad."

As time has passed, Johnny and Judy, who have already attracted some notice by the quality of their occasional performances on the *Rusty Draper Show*, have come to understand their parents' attitude even more. Argues Johnny, "Kids our age—even when they put on a passable show—aren't sure in their minds about sticking to show business. Only real professionals can be that sure. Take me, for instance. Two years ago, I joined the Little Leaguers in Carmel. That's where we live. All I wanted was to play ball. I kept forgetting to practice the piano. So Daddy and Macia stopped the lessons. Dad said, 'I played "pro" ball for a while, and I know how you love the game. Bear in mind, son, it's better to be a good ballplayer than a half-baked entertainer.'"

"They did right, too," sister Judy bobs her head sagely—both children have their father's freckles, easy grin and enthusiasm. "The way Johnny was doing, piano lessons were a waste of money. But, after a year, Johnny started missing his music."

"I'd get out on the field," Johnny takes it up again, "and songs would start popping into my head and I'd get absent-minded and fail to catch a fly ball. I didn't want to be a half-baked ballplayer. So I went to Dad and Macia and told them I wanted to get back to the piano."

"And he's been a good little boy with his practicing ever since," concludes Judy, a touch too patronizingly for her brother—who mutters darkly, "Watch that 'good little' stuff!"

It should be pointed out that—of all the parents in show business—Rusty Draper should be, and actually is, the one most tempted to help his kids over the rough spots. Just past thirty, he is a veteran of twenty years' struggle to get ahead. He has known lean years. And there have been times when he felt the darkness of defeat close in.

"I don't doubt that my kids are talented," he says, his white, winning grin adding a gleam to his vivid coloring. "We're a musical family." He recalls how his father, Sam Draper, used to race him for the guitar before breakfast—until mother Della put a stop to it by getting a second guitar, a tenor instrument, so that father and son could harmonize. "At the time, the Delmore Brothers were going great on radio and we'd have a ball imitating them."

Rusty's favorite pastime, aside from the guitar and baseball, was "sitting on our lawn hunting four-leaf clovers." When he was twelve, his uncle and aunt wrote that they were coming to visit. Rusty had found a four-leaf clover that day and he immediately leaped to the conclusion that this visit would be lucky. What he was dreaming of was that Ralph and Arietta Powell, who by then had left Missouri and had their own radio show going in Tulsa, Oklahoma, would be struck by all he'd learned and take him back home with them and give him a job. They came, they heard, they patted his head, and they left—without Rusty. He moped and mooned about, neglecting school work and letting his guitar gather dust.

"I was blue and didn't care who knew it, and my family got the brunt of it. I've always suspected that one of them must

have written to Tulsa—because, a month later, I got my first engagement. It was from Uncle Ralph. I was to go on their program. For three dollars and fifty cents a week! Plus room and board! How I cheated those dear people. I'd have done it for just room and board!"

After six months in Tulsa, the Powells went on tour and with them went our hero. "I loved it—the novelty, the excitement—we performed on Western jamborees and local radio shows. Only one thing was missing, the sense of belonging, of having roots. Just think, I picked up my high-school education in twelve different schools," is Rusty's rather wistful recollection. "That's why Macia and I have tried to give Judy and Johnny permanent links with a town, a house, a school, a group of friends. . . ."

It was while he was doing his own radio show out of Springfield, Illinois, that he began giving serious attention to a sport in which he had seemed to excel since childhood. He was thrilled when his pitching proved good enough to win him a post in the 3-I League (Illinois, Iowa and Indiana). He was soon playing night baseball with what turned out to be reckless enthusiasm. "I was going real good until I broke my thumb," he makes the laconic boast with wry humor. As a result of the accident, he had to wear a splint and was forced to forego playing his

## *Just "Family" Folks*

**BILL CULLEN**

His Wife Tells His Story

**DAVID NELSON**

Oz & Harriet's Son on the Beam

**MARJORIE LORD**

What Makes a Happy Marriage?

**KATHY NOLAN**

Young Bride of The Real McCoys

**TV RADIO MIRROR**

February issue on Sale January 2

guitar. Setting the pattern his son would follow years later, Rusty decided that music came first. Regretfully he stowed his glove away. Millions of his fans will gladly confirm the wisdom of this choice.

His first important break came in Chicago. He was doing a stint with a group called "The Sons of the Ozarks" and was asked to record one of the tunes he'd been singing. The record sold remarkably well: "How could I miss with a title like 'When Beulah Did the Hula in Missoula'?" Rusty made up his mind again. It was time for him to get out and go it alone.

He traveled to the West Coast and tried his luck at the International Settlement in San Francisco, where he got a rousing reception. It led to a two-week engagement at the Rumpus Room. He stayed on for eight-and-a-half years as the longest "hold-over" on record. The place held sixty people when he started. Before he left, it had been enlarged three times to hold 600.

For a seventeen-year-old, he had been working hard and moving fast and thus had little time for the usual teen-age experiments with dating and romance. Now a very pretty girl, also in her teens, crossed his path. They fell instantly in love—more in love with love than with each other, Rusty sadly admits now. They

were married. It was not a happy arrangement. After a few years of trying to make a "livable home" for the children, they came to the inevitable decision and were divorced.

"I was at low ebb, and my career sank even lower," Rusty says with unaccustomed grimness. Time dragged interminably. The zest for music, for companionship, for life itself, seemed gone. Then, on what he still considers the most memorable night of his life, he accepted an invitation to a party. As he stood gloomily observing the milling guests, he chanced to look across the room. Between two "showgirl-sized blondes" stood a dark-haired girl whose vivacity seemed to dart out at him like a quiet flame. "I felt like a drowning sailor who's caught hold of a raft. I stayed at Macia's side all through that party. I'm not shy about admitting that I only leave her now when I'm forced to."

Three weeks later, the pretty statistician became his business manager. She found his affairs in confusion, one of the consequences of his emotional turmoil. She got out the proverbial new broom and started a clean sweep. If she worked overtime at this task, it was only natural. She had promised to marry Rusty as soon as he was "good and solvent." Then there was the problem of his two children. She took the first hurdle by insisting that he bring Judy and Johnny along on their first date. In this way she made it clear that she would not enter the Draper family until the children had given her their confidence, respect and love. She saw to it that the foursome spent as much time together as possible.

By 1950, almost two years after they met, she concluded that both these conditions had been fulfilled. The kids had accepted her fully, and Rusty's books were balanced. She said the great small word of consent, and they became man and wife. Soon after, she finally won her campaign to spring him from his contract at the club and began booking him into the most famous clubs in the country—New York's La Vie en Rose, New Orleans' Blue Room, Miami Beach's Fontainebleau, Hollywood's Crescendo, and others. She saw to it that he was seen with greater frequency on top TV and radio shows, including Tennessee Ernie Ford's variety melange.

The usual barometer of popularity—zooming fan mail, requests for repeat performances, increased publicity—was indicating that Rusty had, at long last, "arrived." In a tone of awe that suggests he hasn't quite got used to the miracle, Rusty comments, "Seems like my career, if you call it that, was only waiting for a touch of the spur to send it jumping over the moon." Macia still pressed on to net Rusty more recording assignments at Mercury. It wasn't long before two of Rusty's platters, "Gambler's Guitar" and "Shifting, Whispering Sands," topped the million mark. Then came a bid for his own CBS Radio show and, in the course of a few months, he had won a huge following, particularly among the ladies.

Two years ago, the Draper clan held a conference and together made up their "family mind." They voted to buy a home in Carmel, a lovely town not far from San Francisco. "We didn't make it famous," grins Rusty. "Robinson Jeffers, the poet, did that a long time ago."

"We love it," Macia chimes in happily. "It has a fine school system, good shopping, clean streets, interesting view and—most important, for Rusty and me—seven golf courses."



Because of his radio show, Rusty and Macia live in Hollywood during the week, leaving the house and children in the care of their housekeeper to whom they affectionately refer as "Aunt Clara" Klinck. The Drapers made up their "family mind" about something else. Back in San Francisco, when Rusty had been holding forth on his own *Adventure Time* KRON-TV show, his kids had got their own first taste of acting. One of his sponsors had been a muffin-mix company. Rusty had drafted Judy and Johnny to do a commercial in which they mixed and baked muffins before the camera. Since that time, Rusty had been careful not to "over-expose" the kids to show business. But now the decision was made to let them accompany him and Macia while he filled several Western engagements.

Judy and Johnny began to show a disturbing excitement over the entertainer's life, with its constant change of scenery, round of novelties and unceasing challenges. Each new town, each new club, was like a door opening on some strange and fascinating wonderland. "Why didn't you tell us show business was like this?" wailed the kids. Rusty merely growled, "Because I wanted you to find out for yourselves."

It had finally come down to this: Rusty's attitude, summed up, says, "I don't want to push them into anything." This opinion is balanced by Macia, who says, "But we mustn't hold them back, either."

The crucial point came one Friday night last spring. Judy met Rusty and Macia at the Carmel airport. "She seemed unusually excited," Rusty chuckles. "She was bubbling over. We could tell she had something pretty special on her mind."

The "something special" was Judy's announcement that she wanted to spend her summer at the Perry-Mansfield School in Colorado Springs, "learning about the theater—from the ground up." Her parents had to admit that, if she was willing to spend her vacation studying, she must indeed be serious. They were completely won over when they discovered Perry-Mansfield accepts only students who can prove a natural aptitude for acting—a qualification Judy met with flying colors.

Johnny was enrolled at the Lowell Whiteman Ranch for Boys, just a few miles from Perry-Mansfield, which offers a similar curriculum. Both youngsters were so pleased with their choices that they've already put in bids to return next year.

"And," Macia reports with a twinkle, "was Rusty the proud papa when Judy and Johnny landed roles in plays given at Perry-Mansfield's Julie Harris Theater—she's the school's most famous graduate, you know."

The children are showing a keen interest in other phases of show business. They are avid students of the dance, Judy in ballet, Johnny in tap. And they have appeared several times on Rusty's show, singing duets or harmonizing with their dad. "You couldn't exactly say we're professionals, because we didn't get paid," Johnny twits his father.

But let nobody get the notion that the Draper kids are going to forsake school and the normal life of American teenagers. Both Rusty and Macia state firmly, "As a family, we agree they're to have the best training. Now and then they'll be allowed to go on the show. But they're not going seriously into show business until they want it more than anything else in life. When it's that deep and strong in their hearts, they will make it come true. But we don't want it to happen except on those terms."

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(Continued from page 42)

aspiring kids, some talented, some wishful, have sought out Sam Phillips, owner of Sun Records, since word got around that it was Sam who developed Elvis Presley into an entertainer. Presley, when he first wandered into the Sun Studio, was only a youngster with \$4.50 in his fist to pay for one of those "test your voice" records. He announced, "I can sing anything," then proceeded to prove it in a single song by changing style and tempo each eight bars.

Phillips was the one who, out of this mishmash, sensed the boy's potential. Phillips coached Elvis to bring out his talent, taught him stage presence, cut his first professional disc and turned him into an exciting rock 'n' roll performer before selling his recording contract to RCA Victor. Searching out talent which has never before been presented on recordings, he also brought from obscurity to best-seller status Carl Perkins, of "Blue Suede Shoes," and Johnny Cash. To sign on with Sam seems to many a beginner the fastest route to fame and fortune.

But, when Jerry Lee Lewis first burst into the Sun Record office, Sam was out. His assistant offered to listen to whatever Jerry Lee had to offer. He spun the tape, cocked an ear, made the usual non-committal comment that the piano and voice combination was "interesting." He remarked, too, that Sun might "consider" it. Soft of speech, Jerry Lee did not raise his voice one decibel as he said, "Sir, I came here to see Sam Phillips."

"I said that Sam Phillips was out." From there, the conversation grew more and more stubborn. Jerry Lee wanted to know where Sam Phillips was and when he would be back. Told that Sam might not return that afternoon, Jerry Lee demanded, "Where does he live?"

"I can't tell you where he lives. He does not want to be disturbed."

Jerry Lee was not to be put off. "Man, you just got to tell me where he lives. I done drove three hundred miles—all the way from Ferriday, Louisiana—to see Sam Phillips, and I'm going to sit on his doorstep until he takes five minutes to listen to me."

The discussion was growing heated when Sam walked in. Recalling that meeting, he says, "I had a hunch as soon as I saw that kid. I knew if he could do anything at all, even toot a mouth organ, I had me my next star. He looked like a performer."

Jerry Lee is, indeed, an impressive hunk of man. Broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, he stands six feet tall. His hair is bright blond and wavy. His eyes are blue, his complexion fair. The black sports shirt, black skivvy shirt and black trousers which he likes to wear emphasize his well-muscled frame. He moves with the smooth power and grace of a black panther, but the million-candlepower smile he flashes is open, happy and infectious. When Jerry Lee Lewis grins at you, you'd have to be the original sourpuss not to smile back.

Sam led the way to the studio. "I kept telling myself," he now concedes, "that this kid could not possibly be as good as I hoped he was going to be." Phillips is his own engineer at recording sessions. Seated at the control panel, he listened first to the tape and then asked, "What else do you know?"

Jerry Lee went to the piano. "I sort of like 'Crazy Arms.'" At that time, this was a tune which singer Ray Price had made his own. Introduced in the country-and-Western field, it proved such a hit that it had moved over into the popular-music

classification. Sam anticipated that Jerry Lee would fall into the amateur's common fault of trying to imitate an established star's style.

But the way Jerry Lee played and sang "Crazy Arms" bore no resemblance to Price nor to anyone else. Sam Phillips watched and listened with growing excitement. This wasn't country, nor jazz, nor bop nor straight rock 'n' roll, yet all of them had contributed. The music had a primitive sound and a wild, muscle-moving beat, but it also was surprisingly polished. Jerry Lee was as deft as a concert pianist. While his left hand held the driving beat, his right picked up the theme, expanded it and gave it back. Says Sam, "I never expected to hear anyone add counterpoint to rock 'n' roll."

When Jerry Lee's hands came down on the last crashing chord, Sam switched off his control board. "That's it. We'll press it." Jerry Lee hadn't even realized he was being recorded. It was an almost unheard-of accomplishment. On his first audition run-through, Jerry Lee Lewis had produced a number which the discerning Sam Phillips thought good enough to release in competition to Price's established hit. With a dramatic flourish seldom known in real life, a new star was on his way.

Jerry Lee Lewis was born September 29, 1935, in Ferriday, Louisiana, and grew up on a cotton farm nine miles from Natchez, Mississippi. His parents are Elmo and Mary Ethel Lewis and he has two sisters, Frankie

## GIVE—

### Strike back at Cancer

Jean, who is now thirteen, and Linda Gail, who is ten. Music has always been a vital bond in their family life. His father plays piano and guitar. Jerry Lee says, "Come night time, when the work was through, we'd all get around the piano to sing and we'd each take a part. Mom would be cooking supper, but she'd get a few notes in, too, then run back to the kitchen to turn over the chicken."

Jerry Lee, from childhood, had "fooled around with the piano." When he reached the age of nine, his father listened critically and said, "Son, you're not making any minor chords. Guess you better have some lessons." The tutoring was brief. "I was on my third lesson, I guess," says Jerry Lee, "and this teacher was trying to make me play it note by note, just the way it was written. Well, I just can't do that. Never have been able to. I got to play it my way."

Today, Sam Phillips says, "Jerry Lee is absolutely unable to copy by rote or to repeat himself. I've never heard him play a number exactly the same way twice." Even at nine, Jerry Lee's urge to originate and create was developed. He was no child to coerce into becoming a musical mechanic. In speaking of that stormy third piano lesson, he says, "That teacher and I had some words. I got mad. He got mad. Then he slapped me . . ."

Fortunately, the elder Lewis understood his son. "Dad never did make me go back. We sort of worked out our music together. There was one time when my daddy got ahead of me, but I couldn't let that happen, so I tried real hard."

Religion became another definite influence. The Lewis family belongs to the Pentecostal Church, and there is daily family worship. Jerry Lee says, "Mama

gets the Bible out and reads a few verses. Then she kinda preaches a little and we discuss it. We can't get up much of an argument, though, because we all believe the same way."

With some thought that he might become a minister, Jerry Lee, on reaching high-school age, enrolled in the Southwestern Bible Institute at Waxahachie, Texas, but study of music soon became his dominant interest. He set one goal for himself and reached it quickly. "I got this wild notion I wanted to play violin. Usually, it took six months to get into the orchestra. I made it in two months. Then I decided I didn't like the violin and went back to the piano."

Wise teachers encouraged him to try other musical instruments. Jerry Lee proved to be one of those natural musicians who could play anything. He reads music—"only I'm slow at it." He works out all of his arrangements by ear.

He was graduated from the high-school division of the school and his direction changed. "I never did go on to take the college courses. Instead, I went back home and started playing music in a night club across the river in Natchez." Jerry Lee had reached the time when he had to be heard.

His new job, he says, caused considerable family commotion. "My daddy was all shook up about it at first. But then he checked up on me and found out what I said was true. I never did partake of a drink at that night club. I'd go to work at eight o'clock and then, at one o'clock, I'd go right home. It even got so that customers would come in early and they'd request hymns and I'd sing them."

There were two in the band—"but we tried to sound like a half-dozen. You just never saw two guys so busy." At the piano was Paul Whitehead, a Negro musician deep steeped in the tradition of Dixieland jazz. "He was blind and he was getting old," says Jerry Lee, "but, man, did he know all there was to know about music!"

Playing up a storm, Whitehead usually was at the piano and Jerry Lee at drums. Occasionally, Jerry Lee would switch to trumpet or ocarina. "Then I'd hold the beat by playing a sock cymbal with my foot. Sometimes I'd switch over to the piano and Mr. Whitehead would play something else."

Jerry Lee had no intention of remaining forever in a small night club. "I'd work a week and then I'd be on the go a week, trying to find someone who would listen to me or put me in a show or make a recording." His father, who had left the farm and was then working as a carpenter, helped Jerry Lee try to advance. "He'd drive nails all week, then he'd use some of the money to take off with me. He was anxious to help me find the right spot."

One of those spots Jerry sought was *Grand Ole Opry*. "We'd heard so much about Nashville, we went up there and I tried out. They sure were cold. In Nashville, they laughed at me." Jerry Lee failed to realize that it is the policy of the "Opry" to hold to the traditional country music. Already, he had too much jazz, too much rock 'n' roll, too much distinctive Jerry Lee in his style to qualify.

Discouraged, father and son returned to their routine of work and auditions. "Then I heard about Sam Phillips and his Sun Record Company. I knew I just had to get to Memphis. I figured if Sam Phillips could make Presley a star, he sure ought to be able to help me."

With success so sudden, Jerry Lee, having cut his first record on his first try, found it hard to believe his dream had

come true. His wishes and his experience had conflicted so many times. He returned to Ferriday to wait for the record's release, but, within a week, he was back in Memphis. Knowing nothing about the recording business and the distribution of records, he had a vague understanding that it was too soon to expect anything to happen, but he was too edgy to stay home.

When he arrived at Sun, Sam Phillips greeted him, "I was just fixing to call you. We rushed it through. Dewey Phillips will play your record tonight on his show on WHBQ." Dewey Phillips, the man who gave Presley's platter its first spin, also introduced Jerry Lee's "Crazy Arms." Hearing himself played was a new experience for Jerry Lee. With a strange feeling of detachment, he said, "Man, is that me? I just can't believe it."

At Sun, Sam began organizing the difficult campaign which would take an unknown artist from obscurity to national importance. Sam says, "Many people thought I was a fool to sell Presley's contract to RCA Victor, but I've never regretted it. It gave us the working capital to do a better job promoting our other artists." It also gave Sam's word authority. When he said a performer was good, disc jockeys and record distributors were willing to bet it Sam's way.

Sam's most difficult convincing job came right in his own family. His brother Jud had at one time worked with talent and promoted shows. He had once been interested in Sun Records, but the lean early days had dimmed Jud's enthusiasm. He had returned to the Phillips' home town, Florence, Alabama, and was in the automobile business.

Sam, believing Jerry Lee would go right to the top, knew he needed help in the campaign. He decided to try to bring Jud back into the firm. But Jud, when Sam visited him, was cold to the idea. He had had enough of show business. It fluctuated too much. He was comfortable where he was. He didn't care if Sam did have "another Presley." That's a phrase which raises Sam's blood pressure. "Jerry Lee is not another Presley," Sam told Jud with spirit. "Maybe he's a bit like Victor Borge was when Borge was his age. But he needs coaching and understanding and a chance to learn. He needs a good, solid foundation, and I don't want to push him ahead too fast. He's going to be a big star for a long while. He needs the kind of perspective you can give him."

Sam's fervor broke down the objections. Jud became Sun's national sales manager and the drive was on. Jerry Lee soon faced his first big audience. Wink Martindale, who has *Dance Party* on WHBQ-TV, and Bob Neal, who was Presley's first manager and who now manages Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins, were staging a series of country rock 'n' roll shows. Wink says, "I heard Jerry Lee's 'Crazy Arms' the night Dewey first put it on the air and I flipped. Bob and I decided to put Jerry Lee into our next program, which was set for Helena, Arkansas."

When Jerry Lee came on stage that night at Helena, he admittedly was scared to death. Wink recalls: "The kids didn't scream or carry on, but you could see they were carried away by his playing. Then Jerry Lee began to get excited, too. Suddenly he jumped up, kicked away the piano bench and kept right on playing, standing up. Then, man, it happened! That audience was all shook up."

Jerry Lee's next test was at Clarksdale, Mississippi, the place where Presley first took fire. Johnny Cash had top billing on that show and Jerry Lee was in the traditional let-down spot, next to closing. It was the hot spot that night. The kids kept Jerry Lee on stage more than an hour.



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When Johnny came on stage he told the audience, "You've just seen a new star take off. And, believe me, if I didn't know Jerry Lee was wringing wet and dead tired, I'd ask him to come back here and take my time, too. Since he can't, I'll just play you some of my quiet numbers and maybe we'll all calm down a little."

The boy who had learned his music in family singing sessions, in a school orchestra, and in a little night club, was on his way. As soon as he cut his second record at Sun, Jud Phillips and Jerry Lee set out on a seven-weeks' tour to introduce "Whole Lot of Shaking Going On" to disc jockeys and their young listeners.

Word passed swiftly. Cleveland disc jockey Bill Randle was tipped off by his mother, who lives in Detroit. She heard Jerry Lee when he called on the Detroit disc jockeys, and wrote her son that this boy was one he mustn't miss. When Jerry Lee reached Cleveland, Randle, one of the nation's top disc jockeys, was waiting. In Buffalo, so many kids turned out for the record hops at which Jerry Lee appeared that the police had to bar further entry to the hall.

In New York, they hit their first disappointment. Audition records and information about Jerry Lee had been sent to the producers of a certain major TV show. An audition appointment was made. The interview lasted less than five minutes. The star didn't like Jerry Lee at all. Jud came away from that office sizzling. Jerry Lee was crushed. "Maybe I am just a country guy. Maybe I don't belong in this town," he mourned.

That was enough for Jud. "That's not the only show in New York," he said. "I'm going to call Steve Allen." Irritated as he was, he spoke right out when he reached Jules Green, the Allen Show's executive producer. "I'm Jud Phillips from Sun Records in Memphis. We don't bother you New York people with every kid who can pick up a guitar, but when we have a boy we believe in, we think you should hear him."

To Jules Green, there are two kinds of talent managers, "the phonies and those who are completely honest." He says, "Sun Records is a name you pick up the phone for. The Phillips brothers know their business." He invited Jud to come right over to Steve Allen's office.

Green and the talent coordinator, Henry Frankel, were a bit nonplussed, however, when Jud arrived minus audition records,

minus photographs, minus record reviews. All had been sent to the show which turned them down. Said Green, "I must say you're a strange salesman. You have nothing to show us what you're trying to sell."

Jud grinned and pointed to Jerry Lee. "Oh yes I have. I've got the man himself. If you've got the piano, he's got the talent." That's how it happened that Jerry Lee used Steve Allen's own piano to audition for his first national television program. The big chain reaction had started.

Jerry Lee and Jud had a few suspenseful days while Steve Allen and his production staff determined exactly which date they would put him on the program, but Steve settled that by one sentence. "We know talent when we see it, don't we? Let's put him on as soon as possible."

Jerry Lee describes what that first network performance meant to him. "That was a stone, man, a rolling stone. It gathered no moss." He was to raise that delighted cry many times during the next few days. The shy boy who explains his own performance by saying, "Before I can play or sing, I got to get it in my imagination—I got to see what a song is about," had many sharing his excitement.

Never in his life had so much happened in so short a period. He was asked to repeat on *The Steve Allen Show* two weeks from his first booking. He was scheduled for a third program later in the fall. Two major talent agencies competed to represent him. After much consultation, Jerry Lee and Sam and Jud elected to book through William Morris. ABC-TV put Jerry Lee on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*. He also appeared in his first movie.

The response to his *American Bandstand* appearance could quickly be measured in records. The show originates at the studios of WFIL in Philadelphia. The kids jammed in—and, apparently, after the show they *ran*, not *walked*, to their favorite record shops. A couple of hours after his appearance, Sam Phillips received a frantic telephone call from Harry Chiptz, owner of Cosnet Record Distributing Company in Philadelphia. "Sam, you gotta get me some more Jerry Lee Lewis records right away. My dealers are driving me crazy. I had five thousand on hand this morning and now they're all gone."

Says Sam, "It wasn't just in Philadelphia that the kids were discovering that Jerry Lee had the beat and the sound they wanted. To meet the demand from all over the country, we soon needed three press-

ing plants to keep up with the orders. 'Whole Lot of Shaking' was heading for the top of the charts."

The response to his first motion picture performance was measured in applause from the toughest audience in the world—the production crew, stagehands and fellow actors in the picture. Warner Bros.' "Jamboree" stars Robert Pastene, Kay Medford, Paul Carr and Freda Holloway. It features twenty pop music performers. Among these, at the time the scenes were filmed in New York, Jerry Lee Lewis was the least known. As extras, to compose the audience for these performers, the studio had called in a crowd of New York's most promising young actors and actresses. It was not a group to be easily impressed.

Roy Lockwood, the director, tells what happened when Jerry Lee faced the camera. "I looked around and noticed that everyone got going to the beat. It wasn't just the cast. The production crew felt it, too, and the stagehands came to the edge of the set. When he finished, they burst into applause. I'll admit I ordered a few extra takes I didn't need, simply because everyone was enjoying it so much. That guy brought the joint to a standstill."

The title of Jerry Lee's filmed number seems appropriate: "Great Balls of Fire." The name came from his friend Dewey Phillips, the Memphis disc jockey. Dewey, who is no relation to Sam and Jud, liked Jerry Lee, but he had tended toward an opinion that he was just another country boy fooling around with the piano until he joined the Memphis delegation to *The Steve Allen Show*. Then Dewey, too, steamed up and rushed over to Sam. "Man, he's got it," Dewey said. "This little old cotton-pickin' kid is a real ball of fire!"

Personal appearances, more television programs and bids from motion picture studios are spreading that ball of fire to conflagration proportions. A new singing, piano-playing, entertaining star is on his way.

And how is Jerry Lee taking it?

No one has yet noticed any swelling of the head. He still likes to wear those black skivvy shirts and buys them for two dollars apiece from Lansky's, on Beale Street in Memphis. His biggest treat while in New York was to head out to Coney Island and ride the roller-coaster. He likes to go to what he calls "ghost moving pictures" and equips himself to watch a horror double-feature by buying two bags of popcorn and a Coke. His favorite of all favorite foods is a ham sandwich. Says Wink Martindale, "When everyone else orders steaks, Jerry Lee Lewis splurges by ordering two ham sandwiches."

The crowds of fans who want his autograph still frighten him a little. He's still the shy, modest country boy who walked into Sun Records insisting he was going to sit on a doorstep until he saw Sam Phillips. He has since crossed that doorstep many times, and Sam Phillips' house has now become Jerry Lee's second home. There are those who predict that, if Jerry Lee ever does start being impressed with his own success, the conviction will come not from Sam, nor Jud, nor Mrs. Sam, nor the fans, but from the Phillips' younger generation.

Between Sam's two sons, Knox, age twelve, and Jerry, who is nine, a terrific argument rages. They can't decide whether to continue to sport haircuts like Elvis Presley's or to change them to copy Jerry Lee Lewis's crisper style. Knox and Jerry Phillips also are thinking of working up a number of their own to be dedicated to Jerry Lee. They already have a title, and perhaps it is prophetic. They plan to call their special number, "A Whole Lot of Snipping Going On."

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# What's All This About Teenagers' Problems?

(Continued from page 21)

and your wife have any specific ideas or attitudes in raising children?

Well, yes. There's a very humorous book by John Paul Smith in which he says, "We don't leave our kids alone enough." I agree with him. We should teach kids the basics and then leave them alone. The only thing I stress with my boys is absolute, utter honesty. If they adhere to that, honesty to others and to themselves, everything else will take care of itself. If they make mistakes, it doesn't bother me. I still make mistakes. My wife is an awfully good mother, and both of us were raised by families who didn't pay too much attention to details—a momentary lapse in manners or good habits was not considered a crisis brought on by a traumatic experience. The important thing was and is, we believe, to hammer at the essentials.

Do you think parents frequently set standards too high for their youngsters?

Frequently, yes. As you know, I used to stutter. When I was about fifteen, I decided that I wanted to be an actor. My parents opposed this. Well, I was terrible in school. I literally got 5's and 10's. Not in a few subjects. I mean in all subjects. I never got into any malicious trouble, but I just wouldn't be a good soldier. Instead of my parents saying, "This isn't for him; let him do something he'd be successful at"—instead, I was forced to conform. This resulted in my stuttering for about a year. As we know, stuttering is an emotional block and I had no confidence in myself. Now, because I once stuttered, I get letters from parents telling me their children stutter and asking if they can come in and talk about the problem. In almost every case, when they come in, the parent does all the talking, overriding the child. They say, "We want him to be this and do that but he has this miserable insecurity." They don't realize they've given it to the child themselves, by being over-protective and overdemanding.

Suppose a young person is a poor mixer—you don't think parents should push him out?

Don't force him to do anything against his nature. Now, don't get me wrong. I'm strongly opposed to what they call "permissive training." You know, if a kid wants to hack the legs off the piano, you say he's expressing himself. That's nonsense. What he needs is a good kick in the pants. But, on the other hand, he shouldn't have to conform completely. If he doesn't want to go out with others, it means he is quiet and introspective. That wouldn't bother me. And, too, not all children will do well in school. Some kids shouldn't go to college. They may be happier working with their hands.

I know that you have always been a jazz "buff," but you mentioned once that one of your sons likes rock 'n' roll. Do you clash on this?

My older son likes progressive jazz. It's my fourteen-year-old who likes Presley and rock 'n' roll. No, I never show disapproval. Absolutely not, because this is a matter of taste. For example, I don't like symphony music. But I can't see any moral problem in rock 'n' roll. I dislike it because it's so miserable musically, but I think a parent makes a mistake to express disapproval of a thing like rock 'n' roll. He's just driving in a wedge between himself and his son over something that is unimportant.

Does a parent have a right to disapprove clothes his teenager wears?

I think good manners are paramount. Now, I don't mean Chesterfieldian manners. I mean the manners that indicate consideration of the other person. Good

manners may mean showing up with your face washed and wearing a tie. But, if all the kids get into a fad where they are wearing neon orange jackets, I don't see where it does them any harm.

Would you disapprove if your sons wore a ducktail haircut?

Well, I would hate to see one of my boys in a ducktail haircut, but I wouldn't order him to the barber. I would appeal to his sense of humor, maybe. My older boy worked in Minneapolis on a new newspaper last summer. He left home with a butch haircut and came home with an overgrown haircut. All I said to him was, "Well, Elvis!"—and that did it. He went to the barber on his own. But I would never have ordered him to go.

As an entertainer, what do you think of Presley's sexy gyrations when he sings?

It bothers me, as an entertainer, because I think it's in atrocious taste. And, again, I don't think it's good manners. He's thereby encouraging other kids to abandon good manners. But I don't understand this other thing people talk about when they say Presley or James Dean represent the teenagers' revolt against adults. I don't know any kids who are "revolting." My kids may not agree with me, but then we sit down and discuss it. I've never had one of my boys talk back at me. I've had them resent things. This I could tell, by their expression, but they never sass me or get sarcastic. Never ever.

How do you account for that?

A little bit of the spanking department when they were too young to comprehend and logically understand why a thing shouldn't be done. But then, as soon as possible, you abandon that and reason with them. When Mason got to be seventeen, he had demonstrated enough maturity in his own decisions that I told him, "I will never again tell you what you can or cannot do. I reserve the right to advise you when I think you're doing something wrong, but the decision will be up to you." Now Garry, Jr., asks if he will get the same privilege when he is seventeen. Well, I have explained that it depends on him. I felt my older son was ready—but you don't just pick a date to promote a private to corporal. He gets the promotion when he's ready for the responsibility.

Do you think a parent should skirt discussions on sex?

I believe that, if a child asks a question about sex, you answer that question and that's all. Give an honest answer to the specific question, and then let it alone until you're asked for more.

What's your opinion of steady-dating?

I've never encountered it, so I haven't given it too much thought. It seems to be more of a Midwestern or, maybe, Far Western problem. But I don't think it's a healthy thing. Familiarity breeds more familiarity. But I would never make the mistake of saying, "You must not go steady." I would try to marshal arguments and say, "I think you're making a mistake for the following reasons . . ."

Fortunately, my kids know much of my background—that I'm not a conformist. They know I had to buck my own family to become an entertainer. They know that, professionally, I've followed my own ideas of what the show should be, rather than the dictates of the network or the sponsors. So they know I will never object to what they do because "it's not the thing to do" or because people will talk. So I have an advantage that way. When I tell them something doesn't seem wise, they know it's in their own interest.

Where does the responsibility lie, with the boy or girl, when it comes to drawing a halt in petting?

The girl has her own responsibility, of course. But—to get back to good manners—if she doesn't want to be kissed, it's up to the boy to respect this and not give her a bad time about it.

Where does a young person learn the proper conduct between the sexes?

He or she learns at home, if the parents are gallant and have good manners. A child probably learns tenderness from the mother, restraint and understanding from the father.

Where does a child learn, if not at home?

Now you're getting down to the real thing. It's a trite but true statement, "There are no delinquent children—only delinquent parents." Well, I don't know what a child does, from that kind of home. I think the moral tone of the country has deteriorated. Or maybe, as I've become mature, I've become aware of it. Oh, I know—if you go back through the ages, you'll find that the early Greeks and the Romans, and right on down, were saying the same thing—and, if we'd been deteriorating that long, we'd be back on all fours. So perhaps it's a fallacious argument.

But I don't think parents pursue constant honesty, and that's when things begin to fall apart. Like parents getting on a bus and saying their kids are under-age when they are even two months over. I think you should make an occasion of the fact that the child, even when he's one week over age, is now a man and pays fare. I think Jewish people have an excellent idea in making a ceremony when a child is thirteen and saying, "You are now a man," for this instills in the boy not only a sense of responsibility, but also a sense of exultation. Every human being strives for freedom, and you get freedom by accepting responsibility.

You know, it's shameful the number of people who take pride in cheating a little bit. If you suggested they were stealing, they'd be outraged. But, if they have violated a law and go through a traffic light and can talk a cop out of it or slip him a five-dollar bill, this is a horrible example to the kid. I remember one time when I was driving with the boys. A traffic cop stopped me and two cars ahead of me. We had been doing forty miles an hour in a twenty-mile zone.

The officer gave the first man a ticket and then he gave the second driver a ticket. He came up to our car and recognized me. He said, "Hiya, Garry." I said, "Hi." He said, "I watch you show all the time." I said, "Thank you." Then he said, "You go on. I'm not going to give you a ticket." Well, I had to insist that he give me a ticket or my boys would think that. If you're well known, the laws of society don't apply to you.

Does a parent have the right to tell teenagers whom they may or may not associate with?

It's never wise to tell a teenager anything. I'm forty-two, and I don't like to be told I must do this or that. And so, with youngsters, you cannot demand, you cannot tell—unless you're dealing with a horrid problem. And I can't imagine, at the moment, what that might be.

Do you think kids have less respect for parents than they did when you were a kid?

No. And I think "respect" is used in the wrong way. When a father or mother says that a child doesn't respect him, he means the boy doesn't obey him. Well, I don't think you can demand respect from a child. Those are things a parent must earn.

But what if parents think their kids are running with a bad crowd? Shouldn't a

teenager respect his parents' wishes here?

It seems to me that you don't "interfere," but "influence." You find things to do with your kid so that he doesn't hang around the corner. And you appeal to his intelligence. Every kid wants to be bright, and you should point out to him it is really a dumb thing to set himself up against society and its laws. There is nothing smart about getting arrested.

If you had a teen-age daughter would you let her go out with a date who drinks?

Absolutely. Certainly. Kids are going to start drinking. You can only hope that, when they begin to drink, they will let you know. Three weeks ago, if you'd asked me what I would do about a drinking problem in the family, I would say they don't drink. But, last night, we were out with my older boy. There were his date and her parents and Nell and myself. As I said before, Mason had been working in Minneapolis and this was our first time out in a couple of months.

Well, I took the adults' drink orders, then I asked his date what she would have and she said tomato juice, although I know she has an occasional cocktail. Then my son said he wanted a whiskey sour before dinner and I almost fell out of my chair. We were out to hear Count Basie, and Mason had two whiskey sours over a period of four hours. But I was actually pleased about it. I was pleased that he didn't ask for tomato juice in front of me and do his drinking when I was out of sight. And I noticed that his date's parents were not concerned with his two drinks.

Isn't there a driving hazard in drinking?

Yes, but you're talking about over-drinking and the same thing applies to adults. Years ago, when I was in California, I got to know some cousins who were between eighteen and twenty. They would date in groups of six, three girls and three boys. They would say to one boy, "Tonight is your turn not to drink. Not even a beer. Nothing." Of course, this didn't give the others license to get loaded, either. But that one boy touched nothing. Now that was an idea they had dreamed up themselves.

Would you reserve the right to tell a son not to go out with a youngster who had a reputation for being a reckless driver?

Oh, yes. That's a plain case of protecting the kid. I don't think you say, "You cannot go out with George." But you can say, "You're an idiot if you go out with George, for this is what can happen . . ." Incidentally, my boys were impressed by statistics published by the state of Connecticut, which indicated clearly that the rate of accidents is amazingly higher among teenagers. And I think insurance rates indicate this is true nationally. Well, kids are likely to say, "You just think we're reckless. We really aren't." But these figures prove it's true. The point is that driving is a skill, like golf. You're bound to play a better game after six years than in your first couple of years.

How should a teenager's allowance be determined?

It must be dictated by the society in which you raise your child. If the standard of living is higher, then his allowance must be higher. On the other hand, you should point out this fact—so that, when he gets out scratching for himself, he knows what to expect. But don't misunderstand. I don't believe in exorbitant allowances. Up to fifteen, our boys get a weekly entertainment allowance. At fifteen, we started our older boy on a monthly allowance, out of which he paid for his entertainment, clothes and trips he made by himself. It had a good effect. When he went shopping, instead of going into just any shoe store, he tried several to save money. He found that taking a bus, rather than a cab, was money in his pocket.

Do you think teenagers should be encouraged to take part-time work or summer jobs?

Definitely. It gives them a sense of accomplishment.

Beginning at what age?

Fifteen could be a good age.

What about juvenile delinquency—do you think the responsibility is in the church, school, home?

Now there's something I don't know

much about. But I believe nearly everything goes back to the home.

Is it too late to help or correct a delinquent in his teens?

It's never too late. I know people who were bums until they were forty—and then became nice people. All religions are based on the idea that it's never too late to change.

What might make a man—or kid—change from a bum to a nice person?

I think the realization that it's more fun and pleasanter to be a responsible citizen.

What do you think of teen-age marriages?

I would discourage early marriage. I wouldn't stand in the way of one, but I would try to point out that most divorces happen among people who marry very young—they don't know enough about each other, or others. I think, ideally, a man should wait until he's actually able to support a family. That's what I did. I was in love with my wife long before we married, but I set a practical goal for myself—so that, when I was earning so much per month, we could marry.

What do you think of teenagers' fan clubs?

Terrible. Well, I mean foolish. Many times, kids have asked, "Mr. Moore, can we start a fan club for you?" I say no. Unequivocally. An actor, *per se*, is not a terribly contributory individual. He's gaudy, and that's why kids are attracted to him. But there are so many things teenagers can do with a sense of accomplishment. For example, organizing a blood bank. And—if and when they do—they should get recognition for it.

Do you think there is any difference between contemporary teenagers and teenagers of your generation?

I don't think people have changed much over the centuries. We have learned to fly rather than walk, but human nature is about the same. Maybe teenagers learn a little earlier these days, but they are still governed by the same rate of growth into maturity. No, I wouldn't say the present crop of teenagers is superior, nor would I deplore them. Actually, I only deplore the lack of moral fiber in the adult population.

## Alias Zorro

(Continued from page 36)

But who is Zorro? First, the product of Johnston McCulley, who created in fiction form the romantic hero who led a double life—son of a wealthy California rancher by day, the masked defender of the oppressed by night. In mask and cape, Zorro battles the evil Monastario, a tyrannical despot besetting the good people of the Spanish Los Angeles of the 1800's. Zorro has sworn to defeat Monastario—and leaves upon the scene of each of his victories the jagged letter "Z," etched with the tip of his rapier.

To younger TV viewers, this fabulous adventurer will be a brand-new character. Dressed completely in black—with a black cape swinging from his shoulders, black mask, riding a huge black horse—Zorro is the epitome of menace. To older viewers, the character may recall the famous silent movie about Zorro which starred dashing Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., as the defender of the oppressed people of Los Angeles. In 1940, Tyrone Power appeared in "The Mark of Zorro," another successful and thrilling presentation of the same character. And now Zorro rides again, this time played by Guy Williams, who was cast for the part by Walt Disney.

Physically, Guy is a lithe, six-foot-three,

well proportioned one-hundred-eighty-five pounds, with gray-green eyes, dark wavy hair. He has the habit of standing tensed on the balls of his feet like a fencer ready to explode into action.

It was this combination of Zorro-like physical and personal attributes which first caught Disney's eye. When the call for Zorro went out, fencing ability was a prime requisite. Director Norman Foster of the Zorro series was one of the first people Guy impressed when he went to the Disney Studio for the initial audition. Of the twenty candidates casting directors Lee Traver and Jack Lavin had sent to Foster, Guy was a standout. Foster says, "We had checked every studio in town for film footage on our candidates. I was immediately impressed with Guy's looks. But I wanted to be sure he could handle a sword.

"So, the first day, I had him do three different test fencing scenes. From that film, Guy appeared to have been born with a foil in his hand. As far as I was concerned, Guy fit Zorro to a 'T'—or should I say 'Z'? From the beginning, I knew he was the fellow I wanted to play the part." Guy had the Old-World charm, the looks, the fencing ability and acting talent which Zorro demanded. He was given the role.

Guy, whose real name is Armand Catalano, was born in the Fort George area of New York City to an "Old World" way of life. His grandfather, a wealthy timber grower from Messina, Italy, had years before purchased some land in New Jersey which he offered to his four sons. Of the four, only Guy's father, Attilio Catalano, decided to make the New World his home. He settled in New York City to raise his family, and became an insurance broker.

Guy was an active child, not nearly so interested in school as he was in sports. Anything that kept him inside the house and off the playing field he remembers with disfavor. He mentions, for example, the family custom of leisurely dining. "I never appreciated good food," he admits, "because I knew it would be hours before dinner was finished. I could never understand how my family could sit so long at tables talking, sipping wine, eating apples and cheese. In short, we were never a peanut-butter-sandwich sort of family. At the time, I wished we were. Now I can see the charm of such Old World dining. Frequently, my wife Janice and I have guests, and we find ourselves still eating and talking at midnight."

Guy's parents sought to give him the best education possible. After attending



Public School 189 and George Washington High School in New York City, he entered and graduated from Peekskill Military Academy, Peekskill, New York.

"As a student, I loved mathematics," Guy says, "but was bored by most other subjects. My interest in dramatics developed only because I hated my English literature course. We were reading 'Evangeline' and I figured I had had just about enough of that. So I dropped the course and took dramatics."

Actually, Guy's real interest in dramatics didn't develop until after he left school, tried his hand at a few odd jobs and, finally, became a professional model. On one of these modeling jobs, in 1948, he met his wife, Janice. "We were to pose for Russell Patterson, who was doing an illustration involving a couple skiing. Russell was enthusiastically describing the beauty of the young Powers model who was to pose with me. As a bachelor, I was interested in beautiful girls, but had decided no woman could be as stunning as Russell implied."

"Then Janice walked in. She was the most gorgeous girl I'd ever seen. In fact it is now eight years later, and I still remember how staggered I was by her beauty."

Janice, it seems, had a similar shocked reaction. "After we finished posing that day, we had coffee together," she says. "I'm sure I haven't missed seeing him for a day since then, except for his recent location trips."

The whirlwind courtship started at once. "Guy lived just east of Central Park, I lived on Central Park West," recalls Janice. "We started the habit of meeting for breakfast at Rumpelmayer's Restaurant, which is on Central Park South. A very handy arrangement, although we were both so much in love we didn't eat much. After work, we'd meet at the Red Coach Restaurant or one of the little French restaurants which Guy knew. New York is a cosmopolitan city. Guy, born and raised there, impressed me. I was just a little Tennessee gal, not used to the big city. Guy seemed to me a most handsome gentleman with great *savoir faire*. I couldn't help falling in love."

"I didn't realize until recently how well Guy knew the New York area. One of our favorite eating places was a cozy little restaurant called The Bird and Bottle, up near Sleepy Hollow in the Hudson Valley. We drove there for dinner nearly every week. The owners always had a fire burning in the fireplace when we arrived. They always treated us like a king and queen. I later read in a national magazine that the Bird and Bottle is world-famous!"

"Under the influence of such food and Guy's charm, you can't blame a girl for being swept off her feet in less than two months' time."

After their marriage by Judge Harold Menzer in Harrison, New York, Guy and Janice spent their honeymoon in upstate New York in a great colonial lodge with a lake just outside their window.

"It was all terribly romantic," Janice says.

In 1952, Hollywood coach Sophie Rosenstein arranged a screen test for Guy in New York. As a result of this test, Universal-International Studios signed him. Before going to the Coast, however, Williams found regular acting work in New York's Neighborhood Playhouse and in such television productions as *Studio One*.

He remained under his Universal contract for a year, but wasn't given any major roles. Shortly before winding up his work at U-I, the riding accident, mentioned before, occurred. This led to fencing—and fencing led to the Zorro role.

Like Zorro, Guy is a big, active, pow-

erfully built and athletic young man. When he walks, he swaggers. When he comes into a room, he seems to leap in. By contrast, he's an easy conversationalist, and jumps at any opportunity to discuss his favorite subjects—astronomy, hi-fi, chess, and children (the Williamses have a five-year-old son, Steve). True to his Italian birthright, he gestures with his hands when speaking.

Guy's manner is debonair and light-hearted, but he has his serious side. He considers the Zorro assignment a career. Nearly every minute he is not working in front of the camera, he is studying next week's script.

His conscientiousness shows in many ways. When first assigned the Zorro role, Guy knew very little about the guitar. But Zorro is a guitarist. Mr. Disney put well-known guitarist Vincente Gomez in charge of giving Guy lessons. After three weeks, Gomez told Disney that Guy was adept enough to "get by." But Guy didn't want to "just get by." He kept at the lessons until he could play very acceptably.

Guy also wants to be busy, and loves a heavy work load. Up at six A.M. for a seven-o'clock call at the studio, he is usually the first person on the set. Guy good-naturedly describes his work as "only a half-day job—twelve hours. It's scene, scene, scene, one right after the other. Then, at home, it's learning scene, scene, scene for the next day. Saturdays and Sundays, I study ahead on the next two shows, so that when sixteen pages of dialogue come along, I'm ready for them."

In spite of the busy schedule, Guy finds time to play with his five-year-old son, Steve. A junior Zorro, Steve is all boy. He's a naturally athletic youngster. Guy keeps two swords at home, which he and Stevie use to play at rehearsing Zorro fencing scenes. "Stevie's getting the idea real well," says his father. "The other night I bent over to pick up something and he gave me a whack while my back was turned."

Guy and Janice share some rather exotic hobbies. To further their interest in astronomy, they have a telescope set up in the bedroom. Guy proudly describes it as follows: "It has a six-inch reflector and works on the same principle as the two-hundred-inch telescope at Mount Palomar. The equatorial mounts weigh sixty-five pounds—it's not portable, and has great resolving power. The reflector makes the moon *this* big," he says enthusiastically, spreading his arms as wide as they will go. "In the bedroom, a moon that large can be very romantic. It's really out of this world. Recently, Jan and I saw the planet Mars when it had come closer to the earth than it will again for seventeen years. We even tried to catch a glimpse of the satellites—but no luck."

For their photography—another shared hobby—Janice and Guy have a complete darkroom set up in their studio apartment. Japanese prints and some of their own photographic work decorate the walls. And son Steve is a favorite subject for pictures. Janice says, "We have boxes of pictures of Steve. I'm sure he's one of the most photographed children in the world."

The Williams' musical tastes are broad. But Guy's favorite records, out of his collection of 300 LPs, are the last five quartets of Beethoven. He explains, "As a composer, Beethoven was constantly curious about music and constantly exploring new areas of awareness, new areas of sensation."

Whether he's dynamically discussing the stars, fencing, music, the merits of a rare wine or a poetic love song, Guy Williams is as much at home as his fictional counterpart, Zorro, the romantic adventurer of early California.



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# It's No Crime to Be Shy!

(Continued from page 29)

glamour boy as her partner. As soon as he had escorted her back to her seat, she excused herself and left the hall.

The following week, her mother enrolled her in dancing class and, before long, Eve was looking forward to dances with eager anticipation instead of fear. Nor has she ever forgotten the lesson she's learned. . . . A few months ago, Eve and Brooks went to a big party in Hollywood, where the band specialized in the mambo. "Let's dance," Brooks suggested, after two or three other couples had gone out on the dance floor.

"Not in front of all those people," Eve objected.

"You're a good dancer . . ."

"I've never done the mambo. I'd be embarrassed to death!"

"No one will mind . . ."

That wasn't the point. Eve minded, and that's what counted. To avoid a repetition, they had a dancing instructor give them lessons in the privacy of their own home, a week later. The next time the Wests went out where a mambo was played, they participated with fervor.

However, her shyness with boys plagued her many years. Laughingly, she still recalls her first "devastating" crush—on Freddie, a boy in the eighth grade. "I wasn't the only one. Another girl in my class was just as crazy about him. We were very civilized about the whole thing and decided to share him between us. When I won out, nevertheless, I lost my nerve . . ."

It happened at a school dance, the night he brought her a candy bar with "I want a kiss before you go—" printed on it. One look at his offer made Eve avoid him for the rest of the evening. But, since it was customary for the boys to walk the girls home, and Freddie elected himself her protector, she had to face him again whether she was scared or not.

All the way home, Eve didn't dare look at him. And, when he made a move to kiss her just as they reached the steps leading up to her house, she fled in panic toward the front door—hotly pursued by her fourteen-year-old Romeo. He caught her just as she tried to squeeze through the door, planted a kiss squarely on her forehead—and, with his mission accomplished, turned and left.

Everyone must know what happened to me, Eve feared as she tip-toed through the hallway. But her mother, who was waiting up in the living room, didn't notice anything at all. "Have a good time, dear?"

The next time, Eve didn't run as fast. . . .

While Eve eventually outgrew her shyness with boys by realizing that a lot of girls acted pretty much the way she did—and that, in fact, most fellows seemed to prefer the shy girls to the loud, obnoxious type—it was a different story when it came to marriage.

Neither she nor Brooks will ever forget lunch at a New York hotel, after they had appeared in summer stock together for two seasons, co-starring in "Over 21" and "Here Today." While his interest in her had grown beyond the customary attitude of a leading man toward his leading lady, Brooks hadn't really thought of marriage till that day, when they were joined for lunch by Eve's daughters Liza and Connie.

Throughout the meal, he felt Liza's critical eyes on him. At last, she turned to her mother. "Mummie, Brooksie's a good man. I'd like him as a father. Can't you arrange it?"

Eve squirmed uncomfortably in her chair and, for the first time since Brooks

had known her, couldn't come up with an appropriate answer. But Liza's suggestion struck Brooks as a wonderful idea and, two weeks later, he asked Eve to marry him.

Eve bit her lips, looked at him, the ceiling, her shoes, all around the room, finally back to him. "Well, what do you know. . . ." Brooks didn't have the faintest idea whether this meant "yes" or "no," till two weeks later—when he overheard Eve ask a friend of hers in Connecticut whether they would like to have a wedding at their house. . . .

Eve is convinced that, in nine cases out of ten, shyness is the direct result of embarrassment—and age usually has nothing to do with it. She recalled the first time she was reprimanded in front of others.

Eve's mother, Mrs. Quedens, had always avoided getting Eve into such a predicament, but—as Eve herself has found out since—even grownups forget their best intentions. That particular evening, her mother had dinner guests. In the middle of the meal, she suddenly remembered something Eve had done, and promptly scolded her for it before she should forget the incident again.

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## INVEST IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS NOW EVEN BETTER

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The guests probably ignored it. But Eve turned purple, worked hard on keeping back her tears, and wouldn't say another word throughout the meal. After dessert, she asked to be excused and rushed back to her room. When the guests had left, she stormed into her mother's bedroom. "That wasn't fair," she cried out. "That wasn't fair at all . . ." Thereafter, whenever the same group of people came over, she avoided them.

Eve is convinced that nothing helped more to overcome her shyness than show business. She feels sure that anyone afflicted with the same fears and apprehensions would benefit by getting into some phase of it—even if it's just a minor part in a high-school play or participation in a community theater.

"While I used to get scared to get up in class to recite a poem or make an announcement, all my fears evaporated the moment I appeared on the stage," she points out. "It wasn't I who faced the audience, but an entirely different person, and I was looking at her the same way the audience did . . ."

Just how well she had adjusted herself to audiences was apparent when she started to tape the *Our Miss Brooks* radio series—and insisted on a studio audience. And again last summer when it was her decision to have a hundred-some people watch her film her new *Eve Arden Show*.

However, Eve freely admits that sometimes it took a little outside push to get her to accept parts, in the first place. She will never forget her first attempt to get a professional job. For weeks, she had tried to talk herself into asking for a part at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. But, every time she came within a block of the stage entrance, she grew too nervous to go on, made an about-face and rushed back home.

One evening, she confessed her fears to a friend, who promptly took matters into her own hands. "Let's go for a drive," she suggested after supper. On the way home, she "happened" to pass the Alcazar. There she practically pushed Eve out of the car, slammed the door—and shouted, as she tore away, "I'll be back in half an hour . . ."

The night was rainy and chilly. With all the nearby restaurants closed, there was no place for Eve to take shelter—except the theater. Before she realized what was happening, she found her face-to-face with producer Henry Duffy.

"What can I do for you?" he asked obligingly.

Eve faltered. "Nothing. Nothing at all." He looked up, quizzically.

"Well, you could give me a job as an actress . . ." Eve burst out.

By the time her friend returned, Eve had talked herself into a part at her own evaluation of thirty-five dollars a week. She stayed on for almost two years.

Yet some of the functions connected with her career continued to haunt her for a long time. One of them was parties in her honor. In fact, she has always disliked large gatherings because she is scared of crowds—although, once there, she usually has a wonderful time. Like a couple of years ago, when the network gave a party for her in Beverly Hills.

An hour before they were supposed to leave their Hidden Valley ranch, Eve got cold feet. "I have a headache," she announced with the same conviction she had displayed as a teenager at Tamalpais High, when she wanted to get out of making the announcement.

"The drive will do you good," Brooks insisted. "Besides, you're the guest of honor. You can't back out now."

When Eve got there, she shook hands with the guests who had already arrived. But when latecomers wanted to meet her—they looked around for half-an-hour till they finally found her on the back porch! Yet, as the evening progressed, the living room grew emptier . . . because Eve was drawing more and more people to her by being her own charming, entertaining self.

Another facet of Eve's career which used to provide mostly uneasy moments was her relationship with the press. While she is, and always has been, on the best of terms with all reporters—for a long time, Eve has shied away from interviews whenever possible. In fact, it was once believed, around Hollywood, that she hired one of the town's best publicists, Glenn Rose, not to get her more interviews, but to keep the press away from her! And, while she has improved considerably, indications of her nervousness are still noticeable from time to time.

Glenn—who is forever trying to think up new ways that would make it as easy as possible on Eve—had a brainstorm a couple of days before she started her new TV series. "I've made arrangements for you to call the important TV editors of the daily papers," he told her in the morning. "I figured that, this way, you can do all the interviewing at your own home without seeing anyone . . ."

Eve thought this was an excellent idea—but, when the first call came through, she automatically put on her dark glasses before starting to talk!

Actually, the glasses were mostly force of habit. Today—while there are still some occasions when Eve feels uneasy—shyness in her relationship with others has become the exception rather than the rule.

# Three Men on Easy Street

(Continued from page 12)

together so as to wave a palsied reply.

Tom Poston, the third of Steve's hilarious group, isn't so easy to spot, minus the slack jaw, the blank stare, and the mumble. But he can seldom walk the two blocks from his home to the studio without getting a wave and a "Hi, Stupid," from a passerby.

Like it? Of course they do, even though they laugh a bit sheepishly when they talk about it. After years of working and sweating and even going hungry now and then, recognition is nice to get.

In some ways they're a good deal alike, these three second-bananas who have become one of the popular features of *The Steve Allen Show*. For one thing, they all started entertaining as kids, knocking off a few bucks at local appearances.

Twenty years ago, up in Hartford, Connecticut, Louis Nye was hauling down a fast \$2.50 per show on a local radio station, where he appeared in the guise of old Uncle Willie Schultz on a show titled *The Wrightsville Daily Clarion*. Out in Morgantown, West Virginia, Don Knotts was demonstrating his self-taught ventriloquism at high school and before women's clubs. And in Canton, Ohio, Tom Poston, who had become a tumbler in grammar school, was fighting his way to fame—at \$5.00 a bout—at Rotary Club smokers.

As a boy, Louis was shy. His only claim to fame was his facility as a mimic. "Hey, Louis," the kids on the block would yell, "do Mr. Webber." And Louis, eager for recognition, would "do" Mr. Webber. It was a polyglot neighborhood, and Louis also "did" the German butcher, the Irish cop, the Swedish plumber. From there it wasn't far to radio station WTIC in Hartford and Uncle Willie Schultz.

With this and assorted other jobs, including driving a delivery truck for his father, Louis finally saved up \$175 and headed for New York—where he was so frightened he spent the first three weeks in the lobby of his hotel, afraid to venture out. Sitting around the lobby didn't do anything for Louis's career—or his snappy striped suit, either. Startled one day to discover that his pants were getting shiny, he asked the advice of a fellow lobbyist-sitter. "Rub 'em with cut lemon," the veteran actor directed.

Six lemons later, Louis's pants were still shiny. But with the \$33 from his first radio job (he'd finally written to NBC and asked for an audition), he bought two new shirts and had his suit cleaned. "I played a cop in the first act and a boy in the third," Louis remembers, "but, later on, I was mostly cast as a psychotic."

While Louis was still in Hartford, Tom Poston was trying to make friends among his schoolmates, out in Ohio, by his tumbling and acrobatic ability. Beginning with his first appearance as top man on the pyramid at Woodland School, he became so proficient that, a few years later, he was performing in kid circuses and carnivals during summer vacations. "I don't remember how much I got paid," Tom says today, "but I remember we ate well."

Eating was important, for those were hard times in the Poston family. Tom had lived in thirty cities and towns in Ohio by the time he was fourteen, and had no chance to make lasting friendships. As a result, Tom has no one town he can call his home town. "Sometimes I feel a sense of loss," he says now, "and I'd like my baby to have a sense of security that I missed. Still, I feel that I belong, not to one town, but to a very large community that is the U.S.A."

Things were easier after Tom was fourteen. The Postons moved to Washington, D.C., where his mother and sister still live. Tom, deciding to follow in his father's footsteps, enrolled in Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He came out a dairy chemist, though he wasn't sure this was really the profession for him.

Tom and his older brother Richard were pilots during the war, and agreed that, afterward, they both would do the same thing, whatever it might be. Letters flew back and forth from Italy, where Richard was stationed, to various airfields in Europe where Tom was stationed. They discussed commercial flying, among other careers. Then, one day, Tom happened on a magazine article describing the work of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

That was it. Tom wrote the Academy, applying for admission as soon as he was discharged from service. The Academy has a two-year course and, even with the help of the GI Bill and the money he'd saved, Tom "barely made it." But he got a job—even before graduation. Richard had heard they were casting for Jose Ferrer's Broadway production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Once there, they discovered there was only one job—a role which involved tumbling off an eight-foot wall after being run through with Cyrano's sword.

Obviously, it was a role for tumbler Tom. "I got out on the stage that first night, shaking all over," he says. "When my first lines came out of my mouth, even I couldn't hear them." But Tom could tumble and he did—all the way across the stage and into the orchestra pit. He was in "Cyrano" during its remaining weeks on Broadway and on tour. And, when Tom made his first television appearance, it was in the same role.

Don Knotts, the "Shaky" of Allen's "Men on the Street," looks more like a comedian than either Louis Nye or Tom Poston. Slight—he's five-feet-eight and weighs 120—Don has a puckish look and a voice that seems made just for comedy effects. As a boy in Morgantown, West Virginia, he had no yearning to be a comic. But even when he was a kid of three or four, he somehow knew he wanted to be an actor. Night after night, he had to be chased away from the radio and off to bed.

He wasn't too much older when he answered an advertisement, sending off a dime for a gadget designed to make a ventriloquist out of anyone. It was an utter failure, as far as Don was concerned. But the book that came with it, the dummy he acquired via the box-top route, and hours of practice did the trick. Don Knotts and his ventriloquism act became standard at school entertainments. Don also earned some five-dollar bills, appearing before women's clubs around town.

At seventeen, with his high-school diploma and his dummy, Don arrived in New York to seek fame and fortune on the stage. "It was discouraging," is all Don says about it now. So discouraging that, by fall, he was at the University of West Virginia, where his mother had thoughtfully enrolled him that spring.

But Don hadn't given up his dream of becoming an actor. A year later, when he went into the Army, he listed "entertaining" as his hobby. Assigned to special services, he spent two years touring the South Pacific with the Army show, "Stars and Gripes." Gradually, he added jokes to his ventriloquism act. One night, somewhere in the middle of the ocean, he made a clean break: He threw his dummy overboard.

Major Lanny Ross caught the show one

night. "If you ever get to New York," he told Don afterward, "look me up." Some four years later, after Don had finished college, married co-ed Kay Metz, and they'd arrived in New York with their \$90 nest-egg, it was Lanny who gave him his first break. "I wrote him a letter and he put me on his radio program," Don recalls. "Then he got me an audition for Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*. I didn't win, but I got a few job offers as a result."

Jobs were scarce and things were tough for the first six months. The Knotts lived in what Don describes as "an out-sized phone booth" on upper Broadway and ate in cafeterias on the salary Kay made as a receptionist. Then Don got a steady job—as a cowboy on the *B-Bar-B* radio show. It lasted five years. Meanwhile, he was able to take on parts in daytime dramatic programs. He spent two years in the Broadway production of "No Time for Sergeants" and, during the run of that play, he wrote a letter to the producer of the Allen show, asking for an audition.

Don had almost forgotten about comedy when he dreamed up "Shaky" after watching a nervous speaker at a banquet in his home town. He worked on it, tried it out on *The Garry Moore Show* (he wrote Garry a letter, too) and then auditioned it for Steve. Steve liked it—and a new "Man on the Street" was born.

While Don had been going thataway as a synthetic cowboy, Tom Poston has been playing classical and semi-classical roles on Broadway and in summer stock. He won the Vernon Rice award (in 1950) for the best actor in the summer theater. He worked up a comedy act for night clubs, and later had his own show, *Entertainment*, on WABC-TV in New York.

One of the writers on Steve's show, a friend, called Tom in one day. "What could you do on the show?" he asked.

"A drunk," Tom answered.

"Not on a show this time of evening."

"I could do pantomime," Tom said hastily, and demonstrated. Out of this evolved another "Man on the Street."

When "Shaky" and "Stupid" arrived to complete the trio, Louis Nye was already firmly established as "Gordon Hathaway," aside from playing other roles in the show's sketches. Louis had arrived by way of appearances on the Berle and other comedy shows, and fairly regular stints—two or three times weekly—on Jack Paar's daytime program.

Because of his ability as a mimic (talk to him for ten minutes and he'll fly off in as many dialects) and his lack of distinguishing characteristics, Louis is hard to spot sometimes, even on the Allen show. But, as Gordon Hathaway, he's easily recognizable. On Madison Avenue itself, he's also recognized as one of the sharp advertising-agency men, and has even been invited by several agencies to sit in at directors' meetings.

But he hasn't gone completely Madison Avenue. Married to songwriter Anita Leonard ("I went to see her about some music and, the next thing I knew, we were married"), Louis lives simply. The Nyes have a small apartment in New York's East Fifties and, last summer, rented a house on Fire Island, where Louis joined Anita and their son Peter on Mondays and Tuesdays, his days off. But there are no sports cars in the Nyes' present. No country clubs. No maids, cooks or butlers. Comfortable? Yes. Plush? No.

His fellow second-bananas aren't living it up much, either. Don and his wife Kay and their two children live in Dumont, New Jersey, in a house they bought



shortly before Karen Ann was born, in April, 1954. Young Tommy arrived in February, 1957. Don plays some golf, putters in the garden, and worries about whether he can keep on being funny. "I'm a worrier," he says, in that high-pitched voice of his, and you wonder how he could be anything but funny.

A tiny girl, just five feet tall, Kay bears such a resemblance to Debbie Reynolds that even Eddie Fisher did a double-take, when he saw the Knotts at a movie premiere last summer. Don and Kay don't do much night-clubbing or premiering. Because of the children, they spend most of their evenings at home, and their friends include neighbors—"they criticize me every Monday"—as well as people in show business.

On Labor Day last fall, Don was invited home to Morgantown to be grand marshal of the parade. It was a toss-up as to who got the biggest thrill out of it—his mother, who still runs the Corner Coffee Shop there; his two brothers, one of whom lives there; or the kid who used to do his ventriloquism act for the women's clubs.

The more-or-less normal home life of Don and Kay Knotts is not shared by Tom Poston and his wife, Jean Sullivan. Their schedules are often so conflicting and so tight that they are lucky to be able to wave as they pass each other in the hall of their apartment in New York's West Fifties. Jean, an actress once under contract to Warner Brothers, met Tom while they were doing a TV daytime dramatic show, *The Way Of The World*. Their parts lasted for five days, but that was long enough. They were married two months later, in August, 1955. Their daughter Francesca arrived a year later.

The Allen show takes the greater part of four days each week. Since his success as a "Man on the Street," Tom is getting more offers to do other shows, too. (He starred recently on *United States Steel Hour*.) His weekly schedule also includes dramatic lessons with Sanford Meisner, along with singing and dancing lessons. In whatever time is left, he's working on a night-club act. Meanwhile, Jean is doing commercials three nights a week, all of which require rehearsals, too.

They live near their work, in a com-

fortable old apartment house, built about the turn of the century and later remodeled. Its vast "luxury" apartments have been cut up into smaller ones, but the huge rooms, the high ceilings, and the fireplaces remain. The Postons have furnished it in keeping with the elegant architecture—except, as Tom says with a twinkle in his gray-blue eyes, "We haven't been able to find a Directoire TV set."

There's a theory that professional comedians are, in person, a dour lot, but all of Allen's "Men on the Street" explode that theory every few minutes—Louis with his dialects, Don with his voice and his grin, Tom with his wry asides.

Since none of the three has a contract for the Allen show, they are all free to take on other jobs. It's possible that, some Sunday, none of them would be available. Possible, but rather improbable. Though they all have ambitions and dreams and ideas for the future, they know better than anyone else what the show has meant to them: Applause . . . recognition . . . fan mail. All the things that are lifeblood to an actor.

Who wants to move from Easy Street?

## Sonny James: Singing Gentleman from Alabama

(Continued from page 35)

hit for Capitol, "Young Love," jumped the traces and sold over two million copies in the popular field, Sonny refused to admit that somehow he had magically converted his voice to compete with Sinatra. "I haven't changed my style one bit," he says. "The people have changed their listening habits."

Sonny, an Alabaman, was born and raised in Hackleburg, a town of five-hundred population. He began singing publicly at the age of four and that's when they began calling him "Sonny"—his real name is James Loden.

"Pop had a love for music," he says. "When I was four, he made me a mandolin out of a molasses bucket, and somehow I had the knack for it, and then he got me a ukulele, and later a real mandolin. There was my grandfather's fiddle in the house and I picked that up. By the time I was six, I could play a half-dozen instruments."

As a youngster, he began to enter singing contests. He was five when Kate Smith heard him win an amateur event in Birmingham. She took Sonny on her lap, gave him a dollar and told his father that Sonny, with the right breaks, would be a great artist one day. This was music to his father, for Archie Loden always had his heart set on Sonny's success as a singer.

"Dad never pushed me or told me that I had to be a singer," Sonny says. "So far back as I can remember, it was always the thing I wanted to do. It was just taken for granted."

The Loden family sang religious and country music as a group. This included Sonny's sister Thelma, who is a couple of years his senior. They sang in school auditoriums, country fairs, under canvas and in churches within a two-hundred-mile radius of Hackleburg.

"We had a farm, but this was parcelled out to tenant farmers. Pop spent most of his time setting up dates for The Loden Family and organizing the programs," Sonny recalls. "We sang close enough to town so that there was no question of it interfering with my schooling. If we had far to go, they would pick me up right after school and we'd drive off to make our date. I'd do my lessons in the car and got lots of help when I needed it. I

always had good grades. And I'd get my rest in the car. I sleep better in a car than most people sleep in a bed."

It was always fun and sometimes funny. Sonny remembers a duet with another youngster, when they fell through the stage. The stage didn't collapse or break up. Sonny and his friend just dropped through—and kept singing. Sonny also became quite good at playing a trick fiddle, which meant bowing out a tune through his knees, over his head, behind his neck and under his seat. Fiddle contests were very popular when Sonny grew up, and he won many prizes. But outside of his love of music, he lived a fairly average childhood. He ran around with a bunch of boys who liked nothing better than to play ball, and Sonny himself daydreamed about being a big-leaguer. He was seriously ill only once. At ten, he contracted pneumonia and was in bed six weeks and required an operation. Like most kids, he wanted a pony but settled for a bicycle.

Growing up on a farm, he learned to respect the life and work of a farmer. "I remember," he says, "as a boy, I used to like to ride the drag and slides behind the mule. There's something so good and quiet in the feel of a plough in ground." He continues reminiscing: "Then I got a goat for a pet and, with him, a little plough and harness of my own. Billy was a smart little goat and I taught him to shake hands and stand up on his hind legs like a trick dog."

By the time Sonny was seven, the Lodens were taking their singing seriously and broadcasting daily. Their popularity spread in the South and they began traveling a little farther all the time. Between Sonny's twelfth and seventeenth birthdays, the family worked out of Raleigh, Memphis, Birmingham and a half-dozen other Southern cities.

"I don't know how to explain it exactly," Sonny says, "but this wasn't show business as you see it in the movies. It's true we were singing for a living and traveling. We didn't live in Hackleburg for five years. But Pop wasn't one of those the-show-must-go-on fellows. We didn't live out of suitcases and jump from one hotel room to another. We always had roots. We lived in an apartment or rented a house. Only once did I have to

change schools during a school year. Pop always put the welfare of his family first."

During the years they traveled, Sonny always hoped that he could go back to his home town to finish high school with his friends. This was made possible when The Loden Family disbanded in December of 1948. That Christmas, his sister Thelma left the group to marry. The other girl in the group, Ruby Palmer, chose the same date to wed, too. Sonny's father returned to Hackleburg and opened a clothing store. So Sonny went back to the high school, earned his letters in football and basketball and graduated with a straight-A average.

"I used to work in the store after school," Sonny says. "Actually, Pop had always told me we were partners in everything. If I recall right, I think he even let me share his checking account while I was still in school. I used to brag about being his partner and my friends would ask why my name wasn't up on the store sign. The store was called 'Loden's' and I explained that the 's' stood for son," he grins. "I used to go into the store after school and sell about five dollars' worth of something and then take it out of the cash register for a date. Pop always kidded about it. Said I'd just sell for my evening and then get out."

Sonny began dating when he was about twelve. "We just went to movies and then the girl usually paid her own way. I recall I got my first kiss when I was thirteen. That was in Jackson, Mississippi. I don't remember the girl, but I remember I got the kiss when we were visiting the zoo."

Sonny graduated from high school in June of 1950. September of that same year he was in the Army and was in one of the first National Guard units to land in Korea. He was offered a chance to work with the USO as an entertainer, but turned it down.

"I was in the 252nd Truck Company, Hamilton Alabama National Guard. There were one hundred and thirty of us, all friends from home, and I wanted to stay with them. I had a guitar with me and did a lot of singing. I'd sing a chorus and the boys would join in and then our Korean children who worked in the kitchen—four or five little orphans—would join us. They loved to sing and

taught me some of their native music." Sonny went overseas as a truck-driver, Private First Class. He didn't like driving a truck. "I've never liked to drive anything. I guess I got too used to sleeping in a car. Even today, on the road, I let one of the boys drive my car. Did I tell you when I was seventeen, just out of plain boredom, I fell asleep at the wheel? This was at midday and I ran into a nice ripe tobacco field. What it did to the car—it was like having one giant squirt of tobacco juice all over us! Anyway, when we went overseas, I talked to the captain and told him I'd like to do something else besides drive—maybe work in the kitchen, if there was an opening there. I didn't know anything about cooking but I like to eat and figured that I would be that much closer to the food." They no more than landed in Korea than one of the cooks took ill. Sonny went into his place. He says, "It was fun. And, you know, we were cooking for friends and we felt more responsibility and we were careful about measuring ingredients. I learned to make good saw-mill gravy. We used to make ice cream out of snow. We'd try anything. We all wrote back home for recipes for biscuits and cakes. We'd save up sugar and flour for cake. Our cake wasn't really much but, over there, just putting chocolate on top made it look delicious."

With a battle ribbon and corporal's rating, Sonny got out of the service in 1952 and then faced up to his ambition alone for the first time: "It was going to be different. That I knew. There's a lot of heartbreak in the business. There's the sponsor who cancels out in radio. There's the 'big turnout' that isn't big. Or you work so hard on a song and it sounds good but doesn't go. Well, Pop always took the heartbreak when he was running things. That was to be no more."

One of Sonny's first breaks came through his good friend Chet Atkins. "I'd known Chester from before the war. We'd even roomed together a while in Memphis. Well, after the war, I spent a week with him and his wife. I'd written some songs and sang them for him. One day, Ken Nelson of Capitol came around and Chester suggested I go back into the study and sing my songs for Ken. I did, hoping that he might be able to use one of the songs—instead, he asked me to record the songs myself. I was pleased, but Ken was frank. He told me it would be a hard pull before I made good."

In 1953, Sonny put in a hitch on *Louisiana Hayride* out of KWKH, Shreveport—as have many other new stars, such as Elvis Presley and Tommy Sands. In the latter part of 1953, Sonny went over to WFAA, radio and TV, in Dallas and stayed on there for a couple of years. During these years he made many tours of the South with other entertainers and got to know both Elvis and Tommy. "Elvis was born sixty-five miles from where I live. We never played more than a week at a time together, but I got to know him as you do others you work with and I met

his folks a couple of times. I know Tommy, too. Matter of fact, he ran up to the hotel to visit me. Last time I was in New York."

From August of 1955 until September of 1956, Sonny made his headquarters in Springfield, Missouri, and starred in his own half-hour segment of *Ozark Jubilee*. By that time, he was a well-known figure in the South, Midwest and Southwest. He was one of the country's top "country" singers. But, in November of 1956, an extraordinary thing happened. Capitol's Ken Nelson decided one of Sonny's new recordings, "Young Love," was right for the popular field. The record was sent to all deejays—not just those who featured country music—and, within three weeks, "Young Love" began zooming for outer space. Early in 1957, it passed the one-million mark and, in April, went over two million. Teenagers, from seven to seventy, began to descend on Sonny. But, back home in Hackleburg, nothing had changed, though they were proud of his success, because Sonny had always been popular.

"To me," says Sonny, "the only bad side of show business is being away from the family and good friends so much. You get so little time with people who have meant so much to you. I get home two or three times a year now. It's always a big homecoming, especially at Christmas, when other friends who have moved out of Hackleburg come back to visit. I don't do nothing but say howdy."

Although Sonny keeps an apartment in Dallas as a catch-all for his clothes and music, he counts Hackleburg as home. His parents still live there in a new ranch-style house with a large yard. There's a blue bedroom in the house, reserved as Sonny's own. When Sonny gets married, he intends to live in the same town.

"I like a simple life. I'd like to build a ranch house and fix it up with modern furniture and nothing special for myself except maybe a music room with hi-fi equipment. Maybe a little workshop, too. And then I'd like a nursery big enough for about three kids."

Sonny has a fairly good idea of the kind of gal he'd like to have in his house: "I like a girl with a jolly personality—good-looking, intelligent, a good cook and good housekeeper. Be nice if she liked to fish, too."

Fishing is his favorite sport. Sonny's been fishing with his father since he was a youngster. When he gives his father a gift on his birthday, Christmas, Father's Day or any other time of the year, it's some kind of fishing equipment. And when Sonny gets a gift from the family, it's usually something to do with fishing. Sonny notes, "You could spend a million dollars on the stuff, one week, and come back the next—and there'd be a whole new array of rods and reels and lures."

Sonny counts on a summer reunion with the family, usually in July, to get in some fishing with his father, ring up a couple of sales in the store, and visit again with his mother and sister and her family. Thelma, married to Travis Holcombe, lives in Detroit. She has two children,

who love Sonny. "Charles Wayne is the older," Sonny notes. "He's five, and they tell me he gets the glass on their TV receiver all messy from kissing me when I'm on TV. He's face-up to the set. One of these days, I'm going to reach out of that set and kiss him back." When Charles and his little sister, Donna Lee, are in Hackleburg for the July get-together, Sonny plays big uncle.

Sonny smiles as he says, "Another thing I do a lot of, at home, is eat. Mom is the best cook. Sometimes she kids me and asks me to cook for her. Well, I haven't cooked once since I got out of the service, and don't intend to. But, when I'm home, Mom really lays it on the table. I love fresh vegetables, beans, corn, and her fried chicken is wonderful. I just sit down and eat until it hurts." Sonny pauses, then adds, "Mom tried to bring me up the way she was brought up. She's a very Christian woman, but jolly. When I say she's jolly, I mean she isn't a *stern* religious person. She thinks you have a reason to be the happiest person alive because you're religious."

Sonny, who belongs to the Church of Christ, is also very religious. He never misses church. He carries a Bible with him and studies daily. "I do personal work when I can, when I see that there is need for it," he explains, "I don't talk at church, as Pat Boone does. Pat and I belong to the same church. Last time I was in New York, Pat and Shirley picked me up, Sunday morning, and took me to services."

On Sonny's last visit to New York, he played the historic Palace, home of the country's most famous vaudeville, where Judy Garland, Danny Kaye and other great entertainers have worked. Sonny was a big success with New Yorkers and he finds New York one of the big thrills in life. He says, "I never get tired of looking at the Broadway lights or just walking around Rockefeller Plaza. The people live so differently. They live in such a hurry. But, when you slow them down, they're nice. Of course, you never know what to expect. Take the cabs. One I hailed climbed right up on the sidewalk to get me. But the teenagers are the same all over."

Sonny has performed all over the United States and Canada. Most of the time, he lives in his Cadillac. He has just one Cadillac and hastens to explain, "Don't get me wrong. I've got a big car because it's economical for me. There are four of us who travel together. The three boys who back me up instrumentally travel with me. We may be on the road for weeks. We need space for our bags and music and instruments and props. We need space to stretch out."

And Sonny gets his recreation on the road, too—once he gets into a town, he is busy giving performances and keeping business appointments and answering mail between shows. In the trunk of the Cadillac, Sonny totes a shotgun and rods and reels. In season, he stops near a woods to do some shooting, or pulls up alongside a river to fish a spell. If it's warm enough, he looks for a place to swim. But—the way Sonny James fan clubs are springing up—it's getting tougher every day to find privacy anywhere. And Sonny, always a gentleman, finds it hard to say no. He gives away autographs, handkerchiefs, his long bow ties, pencils, pens, combs—whatever they ask for. One man, believe it or not, asked Sonny for his money clip—and got it. ("He was such a good-hearted person," Sonny explains.) The only thing Sonny isn't giving away freely any more are kisses. He's saving those for when they'll really count.

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all in February's **TV RADIO MIRROR** on sale January 2

# Those Four-Footed Friends

(Continued from page 24)

a people's life. With Betty there's never any question. "The dogs definitely lead a people's life!" she vows. Betty's current menagerie covers about the best cross section of dogdom you could imagine. Patriarch of the trio now running the White household is Bandy, a venerable Pekingese. Originally christened "Bandit," the Peke was a puppy when he was given to Betty about ten years ago. Now he's a well-preserved oldster who enjoys his romps but is sensible about them. He spends much of his time snoozing, and takes it for granted that Betty and her parents will cater to his wishes.

Middle-man in the canine crowd at Betty's Brentwood home is Danny—short for "Dancer." Actually, Danny, a miniature poodle, is the pet of Betty's mother. But he has a large heart and, so far as he is concerned, the whole family belongs to him. He bosses 'em all, acting as ring-master for his two dog companions—and sometimes human companions, as well.

Biggest of the brood is Stormy, the St. Bernard. A kennel owner, who had been a frequent guest on Betty's afternoon television program several years ago, brought in the fluffy pup one day for a "guest appearance." For Betty, it was love at first sight. But she already had two dogs at home, and figured she'd better leave it at that. A few days later, the kennel owner showed up at the studio with Stormy, and presented him to Betty as a birthday gift. "What a wonderful break that was for me," Betty laughs. "I couldn't rationalize myself into buying that dog—but, of course, I couldn't refuse it as a gift!"

Like anyone who loves and lives with dogs, Betty has some pretty definite opinions about same. Such as: "Every child should have at least one pet. Naturally, I'm prejudiced in favor of dogs. I have a parakeet, and the census hasn't been taken recently on my aquariums of tropical fish. But I think a dog is the ideal pet for a child. And I stoutly maintain that no child is too young to own a dog. An intelligent puppy, the breed wisely chosen, is a wonderful experience for any youngster.

"As soon as a baby can sit up, he will enjoy stroking the soft fur and love the warmth of a puppy curled up against him.

True, some parents may be too young to guide a child-dog relationship properly. Naturally, a frisky pup must be watched carefully around a very young baby. And vice versa.

"Most pups will take a certain amount of childish manhandling in a good-natured way. Then they will take over, and inform the small owner that enough is enough. A few growls, and a couple of gentle nips generally get the message across. But it's the parents' job to train the child in proper care of a puppy. Don't leave it up to the pup. You'd know what to do if your child was about to fling a Spode teacup at the mantelpiece. Take the same action when he grabs Fido by the tail!"

What dog to buy for Junior is generally the biggest problem confronting parents, and Betty believes the most important thing to be considered is the situation into which the dog is to be introduced. If a family lives in an apartment, it's rather obvious that the huge St. Bernard isn't the suitable animal. Nor is the German shepherd, Doberman, or Dalmatian. Even the lively wire-haired terrier, or the Aire-dale, would be a mistake in an apartment—these dogs love, and need, open spaces for romping.

So, for the tiny apartment (with or without children), Betty suggests a smaller and less active dog. Poodles are now much in vogue, and the miniature poodles make excellent pets for children. But be prepared to spend as much on Fifi as you do on your own coiffure—the upkeep on poodle-cuts can be terrific. The pug, darling of our grandmothers and now coming back into style, makes an excellent companion for children, and has the additional advantage of being a short-haired dog, unlikely to leave its calling card on your sofa pillows and Daddy's blue serge suit.

Some breeds are more temperamental than others. Many Pekingese are one-person dogs, and many Boston bulls are high-strung. But you could be lucky and get an "extrovert" Pekingese or a calm Boston bull. Betty points out that when any of these are brought into a home as small puppies, they are more likely to adapt to the situation than if they are brought as grown dogs.

If the dog-seeking family has a large yard, their choice is broadened consid-

erably. Among the top favorites nowadays is the boxer. In spite of his fierce appearance, a boxer is gentle toward youngsters, and an absolute demon if anyone threatens their safety. Collies, too, are wonderful pets for young children. Their gentleness matches their fine-boned build. From Lassie on down, their concern for their charges has become legend.

If you live on a large plot of ground—a suburban home or a farm—the whole dog kingdom is yours from which to pick and choose. From the savage-appearing but unbelievably affectionate Alaskan husky down to the tiny chihuahua.

Once you make your choice, your next thoughts will be *What do I feed him?* and *Where will he sleep?* Betty says the person from whom you buy the dog can be your most trusted authority on what to feed the pup, at least for the first few weeks. It's safer not to experiment with various foods then, but to stick to what you know agrees with him. Later, as the dog grows older, you'll become convinced he can survive on a diet of old shoes, current magazines, and venetian-blind cords. That's the time changes may be introduced in his diet.

"Most of the commercial dog foods are wonderful—balanced and all that," Betty points out. "But vary the menu a little with some fresh meat—the cheapest grade of hamburger has all the essential elements a dog needs, and tastes just as good to him as ground round. In fact, some authorities claim the extra fat present in cheaper ground beef is beneficial to the dog. Pork liver or kidneys are cheap, wonderful for your dog's diet, and most dogs adore them.

"Some authorities will quarrel with me on this one—but we have always fed our dogs table scraps. We don't just scrape everything left over into the dog's dish, but choose judiciously. Any meat scraps, cooked vegetables, gravy—this goes to the dogs. We avoid giving them starchy things, like potatoes or bread. You'll learn soon enough, if your dog can tolerate things like cooked vegetables—some pets can't. But many vets recommend that pets have a few cooked vegetables regularly.

"One point which many pet owners neglect is supplying sufficient water. Most dogs like to drink a lot of water. If you keep a clean pan of it near their food dish, changing the water once or twice a day, they'll drink that. If you don't, they'll get their water wherever they can find it—even from a stagnant puddle or household utilities.

"As for where a pet should sleep—I'm afraid I'm going to have to bow out as an authority here," Betty confesses with a chuckle. "All authorities agree that a pet should have his own bed in some quiet, isolated corner of the house. Many people put their bed off in a corner of the kitchen or laundry room. Or even in the basement or the garage, if it's warm and protected from drafts. Some of the sturdier dogs can stand—even prefer—a dog house of their own out in the back yard.

"So where do my three sleep? On our beds. Of course, with the Peke and the poodle, that isn't too bad. But you should see the St. Bernard curled up on the counterpane! It's a good thing the poodle has got into the habit of snoozing on Mother's bed—after the Peke and the St. Bernard get settled down on my bed, there's barely room for me!"

A lot of folks claim to be terrified at the prospect of training a dog, but Betty doesn't think there's really so much to it. It does take time, concentration, and patience, but only for a few weeks. Most

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(Signed) MEYER DWORGIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1957.

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dogs can be trained in that time. But pet owners have to keep right at it, and be consistent. They can't punish a dog for doing something once, and then allow him to get away with it the next time. The result can be a confused, ill-mannered dog.

"I think dogs must be a lot like children. They like to have rules—to know what they can do, and what they can't," Betty declares. "They like to be praised when they've done well. And if you've ever seen a dog, ears down and tail between his legs, you know they expect to be punished for wrong-doing. Punishment doesn't need to be rough, though. A folded newspaper makes a lot of noise, and a sharp sting, but does no actual damage. Pretty soon, when your pet sees you folding up a newspaper in a determined manner, he'll know what's coming, and mind his manners.

"We've taught all our dogs to behave, and it's been a fairly painless procedure. We have a big back yard in which they romp—but they know they're not to stray away from that yard. Even though some delivery man forgets and leaves the gate open, they stay put. We had to teach them this. Heavily travelled Sunset Boulevard is only a couple of blocks away. Once out that gate, the dogs could be down there and massacred in traffic before we'd know what had happened.

"Probably the best example of how a dog can be trained is Stormy. Now, if there's anything Stormy is, it's affectionate. I think he'd be a good protector, if anyone tried to harm any of us. But, when Stormy knows he's among friends, he's apt to get a little effusive. And being greeted by a St. Bernard can be pretty overwhelming. There are people who don't appreciate having that hulking character rear up on his hind legs, lay his front paws on their lapels, and give them a couple of friendly swipes across the chin with his tongue. So I've trained Stormy to head for the bedroom every time the front door rings."

Many people like to take their dogs through a course of training at an obedience school. If you plan on entering your pet in dog shows, or if it seems impossible to train him properly at home, Betty thinks this is a wonderful idea. Actually, the owners get as much training from the sessions as the dogs do. But, for an ordinary pet in the average household, Betty believes most owners can train their pets to lie, sit, come, and be quiet without elaborate class sessions.

One of the most frequent questions asked of Betty is: "Must I get a thoroughbred, pedigreed dog?" Betty has a quick and spirited answer: "Absolutely not. Some of the most intelligent, most adorable dogs I've ever known have been just plain mutts. Sometimes, a just-plain dog is sturdier and healthier than some of the high-strung, finely bred ones. And many of the fellows here in Hollywood, who train dogs for parts in the movies, claim it's easier to train a mutt.

"About the only risk you run, getting a 'who-knows-what-breed' pup, is not knowing what its eventual size will be. An acquaintance of mine bought a puppy, mothered by a pedigreed boxer of medium size—father unknown. By the time it began to reach Great Dane proportions, my friend had to find a new home for it! When a dog's ancestry is uncertain, you never know what its grown size is going to be. But if you have the room for a big dog, and no budget to buy a thoroughbred—you're sure to find a lovable and loving pet at any animal shelter."

Over the past few years, Betty has received many letters which ask, in effect, "I do a great deal of traveling. What sort of a dog should I buy?"

Betty's first impulsive answer to that one is "None!" It takes an adaptable dog, and an owner long on love and patience, to travel together all the time. It's been done with the smaller lap dogs. As Betty observes: "I won't say it can't be done, because it is done. But it's hard on both owner and dog to be always on the move.

"We've never taken our dogs on long trips. We just take turns dog-sitting. When I go off on a personal appearance tour, the folks are always at home to watch over our trio. Last year, when Mother and Dad went on a vacation trip to Hawaii, I planned it so I would be home to take care of 'the boys.' Of course, we could put them in a boarding kennel, and go off together. Many people do, and with excellent results.

"But occasional trips—that's something else again. Those three hounds of ours are mad to go with us in the car. Poor Stormy doesn't make it very often. After he gets into the car, there's barely room for the driver! But the two smaller dogs do manage to inveigle an invitation once in a while, and it's a riot, watching their completely different approaches to the problem.

"When Danny sees Mother getting dressed up, he knows she's about to drive somewhere. Suddenly, he becomes very restless, gets a wistful expression in his eyes, and paces around as if to convey the message, *I don't suppose you'd consider taking poor little old me, would you?* If Mother says, 'You can go along today, Danny,' he's out the door and into the car so fast that all you can see is a streak of fur highballing across the lawn.

"Bandy, on the other hand, never entertains the possibility that he's not going. When he sees me making obvious preparations for departure, he begins a bouncing circuit, a never-ending round-trip between the car and wherever I am. *Oh, joy, he seems to bark, we're going for a drive.* Even while I'm backing out the driveway, he goes rollicking around, just as if he had it figured out: *If I'm ever so gay and irresistible, she'll just have to give in and take me!*"

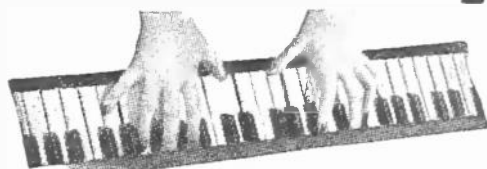
As Betty points out, training a pet isn't a difficult feat for a determined owner. But even the most conscientious trainer couldn't get the results pets sometimes achieve all by themselves. The classic example of this is the routine in Betty's household every evening. "All three dogs have the run of the house during the daytime," she explains. "And among their joys is watching television in the den. Whenever the set is on, in the daytime, all three of them are apt to end up in there, gawking at the screen.

"But along about dinner time, when Dad and I get home, we like to sit in there and watch, too. The den isn't a big room. Three dogs and three people, and it's a full house. Some months ago, we noticed that Stormy was no longer with us on these evening TV sessions. We discovered that, promptly at 6 P.M., Danny set himself up in sentry duty at the den door. Whenever Stormy made any attempt to enter, he was discouraged with a furious flurry of barking and nipping. After a few days of this, Stormy got the message, and I must say he took it quite philosophically.

"Now, whenever 6 P.M. rolls around, Danny gets up and stretches. He lets out a few short, sharp barks, as if to say, *O.K. Bub! Time you shoved off!* Stormy gets up, looking resigned to his fate, and shuffles into the hall. The only possible explanation for Danny's behavior is that he figured out Stormy was just too much dog in that little den, when we were there, too!

"It's like I said," Betty twinkles. "The dogs at my house lead a people's life!"

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(Continued from page 5)

in the hospital about names and we found we didn't like the ones we picked. So Kim, nearly six, became Rickey. Corey, four, is now Barry. The eldest, Christopher, seven, remains Kit Carson." . . . Surprise gift for the William Redfields, who didn't expect their baby till after Christmas! Bill (dramatic actor on Mutual's big mystery-adventure block) and Betsy (sister of Julia Meade) named her Liza Mareta—Liza for fun, Mareta for Bill's mother, Mareta George, who danced in Ziegfeld's stage "spectaculars." . . . Talk about your middle-aged heroes on TV, how about the heroines? Exotic Merle Oberon, star of *Assignment Foreign Legion*, will soon be 47. She was born Merle O'Brien Thompson in Tasmania on February 19, 1911. . . . Julie La Rosa has two guest spots this month: December 13 with the fine, new *Patrice Munsel Show* and December 28 with Polly Bergen. Incidentally, Julie's bit as an actor on *Kraft Theater* didn't just

happen. He'd very much like to develop into a singer-actor. . . . Liz Lawrence, in addition to daily stints on *Road Of Life* and *Nora Drake*, is in the Broadway production of "Look Homeward, Angel." . . . *Telephone Time* stars Judy Morris, a nine-year-old from Waynesburg, Pa., on the December 24 drama, "A Picture of the Magi." . . . June Lockhart, whose hobby is sailing kites, is flying high. Producers of the *U.S. Steel Hour* were so impressed with her acting assignment last August that she was signed for three more dramas this season. This month, on December 18, she stars in "Little Charley Don't Want a Saddle." . . . And here's something. Among letters asking for a chance at the loot on *The Big Payoff* comes mail with a "hard sell." One man wrote his note on the back of a shaggy muskrat pelt, to explain why his wife needs a new mink. Another sent in his wife's blue jeans, explaining he'd like to see her in feminine frills for a change.

**Omelet for Eggheads:** Garry Moore's daytime viewers were the very first to learn of the newest product of Orville K. Snav & Associates, a strictly imaginary mammoth manufacturing plant located in the mind of Al Crowder of Mason City, Iowa. Crowder's best-known product, the Improved No. 7 BunaB, is guaranteed to be of use for everything. The newest invention of Snav is a long-play record (completely silent) which comes "from the original sound track of the Urban-Eclipse silent film, 'The Fatal Love.'" Among the selections purporting to reach the ears of critical listeners are: "Echo of Your Shadow," "Drop Me a Pin," "Tuba Full o' Honey," "Bouncing Marshmallows," "Underneath the Rockies," and the less-familiar "Beat of a Heart of Stone." A wonderful gag for egghead humorists, the record is also a revealing check on the amount of needle noise your hi-fi equipment is picking up. And it's a perfect background as "music for conversation."

## Shirley Temple's Own Fairytale Story

(Continued from page 41)

taught Shirley in the days when she was a child star, and "Doc" Bishop, who handled her publicity at the Fox Studio in those early days. She greeted each of them with a radiant smile that transforms her from a pretty woman into a beautiful one.

"That's exactly the way she smiled when I first met her," Frances told me. "The first time I saw her, when she was seven years old, I thought of her as a little golden princess. I was never particularly carried away by the glamour of children in pictures or excited about the idea of meeting any star. But, when I saw Shirley rehearsing a dance, her golden curls and beautiful smile were so attractive that she seemed to radiate a shining quality, just as she does now.

"I became her teacher when she was seven years old, and taught her for the next four years. Though she was a very normal child, she had an unconscious understanding of the moods, personalities, and feeling of the people around her. When visitors on the set who were to be photographed with her became flustered and self-conscious at the idea of having their pictures taken, Shirley would give them her radiant smile, or make a little joke, or take their hands, and, before they knew it, the picture was finished."

"I remember the first time I met Shirley," said Jim Reid, now a publicist at 20th Century-Fox but in those days a freelance writer. "She noticed I was a little embarrassed at the idea of having my picture taken, and said, 'I bet you can't make me laugh.' I made a teasing joke or two, while Shirley, teasing back, kept her lips pressed together. Watching her, I forgot the camera—which, of course, was what she intended."

"Even as a child," said Frances, "Shirley had amazing poise. She was never moody. The more I see of this business, the more I admire Mrs. Temple's methods of handling problems. When the gates closed behind the Temples and they went home, the studio was outside their lives. They had the same friends they had had previously—and it was most difficult to invade the privacy of their home. Shirley was not taken hither and thither, she made very few personal appearances.

"All Shirley's fame never turned her head. She'd been brought up in this world

of pictures from the time she was a small child; she'd never known any other world, and so she took it for granted. The Temples knew that people all over the world idolized Shirley, but they took precautions to keep this idolatry from going to her head. If visitors raved, they would tell Shirley, "The reason they liked you was because you did good work in the picture and you're a nice girl, but it's nothing to get excited about."

"If a painter or 'grip' wanted an autograph of Shirley's, she was taught that he was just as important as anyone else." Miss Klamt looked around the Los Angeles Press Club headquarters, where Shirley was smilingly signing autographs. "As you can see," she said, "she's still signing autographs for all comers."

"Shirley and I played all sorts of games on the set," said Marilyn Granas, her first stand-in, now assistant casting director at NBC. "To us, a movie set was really a wonderland, with marvelous places to hide, and the most exciting props imaginable. Other girls might have doll-sized playhouses, but ours were the movie sets, many of them life-sized. I remember that our favorite prop was a beachhouse on stilts in a picture we made with John Boles and Rochelle Hudson. Whenever Shirley and I weren't needed on the set or for school lessons, we romped all over this beachhouse—which was a complete house built inside the sound stage.

"I was Shirley's stand-in from the time she was about six till she was about eight years old. Oddly enough, I didn't look too much like Shirley, except in height. However, because of our similarity in height and weight, and the fact that we enjoyed working together so much, the studio put me under contract. I'll never forget the joy of working with her in those early years, and nothing would please me better than to be assigned to work with her on her current TV show."

The story of Shirley's actual discovery for pictures is almost a fairy tale in itself. It was "Doc" Bishop, a former veterinarian who became one of 20th Century-Fox's most respected publicity men, who filled me in on the details of that story.

"Without exception," he said positively, "Shirley is the most popular person who ever lived. In 1935, when the Temples were visiting in Washington, D. C., President Roosevelt told her mother that he

attributed her popularity to the fact that she contributed so much happiness for the people of this country in a period of depression. For a few cents, people could have their hopes and dreams restored; they could revel in the beauty and charm of this little girl, and dream that they themselves might become parents of another Shirley Temple. Her story was an inspiration to everyone. She was the living proof that dreams can come true."

Even before Shirley was born, Mrs. Temple told friends that she knew she was going to have a beautiful daughter. "She had worked hard, raising two husky boys," said Doc. "Mr. Temple was a bank teller who became manager of the California Bank in Los Angeles. He earned a modest salary."

Jack was twelve and George eight when Shirley was born on April 23, 1928. The family then lived quietly in a simple house in Santa Monica. Shirley's mother did her own housework and sewed Shirley's baby clothes. But, like any mother, she wanted Shirley to have the opportunity to develop her potentialities. Because the child was so graceful and loved music so much, she gave her dancing lessons. Charles Lamont, an executive with Educational Pictures at that time, selected Shirley from that dancing class to play the feminine lead in some short movies, the "Baby Burlesk" series. Later, Shirley played a small role at Paramount.

However, these first few pictures created no great sensation. Shirley wasn't really "discovered," in the true sense of the word, until Jay Gorney, a songwriter, saw her one day in a theater lobby and fell completely in love with the child. At the time, Jay had just written a song, "Baby, Take a Bow," which was to be a song-and-dance routine with James Dunn for an all-star picture Fox was going to produce, "Stand Up and Cheer."

Once Jay had laid eyes on Shirley, he couldn't get her out of his mind. He decided that, if it was humanly possible, he would try to convince Lew Brown, the songwriter, and Winnie Sheehan, the vice-president in charge of production, that Shirley was the right girl for this role. Once they had met Shirley, they were as thrilled over her possibilities as he was.

"She was a natural," Jimmy Dunn told me. "I was fascinated by her. She was a very sweet girl, but when they told her

to push her shoulders up and act cocky, she did just that. I loved working with her, and fell in love with her, as almost everyone did. I was her first baby sitter, before her parents ever hired a real baby sitter. I remember I was visiting at their home once, when Shirley was about six. Her parents wanted to go out, and I offered to stay with her. I put her to bed at eight, and she was very obedient.

"Her charm was very great. Her parents handled her beautifully at all times. She was never money-conscious. On the set, she would proudly go around showing off her treasure, whenever her parents gave her a penny or two. With two cents in her hand, she felt rich."

Jimmy Dunn was probably Shirley's first love. She had a crush on him. Perhaps it was this very genuine feeling between the happy-go-lucky Irishman and little Shirley that helped make their performance in "Stand Up and Cheer" so attractive. When she and Jimmy Dunn did their routine together, the whole world fell in love with Shirley. At the time, Fox was on the verge of bankruptcy. Bankers and stockholders all over America were casting black looks at the studio, which had been running in the red.

And then the miracle happened: A star was born. A star who was to capture the heart of the entire nation, and of other nations, too. When Winfield Sheehan went East to confer with the bankers and brokers there, he carried with him not only rave reviews about Shirley in "Stand Up and Cheer" but also telegrams from every big company in the business, offering fabulous sums for the loan of this little girl.

Plenty of people will tell you today that a great studio was saved from possible ruin by the flashing smile of a little girl. It is now twenty-four years since the release of the miracle-working picture—but no one at 20th Century-Fox will ever forget the child who captured everyone's heart and changed the history of an entire studio.

Sometimes a child star is idolized by the world, but disliked by those who know her intimately. The world's loves are often Hollywood's pet hates. But that wasn't the case with Shirley. "Everyone who knew her idolized her," Doc Bishop told me. "She was a wonderful girl, with a great sense of humor. Once a British newspaper began to spread the silly story that Shirley was a midget. To counteract that propaganda, we shot pictures in Palm Springs for two days, showing Shirley riding pinto ponies and engaging in all the normal sports of an eight-year-old."

"She loved to play pranks. After we'd shot about three hundred pictures of her, she was naturally all bushed. On that Sunday afternoon, she was wearing a cow-girl outfit. When I asked her for another picture, she sat down on my knee, said 'No,' then gave me a little push that knocked me down. I rolled under it because I didn't want her to get hurt, and caught her. When we came up, she was laughing. I still have the picture."

I looked up at the wall in Doc Bishop's office, and sure enough, there was one of the gayest candid photos of Shirley I've ever seen. The laughter on her face was an indication of the fun she used to have playing tricks on people. But they were always silly, gentle pranks—never anything that hurt anyone.

"Shirley met some of the most famous people from all over the world," Doc continued. "In her studio bungalow she had her own autograph book, and she collected priceless signatures. She was made an honorary G-woman by J. Edgar Hoover; she met President Roosevelt and Mrs.

Roosevelt, and ambassadors from all over the world. In those days, Shirley was our greatest good-will ambassador.

"But, with all this adulation, Shirley remained completely unspoiled. I never heard her say an unkind word about anyone. After Frances Klamt became her teacher, I asked Shirley if she liked her. 'Oh, yes,' said Shirley. 'Better than Miss ——?' I asked, naming another teacher. Shirley was more than equal to the question. 'Don't you think that's a rather personal question?' she asked me gravely."

"Shirley can handle any question from anyone, any time," laughed Anthony Ugrin, her favorite still photographer in the days when she was a child star. (Today he's the still photographer for the Batjac production, "China Doll.") "If people ask her rude questions, she can give them the darndest brush-off, and do it so beautifully and tactfully."

"I've spent thirty-nine years of my life in this business, and the seven most pleasant years were spent photographing Shirley. What a little imp she was, always kidding and clowning! When she knew I had to shoot pictures, she would go over to some other part of the set or hide behind me! But she always gave me the shots I wanted, finally. Sometimes she would say she didn't feel like posing. Then, when I acted disconsolate, she would pat me on the shoulder and say, 'Okay, let's get a couple of them.'

"When some University of Southern California professors came down to talk to her and find out what made her tick," Anthony Ugrin continued, "they said that, at seven, Shirley had the mentality of a nineteen- or twenty-year-old. Still, she lived and acted as all children do. Back of her dressing room she kept rabbits, dogs, a pony and a saddle. She loved pets."

"Everyone who met her fell for her. I never saw a man fall so hard for anyone as Jack Ford, the director, did when she made 'Wee Willie Winkie.' When we did the dramatic scene in the hospital where Victor McLaglen was dying and she was doing the talking, Jack sat on his chair and bawled his head off. There were very few dry eyes on the set."

"But most of the time, when she was free to do as she wished, she was a born comedienne and would clown all over the set. When she was working in 'Heidi,' Shirley started pinning paper clips on the people she worked with. She told us we were her police officers. Seeing how much joy she was getting out of her 'police force,' Allan Dwan, the director, ordered a lot of brass badges and gave them to Shirley, and she distributed them among us. Frances Klamt was given the list of those of us who were entitled to a badge. If you forgot your badge, you were fined two bits—which went into Shirley's can for the milk fund."

"Do you still have yours?" I asked. "Naturally," said Anthony Ugrin proudly. "I keep it at home."

"Have you seen Shirley recently?" I asked.

"No," said Anthony. "The last time I saw her was two months after her divorce from John Agar. She was very much broken up about it."

The marriage to John took place when Shirley was about seventeen, and was followed by their divorce a few years later. This unhappy marriage has been about the only black cloud in Shirley's life. Even that had a silver lining—because, during that marriage, Shirley had her first experience with motherhood, when Linda Susan was born.

"Shirley worked during her first pregnancy," says Ann Peck, head of the ladies' costume department on the C. V. Whitney picture, "Missouri Traveler," and at that

time head of a similar department on "Fort Apache," a John Ford film. "I remember one of the wardrobe women on the picture, out of sympathy for Shirley, offered to tie her boots—a job we're not really expected to do. Shirley wouldn't hear of it. She bent forward and tied her own boots. Most of the people who worked with her hope she comes back into pictures. We'd all consider it a great privilege to work with her again."

"When I met her, she was about sixteen, and working on re-takes for a David Selznick picture. Then I met her again when I designed the costumes for 'Fort Apache,' and I really got to know her. She has a wonderful sense of color and a wonderful clothes sense. She liked my styling, and I loved her ideas and suggestions about clothes. We got along beautifully."

"The first time I met her, I thought, *What a lovely child.* But, the better I got to know her, the more I admired the adult brain behind the lovely childlike face." Then Ann Peck adds, "One other thing impressed me greatly about Shirley. Not only was she very meticulous and fastidious about herself and everything she wore, with a wonderful soap-and-water cleanliness that was a joy to behold, but she was very modest. She wouldn't appear in front of another woman without her underthings and slip on."

Before Linda was born, reporters asked Shirley whether she wanted a boy or a girl, and whether she hoped the child would become a movie star. "I don't care," she said. "I just want my baby to be a baby." And Linda was a beautiful baby—just as Charles and Lori, in their turn, were beautiful babies. (Experts in such matters say that Lori looks most like her mother when she was a child.)

The memory of the unhappiness of Shirley's first marriage has been almost completely blotted out by the subsequent happiness she has found with Charles Black, a very successful businessman. Together, they are bringing up three very well-adjusted, happy children. Reporters asked Shirley, "Knowing what you went through as a child in show business, would you be willing to have one of your children make movies or act in TV shows?"

"What I went through?" Shirley's eyebrows shot up. "I was a very happy child. I feel fine. I loved pictures. As for my children, it all depends on what they want to do. Before pushing their children into a career, I think parents should watch for little signposts along the road. Does the child really want to act and dance? And does the child like people?"

"My oldest girl seems to be interested in bugs and the piano. I don't know whether she'll go in for biology or music, but I'll leave it up to her. At this moment, young Charles isn't interested in being a movie or TV star, but a doctor or a policeman. Maybe Lori, the baby, will like television."

"All the children are delighted that I'm going to be on TV. And my husband, Charles Black, is in favor of it. He never objected to my being in show business. It was I who decided against it, because I wanted to spend all the time possible with the children and Charles. I'm sure the work on TV won't be so demanding that it will keep me from being a good wife and mother."

Shirley stood facing the lights in the press room at the Ambassador Hotel, and the photographers concentrated on shooting her, with a doll in her arms.

Doc Bishop smiled as he watched, recalling what Shirley was like at seven. "That girl," he said, "hasn't forgotten any of her technique in front of a camera. She is just as poised now as she was then. She's really a living doll."



# The Happiest Search

(Continued from page 18)

For *Tomorrow*, oldest daytime TV serial. Small Jeffrey's crib is in what was once an uncluttered dining room. His playpen has appropriated a corner of his parents' bedroom. In the half-opened drawer of the bed table, small Cynthia has stuffed her most precious crayon drawings, done on big sheets of Daddy's office paper. A toy telephone is on a big bed, a blue rattle nearby on the floor. A row of Cynthia's crisply ironed dresses takes up space in what was once Mary's own closet.

"You never saw me live like this before," the hostess says. You remember the perfection of her home before Cynthia was born, before Jeffrey followed fourteen-and-a-half months later. Everything was polished and in place then, looking always as if a professional decorator had just left it. (Mary was the decorator—and, if she ever deserted acting, she could surely turn to decorating.)

"You never saw me so happy in the midst of so much confusion!" Mary continues. "With lollipops stuck to all my elegant French furniture, and ice cream dribbled onto my lovely damask upholstery. But I didn't know then how comparatively unimportant these things are. I didn't know—although I strongly suspected it—that having children is the most rewarding thing that can happen to a woman. The house gets mussed up. Things don't always get done when they should. I have very little time now to sew. I don't window-shop, except on my one day off a week, when Cynthia and I shop together. I have had lunch out about twice this year—one of those times with my agent, to talk business. I go to bed very tired at night, but it's such a pleasant kind of tired. A beautiful tired."

The Kroliks, married August 1, 1951—a month before Mary became Joanne on television—waited for Cynthia until July 30, 1955, and were delighted when Jeffrey followed on October 17, 1956. "Now Richard and I feel we always want a baby in the house around this enchanting age. My day begins at six, when I get up to give Jeff his bottle—and sneak back to bed for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then I start the coffee and get the children up and dressed, while Pearl, our jewel of a helper, gets the breakfast. (Pearl is from Nassau and sings the most wonderful Calypso.) Cynthia has probably helped scramble the eggs and, until you see her in action, you have no idea how well a young lady of her years can handle an egg-beater. Jeffrey oversees the job. Richard and the children and I always have breakfast together, then he leaves for his public relations office and I have to leave for my eight-o'clock rehearsal.

"You can see why I am thoroughly at home as Joanne Tate. I even look the part of the busy homemaker and mother. Bits of scrambled egg may be stuck to my blouse. Smudges from small hands are on my cheeks. I don't even look in a mirror, except for a quick glance going down in our apartment house elevator—Mike, the operator, calls it my 'vertical dressing room' because I try to wipe off a few smudges and apply a little lipstick before we reach the street floor. But no one would mind, anyhow. The neighborhood and the people at the studio are used to seeing me this way. It's completely in character for both my real and my TV life."

At the studio, Mary becomes involved with her television children: Patti Barron, teen-age daughter of Joanne's first husband (who died), and baby Duncan Eric Tate, son of Arthur Tate, her husband on *Search For Tomorrow*. With Lynn Loring,

now fourteen-and-a-half, who has played her daughter Patti since the program began more than six years ago, Mary has a close and beautiful relationship. Lynn's mother has always shared her with Mary. Lynn shops with her TV mother as well as with her own, loves to pick out the clothes Mary wears on the show. Mary sometimes helps with Lynn's homework, has always been interested in everything that happened to the little girl.

Now she relates Lynn to her own children—especially, of course, to Cynthia: "Being with Lynn so much, loving her and receiving love in return, has helped me understand children. I had never been around them much, and I never knew how a child could respond to love. I have learned so much from her. She looks upon my two as a sort of extra brother and sister. (She has a fine big brother of her own, but no sister.)

"Lynn is one of the best baby-sitters I have," Mary smiles. "She sits for her spending money, and has a way with children—especially with mine, because she adores them and they adore her. She's just heaven. Cynthia smiles all over when I just mention her name."

Every morning, during a rehearsal break, Mary calls home. At Cynthia's age, there is so much to tell, so much has happened in a few hours. "I baked birthday cake." (This means a sand cake in a battered old tin pan, if the day is pleasant and Pearl took them to the park—or a gelatin cake if they had to stay home.) "Jeffrey bumped head but no cry." "What

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## Guys and Gals

HUGH O'BRIAN  
MOLLY BEE  
BARRY SULLIVAN  
DODY GOODMAN

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a fine big boy," Mary says into the telephone. "Come home soon, Mommy." "I can hardly wait to get home," Mary says.

Cynthia has her mother's wide-set eyes, soft and gray; straight blond-brown hair cut in a wayward bang that gives her a *gamin* quality. Her expression is exactly like Mary's. (Mary, in turn, greatly resembles her mother, Mrs. Mary Houchins, who makes semi-annual visits to the family from her home in Tulsa, Oklahoma.) Jeffrey looks like Mary's paternal grandfather. His blue eyes are merry, his hair, too, is light.

"Mary lives for the children," says her mother. "She comes home from the broadcast, out of breath from hurrying. If they are still at lunch and she can sit with them and finish, she is happy. She plays with them, puts them down for their nap, studies her next day's script, sometimes has a few minutes to rest and sometimes doesn't, then gets them ready for the park, where she spends the rest of the afternoon with them."

Off to the park, Jeff in the stroller and Cynthia hanging on to the side—breaking away to do her "jumps" over every pro-

truding doorstep—they stop by at the market. Mary stands at the doorway of the butcher shop, one eye on Cynthia and a firm grasp on the carriage, calls in her order and says she will pick it up as usual on the way home. The same procedure is followed at the grocery store. ("I get the only curb service in New York, I'm sure.")

At the playground in Central Park, all is pandemonium, a melange of children and mothers and nurses. Cynthia races for the swings. Mary shows no favoritism, swings Jeff with one hand and Cynthia with the other, unless someone else is there to keep one of them content. Even then, each wants some attention from Mommy. The slides come next. Other children swarm around Mary, gravely deposit their toys, grab the toys of her children until you might suppose that nobody could ever figure out what belongs to whom. But at the appropriate time the kids are claimed, the toys belonging to each retrieved, and everybody goes home happy. Sometimes Cynthia gets "lost" in the sandpile, hidden by the bigger children, and, for a moment, Mary gets panicky because she can't see her. ("I have learned not to lose my head because I know she is there and in a moment I will spy her.")

Mary loves the anonymity of the park. There, no one bothers her. There, she is just another mother, looking after two lively youngsters. She gets smiles of recognition at times. Occasionally someone says how much she is liked on the show, how much the show is liked. "A good part of my social life now centers in the park," says Mary. "I try to sit near Cynthia's friends so she will have companionship, and now some that are Jeffrey's age. Winnie is Cynthia's current favorite boy friend, and his mother and I have become good friends. We meet the children of some of the radio and television and theater people I know—Pat Neal's little Olivia, and the younger child, too. We meet the people who live in our block and around the corner and from everywhere in the neighborhood. Just nice people.

"Sometimes I take the children to the carousel in the park and to the zoo, and then we have to read the books that tell all about the animals. They ride the ponies and Jeff can sit up straight and ride like a big boy."

By going-home time, Cynthia is always too tired to walk and Mary propels them both, stops for the groceries and the meat and piles them in with the kids, picks up a bouquet at the florist's, and a special posy for her daughter, has them home, fed and ready for their baths and playtime, when Daddy arrives.

"This is Daddy's special time with the children," Mary points out. "On Saturdays and Sundays, there is all day. But, weekdays, this is the time they look forward to. We bathe the children together, get them into their night-clothes and romp with them, and finally tuck them into bed. Then we have our dinner, sometimes with guests, frequently alone. Everybody we know has to get up early, so no guest stays too late."

Nowadays, a large evening for the Kroliks may include dinner out in a restaurant and a movie, occasionally a play. "My husband brings me such presents as candy bars," Mary twinkles, "instead of the big boxes of candy he used to when we were first married and there were no children to think about—and when I didn't have to think about calories at all. I simply have to have a candy bar in a movie. Richard eats popcorn. Each of us sits there, completely content."

"We no longer go away for weekends, because it's too much of a production with the children. They don't eat or sleep as well away from home, and it isn't worth the trouble. Our friends have children a little older than ours and they are done with the things that we are still going through, so we keep the children at home most of the time. We're all happier that way."

The Kroliks' theories about bringing up children—at least, about their own and the others they hope someday to have—begin and end with the word love. "You can't love children enough," says Mary. "You can't give them too much of yourself. They give back everything you give them. It's the quality of the time spent with them—not merely the quantity—that matters. That's very nice too, of course. But it's the love and security and understanding!"

She believes that every child should have some chance every day to play by himself, uninterrupted and seemingly unsupervised. A time to study things out, to think, to become independent of being amused every minute. It's why they are

looking for a New York house, one with a back yard, where Cynthia can have a little sandpile of her own and perhaps a small garden, and Jeff can climb his own tree, even if it's a very little one. Where they can spread out a little and live an uncluttered life.

"I hope to see the children become more and more independent as they grow up," Mary says. "I want to be independent of them, to let them be free when the time comes—although I must admit that now I can't stay close enough, that I dislike being away from them an hour! Richard and I will encourage them to choose their own work and to live their own lives without interference from anyone."

"I certainly have no idea, at this time, whether Cynthia will ever be an actress. Now, she sings all the little songs I sing, and the new ones I make up for her, but it is far too soon to know if she has musical or acting talent or would be interested."

"What I really hope, of course, is that she marries and has a lot of children—a lot of grandchildren for Richard and me. And that goes for Jeffrey, too!"

## That Livin' Doll, Darlene

(Continued from page 11)  
in the girl's ability, had all worked together in her dad's part-time nursery to help finance her dancing lessons. During the summer of her twelfth year, Darlene and her mother were up at six A.M. and out in the lath house cutting the bottoms out of empty Coca-Cola cans which her Dad had brought home from the Douglas plant where he worked. The nursery behind the lath house held row after row of cans, doubled one on top of another, filled with rich, black earth and each containing one of Mr. Gillespie's prized avocado trees.

Darlene remembered working gingerly with the cans, trying to avoid the bees attracted by the sugary syrup. Though her thumbs grew calloused, and her button nose became peppered by freckles in the sun, she never gave up the happy, far-away look in her hazel eyes. She was willing to do anything to make her dream come true.

Born in Montreal, Canada, where her mother and father were vaudeville dancers, Darlene moved to Los Angeles when she was one year old. Her dad worked as an appliance-store manager, then as a lead-man in the Douglas Aircraft plant at Long Beach. Later, her mother helped add to the family finances (the Gillespies by then had four children) by working on the telephone company's information board.

Darlene learned to sing by listening to the radio. "My sister, Pat (now nineteen), and I used to harmonize while we were doing the dishes or looking after little Larrian and Gina," she reminisces. "I remember the first song we learned—'Goodie, Goodie.' Pat has the best voice in the family," Darlene says proudly. "She's the one who ought to be the singer in the family."

Both singing and dancing seemed to come naturally to Darlene. "She was born with rhythm in her bones," her mother, Dorothy Gillespie, says. "When she was first learning to walk, I only had to put a cute little costume on her, and Darlene was in a dancing mood. She did her first routine before an audience when she was only five years old."

"I was going to a school near our apartment to get my citizenship papers and, the night after our final tests, we had a celebration. One of the members played

piano, one sang, another danced. Darlene sat quietly in the back row until everybody was finished. Then, without asking me, she got up, walked to the middle of the room, looking expectantly at the pianist. He gave her an introduction and Darlene started dancing on the beat—and ended on the beat. I couldn't have been more surprised. Though she'd had no formal training, I realized she was a natural-born dancer."

When the family moved to Highland Park—into their first real home—Darlene's mother started her in a dancing school, where she took a brief course of thirteen lessons. "Then Darlene's interest in dancing faded," her mother recalls. "Never wanting to force anything on any of the children, we let her run her own world for a while."

"When Darlene was three, I asked Glen Raikes, with whom I had been studying voice, if he wouldn't take Darlene as a pupil, too. 'She's too young,' he said. 'In addition to which, I never teach children.' I told him, 'That's all right, Mr. Raikes—but, believe me, someday you will teach this child to sing.'

"Seven years passed, and one Sunday morning when Darlene was singing 'Bless This House' in church, I suddenly realized that people had tears in their eyes. 'Well, this is it,' I said to my husband, Larry. 'If a ten-year-old can have an effect like this on a church congregation, she deserves a coach.' After moving to Highland Park, I had worked in the information department of the telephone company, so it didn't take me long to find Mr. Raikes now in Bakersfield. 'Hello, Glen,' I said when I called him. 'Guess who this is?' I asked.

"He recognized my voice and also my intent. 'Oh, no,' he exclaimed. 'Please, Dorothy, believe me, I still don't take children.' He avoided making a date to hear Darlene as long as possible, but I was persistent. Finally, he said, 'All right, bring her up and we'll give her a listen.' The next weekend, we drove to Bakersfield and Darlene sang for Glen. Halfway through the song, he broke in with a beaming 'Darlene, when do you want to start?'

"It is now six years, several albums and three seasons of *Mickey Mouse Club* later," says Mrs. Gillespie with a smile, "and

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Darlene is still with Mr. Raikes. In fact, so are her two younger sisters."

Shortly after the singing instructions began, Darlene again evinced interest in dancing. Her mother, herself a dancer, visited a half-dozen schools before she found Burch Holtzman University of Dance in Alhambra. "One of the things that Mama liked best about Burch's method," says Darlene, "was the special way she had of teaching character dancing. It is not just a lot of moving around. There is a beginning, a middle, an end. For example, Burch has a way of taking a character and a situation—like a little country girl going to a fair—and weaving it into a dancing story. It was a character such as this that I later did at the Disney studio audition.

"I had taken lessons from Burch for four years, when she sent four of us to answer an audition call from the Disney studios. There were about ten men there and, not knowing them, I'll admit I was scared. After I'd done my little character dance, they asked me if I could sing. Nervously, I replied, 'A little bit.' They told me to sing anything I liked—so, without any accompaniment, I started out on 'Davy Crockett.' It was a fortunate choice, I think, for they sent me straight to wardrobe."

Her mother describes Darlene's reaction to her first few days of work on *The Mickey Mouse Club*. "She was so nervous, she came home every night with an upset stomach, but she loved it. We had never thought that a career would begin for Darlene so soon. If she developed well as a dancer, we had considered taking her to New York after graduation from high school. But here she was, only fourteen and already under contract to Mr. Disney. Before we signed, we asked her if she was sure she wanted to go ahead with the work. We warned her it would be a long, hard grind. The decision was hers.

"But the word *Disney* was enough to make her say 'yes.'"

"I remember how excited I was the first time I met Mr. Disney," Darlene sparkles. "I was so impressed—he's such a humble person. Because he's such a big businessman, you might expect him to be stiff, but he isn't at all. He's very warm and cordial, calls everybody by their first name, and everyone else on the lot calls him Walt."

After doing a number of Mouseketeer roles on the *Mouse Club*, Darlene was selected by director William Beaudine to play Corky in the "Corky and White Shadow" serial. Since Darlene couldn't ride a horse, the studio gave her daily riding lessons. "I can't exactly describe how she walked when she came home," Mrs. Gillespie reports, "but I can tell you she did suffer. Every time she came through the door, she looked like she was still in the saddle. I'd ask her, 'How did you do today, Darlene?' She said, 'Oh, Mother . . .' But, when I asked her if she wanted to give it up, she said, 'No, sreee.' You've never seen a girl with more stick-to-it-iveness."

From "Corky and White Shadow," Darlene joined the other Mouseketeers in a circus-come-to-town theme at Disneyland Park—the girls were dressed as Tinker Bell, the boys as Peter Pan, and they did six months of aerial work on swinging ladders. From there, Darlene went into the Bobo role in "Westward Ho, the Wagons."

Then came a black moment in her career. She contracted pneumonia and went to bed for six weeks. At first, Darlene was terribly upset at the thought of losing her part in the upcoming Mouseketeer series. But her mother encouraged her, preparing her for the inevitable. Later,

as Mouseketeer Doreen took over for Darlene, Darlene said philosophically, "When you swing at the ball in baseball, you have to expect a few misses. There are some things in life you have to learn to accept. Often, something even better will come along."

After recovery, Darlene returned to Mission High School in Burbank and then the studio called her back for the "Spin and Marty" series. From there, she was cast in the "Margaret" series, co-starring Annette Funicello. And, finally—after recording the albums, "Darlene of the Teens" and "Alice in Wonderland"—she has been inked in for the role of "Dorothy" in Disney's feature movie, "The Rainbow Road to Oz."

Today, Darlene and her family live in a modest three-bedroom house in Burbank, California, just five minutes from Disney's. Her new baby brother, Larry, shares one bedroom with Mother and Dad; seven-year-old Larrian and five-year-old Gina share the second bedroom; and Darlene and her nineteen-year-old sister, Pat, the third. Darlene admires Pat, now going to junior-college nursing school, for her selfless attitude. During the time Darlene and her mother cut cans in Dad's nursery, sister Pat also got up at six, to cook and keep house for the rest of the family, and helped save money by walking a mile-and-a-half to the school bus in the morning. Pat is like a second mother to Darlene. In their shared bedroom, Pat has given up half of her wall to Darlene's collection of dolls and ceramic animals.

With a family of five children, one would expect that there's not enough time in Mrs. Gillespie's busy life to mete out an equal share of love, affection and security to so large a brood. But there is no jealousy in the Gillespie household. Darlene explains it simply: "How do you know you're loved? It isn't something you know, it's something you feel. And I feel doubly blessed because I have three sisters and a brother to share my love and affection.

"Speaking of baby brothers," Darlene beams, "Larry is the real prize of the family. All we girls fight over him. As soon as he wakes up from his nap in the afternoon, this house is filled with shouts of 'It's my turn to hold him.'" While Mrs. Gillespie bathes, feeds and clothes Larry, the girls stand around in the hope that something else will demand her attention so that they can carry on.

The members of the Gillespie family are as close as the stones in a brick wall, their unity made strong by the mortar of love and understanding. The basis of this relationship is the family devotion to their church. Almost every morning, they go as a group to 8:15 mass, and, every day, they say their family rosary together. Mrs. Gillespie says with firm belief, "The family that prays together *does* stay together."

Holidays and birthdays, too, are for the whole family. Gina's and Larrian's birthdays, only eight days apart, were celebrated recently by a surprise party (Darlene's idea) after their parents had taken them off for a day at Disneyland. Mrs. Gillespie set it up by explaining to the girls, "Since you two girls are working in an M-G-M picture, we don't think we're going to be able to have a birthday party for you, so Dad and I will take you to Disneyland." She laughs, "Anything 'Disney' around the house is magic, and the girls made the deal enthusiastically. But, to top their day, their faces were really brightened by the giant-sized cake that Pat and Darlene unselfishly stayed home to bake."

Darlene has divided her schedule into

"A" and "B" days. "A" days are the eight-o'clock calls which generally take her out on location; "B" days are the nine-o'clock calls at the studio. "I usually get up an hour before work," she explains. "There is always a mad rush for the bathroom—since we're mostly girls, we're always in front of the mirror. This is followed by breakfast, a hectic bedmaking, picking-up-things session. Then Mommy drives me to work.

"When I come home at night, about seven or seven-thirty, I'm tired, but we have dinner and laugh around the house. Of course, all the Mouseketeers are my friends and I'm on the phone with them. I don't have much of a chance to meet boys and girls my age and join clubs off the Disney lot anymore, but I don't mind. You can't film a show, be fresh in front of the camera and do all the other things, too. But," Darlene smiles, "it has its compensations. I'm meeting a lot of kids in this business and making new friends. I'm in a group of talented people from whom I can learn. Since I've chosen show business for a career, it's like being paid to go to school."

Dating for Darlene is boiled down to parties made up of Mouseketeers and other young people from Disney's. "I think double dates are fun and thrilling—though infrequent," she says. "There'll be plenty of time to meet boys when I'm not so busy, not in a rush."

When she does have a few free minutes, Darlene is an avid movie-magazine reader, devours *Photoplay*, especially articles on Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo. She loves to shop, has bought all of her own clothes ever since she can remember, loves "dressy-up" stuff, especially nice hats and shoes. Darlene and her mother have the same tastes; she has made her mother agree that her collection of hats and jewelry be "willed" to her. Like a kid, Darlene can still spend hours in front of the mirror trying on her mother's "grown-up" clothes. But, when she dresses for work, everything is easygoing. She has a dozen pairs of ducks and pedal-pushers. "I think I have a pair in every color of the rainbow," she says. "Right now, the shrimp and orange shades are getting the most wear. Once I went through a violet craze, and everything I had was violet. I think the next will be a mint craze." She adds, with a dreamy look in her eye, "I'd love a mint-colored T-Bird." Then, reverting back to her practical self, she explains, "Dad thinks I'm too young to have a car, though."

When she's not dreaming about T-Birds or enrapt in *Photoplay*, Darlene is watching television. She loves *Disneyland*, *Ozzie And Harriet*, and *Omnibus*. Her favorite subject is biology and she's evinced an interest in becoming a scientist. She likes a variety of things, is quickly able to hit the high spots in all of her school subjects, has an unerring instinct for what is important and what isn't. Her quick intelligence enables her to "catch on" to anything new.

In her albums, Darlene's voice has a unique, individual quality, her dancing is educated, smooth, professional, and her acting shows a great deal of sensitivity and understanding. Even at sixteen, she has both pathos and comedy and can make the transition smoothly from one mood to the other. Her mother jokingly says that Darlene is such a good mimic the family is afraid they've wasted their money on her dancing.

But none of the Gillespies regret the early days of sacrifice and hard work that went into helping establish Darlene's career. And Darlene feels that her success is miraculous—a fairytale dream right out of "The Wizard of Oz."





program and I go over the commercials. We are both busy, every moment on the show, and we hardly have time to see each other, unless I have to ask him something about the interview we are doing. It's all business."

When the show is over, if she wants to catch Tex, she has little notes prepared to hand him quickly. He reads rapidly, says yes, or no, or let's-wait-and-talk-that-over-later. "I never, never stop him for any personal question when he is busy," Jinx points out, "any more than any other wife would bother her husband during business hours. I try to handle personal things myself, or to hold them until we are alone at night. The only times Tex calls me during the day are when he has to change a plan. In his public relations company, which has grown tremendously, he has to meet with many people, and I am not a part of any of this. I know his schedule for the day in general and I have to guide myself accordingly, but sometimes the whole schedule goes off.

"His secretary will call me, when I am expecting him to come by and pick me up to go to dinner with friends or business associates, and will say that a meeting is running long, and that Tex suggests I go along without him and that he will come later. Often, I have to go to a picture preview, or a benefit performance of some kind, without him. In fact, because there is so much for both of us to do, we often go to separate evening performances or meetings, each important to our work. Then we meet later, at the Waldorf once more, for the radio show. One of us must always be there to go on the air by 10:30 P. M."

Weekends and Wednesdays are different. Ever since Paddy asked Jinx why she couldn't be home more of the time, like other mothers, Jinx has hurried home after the Wednesday-noon TV program and stayed there for the rest of the afternoon and evening, leaving Tex to do the night show solo Saturdays and Sundays are informal family days, when the boys decide what they all should do—except that now, since they have reached the ages of eleven and nine, they often wave goodbye to their parents quite casually to go off with their friends and follow their own interests.

It is this that has made Jinx stay with the programs, instead of giving up one or both, as she has been tempted to do. "I sometimes envy mothers who are home all day with the kids, getting their breakfast, fixing the school lunches, having the milk and cookies ready after school every day. Then I see how independent the boys are growing—which is good. How much we have to talk about when we are together. How they save things to tell me, and Tex and I save things to tell them, and what a fine companionship there is between us.

"Tex and I have talked this all over, and he has reminded me how much of the time I would be sitting alone while the boys were out with their friends and after they went to bed at night. I have been too busy all my life, earning my living and contributing to the household before I was married, working with Tex ever since, to be satisfied now to play tennis every day, much as I love it. Or throw myself into working for benefits—Tex and I do a great deal of that now. Or spend my time in social life—we manage to work some of that in, too. This way, I see Tex in the evening, at least. Otherwise, he might be doing a show while I stayed home alone."

On the day of this interview, Paddy had been brought home from football practice minutes before we arrived at the house for lunch. "Paddy got conked in

the head," Kevin said. From that moment, the radio and television performer was forgotten and the mother took over for the next hour, until the doctor assured her there was nothing to worry about. Luncheon, which was to have been only a little late, was served at tea-time, when the interview was picked up. But there would have been no interview at all, had Paddy showed any signs of illness from the blow. The kids come first when they need her, and many a guest has to be content to talk with Tex, when he expected to chat on the show with Tex's beautiful wife—just because it's a special day at the boys' school or there's a project that requires a mother's presence.

Each summer, both parents take a month off with the boys—leaving the programs in capable hands—and they all decide what they want to do with the

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thirty days. Last summer, it was skin-diving in Mexico. "I asked Tex if he thought the boys should learn and he said yes, and we had a wonderful time. We ate three meals a day together, went everywhere as a family. Sometimes, I might feel like dressing up and going to some nice place for dinner. But if the boys, and Tex, decided we should stay in bathing suits and stop in a hamburger place on our way home, that's what we did. I defer to my men."

Jinx has a theory that a wife should defer to her husband and that, no matter how independent she has been before marriage, she should guard against any temptation to be "managerial" after marriage. Tex handles all the plans for trips and all the details. She takes care of the children. If he is called away, she can handle everything. But she never usurps his place.

It has been hard for her to keep from being a backseat driver, especially when Tex has a lot on his mind and misses a familiar turn which may take them blocks out of their way. Once, when he almost missed the last exit for the bridge that takes them across the East River from Long Island, where they live, to Manhattan, where they work, Jinx clutched his arm and said accusingly, "Oh, Tex, you're missing the exit." He made the turn, then asked quietly, "Well, would it have been a big crisis if I had?" Ever since then, she has tried to keep her mouth shut. "I realized I was sounding just like a bossy wife."

For those who think Tex is a somewhat brusque man (and there are some), Jinx has a quick explanation. "Tex is concerned with people and with what happens to them. He is gentle and thoughtful, but he has great powers of concentration and it is often hard to get his attention. Sometimes, I ask him what he thinks I should wear for some special occasion and when he doesn't even hear me, I let it go. If I can get through to him, he couldn't be more interested—will remember a certain dress he likes and tell me that is the one. He has such good judgment about what is right for the occasion, and what will photograph well.

"Tex concentrates on each problem as it comes up, whether it's about business, the boys, or future plans. I weigh everything and change my mind a number of times. Tex seems to sum up all the sides quickly and make his decision, and that's that. And it's always the right decision.

"He is a rather strict father at times, because he cares so much for the children and so much wants them to be happy and self-disciplined. I get after them for small misdemeanors, but they know they have me just where they want me, whereas Tex will not lose his temper—as I sometimes do—but will be quick to stop them up short if he sees them annoying me. Kevin and his kitten, Mughead, and Paddy and his kitten, Jughead, will be tearing all around the table where Tex is working and he can simply ignore them until, like most mothers, I come to the end of my patience and send them all out, cats and kids. Then he steps in to clear the air. He plays ball with the boys and swims and joins them in all their games. He often says that, busy as he is, his kids see more of him than he ever saw of his father, who was a farmer and was out in the fields from early morning until late at night."

Like most wives, Jinx has that sixth sense about what is going on in a husband's mind. "I can feel when things haven't gone right for Tex. He doesn't bring his business problems home, but I can always tell when he has had a turbulent day. Even when I can hardly wait to know what has happened, I hold back until he is ready to talk. Sometimes I can literally see him turning over a situation in his mind for days, until he finally reaches some conclusion and opens up about it. Usually, he unburdens himself after a few hours.

"Working together, as well as living together, has probably brought us closer than some husbands and wives. Maybe it has provided more perils. If it has, I am not aware of them. I believe it has made me understand Tex's problems, made each of us see the other more clearly and more truly, and provided deeper respect for each other. If it has made me rather less independent, taken away some of the privacy that a wife has at home, then I am not aware of these things, either. If it is true that, as Tex's broadcast partner and as Tex's wife, I am leading two lives—then all I can say is, both are quite wonderful."

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