

TV RADIO MIRROR

In This Issue

RADIO MIRROR

• 25¢

Tony Perkins Talks About the Beat Generation



Sid Caesar

PHLEEN MURRAY
KITTY FOYLE



Alice Lon

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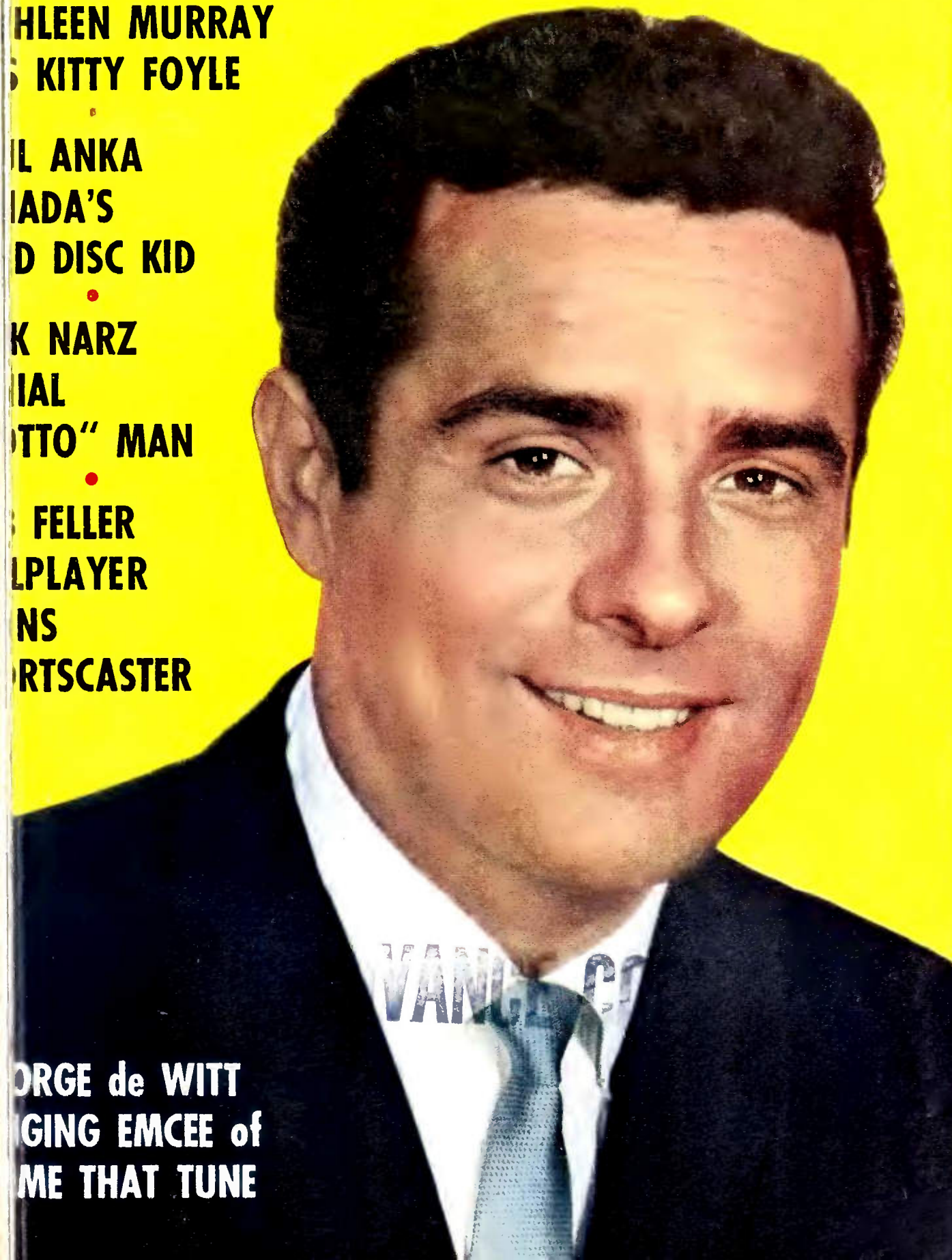
Terry O'Sullivan

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ING EMCEE of
ME THAT TUNE



Louise O'Brien



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TV RADIO MIRROR

JUNE, 1958

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 50, NO. 1

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Cover portrait of George de Witt by Shelly Smith

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movies on TV

Showing this month

BIG TIP OFF, THE (A.A.): Los Angeles columnist becomes embroiled in phony fund-raising scheme with old friend who has turned crooked. Richard Conte is the hero; villain played by Bruce Bennett. At Conte's side as love interest is Constance Smith.

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia): Clifford Odets' famous play was basis for this first film made by William Holden. Emotionally unstable musician forsakes career in the arts for one in the prize ring. Racketeers bring about his downfall. Barbara Stanwyck handles heroine's role with sophistication. Adolphe Menjou, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia are excellent in supporting roles.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th): John Ford directs this beautiful story of a boy's life in a Welsh coal-mining town. Poignantly tender story. Roddy McDowall plays little *Huw*, Donald Crisp and Sara Allgood are the parents, Walter Pidgeon the local preacher. A spellbinding movie.

IN OLD CHICAGO (20th): The legend of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, as handsomely screened by Darryl Zanuck, who achieves a vivid picture of Chicago's early days before the fire of 1871. The fighting clan of O'Leary includes Alice Brady, Don Ameche, Tyrone Power. Alice Faye and Andy Devine have supporting roles.

LES MISERABLES (20th): Powerful movie from immortal Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March plays the persecuted Jean Valjean. Charles Laughton the brutal Javert, Florence Eldridge is excellent as a frail factory worker. Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays Bishop of Bienvenu.

MY LUCKY STAR (20th): Sonja Henie in slight story in which Cesar Romero as wealthy playboy adopts shop-girl Sonja and sends her to college. Stunning ice ballets and exhibition skating lift this above the ordinary. Richard Greene is love interest.

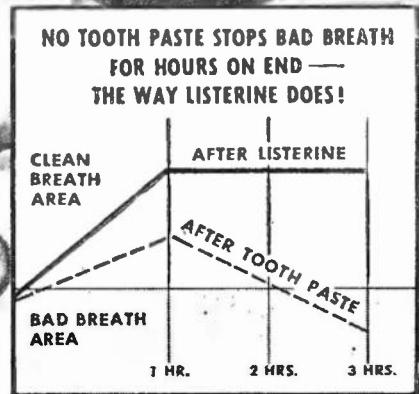
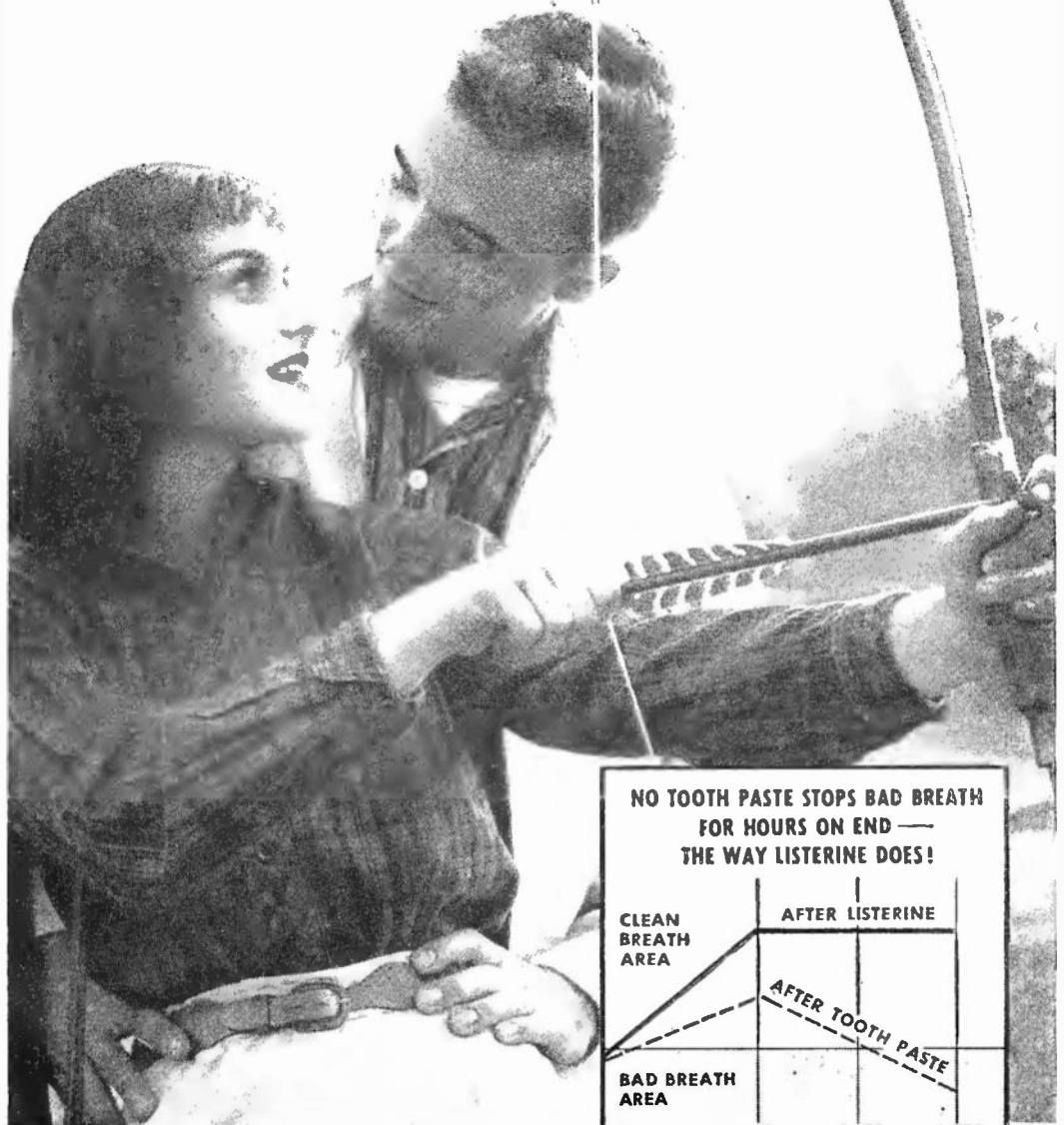
NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, THE (U.A.): Robert Mitchum plays an itinerant preacher driven by greed to murder. Excellent suspense. Also features Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, Billy Chapin, Sally Bruce.

PURPLE PLAIN, THE (U.A.): RAF war story, with action laid in Burmese jungle. Feud in advance combat camp leads Gregory Peck to edge of nervous collapse. Burmese girl (played by Win Min Than) saves his sanity.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE (20th): Famous story of Henry M. Stanley, ace reporter of the 80's (Spencer Tracy), who is assigned to search out British missionary-explorer Livingstone (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) who is missing in darkest Africa. Supporting players are Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene, Charles Coburn, and Walter Brennan.

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WHAT'S NEW

ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE



Sighs at the Screen Gems lot are for rugged Jeff Richards. In the season's newest oat-eater, *Jefferson Drum*, he's a newspaper editor.



In a new TV series, Fernando Lamas introduces a new look in private-eyes.

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



Before his next movie, Tommy Sands heads for New York with Ernie Ford.



For the girls Bob Cummings will introduce young Stanley Stenner. Center, something for the boys.

Tommy Sands will stay in Lee Strasberg's special classes until he is accepted by his Actors' Studio. Tommy will be Tennessee Ernie Ford's guest on May 1 and May 8, both shows to originate from New York. He will be back in Hollywood this summer to do his next 20th Century-Fox pic, as yet untitled. . . . When Lawrence Welk made his recent New York appearance, the head of ABC-TV's guest relations department lost his voice repeating, "No, I'm sorry, we have no more tickets." . . . Speaking of lost voices, *Maverick's* Jim Garner just returned after a five-week layoff with tonsil trouble. Sez Big Jim, "You have to work on TV—six and seven days a week, learning thirteen pages of script each day . . . the average motion picture shoots only two or three pages of script a day at the most." Now Garner does 74 pages in a week. No wonder he lost his voice. . . . College grad Art Linkletter's pix will grace the Television Humor section of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* next Book of the Year.

Who's Dating? Bob Horton and Nina Foch at singer Bob Roubian's crazy Crab Cooker restaurant in Balboa. . . . Southern-drawlin' Ty Hungerford sees Northern Lights when he's with Dolores Hart. . . . Tommy Sands flew in to see Molly Bee—then spent an afternoon with Cathy Crosby, listening to records in Phil Harris's Hollywood Boulevard Record Shop. What did they buy? Frank Sinatra's "Songs for Swingin' Lovers." Watta headline that would make. . . . Same day, same place, comedian Red Skelton with wife Georgia and son Richard bought Darlene Gillespie's "Wizard of Oz" album.



In a duet here with pert Miyoshi Umeki, Rusty Draper sings on the green, too.



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... stops odor 24 hours a day. Won't damage clothes.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

... When Pamela Duncan was dating Tombstone Territory's Pat Conway, he was up for the Jack Dempsey bio pic; now she's seen steadily with Steve Cochran—who is being considered for the Dempsey role. What is her pugilistic charm?

On January 29, 1920, the following want ad appeared in the *Kansas City Star*: "Artist—cartoon and wash drawings. First-class man wanted. Steady. Kansas City Slide Company, 1015 Central." That was the ad that Walt Disney answered. Last week, the ad manager of the *Star* sent millionaire Walt a bronze plaque of the ad as a lasting memento of his humble beginnings. . . . Speaking of Disney, his *Zorro* production, starring Guy Williams, begins filming another 39 the first week of May.

Who's new? Seventeen-year-young Stanley Stenner, the son of Bob Cummings' valet, John Stenner, will make his first appearance on the Cummings show on May 27, in episode called "Bob Digs Rock 'n' Roll." Young Stenner is a standout singer-guitarist—as Cummings says, "the most."

Who's married? Roy Rogers' two older adopted daughters have both wed. . . . Likewise, *Broken Arrow's* Mike "Co-chise" Ansara married Barbara Eden of *How To Marry A Millionaire*. How did they meet? TCF press agent Booker McClay played Cupid by asking Mike to pose for publicity pictures with Barbara at an astrologer's party. "Why choose Barbara?" Mike asked. "I can think of a lot of girls I could take. . . ." And Barbara had much the same answer: "Why Mike? I don't know him," she told (Continued on page 69)

WHAT'S NEW

ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Newlywed Steve Lawrence isn't really singing the budget blues. He and Eydie Gorme are readying summer gags. They'll sub for Steverino.



When Garry Moore winds up his daytime show, there'll be new directions for, from top to bottom, Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Garry himself.



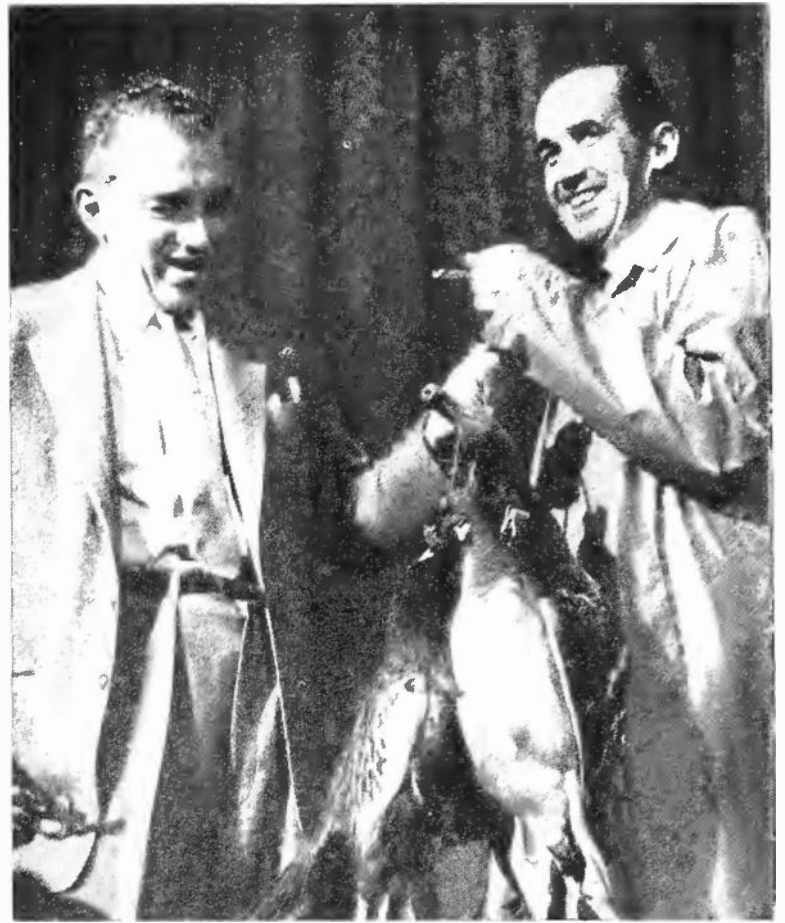
No summer TV for grandma Kathryn Murray. It's year-around show or nothing for her and Arthur.

Cool & Far Out: Pat Boone winding up first TV season so strong that he's already renewed for next year, with a hike in pay. . . . *Studio One* wobbly. . . . New York society columns linked Hugh O'Brian with Bette Anderson Campbell of Charleston, S. C. A week later, Hugh was dancing with Linda Jones, a chorus gal from Hallandale, Fla. . . . Pretty *Big Payoff* model Marion James going to be a mother. . . . Hal March contract on \$64,000 *Question* is up in June and, believe it or not, there's question of whether he will be renewed. Hal, on other hand, has gone ahead with plans to shoot pilot film for new comedy series which he hopes to sell for fall programming. . . . *Polly Bergen Show* stone cold the end of this month. . . . *Dearheart:* No to your question. *Maverick's* Jack Kelly is not the brother of Princess Grace. Actress Nancy Kelly is his sister. . . . Jerry Lee Lewis, Presley's heir apparent, to London Palladium this month, replete with black T-shirts, trunksful of sports jackets, and eight pair of white shoes. (Jerry wears nothing but white on his tootsies.) . . . Ed Sullivan not amused by published rumors to effect he will retire or cut down on appearances next season. Ed says, "First, I've never felt better. Second, there's no place in the world I'd rather be Sunday evenings than in that studio. Third, I think someone at NBC started that rumor. No one will retire me but the public." . . . Words of wisdom from CBS Radio's *Pat Buttram Show:* "A man who drives safely while kissing his girl isn't giving the

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



Role of Heathcliff lures England's Richard Burton to TV. On Broadway, he stars with Helen Hayes, Susan Strasberg.



Two Eds, and rumors about both. Sullivan denies he'll quit TV. Murrow's being boosted as a Senate candidate.

kiss all of the attention it deserves."

Man to Remember: High point of the spring season is the May 9, CBS-TV 90-minute production of "Wuthering Heights." And what makes it so exciting is the casting of handsome Richard Burton in the role of Heathcliff. Burton has repeatedly turned down TV offers. He has done only two other shows. "Six years ago, I did 'Anna Christie' with June Havoc," he says. "To do a part properly requires hard work and preparation, but for TV you get only two weeks of rehearsal. Why am I doing this? Well, I just couldn't turn down the chance to play Heathcliff." He currently stars on Broadway with Helen Hayes and Susan Strasberg in the comedy hit, "Time Remembered." He says, "Do I like it? Well, it's not often you get the chance to work with the first lady of the American theater. I've found both Helen and Susan kind and generous." Burton, a Welshman, was the youngest of thirteen children. His father and brothers are miners. By the time Richard came along, they could afford to send one son to Oxford University. He then went into acting and rose rapidly on stage and in movies. One of the world's finest Shakespearean actors, he holds weekly classes on Broadway in Shakespeare for a star-studded group. He has already been signed to co-star with France Nuyen in "The World of Suzie Wong," to be directed by Josh Logan next season. Burton is married to actress Sybil Williams and they have an eight-month-old daugh-

ter, Katharine, named after Katharine Hepburn, a longtime friend. Backstage at the Morosco Theater, Richard Burton expressed his opinion on a few things, places and people: New York City? "We love it. If there's an offer of two jobs and one is in New York, that tips the scales." Hamburgers? "These we miss most when we're in Europe. The American drugstore with its short-order cooking wizardry makes up for the lack of pubs." Baseball? "Saw my first World Series three years ago and haven't missed one since." Jayne Mansfield? "She has many advantages." American music? "I like jazz." Hollywood? "It's all right for three months, but I'm a country boy and still prefer big cities." The American woman? "A dish." American teenagers? "Ever so slightly too hygienic. I mean they look just too well-scrubbed."

Kate, Kathy & Kathryn: How far radio has to come back is hard to say, but Kate Smith is fully sponsored and proud of it. . . . Hy Averbach reports from *The Real McCoys* set that Kathy Nolan smiled appreciatively when shown a dress she was to wear in a new episode. Hy told her, "But in the script you're supposed to hate it!" "I know," Kathy said, "but yesterday I bought myself one just like it." . . . Kathryn Murray has turned down ten offers to do a summer show. Sweetly but firmly, Kathryn says, "We're not going to be a summer replacement again. Our overall rating for last summer was second only to *What's My*

Line? Our special hour in December got 58.6 percent of the audience. So I think we're good enough for the regular season. Besides, I'm getting tired of no summer relief. From April to October, we never get west of Hoboken." Kathryn's TV motives are unusual. "I don't do TV for the money and I'm not an entertainer. I just want people to like me and our dancing studios." She didn't know how much she made on last summer's show and turned to her secretary. "Did I get paid and how much?" The answer came back, "\$1,500 per week." Kathryn said, "The money goes right into a partnership account I have with Arthur. It's used for our expenses: Rent, gifts for the grandchildren, anything." Kathryn recalls, "When we were first married, I asked my mother-in-law how much allowance I should ask of Arthur. She said, 'I don't believe in an allowance. Whatever belongs to the husband belongs to the wife.' So we've always shared." Kathryn concludes, "I used to joke about being a summer replacement. I said, 'Pride goeth with the fall.' Now I wouldn't consider going on in the summer unless we're guaranteed 'pride continues into the fall.'"

Read-It-Yourself: Tommy Leonetti up for NBC Radio show this fall. . . . Patrice Munsel will have third child about September. . . . McGuire Sisters shooting a pilot film for a comedy series. How about that? . . . Como bought himself a house at Jupiter Isle, Florida, where he has been commuting every (Continued on page 15)

Sally's BLUE



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Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

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Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



TV RADIO MIRROR goes

TV favorites on your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES



In dramatic scene, Shirley MacLaine is disappointed by Warren Stevens.



Student Dean Jones involves Joan O'Brien as he hits out at the world.



All Fernandel wants to steal is a scene, but Bob Hope is suspicious.

Marjorie Morningstar

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

Natalie Wood is beautiful and effective in the title role; Gene Kelly, though a bit over-age for the part, makes an attractive Noel Airman. But it is the rest of the cast, largely from TV, which makes this one of the best movies of the season. Ed Wynn, particularly, stands out as Natalie's devoted Uncle Samson. Carolyn Jones is impressive as her pushy girlfriend Marsha, and Marty Milner is a pleasant surprise as her long-suffering suitor Wally. The movie follows the plot of the best-selling novel with care.

Paris Holiday

U.A., TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

TV comic Bob Hope plays TV comic Leslie Hunter in this light-hearted tale of romance and intrigue. Bob starts out simply enough to purchase a script in Paris, but soon finds himself involved in a life-and-death chase through the French countryside. The location shots are fine, but the action is confused. Martha Hyer is on hand as the American Embassy employee Bob loves and periodically loses; Anita Ekberg is the mysterious Zara, busily try-

to the movies



Television first saw Ed Wynn in his new role as dramatic actor. He continues it as he plays Natalie Wood's devoted Uncle Samson in "Marjorie Morningstar."

ing to steal Hope's script and life; Fernandel is somewhat wasted as the French comic who antagonizes Boh.

God's Little Acre

U.A.

Erskine Caldwell's South, with all its poverty, provides the setting for good acting jobs by Robert Ryan, as the father, and Aldo Ray as an unemployed mill hand. TV and night-club comedian Buddy Hackett is as amusing as ever in the role of the candidate for sheriff, and TV viewers will also recognize Jack Lord, as Ryan's son Buck. In the glamour-girl department is Tina Louise, formerly of Broadway's "Li'l Abner," who makes her movie debut here.

I Married A Woman

U-I

Give George Gobel the buxom English beauty, Diana Dors, for a wife, and a shaky job in an advertising agency, and the results provide plenty of laughs for aficionados of Lonesome George. In this, his second movie, the TV star frets about his job while his luscious blond wife frets over his coldness—when she isn't worrying about a name for their about-to-be-

first-born. George's boss, Adolphe Menjou, helps bring about a surprise solution.

Hot Spell

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Fat and fortyish Alma Duval (Shirley Booth) tries to recapture the romance of her earlier days while her husband (Anthony Quinn) is busy ogling a young brunette. Both give fine performances, as usual, but it is Shirley MacLaine, known to TV audiences as a comedienne, who is a pleasant surprise in the dramatic role of their daughter.

Handle With Care

M-G-M

This story and its stars are both taken from TV and the transition is a happy one, except that neither Dean Jones nor Joan O'Brien gets a chance to sing. Dean, instead, is cast as a bright young law student whose own feeling of hidden guilt makes him try to strike back at the world. His opportunity comes when his school stages a mock trial which he is able to turn into a real-life investigation of graft. Joan, as his fiancee and fellow student, is hurt when the trial involves her own father.

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Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 beautiful shades. 29¢

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COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or-DYEING

Ring Out Four Alarms

Call out his old friends—
Ed Bonner of KXOK is going
like a house on fire



"Cowboy" deejays in "Once Upon a Horse" are Ed (left center), Houston's Poul Berlin, Boston's Bob Cloyton (both right center).



Teens and adults alike make up the audience that knows "Monkey" as Ed's trademark-nickname.



With the teens, Ed is informal. He's their friend, just as he's the friend of the many stars who visit him. Here, it's Rosemary Clooney.

WHERE'S THE FIRE? It's the four-alarm success that Ed Bonner found when he moved from hook and ladder to the turning table. Once a smoke-eater, Ed is now a top-rated music personality at Station KXOK in St. Louis. *The Ed Bonner Show* is heard Monday through Friday, from 3 to 7 P.M., and on Saturday, from 9 A.M. to noon. The friends, both grown-up and growing-up, that Ed has made on these shows found themselves in a national company when the deejay subbed for vacationing Martin Block on network last summer, and then started showing up on movie screens. Ed was seen in "Jamboree," a Warner Bros. film made in New York and released last year, and is also in "Once Upon a Horse," a Universal-International release made in Hollywood.

A down-to-earth lad with winning ways, Ed has a lion's share of



Firehouse is a thing of the past. With Jean, young Debbie and Rick, and "Pepi," Ed's a suburbanite now.

the adult audience in St. Louis. And, through appearances at benefits, record hops, school coronations, football games and the like, he's proved himself the best friend, too, of the city's teenagers. Ed's programs concentrate on the music. Though it's good, the talk is at a minimum.

Born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, Ed went to high school at the other end of the country, in Burbank, California. When he was graduated, he took the Fire Department examinations and emerged with the top marks in his group. But, during his first alarm, Ed slept soundly through the emergency. He was wide-awake for the next one but, on his first time out, Ed fell off the roof of the building he was trying to save. Nothing daunted, he continued to fight fires. To wile away the hours between alarms, though, he decided to study broadcasting, "just for

kicks." Or so Ed thought at first.

Though a siren is still the coolest sound he can hear, Ed eventually left the fire department to take a deejay job in Idaho Falls, Idaho. "You think it gets cold in St. Louis!" Ed says. "My teeth chattered so loud up there that the listeners couldn't hear the records." Ed left for warmer climes and a season of pro baseball as a shortstop for a Chicago Cubs' farm team. Then it was back to radio, with Ed working his way East to spend two years at Lynchburg, Virginia. Next stop was Newark, New Jersey, commuting distance to New York City and to meetings with the many top stars who have been visiting Ed at KXOK ever since he arrived in St. Louis in 1951.

Recognized as one of the country's top deejays, Ed is particularly appreciative of his loyal teen-age fans. "When the high-school group likes

a record, that's it," he says. "They have more influence on popular music than any other single group in America. They make a record what it is." Cited for his work for practically every worth-while cause in the area, Ed keeps on informal terms with the teenagers. "Call me E.B., or Ed, or anything, but don't call me Mr. Bonner," he tells them. "'Mister' should be reserved for 105-year-old Nobel Prize winners, not a monkey like me." Incidentally, "Monkey" has become both Ed's nickname and trademark.

At home in suburban Kirkwood, Ed is still surrounded by music, from his large personal collection of "jazz, blues, sweet stuff, Dixieland, and dream stuff." Listening, too, are his lovely wife Jean and their two children, Debbie, who's two and a half, and Rick, who is a year younger. Ed Bonner's children, of course, never play with fire.

LADY OF DISTINCTION



Home is a perfect setting for Mary's classic beauty. "Leipshen" is there as she works and plays.



*Even the sack is
no longer sad when Mary Morgan
of CKLW endows it
with her own special flair*



Guest Margaret O'Brien helps Mary display the jeweled ropes that go so well with the "trapeze."

PARIS ANNOUNCES a new look in sacks. It flares at the hemline, is called the "trapeze" line, and leaves a lot of the ladies up in the air. But this sensation prevailed only temporarily for women within listening and looking range of Station CKLW Radio and TV in Detroit. Mary Morgan, Special Features Editor, added a word to the wise and, as usual, had the last word in fashion. . . . Mary's is a suit-your-own-style common sense. Chic and distinctive, she is concerned with much more than the problem of how to reconcile bodily and bank-balance figures with French fancy. Her programs—heard Monday through Saturday, at 10:35 A.M., and seen Monday and Tuesday, at 12:30 P.M.—also include current news events, civic projects and visiting celebrities. And, for the men who haven't a chance to peek in during the week, Mary hosts *Million Dollar Movie*, Sunday at 3:30 P.M. . . . Mary happily pours her energies into her work, both her programs and her personal appearances at clubs and fashion shows. The work, after all, is a slightly altered dream that began in Port Dover, Ontario, where the Morgans were the first family in town to own a radio. This was for her, Mary decided, although, at the time, she thought her niche in radio would be a singing one. . . . When Mary heard that a station in Detroit was looking for a singer, she applied, with no experience and a pocketful of hope. But after the producers had heard Mary's speaking voice, they asked her to speak the lyrics instead of singing them. Mystified, Mary had no way of knowing they were also looking for a girl to take a role in a new daytime drama. It wasn't until ten years later that Mary finally had her chance to sing on radio—on a coffee commercial. . . . Mary lives in her family's home and has made it her "special project" to find, somewhere, some leisure time. What she's tempted to do with it, if she succeeds, is to write a book, "Life With Leipshen." The amber-brown dachshund must wait for fame, though. Mary has too many good works brewing beneath her stylish coiffure. Mary takes a keen interest in fashions from Paris, and from New York and California. But what she really proves is that the height of fashion is, simply, to be a lady.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Toujours Genevieve

Please tell me something about the little French singer on The Jack Paar Show.
M. R., Birdsboro, Pa.

Just a few years ago, the Parisienne was chief cook, bottle washer and chanteuse of her own little Left Bank bistro called "Chez Genevieve." The business, unfortunately, was hard put to make ends meet—mostly, it is said, because the generous proprietress couldn't bear to bill her many friends who came to dine. These numbered as many as twenty-eight in one dinner hour. And that was a full house! . . . Across the river and beyond, Genevieve was unknown. Then, one night, a tourist admirer of her *boeuf bourguignon* decided he liked her vocalizing even better, and offered to become her manager. He brought her to the U.S. and Canada, where she played all the smart supper clubs. She made several LPs for Columbia, toured Mexico and South America. On the airwaves, Genevieve guested on the *Tex And Jinx Show*, Ed Sullivan's and *The Patrice Munsel Show*. Of late, her informal music-and-talk appearances with Jack Paar have established her appeal. . . . Like "Eloise" of Plaza fame, Genevieve, too, stays at that plush place, when in New York. And that's very nice, except for those times she gets a terrific hankering for fresh-cooked vegetables. *à la Genevieve*. The petite mademoiselle finds it awfully hard to get a bag of bulky greens past the very proper doorman at the main entrance.

Cover Hats

Actually, we expected it! Our April cover of the Lennon Sisters wearing those attractive white straw Easter bonnets is bringing in inquiries. The hats were a gift to them from the maker and supplier—Richard Englander Company, 1300 North Industrial Blvd., Dallas 7, Texas.



Tony Dalli

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.
Johnny Mathis Fan Club, Sonja Peek, 107-47 159 Street, Jamaica 33, N. Y.
Sid Caesar Fan Club, Madalyn Casper, 510 Second Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
National Mouseketeers Fan Club, Coralie Boardman, 2702 Alabama St., La Crescenta, Cal.

Bel Canto Bricklayer

Please tell us something of Tony Dalli, the young singer who appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show.
J. P. H., Kenmore, N. Y.

The teenager kept on singing on the job, and kept on getting the sack. The Italian towns were war-ravaged—construction work couldn't wait while bricklayer Antonio D'Allesandro developed his *bel canto*. The same thing happened at the oil refinery, at the auto-repair shop and in the grain fields. . . . Between paying jobs, Tony entered athletic meets and made good scores. But there was that one time he came in last in a 10,000-meter race and a friend shouted, "Hey, why don't you take up singing instead of running?" . . . That was a good friend. Tony found himself a teacher, did odd jobs in return for the lessons and got another construction job for bread. Seventeen when he decided to try his luck in England, he was just six months older when he returned, down on his luck, to Italy. A few auditions and two radio shows later, Tony was again on route—this time as a coalminer. Because of a specification in his papers, Tony was to remain in the pits and steelmills around Sheffield, England, for all of three years before he could begin his singing career. Then, spruced up and with savings to tide him over, the handsome, well-built youngster added a few feathers of experience to his cap. His big break came in London, at the Embassy Club. Frank Sennes heard him and signed him for an indefinite run at Hollywood's Moulin Rouge. Tony's been seen once on Ed Sullivan's, but there'll be many more TV appearances to come for this twenty-four-year-old. *Mama mia*, the lad's on his way!

Roles 'n' Rolls

Would you give me some information on Bachelor Father John Forsythe?
M. P., Atlantic City, N. J.

Six-foot-one and 170 pounds. John Forsythe, *Bachelor Father's* "Uncle Bentley," was born in Penns Grove, New Jersey, in 1918. Once having outgrown the usual boyish evaluation of dramatics as "sissy stuff," John admitted he was interested and joined a small Shakespearean touring company—alternating acting with stagecrafting and truck-driving. After a period



Genevieve

of sports announcing and an unsuccessful try at radio acting ("I was told I had a good voice but would never be an actor"), John landed a professional spot in Claire Tree Major's children's theater. Back in New York after the tour, Forsythe found parts so scarce that he "took things in hand." He became a waiter at Schrafft's, 43rd and Broadway, along with a "cast" including young Kirk Douglas and John Dall. . . . With his inner man well fortified—the "rolls" were great—John attacked the broadcasting citadels in earnest, and emerged the victor. After his first Broadway break with Jose Ferrer in "Vicki," Warner Bros. signed the young actor. He made two pictures before being inducted into the Air Force. . . . 1945 found John in New York once again, where he pioneered in TV drama. "Miracle in the Rain," relates John, "was supposed to run an hour. But we ran on and on, acting away like mad. Then Fred Coe, our director, shouted 'Stop!' Seems the antenna had broken halfway through the first act." . . . On Broadway, John was "Mr. Roberts" and then Lt. Fisby in the long running "Teahouse of the August Moon." . . . Now a Bel-Air resident, John likes nothing better than piling the family (wife Julie, son Dall and daughter Page) into the car or the sailboat and just taking off for the weekend. For a quieter pursuit, John paints still-lifes but refuses uncompromisingly to have anything to do with the "bust your own thumbnail" set. "The only thing I can 'do myself,'" says John, "is fix up a bad line of dialogue. But that is, after all, my line of business."

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.

THE RECORD PLAYERS



Mark IV quartet waited many years for success. Like any "product," says Joe Finan, talent takes time—and investment.



This space rotates among Torey Southwick of KMBC, Josh Brady of WBBM, Gordon Eaton of WCCO, and Joe Finan of KYW

NO BUSINESS LIKE BIG BUSINESS

By JOE FINAN

THE RECENT Disc Jockey Convention in Kansas City demonstrated dramatically, and for the first time, that the disc jockey is emerging not only as a man who spins records and sells his sponsors' products, but also as a responsible member of the business communities of America. The music business is unique in the commercial world, because of the creative factors involved, but there is a certain similarity to other businesses that cannot be denied. There is the finding of a "product," as in the finding of any singer such as Pat Boone, Paul Anka or Jimmie Rodgers, and the development of that "product" or talent. This requires time, money, and patience. And the investment in some singers before they hit their stride has run into thousands of dollars.

An example of this is a Chicago group, the Mark IV, who spent approximately fifteen years in the business without too much acclaim or financial reward. Because of the exposure given the group by the Cosmic record people here in Cleveland, the group is fast jumping into national prominence. For instance,

their earnings prior to their first record, "The Shake," were approximately \$550 a week. This, when split among four men and a manager, averages out to about \$100 a man. Since the record, the asking price for the group has risen to \$1,500 a week. And if their next release, "Beep, Beep," has the same success as the first, they can expect a potential dollar jump of from thirty to sixty percent. Here is the importance in the lives of four performers of one single record that started in Cleveland, was recorded in Chicago and then distributed from New York.

Over and over again, this has been the story of many of the newer, smaller record companies. The larger companies have become increasingly aware that they must compete with the smaller record companies in the pop singles field.

The pros and cons of this particular subject have been aired many times, with the disc jockeys bearing the brunt of such tirades as the one against "Top 40" that was launched by Mitch Miller at the disc jockey convention. Mitch was protesting the

playing and replaying of only the top forty or so best-sellers, many of them the products of the smaller companies. I honestly cannot disagree with Mitch that the Top 40 is negative programming. However, I do defend the right of the disc jockey to promote local talent into national prominence.

The new success of the Mark IV marks the second time in a matter of three months that a singing group has gotten its start in Cleveland, Ohio. This same story is being repeated in cities all over America, whether it be Houston, San Francisco or Seattle. I feel that disc jockeys are performing a definite service to young people who are starting in the business. These newcomers have no opportunity to perform on a music-hall stage of yesteryear, and they must use as an outlet the disc jockey's contacts with the record manufacturers and publishing houses. I think it's a good thing. As to the accusations that disc jockeys are purveying a lot of bad music for personal gain, I find this is a completely unfounded criticism.

The disc jockey, music, news and sports format is here to stay.

The Joe Finan Show is heard over Station KYW in Cleveland, each Monday through Saturday, from noon to 4 P.M.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(Continued from page 7)

other week. . . . Although *The Big Record* is not expected back next fall, Patti Page will be around TV for a while. She has a firm three-year contract with CBS. Incidentally, Presley fans note that it's Patti's husband, Charles O'Curran, who did choreography for *Teddy Bear's* last picture. . . . Backstage with "The Rope Dancers," at the Henry Miller Theater, Art Carney mumbling that he will be back with Gleason next season. Nothing definite yet on what kind of show Jackie will do, if he does, but there's plenty of smoke. . . . Jayne Mansfield turned down bid to work on *Bilko* stanza. . . . Eydie Gorme took herself a six-week vacation and spent it traveling with hubby Steve Lawrence, who kept working. Good news is that Eydie and Steve take over Sunday-night slot this summer when Steve Allen and wife Jayne Meadows go to Europe. By the by, Steve Lawrence sings with Pat Munsel on May 16. Eydie sits in with Perry on June 7. . . . Pilot film being made of comic-strip character, "Dennis the Menace." Child actor sought for title role must be able to torment parents yet be endearing.



Teacher Dorothy Olsen sings for adults in a new album of folksongs.

blonde during the summer to play the role of Adelaide in the national company of "Guys and Dolls." Frank Sims has always had a load of commercial work. Howard Smith continues on CBS staff. Garry, who explained he is worn out with the daytime format in spite of its massive popularity, is preparing to enter night-time TV this fall with a variety hour, and therein lies the rub. Higher-ups insist that his fall entry have an absolutely new identity—bear no resemblance to the daytime TV show. So not only people mentioned above must go, but also his writers and complete production staff. Busting up the gang is breaking Garry's heart and has had him close to tears, but the die is cast. He has shifted his vacation schedule so that he will be in town July and August to work on the new show. May 16, he makes his last regular appearance on the morning show. May 23, he goes sailing for a week with his chums, then takes off for Europe for a scant four weeks with the family, returning in time to do the final stanza, on June 27, of *The Garry Moore Show*. In meantime, life goes on, and Garry is telling this story on himself. A garageman arrived at the Westchester home of a Mrs. Morfit to fix a flat. He fixed the tire, then reported a rather juicy item back to his boss. Seems that a man in pajamas looked out the door of Mrs. Morfit's home and the man in pajamas was Garry Moore. The boss explained it was quite proper, for Mrs. Morfit is married to Mr. Moore and Mr. Moore in private life is Mr. Morfit.

No Experience Needed: No one was more surprised than Bob Kennedy when he had a call from Jan Murray offering him the emcee role on the new CBS-TV quiz, *Wingo*. This is the same Jan Murray who heads NBC-TV's *Treasure Hunt*. Jan owns both packages and is a non-conformist when it comes (Continued on page 65)



Will this be you...when



others are having fun?

Playing "stay-away" when others are literally "in the swim" of summer activity? If that's the kind of summer you want, you might as well cross off just about 15 days from the calendar right now! Why, you'll be losing as much as a vacation's worth of fun—just because of time-of-the-month!

Why should you sit it out when you can enjoy the freedom of Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Imagine how wonderful it is to have done with the belt-pin-pad problem—to be so cool and comfortable you're hardly aware of wearing a protection! Tampax is so easy to insert, change, dispose of—takes only seconds. Odor can't form. There's nothing like the comfort and daintiness of Tampax—particularly on hot, humid days!

There's just no reason to put up with worries and discomforts a month longer! Change to Tampax now—and have fun all summer long! Choose from Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

T
V
R



Kitty Foyle tells a familiar story from daily life: It was the sudden heart attack of Pop Foyle (Ralph Dunne) which turned Kitty (Kathleen Murray) from college toward a career—effecting profound changes in the lives of socialite Wyn Strafford (William Redfield) and her niece Debbie (Ginger MacManus), as well.



Actress Kathleen runs through her lines with the morning coffee, cued by her actor-husband Joseph Beruh.



Time out—from both career and homemaking—and a Greenwich Village romp for "Michael," family pet.



Even when they're not acting in plays, the young Beruhs read 'em—in book form—just for pleasure.

White Collar Princess

She had talent, ambition,
dreams—and a borrowed hat.
That's how Kathleen Murray,
blushing but determined,
became Kitty Foyle

By LILLA ANDERSON

A BLUSH and a borrowed hat helped bring television its pretty personification of Kitty Foyle, the NBC-TV daytime drama heroine.

The tension in the audition studio was compounded from the hopes and dreams of more than two hundred of the loveliest young actresses in New York, plus the anxious scrutiny of the staff of Henry Jaffe Enterprises. Months of negotiation had been required to secure the rights to Christopher Morley's famed novel, and more work had been required to turn it into a TV series. Now its fate depended upon finding the right actress to play Kitty, the young woman who steadfastly maintains she must have both career and love in her future. Many persons would influence the final choice, but primary responsibility for casting rested upon two radio and TV veterans, Charles Irving, executive producer, and Hal Cooper, associate producer and director.

Admittedly, they were in the well-known quandary. As Charlie says, "One pretty, talented girl is exciting; two hundred are a hassle. Then, suddenly, she came to life. Kathleen Murray was Kitty . . ."

Shy, sensitive Kathleen Murray is a trifle-over-twenty lass whose natural strawberry-blond hair has been lightened to a honey color, better to suit the cameras. She insists she was the most nervous of all the candidates when she reported for the audition. "I hadn't read the book and I felt guilty about that and unsure of myself. All I knew was that Kitty Foyle was a career girl. A career girl, I thought,

Continued →





Three key men in Kathy's own career: On *Kitty Foyle* set—executive producer Charles Irving (left) and director Hal Cooper. Strolling in Greenwich Village, at right—husband Joseph Beruh, himself an actor.



White Collar Princess

might wear a hat. I never wear one myself, but a friend had given me a hat. It was little and perky and cute, so I put it on."

Charles Irving, however, was more concerned with camera angles than millinery. His first statement was, "Do you mind removing your hat, Miss Murray?"

Flustered, Kathy reached for it. She tangled her hair. Her slender hands fluttered over vanity case and comb. The knowledge that audition minutes are precious added to her confusion and she blushed. It was not, she realized, a charming little flush of color to the cheeks. It was a devastating, instantaneous fever which burned fiery red through her delicate skin.

Back home that night, she mourned, "I blushed as if I were thirteen years old. I'm acting younger, instead of older. I'll never get the part . . ." But Kathy could have saved her worry. As one of the fifteen called back

to make a kinescope test, she was given a script. In it, she found Kitty Foyle speaking a significant line: "I fell into my foolish habit of blushing, I felt it start in my toes and zoom all the way up."

Pointing out the phrase to Hal Cooper, she asked, "Is this why you called me?" Hal is also a redhead who, despite his years of acting and producing, retains the same tendency to blush. He grinned. "You should be glad you can blush for real."

More than a flush, however, made Kathy "Kitty." Like Kitty Foyle, Kathleen Murray comes from a family as Irish as St. Patrick's Day. She loves them deeply, and they have cherished, protected and sheltered her. Her only problem with them has been gaining their consent to stand alone. Kathy, for all her soft femininity, also has a mind of her own. When she determined her own course in life, it was somewhat (*Continued on page 75*)

Kathleen Murray is *Kitty Foyle*, as seen over NBC-TV, Monday through Friday, from 2:30 to 3 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.



Kathy's parents, Louis and Mabel Murray, are as Irish as the Foyles themselves. They once disapproved of her going on stage. Now they're glad she's Kitty, and often visit at the Beruhs' Village home, where Dad even lends a helping hand. Kathy and her Joe have two great loves today: Homemaking—and every aspect of show business.





Three key men in Kathy's own career: On *Kitty Foyle* set—executive producer Charles Irving (left) and director Hal Cooper. Strutting in Greenwich Village, at right—husband Joseph Beruh, himself an actor.



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DAVID, MY SON



Bill Lipton started as a child actor, later had so much radio work he almost missed meeting his Joan!

TALL AND SLIM Bill Lipton, who is Dr. David Malone on CBS Radio's *Young Dr. Malone*, describes his size as "five feet, eleven inches—and can't put on an extra pound." He has blond hair, deep-set blue eyes, a stubborn chin, and a smile that indicates he isn't as inflexible as his jawline suggests.

Unlike David Malone—who has come through many difficulties to find himself at last—Bill's own path has been comparatively level, unhampered by too many obstacles. Following a straight line, according to plan.

Except that he never expected to be an actor, but one of those intrepid, all-knowing foreign correspondents, a breed of men of whom he still talks with a certain amount of respectful admiration.

It might be more accurate to say that Bill never expected to *remain* an actor. He has acted since he was nine years old, but then it was something that was merely more fun than most kids had. Later, it helped him through Columbia College, where he got a B.A. degree—and where he met a (Continued on page 71)

That's not only the great role Bill Lipton plays on Young Dr. Malone . . . at home, he and Joan have a little David all their own

By FRANCES KISH



For David's sake, the Liptons moved to Connecticut and bought a rambling home with plenty of "outdoors" to play in. They did all remodeling themselves, saved another year for new furnishings.



David knows that radio magic gives Bill more time to spend with him—but couldn't understand his *dad* playing the *son* of his own TV idol (Sandy Becker).



Young Dr. Malone, written by David Lesan, produced and directed by Ira Ashley, is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 1:30 P.M. EDT.



the NAME

By
**JOHNNY
OLSEN**



Emcee George de Witt and I (your humble announcer) often find that what happens to contestants later on is just as dramatic as the way they won



Pope Pius XII received winner Joe Lombardo and emcee George de Witt on their memorable visit to Italy. Pictured at left, George with son Jay, who gets that special TV "sign-off."

THAT TUNE family



Suzanne Saalsaa of Wisconsin told George and her *Name That Tune* partner, Lombardo (right), she was "almost engaged." Then she introduced Bill Ziemer (left)—and got her ring right on the show!

WHEN HARRY SALTER, producer of *Name That Tune*, and I work out each week at a Manhattan gym, we probably spend as much time talking as exercising. I'm the announcer on the show. And both of us get fascinated with the people who appear as contestants. Harry is likely to say, "What about that new guy from Ohio? Do you think he'll make a good contestant on the show?" Or, "Did George de Witt tell you what happened to Joyce Bulifant?"

Now, who can resist hearing about a pretty girl?

Particularly when she is a bubbly teenager who we wished might have won more than the two hundred and fifty dollars she took home from *Name That Tune*. We need never have worried. Joyce, it turned out, had actually had a wonderful lucky break after she was a contestant. Harry reported, "One of the CBS guys spotted her. He was casting for a dramatic show, so he asked her to try out. And she got the part."

That's the way it goes. Catching up on news of our contestants is like getting a letter from home. They're

Continued →



For schoolteacher Darathy Olsen, the *Name That Tune* buzzer sounded a call to fame as a professional singer. For NBC page Daug Wilsan, it struck up the wedding march—his winnings made it possible for him and his college sweetheart to "name the day."



Young Eddie Hodges got role in Broadway's "The Music Man," as result of quiz-show appearance. Dubious about stage career for his grandson, Rev. Mr. Sam E. Hodges found the play "just great."

the NAME THAT TUNE family

(Continued)



Two winners with quite different plans—lawyer Charles Jaelsan and teenager Jaanie Delaney.

part of the *Name That Tune* family. Since they are, at the beginning, interesting people, interesting things happen to them when events are speeded up by some TV exposure and some unexpected prize money.

To me, the most interesting success story of all is the one which develops each week when master of ceremonies George de Witt steps up to the microphone.

Network television wasn't very old and neither was George, when first we met. My wife, Penny, and I had a little program called *Rumpus Room* over at Du Mont, and I also was doing *Ladies Be Seated* every morning. When *Ladies* was scheduled to originate in Florida for two weeks, *Rumpus Room* had to have a replacement emcee.

George de Witt got the job, and he did it so well they gave him a show of his own. He's seemed sort of like a kid brother ever since. In fact, he reminded (Continued on page 62)

Johnny Olsen is announcer on *Name That Tune*, seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 7:30 P.M. EDT, as created and produced by Harry Salter, emceed by George de Witt, sponsored alternately by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Kellogg Co.



George found it quite a problem to keep seven little sisters faced toward one camera. Their father, Ed Newton, of Massachusetts, had even bigger headaches—which *Name That Tune* winnings helped solve.



Little Bennye Gatteys, 15, was a visitor from Texas—now she's a promising actress on stage and TV. Her imposing partner was Commander (now Captain) J. L. Abbot.



From Kansas came Trudi Lee to win on *Name That Tune*—and marry her farmer neighbor, Reuben Keil. George gave the bride away, at the church wedding in New York.



The Luck of O'Sullivan

Terry's "search for tomorrow" led to a shining today as heroine Joanne Tate's husband on TV—and actress Jan Miner's husband in private life



Viewers thought a star as lovely as Mary Stuart shouldn't lose her handsome TV husband—so Terry's back on *Search For Tomorrow*, playing Arthur Tate to her Joanne. Off TV, his wife is Jan Miner, long beloved by listeners as Julie of *Hilltop House*. Terry's proud of her recent personal success on stage—in which her father's mandolin unexpectedly played a part!

By CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

THE KANSAS SUN was bright, and the young man at the wheel of the tractor narrowed his eyes as he gazed across the fields of wheat. He watched, fascinated, as the slender stalks began to sway rhythmically—like dancers. *Why did he think of everything in terms of theater?* With a sudden angry thrust, he shoved the machine into gear and moved forward.

"Dad was in the grain business in Kansas City," Terry O'Sullivan recalls those days. "Out of three kids, I was the only boy and he tried to wheedle me into it—used to send me to western Kansas—but the farmer's life was not for me." He smiles. "So here I am, an actor, keeping farmer's hours. When you do a daily television show, such as *Search For Tomorrow*, which starts rehearsing at eight in the morning, you're in bed with the chickens and

up at six. There's got to be a moral in all this somewhere!"

To Terry's loyal fans, the moral is obvious. Early to bed and early to rise has done everything for Terry that Ben Franklin said it would. He gives the viewers full credit for his resumption, last January, of the role of Arthur Tate in *Search For Tomorrow*, on CBS-TV. "I'd been off the show for two and a half years," he exclaims incredulously, "and they didn't forget me!"

What originally prompted Terry to leave a role which he had played so successfully—and enjoyed so much—for three years? "I can answer that in one word," he replies, frankly. "Money. The actor's eternal problem. Another show offered me more, and I took it. None of us associated with *Search For Tomorrow* (Continued on page 64)

Search For Tomorrow, produced by Frank Dodge and directed by Dan Levin, is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, at 12:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Joy, Oxydol, and Spic and Span.



Prayers before bedtime: As four little Narzes voice their thanks to God, John and Mary Lou silently count their own blessings—from the very first day they met.

Be it Kentucky (where Jack was born) or California (where he found Mary Lou) or New York (where they are living now)—their theme song is "Home, Sweet Home."

Kentucky, on November 13, 1922. His father, John, Sr., worked on the L & N Railroad. His mother, Nellie, was a typical housewife with three children to care for. Jack was the eldest. There were his sister, Mary Lovett, and his brother, Jim, who today announces on *The Betty White Show*, using the name of Tom Kennedy.

"When I was a kid," Jack says, "Louisville was a small town and I was a barefoot boy in overalls. We went into the woods and caught turtles and snakes. We'd go over to the Ohio River to swim or fish for mud-cats. It was a kind of Tom Sawyer existence."

At the age of ten, his voice went deep, and his neighbors on Thirty-third Street called him "the fog-horn." Because of his voice, Jack was always cast in the oldest parts in school plays. "I was in all the plays that came along—they were a big thing in a town where there was no real 'live' theater. I was a movie fan, too. I always enjoyed dramatics and I joined the debating club. I guess I had a subconscious desire to be an actor, but I didn't suspect it. My big ambition, from the age of twelve on, was to fly."

Out of high school, Jack tried to enlist in the air cadets but was turned down because of his age. He wrote to Canada and asked if he could apply for the R.C.A.F., since the British Empire was already at war with Germany. Again, he was told that he was too young. A week after Pearl (Continued on page 57)



Jack Narz is emcee of *Dotto*, seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, at 11:30 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by Colgate Dental Cream, Palmolive Soap, Ajax, Florient, Vel Liquid and Powder.

Love Letters to Alice



Alice looks like an older sister, with sons Clint, Larry and Bobby, but is all-maternal in her sympathy for youthful problems—hoping to be as understanding as her own mother, Mrs. Mary Lois Wyche (below, with Alice and Larry). Looking at the situation from both viewpoints, she feels that parents miss a lot when they "brush off" the confidences of their children.

Teenagers show their affection for "Champagne Lady" Lon by asking advice on everything from makeup to marriage. And Alice usually has just the right, warmhearted answer

By MAURINE REMENIH



Mail a-plenty for Alice and secretary Betty Ely—including fashion queries prompted by the becoming gowns she wears on TV, with Lawrence Welk (right).



IF YOU WERE to read her fan mail, without knowing who she was, you might think her to be a hundred years old, with the wisdom of Mrs. Methuselah. Or that she was a graduate in clinical psychology. Or that she conducted an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column, or was the fashion director for a huge department store.

As everyone knows perfectly well, Alice Lon is none of these. As the Champagne Lady, singing with Lawrence Welk's Music Makers, Alice has smiled her way into millions of hearts during recent years. No (Continued on page 76)

The Lawrence Welk Show is seen on ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT, for Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent*, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M., for Dodge and Plymouth. Welk's Music Makers are heard on American Broadcasting Network (see local papers for time.)



TONY PERKINS TALKS ABOUT THE BEAT GENERATION



Two years ago, Tony and Kim Stanley did "Joey" for *Goodyear Playhouse*. "Joey was a Beat character," he says. He didn't know the term then but found out fast that this generation liked the way he sang their kind of song on TV. Now he's a hit on RCA Victor records.

TO BE BEAT, as I see it, you've got to swing 'way out," actor Anthony Perkins says. "Like sputnik. You've got to want the freedom of outer space." Twenty-six-year-old Tony—whose television, film and stage appearances have given him a sudden popularity unparalleled in today's entertainment business—was speaking of the new Beat Generation with its cool hipsters in their crazy-man-crazy world. Tony is the son of the late famed actor Osgood Perkins (whose performance as a gang chief in "Scarface" is one of his most memorable screen portraits) and Janet Rane.

Tony's acting has been hailed by critics everywhere as "brilliant, superb, extraordinary." He appeals both to teenagers and adults; his manner is that winning. Paramount Pictures recently invested \$18,000,000 in Tony Perkins' future with top roles in six of their most important films, including "Desire Under the Elms," in which Tony stars with the fiery Sophia Loren in a passionate New England love story, and "The Matchmaker," a farce in which Tony plays his first comedy role, opposite actress Shirley Booth. Currently, Tony has been (Continued on page 78)

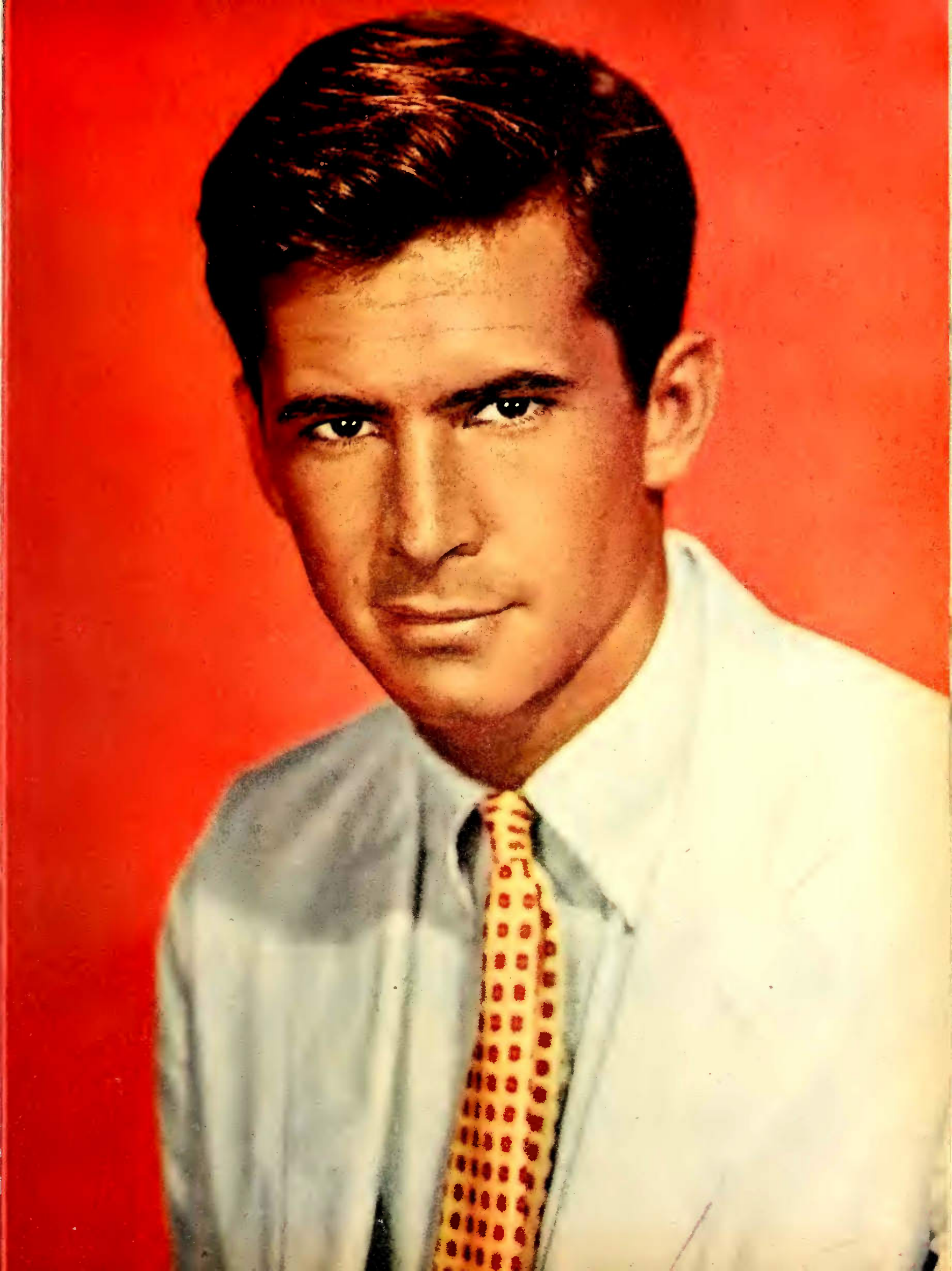
He digs its rhythms, but has a philosophy all his own. Successful actor and singer at 26, Tony's ideas are worth a serious listen!

By GEORGE CHRISTY



Above, on stage with Jo Van Fleet in Broadway's "Look Homeward, Angel." Below, on screen with Sophia Loren in "Desire Under the Elms," Don Hartman—Paramount release. Both stories are adapted from American classics—and both deal with suppressed emotions of youth in troubled times.





What Does Happiness



Hal March says, "I had to work very hard to become the kind of person who is *able* to be happy." Today, with wife Candy, children Melissa, Steven and baby Peter—plus a show like *The \$64,000 Question*—he's glad he learned an early lesson.

The \$64,000 Question, emceed by Hal March, CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M., for Revlon, Inc. *What's My Line?*, with Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen, CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M., for Helene Curtis, Remington Rand, other sponsors. *The Garry Moore Show*, with Durward Kirby, is seen over CBS-TV, Mon. thru Fri., 10 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. (All EDT)

Fame? Love? Money? Here are four revealing answers—from Hal March, Arlene Francis, Durward Kirby, Dorothy Kilgallen—which may help to define your own goals in life

By
HARRIET MENKEN

HAPPINESS—what does it mean to you? Watching your eager-eyed youngster romping innocently in the sunlight? Sitting at the fireside opposite your beloved, knowing all is serene, all is understood? Standing on a platform, receiving the highest honors, amidst the applause of the multitude? Caring for the needy, sheltering the sorrowing, cheering the perplexed? *What does happiness mean to you?*

Four famous people were asked this vital, revealing question. Two women: Arlene Francis and Dorothy Kilgallen. Two men: Hal March and Durward Kirby. Here are their replies.

"Happiness is probably the hardest word in the dictionary to define—with the possible exception of *love*—and probably that's because they're so closely related," says Dorothy Kilgallen, brilliant and quick-witted panelist on *What's My Line?* "I don't think it's possible to

Mean to You?



Durward Kirby, of *The Garry Moore Show*, gives an answer in two parts—which meet at home, with wife "Pax," sans Dennis and Randy. Even Aladdin's lamp couldn't give Durward more!

be happy unless you love someone, or something, and I think the closest we can ever get to ideal happiness is in the combination of loving and being loved. I don't mean just romantic, boy-girl or husband-wife love. I think all the facets of love contribute to making a happy person—the more facets, the more definite the feeling of happiness. I think it's wonderful to love your work; I do, and it's the only answer I have to the question so often asked of me: 'How on earth do you do all the things you do without seeming tired?' I enjoy all the work I do, so it doesn't bother me," smiles the busy newspaper columnist and TV panelist.

"It's hard for me to imagine anyone being happy without faith in God and love for God, and a feeling of being loved by God," she continues. "Loneliness strikes me as one of the greatest enemies of the human creature, but anyone who really (Continued on page 72)



Arlene Francis, wife of Martin Gabel and panelist on *What's My Line?*, says she has always been happy—and gives her simple formula for others to share.



Dorothy Kilgallen finds love is the greatest "line" human beings can follow. To the panelist-columnist, her happiness is a husband called Richard Kollmar.

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Sid Caesar says:

“I MARRIED YOUNG”

The matrimonial seas aren't calm, for 19-year-olds, but Sid “grew up” to chart a happy voyage to home port

By
PAUL DENIS



Nautical motif is a feature of the Caesars' home today—just as it was, at their wedding in 1943, when Sid was in the Coast Guard. To them, marriage is the finest “art” of all, one which must be learned by youthful brides and bridegrooms. “I had some wrong attitudes,” Sid admits. “Now I know better.”



SID CAESAR married when he was nineteen and earning fifty-four dollars a month as a Seaman Second Class in the U.S. Coast Guard. “We’ll be celebrating our fifteenth anniversary this July seventeenth,” he notes, “and believe me, my idea of marriage has changed a lot!”

Of course, Sid has changed a lot, too. The tall, thin lad in white sailor suit who married Florence Levy in a New York chapel, in 1943, is now a family man, with three lovely children. He is also producer of his own TV series; he is a high-powered businessman, as well as a highly creative comedian. More important, he is a mature man.

He admits, “I probably wasn’t mature enough for marriage at nineteen.” But he was madly in love with the tall, slender blonde he had met at a Catskill Mountain resort, and she was in (*Continued on page 67*)

Love and marriage take quite a spoofing from Sid and TV partner Imogene Coca (facing page) on *Sid Caesar Invites You*. Sid and his wife Florence (above) treat these important subjects with all due respect—and a saving sense of humor, too. They’ll celebrate their fifteenth anniversary in July.

Sid Caesar Invites You, starring Caesar, Imogene Coca and Carl Reiner, is seen on ABC-TV, Sundays, from 9 to 9:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Helena Rubinstein, Inc.



Radio Western: Louise, a former "Miss Oklahoma," now lives in California, and sings on *The Rusty Draper Show*—whose guitar-twangin' star is strictly from Missouri.

Radio musical: Rusty and Louise get a pointer or two from producer Milt Hoffman, as musical director Roy Chamberlin studies the score for their tuneful nightly session on air.



Little Girl with a Big Voice

Louise O'Brien sings happy swing on *The Rusty Draper Show* and is also the happy mother of two

By GORDON BUDGE

LOUISE O'BRIEN, whose singing on *The Rusty Draper Show* over CBS Radio brightens the airwaves on weekday evenings, is as pretty an Irish colleen as ever came out of the great state of Oklahoma. Talented she is . . . and charming . . . and, beyond these, she's also a very determined young woman who can't be "beat" by defeat. This do-or-die attitude was given a strenuous build-up during her formative years when—as one of five farm children with two brothers older than herself—she fended for her rights. But the real test came when Louise was eighteen years old. In that year she, along with hundreds of other beautiful American (Continued on page 70)



Louise married her high-school beau, Luther Lane. She was already a singer when daughter Maureen was born, and family moved to the Coast shortly after birth of son Christopher.

Louise O'Brien sings on *The Rusty Draper Show*, as heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday evenings, from 8:35 to 9 P.M. EDT.



"Sez Who!"

How sharp are your ears? This is



Executive producer Bill Cooper signals to start a record spinning. Host Henry Morgan asks, "Who's that?" Panel—headed here by comedian-author Joey ("Cindy and I") Adams—takes a witty stab at identifying an elusive voice.

AUDIO RECALL is the only skill required of contestants on Sunday evenings, when *Sez Who!* goes out over CBS Radio to baffle and amuse home listeners. The recorded voices of prominent people of past and present are played for a sharp-eared and sharp-witted panel composed of prominent guest stars, with Henry Morgan as host and moderator. The four panel members guess the identity of the "voice." Once during the show, the home audience is given a chance to get into the game. The panel's questions establish a few points about the person. Then the home listener gets his chance to guess the mystery voice's identity. The first correct answer submitted on a postcard to CBS wins a prize of \$25. Small money, compared to the multiple-thousand quiz contests—yet every week 6,000 contestants play the *Sez Who!* game for the simple fun and amusement they get out of it. Bill Cooper, executive producer of the show, sums up his reaction to why this radio guessing game is so popular when he says, "People like *Sez Who!* because it's amusing and entertaining—and that's the only formula there ever is for a successful

show on radio—or on television, for that matter."

In addition to playing the game as contestants, many of the listeners request the show to feature some celebrity who is a favorite of theirs—and this has led the show's staff into some interesting byways of research into recorded voices, running back into the very early days of Edison's record player, when music and voices were put on tubular recordings rather than today's conventional flat discs. One of the most puzzling of the mystery voices presented on the program was the voice of Thomas Alva Edison himself in an early recording. Other voices which have nearly stumped the intrepid panelists and the home audience were those of Jolie Gabor, Boris Karloff, Jean Harlow, Al Capp and Fio-rello La Guardia.

Sometimes, when the voice quality of the mystery recording is deemed so well known as to offer no contest—as in the case of Eddie Cantor—a recording may be speeded up just enough to raise the pitch. Thus Eddie Cantor turned out to sound very much like Shirley Temple, and *that's* a switch!

question posed for the home audience of this year's most amusing radio guessing game



Listening to a disc which may immortalize anyone from Caruso to Karlaff, this day's panel includes the one-and-only Dagmar, comedians Orson Bean and Jim Backus. Home listeners join in, too, sending their guesses by postcard.

Enrico Caruso proved to be a puzzler for contestants when the show played a rare disc on which the singer rendered "Over There" in English; this was recorded back in 1917 during a British bond drive. Another notable feat was scored on the show when they played a comedy routine which was recorded years ago by the immortals Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, known more widely for their hits on the ball field than in commercial recording of a comic bit.

A silent movie great was represented when *Sez Who!* listeners puzzled out the identity of the singer of a sentimental ballad of other days—Rudolph Valentino, the Latin lover whose death plunged the feminine half of the world into mourning in 1926. Rudolph, it proved, was "gifted" with a squeaky falsetto which could probably never have survived the advent of talking pictures.

In general, the producers of *Sez Who!* try, in each of their programs, to challenge contestants with a mixed diet of personality greats. Thus, any given program may find a tasty melange containing—for balance—a political

figure, a famous singer of past or present, an actor, and a public figure from some other field. For persons whose voices would not necessarily be known to most listeners, an attempt is made to select a recording of material which, by context, would tend to aid the identification.

An interesting facet of *Sez Who!* is that the program is completely ad lib—no material is ever prepared in advance. The result is that the natural wit and humor of the day's panel is played to the hilt—and the show is as much genuine fun for the panel members as for the people who get their chuckles by listening at home.

If you're looking for an ear-tickling half-hour on Sunday evening, *Sez Who!* should be your dish. And who knows? You may be the lucky soul who possesses some rare recording—like the voice of Harpo Marx, the silent Marx brother with the straw-hair halo. If you do, the folks at *Sez Who!* would love to hear from you.

Sez Who!, produced by Frank Cooper Associates in cooperation with CBS Radio, is heard on the network Sun., at 7:30 P.M. EDT

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Paul Anka:

GOLD DISC KID

He's nobody to laugh at now—this 16-year-old Canadian who can sing up a storm and write his own songs

By HELEN BOLSTAD

FRUSTRATED, furious, and so heartbroken he could scarce choke the sob in his voice, the intense, dark-eyed lad broke away from the men pushing him out of Fats Domino's dressing room in Ottawa Auditorium and announced: "Next time you are on tour, Mr. Domino, I shall be with you—as a headliner."

Considering that this particular pestiferous, hero-worshiping, five-foot, fifteen-year-old fan had three times that day sneaked backstage and had three times been thrown out and ordered to stop bothering his idol, the boy's indignant valedictory sounded so ridiculous that everyone broke up in laughter.

Yet, less than a year later, his prediction was fact. The two actually were on the same Feld-managed tour—and young Paul Anka rated billing equal to Fats Domino's. Within that

Continued →



Diana Ayoub—once baby-sitter for the Anka family—is just three years older than Paul, but the difference in age was enough to inspire "Diana," his first hit song. Below, Paul plays—and sings—a return engagement with his former choir group at St. Elijah's Church in Ottawa.





Close family group includes parents Camy and Andrew Anka—who once staged their own youthful "rebellion"—Marion, 14; Paul, 16; and Andy, 7. Camy was born in Syria, native land of Andrew's father, who came to Canada and found prosperity in Gatineau, Quebec.

Paul Anka:

GOLD DISC KID

(Continued)



Paul's as understanding with kid brother Andy Junior as Andrew Senior was with Paul himself, who early learned to play both piano and drums.



Anka says: "We always thought it was nice to have a son whom we enjoyed so much. We gave Paul the lessons he wanted, but never pushed him into anything."

year, Paul also made close to a million dollars. He wrote a song to extol the charms of his one-time babysitter. He recorded it with throbbing emotion, bemoaning thereby his personal problem in having a crush on a girl who was a full three years older than he. By a final trick of fate, the girl happened to bear the name given to the oldest personification of unattainable beauty—the moon goddess, Diana.

It is a success story so swift and incredible that even a Horatio Alger might have hesitated to present it as fiction. Not even Elvis Presley has equalled the speed of this success in real life.

The start of the story goes back two generations. The first Anka on the North American continent was Paul's grandfather, an immigrant from Syria who settled in the far-north paper-mill town, Gatineau, Quebec—population 4,000—and became its leading businessman. He had five daughters and seven sons. In the patriarchal manner, he expected his sons to assist him in his many enterprises. He planned that his third son, Andrew, should study law.

But Andrew, at twenty, was in love with Camy Tannis, a dark-eyed, Syrian-born beauty. Andrew Anka married his girl, defied his father, and moved to Ottawa. There, with the aid of a family friend, he bought a luncheonette, the Victoria Sandwich Shop, located across the street from the Parliament buildings. In those first struggling years, the young Ankas lived in rooms back of the shop.

When their first child was born on July 30, 1941, Camy chose the name "Paul." Andrew selected "Albert" as a second name: "My mother's brother, Albert Deraney, was quite a leader in Damascus. I thought of him when the nurse first showed me the baby. His little fists were striking out like a boxer's. Somehow, I knew that here



Pop A&R man for ABC-Paramount, Don Costa, presents Paul with gold disc for top-selling hit, "Diana."



Mayor George Nelms of Ottawa awards "gold disc" wristwatch on behalf of the recording company.



Paul's in movies, too—with no less an idol than Julius La Rosa in Columbia release, "Let's Rock."

was a boy who would have great strength and spirit."

Andrew Anka prospered. Today he owns The Locanda, one of Ottawa's best restaurants. He also has served his community. His volunteer social work for boys' clubs and on charity drives has earned him the high regard of his fellow citizens.

The family now lives in a large and lovely house on Clearview Avenue in the West End. There are three children. Marion is fourteen and Andy Junior is seven. Their father says, "Sure, they fight as much as any

other kids, but they are also close and affectionate. When Andy Junior runs in from play, there's always a hug and a kiss. You'd think, to see him, that the kids had been separated from each other for a couple of weeks."

Almost from infancy, Paul has been an entertainer. He learned to play piano and drums. Always, he has written songs and sung them. He was eleven when he was first paid for entertaining. He recalls, "We were on vacation at Gloucester, (Continued on page 66)"

All Ottawa turns out to honor the amazing teenager. Girls proudly emblazoning his name are presidents of Anka fan clubs.



Some Like It Cold



No trick to this TV treat. Cold soup delights Walter Brooke, Betty Wragge, Tina and Tommy.

BETTY WRAGGE and Walter Brooke, youthful veterans of radio and TV, were married in 1951. Since then, they have been blessed with two lovely children, Tommy, now two years old, and Tina Lynn, who is four-and-one-half.

Betty, who now has more than 10,000 broadcasts to her credit, started as a child with the daytime drama, *Pepper Young's Family*, eighteen years ago. This pretty, young mother is noted for many talents besides acting. She sings, she dances and she cooks like an angel, according to Walter. Her guests seem to be in complete agreement, because they angle for return invitations.

Chilled soups are served as beverages in the Brooke menage and Betty has a parcel full of soup tricks that

add glamour to her summer soup drinks. She serves them in mugs, Pilsner glasses, punch cups. Recently, before a buffet dinner, she served soup from a frosty cocktail pitcher into champagne glasses!

Walter has his soup fancies, too. Occasionally he prepares breakfast for the household and has discovered that hot soup made with milk satisfies the children, who actually delight in this offbeat early-day fare. Green pea, tomato or chicken-with-rice soups, all have scored as breakfast favorites.

Betty's flair for food has gained her quite a reputation as an imaginative hostess, and she allows handsome credit to her parcel of special tricks with soup, which she here passes along to TV RADIO MIRROR readers.

Betty is Peggy Trent in *Pepper Young's Family*, written by Elaine Carrington, directed by Chick Vincent, on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT.

Betty Wragge of Pepper Young's Family offers a cool tip for hot summer— quick, chilled soups for your own family

SOUP ON THE ROCKS

Pour the contents of a can of condensed beef broth (never consomme) into an outsize old-fashioned glass filled with ice cubes. It contains less than 30 calories per serving (fine for between-meals sipping, too).



Soup on the rocks

CUCUMBER-COOL TOMATO-SOUP SHAKE

Combine a chilled can of condensed tomato soup, a canful of ice-cold milk and a squeeze of lemon juice; beat or shake and pour into glasses. Garnish with cucumber slices. Add crunchy potato chips, piquant olives and pickles and a few dainty sandwiches. It's the perfect anytime-of-day snack for every member of the family, and, if soups are chilled beforehand, takes little or no time to prepare.

SOUP MIST

- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1 can condensed beef broth
- 2½ cups (about) shaved ice

Blend tomato soup and beef broth. Place shaved ice in six old-fashioned glasses, filling each glass about halfway. Add the soup mixture, stir well, and garnish each with a wedge of lemon or lime. Serves six.

CREAM OF CHICKEN AND CRAB BISQUE

- 2 cans (2½ cups) condensed cream of chicken soup
- 1 soup can of milk
- ½ cup commercial sour cream
- ½ cup flaked crab meat
- Watercress

Combine all ingredients in blender. Blend until mixture is smooth. Chill for two hours. Garnish with additional crab meat and chopped watercress. Serves 4.

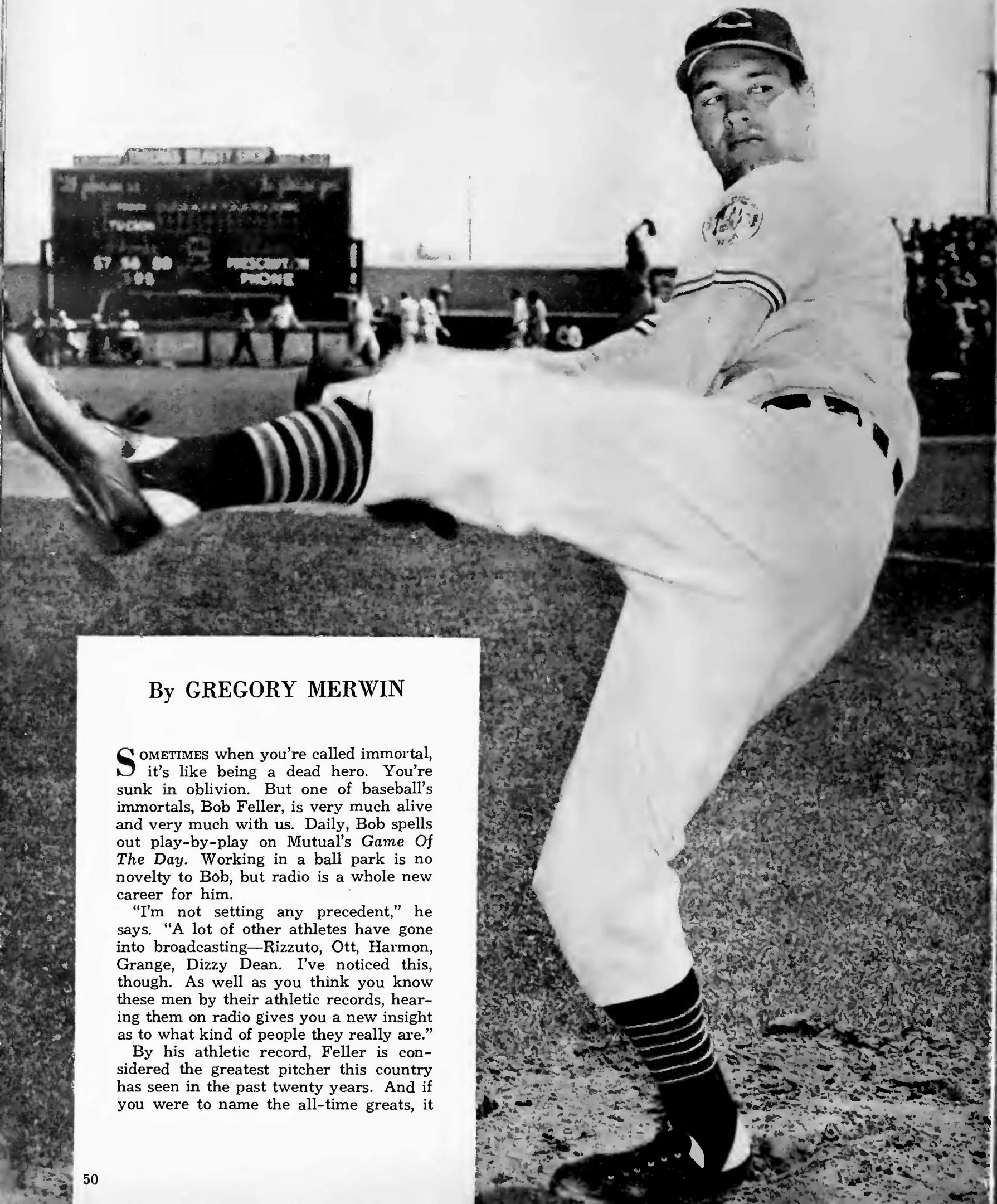


Above: Cool as a cucumber, tomato-soup shake
Below: Cream of chicken and crab bisque

For soup mists, shaved ice does the trick!



He's Always in There Pitching



By GREGORY MERWIN

SOMETIMES when you're called immortal, it's like being a dead hero. You're sunk in oblivion. But one of baseball's immortals, Bob Feller, is very much alive and very much with us. Daily, Bob spells out play-by-play on Mutual's *Game Of The Day*. Working in a ball park is no novelty to Bob, but radio is a whole new career for him.

"I'm not setting any precedent," he says. "A lot of other athletes have gone into broadcasting—Rizzuto, Ott, Harmon, Grange, Dizzy Dean. I've noticed this, though. As well as you think you know these men by their athletic records, hearing them on radio gives you a new insight as to what kind of people they really are."

By his athletic record, Feller is considered the greatest pitcher this country has seen in the past twenty years. And if you were to name the all-time greats, it

To Bob Feller, baseball immortal and Mutual broadcaster, "sport" is something bigger than any ball park or any individual achievement



Formerly key man for the Cleveland Indians, Bob's now key man for the trio who handle play-by-play and vital statistics for Mutual's *Game Of The Day*. "Rapid Robert" loves rapid transit, pilots his own plane to the ball parks—and can be "back home in time to charcoal a steak for dinner with the family."



During the war, Bob served in the Navy (both Atlantic and Pacific)—and wed the former Virginia Winther while on leave, on January 16, 1943.



Bob has always believed in physical fitness. He has a gym in his home, plans to pitch pre-game batting practice before most of his broadcasts.



"Back home" is a large stone house at Gates Mills, Ohio, and Virginia's and Bob's family includes three husky, growing boys. Steve, 12, "runs and throws well." Marty, 10, "is better at football and skating." Bruce, at 7, hasn't decided on his favorite—but they all enjoy sports and outings with their dad.



Bob grew up in Van Meter, Iowa, practiced on father's farm—and was mighty proud of this first real uniform!



Teammates had plenty of occasions for congratulating Bob Feller during his many years on the mound for the Cleveland Indians. In this case, the dugout is jumping with joy because of major-league record set by Rapid Robert in a 1938 game against the Detroit Tigers—eighteen strikeouts in nine innings!



He was a first-year sensation when he signed with the Indians in 1937—scout Cyril Slapnicka, at left; father William Feller, right. Below, with "Yankee Clipper" Joe Di Maggio—whose bat was a match for Bob's fast ball.



He's Always in There Pitching

(Continued)

would again be Feller along with Mathewson, Johnson and Grove. Feller broke the record for the most one-hit ball games. With Cy Young, he holds the lifetime record for the most no-hit games pitched. He led the shutout parade for three years and tied twice. He holds the record number of strikeouts in any nine-inning game. And there's no question in anyone's mind that he would hold even more records if he hadn't lost four seasons of play during World War II.

But this is the kind of guy he is: Although he was the highest-paid pitcher in the history of baseball, he stuck out his neck for the player making \$6,000 a year. As a ballplayer's representative, a thankless job, he went to bat for his teammates in terms of pensions, increased income and rights. Some thought this made him controversial, a guy who was biting the front office that paid him as much as \$80,000 in one season. "Why did I do it?" he echoes the question. "Simply because it was something I believed in. Right is right. A man, ballplayer or anyone else, should be able to move around at his own free will and bargain for his services." Feller's personal prestige has been further enhanced by his gentlemanly conduct and his lack of personal greed. When Cleveland held a "Bob Feller Day," Bob ruled out personal gifts and asked that the money be invested in community services. Beyond this, he has been a leader and worker in charitable and community activities.

Today, at the age of thirty-nine, Bob Feller has the physique and stamina of a man half his age. He stands six feet and weighs in at one-eighty-five. His eyes are brown. ("Not so brown as they once were," he notes. "They've faded a little.") His brown hair is ungrayed. He dresses with impeccable neatness. There is nothing slipshod about the man.

"I guess I'm always living up to certain ideals," he says. "I push myself fairly hard but (Continued on page 74)



Family reunion, before Cleveland-Chicago game in 1939, was a proud moment for Mr. and Mrs. William Feller and daughter Marguerite. Gala occasion was marred by accident—but son Bab's team won game.



There was many a "catcher" ready and willing to receive this tass in 1945—but the famed pitcher hung on to the precious papers which placed him on Navy's inactive list and returned him to baseball.



1951: Catcher Jim Hegan and Bob, after Bab's third na-hitter tied record. 1956: Bob retired—but Number 19 is his far keeps.



Bob faught far rights of all players, star or rookie—as in this 1956 Washington confab with attorney J. Narman Lewis (left), Phillies pitcher Rabin Roberts (at right) and—standing, left to right—ace major-leaguers Ernie Jahson, Sam White, Ted Kluszewski, Don Mueller, and Sherm Lollar.



Bob Feller is heard, with John MacLean and Gene Elston, on *Game Of The Day*, broadcast over Mutual network, Monday thru Sunday; check newspapers for time in your area.

Summer Slimmers

Bowl of cherries: Raise arms as though supporting an enormous bowl of cherries (large picture). Bend as far as you can, first to one side then the other (below). Be sure you feel a good pull through waist and hips. Repeat ten times, each side, to start.

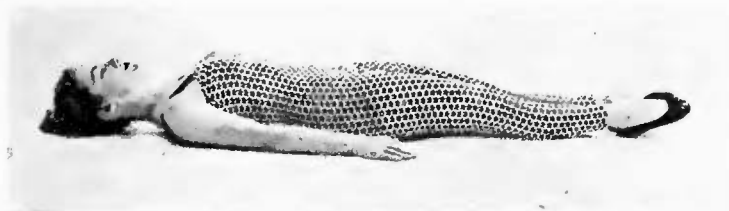


By **HARRIET SEGMAN**

VIRGINIA GIBSON, one of the starred singers of NBC-TV's *Your Hit Parade*, dances as well as she sings. She started to study dancing at the age of five, when her family doctor suggested it as a health-building measure. Her professional debut was in the dancing chorus of the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Still a dancing enthusiast, she attends ballet, free-style jazz, and modern dance classes regularly, not only for technical proficiency but also to learn body freedom, relaxation, good posture and control. Dancing is wonderful for poise and personality, Virginia asserts. "The more freedom your body feels, the less tense you are about whatever you have to do," she says. Besides all this, Virginia Gibson recommends dancing to every girl as a marvelous figure-flatterer. It improves posture and contour, firms tissue and builds muscle tone. On these pages, Virginia demonstrates an exercise series she has adapted from basic routines she does regularly in dance classes. If your problem is overweight or underweight, a change in diet is called for to change your poundage. But, no matter what your weight, these exercises done regularly (with your physician's approval) will help you feel and look trimmer, slimmer and taller. Start them today—they're the best preparation ever for the swim-suit season.



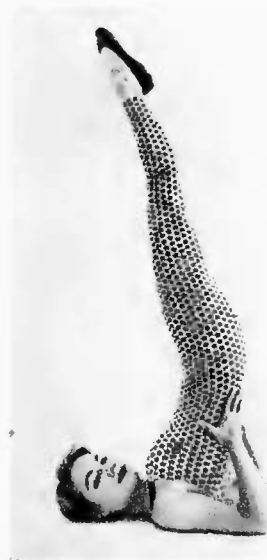
A "Y" for the wise: Sit with legs wide apart. Supporting forehead on arms, try to touch floor with head. Return to starting position, then grasp ankle with hands. Sit up again, then reach for other ankle. Repeat until tired. Trims both midriff and legs.



Jack-knife. From prone position, raise body to form a jack-knife angle. Keeping back straight, reach for toes. This fine, all-over stretch and tummy trimmer is a tough one at first and may need practice. Build up to six times.



Over you go: Lie flat on floor, kick one leg across body to touch floor, then reverse. Keep shoulders and arms flat on floor, knees straight. Three times on each side to start, build to ten.



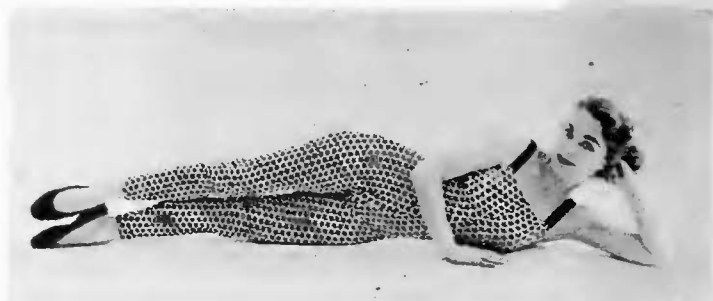
The scissors: Support hips with hands, legs pointed straight up (top). Without bending knees, try to touch toes to floor behind you, alternating legs, scissors-fashion. Fine for hips, thighs, calves, ankles. Can you manage three each leg to start?



Continued →

Summer Slimmers

(Continued)

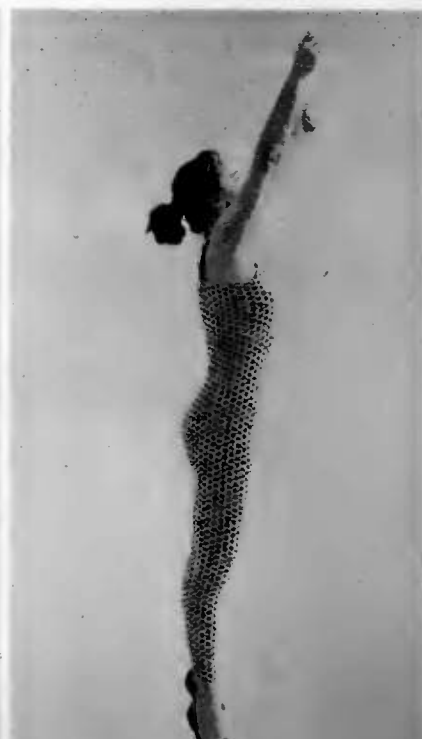


Lazybones: Lie on side, legs together. Raise top leg as high as possible without bending knee. Repeat six times to start, then reverse. Build up to 15, each side.



Leg swing: Holding back of chair, swing leg freely like a pendulum, forward and back. Keep knee straight. Switch to other leg. Start with 10 complete swings each side, increasing to 20.

Ladder to the stars: Relax in crouch position. Slowly climb an invisible ladder, letting body follow arms. Finish by rising on toes and stretching as high as possible. Feel every muscle pull from toes to finger tips. Collapse to first position and repeat 5 times.



Right on the Dotto Line

(Continued from page 31)

Harbor, the Air Force lowered its recruiting age to eighteen and Jack immediately signed up. He spent five years with the Air Force. In the ferry command for a time, he checked out in thirty-six different types of aircraft. Overseas he was on a "red crew" in combat area, which meant he flew in any kind of weather. Among his medals are the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with cluster, and several Chinese decorations.

"During the war," he says, "I got to California many times and decided that was the place for me. After my discharge, I spent just one week at home, then drove to Los Angeles. A friend of mine had opened a flight school there and hired me as an instrument instructor. Well, that was all right for a while, but then I got to thinking of what might happen to me at thirty-five or forty—all the little things that might happen that would knock me out of work in my thirties, and I wouldn't be prepared for anything else."

A close friend of Jack's was Scoop Conlon, one of Hollywood's top press agents, who observed that Jack had a very pleasant voice and might try radio. Jack says now, "I liked the idea from the very beginning. That's why I say I must have always had this subconscious desire to get into the business. Anyway, I found out that ABC had open auditions for dramatic parts every Tuesday, and I went around. Well, the man who heard me took me aside afterwards and said, 'Let's face it. You're no dramatic actor, but I think you could be an announcer. You've got a strong drawl you'll have to get rid of, but a good voice teacher can help with that.' So I went out and found a good school."

It was in radio school that Jack met Mary Lou Roemheld, a pretty brownette, five-four, with big beautiful hazel eyes, who was studying to be a radio engineer. "That has to be explained," says Jack. "We were at Don Martin's school, and Don is an old friend of Mary Lou's mother. When Mary Lou got out of high school, Don had suggested she come to his school and earn a first-class radio operator's license—which would make her the first female radio engineer in the country, so far as he knew."

"Mary Lou had other plans, but Don teased her into it by betting her a dress she couldn't complete the course. She won the dress. But, more important, that's where we met, and we kind of knew we were for each other from the beginning."

One day at school, Jack found the station manager of KXO, a radio station at El Centro, California, auditioning for an announcer. Jack hadn't completed the courses but he sneaked into the audition and was hired. "The station was in the Imperial Valley," he recalls, "and it's unbearably hot there, almost like Death Valley. So on off days, I'd drive into Los Angeles to audition for other stations and it finally paid off. They were opening a new station in Burbank—KWIK, now known as KBLA. I found Mary Lou auditioning for the station, too, and they hired both of us. Well, I had been dating Mary Lou on my weekly trips into Los Angeles but then we really began to see each other often. And, on November 15, 1947, we were married."

Mary Lou continued on at the station for six months—until she announced that Jack was to become a father. Shortly thereafter, Jack moved to KLAC-TV and began to make a name for himself as a play-by-play sportscaster, as well as an announcer. On the national networks, he announced the Ernie Ford and Bob Crosby shows—and,

when Crosby or Ford went on vacation. Jack took over as emcee. "But Dotto," Jack emphasizes, "is the first network show I've had of my own. That's why it's so important career-wise. And that was the reason for leaving California."

For Mary Lou, a native Californian, there was no reluctance about uprooting their home for the sake of Jack's career. "She's an unusual gal," says Jack. "You know, she brought those four kids East in a station wagon. Everyone said she was mad to make such a trip with youngsters, but it's nothing for her. She's got a wonderful outlook and is amazing at getting things done. She can handle the kids, the house, me, the garden and service men without any fuss. Everything flows smoothly and she gets things done. She does everything in the house but the washing and ironing. And she's a fantastic cook. She cooks any style—French, German, Italian. If I bring her a new cookbook as a gift, she's delighted."

Jack himself does some cooking. Most of the time, he makes breakfast while Mary Lou is getting the kids dressed and ready for school. And breakfast is not a simple affair. Johnny likes his eggs dropped in water—but just the yolks. Mike takes his scrambled. Karen likes hers fried. Little David goes along with Jack and Mary Lou and likes whole eggs dropped in water. "Coffee and pancakes are a cinch," Jack says. "And, between you and me, I think I make better French toast than my wife."

In good weather, Jack likes to broil outdoors. "We are primarily steak-and-salad eaters" he says, "but we'll charcoal anything—shrimp, corn, tomatoes, liver. I've got a real passion for vegetables, which is funny. When I was a kid, we always had a garden full of tomatoes and bell peppers and lettuce, and I didn't care much for the stuff then. But, when I got overseas, all I hungered for were tomatoes and lettuce with a mayonnaise dressing."

Jack takes Mary Lou out to dinner at least once a week. Otherwise they are at home, watching television while Mary Lou folds the laundry or helps Jack answer fan mail. Although Jack is a golf bug, he saves weekends for the kids. This means sightseeing, swimming or going for a hike into the woods. "I don't like to butt in on the kids. If they're happy playing a game by themselves, I stay out of it. When they come asking for me, I'm available."

They are renting the Larchmont home

while they look around for something to buy. The house is a three-storey brick Colonial on a third of an acre. The owner, who spent some time in the Philippines, has decorated with wrought iron and straw bucket chairs and rattan. Jack explains, "We left our furniture in the house in California and rented it that way. It's furnished in Early American but, frankly, we were getting a little tired of it. Mary Lou and I were very impressed by some of the homes we saw in Mexico City. I think someday we'd like to build a house and furnish it with Mexican modern."

Jack expects it will be several years before they move back to California. In the meantime, he finds New York fascinating. He has many friends here, among them Bill Cullen. "You know," he says, "Bill is married to my wife's sister. To make explanations easier, we call ourselves brothers-in-law. We got to be friends when I announced *Place The Face*. He'd come out to our house after a show. One evening he was there when Mary Lou's sister, Ann, came in. Well, they hit it off and eventually were married."

"Bill and Ann have made their home in New York, and they took care of me when I came East ahead of the family. I don't know whether you know how it is after you've been married eleven years and then are separated from your family. Well, you just sit and look at four walls and think you'll go nuts. Bill and Ann made me move in with them for a while. They gave me their car to go house-hunting. Ann took care of my laundry and cleaning. They were just wonderful. I don't know what I'd have done without them."

Jack's parents are still in Louisville. His sister, Mary Lovett, lives in New Orleans. She is married to Dr. Armand Jules Scully. Jack's brother, Jim, is a television announcer on the West Coast. "When Jim went into the business," Jack explains, "it was decided that he would be better off changing his name. There might be a sponsor conflict if I were selling an automobile or shampoo and he had a chance to work for a competitor. Advertisers don't like to identify with announcers who have the same name. Well, he's got an Irish face, so his agents decided on the name of Tom Kennedy."

"We're very close," Jack continues. "Jim and I can talk to each other and even criticize. We'll pass along Mother's criticism, too. Mother doesn't know anything about the technical end of the business, but she's got a mother's eyes for keeping her sons in line. I'll be on the phone with her and she'll say, 'Don't you think Jim is getting a little nasal? You better mention it to him.' Or she'll tell Jim, 'I think Jack is squinting in front of the camera. Maybe you better tell him about it.'"

Jack does not take himself seriously and has no pretensions. He does not pretend to be an actor, dancer or singer, although his vocalizing on the Crosby and Ford shows led a couple of recording companies to suggest that he drop around and cut a few grooves (and he will do so, in the next month or two). "I'd like to do that sometime, although I don't sing ballads. My niche is folk songs in the Ernie Ford style."

"I like television shows in a panel or quiz format. I enjoy *Dotto*, although I hate to see contestants lose. But, generally, I like my life and enjoy myself. There's only one thing makes me really angry and that's the phony—I mean the kind of a guy who is as sweet as sugar during a program but, the moment that studio light goes off, he turns into a lemon."

Jack Narz is no phony. On or off the air, he is the same nice guy.



Join Patti Page in the 1958 crusade against cancer. Send contributions to "Cancer," c/a your local post office.

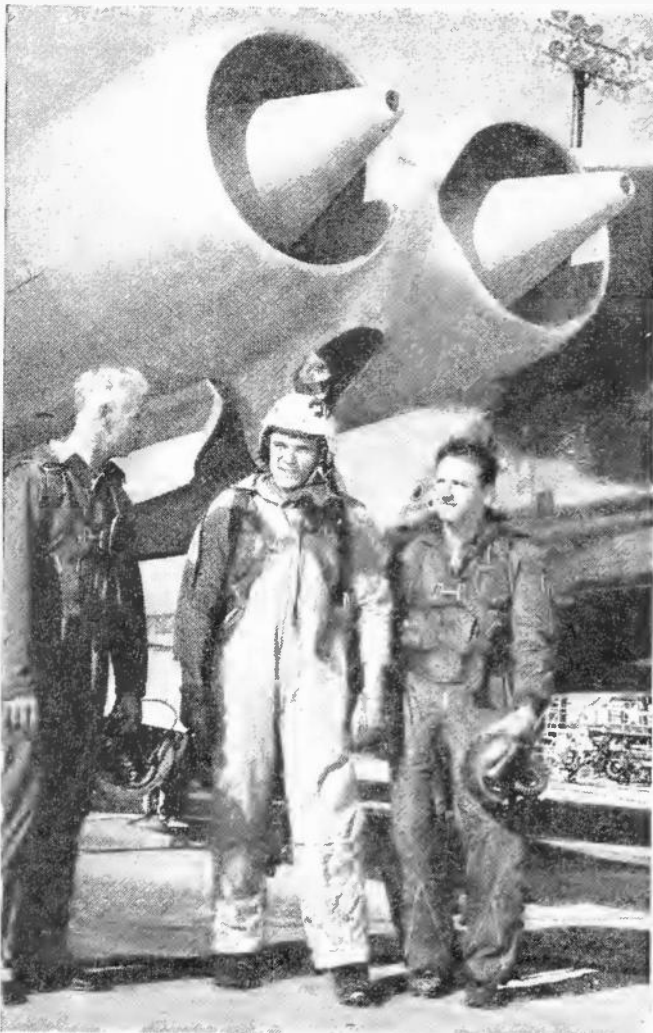
ALL IN THE GAME



Popular Jerry hos on at-home cheering section, too, with wife Mary, Tod and Lindo and, in front, Karen and Jerry, Jr.



Jerry Dunphy's slant on sports for WBBM-TV is a candid one that often can turn out comic



A former Air Corps man, Jerry, center, gets the first-hand news on jets by flying in one.

AS THE Chicago Cardinals and the Pittsburgh Steelers romped in the mud at Comiskey Park, Jerry Dunphy sat out the Chicago blizzard in an improvised broadcasting shack atop the stadium roof. "There I sat," he recalls, "trying to see through all that snow. The players were completely splattered with mud, so I couldn't make out any numbers. And the ink on my scorecard was running just as fast as the snow was falling. I played the whole thing by ear." . . . Fortunately, Jerry's "ear" is naturally attuned to sports and his sense of humor and quick thinking have seen him through many a broadcasting crisis. On another occasion, Jerry was doing a sports show when a dog wandered onto the set, "barking up a storm." The floor man yanked off his ear phones, upset Jerry's cue cards in the process, and took off after the dog. Jerry continued his sportscast, trying to ad-lib louder than the canine scene-stealer. The result was a draw, and simply one more proof that, if you take a candid look at sports, there are bound to be some impromptu laughs, too. . . . On Chicago's Station WBBM-TV, Jerry Dunphy is seen with *Sports Slants*, each weekday at 10:45 P.M., and on *CBS News Special*, Saturday at 6 P.M. Each Sunday at 10:30 P.M., he's the suave host of top-notch movies on *Prestige Performance*. . . . Born in Milwaukee, Jerry attended Chicago's Senn High School, where he was on the football, baseball and track teams. He married a girl he met while serving in the Air Corps, then headed for more education at the University of Wisconsin. When the GI Bill proved too skimpy to support a campus hero, his wife and a couple of kids, Jerry fattened the bankroll with work on local radio stations and newspapers. By the time he was graduated, he had his sportscasting career well in hand. An athletic six-foot-one, with black hair streaked romantically with gray, Jerry returned to Chicago—and WBBM-TV—last May. . . . The Dunphys are at home in a seven-room, tri-level house in suburban Deerfield. The "couple of kids" have grown to four—Jerry, Jr., who's now 12; Karen, 10; Linda, 6; and Tad, 3. Jerry manages lots of time with them, despite a hectic work schedule. There's time too, for tennis, bowling and golf. "Skip the score," laughs Jerry. "Let's just say I like to play golf."

the Ladies Take the Cake



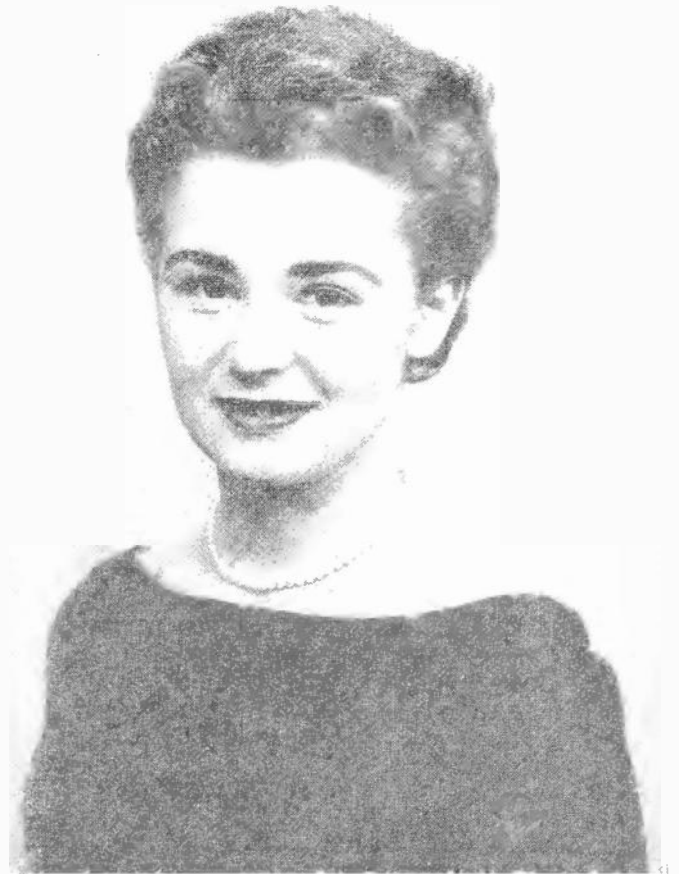
Sewing lesson will come in handy when Cynthia furnishes cardboard doll house—a *Party Line* project.



Homemakers, says WWTV's

Cynthia Harlan, there's nobody

in the world like them

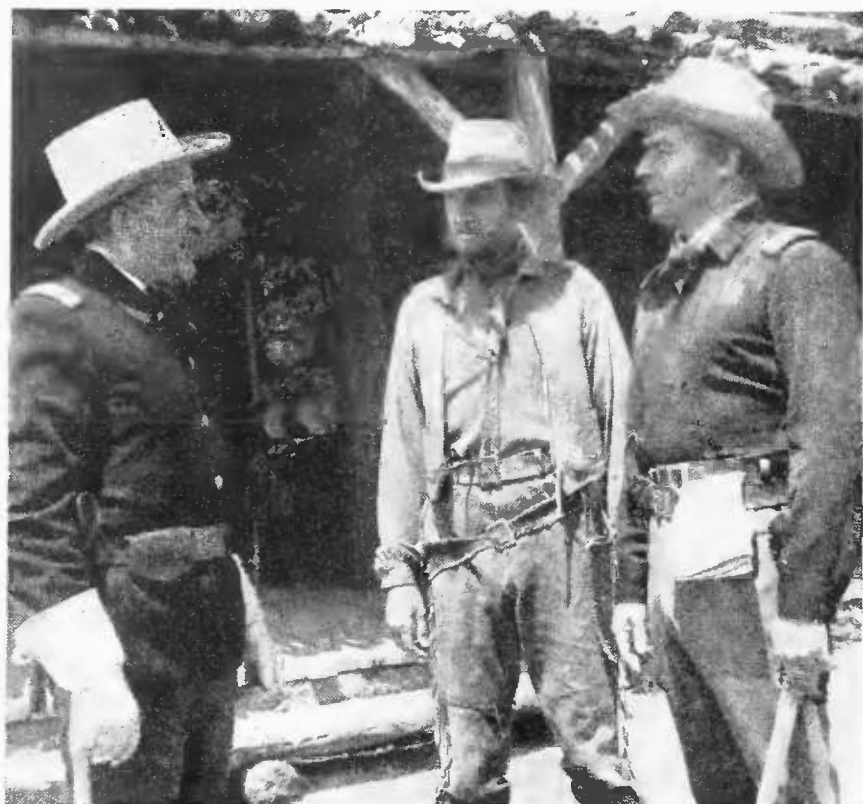


It wasn't lang ago that cardboard was the mike she and "Kate Smith" used, as children in Michigan.

AUTOMATION, says Cynthia Harlan, is nothing but our old friend "George" of "Let George do it" fame. The alert and pretty young interviewer of WWTV's half-hour *Party Line* is, of course, all for "George" doing all he can around the house—but mostly so homemakers can use the time for creative interest-projects of their own choosing. Seen weekdays at 3 (Wednesdays at 3:15) in the Cadillac area, Cynthia's program consists of interviews with well-known home economists, beauty advisers, government agency experts and a variety of entertainers. Yet Cynthia has found that the shows with most appeal have been those featuring Michigan homemakers with little or no professional training, yet whose creative work is satisfying to themselves and an inspiration to others Many of the projects discussed are Cynthia's own ideas, originated and executed on the floor of her bachelor-girl apartment where the decor is often "cluttered" but always congenial Born in Grosse Ile, Cynthia remembers having played "radio," as a child, with a cardboard mike. Says she, "I was always 'second fiddle' to my sister's 'Kate Smith.'" As a public-school performer, Cynthia managed to make

her presence known in one play by rescuing a small boy in the process of losing his pants. Another time, she became so engrossed in eating the prop goodies for the Christmas presentation that she almost forgot her lines. . . . At Northwestern University, Cynthia majored in political science and anthropology. Joining WWTV in '56, she became an assistant on a telephone quiz show. Her first *Party Line* was to have been a cooking show. But, at the last minute, the guest chef became ill, and our neophyte had to solo. "We were," says she, "strictly ad-lib that day." . . . Cynthia, who'd rather be thought of by her audience as a friend instead of an entertainer, always provides a sympathetic spot on her show for worthwhile volunteer groups in need of TV exposure. A while back, a group of mothers from the Cystic Fibrosis Association appeared on the show. Their hostess and interviewer was quite impressed with the way these women—themselves mothers of afflicted children—maintained good humor through all the grim reality of their fund-raising efforts. Needless to say, the liveliest of automata couldn't deliver such a message. To Cynthia Harlan, it's always the ladies who take the cake.

THE WEST IS HIS WAY



Arizona's cavalry rides again, with Pat McVey as Colonel Hayes, Michael Hinn as scout Luke Cummings, Jack as Capt. Adams.



Boots And Saddles is filmed at Fort Kanab, Utah, where Jack, Rebecca Welles, Michael Emmett bring hearty appetites to lunch.

RUGGED Jack Pickard is six feet, 180 pounds of outdoor beefcake. Jack stars as Captain "Shank" Adams in *Boots And Saddles*, the story of the Fifth Cavalry. "Before this, I was known as 'the guy who worked in a million Westerns,'" he grins, "and I don't care if I never work in anything that puts me into a suit and tie." . . . This open-air hombre, now on the payroll of California National Productions, is in love with the West, both the old and the new one. "When I was a kid in Tennessee, a friend of the family's had been out West and told us about it," Jack recalls. "I made up my mind then that I wanted to go to California. To me, the West is a pretty fair representation of the American way of life. It's strong and virile. It's easygoing and it doesn't have the rush of the big Eastern cities." . . . The he-man model for Marine recruiting posters, Jack himself served in the Navy, then got his first important acting break in "The Wake of the Red Witch." Of the many outdoor roles that followed, he's proudest of "The Gunfighter," "Little Big Horn," "Friendly Persuasion" and "Ride a Violent Mile." But, in *Boots And Saddles*, Jack won himself a role he can truly identify with. "The way I see Shank Adams is as a very honest and a very real person," says Jack. "A guy kinda like myself. When he was growing up, I think he wanted to be a soldier, a good soldier, with just the same yearning that I had about acting. He went to West Point, and he was no MacArthur, just an average student. Then he came out West and he fell in love with the country. He had a great love for his fellow man and was glad of the chance to be in contact with the Indians. I love the shows we do with Indians," Jack continues. "Someday, I'd like to take the time to go through the whole West and sit down with the Indians and talk to them and get to know them as Adams did." . . . Talk is something Jack likes, and something he does well. "I try to be a happy person," he explains. "I like people, like to sit down and talk—over a nice meal is a good way. I consider myself very lucky to have gotten all the things I dreamed of as a kid." . . . Jack was a kid on a farm in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. "I don't know how or why," he says. "Maybe I saw a movie. But ever since I was a kid, the only thing on my mind was to become an actor." Jack had a "natural" voice and made his entry into show business as a teen-age singer of Irish ballads on Nashville's Station WSM. The experience fed his acting ambitions—and his yen to see the California he'd heard so much about. Though Jack's a Westerner now, living in Hollywood with his wife and son, there are some Tennessee things he's brought right along with him. One is corn bread, which he makes himself. "I don't use a prepared mix," he says. "I have the meal sent from Tennessee and I make the corn bread in an iron skillet for the genuine flavor." "Genuine" is the word that counts with Jack Pickard—just as it counts, too, with Captain Shank Adams of *Boots And Saddles*.

**Give Jack Pickard
his choice of get-ups
and he'll vote
for boots and saddles**



Jack's no armchair cowboy, in spite of the relaxed pose above. He keeps in shape, cuts his own firewood between sessions with the script. When it's meal time, Jack can broil his own steak, toss his own salad, make his own "genuine" Tennessee bread.



The "Name That Tune" Family

(Continued from page 24)

me of myself, back in the days when I was "The Buttermilk Kid" on a Madison, Wisconsin radio station. Just as I did then, George was now working pretty hard to give the impression he was so experienced.

Actually, he was only starting to settle down after a round of adventure which would have done credit to that other remarkable Florentine gentleman, Leonardo da Vinci, who claimed Florence, Italy, as his ancestral home.

Our young emcee was born George Florentine in Atlantic City, New Jersey, December 20, 1922. During summer vacations, he was a singing waiter. But George had an urge to see what lay beyond the far side of the boardwalk. In 1939, he joined the Norwegian merchant marine, jumped ship at Liverpool, enlisted in Britain's Royal Air Force and transferred to the U.S. Army Air Force when we entered the war. Even there, he couldn't get far away from show business. He piloted USO troupes into combat zones and, after his own discharge, turned USO entertainer himself and continued trekking around the world to entertain occupation forces.

Television moved along and so did George. So, for that matter, did I, taking—among other assignments—that of announcer on *Name That Tune* when it went onto CBS-TV. When Bill Cullen left the show in 1955, I was delighted that my old friend, George de Witt, became the new quizmaster.

Much of that joy in living stems from his relationship with his son, Jay, who was born May 25, 1954. When George's marriage ended in divorce in 1955, he secured custody of the boy, and we've all been aware of his intense devotion to Jay. Viewers discovered it through his customary sign-off, "Good-night, little Jay."

We were also aware of his personal conflict. George, while entertaining in Miami night clubs, had fallen in love with the whole state of Florida and wanted to live there, though he needed to work in New York. Thinking of Jay's future, he'd say, "That's the place to bring up a boy. There are so many things a father and son can do together. You can swim or fish or play tennis or golf without much more effort of planning than just walking outside."

It is part of the de Witt success story that he has now achieved that dream—due, I might add, to considerable effort and planning on George's part. The personal cost is high. Two nights each week,

George sleeps on a plane, commuting from Miami to New York and back. But his rewards also are great, for now he has the life he wants. His widowed mother, Mrs. Lucy Florentine, presides over the two-bedroom apartment which he has in the Racquet Club in Miami, and George and Jay are together all day. As the photos he shows us attest, they always have some project going. Both are bronzed from the sun and vitally happy. According to George, young Jay's latest quote is, "I'm going to get a television show of my own so that I can say, 'Goodnight, Daddy.'"

With such family feeling, it is understandable that George should have been a bit carried away when a barber from Brooklyn, Joe Lombardo, came on *Name That Tune* and stated that, if he won, he intended to use his prize money to visit the little town of Raffaldi, Sicily. His mother, he said, was ninety-two years old and he hadn't seen her in thirty-nine years.

For George's sake, I certainly was glad that Joe—who always worked with his shop radio on—knew just about every tune that Teddy Raph and the orchestra could pitch at him. When Joe and his partner won something like \$20,000, George went wild. He grabbed Joe and, to the astonishment of us all, shouted, "I'm going along."

It took some very fast work by the *Name That Tune* staff to make that airborne promise come true. But it was worth it. George, through the American Committee on Italian Migration (he's entertainment chairman), was able to arrange an audience with His Holiness. George's report of the meeting sacrificed protocol to enthusiasm: "The Pope and Joe greeted each other like long-lost brothers." No wonder that, when George and Joe reached Sicily, Raffaldi declared a town holiday.

One of my own unforgettable moments on *Name That Tune* came the evening I had to try to keep seven pretty little sisters faced toward the camera. Our contestant was their father, Ed Newton, a plasterer from Southboro, Massachusetts, who convulsed us all when he answered George's standard question, "What will you do with the money?"

Said Ed, "My only son is just a few months old, so he doesn't yet have this problem, but he will. With eight women in the house, how's a guy gonna get possession of the bathroom long enough to shave? I intend to build a second bathroom with the money."

To find out what happened to that proposed project of Ed Newton's, I called the children's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stella, over on Staten Island. It's built, all right, in the big, rambling seventy-five-year-old house which Ed and Rita Newton remodelled for their large family. But it is not quite the male stronghold Ed Newton envisioned!

Then followed another chapter of what my wife Penny and I think comes as close to a miracle as we're ever going to see. When the Newtons appeared on *Name That Tune*, we were forbidden to mention that Rita Newton has that mysterious and incurable affliction, multiple sclerosis. The Newtons wanted no tear-jerking appeal for sympathy and neither did Harry Salter, who produces the show. About three months later, Rita Newton became paralyzed. Doctors agreed that she would never walk again. Having long anticipated this would happen, Ed was almost resigned to it and Rita had carefully trained even the smallest of her daughters to do her own part in keeping house.

But again Rita drew on her faith and courage to fight back the crippling. She told the doctors, "I'll walk again. You'll see"—and was up within eight weeks, again driving a car and sewing an Easter wardrobe for the girls. A new baby is expected about the time this story reaches the newsstands. Again, doctors are fearful, and again, Rita is saying, "This is what I want. God will take care of me."

Such faith is reflected in the happy family. The little girls, inheriting the talent of their grandparents, who once were a vaudeville team, now have their own family orchestra. They're not yet professionals, but the time may come when you'll see them on the air.

Ed Newton, too, has been doing well. The business which he operates in partnership with his brother-in-law has expanded. They now have three trucks and employ nine men. Recently, he bought two apartment houses. He is bringing his family financial security to match the emotional security they have always had.

Another good home which *Name That Tune* helped establish is on a farm near Herington, Kansas. When Trudi Lee came on the show, she was engaged to marry her neighbor farmer, Reuben Keil, but wedding plans were in abeyance. She had four children by a former husband; he had a big farm-machinery debt to pay off. They weren't getting any younger. Trudi thought of that when she sent her list of seven tunes to *Name That Tune*. She had been in New York less than two weeks when Reuben followed. They were married at St. Peter's Lutheran church, with George de Witt giving the bride away. Back in Herington, the farm equipment is paid for now—and our friend de Witt has an unexpected and amusing namesake. Trudi and Reuben called a prize bull, "Little George."

The wedding march frequently becomes a theme song for contestants on *Name That Tune*. Suzanne Saalsaa, a co-ed from the University of Wisconsin, told George that she was "almost engaged." The next week, she introduced Bill Ziemer, her instructor in calculus—and he gave her her engagement ring right on the show.

Doug Wilson, a television page boy, was engaged to his college sweetheart, Debbie Grigg, but his salary precluded wedding plans. On the night that he won his first money, they named the date.

Another contestant, Joan Delaney, we nicknamed "our little weeper." We all took to carrying extra handkerchiefs to hand her, for she'd burst into floods of tears, fit to short out a microphone, each time

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TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

National Broadcasting Company



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she and her partner, Charles Joelson, named a tune.

Joanie, who is the daughter of Thurston and Nora Delaney of The Bronx, weeps when she's sad, and weeps twice as much when she's happy. That's what led one of our scouts to notice her. She was happy that day. She and her sister had come downtown to get Tab Hunter's autograph. Lacking money to pay admission to the theater, they went to an afternoon television show, for free. While there, she was asked if she would like to appear on *Name That Tune*.

She was just fourteen when she went on. Her share of the \$13,000 which she and her partner won is held in trust for her. When she is graduated from Cathedral High School, she'll get \$1,000 a year and the balance when she is twenty-one. She still wants to be a secretary, and she won a scholarship to a business school while on the program.

We're sort of proud of Joan's partner, too. Charles Joelson, while at Cornell, wrote songs. "But they were such bad songs," he told George de Witt, "that I had to become an attorney to defend them." He needs no defense of that skill. He has just been put in charge of a major crime investigation in New Jersey.

Being a musical program, *Name That Tune* naturally attracts musically talented contestants and it only makes sense to give them a chance to display that talent. Some wonderful things have resulted. Take the case of Dorothy Olsen, now a regular singer on *Bert Parks' Bandstand*. Dorothy was a teacher who first appeared on *Name That Tune* as a substitute contestant. The cards filled out when she attended a program indicated her Norwegian-born husband had once been a whaler. By the time he was called to appear on *Name That Tune*, he was out at sea on a fishing boat.

We like schoolteachers, too, and Dorothy, who then taught a third-grade class at a White Plains school, seemed an acceptable substitute.

None of us guessed how great she would be. She was only trying to show us what her third-graders liked, when she sang "The Little White Duck" on the show. It led to an RCA Victor recording contract and a featured spot on NBC's *Bandstand*. A magazine recently named her, "The most promising radio personality of 1958." Dorothy has also kept up her teaching—she's on the substitute teaching staff at the day school conducted by Grace Episcopal Church. Days when she's not on the program, she's likely to be teaching. "If the time comes when I'm not singing," says Dorothy, "I'll go back to what I'm really good at—teaching school."

Attending divinity school continues to be a future objective for freckle-faced Eddie Hodges, but right now he has an engagement on Broadway in Meredith Willson's great musical, "The Music Man"—as a result of his appearance on *Name That Tune*.

At our microphone, George de Witt asked Eddie, "Where did you get the red hair?" Eddie promptly replied, "It came with the head." He also belted out some revival songs he had learned back at his grandfather's church in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. That was enough for Kermit Bloomgarden, producer of "The Music Man." He made an offer, but Eddie wasn't so sure he wanted to be an actor. First, he had to talk things over with his grandfather.

Recently, we did, too. The Rev. Mr. Sam E. Hodges is a sturdy fundamentalist, seventy-nine years old. For fifty-two years, he has been a preacher, first as a Baptist, and now is the assistant pastor of the First Church Of God in Hattiesburg.

He is on extended leave to visit his son in New York. The Rev. Mr. Hodges said, "I had never been in a theater before. I had been taught that the theater was—well, *vulgar*. But I said, 'I think my spirit is strong enough to withstand any temptation and I reserve the right to see for myself what my grandson is doing.' Well, I'll tell you, it wasn't anything like what I expected. I don't know what goes on in some other theaters, but I think 'The Music Man' is just great, and Eddie is, too."

I have a feeling *Name That Tune* may have discovered tomorrow's Helen Hayes in the person of young Bennye Gatteys, the fifteen-year-old from Dallas, Texas, who came up to New York to visit her parents' friends, Dr. and Mrs. Nathan Davis, and came to the show with their daughter, Jane Davis. Mrs. Davis, who then worked for CBS, brought Bennye to our attention. She played piano, sang for us, won a bit of money on the show—and also won Kermit Bloomgarden's attention.

He put her into her first Broadway play, as understudy to Susan Strasberg in "The Diary of Anne Frank." She has since been in several *Studio One* productions, *Look Up And Live* and other programs. She has played in the Texas State Fair shows and been starred in Margo Jones Theater plays in Dallas. She plays the lead in a filmed documentary, "The American Girl." She won the scholarship offered by the Episcopal Actors Guild and in June will be graduated from the Professional Children's School. I foresee that we'll have quite a bit of work keeping up with Bennye's list of credits, but we'll be proud to do so.

Change, achievement, new ventures, are an intrinsic part of *Name That Tune*. And that's why George de Witt, Harry Salter and all of us connected with the show feel a constant inspiration in the work we do and the fine people we meet each week.



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The Luck of O'Sullivan

(Continued from page 26)

had any idea how much it was going to upset the viewers. By the time the mail began to come in, it was too late."

At the time of Terry's return, Tate had been written out of the story for a while—"so it wasn't a question of anybody being bounced to accommodate me. My first day back on the show, the scene was laid in Puerto Rico. Jan has a favorite anecdote about this."

With twinkling eyes, his charming wife, radio and television actress Jan Miner, explains: "When I heard the setting was to be Puerto Rico, I thought Terry should buy a new suit. I told him, 'You can't wear that little summer-laundry thing you've got in the closet. Ladies like to see a guy dressed up!' So I led him into a fancy shop and had him buy this beautiful Italian silk suit. It was gorgeous! But—wouldn't you know?—all you could see of him on camera was his tie!"

Terry shakes his dark head. "I'm forty-two years old. How did I make it all these years without an Italian silk suit?" But, in a flash, he is back on his favorite subject, daytime drama. "The very nature of daytime drama requires you to do some pretty interesting things," he notes. "I find the work far more demanding than in any other medium. Then, too, there are advantages in playing with the same people every day. Your feelings about them are so well established. I enjoy working with Mary Stuart, who plays my wife, Joanne Barron Tate. She is a great gal and an excellent actress. As a matter of fact, the entire cast is first-rate."

For any youngster who aspires to make his living as an actor, Terry feels that the field is a good one. "The main problem of a performer is to stay employed. Those long stretches between jobs can be pretty dull—not to mention the financial end of it. Daytime drama is a field in which you find really steady employment, and it's a springboard to other types of theater. If you like to act, you get all the opportunity you want. The rest is up to you."

The wisdom of these words has all the more meaning, coming from an actor of Terry O'Sullivan's stature and experience. He was introduced to the lure of the footlights while a student at Kansas City University. It was all "real casual." He met a fellow student on her way to an audition for the school play. She asked why he didn't come along. He did. He got the part. He's been in the business ever since.

His first professional job was with the Original McOwen Players, a tent show that played state fairs throughout Kansas. "Then Terry joined the Mickey O'Brian players," Jan says. "With a name like O'Sullivan, how could he miss? Then he got married, had three kids, and said farewell to tent shows."

Terry sits back and eyes his wife with amusement. Jan, a blue-eyed beauty, has a truly sparkling personality and a ready wit. She thinks that Terry's daughters, by his first marriage, are adorable and she loves them dearly. But, when she first heard their names, she exclaimed, "Are you kidding? Colleen, Kathleen and Molly. Sounds like a vaudeville team!"

Actually, vaudeville is about the only medium which Terry, born twenty years too late, "managed to escape." In the beginning, when acting jobs were scarce, he worked as a radio announcer, graduating to television announcer at Station KTLA in Hollywood. As an actor, he has done everything from legitimate stage appearances to starring roles on Robert Montgomery's television show. "I always play

husbands," he says in mock resignation.

Terry's clear-cut features, brown eyes and wavy brown hair make it obvious why he is not unattached, either on screen or off. Every bit as talented as he is handsome, he has won three of the coveted gold medal awards given by TV RADIO MIRROR, whose readers voted him their favorite dramatic actor on television.

"Jan won seven in a row, as favorite radio dramatic actress!" he exclaims proudly. "She played Julie, in *Hilltop House*, for nine years—until it went off the air last August. I'd like to see Broadway top that!"

Broadway may soon try. Jan Miner opened in her first New York stage play, "Obbligato," at the Theater Marquee, last February, to rave personal reviews. "I played the lead," she says. "It was a regular dream part. You know the kind. When it comes, you wish you'd never dreamt it. I was exhausted before the thing ever opened! But, actually, I had a wonderful time in 'Obbligato.' It was set in Louisiana, and I played a frustrated old maid, about forty. I was also supposed to play this mandolin, not exactly the thing I do best.

"Here I was, trying to learn my part and taking mandolin lessons at the same time! Just before we opened, the director added a line for me, 'I never could play very well.'" Her expression becomes wistful. "It was a beautiful instrument. Belonged to my dad. He was a dentist—but he was also a member of the Harvard Mandolin Club."

Born in Boston, October 15, 1917, Janice Miner confesses she was a "sort of talented, imaginative child." She had three brothers, Donald, Lindsey and Sheldon, who had the distinction of walking off with all the prizes at the church socials, for such interesting categories as The Handsomest Boy, The Fattest Boy, The Boy with the Most Freckles. Janice's talents were a bit more on the substantial side. She studied dancing with the Braggiotti Sisters, and piano with a Miss Lovejoy. "But I never practiced, darn it," Jan confesses. "So that ended that."

A graduate of the Vesper George Art School in Boston, Jan's original intention was to become a stage designer. She then joined the Brookline Amateurs, and found acting more to her liking. Her first professional engagement was at the Cambridge Straw-hat Theater. Next, the Copley Theater in Boston. "We did stock at the Copley," she explains. "I worked it summer and winter for three years, and did radio, too, on CBS's outlet, WEEI."

Jan then came to New York, where she fast became a favorite in both radio and television. The list of shows to her credit is impressive, and seemingly endless. In radio, it all began with *Linda Dale* (directed by Arthur Hanna, who gave her her first chance) and went on to include *Columbia Workshop*, *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and just about any show one would care to mention. As Julie Nixon, of *Hilltop House*, she became a household name, and she admits she "misses it terribly." Television viewers have seen her on many outstanding night-time dramatic shows, including *Studio One* and the Robert Montgomery playhouse. "I did Montgomery's show each summer, for three years. It was like a stock company and loads of fun."

The fun really all began that afternoon in the first grade, when little seven-year-old Jan Miner made her first stage appearance in a school play. "I was the sun," she says dreamily. "I can remember the pretty dress my mother made

me out of yellow tulle. I was kind of fat—my tummy stuck out, and that's how I happened to get the part."

Let it be stated quickly that Jan's measurements today are neat indeed. She is five feet, six inches tall, "with heels," and wears a size-twelve dress. "It takes three people to get me into it," she says with a grin, "but I wear a size-twelve."

Terry makes a wry face. "The mortality rate on those dresses is high—and, on the zippers, even worse."

Just for that, says Jan, she's going to "tell all." For those brave enough to face it, there are a few things about their six-foot, 195-pound idol, Terry O'Sullivan, that his fans ought to know. He sends cuff links to the laundry with maddening regularity. He likes to cook dinner for friends, when he's in the mood. He enjoys hunting and fishing, but is otherwise kind to animals. He has developed a fatherly affection for a "rather arthritic" porcupine who hangs out at their New Hampshire farm.

"Hah!" teases Terry. "Do you know this woman still can't cook? Burns everything she touches. The neighbors have called the fire department twice."

"He calls me his blow-torch cook," Jan confesses. "And the firemen came only once. I was cooking prunes and I got so engrossed," she turns to Terry, "in one of your TV performances, dear—that I forgot. When the doorbell rang, I was amazed to find two firemen, complete with hatchets and an expectant look. Apparently, the smoke had poured out the kitchen window. Oh, well, I'm learning. Learning not to cook!"

Jan's mother, Ethel Miner, is a painter and a good one. Samples of her art work are prominently displayed on the walls of the O'Sullivans' five-room apartment, in the East Forties. The furnishings are modern, ebony and gold. Cherry-colored love seats, set on a black rug, add a dramatic touch.

The O'Sullivans—who "met on a radio show," and were married in 1953—enjoy doing things together, and are past masters at the art of making a marriage work. Being married to an actor has its advantages, says Jan. "When you're rehearsing lines in one room and he's learning lines in another, nobody's in the mood for a taffy pull." They feel that unselfishness, understanding and a sense of humor are the keys to a successful partnership.

Terry leans toward the coffee table and looks approvingly at a glass of cider. "The only decent thing we get from the farm," he smiles. The farm, a mere three hundred miles from New York, is located on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, and the O'Sullivans often go by car.

"In the country, Terry loves to ride horseback," Jan declares. "He's a trick rider. The trick is he stays on—while I fall off." She laughs. "But, seriously, Terry has always adored horses."

As a child in Boston, Jan led a pretty horse-less existence, but her imagination more than made up for it. She and her youngest brother used to straddle the radiator in Jan's room and pretend they were riding the lone prairie, she clutching the reins with her left hand. Just as they were about to be ambushed by a tribe of bloodthirsty Indians, and Jan, her heart pounding, was hanging onto her scalp for dear life, her middle-brother—"the realist"—would saunter into the room and sneer. "Boy, do you look silly. That's not a horse."

"Now that I can look at it objectively," says Jan, "I should have listened to him!"

(Continued from page 15)



Surprise for Bob Kennedy . . . was a new job as emcee of Jan Murray's *Wingo*.

to business. He has given many breaks to young people and he doesn't even insist you have TV experience. Jan's producer, Bud Granoff, was a publicity man who wanted to be a producer. One of Jan's associate producers is a New York City policeman on leave of absence. He wanted to get into TV and Jan gave him a chance. There was the postman who always had a couple of jokes to try out when he delivered Jan's mail. He is now a staff writer. Dave Brown worked in an ad agency but Jan thought he should be doing bigger things and made him producer of *Wingo*. And about Bob Kennedy, Jan says, "Some five years ago, I saw Bob doing a children's TV-quiz locally. I thought he was so wonderful that I just filed him away in my head. A couple of months ago, when I phoned him about *Wingo*, he was working as a production singer at the Latin Quarter and he just couldn't believe that I'd remembered him." Jan's own life has changed radically from that of a top-notch club comedian, which he was for many years. "But my purpose in entertainment is the same," he says. "I think a show should have plenty of fun along with the thrills."

Wrapping It Up: Ed Murrow being discussed as candidate for U.S. Senator from New York on the Democratic and Liberal tickets. Ed himself has always professed no party alignment. . . . Marilyn Monroe can have \$100,000, and all in silver dollars, if she'll do a spec on TV next year. . . . Garroway's *Wide Wide World*, May 11, is "Spring in Europe," a nostalgic trip for them what's been there. . . . Finding glamorous TV dames for beauty-queen titles is no cinch these days. Only one to make best-legs division was Barbara Britton. Best facial feature went to Denise Lor for her swimming-pool eyes. Note Abbe Lane got citation for her hair. That's what it said—on my Chihuahua's honor!

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Paul Anka: Gold Disc Kid

(Continued from page 47)
Massachusetts. A friend of my father's, Johnny Karam, has the Gloucester hotel. He asked me to do my imitations. People threw money. I must have got twenty-nine or thirty dollars."

Speaking of Paul's talent, his father says, "We always thought it was nice—nice for us, I mean—to have a son whom we enjoyed so much. We gave him the lessons he wanted, but we never pushed him into anything. What he wanted to do with his talent was up to him."

Paul never had any doubt what he wanted to do. He sang in the choir of St. Elijah's Orthodox Church, he was in every program at Connaught grade school and Fisher Park high school. Whenever entertainers played Ottawa, Paul was there, too. He virtually haunted Chaudier Country Club, which is just across the federal bridge from his home.

Vocal groups fascinated him. When The Crew Cuts, The Diamonds or The Four Lads played the club, Paul talked shop, asking them questions about arrangements and technique. To an outsider, he seemed a star-struck fan, but Paul, in his own way, was learning his profession.

For a school concert, he enlisted two classmates, Jerry Barbeau and Ray Carrier. They called their vocal group "The Bobby Soxers." Says Paul, "After the school show, we just kept going. We played every cubbyhole in the area. When we weren't entertaining, we were rehearsing. We tried out songs I had written."

It was an exhausting schedule for a high-school freshman. Andrew and Camy Anka worried. Says Paul, "They wanted me to sing, but not until four o'clock in the morning."

His night of greatest triumph brought near-catastrophe. A Rotary Club benefit show was to go on at the club where he had sneaked in so often. Paul says, "An act fell out and they asked me to take over."

At eight o'clock on a January evening, the orchestra leader phoned to ask Paul to bring in his arrangements, immediately. The weather was too rough for Paul to ride his bicycle over the bridge. His mother was ill and couldn't drive him over. She offered to call a cab, but Paul begged for her car. He'd be careful. He'd be right back. No one would ever know he had no license. As mothers are wont to do with a beloved son, Camy yielded.

It's Andrew Anka's story from there. "That just wasn't Paul's night," he says. "As he returned, the motor stalled on the bridge. Paul tried to push and steer toward an exit. A friend came by and helped him. They had reached a restaurant, and a phone, when the Mounted Police drove up. From a patrol car, they had watched it all."

Their first question was, "Where do you live?"

Said Paul, "I was just going to phone my mother."

Said an officer, "Show me your license."

Said Paul, "I don't have one."

Then came the question Paul dreaded most. His name? Then inevitably, "Are you Andy Anka's son?" Paul trembled, thinking of all his father's work to combat juvenile delinquency.

The police took him home, told his mother not to worry, but added, "This isn't right, you know. We'll have to make a report."

The following Monday, Judge John McKnight phoned Andrew to ask, "Is this your Paul turning up in juvenile court? But he's such a good boy. What do you think I should do about it?"

Said Andrew, "Give him the works. He has to be taught a lesson which will last until he's sixteen."

The "lesson" when Paul appeared before the stern black-robed judge was a lecture such as he had never before heard. He was required to pledge he would never again ask his mother for the car. He was fined three dollars.

Lower than the lowest note he ever sang, the shamefaced Paul turned away from the bench, avoiding his father's eyes.

The judge, stepping down, stopped him as he was going out. "Where are you going now?" he asked.

"Home, I guess," said Paul.

The judge peeled off his black robe. "Well, I'm going to that big fire downtown. Want to come along?" Paul walked out of the courtroom with the judge's and his father's arms across his shoulders.

His first attempt to be a recording star was a complete fiasco. During summer vacation, 1956, he visited his uncle, actor Maurice Anka, in Hollywood. He also found, through an ad, a recording company where people were very willing to listen to his then-favorite song.

Paul explains, "I wrote it because of a book report I had done on 'Prester John,' which was written by our former governor-general, John Buchan. The place where it all happens is called 'Blau-Wile-De-Beest-Fontaine.' I liked the name, so I wrote a song about it."

The record company cut it, complete with its yard-wide title. Strangely enough, it had some sale in Canada. But, when Paul asked for his royalties, he was given a statement showing he owed the company three hundred dollars. "That's when I asked them to release me from my contract."

That experience influenced the family attitude in the greatest crisis the well-ordered Anka household has ever known. Unintentionally, Doug Welk of The Rover Boys precipitated it when he phoned Paul from New York to tell him what an exciting time they were all having playing the big Easter rock 'n' roll show at the New York Paramount. Offhand, he added, "Why don't you come down?"

Paul had been having some success of his own. He had been featured at a Shrine benefit and he got his first big bundle of fan mail when advertising-man John McCadden arranged for his appearance on the CBC-TV program, *Pick The Stars*. With fire in his eyes and music manuscript in his hand, Paul went to his father to say, "I've got eleven songs here, and I know they're million-seller hits. Let me take them to New York."

His father's reply was sharp. "Paul, please don't start that all over again."

Andrew Anka will never forget that night. After closing his restaurant, he arrived home about three o'clock.

"As I passed Paul's room, I could hear him crying. When I came into our room, my wife was sitting on the edge of the bed tapping her foot. I could see she had been crying and I could see she was mad."

Camy Anka had reached the breaking point. Crisply, she announced, "Andrew, I'm leaving you in the morning."

Dumbfounded, Andrew asked, "Why?"

Said Camy, "Because of what you're doing to that boy. You must let him go to New York. I can't live in this house with him the way he is. You've broken his heart. What kind of father are you?"

Said Andrew, with some show of indignation of his own, "What kind of father would I be if I let that child, that fifteen-year-old, go down to that big city, all by himself, and try to make his way around

alone through one of the toughest businesses there ever was?"

Then Camy reminded him, "When you were ready to strike out for yourself, you broke away from your father. Maybe it's just happening earlier with Paul. You go in there and talk to him right now."

Out of that talk came what Paul called "My ten days and my one hundred dollars." His father bought his round-trip ticket. He specified Paul must return at the end of his school vacation. He also specified that Paul should stay where Doug Welk stayed, eat where he ate, go only when Welk said it was wise to go, and call home every day. Then he said a prayer and waited.

Paul needed only three days. Doug Welk took him to Don Costa, the artists-and-repertoire man at ABC-Paramount. Cost set up a recording session. "At the last minute," says Paul, "I was short a song. I'd given one of mine to Dick Roman. So I took half an hour off . . ."

With the shyness of a kid who, not so long ago, was embarrassed when a cowboy kissed the heroine in a Western, Paul says: "There was this girl I'd been kibitzing around with. And she was older . . ."

His father supplies the details: "Our families are friends. Diana Ayoub was eighteen when Paul was fifteen. When he was eleven and she fourteen, she used to baby-sit for us."

With Paul's ode to his own Diana, Costa and the crew at ABC-Paramount knew they had a hit. That day Paul didn't call home collect. Costa called Andrew Anka and asked him to fly to New York to supervise Paul's contract.

"Diana" hit the top of the popularity polls and remained in the charts twenty-two weeks. Paul himself was so much in demand on TV shows and for personal appearances, he took a year's leave of absence from school. He is also in the Columbia Picture, "Let's Rock," and he did a lightning tour of Australia.

He was almost glad when his second release was a bomb. Paul was frankly homesick: "I've done nothing but work. I love it, it's my business, but I can't do that all the time. When I get home, people are going to know it."

His third disc, "You Are My Destiny" and "When I Stop Loving You," took off. Again booking demands came in from all over the world. Said Paul, "It's starting all over again. I'm beginning to wonder I'll ever get home again."

Visits he has made to Ottawa have been eventful. When he turned sixteen, he took his driving tests. When he qualified, the chief of police, Duncan MacDonnell, personally presented him with his driving license. Judge McKnight also observed the occasion. He informed Paul, "I've cleared up that juvenile court appearance of yours. I took all the records from my files . . ." He let Paul hold his breath for a moment. "They're hanging in my office."

On November 18, 1957, the kids of Ottawa shared Paul's gold record. It was presented at Ottawa Auditorium, the very place where Paul had been thrown out three times in one day. This time, the mayor greeted him, and Spartan (his Canadian label) joined in the welcome. ABC-Paramount gave him a watch, the face of which duplicates his golden disc.

What's next for this remarkable sixteen-year-old? Says Paul, "Someday I'm going back to school." Says his father, approvingly, "He got himself into this. I'm proud of him. But the moment he says the word I'll get him out. He's our first-born and we miss him."

Sid Caesar Says: "I Married Young"

(Continued from page 39)

with him. A graduate of Hunter College she had planned to be a teacher. He was just a saxophone player with big ambitions. And he was in the Coast Guard, going to be shipped out. It didn't seem an appropriate time to get into a marriage. But others were doing it. And Sid and Florence, caught in the whirl of young love and war excitement, decided to take the plunge. "Thinking back to the time we married," Sid says today, "I know I had some wrong ideas about marriage. I used to think marriage was a case of the man going out to work, and the woman staying home to take care of the house, and that couples were supposed to argue, and the man was expected to make the most noise." But today, he knows differently. "I've discovered that you're not supposed to argue, at least not all the time. It's not a part of the marriage deal. I know, too, that the man is supposed to help out in the house. Some men are afraid to do something for their wives, for fear it means they've lost their manliness. I used to feel that way. But it's clear to me that, when you do something for your family, you are doing it for yourself, too." There was a time when Sid would come home, tired and tense, filled with unresolved conflicts and career frustrations. He would snap at the children and be unbearable with Florence. But several years of psychoanalysis—and the economic security that TV brought him—did him a world of good. Now, when he is tired, and he yawns, he tells the children, calmly, "Daddy is tired." Then they laugh and they hug him until he relaxes enough to smile.

Some marriages start going downhill almost from the wedding day. The husband and the wife discover they are really strangers to each other. They start to drift apart, first on small disagreements and then on larger issues. But, with Sid and Florence, their marriage was stormy but never insecure. They had their disagreements, but they never doubted they had married once and forever.

With the years, they have mellowed. They've adjusted to each other. Florence learned that, when Sid was annoyed at her, it wasn't necessarily because she was inefficient in something, but only because he was tense about his work and had carried the tensions home with him. Florence says she now has a greater understanding of Sid and his problems, and that they have both adjusted to their limited life. "When Sid is working, they can't go out much. Sid is too tired, and he prefers to just sit around and read and watch TV. When he's off TV, they have a more social, more active existence. Then they sometimes take the children up to Long Lodge, where Sid and Florence first met, or they stay at home on Long Island. At home, there is enough to keep Sid busy and happy. He has his office and his billiard room (with a toy table for the children's use), a swimming pool, and a small skiff tied up at the dock at the foot of their land that dips into the Sound. Since moving into their first new "very nice" house in 1955, Sid has discovered, more than ever before, the joys of being together. "It's a much closer relationship," he says, "when the husband and wife do a lot together. I like it! After all, you're going to spend a lifetime together, and your life and her life have become one. When you're miserable, she's miserable. When she's unhappy, you're unhappy.

"When Florence and I see one of the girls get a splinter," he adds, "we're hurt, too, because we love her. Her hurt is our hurt. This feeling that all of us, the children and Florence and I, are one unit . . . this is a feeling I like."

With each passing year, Sid has worked hard at getting closer to his growing children. "We try to bring the kids into our activities. For instance, the ten-year-old swims well enough now to go swimming with us. We take all three children with us in our boat. When they are old enough, I'll take them golfing, if they'd like to go."

"I talk to the children a lot. For instance, when I am reading about Alexander the Great, I tell the two older ones about some of the things I've read. I am surprised at how much they remember from our little chats. They listen, and ask good questions. They also show me things they make in school, and we talk about it."

The kids, in fact, are so bright they sometimes outfox Sid himself. For instance, there was the time Sid decided he would not give the children an allowance. He felt they had everything they needed, and he was afraid he was spoiling them. But his older daughter said, "Daddy, we have to be given an allowance . . . in case we want to buy gifts for Father's Day." Sid smiles at the memory of her outmaneuvering him. "How could I have denied them an allowance after such a clever approach?" Now he gives the ten-year-old fifty cents a week, and the six-year-old twenty-five cents a week.

In the earlier years of their marriage, Sid did not feel so close to the children. He had felt they were the mother's problems, basically. Now he's a completely doting father, and he enjoys his children.

He admits readily that some of his early attitudes were wrong. He used to feel that the woman makes the marriage, and that the male just waits patiently for his wife to make all the adjustments. "Now I know better. You have to give and take in marriage. You cannot take only. That's baby stuff. Mature persons know the world is no one person's domain, and that marriage is no one-way street."

One of the things Sid had to learn about marriage was to separate his career from his home. Before their first baby girl arrived, Sid used to talk business with Florence quite regularly. After the baby came, Florence became involved more deeply in housekeeping and Sid took firmer hold of his booming career. He found it less necessary to talk shop at home.

"Of course, when I was planning to go out on my own," he observes, "I talked it over with Florence. Sometimes a wife can think things out more clearly than you can, because she is not in the situation and can be more objective. A wife feels better, too, when she knows she has something to do with her husband's success."

Sid drives to and from his office daily. His penthouse office is furnished comfortably. From the walls hang several of Sid's favorite paintings, some by well-known artists. He smokes good cigars, wears smartly-tailored clothes, employs scores of people, runs a thriving business.

"I don't believe any man can enjoy success if he's alone," he says. "He has to tell it to someone he loves. He must share his success; he must have a partner when he rejoices. It isn't much fun, being successful, if you cannot share the emotion with someone. The big thing is to be able to come home and say—to someone you love—'Darling, I was given a big award today.'" (Continued on next page)

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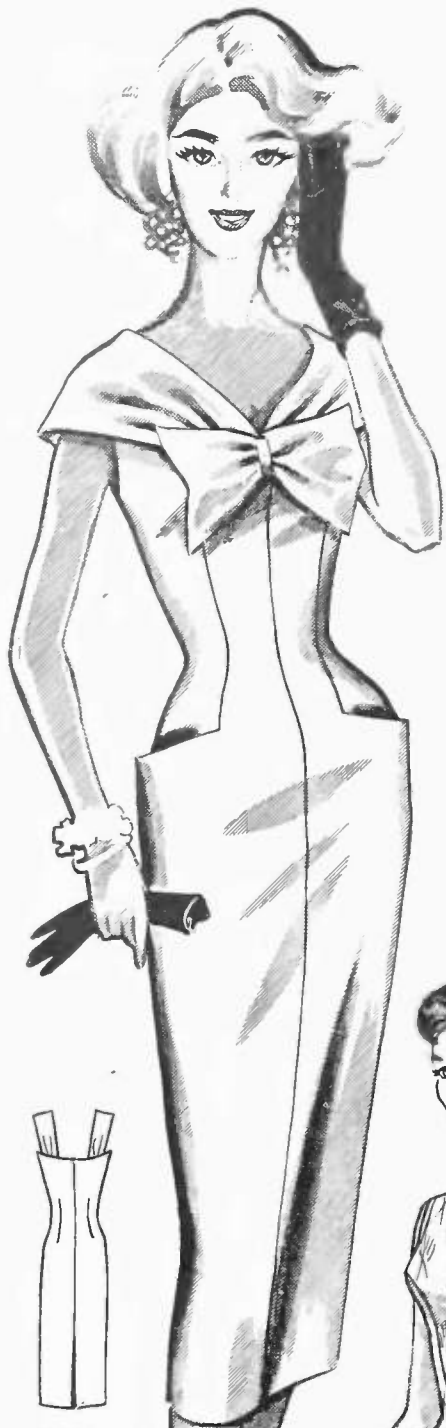
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9183
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9279
14 $\frac{1}{2}$ -24 $\frac{1}{2}$

Marriage taught him, too, that you have to cooperate rather than dominate. "I discovered that there's a big danger in the first five years of marriage. That's when each side, perhaps without being aware of it, is trying to become pilot of the ship of matrimony. This is the critical period when they either build a firm foundation for the marriage or ruin it forever.

"I wish I had known then, in those early years of marriage, what I know now. If I'd been smarter then, I would have saved myself a lot of sulking and sleeping on the couch and feeling sorry for myself!"

He believes that the turning point of his life—and his marriage—came when their second child, a son, was born, on February 18, 1952. "I guess that was when I realized that the time had come for me to let go, to abandon a lot of childish notions, to stop depending on others, to start growing up." Less than two years later, Sid had his own show on TV.

Having spent three years in the Coast Guard, Sid loves the sea. He loves beaches, swimming pools, streams and brooks, and piloting his boat through Long Island Sound. So, when he thinks of love and marriage, he invariably thinks of "matrimonial seas" and "ship of marriage" and "marital storms."

"Love is like a beautiful ship, with sleek lines," he says. "She's nice to look at, but she has to be able to stand a storm. A man must get a ship that has durability. Same thing with a woman. She must have a good heart and good character, so she can take a rough time if a rough time comes her way. But, of course, the man must give either ship or girl something, too. He must not take her out in too many storms. He must protect her, bring her into port safely, give her loving care."

The Caesar family goes out in their skiff during nice weather. Sid studies the new charts of the waters each year before he ventures out. "When you know where the rocks and the undercurrents are, it's not difficult. You study the charts, remember past experiences, avoid troubles. A ship and marriage are the same in this: Just as a ship keeps you afloat, a woman's love keeps a man afloat, and his love keeps her afloat. And when there are children, the voyage is so much more satisfying."

Sid adds, "You can't really talk about marriage without mentioning money. I've changed my mind about that, too. It used to be important to me, as a symbol of success. Now I see it as a means for providing my family with security; that's all."

He can still remember the time he was promoted from fifty-six to sixty-four dollars a month and a Seaman First Class rating. "Did we have fun! We used to go out for a big evening, spending all of five dollars. We went to the finest Broadway shows, in dollar-ten balcony seats."

Now he could retire, if he wishes. But he keeps on working. Sometimes, when he comes home, tired and distressed, Florence asks, "Why do you work so hard?" Sid explains, "Because, when I commit myself to something, I want to do it right . . . perfectly!"

That is when Florence reminds him, "Money isn't everything. We can manage on less. We can do without this, and without that. We can do without a lot of things, and be happy . . . and don't you ever forget it."

"In a marriage ceremony," Sid points out, "they say 'for richer and for poorer.' I'm glad Florence reminds me that my career is not life and death. Sometimes I get so involved in my work, I begin to forget . . . and she brings me back to the straight course."

Yes, Sid and Florence married young. But the youthful pilots gained experience and understanding, and the voyage has been more than worthwhile—together.

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.

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from page 5)

McClay. But they agreed—and fell in love at first handclasp. Mike's mother said he visited Barbara every night for months—but had to go home by nine o'clock because they each had six A.M. calls. On a long weekend, he finally popped the question. The astrologer's party must have been held under their lucky star.

Golf, it's a dangerous game: **Danny Thomas** wrenched his back for a second time coming out of a sand trap. He can't bend over to tie his shoes—and that's tough, especially when there is sand in 'em. . . . **George Gobel** was hit on the shins by a driven golf ball and limped for ten days. . . . But **Rusty Draper** of CBS Radio fame, who virtually lives on the golf course on weekends, finally broke 90. Not bad for nine holes, Rusty.

Pat Boone and wife Shirley move into their old Coldwater Canyon home in July, when he shifts to Hollywood to make 20th Century-Fox's "Mardi Gras." Pat and Shirley want to buy a home in sunny California, but the show has been renewed for New York origin.

Did you know: **Jack Benny** and **Lucille Ball** are Beverly Hills neighbors? **Lucy's Desi, Jr.**, is starting kindergarten at Marymount next semester. . . . **Dick Boone** has to curl his hair for his *Have Gun* series. . . . And, shock of the ages, though he hates to admit it, he-man **Jim Arness** of *Gunsmoke* dyes his hair dark. It's a *must* for towhead Arness, who would otherwise look bald on camera. . . . **Ida Lupino** suffers from acrophobia (fear of heights). When she visits New York and receives a room over the second floor, her first act on entering is to move all the furniture against the windows!

Eve Arden and husband **Brooks West** will motor through Europe this summer. Starting in Madrid, they will end up at the Brussels World's Fair. . . . Also Fair-bound are **Art Linkletter**, leaving June 20 for three weeks, and **Jan Clayton**, who will sing in the Fair's version of "Carousel." They hope to get **John Raitt** for the co-star role with Jan—which, after seventeen years, would pair the two greats from the original Broadway cast. . . . And **Harry Morgan** is Brussels bound. The very funny neighbor on the *December Bride* show is going to the Fair with his two boys, ten and eleven. Harry quips, "We better see this one—there may never be another." Very funny, Harry.

Lassie's Jon Provost will vacation on his parents' Arkansas farm, proud as a kid with his own new puppy can be. Trainer **Rudd Weatherwax**, gave Jon one of *Lassie's* pups for a birthday present. . . . And here's Hollywood for you: The original cast of *Lassie* (namely **Jan Clayton**) invited the new cast of *Lassie* (**Cloris Leachman**, **Jon Sheppard**, et al.) to join her in an old-fashioned "church supper" covered-dish party at her Malibu home. Cast members each brought a covered dish of their own choosing, turned up with two chicken pot pies.

Speaking of recipes, just what kind of meals are favorites with Hollywood stars when they entertain best guests? In star **Jane Wyatt's** home (she of *Father Knows Best* fame), the favorite menu is: Ripe melon with prosciutto ham; rare prime ribs with horseradish sauce; eggplant and tomato souffle; roast potatoes; tossed green salad, French dressing; cheese and crackers; strawberries Romanoff in a meringue ring; and coffee. Sounds delicious and methinks *Mother* knows best, too.

Some of **Lawrence Welk's** fans are now tape-recording his shows, so they can play them back during the week and never be without his happy, bouncy music. . . . Speaking of music, **Mike Ansara**, no less, is being paged for a New York musical by producers **Martin and Feuer**.

Shirley Temple's Storybook will continue through the summer, but all on film. . . . *Father Knows Best* is moving to CBS-TV in the fall, on Monday nights in front of **Danny Thomas**. . . . **Wayde Preston** moves home to Wyoming to lick his wounds: *Colt .45* may come back, but with a new name. . . . A new face hit the TV screen in **Jeff Richards**, who edits the *Jefferson Drum* newspaper, *The Star*. A more apt title couldn't have been chosen, for this sure new star's rugged good looks have all the gals at the very end of their strings. Not since *Gable's* early M-G-M days in the '30's has any one man stopped them so cold on the set. **Jeff Richards** walks on the Screen Gems lot and the studio secretaries grind to a halt.

Kathy Nolan an on-again-off-again romance with **Bert Remsen**. . . . There's a TV series in the works for **Fernando Lamas**, who'll play a private eye with a **Matt Dillon** attitude toward his work. **Fernando** remembers when he first came to this country from Argentina, early in 1950, to star in M-G-M pictures. He spent his first night on the town at the world famous *Mocambo*—where **Desi Arnaz** was playing his Latin rhythms. "Desi came over to our table," says **Fernando**, "sang a tango for us, and then played South American songs all night. Seven years later, he and **Lucy** own three studios, forty-five sound stages—more than any other producer in Hollywood. God bless them, they deserve the success." All Hollywood agrees.

Hollywood's Thaliens presented their all-star boxing team—**Mark Stevens**, **Steve Cochran**, **Rad Fulton**, **Michael Landon**, **Bud Pennell** and **John Smith**—in a series of two-round exhibition bouts with real boxing professionals—**Cisco Andrade**, **Jim Casino**, **Cal Brad**, **George Garver** and **Freddie Beshore**. Thalian **Prexy Debbie Reynolds** waltzed through the ring introductions in green tulle—and boxing shoes! It isn't often career-minded young stars would raise a glove in a boxing ring with a pro, but these boys turned out bravely for the Thaliens and their fund for emotionally disturbed children. They really showed us the brave heart of Hollywood.



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Little Girl With a Big Voice

(Continued from page 41)

girls, entered the Miss America contest.

First step toward this coveted prize was to be elected Miss Oklahoma. Louise entered the contest in her home state and ended as runner-up. She tried a second year—again, runner-up. But, encouraged by her sponsor, Tulsa's Tri-State Insurance Company, Louise entered the contest locally for the third time—and won! Off she went to Atlantic City as Miss Oklahoma. What happened? She turned up again as a runner-up.

Louise laughs about this then-tragic run of events. "I really wasn't too disappointed," she says. "I was pretty proud to be one of the finalists out of fifty-four contestants. And I learned a lesson—if I didn't make a goal in life, the first try, I wouldn't let myself be too discouraged. I decided I'd always try again for anything I really wanted."

This capacity to ignore the negative and put the accent on the positive helped Louise greatly after she came to Hollywood with her husband Luther Lane and their children. She managed to get some guest spots on TV and radio shows, held a job as a regular cast member of *Matinee*, a musical-variety show presented an hour and a half daily by KNX Radio, CBS-owned Los Angeles station. But no regular network opportunity turned up for over two years.

But, one day in 1957. Louise's phone rang. The message was from Milt Hoffman and Lucian Davis, producers of *The Rusty Draper Show*, for whom Louise had done a guest spot on KNX Radio. Would she like to join *The Rusty Draper Show*?

"When?" asked Louise.

"Rehearsal at eleven o'clock this morning, show at two this afternoon" was the answer.

"I was so excited," Louise says, "I was thirty minutes early for the rehearsal."

Louise was born on a twenty-five-acre farm near Tulsa, Oklahoma. Her father ran the farm but also held an official state job in Tulsa. Louise had two older brothers, Don and Eugene, a younger sister, Mildred, and a younger brother, Ron.

"I wouldn't trade my first ten years on that farm for love nor money," she says. "We five kids had a ball. I'll never forget how Mother and Dad and the five of us used to sit around the fire on cold nights in winter, cleaning and shucking home-grown popcorn.

"And, in the spring, the air outside smelled wonderful—there were blooming fruit trees all around—apricot, plum and pear. When the cherries ripened, all of us would go out to pick. After a few hours, we all were stained from head to toe with cherry juice.

"Our small farm had everything on it—cattle, horses, beans, corn, the fruit orchards, a truck garden. My mother, who died when I was little, always was very proud of my fair skin. She'd never let me go out in the sun to pick anything, without a bonnet. And I had to wear a long-sleeved dress and gloves! Oh, I was a picture in the bean field!

"Living on a farm," Louise said, "you learn a lot in a very natural way about life. I'll never forget the day when my first beau, who was twelve, and I—then eleven—were hunting pollywogs down by the creek. We saw a cow give birth to a calf. I grew up ten years in that afternoon."

Louise maintains that she was the biggest tomboy in East Tulsa. "I loved and admired my two older brothers," she says with affection. "My admiration was so great that I was always trying to out-roughhouse

them. But it didn't work. We played 'king of the bridge' and they always managed to throw me into the creek first.

"When I was five I thought I'd outgrown my old tricycle. I tried to give the 'kiddie car' to a neighbor girl but Dad brought it home. Then I hid it in the barn, but Mother found it. So, in desperation, I took the tricycle out into the corn field and set it afire. This was the fall of the year and everything was dry as tinder. The corn and grass caught fire, too, almost burning down the house. Dad called the fire department in Tulsa, and they drove the twenty miles to the farm. Oh, it was the biggest thing to happen in East Tulsa in many a year."

When Louise was twelve, she sang in the church choir and loved it. She knew then and there that a career as a singer would someday be for her. The next year she won the lead in the Junior High School play, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

That year, her father was made warden of the State Penitentiary and the O'Briens moved to Granite, where Louise went to a one-room country schoolhouse. "I remember the corner drug store sold saltwater taffy with peanut-butter centers which I just loved. They were called Abba Zabbas, and I ate a handful every day."

Louise's professional career began while she was still in high school, when she sang on a Saturday-afternoon talent show over KTUL for old-time showman Len Connors. She had auditioned for the talent show but was not accepted at once. She tried out again and, when Connors finally did book her, she earned a steady job which lasted until after graduation from high school.

From high school, she went to Tulsa University where she majored in dramatics and voice. She developed what professionals call a "big" voice, trained for classical and semi-classical music. "I've learned more from Rusty Draper," she says, "in the year I've been with him, than in all my other years put together. He really 'swings' a number."

It was while she was in college that Louise first entered the Miss Oklahoma contest—and failed. When she finally won the title and left for Atlantic City, it was the first time the young lady had been out of the state.

"The Miss America contestants," she remembers, "all had chaperones—we weren't supposed to be seen in the company of a man during the entire affair.

"But, at the time, my dad was working in Washington, as assistant to an Oklahoma congressman. Since I hadn't seen him in some time, I took off to tour Washington. Senator Robert A. Kerr—who had appointed Father warden when he was governor of Oklahoma—knew I was coming and arranged a surprise luncheon. Believe me, I was never so excited . . . this being my first trip out of the state of Oklahoma, being a Miss America con-

testant, and being entertained by two dozen senators and congressmen!"

Shortly after Louise's return from the Atlantic City contest, she married her high-school beau, Luther Lane. Luther and Louise had been in the same grade school as kids, and had been friends for years. Luther was a bakery distributor in the Southwest and was studying law besides. After the marriage, Louise continued to sing on radio and TV until her first baby, Maureen, arrived in 1952.

Louise sang on radio until seven days before Maureen was born. Luther says "Maybe that accounts for Maureen's voice—not so much on key, but plenty loud. A little over a year later, January 8, 1954 their second child, Christopher, was born and Louise had plenty to keep her busy."

In June of 1954, Louise and Luther came to California on a combination business vacation trip. Louise knocked on doors in Hollywood, received a lot of smiles but no work. She didn't give up. After they returned to Oklahoma, she decided the Hollywood was the place to be. The family held a powwow, agreed to make the move and, in November, came to California permanently.

"We had absolutely no contacts," Louise says. "One of the first things I did was go to see the Art Linkletter *House Party* show. Everybody in the audience was asked to fill in a card with occupation noted. I put down, 'singer—unemployed. The Guedel office interviewed me later but nothing happened then. I started knocking on doors again . . . still nothing. One day, Muzzy Marcellino, the musical director on *House Party*, called and asked if I wanted to guest on the show. That was my first break."

From the *House Party* show, Louise went immediately to KCOP as the "Weather Miss." Someone from Station KCOI had been watching the Linkletter show on which Louise guested and called her for this new job. From then on, Louise did guest spots on any local or network radio or TV show that called her. She sang on shows with Jack McElroy, Bing Crosby, Judy Garland, Tennessee Ernie Ford and George Gobel. She appeared in TV shows produced by Walt Disney and Alfred Hitchcock. In 1954, she went on as a regular member of the local KNX Radio *Matinee* show. All during this period, she continued voice training with musical arranger Van Alexander. And the work paid off in her present network spot.

Today, Louise lives with her husband and two children in a modest Spanish-style home in Burbank, about fifteen minutes from the CBS Hollywood studios.

"The big production of the day," Louise says, "is not the show—but breakfast. 'We're hungry!' And they are. They eat anything—never saw two such healthy kids. They are just like I was when I was their age, tomboyish and husky."

The biggest thing in Louise's life today besides her family and *The Rusty Draper Show*, is her recent signing with Mercury Records. She feels she does best the ballads with good lyrics. Show tunes like songs from "The Music Man" and "Oklahoma!" (natch) are her favorites, and she hopes to have an album on the market soon.

Louise's ultimate goal is to play in a Broadway musical. She loves live audiences. A recent successful personal appearance in her old home town, Tulsa, shows she can win and hold one. It's a long jump from a farm near East Tulsa to Broadway. But, with Louise's talent and drive, she'll probably make it.

Next Month

Cover boy Rick Nelson leads off a personality parade including Dorothy Collins, Pete Fountain, Ernie Ford—and all your favorites, from Sullivan to Garroway—in the picture-packed July issue of

TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand June 5

David, My Son

(Continued from page 20)

stunning five-foot-six brunette named Joan who became Mrs. Bill Lipton on October 15, 1949.

His career started so early because his grandmother thought the small boy had a big talent. A friend who was a radio announcer suggested that Bill audition for a children's program, if he was as smart as Grandma thought he was. He had recently been taken to see "Show Boat," so he rendered a baritone solo of "Old Man River." When that was finished, the man in charge of the audition shoved a piece of paper at Bill and said, "Here, read this."

"You're an actor, not a singer," he told Bill, with finality. And all this led to a radio career, to becoming a permanent member of the cast of *Let's Pretend*, Nila Mack's fine radio show for children, and to other parts on other shows. By the time he joined the Navy at seventeen, in World War II, Bill was an airwaves veteran.

He was in the Navy for three years, and in that time became a different person, so far as the people in radio were concerned. "I was very lucky," he says now. "No one thought of me any longer as a former 'child actor.' Many people didn't know I had been. I went back to finish college and continue part-time in radio, which became the springboard for my adult career. Things opened up gradually for me on adult shows. I began to get calls from good programs when someone was ill or a show had to be cast quickly. I began to be known all over again."

By the time Bill was twenty-five, his career as an adult actor was firmly established. It had to be—because, at twenty-three, he got married. Acting was the thing he knew best and could do best, so he forgot his idea about becoming a foreign correspondent, or even a plain garden-variety type of journalist. He decided he liked what he was doing. He still does.

It was a job in radio that almost broke up his chances with Joan. They were scheduled for a double date, fixed up by one of Joan's friends. A blind date for Joan and Bill. That day, he became quite ill, knew he would have all he could possibly do to get through his work on a *Cavalcade Of America* broadcast.

"I called Joan to explain why I couldn't keep our date. I was still a student at Columbia and she was a big wheel at Barnard College on the same campus. I was pretty upset about the whole thing. They said she was not only a beautiful girl but also a brain. I don't think she believed that I could be sick and working, too—and I'm not sure she does, to this day.

"Some time later, I stopped to talk to a girl I knew who was with a very lovely looking co-ed. The latter was Joan—and, when I heard her name, I blushed and stammered, but she was very sweet. In fact, her sweetness and her beautiful dark eyes and Madonna-like look attracted me immediately. Joan is a writer and wanted to do scripts for the radio station at Columbia. I was directing there, so we began to work together."

Their engagement was precipitated when an old girlfriend of Bill's, from his Navy days, came to New York, and Joan got herself an escort so they could make a foursome. They went to a concert in Carnegie Hall, Bill and his former flame sitting in back of Joan and the other fellow. "He was supposed to be a friend of mine, but maybe he decided this was his chance to move in. I saw his arm keep slipping around the back of her chair and her head sort of involuntarily leaning toward him. That did it! Afterwards, I told Joan

in no uncertain terms how I felt about us."

Walking across New York's crowded Forty-Second Street, at Times Square, some months later, Bill took out his date book suddenly, looked up the dates of shows he was supposed to do and engagements he had to keep, and asked Joan, "What's a good day for you to get married?" This was early summer. The following October, there was a wedding.

Their son, David, born March 4, 1952, is now a sturdy six-year-old. "Named for no one in particular, unless it's David the King, a poet and a great man. Perhaps we hoped that some of his qualities would rub off on our little boy, and we think David has many of them. An artistic, sensitive nature, for one thing. It's just a coincidence that David has the same name as the man I play regularly on radio, although it is a pleasant coincidence."

His parents feel that, if David should want to be an actor, it will be his own decision, but they don't want him to make it until he is at least eighteen. His education comes first, especially in times like this when boys—and girls, too—need every benefit of good training.

At present, their son is an ardent devotee of Sandy Becker's TV programs for children on Station WABD in New York. When he was told that, in *Young Dr. Malone*, his own daddy plays Sandy Becker's grown-up foster-son, David found this a little difficult to understand. "If you know Sandy so well, Daddy, why doesn't he come to our house to see me?" he questioned.

"It was difficult to produce Sandy out in Connecticut where we live," Bill recalls, "just when our David wanted to see him. Sandy's a busy man with a number of shows and with three lively kids of his own. I don't think my son believed I really knew this idol of his until one day Sandy invited him to come on his morning show for children. This convinced him."

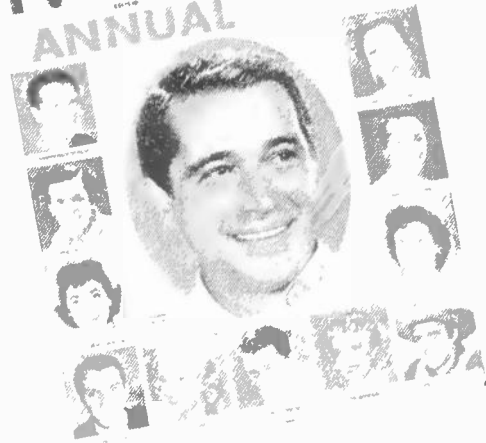
When David was three, the Liptons decided to move to Connecticut, to the town of Greenwich, where they bought a house. A many-windowed white Colonial home on a two-acre plot surrounded by an old New England stone fence. They had the place repainted inside and out, put in new flooring, carpeted throughout, then sat back for a year and saved for some new furnishings. Small wonder! Neither had dreamed that a house could eat up money so fast.

Joan did the decorating, but they picked out everything together. Golds and browns and saffron tones for the living room, and a lovely Japanese linen wallcovering in natural color. A Regency dining room. "Joan had to hang a Chinese rice tray on the dining room wall to hide a hole I drilled. It was supposed to be just a little hole, but something happened—Joan usually has to find something large to cover up the places I drill. In David's room, I was putting up two hurricane lamps and somehow or other went right through an electrical circuit. But I'm learning about a house by experience, and I'm getting smarter about it all the time."

David's room is in red, white and blue, two walls papered in an old Colonial print, two painted blue. Their bedroom is white and gold. The guest bedroom is what Joan describes as "a sort of cheery nothing," but is a mingling of blues and greens with a dash of pale yellow. The whole house is still in the process of being "done" and probably will be for some time to come. That makes it fun.

Bill bought a baby tractor, does all the heavy outside work, uses it for the lawn.

TV-Radio ANNUAL



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Joan planted tulips and daffodils, narcissi, poppies, and peonies, and has recently put in things like chrysanthemums, marigolds and zinnias. David bought her a packet of seeds last year for Mother's Day, planted them for her and scraped the earth around them a little. Up they came, in due time for him to make his own floral arrangement and enter it into their P.T.A. Flower Show, where it won Second Prize.

Lilacs, dogwood and apple blossoms make the springtime fragrant. White hyacinths and red tulips line the old stone wall. In June, roses are rampant. In July and August, the crabgrass creeps into Bill's well-kept lawns and the weeds challenge all the Liptons. They don't mind too much. It all adds up to the fact that they have their own home and that David will grow up in the freedom he couldn't have in a big city like New York.

"I look around sometimes and see what we have accomplished so far and I think how lucky we are," says Bill. "We have worked hard for everything, but none of the work has been a burden."

"I remember what happened when Bill and I were first married," Joan adds. "We lived in a one-room city apartment, with only one window and a wall that was on the apartment house incinerator, so the place was unbearably hot in summer. We made a kind of dressing room on that side—because it was the best place for it—but in summer my powder would cake on my face the minute I put it on. We didn't mind it too much. It was for David's sake that we decided to move out of the city. David can be with his father so much more, following him around while he does things around the house and the yard, helping him and learning many things himself."

"You have to see David and Bill together to know how really fine their relationship is. David isn't a child who clings or is dependent, but he does enjoy

being with Bill. He has a good family feeling and we think this is important."

Bill felt he didn't really "meet" his son during the first ten days of David's life. He saw him only through glass partitions and swore that, once he broke through that glass, there would be no more barriers between them. He had rushed Joan to the hospital at four o'clock in the morning. There, after what seemed an interminable time in the waiting room for expectant fathers, Bill was told there was no immediate need for him and he went down for a cup of coffee. He came back just in time to be told his baby had been wheeled through and taken to the nursery.

"I didn't know whether I had a son or daughter," he recalls. "I didn't know how Joan was. They said she couldn't be disturbed. I only knew I had missed the whole thing, and was worried about Joan. An hour later, I was told she was sleeping."

Finally, a nurse came through and asked, "Don't you want to see your son?" So he was the father of a boy! But, by this time, David was tucked away behind the glass window. Every time Bill reached the hospital, after that, they were separated by this barrier. By the time Joan and the baby were ready to come home, Bill vowed that he, and no one else, would carry his son out of the hospital.

"The woman who was going home with us, to take care of my wife and child, insisted she was the one who should carry the baby, but I said no. Someone else had to carry the luggage. I even had David tucked under my arm when I signed the check for the hospital bill. I wouldn't let him go."

Joan thinks her husband showed rare control. "While Bill is the most fair and fine person I know," she explains, "he is mercurial in temperament and he does sometimes flare up. He has such solid virtues, such honesty and integrity. I have

never heard him speak ill of anyone or give an unfair appraisal, and he is really tender with people's feelings. The only problems he brings home with him are the ones concerning circumstances he can't control, business things that are out of his jurisdiction, irritations that he can't do anything about. The things he can handle are cleared away quickly. He gets them off his mind."

Few of Bill's problems would seem to apply to his work on *Young Dr. Malone*, a job he thoroughly enjoys. He finds the cast and crew the most compatible he has ever worked with, all the way down the line, from Ira Ashley, the director-producer, straight through Sandy Becker, Joan Alexander (who plays Tracey Malone), Rosemary Rice (Jill), Jane Gi'espie (Marge), and all the rest. In addition, he enjoys doing an intermittent part as Brad in another CBS Radio drama, *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and some narration and announcing, as well as some radio and TV commercials.

He believes in the *Malone* story, feels that its writer, David Lesan, has such insight into human motivations that reading the script often helps clear up personal problems. "He draws conclusions for me at times that I might not draw for myself. I often see my own problems more clearly after studying David Malone's and the way Lesan handles them. All the unhappy situations in the *Malone* story arise out of the characters themselves, out of their own human failings. This is the way it is in life."

Dr. David Malone has walked an uphill path. He has been beset by many storms. Now in the second year of his residency at the hospital in Three Oaks, he is perhaps happier than he has been for a long time. Perhaps some of Bill Lipton's own happiness is now wearing off on the man he portrays so sensitively.

What Does Happiness Mean to You?

(Continued from page 37)

believes in God can never be completely lonely, even in moments of sadness, so I'm grateful that I was blessed with faith.

"And I owe a great deal of happiness to my husband"—Dorothy is married to Richard Kollmar, theatrical producer and prominent figure in the entertainment world—"I can't take him for granted, because I realize Dick is someone special in the way of character, loyalty and understanding. The knowledge that he's always there with me, all the way, no matter what happens in our lives—and even if I'm wrong—is a priceless contribution to my serenity."

"We have three bright, sweet, affectionate children whom we adore . . . but you've asked me what I would choose if I could have only one thing to make me happy, and I have to say it would be *Dick*. Over career, children, contributing to humanity . . . *everything*. It's because of Dick's warm, wise and unselfish nature that I've been able to turn the trick of combining marriage, motherhood and a career, without slighting any one of them. I think if you have just one person in your life upon whom you can depend for love and understanding, you're way ahead of the game."

"Where I live is important to me," Dorothy adds. "Perhaps not essential, but terribly important. I'm living exactly where I want to live, in Manhattan. I'm a city girl at heart, and a big-city girl. I like the scope and the blessed privacy of metropolitan living. I don't want a lot of friends, necessarily; just a few who speak my language."

"Money, did you say? It isn't everything, of course—it really isn't *anything*, if it's the only thing you have. But I think it helps no end, and I'm quite willing to work hard to get it. . . . Colors? I have my favorites, but I don't think I'm so sensitive that my happiness could be affected by the tint of the wallpaper. . . . I am affected by what people think of me—or what I think they think of me. One of my greatest faults, I know, is my inability to laugh off criticism—which is pretty silly, because in my job as columnist I dish out plenty of it!"

"Adjustability is a good quality to cultivate, if you want to be happy," she reflects. "The happiest people I know are the ones who can take a cold bath when the hot water isn't working, have fun at the exotic little restaurant in Havana even if the food seems strange, keep their tempers when the plane is delayed five hours—and smile over such minor crises as stuck zippers, the dress that didn't get back from the cleaner, the extra maid who didn't show up for the party. It took me a few years to learn to treat those things lightly, but I've learned . . . well, I remember *most* of the time . . . and I think that contributes not only to my own happiness, but to the happiness of those around me," concludes Dorothy Kilgallen.

Another point of view on the same motif is presented by *The \$64,000 Question's* popular master of ceremonies. Happiness and Hal March were the twain that could never have met in the old days, according to Hal himself. "I had to work very hard to become the kind of person who is able

to be happy," he says, in a searching way.

"I didn't like myself in the past," asserts the man who could easily be TV's entry in a matinee-idol contest. "I didn't like myself at all. I was all take and no give." At home, his family kept telling him he was wonderful. "At school," he adds, "they always gave me the lead in the plays; in class, my friends made me president. Everywhere in San Francisco, acquaintances kept saying that I was handsome and charming. I got away with behaving like a spoiled kid. The fact that I was welterweight boxing champion in my teens didn't hurt my ego any. I'd wake up in the morning and think: *It's nice weather—for me*. I never thought of anything except in relation to myself."

"After a while, Bob Sweeney and I did a successful radio show in Hollywood for eighty-nine weeks. It was during that period that I 'came to.' One day, Bob said to me, 'Hal, you're not doing your share, you're not living up to your obligations to me as a friend.'"

"Well," I answered, with my customary nonchalance, "That's how I am. Take me or leave me."

"I'll leave you," Bob said.

"I went home. I felt terrible. I hated losing Bob's friendship. I looked in the mirror and said to myself: 'You—you take, take everything, and you have nothing, absolutely nothing.'"

"From that day on, I changed."

"It wasn't easy. It may sound corny, but I determined to try to evaluate myself, to mature. It was a hard struggle, before I could learn to give, to be the kind of person

who is able to be happy. But gradually I improved. I became more exposed to life, more perceptive of other people's feelings.

"By the time my wife Candy came along, I thought: *Well, I can handle this, I like myself better now: I can give enough to make her happy.* In the past I couldn't have done this. Of course, Candy's the perfect girl, physically, mentally, emotionally. And now that I'm the kind of person who is able to be happy, how could I help being happy with her?"

Hal is as sure that his happiness will last after forever as that the sun will rise every morning. "Candy and I need only each other," he says. "Oh, we're not hermits. We like to see people sometimes, or go to the theater. And, of course, our three kids are a great part of our lives and our fun. But all we really need is to be together. These things we have . . . the huge house in Westchester, the two cars, the two maids . . . of course I hope it will last—we love it. But if it should all blow away tomorrow, we'd still be happy.

"Then, too, there's the happiness of helping people on the show," adds the host of *The \$64,000 Question*. "You were kind enough to remark before that I seemed really interested in those people I query. You asked me if it was an act. It isn't. I am interested. I could make fun of these contestants . . . after all, you know, comedy was my business . . . but it would destroy them. I know just how they feel—frightened. I was frightened on the show myself for about the first six months, so I want to help them. And there's quite a bit of happiness in that."

Although Hal may have had to work at being able to accept happiness, Arlene Frances—vivacious panelist of *What's My Line?*—points out that you cannot achieve happiness by working for it. "You can't work for it, you can't pursue it, you can't search for it," says Arlene. "Happiness can't exist on one thing alone; it's too complex. It has to come as a result of your way of life. I'm happy. I always have been happy. Shall I tell you why?"

"What I do," she explains, "is live life to its fullest every moment. That's every moment, you understand. It doesn't matter whether I'm only taking my young son Peter bowling, as I did this afternoon, or just coming in to be interviewed by an old friend, as I'm doing now. Living life to its fullest, every moment—that means happiness to me. Do that, and you can't lose."

Asked whether climate had any effect on her happiness—as some scientists contend it can—Arlene laughs, "No, I guess not. After all, I live in New York, where we have four seasons. Weather doesn't affect me. Places might—some places have a tendency to make one sad or even lonely. But these are only tiny spokes in the wheel of happiness.

"City or country living—would that affect my happiness? Well, I'm essentially a city girl, but if I had to live in the country all the year 'round, I suppose I'd manage to adjust." (Miss Francis and her theatrical-producer husband, Martin Gabel, spend many weekends at their country home in Mount Kisco.)

"Money? Well, once, as you know, I didn't always have all this, and I was happy without it," she says. "I enjoy it all, I admit, but money doesn't really affect my happiness," reiterates the girl who was born Arlene Kazanjian, daughter of the Armenian portrait photographer. "It never did."

Perhaps the past brings some memories to Arlene, as she adds, "I didn't mean to give the impression that you can't do something about being happy, even though

what I have in mind is very different from pursuing happiness. You see, I don't believe that destiny entirely shapes our ends. I think we can help ourselves—by staying within the limits of our spheres. Browning said, 'A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?' Well, we can all reach. Let us reach, by all means. But if we want to be happy, we must learn this: We don't all have to have the top star; we can be very happy with the second star, you know."

An entirely different viewpoint is expressed by tall, blond, genial Durward Kirby, known to millions through his many years on *The Garry Moore Show*. The six-foot-two-Kentuckian admits cheerfully that he'd never even thought about what happiness meant to him. "I guess I never think about things like that. I just go ahead and meet whatever comes along." Despite this, Durward has a definite answer to the query, *What does happiness mean to you?*

"Health," he states positively. "Health. I don't think we could be very happy without health, and I don't have many aches and pains." Looking as though he could jump right on the cover of a physical-improvement magazine, the cheerful Covington lad next discloses another fundamental reply to what happiness means to him:

"Helping others. That's it. I'm no Rockefeller, you understand," says the "feller" who once studied to be an engineer, "but I've helped people in other ways. I won't tell you what I've done—but I'll just say that being understanding of other people's problems and trying to sympathize with them is happiness of a sort."

In smaller ways, there are several aspects of activity that produce a state of joy for Mr. Kirby: "Two of my favorite pastimes are fishing and messing around in my workshop. Yes, I have a workshop in my house in Connecticut, and we even use the furniture I produce. My wife has a workroom, too—I guess you'd call it a studio—where she paints. I'm in the basement, she's on the third floor . . . that's why we get along so well!

"Seriously, though," he continues, "I guess what happiness really means to me is my home. I have such a grand wife and kids—two sons, Randy and Dennis. Maybe the fact that I've always had a great home contributes to my happiness state. I had a wonderful childhood. My name, Durward? Yes, my mother took it from a novel. 'Quentin Durward'? No, not that one . . . I can't remember what novel it was. I'll have to write and ask my mother—the folks live in Florida now.

"What would I wish, you ask, if Aladdin came along with his magic lamp and said I could have happiness any way I wanted it? You mean without taxes? Well, I guess I'd just go home with my wife and my kids. We have a lot of fun together. Don't misunderstand me, we're no bunch of plaster saints. I whale the daylights out of the kids—if they deserve it—though the older one is getting pretty big for me now. I always thought I'd like to write to Washington and ask them where the perfect climate and even temperature exist, then I'd settle down there—after traveling, I mean. I'd like to travel a little first.

"What would I think would mean happiness for Randy and Dennis in the future? How would I know? They'll have to work that out themselves. I wouldn't counsel them to be actors, or engineers, or anything else, for that matter. They must find their own answers," says Durward Kirby—smiling happily.

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He's Always in There Pitching

(Continued from page 52)

then, again, I guess I spin my wheels a bit—but I always try to think and plan ahead. When Mutual asked me about doing play-by-play, I wasn't altogether unprepared to make a decision. I'd given some thought to radio. Matter of fact, when they first approached me, my wife Virginia and I were in the Mayo Clinic for our annual check-up—best kind of health insurance I know of. That was in January, I remember, for we celebrated our wedding anniversary there. Well, I don't think Virginia at first was too pleased about radio work, since she knew it would mean my being away from home so much again, but career-wise she liked the idea, too. I'm working hard at it, because I think I can make something out of it. Not only for now but for the future, too."

Bob was never stagestruck but he's had a lot of experience as a public speaker. And, a few years back, he recorded a series of weekly radio programs that were heard nationally. He doesn't feel nervous at the microphone. "I haven't had nerves since my first three years in ball. We call it 'rabbit ears.' Means you hear a hostile crowd. Some ballplayers never have it. Some, who have it, never get over it. I did. By 1939, when I was nineteen years old, it didn't make any difference to me whether I was in the Yankee stadium or in St. Louis against the Browns. If there had been a hundred thousand people—or no one—in the ball park, I couldn't have cared less, in relation to being able to concentrate on the task at hand."

For many years, Bob Feller has made his home at Gates Mills, Ohio, just thirty miles east of Cleveland. There, he lives in a stone house that includes a recreation room with billiard and pool tables, punching bag and exercise equipment. On his property is a ball diamond and a hill that's good for skiing and tobogganning. "Everything for the kids," he says, "but I enjoy it, too."

His wife Virginia cares little for sports, except golf. Her interests extend to the piano and organ and palette. Actually, on the surface, Bob and his pretty wife seem to have little in common. Virginia is a petite five-two with brown hair and blue eyes. When they met in 1940, Bob was known from New York to Tokyo as the American League's ace pitcher—but, to Virginia Winther, he was just another name. Bob says, "She didn't know a wild pitch from a wild duck. She thought Babe Ruth was a candy bar. At the time it didn't mean much to me, for I was going out with her roommate. Virginia, although her home was in Waukeegan, was in Rollins College in Florida. It was during spring training of 1941 that we began to date."

Bob invited her to a game. It made her nervous. "She never did learn to feel at ease in a ball park. Even after we married. She always liked ballplayers and people associated with the game. But, in the park, hecklers bothered her. Especially when she heard some fan crack out at me."

Bob's courtship, as well as his career, was interrupted by war. Two days after the attack on Pearl Harbor, he enlisted in the Navy. After training in Norfolk, he went aboard the battleship Alabama as Chief Petty Officer. He was in the Tunney training program for a time, but then shifted to anti-aircraft gunnery and also operated catapults for the three airplanes aboard. In his thirty-four months of service, Bob served in the North Atlantic and the South Pacific.

Bob says, "Losing four seasons of ball-playing at the height of my career was necessary. I regret it, not for the financial

loss, but I'd like to have seen if I could have equalled the records of Mathewson, Alexander and Johnson in strike-outs, wins and no-hitters. For no other reason than personal curiosity."

He married while he was in service. In January of 1943, his ship was off the Atlantic shore, engaged in gunnery practice, when he was notified that his father had died. He flew home for the funeral. During his leave, on January 16, he and Virginia Winther married. Today, they have three sons, Stevie, who is twelve, Marty, ten, and Bruce, seven.

"You know, I wouldn't raise children in the city. Not if they gave me the finest apartment on Park Avenue rent-free," Bob says. "I was brought up in Van Meter, Iowa, and I think I was privileged to be raised in a farm community. My father had three hundred and sixty acres. We had hogs, cattle and poultry. But, basically, it was a corn and wheat farm. My father was a big baseball fan. He had me out throwing ball and was the first to realize my potential. He had set up a ball diamond in the pasture and, every Sunday afternoon, we had a ball game."

Bob played ball in Van Meter High School and also for the American Legion, and set such pitching records—striking out fifteen or twenty men in a game—that the big-league clubs came after him. A Cleveland scout, Cy Slapnicka, who was to become a close friend of Bob's, signed him. Feller was only sixteen. They assigned him to their Fargo, North Dakota, club, but Bob was already so hot that Cleveland changed its mind and brought him right into the big league. It was a fantastic achievement for a youngster. That Bob was prepared, both physically and mentally, is a credit to his mother and father.

Bob has one sister, Marguerite, nine years his junior, who now lives in Des Moines, Iowa, with her family. Bob was an only son and recalls that he used to tail after his father like a puppy dog. He says, "Dad and Mother, both dead now, are mainly responsible for what I am. My mother was a trained nurse and a school teacher, a very methodical and quiet woman. She was very close to her family. A homebody. She was a good thinker and very intelligent. Dad was an upright man who believed in good, hard work. He hated liars and phonies. You know, an Iowa farmer is blunt and basic. A kid learns about himself and what it's all about, around a man like that. And, in a farm community, everyone knows everyone else and you go straight or else. If I got a licking in school, I got a licking when I got home."

To a certain extent, Bob raises his own children as he was raised. He, too, gives his boys an occasional licking. "I believe that if you tell a child once to do something, it should stick. Of course, Stevie is getting a little old for the paddle. Steve is the oldest and athletically inclined. He runs and throws well. He pitched and played short in the Little League. He's not over-large for his age, but he's a good hitter—which I wasn't. Marty, our second boy, likes body contact sports. He's better at football and skating."

Bruce, seven, hasn't yet been assessed as an athlete. All three boys are in a private boys' school. Says Bob, "We had to put them in because they were traveling so much. If they'd been in public school, they would have gotten behind in their work."

Bob takes the boys fishing and hunting. "We sometimes get to South Dakota for the hunting season, and I rent a duck blind for their sake in Sandusky, Ohio. We get in there together and shoot and talk. I be-

lieve that, if you hunt *with* your son, you won't have to hunt *for* him. To me, the outdoors and sports are important in raising kids. I don't like to preach to them about the Golden Rule and the Constitution. I think they learn the democratic way from sports."

Bob's other great enthusiasm is flying. He pilots his own plane and has about three thousand logged hours. He says, "I tried for the flying end of it, during the war, but they wouldn't have me because of my hearing. I have a high-frequency hearing loss. I guess that's a result of trap-shooting, running tractors and combines, and flying itself. But I'd say aviation is my chief hobby, if you'd call it that. I read up on all the progress in aviation. I use a private plane for business. During the season, it gets me home quickly. I can fly to Detroit in forty minutes, broadcast a game and be back home in time to charcoal a steak for dinner with the family."

Virginia likes to travel, although flying makes her uncomfortable. "So we drive a lot together, and it's then that I catch up on my reading," Bob says. "Outside of literature on aviation, I'm not much of a reader—not that I say it's to my credit—but, when we're on the road, Virginia reads to me. She reads everything aloud. Books, newspapers, magazines, everything but the *Wall Street Journal*."

Bob notes that recently the children's school has been kicking up a fuss about their leaving classes for a trip. "That makes it particularly hard on Virginia," Bob explains. "She wants to be with me and with the children, too. Impossible. Of course, there is my mother-in-law or the governess to stay with the boys, but it tears at Virginia's heart to leave them at home. I know, if we're away and a long-distance call comes in from home, I can see her tense up for fear it may mean illness or some emergency."

When Bob announced his retirement from baseball, after the 1956 season, there was hope that he would be home oftener. However, he signed on with Motorola to head their Youth Program and, in five months, conducted baseball clinics for kids in one hundred and ten cities in forty-two different states. "But with radio work," Bob says, "it will be easier on the home life. After a game, I can head right back."

Bob is always on the go. He relaxes by doing. Although he employs a full-time gardener, he still gets a big kick out of getting into denims and getting out with a saw or tractor. He has twenty-nine acres of land with some three hundred fruit trees. "But it's not a farm," Bob says, "and I know farm land. The ground isn't good enough for much more than pop-eyed daisies."

During business days, he is in his Cleveland office where he conducts his insurance business. After work, he may drop by the school and pick up the three boys. Once in a while, he has a baseball clinic for his sons and their classmates. When there's a school ball game, he's there with a camera. Evenings are spent visiting or at home helping the youngsters with their home work. In the Navy and as a ballplayer, Bob played a lot of hearts and pinochle, but today neither he nor Virginia care much for cards.

He has a small office in the house where he may retire to bone up on some technical things on aircraft, while Virginia is in her studio. She is an excellent painter and one of Bob's proudest possessions is a portrait she made of him during the war. "The incredible part of it is that all she had for a model was her memory and one of those tiny pictures of me on a little one-ounce

box of Wheaties," Bob explains with pride.

While Bob has a reputation for making a good appearance, he is actually indifferent to clothes. "For Christmas or a birthday, Virginia wouldn't think of giving me clothes. Usually, it's some sports equipment. To me, clothes are a habit, like good manners. I get into a tuxedo or tails only because that's what's called for. But I guess I could never sit down in a restaurant in an open sports shirt. My upbringing is all against it. Even when I was a kid in Iowa and my friends were going to school in denims, Mother always had me in a white shirt and tie. That's the way I am today. But, if I had a choice, I'd rather be knocking around outside in khakis."

Bob keeps in condition. During the current season, he will work out with ballplayers prior to the broadcast. "I'm one of those guys who likes to work out in hot weather. I like golf and I get out with the boys on weekends."

He is a religious man, a member of the board of directors of his church. He is active in community work and functions as the Ohio State Chairman of the March of Dimes. He is still directly associated with ballplayers as president of the Major League Baseball Association. This latter job means a lot to him.

"We are concerned with the welfare of ballplayers, both retired and active, and we try to promote interest in baseball itself. Wherever I go, I find a live interest in baseball, but it's only in certain areas, like Denver, Winston-Salem; Buffalo and Toronto, that they're doing a good community job. Generally, there's a need for more of a cooperative spirit between the clubs and high schools and colleges in bringing the youngsters along. The kids have a big problem today. In the past, when they got out of high school, they could afford a couple of years to knock around in a bus and learn the game. Now they go into military service for a couple of years. By the time they come out, they are concerned with getting a job so they can marry. These are the crucial years for a ballplayer and I think it's the chief problem in developing youngsters."

Bob's special endeavors for the good of baseball have won him a citation from the Association. There is no personal gain in the work. Often it is just a great big headache, trying to get the necessary cooperation for the program, but he is devoted to it. Why? He says, "It's a way I believe in. When a man gets something out of a way of life, he should put something back in."

White Collar Princess

(Continued from page 18)

like seeing a delicate Dresden figurine develop the tensile strength of steel.

Her parents are Louis W. and Mabel Murray. She was born on an August 23 in the two-family house in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn where her parents continue to live. There are three children. Older daughter Ruth, her husband, Frank Hoffman, and their two children have the second apartment. Son James and his family live in nearby Hempstead, on Long Island.

Describing her home, Kathy says, "When my parents moved out there, the section was rural. They say there were cows grazing nearby. Now it is all built up. But our house has a back yard and a front stoop. There, like Kitty, I used to sit and daydream."

Her father, now retired, was an assistant commissioner of health for New York City. His job gave him an intimate, working knowledge of all the problems and pitfalls of a metropolis. Kathy thinks this may have had much to do with the fierce protectiveness he felt toward her.

"I was the baby and my parents always worried something might happen to me. Because my sister and brother had each broken an arm at play, I wasn't allowed to skate or ride a bike. To cross the bridge and go over to Manhattan was as much a project as a trip to India."

Lipstick was forbidden until she was sixteen—"and believe me, in New Utrecht High School, that marked me." Her first date also was at sixteen—"I think we went to Coney Island."

For Kathy, school plays and pageants were important, but her parts were not. "I was always a flower. A marigold or a daisy or a sunflower. Anything yellow. A roll of yellow crepe paper was stock equipment at our house. My mother was always making some sort of fancy collar and, in every play, there was this little yellow head sticking out."

She tried out for her class play but didn't make it. "I spent most of my high-school days just moping and dreaming, wondering what I was going to do when I grew up. I went to church a lot. I knew my parents hoped I would quickly marry some nice boy and have a nice fam-

ily. Sometimes I liked the idea. Other times, I thought there might be something else I wanted to do first."

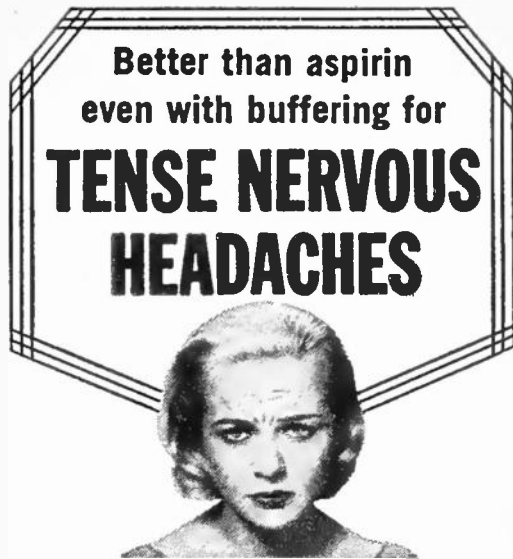
Just after graduation, Kathy found that "something else" most unexpectedly. A girl friend, Claire Michaels, had joined the summer stock company which Jose Quintero directed at Woodstock, New York. Kathy spent a weekend with her. "I was supposed to stay only two days, but an insect bit me. My foot swelled so that I couldn't walk and couldn't go home. Because of that, I had an extra day."

Quintero—now recognized as one of the most brilliant of directors and credited with being one of the originators of the off-Broadway renaissance which has been so important to television and motion pictures as well as the stage—had already started his Circle in the Square theater. He liked Kathy and Kathy liked him. He invited her to stay and work with the group the rest of the summer.

Kathy might just as well have asked permission to go to the moon. Her parents wouldn't hear of it. In the fall of 1953, when the company returned to the dilapidated Village Inn which they were trying to convert into Circle in the Square theater, on Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village, Kathy boldly took the subway and attended a few of the group's meetings.

The day she announced that she intended to become an actress is one no member of the Murray family will ever forget. Kathy prefers not to speak of it in detail. She says instead, "Dad didn't think it was respectable. He roared, Mother cried, and I took off."

She had found the thing she wanted to do and the people with whom she wanted to work, but she found no glamour, no luxury, in those beginning days. In company with other aspiring actresses, she jammed into an "apartment." Says Kathy, "It was a garret, really, in an ancient building. I had a room of my own, with a built-in closet, but it was more like a cell. There was one tiny window, high in the wall. We were most particular about decoration. Every ceiling had to be white and the walls moss green." But the only furnishings in my room were a mattress on the floor, a chair and a dresser. It was



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always dark and often cold. When at last I was able to rent an apartment of my own, I painted every inch of it white."

The story of how Jose Quintero and the other young people around him converted a ramshackle structure into a theater and built up a much-respected acting company could make a book as long as "Gone With the Wind" and as funny as "My Sister Eileen" (which was written just a few blocks away).

Describing her part of it, Kathy says, "We were always painting and cleaning and repairing. Our big aim was to improve the place so that we wouldn't get scared every time the fire inspectors came. All of us did everything. To start, I was captain of the john detail. My mother, who had a hard time getting me to clean the bathtub at home, would have been astounded to see the way I scrubbed."

After all their manual labor, they also put shows on the boards. Kathy had her first part in "Dark of the Moon," in which she played a sixty-five-year-old woman. "We split the take. I got three dollars a week."

But she gained experience and a new attitude toward life. "It wasn't so bad to be shy and sensitive when I discovered the others were, too. We worked out our problems together."

Drama critics from the daily newspapers discovered, about that time, that something exciting, stage-wise, was happening down in the Village. They began to review the plays. Among the little off-Broadway theaters, The Circle gained a reputation for excellence. Its production of "Summer and Smoke" became a hit,

made Geraldine Page a star and also brought some attention to Kathy. Offered minor Broadway roles, she turned them down. "I was learning more at The Circle and I wanted to stay with a group I liked."

It was television which brought butter for her bread and, shortly, frosting for her cake. "I was so thrilled to get calls for TV shows. You know, TV does pay rather handsomely."

Her first glimpse of a television studio came when, as publicity for The Circle, she appeared in costume and sang a madrigal on *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour*. Her first paid part was with Wally Cox on *Mr. Peepers*. She played his sister's roommate. "He's the nicest ever. He made up a scroll and presented it to me. It was titled, 'To Kate, with a smile, for the smile of the week.'"

The TV roles also brought a reconciliation at home. "When my dad saw me on our own living-room screen, he conceded that acting might be respectable after all. He even became a little proud of me. I went home at Christmas and all was forgiven. We're the best of friends. Whenever we need something built in our apartment, Dad packs up his tools and comes over to help us. But, more important, both Mother and Dad think my husband is just great."

Kathy's husband is Joseph Beruh, a young actor from Pittsburgh who, this season, played in the Broadway success, "Compulsion." As might be expected, they met at The Circle. They had one date (Joe took Kathy to see "St. Joan"), then paid no attention to each other for a

couple of years. While playing in a Philadelphia production of "Legend for Lovers," they formed the habit of going out for coffee after each evening's performance. They talked until all hours, but neither considered it a romance until the show closed. Kathy returned to New York; Joe stayed on to appear in "Ah Wilderness!" Distance did make the heart grow fonder. Says Kathy, "After a week, I realized I loved him." They were married at City Hall on May 21, 1957. Kathy says, "I cried all during the ceremony and Joe stood there and laughed at me."

They live in one of the charming old houses on Twelfth Street, in the Village. "We've got two fireplaces, one in the living room, the other in the dining alcove," says Kathy.

Like most young actors, they've wondered whether it would be wise to furnish it completely, for they have feared that they might need to follow the TV shows to Hollywood. When Kathy went out to play a role on *NBC Matinee Theater*, they regarded it as a scouting trip. "They wanted me to do a second show. We planned to make it coincide with the end of the Chicago run of 'Compulsion' so that Joe would be ready to come along, too."

Now *Kitty Foyle* has given Kathleen, the actress, a chance to be Kathy, the home-maker. "I've bought stacks of decorating books and I shop every moment I can spare. We need a new couch, another chest, some clothes . . ."

Kathy has what *Kitty Foyle* wishes for: A career, and—even more importantly—a husband and a home, too.

Love Letters to Alice

(Continued from page 32)

Mrs. Methuselah, she's only a fraction of a hundred years old. No psychology grad, she's endowed only with an uncommon amount of common sense. No newspaper columnist, no professional fashion consultant—yet the letters continue to pour in, asking Alice for advice on everything from a love affair to a skirt length.

Because Alice has become more than just a singer of pretty songs. To those who watch her faithfully each week, she has become a friend—their own, true, personal friend. Most of them live many miles from Los Angeles, and aren't able to visit the Aragon Ballroom, where the Welk band plays regularly, or the ABC studio from which the telecasts originate. So they write letters. Hundreds of them every week.

Many of their letters seek advice. Ambitious young would-be entertainers ask, "How can we succeed, too?" Budding young beauties write for counsel on diet, makeup, and dress. Sensing Alice's capacity for understanding, they write her about all their problems.

Alice believes the one query which has popped up most often in her mail, over the past several years, is: "How do I go about making a success as an entertainer?" This is a question which has kept a number of persons busy writing full-length books on the subject, and Alice doesn't pretend to be able to give a definitive answer. All she can really do, she points out, is relate her own personal experience, and tell what worked for her.

One such question, a year or so ago, really stymied Alice—for a while. "To what single thing do you attribute your success?" a young fan wrote. At first reaction, it seemed impossible to answer. She knew that so many things had been combined in getting her where she is today—hard work, luck, timing, the help of

friends and acquaintances, and the faithfulness of the fans themselves. So she put the letter aside for a few days.

After deliberating a week or so, Alice decided there was probably one single factor most important to her success—and to the success of any entertainer, or anyone in any line of work. "It seems to me," Alice explained to the questioner, "that liking your work is the most important single thing in becoming a success. If you really and truly love what you're doing, then all the rest fits in like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle.

"If you love singing as I do, then you don't mind the absolutely endless hours of rehearsal, the physically exhausting schedule of personal appearances, costume fittings, makeup and hair-style sessions. You welcome, rather than resent, criticism—for, if you love what you're doing, you're also anxious to improve, and improvement comes only after listening to constructive criticism. Above all, if you love your work, it shows in your performance—and the people watching you are infected by it. . . . If you get a big charge out of standing in front of a band singing a number, then your audience is pretty sure to get a charge out of hearing you!"

Alice goes on to point out that this theory applies to more than just show business. Any individual who loves his or her work is apt to bring more to it than the person who is out for nothing but a weekly paycheck. Extra effort, even extra hours, are not hardships if you love what you're doing. And it's extra effort and extra hours which pay off in success in any line of endeavor.

It's hardly surprising to learn that many of Alice's fans write to ask advice on what to wear, and how to wear it. Alice's "pretty-as-a-picture" gowns—always with a full skirt over ruffly petticoats, never with a too-low neckline—

have become her trademark. She admits an occasional yearning toward a sirenish sheath (she has the figure to do a sheath proud) but she resists the temptation nobly. "I'm just not the sheath type!" A point she asks fans to consider for themselves, when they wonder about the suitability of various styles.

Girls in their early teens write Alice asking: "How old must I be before I may wear a sheath or a tight skirt?" "My mother claims that sixteen isn't old enough for a strapless formal. What do you think?" "I'm thirteen. Don't you think I'm old enough to wear high heels?"

To each of these queries, Alice tries to give her honest opinion. Wearing sheath skirts, she points out, is not nearly so much a matter of how old you are as how you're built. A straight, slim figure is an absolute must—and chubbiness clothed in a sheath is a pretty sad sight, whether the wearer is thirteen or thirty.

As for strapless gowns, Alice says, "Why spend your whole evening worrying about whether your dress is going to stay put? Strapless dresses are not at all the mark of maturity and sophistication many teenage girls seem to believe. Some of the best-dressed women in the country have never even owned one. It takes just the right bustline, a perfect pair of shoulders, and perfect arms, to carry off a strapless gown—otherwise, the picture is comical."

High heels and makeup seem to be the First Important Steps in growing up, according to many of the girls who write to Alice. Here again, Alice points out, there can be no hard and fast rule. So much depends on the custom of the community in which the girl lives, and the maturity of the girl herself.

The same goes for high heels. In some localities, high-heeled silver slippers are a tradition for the eighth-grade dance. In others, the girls tramp around in flats

until they're in their junior year in high school—or longer. One thing Alice does take pains to point out: "When you do have parental permission to buy and wear your first pair—for goodness sakes, practice walking in them in private, before you make your first public appearance!"

According to Alice, the same rule applies to makeup: "Practice in private, before making a public appearance. Mistakenly, most teenagers slap on the makeup as if they were trying to see just how much paint and powder would adhere to their faces. Restraint is a better technique." Alice herself rarely uses more than a little lipstick. For evenings, or appearances before the camera, she uses some eye makeup. She tries to keep her deep tan—a fairly easy feat year-round in California—so that makeup base is unnecessary.

Quite often, queries go deeper than clothes and makeup. Now and then, very dramatic problems are unfolded in those letters. Alice feels flattered that fans consider her wise enough to help them with these, but, at the same time, she is terrified lest she give the wrong advice. In such cases, she refers the writers to a more suitable counsellor—an instructor at school, their personal physician, their pastor. And, of course, she urges that they confide in their parents.

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But the reason most such letters come to Alice, in the first place, is because the teen-age writers feel they cannot confide in their parents. Letter after letter carries the same woebegone expressions: "Mother is too busy to listen to me." Or, "My folks simply don't understand what it's like to be young these days." Or even, "If I told Father and Mother what's troubling me, I'm afraid they'd throw me out."

Of all the letters she receives, these touch Alice most deeply. "It would be impossible, of course—and entirely presumptuous and nosy of me—but the answers I'd like to write would be directed, not to the teenager who wrote me the letter, but to the parents. I'd like to let them know what they're missing, in brushing off the confidence of their children. How they should find time, and patience, and understanding, to listen to the problems their sons and daughters have.

"I think I know what I'm talking about. From the time I was in kindergarten, my own mother always found time to listen quietly and with interest to my recital of the things that went on at school, at parties, even at play. I just got into the habit of telling her things, because she was a good audience. When I came into my teens, I was still confiding in her, secure and safe in the knowledge that she would be sympathetic and understanding, and would respect my confidences.

"I'm trying to do the same thing with my three boys. I'll admit it isn't always easy to sit patiently and listen to their long, rambling, disconnected tales of what to them was some high adventure. But I figure it will pay off in the future—they're getting in the habit, now, of confiding in me. That's what too many parents have

lost sight of—they're so busy with their own affairs they forget they have a responsibility to be interested in what happens to their youngsters."

Happily, not many of those who write to Alice for advice have really tragic problems. Most of them want to know how to attract the attention of a certain boy, how to hold the attention of one they've already attracted. "I'm in love with a perfectly divine boy who doesn't even know I exist," one girl wrote not long ago. "How on earth do I go about getting him to notice me?"

Alice pointed out several tried-and-true methods: "Get acquainted with somebody the boy knows, or join some club or group to which the boy belongs, so you'll both be attending the same meetings. Find out if he's interested in sports, or science, or botany, then do a little boning up on the subject—so you can talk his language."

Then, as a valuable bonus, Alice reminded the writer that the world wouldn't exactly come to an end even if she never did get to meet this young Apollo. "Be interested, really interested, in the people you already know," Alice pointed out. "If you're always mooning over some inaccessible hero, you'll miss out on a lot of fun."

Alice believes that young people today miss a lot of fun by starting to "go steady" at such an early age. "Sure, it's wonderful to have the social assurance of a steady boyfriend, to know that you'll always have an escort for the big dance, or the football game. But I honestly believe a girl is cheating herself of half the fun of being a teenager by not dating around. Learning to know different types of boys, understanding their interests and problems, is a broadening experience, and comes in mighty handy later in life."

Not all the requests for advice about matters of the heart come from girls. Alice gets quite a few letters from the boys, too. "I get tongue-tied whenever I meet a new girl at a party, and always when I'd like most to impress her," one boy wrote. "What on earth can you talk about with a girl?" Alice claims this is an easy one, since there are ever so many topics practically guaranteed to start the conversational ball rolling. "Try new rock 'n' roll records, try comparing opinions of a teacher, or a movie you both saw. And, though it's not exactly an original topic for conversation, the weather is always good, safe, and uncontroversial."

Sometimes the fan mail has its lighter moments, Alice recalls. Not long ago, there was a girl who wrote in a somewhat plaintive tone, "I've been going with a boy for several months now. He's really very nice, and I worked hard enough to get him interested in the first place. But now that I've got him, I find out he's not much fun after all. How on earth can I get rid of him, without hurting his feelings?"

"That one was a breeze to answer," Alice laughs. "It's been done so many millions of times by so many millions of girls, over so many hundreds of years, I'm surprised that the girl even had to ask—the knowledge should have come instinctively. I just told her to be 'busy' whenever the boy called for a date. She didn't need to be brusque about it—she could be sorry she wasn't able to go out with him. But, after a few weeks of such treatment, he ought to get the idea. The last I heard from her, she sent a brief note, which read simply "Thanks heaps. It worked!"

"There's one idea my fan mail has given me," Alice chuckles. "If I should ever be afflicted with permanent laryngitis—perish the thought—I'll just put out my shingle: 'Alice Lon, Advice on All Matters.' Of course, I'm not qualified, but no one seems to mind that. It could be a very fascinating way to earn a living!"

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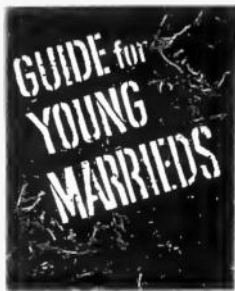
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Tony Perkins Talks About The Beat Generation

(Continued from page 34)

starring in the Broadway hit play, "Look Homeward, Angel." He walked away with all the reviews. In addition, he has been making television appearances on the Sunday-night variety hours—where he displays another of his talents, singing—and he will continue his TV guest-starring through the summer, before he begins filming "Green Mansions" with Audrey Hepburn, on location in South America.

Although Tony is not identified with the Beat Generation (he explains his reasons why later), he admits a great fascination with it and a strong attraction to its cool-man-cool music. "I didn't know much about the Beat Generation until last fall. But I understand it's been around since the war. They tell me it's a post-war reaction, like the Lost Generation in the Twenties. F. Scott Fitzgerald was the Twenties' spokesman, and everyone called the Lost Generation a wild one because they had all-night parties and danced the Charleston, preached free love and made bathtub gin.

"In many ways, the Beat Generation seems similar. Today's Beat Generation spokesman is a guy named Jack Kerouac. I read his book, 'On the Road,' last year, and I couldn't put it down."

"On the Road" was published by Viking Press in September 1957 and is now in its fifth printing. The Beat Generation's "Bible," the book deals with young people who are trying to break the restrictive bonds of today's society. They dig booze, jazz and sex. However, unlike their forebears of the Twenties and Thirties, they have no desire to make over the world. They want to dig all that they can from "living."

Kerouac, a tall, lean and cool fellow, is more or less the mouthpiece of the Beat society. Kerouac explains, "The Beat Generation, that was a vision we had, John Clellon Holmes and I, and Allen Ginsberg in an even wilder way, in the late Forties, of a generation of crazy illuminated hipsters suddenly rising and roaming America, serious, curious, bumming and hitchhiking everywhere, ragged, beatific, beautiful in an ugly graceful new way. A vision we gleaned from the way we had heard the word *beat* spoken on streetcorners in Times Square and in the Village, in other cities in the downtown city night of postwar America. *Beat*, meaning down and out but full of intense conviction."

"That's what I think it means, worn-out, disillusioned," Tony says. "Now, they're trying to tell us that all the Beat kids are a bunch of mystics, that they are beatific, that Beat stands for beatitude—and I don't see Beat meaning that at all. To me, that's a lot of nonsense."

"If you read Kerouac's book, you know these Beat guys hop freights and hitchhike everywhere for adventure. They live in skid-rows and visit jazz-joints, take occasional jobs as longshoremen or dishwashers, participate in a kind of free sex. It resembles a latter-day Bohemia, in a way. The characters in Kerouac's book, I've got to admit, haunted me. The way they ran from life and from love affair to love affair. What were they seeking, what did they want?"

"Maybe they were looking for excuses for pent-up emotions, I don't know. But that part of being Beat doesn't appeal to me. There's a complete lack of responsibility attached to it which runs against my personality. But you know," Tony continues, "you can't help but feel en-

vious of people who can let themselves go like that. Envious, yes, and also sorry. I feel sorry for them because there is something sad and terrible about being irresponsible.

"There are Beat movements all over the country, in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Denver. In New York, they live on the lower East Side and they call it 'the Left Bank.' Greenwich Village is getting very highbrow since the wreckers have been tearing down the old houses."

Although the Beat Generation guys and gals live where the rents are the cheapest, they frequent many of the Village joints—The Kettle of Fish, The Five Spot, The Half-Note, Cafe Bohemia. A seventy-two-year old artiste, Romany Marie, sits sipping *espresso* coffee at one of the Village coffee houses and complains that "today's Beat Generation is sad. They have no dreams. Instead of living to create, they live to destroy." She says hers was the true Bohemia when everyone had stardust in his eyes.

On the other hand, a young writer who lives in the Village says, "The Beat Generation does care. We care and we want people to know they need more than a comfortable home, a secure job and TV in the living room." He says he and his Beat friends spend hours circulating petitions to do good for mankind.

When it comes to writing, however, poetry is the Beat Generation's main source of expression. In the side-street bistros of San Francisco there has been a poetry renaissance. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whose City Lights Pocket Bookshop publishes most of the Beat poets, may be found in a local San Francisco night club during a weekday night reading a poem from his collection "Pictures of the Gone World" while a Beat gal does a mock striptease in the background.

Often Beat poetry assails materialism, as in Kenneth Rexroth's poem, "You killed him in your goddamned Brooks Brothers suit."

Poet and publisher Ferlinghetti recently was charged with selling obscene literature, principally a book called "Howl and Other Poems," by Allen Ginsberg—who has dedicated it to "Jack Kerouac, new Buddha of American prose, who spits forth intelligence . . ." Ginsberg's poems deal with supermarkets in California ("wives in the avocados, babies in the tomatoes"), baggage rooms in Greyhound Bus Terminals. Generous helpings of four-letter words are the reason the publisher was placed on trial.

About the poetry, Tony comments, "A lot of people have called it 'The James Dean School of Poetry.' Jimmy, of course, was classified as a Beat guy because he wasn't at rest with himself, and he was trying to fly high and wide into this world where we have walls, barriers set up for a certain convenience in living. A lot of these walls are necessary. They hold up our civilization. But some of the walls by now have outlived their usefulness, and they can easily tumble. We'd probably be all the better for it."

"This is why I believe there's a little Beatness in all of us. We're tired, beat, worn-out from the many pressures of our society today, and in some small way we each try to free ourselves."

"Now, the really Beat people try to free themselves in a big way. They take the giant step which is shocking and perhaps too big. Lots of times they give up because it's too much for them. A lot of people think being Beat is being intellectual. This is a complete misnomer. Be-

ing Beat is responding to the Beat points of view. You don't have to be a brain to respond.

"I don't know if being Beat will be a big trend or a passing fancy. It does have a lot of appeal to young people today, especially to college kids and kids in their twenties. Some of the Beat spirit has caught on with teenagers, especially in the jazz area.

"Now, that's where I feel Beat. I'm crazy about some of the Beat jazz artists—the early music of George Shearing, the saxophone playing of Charlie Parker." During the past year, Tony recorded a number of popular songs to which his teen-aged fans have responded in large and dedicated numbers.

Tony, being a Beat jazz fan, asks for Beat jazz backings to the song he sings, although he admits there is little, if any, of the Beat jazz form in his singing. "Why? Because a lot of the records made today are intended for audiences who don't dig being Beat. They don't know the Beat Generation from soccer-ball."

Tony began his singing career a couple of years ago on television. While acting the title role in a *Goodyear Playhouse* drama titled "Joey," Tony sang a number titled "A Little Love Can Go a Long, Long Way." ("By the way," Tony adds, "Joey was a Beat character. Of course, he was a young guy, in his teens, but I'd guess by now he's hit the high road to Beatland.")

After an avalanche of fan mail poured in about Tony's singing, he cut a number of records. One of them, "Moonlight Swim," soared to the best-selling top-ten lists. "I guess I was more surprised than anybody," Tony admits. "Because my voice—well, maybe I'd better give you a description of what it is. When it's good, at its best, I call it very pleasantly muddy. It's tonal rather than interpretative. I'm more conscious of notes than I am of words. I don't sing the same way that I act. But I don't think this is wrong.

"You see, I'm not a club singer, the kind of singer whose voice drops and dips and interprets like crazy. Joni James is such a singer. She's great. She'll sing the guts out of a torchy number on a flip side. She's got technique and style. Hers is a personal and emotional vocalizing.

"For the past few months now, I've been studying singing, and it's rough, believe me. I'd never studied a note before that. I used to play the piano when I was a kid—you know, the usual octave exercises and occasional Chopin etudes that were easy on the fingers and sounded good.

"Singing is a very technical business. Have you ever thought of how terribly magnified your diction becomes when you talk or sing with a microphone? Listen to my record of 'The Friendly Persuasion' and the P in Persuasion sounds like a bottle being uncorked. Pow! It's hard on the ears! And s's can sound like a wind-storm at high speed. Also, don't overlook breathing. Breathing alone, if you don't know how to control it, can sound like someone choking when it's amplified."

Tony is also studying the piano, finds it a very soothing counterpoint to acting. "In acting, so much depends on instinct and thought and feeling. But, with the piano, there are very definite technical restrictions. I like to play the real jazz, the jazz that is so highly disciplined it's almost mathematical. Jazz is the antithesis of acting. It has formulas. Acting doesn't.

"I've recently bought a grand piano, a Blutner, only because when you have to practice technical exercises day after day you might as well have them sound as pleasant as possible. But, if I weren't an actor, that's the work I'd choose for my-

self—playing piano in an intimate night club."

Tony has been so taken with studying the piano that he set himself the task of writing a number, a rock 'n' roll piece titled "Indian Giver." He says, "It's all about the love someone promised to deliver and didn't. It's on a single disc, and on the other side is a number called 'Just Being of Age.'"

Besides jazz, Tony expresses a strong interest in rock 'n' roll. "I dig it—all the way. I turn my radio on, first thing in the morning, to listen to it. I particularly love that close harmony. I don't care for the loud and wild and undisciplined stuff, but I'm nuts about the well-thought-out kind. You know, good rock 'n' roll has a classic feeling for me. There are sequences of chords that go all the way back practically to original music.

"Every chance I get, I listen to it. In the early evening they don't play the really good stuff. Long about eleven o'clock, it starts getting good and, by midnight, it's better, especially the radio station that picks up the Palm Cafe in Harlem. By one o'clock, the joint jumps and you can hear them singing the sweetest rock 'n' roll you'd ever want to hear. It's almost too good to listen to. Now, that's sweet Beat music, and I take to it. So I guess I'm a part of the Beat Generation, after all."

Tony, when in New York, lives in a fifty-five-dollar-a-month apartment on the West Side, where the hot water is turned off by evening. A native New Yorker, Tony is a lover of walking, likes to take long hikes alone on early Sunday mornings as the sun begins to rise and the city is calm, hushed. His unfavorable city activity, he admits, is the cocktail parties. He never attends them. Tony neither drinks nor smokes, spends his time reading when he isn't acting, singing, playing the piano or walking. His favorite author is Thomas Wolfe, from whose novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," the Broadway hit play in which Tony stars, was adapted.

Tony says he's a lucky guy. He gets \$125,000 a film, and his stage salary runs into four figures per week. But he admits the entertainment world is a strange and lonely one. "Sometimes people try to latch on to you for some reason or other. They know you're in a position to help them perhaps, and they hover over you like hawks, trying to get anything they can. That's why, I guess, I have few friends. I prefer to maintain a distance."

When asked about marriage, Tony says, "Oh, it's a long way off. I think I'll have to get to know myself a little better. But I'm happy. I'm the star of the biggest hit on Broadway, have a seven-year contract with Paramount Pictures. It's non-exclusive, so I'm allowed to make pictures with any studio I choose. My next movie, 'Green Mansions,' will be for M-G-M.

"And I have a recording contract with RCA Victor. I've just finished a new album for them. All the songs I sing are songs from the movies. We wanted to have only title songs, but there aren't that many which lend themselves to singing. I sing the title song from 'The Careless Years' and a few others. My two favorites on it are 'Swingin' on a Star' and 'The More I See You.'

"All in all, I guess that's enough to keep me busy—and happy—for a while. If you're kept busy enough, you don't have that much time to be Beat. Unless, of course, you're a Beat crusader flying high into outer space. . . . And I guess I'm not that much of a gambler."

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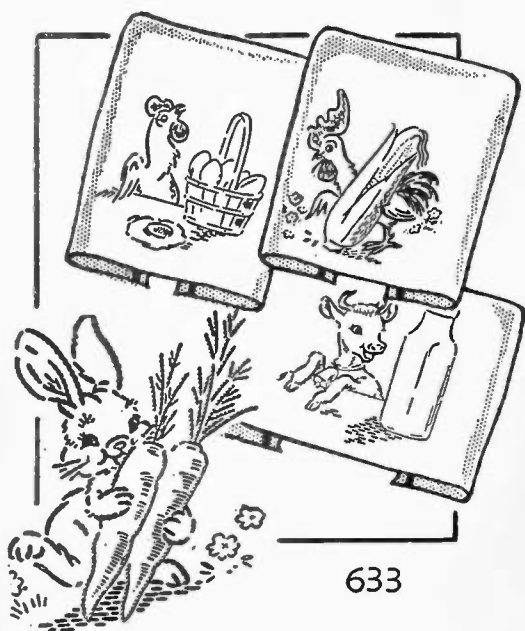
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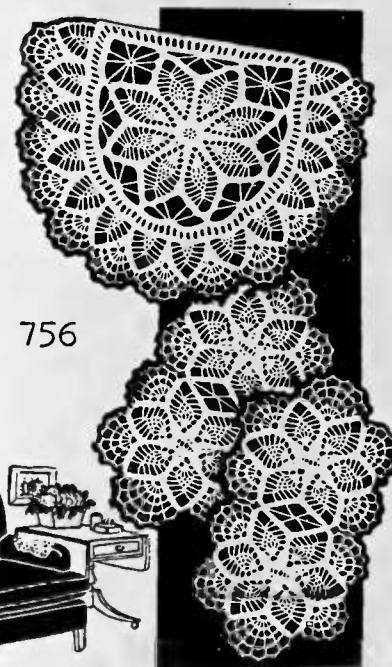
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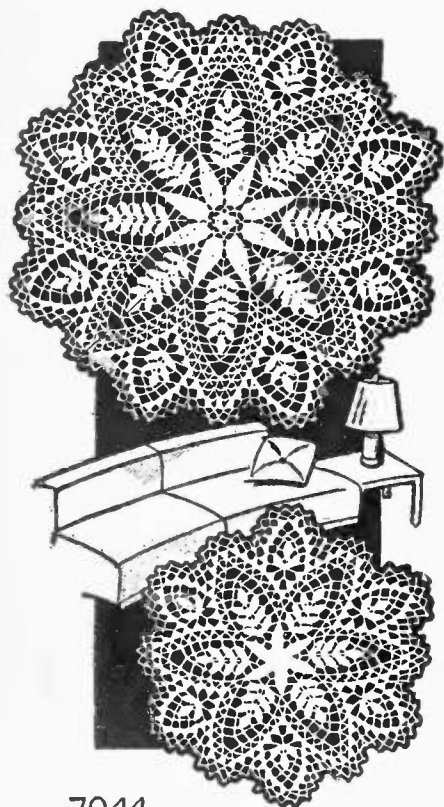


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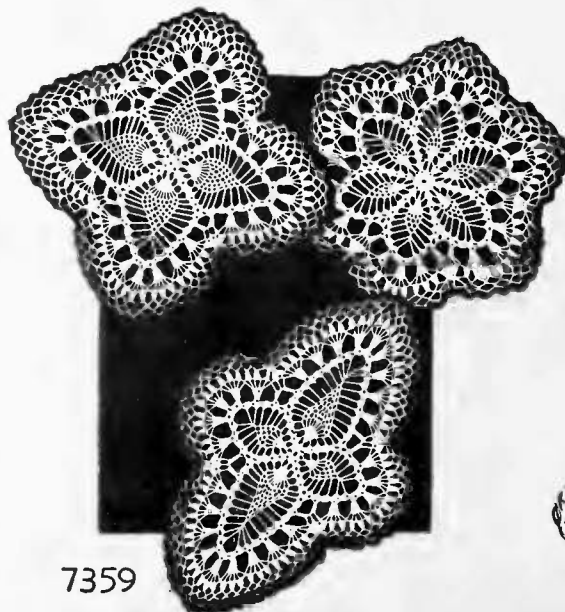
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7044—One doily in fern design makes a choice gift; for a more lavish gift, make a buffet set of three. Crochet directions for a 13-inch and 19-inch doily in No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7359—Three lacy little doilies to set off your household accessories. They make welcome gifts, too. Crochet directions for 11-inch round doily, 10-inch square and 9½ x 14-inch oval. 25¢



7359

7083—Embroidered wall hanging with the brilliant plumage of peacocks done in 6-strand cotton or wool. Transfer of 15 x 20-inch panel; color chart; directions for lining or framing. 25¢



7083

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