

# TV RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR DEC. • 25¢

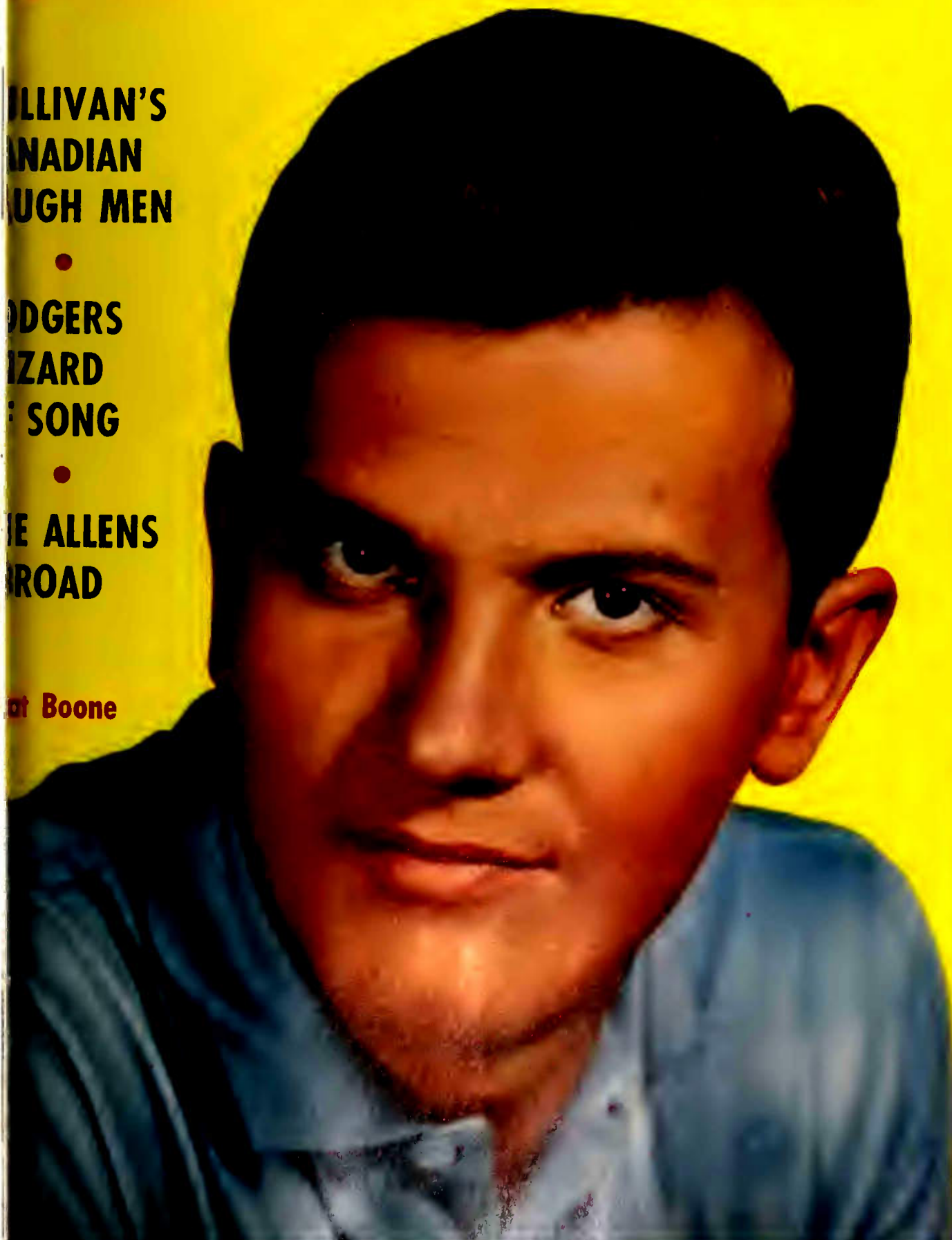
## BOONE TALKS ON EARLY MARRIAGE

MULLIVAN'S  
CANADIAN  
UGH MEN

•  
DGGERS  
IZARD  
SONG

•  
E ALLENS  
ROAD

at Boone



In This Issue  
TV RADIO MIRROR  
AWARDS BALLOTS



ELVIS PRESLEY'S  
Heartbreak House



GENEVIEVE  
French Pixie



Night-Blooming  
GARRY MOORE



*Beautiful Hair*

B R E C K



4 ounces 60¢

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Your hair has its own distinctive qualities. It requires its own special type of shampoo. For this reason there are three different Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the one that is right for you – the correct shampoo to bring out the real beauty and lustre of your hair.

*New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.*

■ Red for dry hair    ■ Yellow for oily hair    ■ Blue for normal hair

JOHN H BRECK INC    MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS    SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS  
NEW YORK    CHICAGO    SAN FRANCISCO    LOS ANGELES    OTTAWA CANADA

Copyright 1938 by John H. Breck Inc.



I dreamed I was made over  
 in my *maidenform*\* bra

Here's the last word in elastic bras! Does more for you than you ever dreamed a bra could do! Curvier cups. Smoother separation. Doubled elastic *all the way around the back!* Let Twice-Over make *you* over . . . today! A, B, C cup 3.95 - D cup 4.95 (Twice-Over comes in *long-line* and *strapless* styles, too!)

new, new Twice-Over\*

*Look for this Twice-Over package in fine stores everywhere!*



Be smart! Be pretty!  
**Color your Hair**

IT'S QUICK! IT'S EASY!



**NESTLE COLORINSE**

Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Removes dulling soap film. Quickly rinses in — shampoos out! In 12 exciting shades. 29¢



**NESTLE COLORTINT**

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. 35¢

*Nestle*

**COLORS YOUR HAIR  
 WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING**

**TV RADIO  
 MIRROR**

DECEMBER, 1958

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 51, NO. 1

Ann Mosher, *Editor*  
 Teresa Buxton, *Managing Editor*  
 Gay Miyoshi, *Associate Editor*  
 Lorraine Girsch, *Assistant Editor*

Jack Zasorin, *Art Director*  
 Frances Maly, *Associate Art Director*  
 Joan Clarke, *Assistant Art Director*  
 Bud Goode, *West Coast Editor*

**PEOPLE ON THE AIR**

What's New on the East Coast.....by Peter Abbott 4  
 What's New on the West Coast.....by Bud Goode 6  
 Ed Sullivan's Canadian Laugh Men (Wayne and Shuster)  
 by Helen Bolstad 16  
 TV RADIO MIRROR Awards Ballots for 1958-59..... 20  
 Night-Blooming Garry Moore (picture story on new night-time show).. 22  
 Heartbreak House (Elvis Presley).....by Eunice Field 26  
 Too Young to Get Married? (Pat Boone).....by Daniel Stern 28  
 Case of the Reluctant Bachelor (James Franciscus)..by Martin Cohen 44  
 European Holiday (Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows)..by Frances Kish 46  
 Show Business Baby (Bobby Readick).....by Mary Temple 50  
 From Challenger to Champion (Craig Stevens).....by Kathleen Post 52  
 Many Happy Returns (Hal Hackett).....by Alice Francis 54  
 Orders of the Court ("Judge" Jones of *Traffic Court*)..... 58

**FEATURES IN FULL COLOR**

The Object of His Affection (Dwayne Hickman)..by Nancy Anderson 32  
 A Teen-age Dream Come True (Kathy Nolan).....by Marty Stalling 34  
 Vive la Geneviève!.....by Betty Etter 38  
 Jimmie (the Wizard) Rodgers.....by Dee Phillips 40

**YOUR LOCAL STATION**

Man Alive! ("Big" Jack Wilson of KYW, TV and Radio)..... 10  
 The Farmer's Wife (Florence Falk of KMA)..... 12  
 The Record Players: To "Paris," With Prado.....by Josh Brady 14  
 Look Who's Talking! (Toby David of CKLW-TV and Radio)..... 60

**YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES**

TV RADIO MIRROR Goes to the Movies..... 3  
 Information Booth ..... 9  
 New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions)..... 15  
 Beauty: Starring *You* (hints from Dick Smith, NBC-TV make-up man)  
 by Harriet Segman 56  
 New Designs for Living (Needlecraft and transfer patterns)..... 80

**BUY YOUR JANUARY ISSUE EARLY • ON SALE DECEMBER 4**



PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Office, 321 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago, 221 N. LaSalle St., and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the United States, its possessions, and Canada, one year \$3.00; two years \$5.00; three years \$7.00. All other countries, \$5.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS: All manuscripts will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President. RE-ENTERED as Second Class Matter, June 28, 1954, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1958 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of the TRUE STORY Women's Group.

# goes to the movies

## Born Reckless

WARNERS

For rodeo fanciers, a Western in modern dress, featuring Jeff Richards as Kelly, a veteran competitive rider, roper, bull-thrasher. TV viewers know Jeff as the hero of the series *Jefferson Drum*. Jeff here is a handsome muscleman, who valiantly comes to the assistance of Mamie Van Doren, who plays the female lead as a trick rodeo rider and night-club singer, when she is being too brashly approached by a tough and amorous newspaper reporter. With Jeff's sidekick Arthur Hunnicutt to round out a trio, they tour the rodeo circuit. Action shots of trick riding, roping, and bronco-busting add action.



Dynamite for all the rest of the guys, Mamie has a tough time winning Jeff.



"Major" Pollack pathetically tries to explain his plight to Deborah Kerr.

## A Night to Remember

RANK

The story has a foregone conclusion. The *Titanic* sinks, taking with her 1,502 of crew and passengers, leaving alive a bare 705. Kenneth More plays the courageous second officer, in charge of the grim job of loading the too-few lifeboats. A large supporting cast gives genuine suspense to the movie, which is filled with revealing vignettes reflecting the varied manner in which the passengers looked into the face of death. Based on Walter Lord's best-seller of several years ago, which was in turn the basic material for the television drama of the same title, written for TV by John Whedon and George Roy Hill for the *Kraft Television Theater*. First shown in March, 1956, this drama on TV is considered a classic even today.



Titanic is doomed. In four minutes, the liner sinks and 1,502 will perish.

## Separate Tables

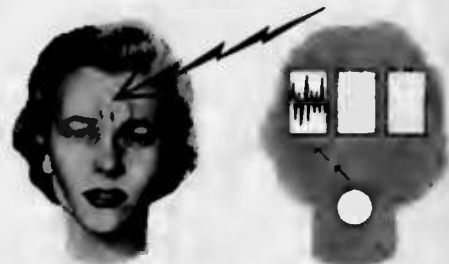
UNITED ARTISTS

Hecht, Hill and Lancaster offer the movie version of Terence Rattigan's grouping of two short plays (each featuring Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton), which were a smash success on Broadway two years ago. The merging of the two plays into a single story tends to weaken the impact of the original, though fine individual performances are turned in by Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, David Niven, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster. Deborah Kerr plays the inhibited daughter of domineering Gladys Cooper, whose dawning fondness for a phony "Major" David Niven is ended when his impersonation is revealed. Niven has also been convicted of molesting lone women in movie audiences. Counter-plot is triangle of Lancaster, ex-wife Rita and lady inn-keeper Wendy Hiller. More talk than action, but fine characterizations.

# WHAT DO DOCTORS DO to relieve TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients of ANACIN® for headache pain.

BETTER THAN ASPIRIN...  
EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED

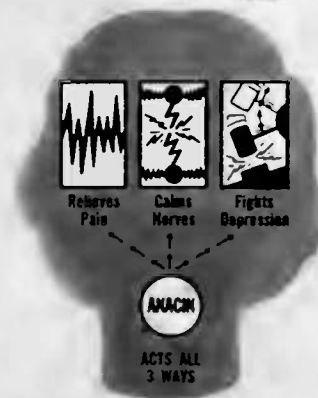


When pain strikes...

Doctors know aspirin has only one pain reliever...



Add buffering and you still have only one



ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.

Anacin gives you more complete relief than aspirin, even with buffering added. Here's why. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves — leaves you relaxed. (3) Fights depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe, do not* upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF



# WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Who's taming whom?—Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison and Julie Wilson.



Birds stay home, as Victor Borge and family feast on burgers, sodas.



Pianist Erroll Garner guested with Patti Page, took jazz off to Paris.



Chemise gets kick in the can-can from real ballerina Dody Goodman.

Away We Go: As they say in the State Department, an anonymous but unimpeachable source reveals that ABC-TV has an inside track to television rights for the Imperial Ball, scheduled December 4 in Manhattan. Grace Kelly, princess and actress, will be the guest of honor, with most of society present. This show could easily sneak away with the highest ratings of the season. . . . Don Wilson, after 39 (?) years with Jack Benny, making his Broadway debut in comedy with Sam Levene. . . . Julia Meade to satisfy her dramatic ambitions and make flicker, "The Best of Everything." . . . There's a darned good woman's reason for Dorothy Collins displaying cleavage this season. When she was trademarked with the throat-clutching blouse, rumors brewed that she was either hiding scars, or, to the extreme, that she was covering up a battleship tattoo. Obviously, she ain't. . . . Gene Peterson, handsome bachelor in *Love Of Life*, about to sever the marital knot and become one in real life. On the other hand, Ann Flood, who, as Liz Fraser has constantly had her marriage postponed in *From These Roots*, says, "In real life, nothing will stop me from becoming a bride." And she becomes one this month. The groom is NBC-TV sales exec Herbert Granath. . . . Though lovely Hildy Parks is to be seen in the new Phil Silvers series, Phil is still searching for a permanent new love interest for his alter ego Bilko. Might note that the Crosby boys (all four) appear in a Bilko instalment this month. . . . For all the talk, TV industry still figures it will be five to ten years before color receivers are as commonplace as bathtubs. At the moment, according to a survey, more American homes have black-and-white receivers (42,400,000) than have bathtubs (41,500,000). Perhaps that odd million just jumps into the set during soap commercials. . . . Intelligence Report from Hollywood: Desi mildly proud he's gradually losing his accent, but not his writers nor Lucy. Says Mrs. Arnaz, "I fell in love with his accent and so has the TV audience. If this keeps up, I think I'll send him to night school to brush up on his Spanish."

She Who Slaps: They may call it "Kiss Me, Kate," but the robust musical is hectic with hair-pulling and face-slapping. The two antagonists of the original Broadway cast, Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison, will get together again on November 20, on *Hall Of Fame*, NBC-TV. Beautiful Patricia Morison, of the dazzling blue

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



Everytown, U.S.A. will see what makes a "Wonderful Town" tick—star Roz Russell's amazing vitality.

eyes and chestnut hair, planed in from Hollywood for the production. "New York always thrills me. This is where I was born and grew up. When I'm here, I like to walk from Fifth Avenue fashion salons to Italian groceries." Hollywood, oddly enough, discovered her when she was playing in an operetta with Alfred Drake. "They cast me in the first movie as a gun moll. I liked being cast as a nasty woman the first time. But, after the twentieth picture, I got bored and began to study singing seriously." This led to the Broadway lead in "Kate," and then to two years of touring the country with Yul Brynner in "The King and I." Pat lives with her parents in Hollywood. "It's a Colonial house but very unusual. It has no swimming pool." Famous for her beautiful hair, she has never cut it. "Women with short hair are always in beauty parlors. I don't like the time wasted there." Her hair actually hangs to her knees but the audience never believes it. "In one scene of 'Kate,' Alfred slaps me and my hair spills loose. At matinee performances we could hear some women whispering, 'Wig!' so Alfred used to give it a strong tug to prove it wasn't." But Pat got in her licks, too. "I had to slap Alfred and I didn't want to hit him hard but he insisted, and taught me to cup my hand and smack him on the side of the neck. Last summer, I played the part with Walter Cassel, of the Met, in Warren, Ohio. Walter was horrified when I hit him on the neck.

He was afraid I might injure his larynx, so I aimed for his cheek. Now I go back to the neck again. Poor Alfred. He always kept begging me to hit him harder and harder. Then, after one performance, he came to me and said, 'Pat, you're going a little too far now.' I just don't have the right touch." Incidentally "Kiss Me, Kate" is based on "Taming of the Shrew," a rollicking play by a guy named Shakespeare.

**Kitchy Koo:** Jack Paar has put NBC-TV in a ticklish position by announcing he will leave the late night show when his contract expires July of next year. He says the night schedule has ruined his family life and he doesn't have as much time as he'd like with his daughter. The only out he has offered NBC is the choice of taping and replaying part of the show. He insists he doesn't want more money. Curiously, he's making \$3,000 a week, although he made more than this when he flopped out at CBS on a daytime show. . . . Lynne Rogers, who took time out from *Guiding Light* to meet the stork, presented husband Tim Taylor with a baby girl. . . . Tommy Leonetti holding hands with Patricia Quinn, actress and Panamanian heiress. . . . Many producers wanted to bring adult science fiction to TV, but big problem is expense of special effects. Trappings for space travel, gadgets, rocket ships, etc., must look authentic for adult acceptance, and this makes costs very high—prohibi-

tive is the word. . . . Mike Nichols and Elaine May, contrary to rumors, don't want a TV series. Think their off-brand humor would wear itself out too quickly. . . . Eve Arden to Broadway for the season and there is little chance of her returning to TV this season. . . . Carmel Quinn has had another daughter, Terry, who weighed in at nine pounds, eight ounces. . . . A man in Texas has patented a method to use TV cameras while boring for oil. No sponsor interest. . . . Big event of month will be Rosalind Russell starring in "Wonderful Town," CBS-TV, November 30, a two-hour show treat. The original musical, a smash hit in the 1953-54 Broadway season, won Roz every award presented for theatrical performances, plus the admiration of audiences for her bounce and fantastic physical exuberance. This spring chicken, and she freely admits it, was 48 this past June.

**One-Man Show:** Title, "Victor Borge's Music & Comedy." Date, November 29. Place, CBS-TV. Cost, \$250,000. Mr. Borge, worth every cent of it, graciously and wittily submitted to a third degree. **Q.** Do you consider yourself a wit or a musician? **A.** I'm a reformed chicken-plucker. **Q.** Does Mrs. Borge think of you as a wit or musician? **A.** Actually, it's half-musician and half-wit. **Q.** How will the new show differ from those seen in previous seasons? **A.** It will be seen in November, (Continued on page 13)

# WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST



Sixty years in show biz: In new show, Ed Wynn plays wily widower with genius for human relations. Youngster is Sherry Alberoni, as granddaughter.



Talk's cheap, so Don Burnett takes "costly" trip, all by his lonesome.



House is tight little island, so Ty Hardin and bride do lots of swimming.



Too young to wed? Vegas clerk was sure, of Peter Brown, Diane Jergens.

**A**LICE LON had a record attendance of over 2,000 at her annual fan club picnic in South Gate Park. Fans had a grand time complimenting Alice and her fan club prexy, Betty Ely, on their out of this world cookin'. Picnic had a Western motif, and all the male fan club members, even with their wives present, were trying to toss lariats around lovely Alice. Natch... This must be the season for lariat tossing for there is a flock of new Hollywood names being tied together romantically: **Buddy Bregman**, hot new NBC-TV personality, is squiring lovely songstress **Anna Maria Alberghetti**; **Barry Coe** from 20th Century-Fox is courting deb star **Judi Meredith** from the George Burns show; and **Tommy Sands**, Judi's once-upon-a-timer, is dating **Dottie Harmony**. With a name like that, all suspect that Dottie and Tommy make really sweet music together. After his "Mardi Gras" preem in New Orleans on Nov. 13th and 14th, Tommy takes off for a well-deserved vacation—to South America. . . . **Sal Mineo**, meanwhile, is giving his younger sister, **Serena**, 16, instructions—she's begun dating, too. After completing "Tonka" for Disney, Sal goes into "The Gene Krupa Story."

Sights from the Hollywood Scene: Pat Boone practicing with one of Art

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





"On their own," George and Ronnie Burns chime on time, lay their solid beat to "an alarm clock called Gracie."



Bird in the pan is worth two in the pond. Art Linkletter practices on the turkey variety, leaves ducks for Maxim's.

By BUD GOODE

Linkletter's Spin-a-Hoops between rehearsal calls on his TV show—he has to keep up with his kids; Bill Leyden and Wendell Niles off on a bow-and-arrow hunting trip to Utah—shades of Robin Hood! Remember, Bill, when you're looking down that dear deer's throat—*It Could Be You*; and Art Linkletter, duck-hunting in Utah at the world's most exclusive gun club, came back with enough birds to supply the Beverly Hills Wine and Food Society to which he belongs. October 27, the Society flew the chef of Maxim's in Paris to Hollywood to create the Society's annual meal. Now that's real elegance. Too bad Art couldn't appreciate it all. He's started watching his waistline. Seems Art's been getting fat on the royalties from his best seller, "Kids Say the Darndest Things"—still a top seller after one year in the book shops. Art's oldest daughter, Dawn, 'coming out' this week, will be presented to society at a grand ball in their Holmby Hills home. Down the street, new neighbors Steve Allen and wife Jayne moving furniture into their newly decorated \$130,000 home. West Coast origination, anyone? Also decorating, none other than Liberace. This time it's his thirty-seven-unit Las Vegas apartment. Lee placed all the furniture in the "model" unit, then

completely redecorated his *three* Palm Springs homes which he will lease during the winter season. One has a piano shaped swimming pool, natch. What, no gold lamé?

Gold of a more substantial order is in the wind for the Lennon Sisters. Rumor has it that producer Joe Pasternak is after them to re-do the wonderfully musical Deanna Durbin series of motion pictures—they'll be the stars and own a portion of the pictures. Couldn't happen to a more deserving family. Meanwhile, back at the show, the girls are thrilled with the new teen-age band appearing on the Wednesday night Welk show—at last, they say, they'll have someone their own age to dance with. Just back from their six-week summer tour, the girls shook hands with a half-dozen Governors across country. Their comment to their mother 'Sis' Lennon—"Can you imagine us shaking hands with a Governor!" They were all so happy about their summer tour and the wonderful way their fans received them; but admit, too, the hectic schedule is tiring, even for healthy teenagers, and were glad to be back in school again. 'Ceptin' Kathy. She'd like to sing twenty-four hours a day. Dianne's best beau, Dick Gass, has been writing from his Army post saying it's either Alaska or Korea

for him after training is over. A slim chance, too, that he could end up in Kentucky, if so, would be home for Christmas. Dianne is hoping for Kentucky.

Johnny Grant, Hollywood deejay, is hoping for Korea—for his annual Christmas tour, that is. Last year the USO sent him to Alaska and almost froze his performers solid. . . . On the humor scene, George Burns was describing Gracie's reaction to retirement, and how it all affected his own schedule: "Gracie is so punctual you can set your clock by her. At 6 A.M. when I get up, Gracie rolls over and yawns; at 6:30, when I leave the house, Gracie falls back to sleep; and when I come in at night she waves hello and I fall asleep. . . ." There'll be very little yawning around the nation when the new George Burns show hits its stride—after thirty years acting as straight man for Gracie, George is 'on his own'—with only a few guests like Jack Benny and Red Skelton, Danny Thomas and Lucy and Desi and maybe a few others. He also has a couple of eye-openers in Judi Meredith, who will appear almost every week, and Suzanne Pleshette, whose eyelashes are so long and dark the make-up department tried to hide them—little success. Suzanne has other talents, too, (Continued on next page)

## WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from preceding page)

it seems—equally disturbing and equally hard to camouflage. All in all, the new season on the George Burns show should be an eye-opener.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Dale Robertson was asked by Jim Arness and Bob Culp (who were all together for the photographer) why he carried his gun at his left side. He bragged, "Because I draw the gun so fast with my right hand the camera can't follow the action." Now that's a tall Texas tale if I've ever heard one. More appropriate is Don Burnett's quote of the month, "Talk is cheap because the supply exceeds the demand." . . . But time costs money, or so Ann Sothern discovered recently on her own set. Fifteen years ago, in the good old days when Annie was starring in her "Maisie" series, Sid Miller played her office boy. Today he's Ann's director. In their most recent show, Annie used a flouncy "Maisie" hat and the prop conjured up old memories. So Sid and Ann stopped to reminisce. Ann, who owns the show, suddenly realized the reminiscing was throwing them behind schedule. "Yikes!" she exclaimed, "all this yakking is costing us money!" and back to work they went.

Milton Berle, on the other hand, finds he has more free time today than he's had in his 40 years of show biz. Why? Because there are so few night clubs in Hollywood. In the proverbial 'nine-o'clock' town, Milton finds he has no place to go 'to entertain'—for free—after working hours. In New York there was always some place open with a gang of Milton's friends waiting to welcome him. As a consequence, he's getting more rest than he's had in his forty years of show biz. . . . Ozzie Nel-



All steamed up about Wells Fargo set—Dale Robertson's girl Rochelle.

son, on the other hand, is getting less rest this year than ever before—he's writing, acting, and directing the bulk of this year's shows and always doing his best to improve the quality of an already near-perfect product. But this year, Oz is including more and more of Rick's hit records in the Nelson family show . . . and putting more money into the musical production numbers because he's found it pays off in the ratings. Latest to hit the screens will be "Cindy," sung and swung-to by 100 teen-age extras in a hand-clapping, hip-swinging bit to be seen around the end of November. "Cindy" comes straight out of Rick's warbling in "Rio Bravo," sure to be a smash. Between takes, Rick and Marianne Gaba, Miss Universe ex-entrant, yakking it up in a corner—she in a green sheath dress to match her eyes; Marianne looking mighty like she has a Universe of stars in her eyes over Rick. . . .

Gale Storm and husband Lee Bonnell have completed the little Oriental Teahouse which they started on the hill in back of their Royal Oaks home; recently Gale entertained 80 lettermen friends of her son Phil, is now "resting up" on their new motorboat moored in the Salton Sea. Speaking of motorboats, did you know that Steve Dunne, new emcee on the Liberace Show, is a crackerjack water-skier; likewise "Mr. Music Man," Bill Page, from the Lawrence Welk show; and did you know Ed Wynn, at 73, will be celebrating his 60th year in show biz! Jacques Scott, handsome bachelor on the Ann Sothern Show, is a judo expert. Now that's a handy talent for a Hollywood bachelor. Peter Brown had to have his best friend break into his apartment in

Hollywood to find his birth certificate because the marriage license bureau in Las Vegas wouldn't believe he was over twenty-one. He's actually twenty-three. . . . Ty Hardin and bride Andra Martin have a pool bigger than their two-room house! . . . Ralph Edwards finally got around to building a pool in his back yard—everyone on his staff, including the secretaries, seemed to have one, so Ralph decided it was time the last holdout in Beverly Hills gave in and "dug in." . . .

And, over on the Hollywood Bowl side, radio Station KLAC, in conjunction with the Thaliens and some of Hollywood's best and biggest-hearted entertainers, got together for their annual Hollywood Bowl Charity Show—Bob Hope, Milton Berle, Frankie Laine, Tony Martin, Jimmie Rodgers, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Peggy Lee, Thalian Maggie Whiting, Danny Thomas, and Thalian Sammy Davis Jr. made music all night long to the tunes of Frank De Vol's orchestra, and the charity till tinkled the next day to the happy tune of \$50,000—half of which goes to the Thaliens to help erect their Children's Clinic at Mt. Sinai Hospital. The next night, prexy Debbie Reynolds, in the midst of a new movie and great personal problems, met with the members who had helped make the show such a success to plan added Thalian fund-raising activities. A great deal is written about the problems that Hollywood personalities, like other human beings, go through—not nearly enough is written about their charitable activities and the really great deal of good they do; more and more people are finding that Hollywood really has a heart.



That's right. Mustachioed Steve is asking his questions from the Coast.



Just in case they don't believe you, Jacques Scott, judo is great persuader.

# INFORMATION BOOTH

## Where's Pocahontas?

*I would like some information on John Smith, the actor who plays in the TV series Cimarron City.*

*D.C., Cleveland, Ohio*

When deciding on a name change, many an actor has gone from a plain to a fancy one. But not the handsome co-star of TV's *Cimarron City*. He did just the opposite—by changing from his real name, Robert Van Orden, to plain and simple John Smith. "It's a name that's easy to remember." John explains, "and hard to forget." . . . Although the blond, blue-eyed young actor has played grown-up roles in a dozen movies and many TV shows, he never used his singing voice in them—which is strange, considering he got his start as a singer. John was soloist for an Easter service in his Los Angeles church when Bob Mitchell of the famous Mitchell Boys' Choir heard and signed him. He sang in the choir for two years, appearing with them in two movies. . . . When John decided to become an actor, the closest he got to a studio at first was carrying mail at M-G-M. But once, when his route took him through the casting department, director Jimmy Broderick noticed him and gave him a small part. . . . John was fired from his mail job for taking drama lessons on company time, and again it was Broderick to the rescue. He introduced him to agent Henry Willson. One name-change later, plus a part in "The High and the Mighty," and John was on his way. . . . A popular young bachelor, John's hobby is skin-diving.

## Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to



*John Smith*

address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.  
*Lloyd Bridges Fan Club, Ken Welt, 7705 Juniper Ave., Melrose Park 17, Pa.*

*Frankie Avalon Fan Club, Twila Pierce, 1213 Stone St., Sandusky, Ohio.*

*Tod Andrews International Fan Club, Carol Lester, 132 Colonial Ave., Colonial Acres, Alexandria, Virginia.*

## Talent on Tap

*Could you please give me some information on recording stars Jan & Arnie?*

*R.W., Livermore, Iowa*



*Jan & Arnie*

Less than a year ago, Jan Berry and Arnold Ginsberg were just two high-school students. Today, known as the team of Jan & Arnie, the two teenagers have become one of the hottest combinations in the recording business—with their top selling disc "Jenny Lee." . . . The way it all came about reads like a press agent's dream. The boys, who were members of the West Los Angeles Y.M.C.A., were constantly being asked to entertain at various get-togethers. Playing the piano and drums, and making up tunes as they went along, was a daily occurrence with the handsome lads, so it was just natural for them to hit big with their original composition. . . . A tape of the song that the boys made on a recorder in Jan's garage was taken to a studio where Joe Lubin, A & R director for Arwin Records heard it, and the rest is history. . . . Several months later, the boys were presented with a gold record on the *Dick Clark Show*—their first platter had sold a million in a few short months. . . . One of the duo's latest releases is "The Beat That Can't Be Beat" backed by "I Love Linda," which features a unique gimmick—an instrument called a metrophone invented by Mr. Lubin.



*Jim Roberts*

## Welk-oming Hand

*Please tell me something about Jim Roberts, the Lawrence Welk singer.*

*M.K.P., Union Springs, Alabama*

One day in 1955, a handsome young man walked up to Lawrence Welk at the Aragon Ballroom in Hollywood. He introduced himself, asked for and was granted an audition, and began singing in a rich tenor voice. Welk was so impressed with the talented singer that he hired him on the spot, and Jim Roberts has been with him ever since. But, like most success stories, it wasn't just a matter of being in the right place at the right time for Jim. His "lucky break" had been preceded by many years of training, practice and hard work. . . . It wasn't until Kentucky-born Jim joined the Infantry that his talent as a singer began to show itself. He was a big hit with a GI show that toured the Pacific. . . . After the war, Jim went to music school and from there became soloist in the Earl Carroll organization. . . . His appearances in operettas were followed by performances with the Los Angeles Civic Opera Association. . . . Jim is married to Jane Silk, a former Earl Carroll girl. Besides their son Steven, they share two other interests—gardening and golf.

**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.



Bird on a finger-perch is just one of animal-lover Jack's pets. Household includes seven in all.

*In the dawning, "Big" Jack Wilson hoists himself to the KYW airwaves, and Cleveland*

**J**ACK WILSON of KYW in Cleveland isn't nicknamed "Big" just because he stands six feet, six inches tall and weighs in at a hefty 285 pounds. His warm personality and "bigness" of heart have a lot to do with it, too. Take the stunts the publicity department thinks up, for example. They wanted Jack to jump into a firemen's net. Jack did it with a smile. They asked him to shave his head bald—"Biggie" did it without so much as gnashing his teeth at Yul Brynner. . . . But the biggest thing about "Big" Jack Wilson is his popularity with radio and TV audiences. His radio show, heard from 6 to 10 A.M., Monday through Saturday, starts off the day for more Northern Ohioans than any other single radio program in the Cleveland area.

And, as host of KYW-TV's *Early Show*, which features full-length, top-flight movies, each weekday evening, cheerful Jack again assumes his easy-going, off-the-cuff style of delivery. . . . Despite his physical magnitude and forceful personality, Jack is a soft-spoken gentleman. Says he emphatically, "I can't stand shouting commercials and I believe that sincerity and warmth are tools of the trade." . . . "Big" Jack's big-heartedness is not something he just applies to his work in broadcasting. It encompasses every other phase of his life, as well. Take his wife Jody, for example: One evening, while Jack was doing a late-evening record show, he received a phone call from a young lady, who severely criticized his pro-

gram. But Jack, his usual genial self, didn't even get angry. Four months later, he married her. . . . The Wilsons live in Rocky River, one of the many suburbs of Cleveland. Leisure-time activities include listening to music, taking short cruises on their boat, *Six O'clock Adventure*, and spending time with their houseful of pets. . . . Born in Elmira, New York, "Stubby" (as he was then called) first ventured into show business at the age of fourteen when he started his own band to play at school dances. Following a stint in the Navy, Jack took pre-law courses at Union College. But, after two years, his decision to become a teacher took him to Ithaca College, from which he received a B.S. degree in Education. During college days, he had started

# MAN ALIVE!



Bye-Bye, Jody, and Jack's off on a scoot.

*hangs on his every whisper*

another band and, after graduation, he took it on tour. When he ended up on the West Coast without a cent to his name, Jack returned to the East and entered the radio industry as staff announcer for WEAV in Plattsburg, N.Y. After working there only six months, he had his own morning show, and played bass at a local hotel. In 1953, he became program director of WTVU-TV in Scranton, and in 1954 he moved to Philadelphia and Station WPTZ-TV. His last move was from there to Cleveland and Station KYW. . . . Although his bigness has got him into trouble—he once grew himself out of a promising career in the Naval Air Corps—when it comes to radio and television, just as he is, "Big" Jack Wilson suits Cleveland to a T.



Eleven husky firemen and a net vs. 285-pound Jack. He jumped 50 feet to pay tribute to Cleveland's fire chief and head of Fire Prevention Bureau.



It's *Six O'clock Adventure* time—and Jack and Jody are off for a cruise. Below, leisure time finds "Big" Jack reading and listening to good music.



# THE FARMER'S WIFE



*Too many chores right at home,  
said Florence Falk,  
and then Shenandoah's KMA  
moved their mike right  
into her farmhouse living room*

**A** LONG ABOUT 10:30 every weekday morning, an old red rooster is heard crowing in the farmhouses and small-village homes around Shenandoah, Iowa. That's the signal to all the housewives listening to radio Station KMA that it's time for the *Farmer's Wife*. Florence Falk is the name of this unique lady whose cheerful chatter, wonderful hints on homemaking, and scores of kitchen-tested recipes are given in such a friendly and enthusiastic manner that she has become the symbol of the "ideal country life," for which so many people long. . . . Most women find the old problem of career vs. home-and-family life a dilemma that can only be solved by choosing either one or the other. But not Florence. By moving a microphone into her farmhouse living room, and broadcasting a program which is the only daily one of its kind in the United States, she has managed to combine them both into a full, happy life. . . . Born and raised in the vicinity of Essex, Iowa, Florence taught school for a while and then married farmer Byron Falk in 1939. They have two children, Karen Ann, now 16, and Bruce, 13. . . . Florence's experiences teaching in rural communities, and living the life of a busy farmer's wife, have given her an intimate knowledge of the many aspects of country life. So, when she tells about driving a tractor or gives advice on how to put up pears, she is talking from first-hand knowledge—not hearsay. . . . A life-long hobby of compiling new recipes and household tips has led Florence to add still another phase to an already busy schedule. She has collected, thus far, a voluminous working library of smorgasbord recipes and hints on serving it up, which she intends to publish as a book in the near future. Her recent trip to Scandinavia, and visits with four of Sweden's top smorgasbord experts, gave her many new ideas for both her informative radio show and her book, which will be one of the few of its kind in the world. . . . Although she was named her county's "Homemaker of the Year" in 1956, Florence tends to think of herself as "just an average farm wife and mother"—one perhaps with "some extra zest for doing things." . . .

**T** When you visualize a friendly farm atmosphere, with  
**V** the enthusiastic and gracious Florence Falk as its  
**R** champion, you can see why the *Farmer's Wife*  
is an essential of good living in Shenandoah.



Farm life is first-hand to second generation—  
Karen and Bruce—as to Florence and Byron.



On recent tour of Scandinavia, Florence found herself in  
midst of welcoming circle of relatives in Hulsfred, Sweden.

## WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

(Continued from page 5)

1958. No other show of mine can make that statement. Seriously, it will contain new musical numbers and some surprises. **Q.** As a father, do your children ever bug you? **A.** My children rarely bother me, but when they are noisy, I keep them in the front of the house and I go to the Bach room. **Q.** Why did you go into the food-delicacy business? **A.** Because I like to eat—and, besides, people kept asking me what I knew about raising Rock Cornish Hens. Actually, I don't know anything—the birds do it all by themselves. **Q.** What do you think of common American foods? **A.** I love the American hamburger. This, along with ice-cream sodas, is to me the purest of American foods. **Q.** How do you think Chopin would feel about rock 'n' roll? **A.** Thank goodness he is dead.

**For Ears Alone:** Wonderful sounds this fall. The great Erroll Garner, who has appeared frequently with Patti Page, Garry Moore and others, unleashes more of his genius in a double-decker Columbia album, "Paris Impression." His jazz artistry ranges from the moody to joyous to pure excitement. He plays both piano and harpsichord. . . . If you want to feel happily unrequited, check in with Sinatra's "Only the Lonely" (Capitol). On the other hand, the slenda senda's romantic throb is surefire to drive a reluctant sweetheart right back into your arms. . . . Tony Romano takes a more enterprising attitude toward love. With guitar in hand, he sings "Wait Till You See Her" and eleven others in Dot's "A Moonlight Affair." . . . Victor has compiled for Dinah Shore "Moments Like These"—these being Dinah's favorites of the tunes she has performed on TV. Great standards like "What's New" and "Something Wonderful," which she is. . . . If you've missed Gisele MacKenzie, as many of us have, take comfort in Victor's album simply titled "Gisele" . . . Bash Kennett, who has sung successively and successfully on every major radio and TV network, strikes out with vitality and warmth in "Songs of Ships and Shore" (Dot). Some of the ballads seem as old as the sea itself. . . . Most delightful is Skitch Henderson's "Pop Goes the Concert." Backed up by his "orchette," Skitch is on piano with witty interpretations of many classic themes—retitled: "Minuet on the Rocks," "Poco Pavane," "I Remember Chopin," etc. . . . Roberta Sherwood, one of TV's most frequent guest stars, has needled a collection of Western and rural tunes, and Decca has titled it "Country Songs for City People." . . . And never least, never last, is Sammy Davis Jr., who this season will be seen in straight dramatic roles on four different television shows. Thankfully, he's still singing, and his latest album for Decca is "All the Way and Then Some," a prize collection of standards. . . .

**Let's Talk Turkey:** Dody Goodman reading movie scripts and next year may see her graduate into a screen career. Her immediate plans include a flight to Columbus, Ohio, on Thanksgiving to carve a turkey with her family. . . . Patti Page crossing fingers in hope that husband Charlie O'Curran will be able to join her for holiday. "But I won't try cooking a turkey. I burn everything." Program-wise she is aiming for an all-jazz show that will guest-star Ella Fitzgerald. . . . *Thin Man* returned with only 13 new films on order. Sponsor not so sure he will continue. Incidentally, *Thin Man's* wife isn't thin. Mrs. Peter Lawford expect-



Songbird Connie Francis not sorry she's her "blue-voiced" self again.

ing their third. . . . Mary Martin slated to do four hours on NBC-TV Easter Sunday. Time will be split, with a matinee for kiddies and a P.M. performance for adults. . . . The Fred Astaire spec was so great that there's a good chance Chrysler may bring him back again in February. . . . Both of actor Tom Carlin's parents are teachers and so are his brothers. In *Today Is Ours*, he is cast as a teacher. It couldn't happen in the Army. . . . Maureen O'Hara, who was roughed up by scandal mags, makes her comeback via CBS-TV next season in series *Woman In The Case*. . . . Sidenote on Disney's current TV serial, "Elfego Baca": In featured role is Ramon Navarro, who made his screen debut in 1925. Among his big pictures were "Ben Hur" and "The Pagan." When he bared his chest in "Pagan," it is said he did for female blood-pressure what Brigitte Bardot is doing today for men. Navarro, the great lover, has come out of retirement at 59. His doctor said work would be good for his low blood-pressure. In his case,

exposure to BB wasn't recommended.

**Two Gals Named Connie:** After wow-ing them at the London Palladium, she got in the plane for her return trip to New York, but Maestro Mantovani pulled her off to make a series of TV films with his famed orchestra. The gal of musical note is Connie Francis, New Jersey born and bred. Her great talent is obvious in her M-G-M album, "Who's Sorry Now?"—named after her best-selling single, which is now close to the two-million mark. And it's Connie's voice you'll hear coming out of Jayne Mansfield's mouth in the flicker, "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw." But Connie says, "I don't feel sexy. Once I dyed my hair red and Dick Clark mentioned this and I had so many protests that I changed it back. Now I'm myself again, with brown hair and a blue voice." . . . "They dubbed me the girl with the pink hair and purple voice," says Connie Stevens, twenty this past August. Born in Brooklyn, she is a very pretty gal who owes it all to an ancestry that includes Italian, Irish, English and Mohican forebears. Connie's first break was as Jerry Lewis's leading lady in "Rock-a-Bye Baby." Now Warner Bros. has chosen her as their first, foremost recording star, and her first album of love ballads is titled "Conchetta." She says, "My real name is Conchetta Ann Ingolia, and Brooklyn will always be my real home. I've got at least 24 cousins there." She's happy to leave her teens. "At sixteen, I passed for twenty-two and I always felt five years older than I was, so I'm pleased to be a woman. Besides, I never liked being called a 'teenager.' People always looked so disgusted, as if it were a disease." She found Hollywood exciting at first. "Getting to parties and dressing up and meeting stars was fun for a while, but then you begin to realize they don't do anything but talk shop and sit around and pose. Well, I don't like to deal in trifles. I was dating the usual actors at first but, now that the novelty has worn off, I just go out with boys I sincerely like."

**Boners for Fido:** *Variety*, trade paper of show business, recently compiled a number of television fluffs. Among them was the commercial announcer who meant to say "cigs" but, instead, "We're down to our last pack of pigs." And there was the day that, in presenting Pinky Lee, a man said, "NBC now prevents Pinky Lee." Another over-exhilarated announcer stood up to the microphone with: "And now stay tuned for 'I Love Loosely.'"

January TV Radio Mirror  
on sale December 4

## THE RECORD PLAYERS

*This space rotates among  
Joe Finan of KYW,  
Robin Seymour of WKMH,  
Torey Southwick of KMBC,  
and Josh Brady of WBBM*



New beat sold solid in Mexico, now  
Perez Prado's mambo tours world.



# TO "PARIS," WITH PRADO

By JOSH BRADY

**I**F YOU can get your imagination to work for you, picture yourself in the environment of a Cuban night club called "Casino de la Playa." It's the early 40's, and the music is typical—rumbas for the most part—and now and then the conga or tango greets your attentive ears. But there is another beat that keeps finding its way into these familiar strains. That, my friend, is Damaso Perez Prado inventing the mambo, much to the consternation of the combo leader.

Perez, as he is now known, started studying classical piano in Matanzas, Cuba—near Havana—at the age of ten. As the years passed a new beat kept cropping up in his musical mind—the mambo. Perez was so convinced that this new approach to Latin American music would catch on that he set out for New York with scarcely more than a briefcase full of sheet music. This was 1946, and nobody would buy this new rhythm called the mambo. To anyone who has pounded the sidewalks of New York, it goes without saying that Perez Prado was discouraged. But he wasn't defeated, by any means.

Perez headed for Mexico with the thought that the folks south of the border could appreciate his new rhythm more readily than the folks up north. And he was right. He formed a band and his music began catching on. In 1948, RCA signed him and he recorded two tunes that are still going strong, "Mambo Jambo" and "Mambo Number Five." This two-sided hit record soared to the million mark and, if you figured

the sales to this writing, you would find them over the eight-million mark. This was the real beginning for Perez Prado and his famous orchestra.

Next it was a series of tours starting with South America, in 1949. In 1951, he went to California to begin a series of one-nighters. One tragedy marred his travels as he continued his one-nighters into the state of Texas. It was in 1951 that his busload of musicians piled up on the highway, causing the death of his girl singer and injuries to many of his musicians. Perez himself escaped with a leg injury. After another trip to South America, Perez returned to Mexico, where Lady Luck was usually with him, if you can call it luck. It was there, in 1952, that he arranged and masterminded the Prado version of "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White." However, it was not until he moved to the U.S. permanently that he re-recorded "Cherry Pink." While he was doing a stint at the Waldorf Astoria in 1954, the tune broke wide open to become another Perez Prado smash. By 1955, the tune had hit the three-million mark.

In 1956, Perez was off to Japan to see whether his mambo really had universal appeal. There was no doubt that the Orientals liked his style of music. Three nights in a row he played before a full house with a seating capacity of 1500. And he played it smart with songs in English the first night, Spanish the second, and Japanese the third.

On his return from Japan, he was inspired by a beautiful acquaintance in

Hollywood. In fact he wrote a song about her. To Perez it was just another song with the Prado touch. After recording it, he left for Europe in November of 1957. However, his stay was cut short. RCA called to tell him he had a hit and to come back for personal appearances and to record more in the same vein. What was the name of the tune and who was the girl that inspired it? It's no secret anymore, that's for sure. Not many instrumentals hit the top, but "Patricia" did, thanks to the magical touch of Perez Prado and his band.

That glint in the eyes of this 38-year-old musical genius is not there without reason. He has quite a sense of humor. For kicks, he wrote a tune called "A la Billy May" and another called "A la Kenton." Kenton countered with one called "Viva Prado." He and Kenton are the best of friends.

And so the Perez Prado story has unfolded. Most of the facts here were given to me by as congenial a gentleman as you'll find, his manager and interpreter from Mexico, Miguel Baca. Miguel is no newcomer to the business—he's the gentleman who brought Lupe Velez to the U.S.A. in 1927. And, after I had sipped my final cup of coffee, Miguel—as all good managers will—slipped me a copy of the follow-up tunes to "Patricia." A shiny new RCA record with "Paris" on one side and "Guaglione" on the other. And, knowing him as I do, I would guess that Perez Prado's "Paris" will be a million-seller, too.

On Chicago's WBBM, Josh Brady emcees "live" music Mon.-Fri., 7:30 to 8:30 A.M., teams with Eloise, Mon.-Fri., at 10:30 A.M. and 3:15 P.M., and hosts record programs on Sat., from 7:30 to 8 P.M. and 11 to 12:30 P.M., and Sun., from 9:05 to noon.



# New Patterns for You

9078—Step-in jumper and blouse designed for the shorter, more rounded figure. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ jumper takes 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 2⅝ yards. State size. 35¢

9320—Casual shirtwaist dress that's so handy to slip on at a moment's notice. Sew it in winter cotton, faille, wool. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40-42. Size 16 takes 4½ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

4819—Half-sizers, whittle the inches off in this slimming chemise. Easiest sewing. Printed Pattern in Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 4⅜ yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢

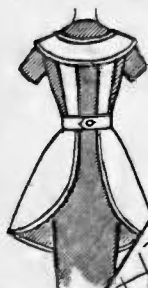
9320  
12-20, 40-42



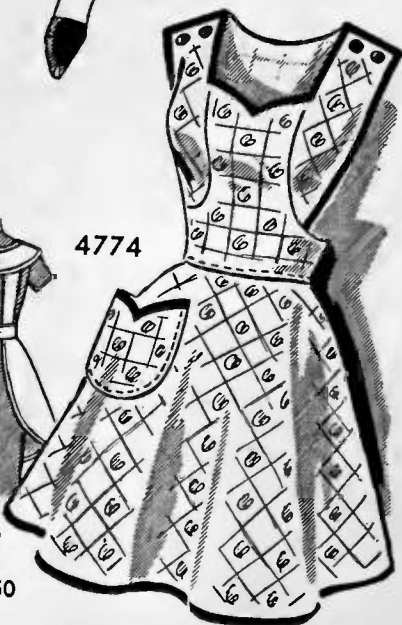
9078  
14½-24½



4819  
14½-24½



4774



S-36-38  
M-40-42  
L-44-46  
Ex. L-48-50

4774—Ideal cover-up for kitchen chores. Printed Pattern in Women's Sizes Small (36-38); Medium (40-42); Large (44-46); Extra Large (48-50). Small Size takes 2 yards 35-inch fabric. State size. 35¢



### Clearasil Personality of the Month

SONYA STARR, student at Thomas Starr King School, Los Angeles, says:

"When ugly blemishes appeared, I just couldn't face my friends. My mother bought many, many remedies, but nothing seemed to work until we used Clearasil. With Clearasil, my complexion soon had a 'new look,' and I soon had a new outlook."

*Sonya Starr*

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

# 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

### HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. *Penetrates pimples.* 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. *Stops bacteria.* Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

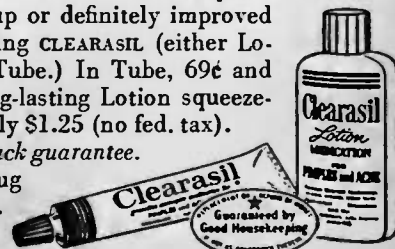


3. *'Starves' pimples.* Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube.) In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle only \$1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION  
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

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 ten cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Be sure to specify pattern number and size.



Sullivan meets a happy family, as Shuster presents his wife Ruth and children Stevie and Rosalind. (Wayne brought only his topcoat from Canada, this trip.)

Wayne & Shuster & friend. In their topsy-turvy world, it's only logical that the hunter should turn out to be the hunted.

High dive into heady swim of success on Ed's show makes dizzy Johnny and Frank even dizzier.





Frank Shuster and Johnny Wayne have so much fun, writing their own material, that at least their son won't believe they're kidding.

# *Sullivan's Canadian Laugh Men*

*Wayne and Shuster invaded the United States with an irresistible combination—highbrow humor and lowbrow slapstick. It clicked!*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

WITH ALL the triumphant whoop and holler of make-believe Mounties cornering the bad man, the band of small boys stormed through the front door of the Frank Shuster home in Toronto, only to be put to rout by one indignant mother. Rushing from her kitchen, Ruth Shuster commanded her nine-year-old, "Stevie, you hush. Take the kids back outside to play. You know Daddy and Johnny are up in the study, working. You mustn't disturb them."

Reluctantly, Stevie and pals filed out. Quiet, a suspiciously

CBC: With Joan Fairfax, W. & S. gave Canada wild "Mother Goose."

On Ed Sullivan's show, a new word for U.S.—no thanks to Shakespeare.

But thanks to Ed, coast-to-coast viewers savor Shuster-Wayne antics.



## Sullivan's Canadian Laugh Men

(Continued)

complete quiet, descended. Somewhat later, an outraged Stevie confronted Ruth Shuster. "You said Daddy and Johnny were working, didn't you?"

"I thought they were. Did they go out?"

"No, they're there, all right," said Stevie. "I snuck upstairs and listened outside the door. But all they're doing is telling each other jokes and laughing. You call that *work*? They're just having fun!"

The comedy team of Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster would be the first to agree with him. Frank, the smiling, sunny one, and Johnny, who describes himself as "the little monkey-faced one," delight in kicking the stuffing out of the hoary Pagliacci tradition of clowning. They are not, they assert, the suffer-while-you-work brand of comedians.

Says Johnny, "We're doing exactly what we want to do, why should it be painful?" Says Frank, "If we can't laugh at our own jokes, what right have we to assume we can get an audience to laugh at them?"

Canadian audiences have enjoyed their inspired nonsense since shortly before World War II, when they erupted from the stately campus of the University of Toronto to the airwaves of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. United States viewers have laughed with them since last spring, when that farthest-reaching of talent detectives, Ed Sullivan, introduced them on CBS-TV. (Continued on page 57)

*The Ed Sullivan Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by the Mercury Dealers and Eastman Kodak.



Home in Toronto, Shuster cooks up something besides zany capers for his family—daughter Rosalind, wife Ruth, and son Stevie. With his partner in comedy, Frank still does occasional shows for Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, commutes by plane for *Ed Sullivan Show* in New York.



Both families love sports. Shusters read up on baseball, brush up on golf—but don't ask Frank about Ruth's tennis!





Boats provide the Waynes's favorite outdoor recreation. Yochting caps, left, aren't stage "props"—Johnny and Beatrice are licensed sail-and-power pilots. Indoors, it's a jam session with their boys (left to right) Jamie, Brion and Michael. Johnny plays piono just as he does comedy—by ear—soys, "My son is teaching me music."

In usual show-business order of billing, Waynes to the left, Shusters to the right. Johnny ond Frank have known each other since early teens, courted their wives on some compus (Toronto), together made the switch from English mojor to entertainment.



# TV RADIO MIRROR

## AWARDS

Your votes control the annual Gold Medals awarded to your favorite programs



CLASSIFICATION	NETWORK TELEVISION PROGRAM
Favorite Daytime Drama.....	.....
Favorite Half-Hour Drama (also including Western & Adventure).....	.....
Favorite Hour-or-More Drama (also including Western & Adventure).....	.....
Favorite Daytime Show.....	.....
Favorite Evening Variety Program.....	.....
Favorite Evening Quiz or Panel Show.....	.....
Favorite Comedy Program.....	.....
Best New Program.....	.....
Best Program (Half-Hour).....	.....
Best Program (Hour-or-More).....	.....
CLASSIFICATION	NETWORK RADIO PROGRAM
Favorite Daytime Drama.....	.....
All Other Drama.....	.....
Favorite Daytime Show.....	.....
Favorite Comedy-Variety Program.....	.....
Classical or Religious Music Program.....	.....
Popular, Jazz, Country Music Program.....	.....
Favorite Newscast or News Service.....	.....
Best Program (Half-Hour).....	.....
Best Program (Hour-or-More).....	.....

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 2274, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

**VOTE  
TODAY!**

**M**ANY CHANGES—including the upsurge of television itself—have taken place since TV RADIO MIRROR began bestowing its Awards a dozen years ago, in the only nationwide poll decided by the listeners and viewers

themselves. "Straight" plays have grown more suspenseful and adventurous, "Westerns" have become full-fledged drama, and hitherto "specialized" programs are appealing more and more to the whole family. So . . . this

# FOR 1958-59

and stars of television and radio. The decision is yours—here are your ballots

CLASSIFICATION	NETWORK TELEVISION STAR	(Show on which star appears)
Favorite Music Star—Male		
Favorite Music Star—Female		
Favorite Comedian		
Favorite Comedienne		
Daytime Dramatic Actor		
Daytime Dramatic Actress		
Evening Dramatic Actor		
Evening Dramatic Actress		
Master of Ceremonies or Quizmaster		
Favorite News Commentator		
Favorite Sportscaster		
Favorite Personality or Team		
CLASSIFICATION	NETWORK RADIO STAR	(Show on which star appears)
Favorite Music Star—Male		
Favorite Music Star—Female		
Favorite Dramatic Actor		
Favorite Dramatic Actress		
Daytime Master of Ceremonies		
Evening Master of Ceremonies		
Favorite News Commentator		
Favorite Sportscaster		
Favorite Personality or Team		

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 2274, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

year's Gold Medal classifications have been updated to give our readers the best platform possible on which to elect their candidates. Be sure to register your vote today . . . ballots must be postmarked by December 10, 1958. Our

big May issue will, as usual, give you exclusive pictures and stories of all the winners . . . and your choices—whether "Gold Medalists" or not—will be reflected in TV RADIO MIRROR's features through the year. Mail your votes early!



# NIGHT-BLOOMING

12 brains—a thousand bright ideas




**L**AST SPRING, daytime TV viewers mourned the departure from their screens of that perennial favorite, *The Garry Moore Show*. But Garry's large and loyal audience brightened when the CBS-TV network announced that he'd be back, after the summer hiatus, with a smashing new show of considerably different format. Garry brings with him Durward Kirby, long-time member of the Moore "family." And he also has signed comedienne Marion Lorne as a regular member of the cast. In general, though, Garry plans no set group, will instead book many a nationally-known talent, some of whom are shown on the following pages. Guaranteed to his night-time viewers will be the very best efforts of a dozen people, shown here in a conference meeting shortly before the show's premiere on September 30 at 10 P.M. EST. Their experience for the mammoth job is impressive.

Brilliant half-moon pictured on this page includes—seated, left to right—Lewis Freedman, Charlotte Paley, Herb Sanford, Ralph Levy, and Garry himself. Backing them up is Leon Mirell.



# GARRY MOORE

The Moore crew brainstorms for you



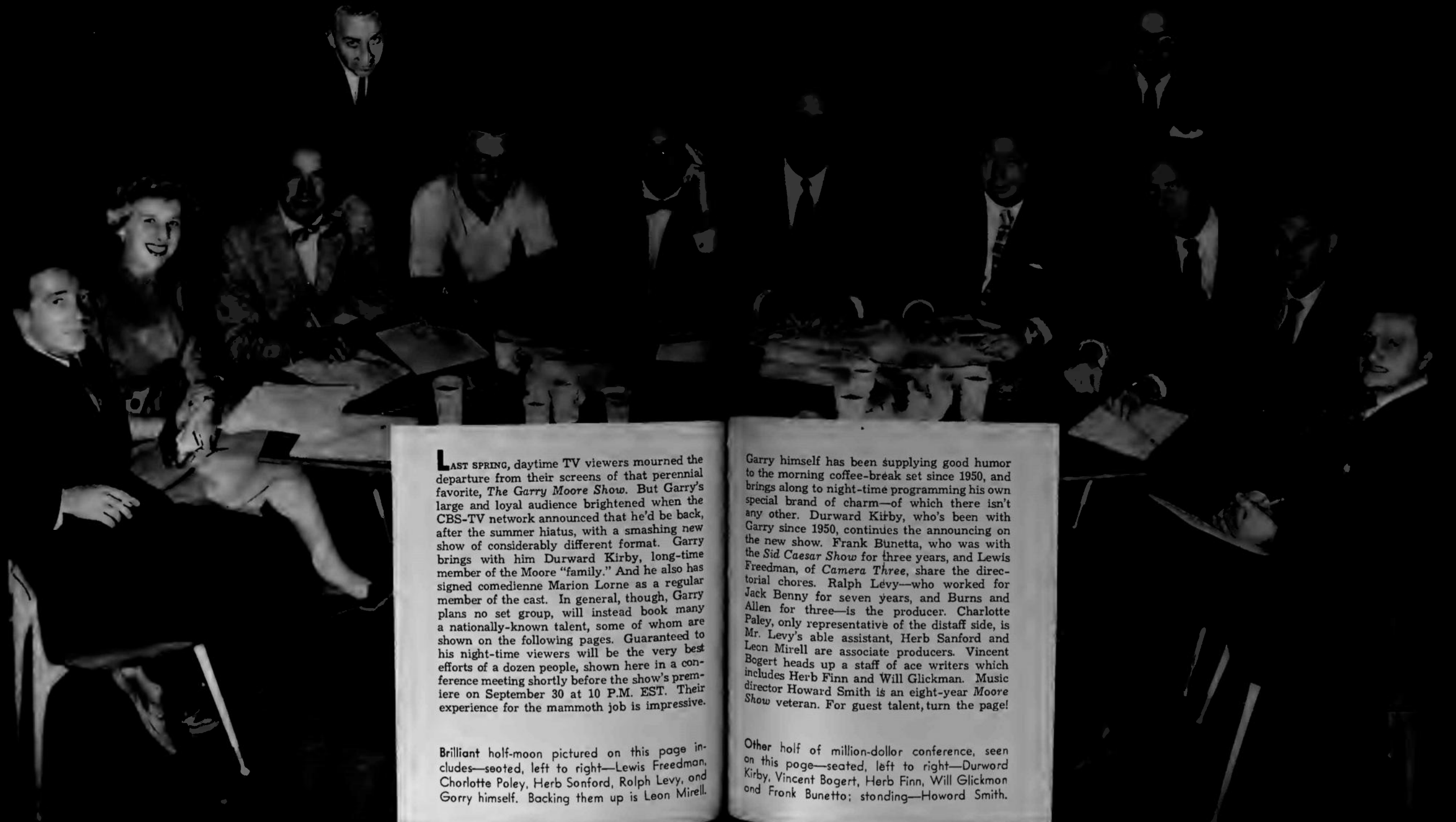
Garry himself has been supplying good humor to the morning coffee-break set since 1950, and brings along to night-time programming his own special brand of charm—of which there isn't any other. Durward Kirby, who's been with Garry since 1950, continues the announcing on the new show. Frank Bunetta, who was with the *Sid Caesar Show* for three years, and Lewis Freedman, of *Camera Three*, share the directorial chores. Ralph Levy—who worked for Jack Benny for seven years, and Burns and Allen for three—is the producer. Charlotte Paley, only representative of the distaff side, is Mr. Levy's able assistant, Herb Sanford and Leon Mirell are associate producers. Vincent Bogert heads up a staff of ace writers which includes Herb Finn and Will Glickman. Music director Howard Smith is an eight-year *Moore Show* veteran. For guest talent, turn the page!

Other half of million-dollar conference, seen on this page—seated, left to right—Durward Kirby, Vincent Bogert, Herb Finn, Will Glickman and Frank Bunetta; standing—Howard Smith.

Continued 

# NIGHT-BLOOMING GARRY MOORE

12 brains—a thousand bright ideas. The Moore crew brainstorms for you



LAST SPRING, daytime TV viewers mourned the departure from their screens of that perennial favorite, *The Garry Moore Show*. But Garry's large and loyal audience brightened when the CBS-TV network announced that he'd be back, after the summer hiatus, with a smashing new show of considerably different format. Garry brings with him Durward Kirby, long-time member of the Moore "family." And he also has signed comedienne Marion Lorne as a regular member of the cast. In general, though, Garry plans no set group, will instead book many a nationally-known talent, some of whom are shown on the following pages. Guaranteed to his night-time viewers will be the very best efforts of a dozen people, shown here in a conference meeting shortly before the show's premiere on September 30 at 10 P.M. EST. Their experience for the mammoth job is impressive.

Brilliant half-moon pictured on this page includes—seated, left to right—Lewis Freedman, Charlotte Poley, Herb Sanford, Ralph Levy, and Garry himself. Backing them up is Leon Mirell.

Garry himself has been supplying good humor to the morning coffee-break set since 1950, and brings along to night-time programming his own special brand of charm—of which there isn't any other. Durward Kirby, who's been with Garry since 1950, continues the announcing on the new show. Frank Bunetta, who was with the *Sid Caesar Show* for three years, and Lewis Freedman, of *Camera Three*, share the directorial chores. Ralph Lévy—who worked for Jack Benny for seven years, and Burns and Allen for three—is the producer. Charlotte Paley, only representative of the distaff side, is Mr. Levy's able assistant, Herb Sanford and Leon Mirell are associate producers. Vincent Bogert heads up a staff of ace writers which includes Herb Finn and Will Glickman. Music director Howard Smith is an eight-year *Moore Show* veteran. For guest talent, turn the page!

Other half of million-dollar conference, seen on this page—seated, left to right—Durward Kirby, Vincent Bogert, Herb Finn, Will Glickman and Frank Bunetta; standing—Howard Smith.

Continued →

# NIGHT-BLOOMING

(Continued)



The singing McGuires—Middletown, Ohio's gift to the music world—have been adding a snappy Charleston and tap routines to recent appearances. Garry has them booked for November.



Opening show, Red Skelton and his inimitable nonsense were cut-in "live" from Hollywood.



Another star of premiere was Son Franciscan Johnny Mathis, who has hit it big with records.



Young Tommy Sands, singing idol turned movie star, song out on *Garry Moore Show* in October.



On Sept. 30 show, Jonis Poige teamed in comedy-song skit with Garry, "Tempest in One Flat."

# GARRY MOORE

For his new night show, talent with a capital T. Here are only a few of the stars he is featuring



America's cry-guy Johnnie Ray books in for some distinctive vocalizing, come mid-November.



Only living singer-comedienne who plays tuba and flute! Kaye Ballard—also November visitor.



October attraction was Carol Burnett, gal who "made a fool of herself over J. F. Dulles."



Comic, dancer, serious actor—Mickey Rooney is to appear with Moore during Thanksgiving week.

*The Garry Moore Show*, on CBS-TV, Tuesday nights, from 10 to 11 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Revlon, Inc., Kellogg Company, and Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. Garry also emcees *I've Got A Secret*, on CBS-TV, Wednesdays, at 9:30 P.M. EST.



# Heartbreak House



The big mansion in Memphis, where crowds gathered to see their idol Elvis, is silent and lonely now. From it is gone forever the loving heart of Gladys Presley—for whom the house was a gift from the son who adored her, a symbol of success hard-won. Here is the touching story of her tragic death



Nothing can ever compensate Vernon and Elvis for their loss of wife and mother. But, someday, they will realize that Gladys Presley knew a woman's greatest joy in their devotion and the fame her son had won for "my best girl."



A nation which had cheered a son's triumph fell silent in sympathy, as the tragic cortege wound its way to a funeral home. "So young, so young!" mourned Elvis. Only 42—but the short life had been enriched beyond most mothers' dreams.

By EUNICE FIELD

THE HOUSE was very still. It seemed to be waiting for the familiar footsteps and voice which would bring it to life again. Relatives and friends whispered sadly in the darkened rooms. Anita Wood, Nick Adams and George Klein, old friends from show business, clustered near a mynah bird that huddled like a bit of charred wood in its cage. Two Negro maids, moist-eyed and weary, brought in armfuls of telegrams and letters and heaped them on the dining-room table, banked with flowers.

On a couch in the living room sat Vernon Presley and his son Elvis, America's singing idol. They sat side by side, limp, brooding, hushed. From time to time, their eyes moved heavily about the room as if unable to believe how unreal, how empty, it all seemed now.

Suddenly the telephone rang, shattering the quiet gloom. The little mynah bird raised its quick black head and shrilled, "Hello, Mama—that's all right, Mama."

A shocked and horrified look passed between Elvis and his father. Their arms went (Continued on page 64)



Memphis home which Elvis had bought for his parents is an enduring symbol of his love. But such luxury meant less to Mrs. Presley than the good earth where she could plant a garden. "Growing things, son," she said, "is like singing."



Dignity and respect marked the final rites. With the best of the past enshrined in their hearts, Vernon and Elvis Presley faced the future—the soldier son's path leading to Army duty overseas, the father hoping to join him there.



# Too Young to Get Married?



Reunion in Jacksonville, Florida: Nick Todd (left), Shirley and Pat Boone and oldest daughters, Cherry and Lindy, are greeted by the boys' grandfather, Julian C. Pritchard, and mother, Mrs. Archie A. Boone.

*Teenagers who say "No!" cite the case of Pat and Shirley Boone. But Pat himself looks at his experience—and makes some points which both parents and youthful lovers overlook*

By DANIEL STERN

**A**MERICAN YOUNGSTERS of high school and college age have many problems, such as getting good grades and choosing a career. But, more and more, a new problem has been growing to epidemic proportions. Stated simply in the words of a typical teenager, it is: "I'm in love and I want to get married."

The inevitable reply from family and friends is: "You're too young. Wait a while." Being in love, the youngster often replies: "Young marriages can work out fine." Then, as a clincher: "Look at Pat Boone and his wife Shirley. They married real young, and they're the happiest couple in the whole world."

No one who has ever come within a mile of Pat and Shirley Boone would dream of disputing this simple fact. But Pat has something to say on this subject that may startle some people. "I'm not in the business of advising

**Continued** →



He travels coast-to-coast for both movies and his TV *Chevy Showroom*, worked on location in the South for his latest 20th Century-Fox film, "Mardi Gras." Above, with fellow co-stars Tommy Sands (far left), Richard Sargent and Gary Crosby (at right), and the film's director, Edmund Goulding (in the background).

Active church-worker wherever he goes, here's Pat with Dr. Wade Ruby, minister of Hollywood Church of Christ.



Wed at 19, Pat always had faith. And amazing luck, too. Now he and Shirley realize: "We just gambled—and won."





# The Object of His Affection

*Bob Cummings' "nephew" Chuck and Dwayne Hickman have just one thing in common: They like girls!*

By NANCY ANDERSON

WHEN HIS MANAGER suggested that Dwayne Hickman change his legal name to "Chuck," Dwayne hit the ceiling. For such a mild-mannered young man, he really let himself go. "My name," he coldly explained, when he calmed down, "is Dwayne. It's always been my name, and I like it. Maybe it sounds funny to some people, but so does 'Marlon'—and, when Humphrey Bogart first began to act, agents told him he'd never be a success as long as he was named 'Humphrey.'

"Further," young Mr. Hickman declared, wheeling on his quivering adviser, "I am not Chuck. I play Chuck in a television series, but we are no more alike actually, than I am like Rin Tin Tin." Having made his position clear, Dwayne remains "Dwayne" and will continue to do so.

The battle over the name change was just one engagement in the ceaseless campaign Dwayne wages against his television alter ego, Chuck. For a (Continued on page 73)

Dwayne is Chuck MacDonald in *The Bob Cummings Show*, seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes.

It's great to do comedy with *Bob Cummings Show's* director-star and such cutie-pies as Olive Sturgess. But Dwayne wishes the girls wouldn't persist in seeing him as a very immature 18, like Chuck.



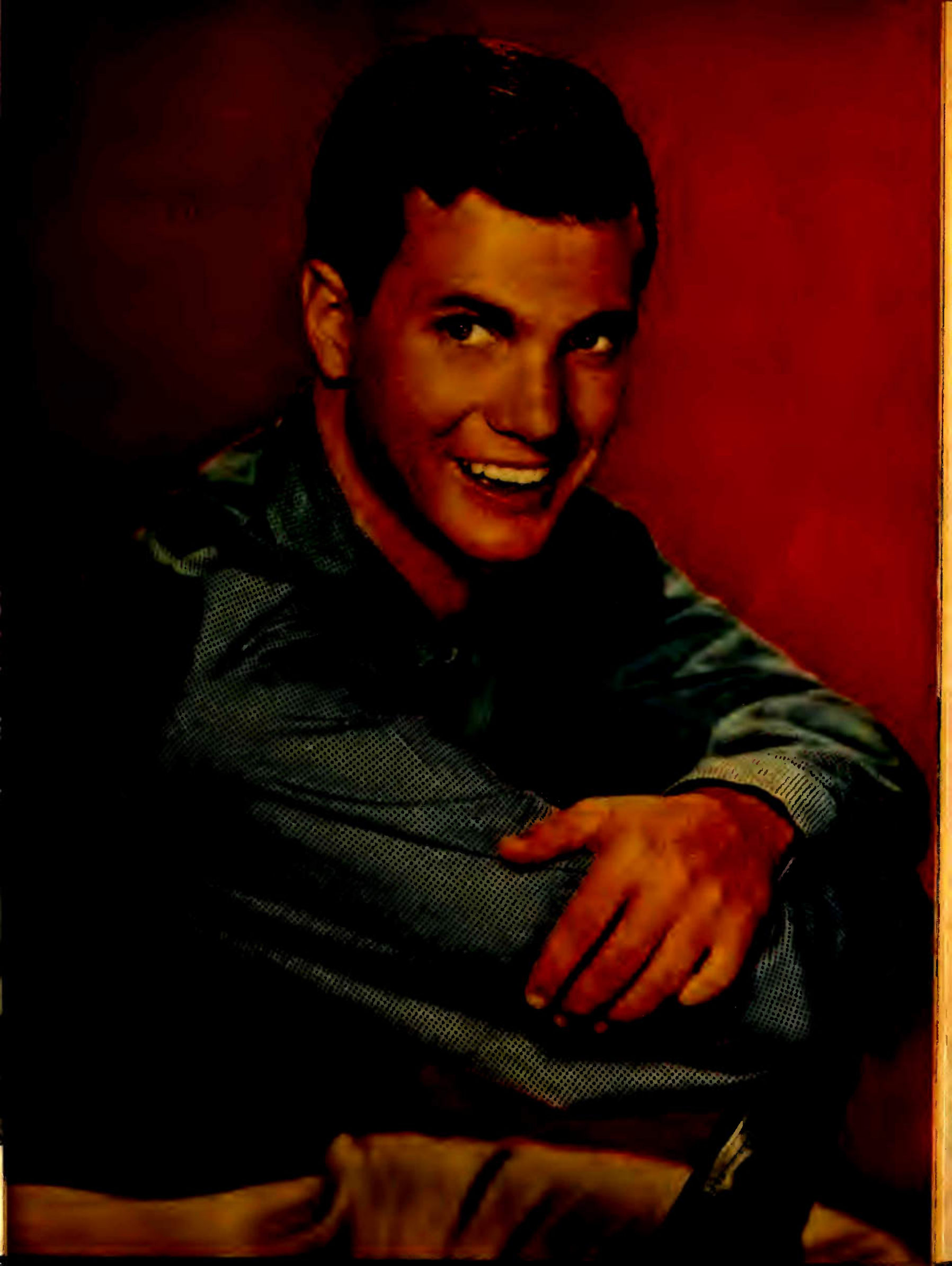
Versatile Dwayne plays quite a different role in 20th Century-Fox film, "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!"



Close to his heart, off-screen, is the lovely Mercedes—his Mercedes-Benz: "I'm a real nut about cars."



Brother Darryl (right) was first to make name as actor. Now, both are haunted by "Chuck's" popularity.



For Kathy Nolan, show-boat princess,  
success has proved to be "the real McCoy" . . .



Only twenty-three, Kathy is still searching for the man she wants to marry. A gay, amusing companion, she is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood—but is elusive about serious romance.



Because of her show-boat family, Kathy Nolan—all her life—has been uprooted, from schools, homes. Her casting in *The Real McCoys* offered her, at last, a chance to decorate her very own apartment.



Real grassroots feeling dominates the action in *The Real McCoys*, with veteran actor Walter Brennan winning friends and followers in the role of Grampa. Kathy plays young wife of Dick Crenna, his grandson. Pathos gives the comedy a fillip.

### By MARTY STALLING

IT WAS a beautiful desk. A miniature maple roll-top with lots of secret little drawers to put things in. And it was all mine. My Christmas present. At seven, that desk was all the good things of life rolled into one for me." She sat staring into the past, "Then the finance company came and took it away. That's the first time I realized there wasn't any Santa Claus. Maybe that's when the desire started. I really don't know. But I've been dreaming about a place of my own ever since I could remember."

Most young girls dream of their first apartment, with their own furniture. The difference lay in the degree of Kathy Nolan's intensity and fierce determination. She started, as a child, stripping non-essentials from her life. Wishful thinking, air castles and the so-called "normal" pleasures of the very young were the first to go. Partly because of her unusual background and partly because of her strong individuality, Kathy Nolan's achievements make Horatio Alger heroes pale by comparison.

Co-starring as Kate in ABC-TV's *The Real McCoys*, carefully choosing roles on television's top dramatic shows, steadily refusing motion-picture offers until the right ones come along . . . all the while enjoying her own home and

Kathy Nolan is Kate in *The Real McCoys*, over ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Continued →

*a Teen-Age Dream Come True*



## a Teen-Age Dream Come True

(Continued)



Newly decorated apartment is a great impetus for entertaining. Here Kathy greets actress Asa Maynor, Jack Daniels and Dwayne Hickman—her guests for an inspection tour of the new "castle" with good talk, music, dancing, to round it out.



Ray Jacobs and his wife Mary are neighbors, helped Kathy to add specially interesting decorating details to her home. In bedroom, Jacobs and Dwayne Hickman admire the lavender chiffon mural which artist Jacobs handpainted for one wall.

furniture . . . does not surprise Kathy Nolan. She expected it. She earned it. Twenty-two years of show business and her one-tracked mind have made her a star at twenty-three. Her two dreams—a place of her own and becoming a great actress—were curiously intermingled, becoming a single goal.

"I've always known I was going to be recognized as a talent," Kathy explains, hesitantly searching for the proper words, "but I've always had a deep insecurity about the *things* that go with stardom. I've never had the feeling of a permanent home. Possessions—material possessions—can be taken away so easily. I've never had them. I want them, perhaps as much as my career. Things nobody can take away from me."

Kathy was born in St. Louis, Missouri, into a theatrical family. Her four-year-old sister, Nancy Devlin, was already treading the boards of Captain Bill's Golden Rod Show Boat with her father. At thirteen months, Kathy was on stage in "Stars and Stripes." Actors didn't make much money then. So home was a series of rented places in St. Louis. Possessions came and went with the family's ability to pay. Although her father worked days—sometimes as a barber, sometimes at anything he could find—he was Mr. Show Business to Kathy. Her mother had a warm heart, an open house for everyone, and was constantly taking care of someone. So, wherever home happened to be, it was invariably full. Nancy and Kathy went to school during the day and acted on the Show Boat at night.

Intermittently, on tour, they'd reach a different school every three or four days. Long enough to turn in . . . and receive homework. Whether touring with Christy Orbeach's Tent Show, the Chicago Passion

Dancing without shoes is fun! Particularly entranced by this routine is Ray Jacobs' young daughter, who has a ball prancing around the living room with Kathy, while the "oldsters" yield the floor to them for the moment.





Tea is served around a handsome marble table with antique base. Sofa is also a genuine piece—product of Kathy's constant hobby of haunting the antique shops. Painting of young girl on wall is one Kathy bought in New York for \$125 at a time when cash reserve was \$140. She never regretted buying it.

Play or the Town Hall Players, they always went back to the Show Boat.

"So many people say I've led a glamorous life because all of it's been spent in show business," says Kathy. "Believe me, I never felt that. I knew I was going to be an actress, yes—but, from my point of view, it's not glamorous. Always traveling, never having a permanent home . . . being careful not to like a house too well, because you felt you wouldn't be there very long . . . have a lot to do with my feeling for things. Seventeen years in Missouri and the ones in New York only spurred my desire for a place of my own.

"I realize no one admits wanting material possessions anymore—" an Irish grin lights her face. "It's a bit

crude. Now we're supposed to be ashamed of having them, because we're searching for the higher meaning of life. Well, I do both—search for higher meanings and still need material proof to keep me comfortable."

Kathy's candor and self-appraisal started at an early age. Realistically able to accept the quicksilver family financial situation, she became monetarily independent as rapidly as possible. It never occurred to her to ask for a nickel for a package of gum. If she wanted gum, she went out and earned it: "I was quite a little moneymaker. At eight, I sold the *Morning Post* and *Evening Star* on a street corner. Then I got a paper route. Nancy was twelve, and deeply humiliated by my mercenary maneuvers. I went to school and acted on the Golden Rod at night, (Continued on page 70)



# Vive la Geneviève!

Beloved pixie of The Jack Paar Show—so French by birth, so American by adoption—  
so “out of this world” by talent, charm and temperament

By BETTY ETTER

EVERY DAY, between noon and two o'clock, a window opens in an apartment house in New York's East Sixties, just off Madison Avenue. A flock of pigeons who have been loafing around the neighborhood get the message. They take off at top speed for the sill where, pushing and shoving and angling for position, they gobble up huge handfuls of grain as fast as it appears. Geneviève, the pixie French singer who livens up *The Jack Paar Show* two or more times a week, is at her most important job of the day—feeding her small feathered friends.

The pigeons know her, she says. They perch on her shoulders and eat out of her hands, and (Continued on page 71)



Laughing it up at midnight on Paar's show, Geneviève tries to understand past career of Gypsy Rose Lee, famous ex-stripper, now authoress, whose life story is to be made into a movie. Below: At Habana Hilton Hotel in Cuba, Geneviève is amiable victim of some off-stage hi-jinks by Paar and pianist Jose Melis.



One of Geneviève's numerous pets is French poodle. Below: With her friend Nico Papatakis, with whom she has discussed opening restaurant in New York.



Geneviève is a frequent guest star on *The Jack Paar Show*, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, beginning at 11:15 P.M. in New York City; check local newspapers for starting time in other areas.





# Jimmie (The Wizard) Rodgers



Two young people who know how to share—failure and fame, good times and bad. "I think," says Colleen, for whom he has composed his loveliest songs, "people feel his gentle strength, understanding, love and faith when Jimmie sings."



*The multiple-hit boy from Camas, Washington, has no need to ask his wife, "Are You Really Mine?" Mutual love and affection rules their lives*



Jimmie loves listening to records. His own, on the Roulette label, are fast providing the security he's sought for so long. Among his latest—new album and the 45 of "Are You Really Mine?" and "The Wizard."

**By DEE PHILLIPS**

**C**OLLEEN RODGERS was happily shampooing the living-room rug, while the poodles yapped in protest at being locked up in the den. Humming, she brushed foam into the beige rug. Friday—and, that weekend, she and her husband Jimmie were entertaining friends. He was in a rehearsal hall, working over a hot microphone. On the home front, she had everything under control.

That's when the kitchen stove blew up. She spilled her rinse water all over the rug, flying to the kitchen. An hour later, she had found the gas turn-off, reassured the dogs, and been promised an emergency gas man. Slightly shaken, she decided to put a load in the automatic washer. On her way back to the living room, she glanced in as the washer began to fill. She skidded to an abrupt stop. It wasn't possible—but hadn't she seen celery and carrot peelings

# Jimmie (The Wizard) Rodgers

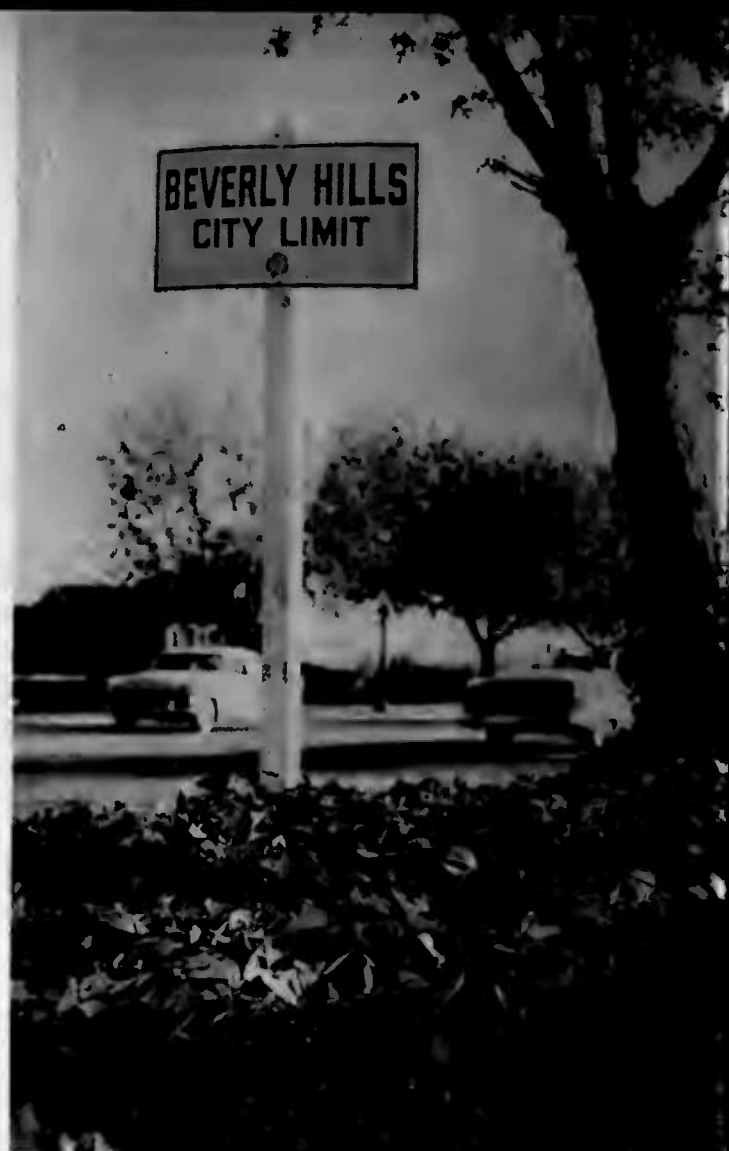
(Continued)



Family, at present, includes only "Bivi" and "Honeycomb," their poodles. Says Colleen, "We're praying to be blessed with children. And hoping we'll be the kind of parents who raise them well. I know Jimmie will be a wonderful father."



Second cup for the man so successfully earning coffee-and-cakes. Finally, after many a domestic mishap (as described in story), they found the home they wanted—modest, but their own—are now moving in, out in San Fernando Valley.



House-hunting was fun. That's true of almost everythi

swirling around with the soap suds? It was not only possible—it was true.

Somehow, the garbage disposal had backed up and was emptying into the washer. Both bathrooms were flooding. Her shiny waxed floors were a thing of the past. She reached the phone by walking carefully on the rug's dry area. She was assured of a plumber within fifteen minutes.

*I will not be upset*, she vowed, rather grimly. She finished the rug shampoo, but she was not humming. The dogs decided not to like each other. She dashed to the den. The phone rang. Maybe the plumber? The gas man? To reach the phone she had to walk on her clean-but-wet carpet. But she made it.

"Hello, honey," said Jimmie Rodgers. "I had a fine rehearsal. No problems. I can come home now. It's four-thirty—is dinner ready?"

A long pause, then she answered with quiet control. "No. No, dinner isn't ready. I doubt if we eat. I doubt if we ever eat again."

"Something go wrong?" he asked carefully.

"I—am—now—waiting for a plumber and a gas man. They are both three hours overdue."

"Um-m-m," he said cautiously. "Well, I've a few things to do down here. I'd better do them before coming home. Goodbye, honey."

Jimmie Rodgers is not only an intelligent young man, he is an understanding husband. There are times when the most masterful of men remove themselves from the scene of obvious domestic confusion. But Jimmie's imagination and humor can find ways to soothe the most seething housewife.

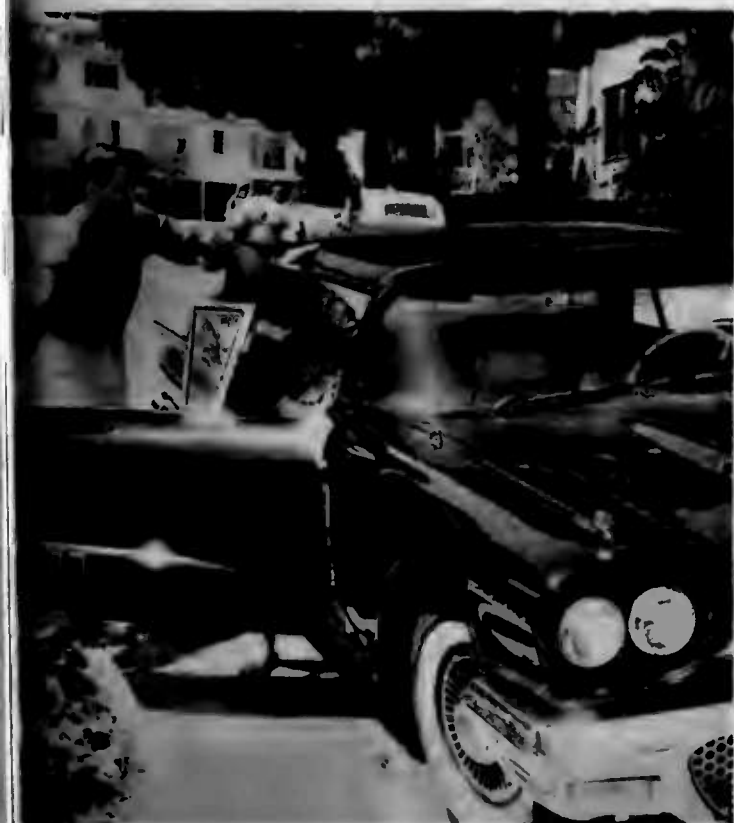
Exactly an hour later, (Continued on page 62)



they do—but their formula has worked for sorrow, too.



With press agent Marv Schwartz, they spend a good deal of time on Jimmie's mail. Having worked in their teens, faced illness and accident early in marriage, Jimmie and Colleen feel that they understand most problems of which fans write.



Jimmie's new car proves he's "a good provider" now. But they also get a big kick out of little things, such as the table he almost polished to pieces for Colleen—and oh, those green shorts!



Interest in art has grown with their sense of confidence. They visit a charity exhibit, admire fine picture (center) done by actress Claire Trevor. Jimmie himself dabbles a bit in oils, when he can't sleep after a late club appearance.

# Jimmie (The Wizard) Rodgers

(Continued)



Family, at present, includes only "Bivi" and "Honeycomb," their poodles. Says Colleen, "We're praying to be blessed with children. And hoping we'll be the kind of parents who raise them well. I know Jimmie will be a wonderful father."



Second cup for the man so successfully earning coffee-and-cakes. Finally, after many a domestic mishap (as described in story), they found the home they wanted—modest, but their own—are now moving in, out in San Fernando Valley.



House-hunting was fun. That's true of almost everything they do—but their formula has worked for sorrow, too.



With press agent Marv Schwartz, they spend a good deal of time on Jimmie's mail. Having worked in their teens, faced illness and accident early in marriage, Jimmie and Colleen feel that they understand most problems of which fans write.

swirling around with the soap suds? It was not only possible—it was true. Somehow, the garbage disposal had backed up and was emptying into the washer. Both bathrooms were flooding. Her shiny waxed floors were a thing of the past. She reached the phone by walking carefully on the rug's dry area. She was assured of a plumber within fifteen minutes. I will not be upset, she vowed, rather grimly. She finished the rug shampoo, but she was not humming. The dogs decided not to like each other. She dashed to the den. The phone rang. Maybe the plumber? The gas man? To reach the phone she had to walk on her clean-but-wet carpet. But she made it.

"Hello, honey," said Jimmie Rodgers. "I had a fine rehearsal. No problems. I can come home now. It's four-thirty—is dinner ready?"

A long pause, then she answered with quiet control. "No. No, dinner isn't ready. I doubt if we eat. I doubt if we ever eat again."

"Something go wrong?" he asked carefully. "I—am—now—waiting for a plumber and a gas man. They are both three hours overdue."

"Um-m-m," he said cautiously. "Well, I've a few things to do down here. I'd better do them before coming home. Goodbye, honey."

Jimmie Rodgers is not only an intelligent young man, he is an understanding husband. There are times when the most masterful of men remove themselves from the scene of obvious domestic confusion. But Jimmie's imagination and humor can find ways to soothe the most seething housewife.

Exactly an hour later, (Continued on page 62)



Jimmie's new car proves he's "a good provider" now. But they also get a big kick out of little things, such as the table he almost polished to pieces for Colleen—and oh, those green shorts!



Interest in art has grown with their sense of confidence. They visit a charity exhibit, admire fine picture (center) done by actress Cloire Trevor. Jimmie himself dabbles a bit in oils, when he can't sleep after a late club appearance.

*Case of the*

# RELUCTANT BACHELOR



By **MARTIN COHEN**

**I**N THE PAST, a "typical" actor's life was expected to be somewhat bizarre. His home was a suitcase. His ambitions for an education never extended beyond the wish to write a fine autograph. Women were a passing fancy, and the fancier the better. Children were little monsters who stole scenes. New York with its cafe society, Hollywood with its breathless glamour, were an actor's playgrounds. But no more. Not for the new breed of actors. Especially, not for James Franciscus.

Jim, a handsome, dark blond, stands five-ten and weighs in at 170. He's an Ivy League man, a graduate of Taft Prep and Yale University. As Jim Halloran, young detective on *Naked City*, he has traded his Brooks Brothers jacket for a coat that covers the bulge of his pistol—and, in so doing, has acquired a stage wife and child. "I'm twenty-four," he says, (*Continued on page 68*)

---

James Franciscus is Detective Jim Halloran in *Naked City*, on ABC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Viceroy Cigarettes and Quaker Oats.

**On Naked City, Jim Halloran is a happily married detective. Off TV, James Franciscus faces his most baffling mystery: Find the Woman!**



*Naked City* presents Jim and Suzanne Storrs as husband and wife, with Alison Marshall as their daughter Debbie. Eligible bachelor Jim has been dating Suzanne away from the set recently, but both say they have no serious plans.



Meeting the family: Jim's justly proud of his mother ("multiple sclerosis put her in a wheelchair, but you'd never know it from her spirit") and stepfather Francis La Farge ("a fine man").



Jim wants to be a serious writer—but is having too much fun. He'd like to be a husband—soon as he finds the one-and-only. Until that time, he sings his carefree serenades to his home folks.





# European Holiday

By FRANCES KISH

THE STEVE ALLENS took Steve's two older boys to Europe last summer, and any resemblance they may have had to stars of TV, stage and screen, during that trip, was purely coincidental. They were just tourists, on vacation with the kids. Steve wasn't looking for new acts for his NBC-TV *Steve Allen Show*. Jayne forgot she was a star panelist on CBS-TV's *I've Got A Secret*. They were interested only in making this a memorable family trip.

"We were the real corny kind of tourists," Jayne says. "That's why we had so much fun. Gaping at everything, wide-eyed. Buying more than we should. Snapping pictures, asking questions, hunting out quaint little places to eat. Following guides around ruins and monu-

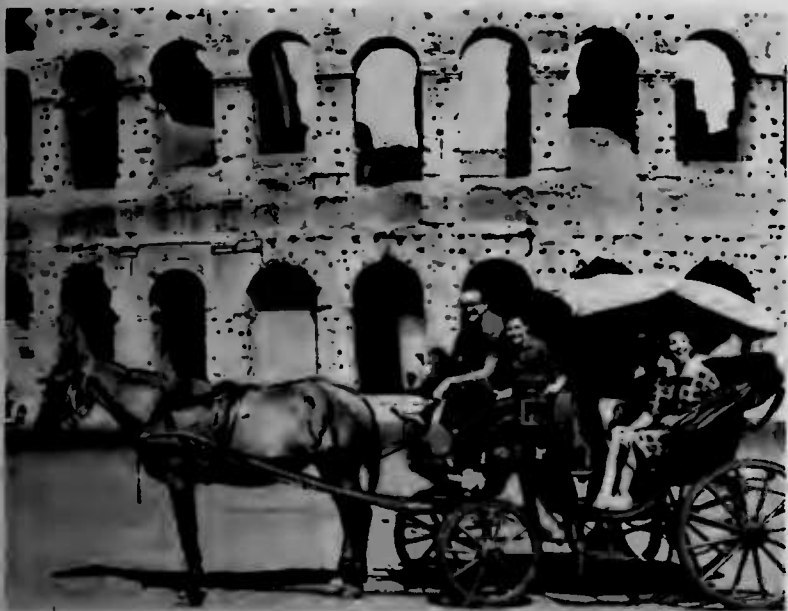
ments, through art galleries and churches, over bridges and into caves. Trying desperately to remember all the things we had learned in school and to piece them together with what we were seeing and hearing. And loving every minute of it.

"And I was learning, from fourteen-year-old Stevie and eleven-year-old Brian, how children of their ages react to travel. How enormously interested they are in many things, but not necessarily the ones we adults expect them to like. How not to push them too hard when their interest wanes in too much sight-seeing, but to let them decide what to do next."

Steve's eight-year-old David was a bit young to enjoy the trip, so he remained at home in California with his



It was a grand tour, lovingly planned. But Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows and the boys will always remember best the little unexpected things they shared



High point of visit to Rome was the Allens' first meeting with Italian lad adopted through Foster Parents' Plan. Left to right, descending city's famed "Spanish stairs": Jayne; Roberto Caciorgna, 15; Steve's sons Brian, 11, and Stevie, 14; and Steve himself. Above and below, at the Colosseum.



Roberto proudly took pictures of "his American family"—left to right, Jayne, Brian, Steve and Stevie—seeing the sights in his native city, including its fabled fountains. They saw the Fontana di Trevi, of course, and tossed in a coin to insure their returning someday to the Eternal City.



# European Holiday

(Continued)



Jayne might have gone shopping (as a *Steve Allen Show* skit insisted), but she really preferred sightseeing with her menfolk. They did most of it on foot and were happy to discover that—with a little ingenuity—the fountains of Rome could also come in handy for quenching their thirst.



Steve enjoyed Stevie's and Brian's enthusiasm as they toured—and even detoured, unexpectedly. He'd wondered why they hadn't shared all his own excitement before the trip, then realized: "The whole world is relatively new to them—no one thing is that much newer than *everything*."



mother and stepfather. Steve and Jayne planned to make it up to him this fall, when they went to Hollywood for West Coast broadcasts of Steve's show, with David staying at the hotel with them and being the center of their attention.

Little Billy, hardly eight months old at the time of the European trip, and the joy of the Meadows-Allen household, had to be left at home, too, in the New York apartment. At the last moment, Mildred, the maid, became ill, Mrs. Nicholson, the regular nurse, was still on vacation and there was a substitute in her place, so Jayne postponed her own departure. Steve and the boys spent a week in England without her, then flew to Paris, and Jayne flew over in time to start the drive they had planned through the chateau country of France.

"I was away only three and a half weeks in all," she says, "and, in that short time, the baby we left had suddenly become a big boy. His wide eyes looked at me as if to say he had known all along we would cut our trip three days short because we couldn't stand the separation from him any longer."

The night before Steve and the boys took off from New York by boat, Steve decided to prime them for some of what was coming. He got out big books with text and pictures, said: "Here are some of the things

---

*The Steve Allen Show* is colorcast on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by the Greyhound Corp., E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., North American Philips Co., and the Polaroid Corp. Jayne Meadows is a permanent panelist on *I've Got A Secret*, seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Winston Cigarettes.



Despite Steve's mustache—grown as a disguise, so they could be "ordinary tourists"—he didn't fool many Europeans!

you are going to see." Stevie and Brian humored their dad for a while. But, when he began to talk about the wonders of Versailles, Brian informed him that he had never heard of the place—and what difference did it make, since they were going to see it soon for themselves? Jayne, looking on, thought, *Well, this is going to be quite a trip. Here Steve and I are, all excited about everything, and the kids aren't.*

"I didn't realize that the boys were not excited in the same way and about the same things as we were," she

observes, "but they were working up enthusiasm in their own way. They adored the trip over by boat, because an ocean liner was wholly new to their experience. The plane ride home was less novel, because they had been on big planes before—except that this one was over the Atlantic Ocean."

"I sometimes think," Steve adds, "that kids seem a little blasé to their elders because they don't get steamed up about the same things. And we forget that the whole world is relatively (Continued on page 75)

# SHOW BUSINESS BABY



Bobby's and Barbara's son Jodd has two family traditions to grow up to: Being an actor—and a do-it-yourselfer, too.

By MARY TEMPLE

**I**F BOBBY AND BARBARA READICK are not the same do-it-yourself addicts they once were, it's the result of Bobby's tendency to underestimate the time and effort any given job will consume. "Everything always takes five times longer than I figure it will, but I never believe it," Bobby admits.

"Bobby's just wonderful at these things—" that's devoted wife Barbara talking—"but we just couldn't foresee

the amount of work involved when we started to make over our first apartment!"

Bobby, who plays Dave Wallace in *Pepper Young's Family*, on NBC Radio, and also Dr. John Brent on CBS Radio's *Road Of Life*, could just as easily have become a builder or engineer—if he hadn't happened to be born into an acting family. When he and Barbara were married on May 8, 1955, after a (Continued on page 74)

---

Bobby Readick is Dave Wallace in *Pepper Young's Family*, produced and directed by Chick Vincent, on NBC Radio, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST. He is also heard as Dr. John Brent in *Road Of Life*, on CBS Radio, M-F, at 1:45 P.M. EST.

*Bobby Readick was literally born to act, but he also has the instincts of a true engineer—just like Dave Wallace of Pepper Young's Family*



Acting opposite Betty Wragge (as Peggy Young Trent), Bobby's well-cast as engineer Dave Wallace in *Pepper Young's Family*. Off-mike, he has other talents and ambitions, would also like to be both writer and director.



Jodd has keen ear for rhythm, really beats those bongo drums. It seems his versatile dad composes music, too! In fact, Barbara says proudly, "Bobby stops to figure out the principles—and then he can construct anything."





***From Challenger to Champion***

Good loser in many a film fight,  
Craig Stevens finds himself a winner  
at last, starring as Peter Gunn

By KATHLEEN POST



Peter Gunn (Craig) investigates violence—and meets the "beat generation" (Capri Candela) at Wilbur's Place (Herb Ellis, proprietor). Life is much quieter at home, for Craig and actress-wife Alexis Smith. They prefer art, music, and good talk in the "un-beat" classic tradition.



**H**ONEST, I'm a very peaceful guy," Craig Stevens protests. "The real Craig Stevens is just a normal, average type. I don't want to fight anything but the bugs on my roses, a problem in sculpture, or a knot in one of the boards I'm using to make my wife a dressing table."

As he gestures, Craig's lithe, muscular six-foot-two frame falls instinctively into a boxer's stance. The interviewer smiles skeptically. "Didn't you do some boxing at Kansas University?" she inquires, meaningly.

"Yes . . . but the only damage I ever (Continued on page 77)

*Peter Gunn*, NBC-TV, Mon., 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Bristol-Myers Co.



# Many Happy Returns

By ALICE FRANCIS

Hal planned to be a doctor, never imagined he would spend long months in hospitals as a patient—he painted picture, above, to banish painful memories after he was severely wounded in France. Today, active in many outdoor sports, he recalls those days only when "my story may help somebody else," prefers to remember that it was while convalescing he found a fine new career—in radio.

**H**AL HACKETT—Bob Lyle in CBS Radio's *Ma Perkins*—has the look of a man who can face the lash of rain and storm with the same equanimity as the calm of a sunlit day. A straight-standing man, six feet tall, eyes an intense blue in contrast to sunburned brown hair, teeth made whiter by a deeply tanned skin. An outdoor man who loves salt air and sea, woods and windswept shore, although much of the time he must be content within the four walls of a small bachelor apartment in New York.

When a friend recently reminded Hal of events he is now determined to forget, he answered, "If my life so far has taught me anything, it is this: *Get the maximum from the minimum.*" A statement which seems to sum up his own private philosophy, a philosophy wrung from hours of pain and inactivity during two long periods of being hospitalized.

Television viewers in the year 1949 may remember some of the highlights of Hal's story as told on one of the most popular programs of that period, *We The People*. The story of a U.S. Army sergeant who was so severely wounded in France during World War II that his paralyzed body had to be in a plaster cast for long months. A war casualty who literally sang his way back to health and usefulness.

"I thought it was the saddest story I had ever heard as it unfolded on *We The People*," Hal says, "but that was only because it seemed no longer to have (Continued on page 66)





**Hal Hackett remembers tragedy only in the joyful task  
of doing for others what courage and faith did for him**



Having learned he could sing, even in a plaster cast, Hal brings his talent—and hope—to patients in New York's Bellevue Hospital. At left, above: Mrs. Agnes Weil, chairman of the adult recreation auxiliary there; acting recreation leader Claude Blackett; and concert pianist Mareland Kartkamp.



Music just for fun, with Virginia Payne, star of *Ma Perkins*, and Jean Gillespie (Bob's wife, Esther). It was Virginia who sent him for interview which eventually led to Hal's getting the role of Bob—one of many "breaks" for which he's grateful. "I am only trying to give back what has been given to me," he says.

Hal Hackett is Bob Lyle in CBS Radio's *Ma Perkins*, written by Orin Tovrov, produced and directed by Edwin Wolfe, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST.

# Starring: You



Dick Smith, head of NBC-TV's make-up department, checks Claire Bloom's make-up between scenes of the production of "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Below, Smith starts to "create" the 80-year old Queen Victoria. Corner: the result.



Audrey Hepburn's make-up gets final touch from Dick Smith on the set of "Mayerling."

*A TV make-up expert says, "Every girl can look prettier." Here, he gives some special tips.*

By HARRIET SEGMAN

**F**OR READERS OF TV RADIO MIRROR, Dick Smith, head of make-up for NBC-TV, adapts his artwork to everyday good looks. He says: ● For a good make-up job, you need a thoroughly clean face, enough time and work space, and light at both sides of mirror, or at top and bottom. ● Choose make-up foundation color-mated to your skin, and use sparingly. A base much pinker or brighter than you gives all-over ruddiness rather than a pretty peaches-and-cream background for eyes and lips. ● Select rouge in palest pink or coral and blend from cheekbone toward ears, not nose. Dilute cream rouge in palm of hand with cream make-up base before applying. ● Over cake make-up, use cake rouge. Dilute by dipping puff into powder before picking up rouge. Too much rouge on cake make-up can be toned down with more cake make-up. ● To conceal under-eye circles, use opaque make-up designed especially for this purpose. ● Face powder should set make-up, not add color. Use a very pale, fine, loose powder, lighter than base, or almost colorless. Dust on generously, then remove excess. ● Draw line along upper lid with eyeliner and blend upward to simulate the shadow of thick lashes. Gray pencil or liner is good if eyes are too light for black. ● Establish brow shape and color with light brown pencil. Go over with medium or dark brown for depth of color. ● Blend eye shadow with a little cream base before applying. ● Light lipstick shades are most flattering. Lower lip should be at least as full as upper. Extend upper lip all the way to corners, to be equal to or a little wider than lower lip. To avoid lipstick running, stretch skin smooth as you apply color, blot excess, and press powder over edges to keep it from running into crevices. For lasting finish, powder lightly all over and allow to set for a minute, then wet lips.

# Sullivan's Canadian Laugh Men

(Continued from page 18)

Termining their performances "the highlight of the 1958 season," Ed signed them for a minimum of sixteen appearances and a maximum of twenty-six, at the highest rate per performance that has ever been paid on that high-priced show. While the exact figure has never been announced, its impressive total can be judged by the fact that it exceeds the rate of Elvis Presley's \$50,000 for three.

Wayne and Shuster's quick acceptance in the States is the more remarkable because they specialize in a daring, off-beat brand of highbrow humor which would be doomed on sight by any believer in the story that the TV audience has a twelve-year-old I.Q. Their secret is that they also have a genius for lowbrow slapstick. Put the lofty words and earthy action together, and the effect is laughably ludicrous.

"We're eggheads," Johnny Wayne confesses, "but I think you have to call us scrambled eggheads." And Frank Shuster adds, "We don't believe that a college education necessarily is a handicap."

Intellectual comedy though it is, audiences love it. Viewers have conferred on them the summa cum laude of comedy by incorporating Wayne and Shuster payoff lines into everyday conversation—a recognition won by few TV comics.

First of their phrases to gain common coinage came from a sketch done last May, when they applied the TV-detective treatment to Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and evolved a preposterous opus titled, "Rinse the Blood Off My Toga!" In it, Johnny Wayne portrayed Flavius Maximus, private Roman eye, license number IXIVLLCCDIXMV, retained by Brutus (Frank Shuster) "to get to the bottom of the Julius Caesar caper."

Even a viewer whose struggles with English Lit and Latin plurals have been dimmed by the years could chuckle over the phrase which has since been repeated in many a cocktail lounge. Private-eye Johnny, ostensibly in search of clues, stepped into Claudius' Bar and Grill—"just a small place with a few tables and guy in the corner playing a hot lyre"—and said, "Gimme a martini."

Said Claudius, "You mean a martini." Said Johnny with dignity, "If I want two, I'll ask for them."

No academic background, English or Latin, was required to savor another lasting line, for it reduced to ultimate absurdity a man-wife situation which sometime, somehow, has been played out in every home. When Calpurnia entered, mourning, and Johnny deferentially said, "Pardon me, Mrs. Caesar . . . what do you know about this?" she wailed, "I told him, Julie don't go . . . I begged him, don't go. Julie, don't go, I said. But would he listen to his wife? No."

The "Don't go" line convulsed the audience a second time when Ed Sullivan, in Europe to scout new talent, turned the show over to Wayne and Shuster to emcee. Since, in Johnny's phrase, they were "just minding the store for Ed," they decided to follow Sullivan's style and introduce the acts straight. But when it came to the familiar spot where the camera pans the audience for visiting celebrities, they couldn't resist. CBS public relations man Gene Schrott was drafted to occupy, momentarily, the seat next to that of their long-time stooge, Canadian actress Sylvia Lennick. Miss Lennick, who was the Calpurnia of their Julius Caesar bit, was now presumably the wife of a Julius Melnick who—as devised by Wayne and Shuster—had been in Mr. Sullivan's audience

every night for ten years, yearning to have a few seconds of glory on camera.

But when, in recognition of Mr. M's loyalty, he finally was to be introduced, Gene had scuttled up the aisle and the camera found only an empty seat. Agitated, "Mrs. Melnick" explained that her husband had gone outside for a minute. Then, in an agony of frustrated foresight, she cried, "Julie, I told him—Julie, don't go!"

The exuberant Wayne and Shuster spoofing which has the freshness of a college revue and the polish of long collaboration, began when they were fourteen and first tasted success by earning forty dollars' profit with a play they wrote and produced for their Boy Scout troop.

Both laugh men are natives of Toronto. Johnny, eldest of Charles and Sarah Wayne's seven children, was born May 28, 1918. His father manufactured sportswear, and Johnny's first ambition was to become a journalist.

In contrast, Frank tasted show business early. Born September 5, 1916, to Jack and Bess Shuster, he was that most-envied of kids, the one who could always get in free at the movies. His father was a motion-picture projectionist. Frank recalls with particular fondness the period when his family owned a theater in Niagara Falls, Ontario. "Dad ran the films, mother sold the tickets, my sister Rose collected them, and Geraldine, who later became a concert accompanist, played piano. I had a permanent claim on a front seat. Harold Lloyd and Chaplin were my babysitters."

On the family's return to Toronto, Frank met Johnny and they followed their Boy Scout premiere with revues at Harbour Collegiate Institute. Johnny recalls, "One of our teachers, Charles Girdler, organized the group. He was a Gilbert and Sullivan fan and we were, too. Any resemblance between G & S and us was strictly not coincidental."

Johnny and Frank wrote script, lyrics and even the music. The fact that they had limited musical knowledge did not daunt them. Frank had studied violin and piano, but today hastens to explain, "I'm no Van Cliburn." Johnny could only play by ear, but adds, "I'm making up for it now. My son is teaching me music."

They continued their shows when they entered University College of Toronto University, but regarded them as amateur fun. They took seriously their editorial positions on *The Varsity*, the college newspaper, for they were majoring in English and wanted to make writing their profession. Satire and humor were their specialties. They were seniors when a student show changed their careers. An advertising manager saw the production and offered them a radio program on CFRB. Untrained but blithe, they went on the air.

Says Johnny, "We didn't know anything about radio, but we bought a book." Says Frank, "It taught us which side of the mike to stand on."

Their three-a-week became a daily morning show and, within a year, they were on CBC network with what Frank calls, "a wife-preserver sort of program. We gave them household hints—somewhat scrambled, of course—but, nevertheless they were hints."

Johnny adds, "We had some help. My girl was a household economist."

Johnny met pretty, dark-haired Beatrice Lokash on a blind date. Encountering her brother on the campus, he had confided that he needed a girl to take to a Beta Sigma Rho dance. The brother suggested Beatrice. "Call her up. I'll vouch for you," he promised.

Beatrice recalls how excited she was over the invitation from a college celebrity. "I got a new dress and had my hair done. I was coming home on the bus, worrying whether he would like me, when I met a girl I knew." Told of the dance plans, the girl asked, "Who's your date?"

"Johnny Wayne," said Beatrice proudly. "Not the Johnny Wayne who's on *The Varsity!*" the girl exclaimed. "Oh, don't go with him. You'll have a terrible time. He takes girls to parties and just forgets about them. He wanders away and plays piano or sings or something. He's the worst date on the campus."

Frightened and rebellious, Beatrice demanded that her brother call Johnny to say the plan was off. "You can't do that," her brother insisted. "I arranged it. You've got to go." Beatrice says today, "I suspect he talked to Johnny, but neither of them has ever admitted it. Anyway, I went, and I had a wonderful time. I'd never had a more attentive boyfriend."

Johnny wanted Beatrice to be a reporter on the paper so that he could take her to staff parties. She says, "To be sure I made it, he rewrote my tryout story. He was furiously embarrassed when the editor, before running it, rewrote his rewrite. I did the next one myself and it ran, word for word. I've never let Johnny forget it."

Frank, too, found his girl in a somewhat unorthodox fashion. As one of Canada's ranking amateur tennis players, he was working out on the court when first he noticed her. He recalled this when, at a University party, he was introduced to Ruth Burstyn, a gifted art student and hat designer. "So that's who you are," said Frank. "I think you're the worst tennis player I've ever seen."

"What does that matter, since you're the best?" Ruth replied. At last, Frank had found a girl who could cope with his sharp-tongued humor.

By the time the boys took their bachelor's degrees and began study for their master's, both romances had reached the serious stage. The outbreak of World War II gave them a setback. On enlistment, Frank was assigned to the Algonquin Regiment; Johnny became an instructor at Camp Borden. For the first time since they were fourteen, they were separated.

Then, summoned to Montreal for special service, they again found themselves face to face, receiving an order, "Write a show." Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army," was playing in the States. The Canadian Army wanted a similar one.

Wayne and Shuster were only too glad to oblige. They wrote it, produced it, and starred in it, touring for a year. Their climax performance was at the Quebec Conference. Breaking the troupe into five small units, they then went overseas.

Frank had married Ruth Burstyn on December 27, 1941. Their daughter Rosalind was born on June 19, 1946, and their son Stephen on March 8, 1949.

Johnny had married his Beatrice Lokash on June 28, 1942. They have three sons: Michael, born April 18, 1947; James, born March 23, 1950; and Charles Brian, born December 25, 1951.

Never have the two families lived more than a mile apart. The Waynes bought their home in the Forest Hill Village section of Toronto. The Shusters built theirs. "Ruth's brother is an architect," Frank explains. "I guess we were his first clients, and the most I asked for in the plans was that he build in a writing room."

Their writing has been going on, nine to five, ever since. Their Veterans' Affairs radio series paved (Continued on page 61)



With parallel interests—music, Ping Pong—big families can be "a pleasant chaos, but a grand time," says head of Santa Monica Jones family—here, with wife Helen, baby David, girls—Carol, Anna, Linda; boys—Bob, Denis, Terry.



# ORDERS OF THE COURT

*Off the bench, "Judge" Edgar Allan Jones of ABC-TV's Traffic Court is Dean of the U.C.L.A. law school and Dad to a home "campus" of seven*

**T**ELEVISION—the lights, the cameras, and the “nerves”—held no terrors for the new candidate for ABC-TV’s *Traffic Court* bench. Yet Edgar Allan Jones, youthful scholar and Dean of the U.C.L.A. law school, demurred. “My life’s work,” he explains, “is the teaching of law, so the idea of a show seemed completely novel to me. What I came to realize was that a show of this sort affords a tremendous opportunity for just that—bringing the legal story home, and on an infinitely wider scale than the classroom.” . . . Sophisticated about the technical end of TV, the only time the Dean recalls being at all conscious of lights and cameras, he wasn’t even on the air. It was his audition. “In the situation we were doing, the defendant was this rather brassy young female with a lot of poor excuses and many references to ‘cop’ in the course of her story. What stuck in my mind from a quick look at the notes was that I should call her down for using such a term of disrespect. When she said ‘cop’ for the first time, I lowered the boom—about three pages too soon. Then, realizing what I’d done, I started ad-libbing like mad, till we got back to her situation. I guess,” the ‘Judge’ adds, “making a mistake like that is what put me on the bench.” . . . In session Friday evenings at 6:30 P.M. EST, *Traffic Court* is public-service programming at its best. It may be “all a big act,” but “Judge” Jones is well-convinced of the sense of the real that comes through on the show. Discussing the study of law with a group of senior engineering students, he discovered that three-fourths of them took the show for real courtroom drama. “In fact, I get kidded quite a bit on my own campus. The students call me ‘Judge,’ so I tell them I’ll see them all in court.” Though Edgar Jones’ predecessor on the bench really was a judge, Jones maintains it isn’t essential. “A legal education is pretty broad, and though my own specialty is labor law, I can feel at home in any branch.” . . . Brooklyn-born, New Jersey-bred, the *Traffic Court* judge came West from the University of Virginia, and only recently had a chance to visit his old Eastern stamping grounds—as a participating scholar in an international “freedom” conference at Arden House of Columbia University. Claiming close ties, too, with Canada, Edgar explains that his mother, his wife and his first child were all born in Ontario. “The first time I saw Helen,” he says, “she was fourteen and had a bobby-cut.” By the next summer, he’d vowed to marry her, but before he could make good on that, the war came and Edgar, just out of college, joined the Marines. . . . Married in ’45, the Joneses now have seven children: Top rung is Linda, 12, followed by Anna, 10, Carol, 8, Terry, 7, Denis, 6, Bob, 4, and David, one. It takes the top three to match their dad’s skill in Ping Pong, with all disagreements as to who wins going to “the Judge” for arbitration.



Case of "the reluctant judge vs. TV" was tried out of *Traffic Court*, in privacy of a scholar-teacher's study.



Typical *Traffic* defendant has lots of sass, but Judge learned in audition the right time to "lower the boom."

# LOOK WHO'S TALKING!



Trophy case built by Toby houses his much-prized possession—"Blessed Martin" award.

*Add a beard—it's Captain Jolly on CKLW; subtract one—that's Toby David and 999 alter egos on the lam around Detroit*



"A roomful of people"—but Toby David is just one, at home with Virginia and the children: Theresa, 15, Toby, 16, Gerard, 6.



Popeye's first "birthday" rates a cake and a celebration by Capt. Jolly and Poopdeck Paul.

**T**OBY DAVID is a man of a thousand characters—with a thousand voices to match. As one reporter aptly phrased it, "Talking to Toby is like talking to a roomful of people." And he gets many a chance to use his alter egos on his radio and TV programs. . . . The characterization with which Toby is currently charming Detroit youngsters is rollicking "Captain Jolly," the bearded, bespectacled old gent who clowns it up between the cartoons on the 6 P.M. "Popeye" show seen daily on CKLW-TV. Toby's beard, incidentally, is for real. He decided to grow his own, when, for a few disastrous minutes, his fake whiskers came unglued during a show. . . . Versatile Toby's use of his "multiple personalities" doesn't stop with his TV show, either. He starts off each weekday on CKLW Radio with a 6:45 A.M. variety program. Says Toby—jolly even at that hour—"I get up at 5 A.M. every day just like clockwork. After all these years, it really is a habit." . . . Back before he had "nary a voice to his name," Toby had been called "Tofy," which is the Lebanese word for "success." He had a colorful childhood traveling with his father, who played in a circus band, his animal-trainer mother, and two sisters. When they finally settled down in Michigan, Toby attended Highland Park High School and Ford Trade School, where he trained to be a draftsman. But his flair for mimicry brought him a variety of roles in a traveling stock company and, soon after, a Detroit radio offer started him on a five-year career as half of a comic duo. . . . Following the war, during which he traveled thousands of miles to entertain the servicemen, talented Toby free-lanced his way through radio roles on such programs as *The Green Hornet*, *Bulldog Drummond*, and *Let's Pretend*. In 1946, he returned to Detroit, where he did pioneer work in TV, and eventually took over the two shows he now has. . . . To Detroit audiences, Toby David's *many men*, to say the least. But, at home in Grosse Pointe, Virginia and their three children—Toby, Theresa, and Gerard—agree he's just *one grand husband-and-dad*. They wouldn't have it otherwise.



Toby's "sense of fun" isn't left behind at CKLW; he shares it with his children, too.

# Laugh Men

(Continued from page 57)

the way for their fine big, top-rated *Wayne And Shuster Hour* on CBC-TV. This year, due to their Sullivan commitments, they have cut their Canadian schedule to five programs. On the *Wayne And Shuster Hour*, they swing free and easy. The first program was slated for October. They will also have a Christmas program. But, beyond that, they have no set time, no set format. "People never know whether we're going to do an hour's musical comedy or an hour's drama," says Frank.

When asked whether their Sullivan commitments will lead them to move to New York, they flourish both the Maple Leaf and a quip. Says Johnny, "It takes an hour and a half to fly down from Toronto, and an hour and a half to commute from Connecticut. What's the difference?" Says Frank, "We like New York, but we also like the way we live in Canada."

Their wives echo their sentiments. Beatrice Wayne describes their style of living as typically suburban. "Only there is no do-it-yourself," Ruth Shuster amends. "Frank's really demonstrating his top mechanical skill in changing a light bulb."

Sports rate high in their leisure interests. Frank continues to play basketball at Hart House, the graduate school center at University College. He and Ruth also team up for golf. Johnny and Beatrice like far-north camping at Algonquin Park, where they rent a sloop. Last year, they took the power-squadron course and qualified as pilots in both sail and power.

With the wives, too, there's a feeling that by remaining in Canada, they may keep their children free of the hazard of being "celebrity kids." The Shuster youngsters take a most matter-of-fact attitude toward their father's programs. Says Ruth, "They feel that the show is part theirs and, if they don't like something, they speak out when Frank comes home."

In contrast, the Wayne boys apply to it the same detached interest which they give to other TV programs. They refer to their father as "Johnny Wayne," when he's on the air. The eldest son, Michael, developed his first feeling of closeness the night Johnny took him to a hockey game and other kids clamored for autographs.

The boy watched with wonder, and, when they returned home, most formally presented paper and pencil and requested, "May I have your autograph?"

"Sure," said Johnny. More than a bit flattered, he signed with a flourish, "To Mike, with all my love, Daddy."

The boy inspected it, frowned and handed it back. "No," he said. "That's not right. Your son deserves as much as the other kids. Please sign it 'Johnny Wayne.' And do you think you could get me Mr. Shuster's?"

In twenty-five years, Frank and Johnny have never had a quarrel, yet seldom do the two families see each other socially. The wives object. "Not that the girls aren't good friends," says Frank. "They like each other, but . . ."

"It's our fault," says Johnny. "We start out with the best of intentions, but before we realize it, we've huddled in a corner, right into shop talk, working up gags." Frank adds apologetically, "We've been together so long that, just automatically, we turn every conversation into a rehearsal."

The end-product of such conversations is, internationally, top comedy—yet it goes on so smoothly that, even to those closest to them, it scarcely seems to be work. As Frank's son remarked, "They're just having fun."

# NEW! NEW! NEW!



Look at the brand new stars and brand new pictures. Check the list below for your favorites. All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

## STAR CANDIDS YOU'LL TREASURE

- |                      |                      |                       |                        |
|----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Lana Turner       | 147. Tab Hunter      | 230. Paul Newman      | 270. Everly Brothers   |
| 5. Alan Ladd         | 148. Robert Wagner   | 231. Don Murray       | 271. Erin O'Brien      |
| 9. Esther Williams   | 149. Russ Tamblyn    | 233. Pat Wayne        | 272. Sandra Dee        |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 150. Jeff Hunter     | 234. Carroll Baker    | 273. Lili Gendle       |
| 15. Frank Sinatra    | 152. Marge and Gower | 235. Anita Ekberg     | 274. Robert Culp       |
| 18. Rory Calhoun     | Champion             | 236. Corey Allen      | 275. Michael Ansara    |
| 19. Peter Lawford    | 175. Charlton Heston | 240. Patti Page       | 276. Jack Kelly        |
| 22. Burt Lancaster   | 179. Julius La Rosa  | 241. Lawrence Welk    | 277. Darlene Gillespie |
| 25. Dale Evans       | 180. Lucille Ball    | 243. Larry Dean       | 278. Annette Funicello |
| 33. Gene Autry       | 182. Jack Webb       | 244. Buddy Merrill    | 279. David Stollery    |
| 34. Roy Rogers       | 185. Richard Egan    | 245. Hugh O'Brian     | 280. Tim Considine     |
| 51. Doris Day        | 187. Jeff Richards   | 246. Jim Arness       | 281. Nick Todd         |
| 56. Perry Como       | 191. Robert Taylor   | 247. Sanford Clark    | 282. Johnny Mathis     |
| 57. Bill Holden      | 192. Jean Simmons    | 248. Vera Miles       | 283. David Nelson      |
| 66. Gordon MacRae    | 194. Audrey Hepburn  | 249. John Saxon       | 284. Shirley Temple    |
| 67. Ann Blyth        | 198. Gale Storm      | 250. Dean Stockwell   | 285. Pat Conway        |
| 74. John Wayne       | 202. George Nader    | 252. Warren Berlinger | 286. Bob Horton        |
| 78. Audie Murphy     | 205. Ann Sothern     | 253. James MacArthur  | 287. John Payne        |
| 84. Janet Leigh      | 207. Eddie Fisher    | 254. Nick Adams       | 288. David Janssen     |
| 86. Farley Granger   | 209. Liberace        | 255. John Kerr        | 289. Dick Clark        |
| 92. Guy Madison      | 212. Grace Kelly     | 256. Harry Belafonte  | 290. Yvonne Craig      |
| 94. Mario Lanza      | 213. James Dean      | 257. Jim Lowe         | 291. Carol Lynley      |
| 105. Vic Damone      | 214. Sheree North    | 258. Luana Patten     | 292. Jimmie Rodgers    |
| 109. Dean Martin     | 215. Kim Novak       | 259. Dennis Hopper    | 293. Guy Williams      |
| 110. Jerry Lewis     | 219. Natalie Wood    | 260. Tom Tryon        | 294. Frankie Avalon    |
| 117. Terry Moore     | 220. Dewey Martin    | 261. Tommy Sands      | 295. John Gavin        |
| 121. Tony Curtis     | 221. Joan Collins    | 262. Will Hutchins    | 296. Lee Remick        |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 263. James Darren     | 297. Diane Varsi       |
| 135. Jeff Chandler   | 223. Sal Mineo       | 264. Ricky Nelson     | 298. Joanne Woodward   |
| 136. Rock Hudson     | 224. Shirley Jones   | 265. Faron Young      | 299. Teddy Randazzo    |
| 139. Debra Paget     | 225. Elvis Presley   | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis  | 300. Paul Anka         |
| 140. Dale Robertson  | 227. Tony Perkins    | 267. Ferlin Husky     | 301. Peter Brown       |
| 141. Marilyn Monroe  | 228. Clint Walker    | 268. Dolores Hart     | 302. Edd Byrnes        |
| 145. Marlon Brando   | 229. Pat Boone       | 269. James Garner     | 303. Joni James        |

**FILL IN  
AND MAIL  
COUPON  
TODAY!**

WORLD WIDE, DEPT. RM-12  
112 Main St., Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose \$..... for ..... candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Zone ..... State .....

Send cash or money order.  
12 pictures for \$1; 6 for 50c.

(NO ORDERS LESS THAN 50 CENTS)

# Jimmie (The Wizard) Rodgers

(Continued from page 42)

one dozen long-stemmed red roses arrived for Colleen. Putting them in water, her eyes fell on the coffee grounds and potato peels in the washer. "Roses," she sniffed.

When the second dozen roses came an hour later, she began to feel a little sheepish. Then the candy came. By the time the orchid corsage arrived, she was feeling very guilty. Every hour on the hour, she took a present from the same messenger. When the wire came at eight-thirty, she had already mentally boiled herself in oil. It read, "Can I come home, dear?" Fifteen minutes later, Jimmie knocked gently on the door, opened it and peeked in. His wife rushed over and threw her arms around him. With a happy sigh of relief, he swept her up in his arms and kissed her effectively. The paper sack in his hand crackled behind her back. "What's that?" she asked.

"Bones for the dogs," Jimmie grinned. "I ate before I came home—just in case."

Granted, that was not a typical day with the Rodgers family. However, anyone who knows them well admits the Rodgers' routine is never dull and often unusual. Somehow things happen to them. Funny things, frustrating things, and serious things that take deep faith and a strong sense of values. Jimmie's hectic schedule of night-club engagements, one-nighters, state fairs, television shows—and now the M-G-M movie, "The Mating Game"—have kept them literally and figuratively on the run. Yet both have a strong homing instinct. They are both trying, slowly and patiently, to create a normal predictable pattern of living, so that home can be the major part of their lives.

One of their present problems is, oddly enough, the stories that have been written about them. "All the stories about us seem to begin and end with Colleen's accident and my reaction to it." Jimmie's lean sensitive face is sober. "True, the accident was a big part of our lives, but we've gone on from there. We're people—growing in some ways, goofing in others—and life didn't stop for us when Colleen got well. It began. I read about other folks in our position and the stories are about today. I like that. Then they tell you *why* they're like they are."

"I'm beginning to get embarrassed," Colleen admits, out of Jimmie's hearing. "The accident and my background keeps cropping up. After all, Jimmie's the talent and the star in this family. As his wife, I'll be quoted till kingdom come, but I think the other's been done."

They're both right and wrong. Colleen and Jimmie are so close, sharing everything, that she is naturally in every story. On the other hand, they are indeed real people with interesting personalities and a fascinating life. As an old married couple of more than a year and a half, they have lived high and mightily.

"Now, you take my bride's practical nature," Jimmie explains, tongue in cheek. "One day while I was working with a publicity man in the living room, she bounced in, happy as a clam, waving two T-shirts and a pair of my shorts in the breeze. 'Look what I did, Jimmie,' she said proudly. 'They just happened to get caught in the laundromat with the green rugs.' The publicity man's jaw fell. I couldn't help laughing. Those shorts were the ugliest green I ever saw. Fortunately, the shirts shrank. But the shorts I still wear. Sometimes, when I'm standing in front of an audience in my snappy colored tux, I have to grin. Little do they know that I'm a-wearing of the green."

"Laugh, clown, laugh," Colleen re-

sponds. "You wear them a lot, not to like them. In fact, you had them on, that last day at Lake Tahoe. We had nine wonderful days between the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood and San Francisco. We fished (mostly Jimmie), loafed, talked and did absolutely nothing. It was great. The master grew a beard. So, the last day—big deal. He spent all morning in the bathroom using hot packs and preparing himself for the razor. So I went to the filling station, did some odd jobs, came back and poured myself a glass of milk. That's when I saw him. Clean-shaven, pink and perfumed, he was posed in the doorway—in those atrocious green shorts. 'Aren't you glad you're married to Jimmie Rodgers?' he asked, nonchalantly buffing his fingernails on his bare chest. He is really," her eyes belie the words, "an impossible creature."

"Hey," he protests, "you forgot one little thing—I got the glass of milk in the face."

"But, naturally," she agrees. They look at each other and start laughing.

"I'm so glad we can laugh and enjoy little things," Colleen says later, when Jimmie has gone off to work. "Sometimes the pressure makes us both tense and Jimmie gets so fatigued. And, honestly, so do I. That's usually when he gets stubborn and I get stubborn. We can get absolutely furious. Then, right in the middle of it, we break up laughing. Sometimes that's frustrating. One thing: Even when we don't end up laughing, we never let a

she managed to donate time to the veterans' hospital in Vancouver—bedpans, letters, visits, records, whatever needed to be done.

"And when U-I gave her a contract, she was ready for it in a lot of ways. Her folks and Arnold, her brother, rode down with her. She was driving her own '48 Chevy coupe and it was piled high with her possessions, including a bedroom set. Her mom had to carry a stuffed poodle in her lap all the way. That was right after high school, and she knew all about interest and carrying charges and . . ." Jimmie stops suddenly and looks embarrassed. "Anyway, I'm proud of her. And I think she's a pretty good example to kids who don't know what to do with themselves."

"I can remember Jimmie when he was a real little tyke, selling and delivering his mom's prize-winning gladiolas," says Colleen. "She had almost an acre of them. Both of his parents worked, and Jimmie waxed floors, did dishes and even cooked dinner. At four-thirty, he stopped playing and went home to fix it. That's the way he got his spending money. One summer, he went to northern Washington to pick beans. He paid fifty dollars a month to pitch a tent on a back lawn, and he ended up clearing about a hundred dollars for the whole summer of work. He was always mowing lawns or working at something."

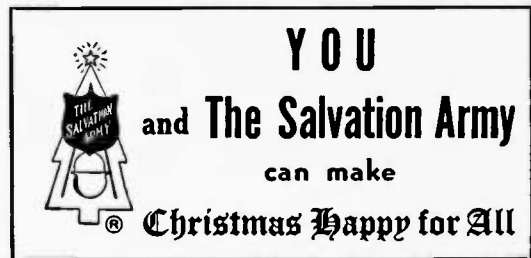
"We're both glad we did it," she adds. "We really appreciate the value of things. If kids stay busy, it gives them a feeling of independence. They learn early that they can take care of themselves. It's a good feeling."

Arnold, Colleen's sixteen-year-old brother, is a shining example of the Rodgers theory. A handsome blond, he sounds and acts older than his years. Starting as the youngest known disc jockey in the country, he has been on Station KPVA in Camas for over a year, with his own show *The Big Beat*. He is also an excellent dancer, has studied for years with vaudevillian Loretta Florence. Arnold dances at benefits, local entertainments and Barnes Hospital in Vancouver. The McClatcheys' two children decided early to work for a future they wanted. And they want it enough to work hard for it.

Jimmie is proud of Arnold, too. For a graduation present, he gave Arnold the whole summer tour with him and Colleen. Arnold not only learned the backstage and inner workings of show business—he had a ball. "When he hit his first hotel," Jimmie recalls, "he looked around his room. Lamps all over the place, overhead lights, television and radio. Arnold's mother has a habit of flipping off lights when not needed. He asked me, 'The hotel pay for the electricity?' When I said yes, he went around turning on everything in the room. He loved it. He also dug that phone by the bed. We had a suite, so we were really about four feet apart. That boy would stretch out and give us a ring for a little talk. He got such a kick out of the trip, it was more fun for us."

The Rodgerses will never get so used to money that they forget how to enjoy spending it on others. They will also not forget that money is the *easiest* gift. A gift of love is thought about, planned and made.

"Jimmie has always worked with his hands," Colleen points out. "During the months when he wasn't working, while we sat in that little room waiting for the phone to ring, he felt so inadequate. He has a tremendous pride. It was rough keeping him occupied. Finally, we ran out of money for slab doors for coffee tables and



quarrel last the night. We refuse to go to bed mad. Of course," she laughs, "we've stayed up pretty late that way."

More than most, they enjoy living their life together. They have shared the rough days, full of doubts and indecision, and they are vitally aware of sharing this transition period. Both of them are outgoing and eager to help others. That's the reason Jimmie's fan mail worries them. They spend more time on it than most stars do. Because they actually feel like kids themselves, they understand the problems that pile up on the desk.

"My answer to most of their problems would be *work*," Jimmie says seriously. "Colleen and I both worked, and worked hard, right through our teens. Once you get in the swing of it, work becomes a habit. It gives you an edge on kids who wait till they're out of school to even think about it. Even if you don't need money, working for veterans' hospitals, charities, or city and county welfare, can help you love and understand the people who make up the world we live in."

"Colleen was baby-sitting and helping to raise two children when she was twelve. When she was in the ninth grade, she was going to business college at night on the money she saved. When she got sixth hour-study period, she went directly to her job in a dental office—one to six. At night, she went to Vancouver to dentistry school. For two and a half years, during high school and until the dentist was drafted ten months later, Colleen worked as a dental assistant. In between all that,



boards for bookcases. We'd sit and look at television. Suddenly, Jimmie would squint at a table he'd made and say, 'You know, that varnish isn't quite even.' He sanded and varnished it so many times it almost wore away. But I'll keep it forever. And my little ceramic lamp—he made it for me when I was in the hospital the first time down here. It cost a grand total of twelve cents. It's beautiful."

Colleen pauses, adds softly, "It killed Jimmie not to be making a good living. When he first did get started, we decided to buy some furniture. He'd never been able to buy anything, so I left it to him. Then he went on tour. When he finally got home, he just walked quietly around the room touching everything. 'I told you I'd buy you something,' he said softly. From the pride in his voice, I knew he'd become 'the provider' in his own mind."

"Incidentally, the reports of our wealth are greatly exaggerated," Colleen says suddenly, with a smile. "The truth probably sounds like most newly married couples. We're still paying off my many hospital bills and heavy loans from both families. My parents mortgaged their house for my plastic surgery. Then we're both getting contact lenses, which means training and lessons. And we pay as we go. We pay monthly, and we're not going into debt for anything. Jimmie did all the state fairs this summer for a down payment on a house of our own."

"People kept telling us to find a home for eighty to a hundred thousand dollars," Jimmie adds. "We don't need it and we can't afford it. We have to crawl before we can walk. We'll appreciate it more if we can build slowly. If we got too much too soon, we'd rattle around in it and be unhappy."

"Besides," Colleen points out, "we wanted a place now we can live and learn

in. We want to make our mistakes in homes early. So we looked for a house, preferably an older one we could decorate ourselves, for not more than thirty thousand. Jimmie is a great architect and he drew plans for our dream place. We kept adding and taking away from it."

A music room was a "must," of course, for Jimmie. And a sewing room for Colleen. So, when they finally settled on a modest three-bedroom home in San Fernando Valley, they converted one bedroom into a combination music-sewing room. "The kitchen," Colleen smiles, "had to be great, because I love to cook. And, of course, the house had to be one where children could play. We want a family very much. We're praying to be blessed with children. And hoping we'll be the kind of parents who raise children well."

"Jimmie has great strength as well as tenderness. I know he'll be a wonderful father. His faith and belief in God is more powerful than mine. During the months I lay with no face and no desire to live, it was Jimmie who kept me alive. His calm faith was almost frightening. He didn't talk it, he lived it. It was after I got out of the hospital for the second or third time, and could walk again, that Mother went in."

Jimmie had need of all his faith when his father was drowned in a fishing accident, just this past summer. But the strength and courage were there—just as they had been when Colleen needed them so much. "Mom was supposed to have had an operation just before my accident," Colleen recalls. "It was a very serious, touch-and-go kind of operation. Worry can do many things to you. It can change you into a different person. I was too emotionally and mentally upset to help Mom. The operation was to be early in the morning. I couldn't seem to get organized.

"Suddenly, Jimmie was there, leading me to his car."

Lost in the past, Colleen continues: "Mom was so ill. I tried to take care of the house; washing, cooking and dishes. But, with my new surgery, I wore out fast. Jimmie would come over and help me. Sometimes he'd take one look at me, turn off the washing machine, put the top down on his convertible and take me for a drive. We just seemed to fit—our thoughts, likes, dislikes—we had a deep understanding, often without words." Colleen comes back to the present. "I think a lot of people feel his gentle strength, understanding, love and faith when he sings. Jimmie's a well-rounded man."

"Well-rounded!" Jimmie grins, walking into the living room. "I like that. I've lost weight—not gained it. I do have talents, though. You know, I'm a super-salesman? I can guarantee to get the customer to go to the store next door. When I was in San Francisco, promoting my new 'Co-Star' album for Roulette, I was in a store that only sold LP's. Seven teenagers walked in and I went over and waited on them. I pushed Rodgers' new LP real hard. They never did catch on. They didn't have enough money for it. So? They went next door and bought Rodgers' new 45—'The Wizard' and 'Are You Really Mine?'"

"Woman," he growls suddenly, with a fierce frown, "you should be out in the kitchen whompin' up some vittles. The master is getting hungry." He dodges the pillow expertly aimed at his head.

Sitting in the homey kitchen swigging coffee, it is easy to understand how faith, fun and frustration play such large roles in their lives. "Those real nice kids" is an expression often heard about them.

If these two are typical of their age-group, we can certainly look forward to a very "unbeat" generation.

*Now! Easier, surer protection  
for your most intimate  
marriage problems*



*Tested by doctors... trusted by women*

1. Germicidal protection! Norforms are safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant protection! Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenience! These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Tested by doctors... proved in hospital clinics

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to Dept. RT-812  
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms  
booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT)  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

T  
V  
R

# Heartbreak House

(Continued from page 27)

about each other and they began to cry. For "Mama" was gone. The central pillar of their house of happiness was gone forever and nothing would ever be the same again.

Elvis, still in the dark-brown suit he'd worn to the funeral, got up and went to the large picture window that looked out on the garden. There was the tomato patch of which she'd been so proud. He could almost see her, crouching to pluck a weed or pat a rootlet tenderly in place. He could see her hurrying joyfully into the house to display the first of her ripening crop. He'd teased her about it. "Mommy," he had said, "I'll be a monkey's uncle if you're not fussing more over that little old tomato than you did over the Caddy I got you."

She had glanced out to the driveway where the pink Cadillac shone in all its brand new splendor. "It's beautiful, son," she said wistfully. "Like this house . . . like every single thing you ever bought me. But growing things is like singing. It's taking a seed and watching over it, taking care of it, giving it what it needs to develop, and someday seeing it come out big and alive and wonderful—you know what I mean, don't you, son?"

Standing at the window, Elvis nodded as he had that day. What a wealth of kindness and wisdom had been hers! That time he fell from his bike, a small boy whose feet barely reached the pedals. How she had come running and how her strong sensible face had been touched with sympathy, anxiety and amusement. He had pressed her hand. "Don't worry, Mommy," he'd said, "I ain't a-gonna cry. . . ." His eyes stung with the memory, his throat tightened and, for a moment, he hovered on the edge of tears. "Oh, Lord," he cried in the privacy of his heart, "it was for her I sang . . . for her I wanted to be famous, rich . . . she was my best girl . . ."

She was not, of course, his only girl. There were many glamorous creatures from the enchanted realm of show business he had brought to Memphis to meet his parents. Dark-haired Natalie Wood, now Mrs. Bob Wagner, one of Hollywood's most radiant stars . . . Yvonne Lime, rising young blonde starlet . . . Dotty Harmony, one of Las Vegas' loveliest showgirls featured at the Tropicana and now dating Tommy Sands, whom he had helped rocket to fame . . . Hannerl Melcher, fascinating blonde "Miss Austria of 1957," and her roommate, stunning Kathy Gabriel, the Miss Ohio of that year . . . and others . . . all of them had loved Mommy, all of them had become her friends, all had felt the irresistible warmth of her motherliness.

One of the girls—was it Natalie?—had remarked that his parents were so unspoiled by their sudden acquisition of wealth and prominence. "They're taking the hullabaloo in their stride," she said, "and, only a short time ago, you were driving a truck and your dad was working in a paint factory—" What had he answered then? Oh, yes. "We were hard workers in those days, but we weren't poor," he'd told her. "As long as we had each other, we never felt poor." Poor! He'd give everything he owned to be that poor again—just to be together, Vernon and Gladys Presley and son . . .

How happy they'd been, that Christmas holiday last year. Hannerl and Kathy had missed connections and arrived at the Memphis airport quite late. Elvis was there to greet them and drive them to the Presley home. "You can stay up as long as you like," he'd told them, "I do. But

the folks go to bed pretty early, so please keep everything quiet. Mommy's not been feeling her best." The next morning, the girls had awakened to the sound of Christmas carols. Under the Christmas tree, surrounded by gifts, was a built-in music box that played carols all day long.

The girls found Vernon Presley "a sweet man, a fine host, but kind of reticent." Not so Mrs. Presley. "She talked and talked," remembers Hannerl. "She was tickled by my accent and she kept saying, 'Talk slower . . . talk slower.' She was proud of a few German phrases she'd picked up, years before, from a neighbor."

Elvis's gifts to his mother were a silver service and a robe. The latter occasioned quite a laugh when it was discovered that one of his fans had also sent Mrs. Presley a robe, and both turned out to be too small. "Never mind, son," she teased. "It's nice to know you think I'm that slim." Elvis had grinned sheepishly. "With the publicity I've been getting, nobody's going to believe this—but I don't know a thing about women's sizes."

Hannerl and Kathy had slept late and had brunch on the patio with Gladys. She told them, "I knew from the beginning he'd be a star. His poor little twin died, you know. But Elvis didn't give me much time to brood about my terrible loss."

Her wrath was momentarily roused when she learned that her son had taken Hannerl for a ride on his motorcycle. Elvis was clothed for the jaunt in his black leather outfit, but Hannerl almost froze in her slippers and Capri pants. "My goodness, son," Mrs. Presley chided. "This poor child is like ice. Go quick and get her a pair of woolen socks." Then she massaged Hannerl's feet.

In contrast was her attitude when she heard that the gift she and Vernon had given Elvis, a gold watch with the numerals set in diamonds, had been broken when he fell while skating. She merely smiled, patted his cheek, and said, "Don't fret over accidents, son. I'm sure you won't wear it skating again." Elvis rushed out and had it fixed. It is still one of his prized possessions, now more treasured than ever.

His guest for Easter Week was the teenage starlet, Yvonne Lime. Her recollection was of a serene and harmonious holiday, with Mrs. Presley doing everything possible to make her stay pleasant. Over coffee, Mrs. Presley told her of Elvis's childhood. It seems that, as a boy, Elvis sang in the church choir. "But," laughed Mrs. Presley, "they wouldn't let him do a solo because they didn't think his voice was good enough."

One evening, Elvis took Yvonne and his mother to a movie. He sat between them and held both their hands all through the show. Coming home, Mrs. Presley embraced Yvonne and said, "I'm so glad you could come . . . with all his fans and the people who write and make over him, Elvis is a very lonesome boy. He always has been. I guess it goes back to his being an only child."

Last winter, when he was making "King Creole," Elvis received a long distance call from his mother. She said, "Son, if you could only be here now and see the beautiful snow we're having." Elvis flew up, as soon as the picture was finished. But, by the time he arrived (just in time to be drafted), the snow was gone. Then Mrs. Presley sprang her big surprise. She had taken a pailful of snow from the garden and put it in the freezer so he'd be able to see it when he came. To Nick Adams, he had said, "Did you ever meet anyone who could think of so many things to make a fellow happy?" He also ex-

pressed the thought constantly that, "I'd never have made it without her and Dad and their prayers."

James H. White of the *Memphis Press-Scimitar* has described a typical scene at the Presleys': "Elvis was home on a visit and some reporters and photographers had come. Vernon and Elvis did the talking while Gladys sat on the porch, listening as she rocked and knitted. She was dressed in a rather loose flowery dress and gave the impression of being a rural Mississippi mother who loved plain familiar pleasures and had no use for high styles or gadding about on the town. She was the last person in the world to be spoiled or even impressed with luxury. She made no attempt to cope with Elvis's sudden fame. She and her husband just rolled with the tide but kept to their own quiet pace. As for Elvis, even his worst critics and detractors will have to admit that he is one son who will never have to reproach himself with that bitter all-too-human cry, 'If only I'd treated my mother better. . . . No son could have done more.'"

Mrs. Presley did her own cooking. Dottie Harmony, who spent nearly a month with the Presleys in 1956, recalls Elvis saying, "When I'm home, that's when I really eat. On the road, I hardly have any appetite." Dottie mentions a huge coconut cake that Gladys baked. Fully half of it was polished off by Elvis before anyone could get at it. She continued to write to Gladys and call her on the phone even after she stopped dating Elvis. "She was the kind you adopted for a second mother. You looked at her quiet solemn face and you knew at once that if you ever needed someone to rely on, she'd be there all the way."

After Elvis had reported for training at Fort Hood, Killeen, Texas, the senior Presleys drove down and stayed at the Ranch Motel owned by the Brinton family. Mrs. Presley was charmed with the fact that their names were Bob, Bobbie and Bobbette. "That's got the ring of a fine family, all together," she said. Gladys' main preoccupation, Bobbie noted, was to find a little house with an efficient kitchen. "Army food's all right," she said, "but I feel lost when I don't have my two men to cook for." Among the friends who came to visit while Elvis was learning to soldier were Anita Wood, the Tennessee songstress, and Lamar Fiske.

It was at the house they rented (Elvis has since said that going back to fetch her belongings and close out the rental was the toughest part of the whole nightmare) that Mrs. Presley suffered the attack of hepatitis, which was to end in heart failure. She was sick from the beginning there, and Vernon felt it might be the heavily-chlorinated water of that area. He decided to drive her back to Memphis for a checkup. He and Gladys assured their son they'd be back in a few weeks. It came as a fearful shock when Elvis got word that she had been hospitalized.

Given a leave by the Army, he flew at once to her bedside. The last night, he was hovering anxiously while she tried to persuade him to go home and get a night's rest. "I'm fine . . . really I am," she said, "and Dad will be sleeping in here on a cot." Elvis bent and kissed her eyes. Her last words to him were something she had often said on bidding him goodbye. "Be careful, son." He replied gently, "Don't worry, Mommy, I will . . ."

At three in the morning, the phone rang. "Before I answered it, I had a bad sinking feeling. I guess I knew," he said later. On the other end of the line was his father. "It's all over, son," Vernon gasped. "She's

left us." Afterward, he told the story: "I was asleep but something woke me up. It was her breathing—awful. I got to her as fast as I could and lifted her head. I yelled for the nurse. She called the doctor and he put Gladys in an oxygen tent. But it was too late. She was gone."

The funeral of Gladys Presley was the largest and most dignified Memphis had witnessed in years. The streets were jammed. For once, teenagers and their elders were joined in a common emotion of sympathy and sorrow. For who has not lost a mother? Or known the terror of losing one? In death as in life, Gladys Presley was accepted as a symbol of America's veneration of motherhood. Along the line, one young girl sobbed hysterically and her mother tried to comfort her. "It's sad . . . tragic . . . to die at forty-two," she said, "but try to bear in mind that she lived to see what all mothers wish for come true . . . that their children become successful and admired. She had that, and it must have given her joy and courage to the end."

At the National Funeral Home, more than a thousand mourners had overflowed the aisles and vestibule and were gathered on the parking lot. More than 35,000 messages of condolence and a hundred individual floral offerings had been received. Stepping out of the limousine, Elvis stumbled blindly and had to be helped into the chapel by his manager and good friend, Colonel Tom Parker. The Reverend James E. Hamill, pastor of the First Assembly of God Church, spoke simply and briefly.

"The Gladys Presley you knew and loved," he is reported to have said, "had small concern for pomp and show. Her tastes were modest. She would not have wanted, nor does she need, a long ornate eulogy. The world knows well the quality of this woman as a wife and mother and the inspiration she gave her famous son."

From behind the altar rose the muted strains of "Precious Memories," harmonized by the Blackwood Brothers quartet. Elvis sobbed audibly; his shoulders shook. "Oh, Daddy," he said. "It was one of her favorite songs."

His father took the sopping handkerchief from his eyes. "That's all we've got now, memories," he said dully. "So many—so many—" He could not continue.

Even with a sedative, Elvis was unable to sleep that night. The next morning, rain fell like an omen of their bereavement. Over the protests of the doctor who wanted them to rest, Vernon and Elvis insisted on going to the cemetery. They stood bare-headed under the downpour, staring at the flower-decked mound. Once she had laughingly called the \$100,000 two-story house Elvis had bought her "my little home." Now and forever she was at peace in her little home of earth. A terrible cry came from Elvis. "So young . . . so young!"

Vernon, his face streaming rain and tears, helped his son get to his feet. "We have each other," he said, "and we have her love. We'll never forget that, son."

"We won't move a thing at home, Dad," Elvis vowed, "Everything will stay just as she loved it—just as if she was coming back from a trip."

Silently they drove back through the rain. How still, how deserted the house looked. As they went in, the telephone rang and the mynah bird perked up and shrieked, "Hello, hello—that's all right, Mama." It had picked up the phrase from Elvis's first recording. In it, he had sung: "Whatever way you want it, that's all right, Mama." The record had started him on his meteoric flight to fame. Once it had been amusing to hear the bird say it. To Elvis and his father, it had the sound of real heartbreak now. . . .

a must for every television fan

# TV's Top Stars



the exciting, absorbing stories  
of television's greats . . . the part they play  
on your set . . . their home life

Here's the greatest . . . TV's TOP STARS 1959 . . . the brand new book produced by the editors of TV RADIO MIRROR.

Here in one glamorous package is everybody of importance in the television world. Here are 95 absorbing stories of your favorite television stars. This great book takes you behind the scenes and tells you hundreds of little known facts about the greats of television. Here you will learn how your favorite star got started in television . . . here also are facts about his present role . . . and anecdotes about other people in the cast. Here, too, you read about the roles these famous folks play in real life. Now you can meet their wives . . . their children . . . and learn about their hobbies.

Only 50¢ At All Newsstands  
This great package containing 95 stories and 200 pictures is only 50¢ a copy—while they last. Get your copy now at your favorite magazine counter and get greater enjoyment from your television set.

If your newsdealer can't supply you, send 50¢ with this coupon

- |                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Steve Allen          | Jack Kelly        |
| Desi Arnaz           | Phyllis Kirk      |
| James Arness         | Peter Lawford     |
| Gene Autry           | Steve Lawrence    |
| Lucille Ball         | Jerry Lewis       |
| Molly Bee            | Shari Lewis       |
| Jack Benny           | Art Linkletter    |
| Polly Bergen         | Jack Linkletter   |
| Milton Berle         | Alice Lon         |
| Pat Boone            | Shirley MacLaine  |
| Richard Boone        | Jock Mahoney      |
| Lloyd Bridges        | Dean Martin       |
| Peter Brown          | Lee Marvin        |
| George Burns         | Groucho Marx      |
| Ronnie Burns         | Darren McGavin    |
| Raymond Burr         | Jayne Meadows     |
| Rory Calhoun         | George Montgomery |
| Dick Clark           | Garry Moore       |
| Dorothy Collins      | David Nelson      |
| Perry Como           | Harriet Nelson    |
| Chuck Connors        | Dzide Nelson      |
| Pat Conway           | Rick Nelson       |
| Brod Crawford        | Kathy Nolan       |
| Bing Crosby          | Hugh O'Brian      |
| Bill Cullen          | Jack Paar         |
| Robert Culp          | Patti Page        |
| Bob Cummings         | Betsy Palmer      |
| Gail Davis           | John Payne        |
| Jimmy Dean           | Elvis Presley     |
| George de Witt       | Donna Reed        |
| Eddie Fisher         | Dale Robertson    |
| Myron Floren         | Roy Rogers        |
| Tennessee Ernie Ford | Dinah Shore       |
| Pete Fountain        | Phil Silvers      |
| James Franciscus     | John Smith        |
| Dean Fredericks      | Ann Sothern       |
| James Garner         | Craig Stevens     |
| Dave Garroway        | Gale Storm        |
| Genevieve            | Ed Sullivan       |
| Jackie Gleason       | Shirley Temple    |
| Arthur Godfrey       | Danny Thomas      |
| Eydie Gorme          | Clint Walker      |
| Barbara Hale         | Jack Webb         |
| Bob Hope             | Lawrence Welk     |
| Robert Horton        | Andy Williams     |
| Will Hutchins        | Guy Williams      |
| David Janssen        | Loretta Young     |
| Betty Johnson        |                   |

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. WG-1258  
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of TV'S TOP STARS 1959. I enclose 50¢.

Name.....  
PLEASE PRINT

Address.....

City..... State.....

T  
V  
R

# Many Happy Returns

(Continued from page 54)

anything to do with me. It was someone else's experience, and I could be completely objective. I didn't want to capitalize on it at the time, and I still don't. Many people have overcome many difficulties, some of them far worse than mine. I only refer to my own, or allow others to, when I think my story may help someone else."

Telling about it occasionally does help other people struggling with grave problems, especially the bed-ridden patients in New York's great Bellevue Hospital where Hal regularly visits twice each week. But singing to them, in a rich baritone, and getting them to sing along with him, helps even more. "The songs are often corny," he admits, "but they're the ones everybody knows and likes."

Sometimes mentally upset patients who haven't talked for months, much less sung, are drawn spontaneously into the singing, forgetting their deep-hidden fears and anxieties for a while.

"I am only trying to give back what has been given to me." This is the simple way Hal states it. "There was a second illness, when I lay in bed and couldn't move because of a rheumatic heart condition, several years after the paralysis had been overcome and I had become an actor in Hollywood. I thought then about all the things I had wanted from life. Money; a long-term acting contract. And many other things. And I realized that—if these all were spread at the foot of my bed—I couldn't reach out a hand to get them. How little they really meant, in themselves."

For the past couple of years, Hal has been a regular cast member of *Ma Perkins*, portraying the wealthy but serious-minded young architect, Bob Lyle. It is Hal's first long-running role in radio.

Bob Lyle came to Ma Perkins' Rushville Center from a large Eastern city, where his family is prominent, because he wanted to work in a smaller community where he could use his own forward-looking ideas in his own way, without being caught up in an established big-city architectural practice. Now he is married to Esther, widowed daughter of a farmer, and has become the stepfather of her six children, of whom he is very fond.

Hal and the man he plays are alike in many ways. They are about the same age. Both men have learned something of what they want from life, and what they must give to it. "I always had to feel I was needed," Hal says. "Everyone does, to be really happy. Out of this need probably came my first ambition, to be a doctor. An ambition I clung to until my life took a series of unexpected turns."

He was born in the town of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, and when he was a year old the family moved to South Dakota. He grew up there, in the town of Madison. His father was a concert musician, specializing in the trumpet. There are four children—"three beautiful, non-acting sisters and me," Hal describes the family.

As a schoolboy, he sold newspapers and earned fifty cents a week, which his mother made him bank regularly. "There goes one more half-dollar toward becoming a doctor," they would say each week.

After high school, Hal went to South Dakota Teachers College for a time, then moved to Southern California, enrolling in U.C.L.A. as a pre-medical student, working at the same time as head of industrial compensation for the midnight shift at an aircraft plant. "My father had worked his way through college and he saw no reason why I shouldn't do it," he

says. "I had studied insurance in high school as one of my 'trade' subjects, so now I put it to use."

In his third college year, he joined the Army and was assigned to the Division Surgeon's office. Sent overseas, he was severely wounded during the first month in France. A shell exploded, causing a two-and-a-half-ton truck to back over him. They took Hal to the hospital, shattered and paralyzed. Then he was sent back to the States, to lie in Gardner General Hospital in Chicago until the broken neck and back might mend.

Hal had already given up his long-cherished dream of becoming a doctor. Having spent three and a half years in the Division Surgeon's office of the Army, having been around the severely wounded and ill, he decided he had enough experience with suffering. "I got to the point where I couldn't bear to see one more needle put into one more pain-racked body, and I realized that this was not for me."

Now, a bed patient himself, unable to move, he began to sing to wile away the time. As a high school student of seventeen, he had won a national music contest, baritone division, was awarded a gold medal and the privilege of singing in a concert with Richard Crooks, and was offered two scholarships. At the time, however, music was an avocation.

Someone from Special Services heard him one day and he was asked to broadcast locally for the Army over WGN Radio in Chicago. The program was called *A Soldier Sings*, and was unique in that its star was still encased in a cast from neck to thighs, his legs and arms in traction, supported by a system of pulleys and weights.

On his first pass out of the hospital—still, of course, under medical supervision—Hal was in the charge of volunteer worker Burke Corcoran, president of Picker X-ray. "Still in the cast and wheelchair, I was taken to the country club of which Mr. Corcoran was a member and treated royally. Later, he asked me what I wanted to do most. I said I would like to see Sophie Tucker, who was then playing at the Chez Paree, famous Chicago night club. Could he possibly arrange that?"

He could, and did. When Sophie came down the aisle, singing one of her numbers, Hal called her name, hesitantly. "Soldier, what do you want?" she asked. "I just want to say what a privilege it is to see you," he answered, and meant it. "What can I do for you?" she asked again. "Nothing, except give me your photograph," he told her.

"Sophie Tucker not only picked up the check for my table but she sent over the picture. Three weeks later, a fellow from Special Services came up to me and asked if I knew her. I said yes, I thought I did, at least a little. She had written me a letter and then I had written and thanked her. Then he told me that Miss Tucker had asked to have me on her CBS Radio program, to represent the Armed Forces."

Two things happened after that. He was signed for the radio broadcast of *Chicago Theatre Of The Air*. And several movie companies became interested in the good-looking sergeant still in a wheelchair.

"M-G-M signed me to a motion picture contract at a time when they didn't know whether I could ever walk again. It was valid for two years. Six months after I left the hospital, I picked up the contract. There was a strike going on, and they couldn't take me through the studio gates

to give me a screen test, but they put me up in a hotel and gave me an expense account. All of it was wonderful for a fellow who had known hospital walls only a few months before. When the strike was settled I had the test and was put to work, under a seven-year contract."

The plaster cast had been discarded ("a beautiful piece of work, now used as a wastebasket in my apartment, and what better use for it than that?"). But he was still wearing a brace when he began his first movie, "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy," starring Mickey Rooney.

His real name, Harold Piper, was changed to Hal Hackett during the period when he was making a movie called "The Show-off," starring Red Skelton as a man named Aubrey Piper. "Louis B. Mayer called me into his office during the filming and said I would have to change my name because they couldn't have two people named Piper on the screen credits when one was the character played by the star of the film. We had a list of ten names drawn up, but my good friend, Hedda Hopper, was the one who chose Hal Hackett for me."

About four years later, after he had started a role in Hollywood in the stage production, "Lend an Ear," he became ill again—just as the play was being taken to New York. "I had been signed on my birthday and was to leave one morning. Instead, I landed in the hospital, for close to a year, with a rheumatic heart. I had overcome one set of circumstances only to be faced by another. But I got well and Bill Eythe, producer of "Lend an Ear," and Gower Champion, its choreographer, thought enough of my work to send for me as soon as I was out of the hospital."

The doctors had told him to get a desk job, to work slowly, to take it easy. But, he thought, that, if he were going to die, he might just as well do some of the things he wanted to do for as long a time as was left to him. He had faith in his own powers of recovery.

After a two-year run in "Lend an Ear," Hal decided to finish his college education, interrupted by Army service and illness. He entered the University of North Carolina and got his degree in physics.

Alec Templeton, who had heard Hal sing in "Lend an Ear" in Chicago, located him at the University and brought him to New York to appear in a projected Broadway musical. The show never got on, but a guest shot on radio with Templeton later led to a cross-country nightclub tour and a trip back to California to appear in two movies with George Raft, and in five TV films of *Private Secretary*, with Ann Sothern. Then he was signed to do "Kismet" on Broadway with Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow. His voice is heard on the Columbia Records album of that successful Broadway musical.

In New York, during the run of the show, he went on studying physics and biology, and took a course in dramatic arts. Later, he went on tour in "Picnic."

Long after he began to sing professionally, he began formal voice training. "You start questioning yourself, wondering how you ever got along, but I come from a long line of hymn singers. People who have sung and loved the ringing old hymns—and I suppose that was my first training."

Somebody gave him a zither after he came out of the hospital in California and he taught himself to play it. "It was sheer necessity. I had used up my savings when I was ill. I had to have a musical instrument to play my own accompaniments." Now he owns three zithers—two

of them as often as not out of repair.

A bachelor still, but beginning to hint at a coming change in his status without mentioning name or date, he lives in a little apartment near the CBS Radio studios. With two closets, both filled to bulging; a bed, three lamps, a table and chairs, a tape-recorder, the zithers and an old-fashioned upright piano—which he plays. "A living room without a musical instrument, one you can play on and not merely listen to, is like a kitchen without a stove," he says.

For relaxation, he paints a little, the yield so far being one oil (hung) and two watercolors (tucked away in a closet behind a trunk). He is a strong swimmer, takes off for Nantucket Island out in the Atlantic Ocean whenever he can. In New York, he laments the necessity for riding horseback on Central Park's prim paths for want of the open country and woods, loves to take the Staten Island ferry in late afternoon when the Statue of Liberty's torch illumines the harbor.

Several times a year he goes cross-country to do what the trade calls "industrial theater"—this year, representing the new Ford automobile models. The important job, however, is portraying Bob Lyle on *Ma Perkins*—a man with whom he can identify quite strongly.

Virginia Payne, who created the role of *Ma Perkins* many years ago and whose name is now synonymous with the role, sent him to producer-director Edwin Wolfe several years ago to read for a part that was open. He wasn't quite right for that part, but when Bob Lyle entered the script about two years ago, Mr. Wolfe remembered the reading and sent for Hal. "This time, I knew I really was right, although some fifty other actors were also auditioning.

"Bob comes from a background of wealthy and important people in the community. My father owns laundries, and when I was at college and other men talked about their backgrounds, the long line of doctors or lawyers or financiers they sprang from, I used to 'brag' that I came from 'a long line of dirty clothes.' Maybe it was a tired little joke, but it always got a laugh—and also put over the fact that I was just as proud of my background as they were of theirs.

"The character Bob Lyle is really much like me. He has wanted love, needed love, all his life, but he has also wanted to stand on his own feet. I share his ideas about that, about doing some creative work in the world."

It is for this reason that Hal Hackett goes to hospitals to entertain, records textbooks to help blind college students master their subjects, searches out ways to help people help themselves. "When the feeling began to come back in my hands and arms, in my feet and legs, I think my reaction was simply great gratitude and joy, and a desire to do as much as I could to bring the same experience to others. I knew I must develop my own talents, that I must grow, and that I must help."

To live by faith, even by a faith that has been tested under fire, is not always easy. The going can get very rough at times. Hal remembers that, when he went to the hospital the second time, a bouquet of flowers came from his friend, Fay Holden, who played *Ma Hardy* in the *Andy Hardy* series. Tucked under the flowers was a little "thought for the day"—a simple, inspirational message.

"Sometimes such a small-seeming bit of encouragement can do so much," he says now. "What you think about yourself, what you have faith in, the way in which you meet and try to overcome problems—all of these determine the final result."

A way of reminding one's self to: *Get the maximum from the minimum.*

shave lady?  
don't do it!



**Cream hair away the beautiful way...**

Why risk unsightly razor shadow (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms) when it's so easy to cream hair away the beautiful way! Next time, try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET; it goes deep down where no razor can reach to give you the *neatest* legs in town!



**POEMS WANTED**

For musical setting... send Poems today. Any subject. Immediate consideration. Phonograph records made. CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 560, New York 1

**SONG WRITERS!**

PROTECT YOUR IDEAS! HOLD ALL SONGS, POEMS! Write for safe, correct procedure! SONG SERVICE Dept. T.V. 333 W. 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.

DISCOURAGE  
**THUMB SUCKING  
NAIL BITING**

**THUM**  
TRADE MARK

Just use on fingertips  
60¢ per tube at your drug store

**SWAP PHOTOS**

...With all your friends,  
Relatives and Classmates

**25** for **\$1.**  
Need more? 60 for \$2.

Send 25¢ for extra Super-speed service

- Beautiful Silk Finish
- Wallet Size 2 1/2" x 3 1/2"
- We Pay Postage

Money Back Guaranteed!

Just send your favorite snapshot or portrait (returned unharmed) and money to .....

**WALLET PHOTO CO.**  
Box M-48, Hillside, N. J.

**Shrinks Hemorrhoids  
New Way Without Surgery  
Stops Itch - Relieves Pain**

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain - without surgery. In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all - results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne\*) - discovery of a world-famous research institute. This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name *Preparation H.*\* Ask for it at all drug counters - money back guarantee. \*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

**Banish Blemishes!**

Not seeing those ugly pimples, "hickies", skin blemishes. Oh happy day! It can happen to you - when you use POMPEIAN Milk Massage Cream with Hexachlorophene. This wonderful discovery of science helps dry up skin blemishes from both oily skin and external causes. Acts instantly to clear out dirt, helps remove blackheads like magic. Insist on gentle, pink Pompeian. Tubes or jars at your drugstore.

**GENEROUS TRIAL TUBE - 10¢**

Send name, address, 10c for 5 massages to Pompeian Corp., Dept. w.g., Baltimore 24, Md.

**POMPEIAN MILK MASSAGE CREAM**

Hexachlorophene makes all the difference!

# Case of the Reluctant Bachelor

(Continued from page 44)

"and so is the detective I play. Yet he has a family—and I've never been that close to marriage to make this seem real. I couldn't afford to get married, let alone have children. One thing I've started to do, however, is put some money aside so that, when the time comes, I'm ready."

Sitting across from Jim, you get a picture of a young man who smiles easily but likes to size things up for himself. His manner is pleasant and goodhumored. He spreads his arms across the back of the sofa, cigarettes always in reach, and lights up frequently. He wears a pair of khaki pants and an open-collared shirt.

"I hate to dress up," he admits, "and ties are my pet peeve. I like casual clothes for a woman. Put a girl in an evening dress and she looks like she's wearing a fancy gift wrapping. I'd rather see her in blue jeans and a red shirt."

Jim's only sizable possession is a second-hand '54 Ford coupe he recently bought. "If I had the money, I'd like a sports car in the Thunderbird or Corvette class, but I don't care much for the fancy little foreign bugs. I don't think what a man drives or wears is important."

He has definite ideas about women. "I believe in marriage. When the right woman comes along, I wouldn't let my career or anything else stand in my way. But the right gal? Well, the female animal is pretty hard to decipher. I want certain things. Intelligence, yes. But, most of all, a girl who believes in life, who finds excitement in doing things.

"You know, there's the casual pseudo-sophisticated type. You talk about going to the zoo or opera and she says, slightly bored, 'Well, I suppose we could do that today.' I can't stand that in a woman. Or the woman who takes men for granted, so busy talking that, when her date lights her cigarette, she doesn't even nod or say thank-you. It's as if the man were her servant. Well, women like that should be put on a block and auctioned off as slaves."

Jim doesn't pretend he's had a great deal of experience with women. He's only a year out of Yale. "Girls in college were fun. Bright and interested in things around them. It's when they get out that the change comes. They become career-conscious. They begin to think that having

children may be an inconvenience. Well, a woman can't have a career and marry. Not in my books. I believe a wife should subordinate everything to the home.

"After all, a man has to go into business because he can't create anything himself—acting, manufacturing, advertising, at best are still synthetic creativity. But a woman can create human beings and that is her job, along with making the home. She should be proud of it and work hard at it. It's not for the husband to change the diapers and cook the meals. I'm from the old school. When I get married, I am going to be the man in the house."

A date with Jim—an ideal date, so far as he is concerned—would be at a quiet place with good food and good dance music. He enjoys opera—"I got interested in serious music at Taft, and it's one of my main interests"—but he adds, "I don't care whether or not a girl likes classical music. If I get along with her, I may try to interest her in some of the things I like, just as I would expect her to introduce me to new things. I'm always ready to learn."

He has been dating Suzanne Storrs, who plays his wife in *Naked City*, and says, "There's a fine girl. She's very attractive and has a good head on her shoulders. She even likes serious music." But they haven't been to the opera. On most dates, they have gone dancing. "A lot of guys in the business will tell you they don't like actresses. Well, I don't feel that way. An actress can have the right values as well as any other woman. Besides, it's fun to talk shop.

"To me, acting is a very serious thing. When I'm eighty, I want to know what I've done and why. I hope that I can be a small link in the line of communication, and I mean that in the sense of communicating ideas and emotions. The one thing I've learned is that, as an actor, you've got to give."

Jim was born and raised in Clayton, outside of St. Louis. "It was a great childhood. I have a brother, two years my senior. We built rafts and hunted copperheads, dropped lines for catfish, trapped muskrats." He began acting in sixth grade. "Before I was eleven, I knew that I wanted to be an actor. Of course, as I got older, I never seriously thought I'd be able to crack the profession."

Jim was ten when his father, a captain in the Canadian Air Ferry Command dur-

ing World War II, was killed. Later, his mother married Francis La Farge, brother of Pulitzer Prize winner Oliver La Farge, and the family moved East. Jim was enrolled at Taft Preparatory School in Watertown, Connecticut. He was voted the most versatile boy in school. He was president of his class, in varsity sports, the glee club and dramatics. His senior year, he was captain of the football team but, during the last scrimmage before the first game, he ripped a cartilage in his knee and sat on the bench for the season.

His last year at Taft, he applied for and got an apprentice job at the Dennis Summer Playhouse on Cape Cod. "That first summer, I didn't do much more than clean up and dig holes for fence posts." In succeeding summers at Dennis, he advanced to assistant stage manager, costage-manager and finally stage manager in full for the production starring Shirley Booth in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Jim notes, "They always promised me an acting part, but I never did get one."

When he entered Yale, Jim did a complete about-face. "At Taft, I had my finger in everything. At college, I found I was no longer interested in being a big wheel. I became very serious and started writing. I actually got mad at my classmates because they didn't seem to be sapping themselves for the world's benefit. I was so interested in playwriting that I frequently gave up weekend dates to write."

Three of Jim's plays were produced at Yale. One, in Elizabethan verse, was so good that it almost made New York. Dennis King read the play and wanted to do it. Jim mailed it to the Phoenix Theater in New York and they wrote back that they were putting it into their fall schedule. "That was the biggest moment in my life. For reasons I can't talk about, the play wasn't produced. But, at that moment, I was at the crossroads. I had to decide between being an actor and a writer.

"Writing, I had learned, was a lonely profession. When I wrote, I had time for nothing else. Neither for girls nor friends nor family. As a writer, I was never in the middle of things. To me, it seemed very unsatisfactory, because I wanted to live. An actor's role isn't as creative as a writer's—but his life is more fun. He is with people. He keeps better hours."

Jim's first professional break as an actor came about when a talent scout for Walt Disney saw him in a Yale production of "The Great Gatsby." He recalls, "I was one of six guys tested for 'A Light in the Forest.' None of us got the part—later it went to Jim MacArthur—but Bill Berk, who directed the screen test, signed me for a lead in my first movie, 'Four Boys and a Gun.' That was made during the summer, then I went back to Yale for my last year. That year, I had a chance to play on *Studio One* and took two weeks off."

Since June of '57, when he was graduated, Jim has worked in thirty or so television shows, including *Walter Winchell File*, *Silent Service*, *Camera Three*, and *Have Gun, Will Travel*, plus additional productions of *Studio One*. Since this past July, he has been fully occupied with filming of *Naked City* in Manhattan, where he lives in an apartment with his parents! "I have a small room with the bare essentials: A bookcase, a hi-fi set, desk, bear rug, and a couch that makes into a bed. I give my parents rent and board. People say it must be tough, living with your family when you're over twenty, but I don't find it that way. There's only one inconvenience, and that's when it comes to entertaining friends. Can't do that without



## I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story". It brings you frank stories about real people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of *True Story Magazine*.

Tune in Every Morning to  
"MY TRUE STORY"

National Broadcasting Company

What happens when a woman reaches the "dangerous age"? Read "Faithful? Don't Be Too Sure" in December TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.

feeling I'm encroaching somewhat on them." Jim is close to his mother and stepfather. "He's a fine man. No one could have done a better job of filling my father's shoes. And Mother is a joy. When she was younger, she was a model in St. Louis and almost became an actress. She was offered a contract at Paramount, but my grandfather, who is still alive and hearty at eighty, told her, 'If you go out to that wicked city, you will never again set foot in my house.'

"About five years ago, multiple sclerosis put her in a wheelchair, but you'd never know it from her spirit. Recently, I took a cab into Manhattan from the airport and gave the cabdriver my address. He said, 'You know, there's a lady who lives in your apartment building who is really something. She's in a wheelchair but, the way she gets in and out of that cab, you'd never know it. I think her name is Mrs. Frank.' I said, 'Are you sure it isn't Mrs. La Farge?' He said, 'That's it, La Farge.' Just before I got out, I told him Mrs. La Farge is my mother, and he said, 'Oh, sonny boy, you got a fine gal there.'"

Jim says he always goes to his parents for advice when there's a big decision to be made, but has just as often gone to them in a rebellious mood. "The only thing that makes me rebellious is an infringement of my personal freedom. Well, since the time I was six or seven, I was given a kind of free hand so long as I didn't get in trouble. When I got in my teens, if the family said no to something, I always went to them and asked why."

Parents and son were in complete agreement on Jim's trip to Europe last summer. It was a fifty-fifty deal. Jim paid up his half out of earnings from television and Hollywood. "I was in England, France, Italy and Spain. It's something just to put your feet on a different continent and learn the varying viewpoints of others. There were two high spots on that trip. The first was off the coast of France, when I dove two hundred and forty feet down with a frogman. It's an odd feeling to be on the floor of the sea. It's very cold and a dark, dark gray. The only sign of reality is your own breathing.

"Then I went to Spain alone, and I walked. I rounded a bend in a mountain one day and saw a little farmhouse. I introduced myself to the farmer and he was friendly. I stayed a week with him and his family. I worked with them during the day and sat around their fire at night. I wondered how they felt about Franco and Russia and the United States and the atomic bomb and the rest of the things that bother us. Well, I learned that these people work so hard, just to get enough to eat, that they have no time to think about anything other than their stomachs. Yet they had root values. Within their own group, they had the ability to give to one another."

Jim Franciscus, at twenty-four, has come a long way professionally and as an individual. "I don't identify myself with the 'beat generation,' although I share some of their ideas. I think of them more as 'the angry young men' and, when they cry out about the lack of communication among people, I agree. I want to understand others and I want them to understand me. When I say a girl doesn't 'give,' I mean she is so locked up in her own personal whims that she has no feeling for a man.

"I think people can learn to give," he sums up. "It's like me at a party. I'm socially shy. There are two ways to handle yourself in such a situation. You either get in a corner by yourself, or dive in and get wet. I force myself to dive in. And, when you do, you begin to feel and understand the basic, important things in life.



## HOW TO TURN EXTRA TIME INTO EXTRA MONEY

For the woman who can't work at a full time job because of home responsibilities, here is a book that turns dreams into practical earning plans. The authors—Bill and Sue Severn—show you hundreds of ways in which others have made good earnings and found personal satisfaction by turning their limited free hours to profit.

### Part Time Jobs

This practical book tells you what part time jobs there may be in the area where you live—how to find them, and how to land the job you want.

### A Small Business Of Your Own

Every type of spare time earning is explored—selling things, starting a small home business or service of your own, cooking, sewing and raising things for profit, mail orders, souvenirs, and the tourist trade. Here you will find out exactly how to start, how to build up a steady income, how to escape some of the pitfalls others have had to discover through costly experience.

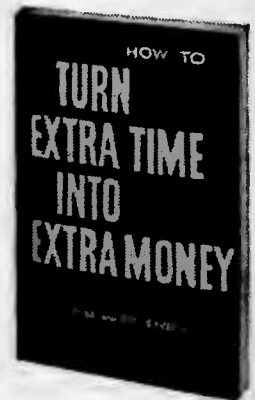
### A Plan For You

The authors of this really helpful book show you exactly how to exchange extra time for extra money. This book is based on personal interviews, plus the very latest advice of business, financial and government consultants. It is written in plain dollars-and-cents words and it is very easy to understand. It is jam-

packed with information and ideas that will let you work out a plan to fit your particular needs.

**Only \$1.00**

This exciting and inspiring book may well open up an entirely new world for you. Get your copy now and learn the many ways to put extra money in your pocketbook. Price only \$1.00 for the paperbound edition or \$2.50 for the hardbound edition.



AT ALL BOOKSTORES

OR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Bartholomew House, Inc.  
Dept. WG-1258  
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me a copy of How To Turn Extra Time Into Extra Money. I enclose  \$1 paperbound  \$2.50 hardbound.

NAME.....  
(please print)

ADDRESS.....

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

# A Teen-Age Dream Come True

(Continued from page 37)

but I always had six other projects going at the same time. I worked in a drug-store before I could reach the counter—I just carried a stepladder. Once, I ran a ten-stool ice cream parlor after school until a half-hour before show time. One time, a salesman came in with novelty Teddy bears. They retailed for twenty cents. We made a deal. I sold Teddy bears along with the ice cream . . . my own business on the side, you might say."

With her hard-earned gains, she bought books. Books on theater, biographies and science. She stopped going to the library, for Kathy could never return a book. She paid for it instead. She had to possess her books. It was the beginning of having her own things. Before her teens, she was a small-size capitalist.

In her teens, with the decision to head for New York after graduation from high school, her extra-duty labors tripled. She worked at everything now, putting her money away for *that* day. School—work—the Show Boat were her life. She did radio, singing on the *Pet Milk Hour* and acting on others. She was on the first TV show done out of St. Louis.

"I blew the entire show," Kathy admits wryly. "I was an Indian Princess and all of us redskins prayed for rain during the whole play. The climax, naturally, was when ye olde Indian maiden exclaimed, 'The rain has come at last.' So I said soulfully, 'The sun has come at last.' It sort of confused the plot."

There were other confusing elements during that period. She attended three high schools in St. Louis, while acting on the Show Boat nightly—heroine to her father's hero—and doing commercial radio and television. She tried out for every high-school play—but never got a part! Fortunately, she was not devastated by high-school drama teachers' casting abilities.

The summer after high school, I was a bookkeeper for the Government at one end of town—and a drive-in waitress at night on the other. I had to keep a glass of water on my desk during the day and splash it on my face to stay awake. . . . If anyone from that Government plant reads this, they'll finally know I wasn't *really* crazy. You see, I had to change into my drive-in uniform on the afternoon rest period, to get there on time. So, on those hot summer afternoons I worked in a long coat. When I walked out in that thing every day, I got quite a reputation for being eccentric. But I earned my eight-hundred-dollar tuition for the Neighborhood Playhouse—and fifty dollars over."

For a basically shy and sensitive girl, Kathy is amazingly definite and sure of herself in one field—theater. Now, no one just goes to the Neighborhood Playhouse. One is interviewed and, if found eligible, may be one of the few accepted. Kathy was to be interviewed in Chicago. She allowed herself three hours there before boarding another bus to New York. The woman who met her at the Blackstone Hotel was delighted with Kathy's attitude—and with Kathy. Her letter to Sandy Meisner in New York in essence was, "If you don't take her, you're nuts." Kathy's main difficulty was a familiar one . . . money. At the Playhouse from nine until six, with plenty of night studying on improvisation, diction, and such, she still had to have a job.

"My first work in the theater on Broadway," Kathy explains, "was as an usher at the Palace for fifty-five cents an hour, after the two-a-day schedule started.

Later, I worked for a Howard Johnson restaurant—but I was fired immediately. I fell down and broke a tray of dishes. After a year at the Playhouse, I started making the rounds through Louis Shurr's office. In between, I modeled in the garment district. That's how I finally decided on my name.

"I have neglected to mention," she points out, "that my name until then was Joycelyn Joan Schrum—seven-eighths Irish and one-eighth Dutch. My grandmother's name was Nolan, and one of my Irish uncles had always called me Kathleen. So, when a model agency asked me my name one day, I said Kathy Nolan. Somebody wrote it down and I watched fascinated. I'd finally said it out loud. The next day I got a Social Security card for Kathy Nolan, and that ended my search for a name."

But it didn't end her search for a chance to act . . . nor for a place of her own. She landed a role with the Children's World Theater for seven weeks. They went on the road in a station wagon with the scenery tied to the top. Then the walk-ons and bit parts started on TV. She took dancing at the Ed Sinclair Studio. She studied drama with Herbert Berghof. Somehow she paid for her lessons and managed to eat a little. Executives of *Studio One* auditioned her and flipped. They were so excited, she became excited. She ended up with a five-line role. Then the 20th Century-Fox New York talent head wanted her to come to Hollywood for a color test . . . part of Kathy's beauty is in her coloring—red hair, blue eyes and delicate rose-tinted cameo complexion. So she came to Hollywood. Waited five weeks (staying with an aunt and uncle) and decided she wasn't about to wait any longer. She was in no position to feel that way, but Miss Nolan was a young lady in a hurry.

Back to New York, where the young director, Arthur Penn, was casting a beautiful, delicate drama, "Crip," for the *United States Steel Hour*. For nearly the full hour, the camera would be on the star's face. When Arthur auditioned Kathy, he knew. He was so sure—and yet she hadn't done that much. Fred Coe, the producer, saw her and endorsed Penn's judgment with enthusiasm. So . . . they took a chance on an "unknown" in a starring role in an hour-long three-character play. Simply, her work was magnificent. A member of the cast recalls: "Kathy has the combined qualities of Jean Arthur and Helen Hayes."

"Arthur Penn told me I was beautiful. It was the first time anybody ever told me that," Kathy says softly. "That show was a wonderful experience for all of us. The next day, my phone rang off the hook. People I hadn't been able to get in to see were offering me opportunities."

Fred Coe had been after David Susskind to consider Kathy for Liz in the *Jamie* series. He definitely wasn't interested. But he saw "Crip." The next A.M., he, too, was on the phone with an offer. That one she accepted. After a year of *Jamie*, her name again skyrocketed when she became Wendy to Mary Martin's "Peter Pan." Then she starred in more than two hundred television plays. Finally, through astute casting-director Ruth Burch, she accepted the role of Kate on *The Real McCoys*.

She accepted for many reasons: "From the first tiny rooms, the cold-water flats to the nice apartments I had in New York, I knew I hadn't found home base yet. Even when running in a Broadway show, I felt that a sudden tour could pop up

any minute. I was still floating—transient—in my own mind. Oh, I could sit for hours and talk about what to do to my furnished apartments, but I never completed one. It wasn't time, and somehow I knew it. When "Kate" was offered, I realized a continuing series would give me a chance to stay in one place—put down roots. I could stop talking and start doing! So I took it."

She found the now-lovely duplex in the Hollywood Hills. She started calling in all the beloved things she'd bought over the years in anticipation. The brass bedstead arrived from Connecticut. Her Queen Anne table came from storage in New York. The theater programs she owned had to be framed: Sarah Bernhardt's appearance at the Palace, Lionel Barrymore in vaudeville, the original "Peter Pan" program and other collectors' items. The painting of the little girl which cost a hundred and twenty-five dollars when she had only a hundred and forty to her name. (But she bought it—and got a job the next week.) The little school desk she bought for three dollars. All these things descended on Kathy's first real home just as she finished the painting, plastering, wallpapering.

"This is a Kathy Nolan house," she said, proudly exhibiting her treasures, "not a decorator's. This hall is strictly Italian—from wallpaper and paintings to the phone bracket. This lavender chiffon mural on the bedroom wall was done by my artist-neighbor, Ray Jacobs. The barometer I got in New Orleans. I made some of the throw pillows around the brick fireplace. And this kitchen is to cook in. . . . I love to cook. I made a huge wardrobe closet out of that old back room. I've had the yard cleaned up, and that's a tiered Belgian fruit basket on the porch."

While redecorating, she lived there with just her brass bed. Everything in her home has a personal significance. She waits until she finds what she wants. She bought the marble top for her coffee table, then painted and gold-leafed the base herself. The place is a curious combination of period pieces and unusual colors. Her special knack has made it beautiful and a pure reflection of Kathy.

In many ways wise beyond her years, Kathy is fully aware that "things" are only the outward sign of a universal deep need. Acquisition of material possessions has brought her closer to human basic drives—security, confidence, roots and constant reassurance of innate individuality.

"I have a place that's all mine. It's sort of a primitive feeling of satisfaction. Like the bear . . . you know, he has one particular cave he goes to, and all the other bears know it belongs to him—and respect it." Kathy's grin flashes suddenly, "How could I get that Queen Anne desk in a cave? Or lean back in my lair and admit this is a teen-age dream come true? Or that the desk somehow is a very satisfying fulfillment?"

"When I first saw the desk, it was part of a display in a store loaded with perfumes and lotions. I talked for two weeks before they'd sell it to me. Finally, I got it. I brought it home, sanded it and finished it." Kathy's loving hands lightly brushed its surface as her eyes grew misty. "Although this is a Queen Anne desk, and my first one was a miniature maple roll-top, they both have secret little drawers to put things in . . . and they look alike to me. I paid cash for this one—nobody, ever, can take it away from me. It belongs to me. And, in a curious way," she concludes thoughtfully, "I belong to it."



# Vive la Geneviève!

(Continued from page 39)

there's considerable bird talk as they coo their thanks—in pidgin-French, of course.

The pigeons are friendly, but they're content to stay outside. Inside, the competition might be too keen, for in the one-room apartment which is Geneviève's home are four parakeets, in assorted colors, a handsome black French poodle called Puddi, and a mouse. (Geneviève pronounces it "moose." This, her latest tenant, arrived uninvited, tempted by the hundred-pound bag of grain she keeps on hand for her birds. Geneviève doesn't much like the moose, but she can't stand the thought of setting a trap for it and it pays no attention to her pleas to go away. So the moose remains.)

Geneviève, who loves all little living things, came by her other tenants in slightly more orthodox fashion. During the spring of 1956, she appeared on the Godfrey TV show (Arthur was on vacation and Peter Lind Hayes was standing in for him) for ten weeks. Among the sponsors was the Hartz Mountain Products Corporation, which used real, live birds for its commercials. Geneviève became so entranced with the parakeets that eventually the company gave her one. A single bird, she was afraid, might be lonely, so now she has four. She has a cage for them, but they use it only for eating and sleeping. The rest of the time, they have the freedom of the apartment, and zoom around like four small boys playing space-cadets.

Puddi is the dog who came to dinner. It was a Friday afternoon when Geneviève, tooling along Madison Avenue, saw him, lonely and unhappy, in the window of a pet shop. Naturally, she stopped—and, just as naturally, went in to see how she could help him. "His owners had abandoned him," she says, her eyes flashing Gallic indignation. She took him home for the weekend and, by Monday, knew she needed him as much as he needed her. She went back to the shop, plunked down \$75, and Puddi moved in for good.

Now, almost everyone likes small bits of life and feels protective toward them. But Geneviève's fervor has sometimes led to complications. In a New York department store one day last winter, she noticed a woman shopper slapping at a small boy. Geneviève sprang to the child's defense, wielding her handbag to excellent effect.

The pigeons have given her trouble, too. There are tenants in her apartment house who are not charmed by the welter of birds perching on their window sills and making cooing noises as they wait for a daily handout. There are rules and regulations about the transportation of animals on trains and planes. Hotels are apt to be stuffy about welcoming them. Geneviève dismisses all this with fine French nonchalance.

When the Paar show went to Miami last winter, Geneviève arrived at the airport carrying her four parakeets in a large cage, only to be told that they would have to make the trip in the baggage compartment. Afraid that her small feathered friends might be unhappy there, Geneviève commandeered a shoe box, carefully made a small but cozy nest for her pets, and carried them with her onto the plane. Perhaps she had a premonition. At any rate, the cage, which had been put away with the rest of the luggage, was lost en route.

Since Puddi came to stay, he has become her traveling companion. The parakeets are left at home in the company of a maid who comes in daily to clean and

neat-up. She loves birds, too, looks after them carefully, and sees to it that the pigeons also get their daily rations.

There have been rumors that not everywhere is the welcome mat out for Puddi, but Geneviève insists that he is no problem. When she goes out of town, Puddi is tucked away in his special carrier, and weighed in with the rest of her baggage at the airport. At that point, Geneviève says to the airline employee, "And that piece, I will take it with me."

"Oh, but it's too big to go under the seat," is the inevitable answer.

"But I must have it with me," insists the singer with a big wink. "It's my music." And forty pounds of music accompany her into the plane, where Puddi is promptly taken out of his carrier and roams happily up and down the aisle.

Hotels have rules against dogs, too, and so do restaurants. But Geneviève charms her way through them. "I always find some way," she says happily. "Everyone knows me."

For the most part, everyone does know her and is willing to look the other way while she goes blithely about her business, leaving a trail of red tape behind her. The effervescent girl who has become one of the most popular regulars on *The Jack Paar Show* is easily recognizable off screen.

There is the urchin haircut with the Presley sideburns, which she hacks off herself with her trusty razor blade. There is the same seriousness—Geneviève fails to understand why she's funny. "I talk like thees since leetle girl," she says. And there is the enchanting accent. Geneviève's English doesn't get worse as time goes on—but it doesn't get better, either. "Jacques might not like it," she says. Her gratitude to Paar is endless. "Jacques change my life," she says simply.

Actor's agent Barron Polan can also be credited with changing her life. On vacation in Paris, he dropped in one night at a tiny bistro in Montmartre. Some time in the course of the evening, after everyone had finished eating, the cook (who was also the proprietress) appeared from the kitchen and began to sing. Polan looked at the girl, listened, and, later on, after she'd finished singing, approached her. Would she, he asked, like to come to America? "I am cook, not seengaire," she said, "but I come." A few weeks later, she had sold Chez Geneviève, Polan had got her bookings, and Geneviève headed West.

She appeared first in Quebec and Montreal to try her wings before tackling New York. Was she frightened? "Frightened," she says, rolling her eyes, "I was seek. I'm still frightened, but not seek no more."

She arrived in New York in October, 1954, and went immediately into the swank Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel. Polan kept her busy. She sang at the Caribe Hilton in Puerto Rico, at the Saxony in Miami, at clubs in Chicago, Mexico and Venezuela. On a flying trip back to Europe, she appeared in London, Barcelona, Rome, and in several cities in her native France.

Then came the Peter Lind Hayes show, where Jack Paar saw her, liked her, and invited her to appear on his new nighttime program. She was on the second show and has been turning up regularly ever since. Though she was hired originally as a singer, once Jack discovered her charm as a free-wheeling conversationalist, she's been doing less and less singing and more and more talking.

"I am happee," she says, "not to seeng



## OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN (W-D8)

**FREE—BIG NEW Wholesale Catalog** Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, jewelry, toys, appliances, Christmas cards, etc. Also make money selling part time! Write: Evergreen Studios, Box 846-BJ, Chicago 42, Ill.

**\$100-\$500-MORE** paid for your child's photo, if selected for advertising illustrations, etc. Hundreds used weekly. Rush photo for approval. Returned promptly. Free Service. Ad-Photos, 6087-YZ Sunset, Hollywood 28, California.

**BUY WHOLESALEREI 100,000** Nationally Advertised Products. Appliances, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Housewares, Watches, Typewriters, Tools, Clothing, etc. Discounts to 80%. Buy-Rite, Box 258, Hawthorne 56, New Jersey.

**\$500 FOR YOUR Child's Picture** paid by advertisers. Send one small photo (All ages). Returned. Print child's parents' name, address on back. Spotlite, 6344-PC-12 Beverly, Hollywood, California.

**BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS**—To \$5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 16812C, Glendale, California.

**\$10.00 GUARANTEED PER 1000 Pieces Prepared & Mailed**—Free Mailing Pieces, Names & Stamps Given Also. Send 50c—Postage & Handling. National Mailer, PCD, 1627 E. 33rd St., Lorain, Ohio.

**\$100 TO \$1000** for your child's picture paid by advertisers. Send photo for approval. Returned promptly. Free gifts. Nationalphoto, Box 3035-H, North Hollywood, California.

**HOMEWORKERS: SEW BABYWEAR** for Stores. Machine unnecessary. Send stamped, addressed envelope. Clara, Box 44637-A, Los Angeles 44, California.

**HOMEWORKERS: ASSEMBLE HANDLACED** Precut moccasins and handbags. Good earnings. California Handicrafts, Los Angeles 46-B, California.

**MRS. SCHUTZ, KENTUCKY**, Mrs. Lewis, New York, received hundreds of dollars for their children's pictures. See Spotlite ad above.

**\$200. MONTHLY REPORTED**, Preparing Envelopes. \$1.00 Instruction, Free! (Send no money). Economy. Box 2580, Greensboro 10, N.C.

**FREE WHOLESALEREI CATALOG!** Christmas Gifts, Toys, Appliances, etc. Big Savings! Housewares Distributors, 1216-G West 79th Street, Chicago 20, Illinois.

**MAKE MONEY AT home** assembling our items. No tools. Experience unnecessary. Lea Manufacturing, 466 S. Robertson, Los Angeles 48, California.

**\$200. MONTHLY POSSIBLE**, Sewing Babywear! No house selling. Free information. Send name to Cuties, Warsaw 1, Ind.

**EXTRA CASH PREPARING**, mailing postcards. Write Edward, Box 3427-D, Los Angeles 54, California.

**SEW OUR READY cut aprons** at home, spare time, Easy, profitable. Hanky Aprons, Caldwell 3, Ark.

**\$75.00 WEEKLY POSSIBLE** preparing mail, (details 10c). Novelty, Box 78247-A, Los Angeles 16, California.

**MAKE MONEY CLIPPING** newspaper items for publishers! Newsclart, PW-983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

**EARN SPARETIME CASH** Mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

### BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

**\$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE** assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

**MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER** Earn More. Send \$1.00. Hughes, 500B, 9 South Clinton, Chicago 6.

**\$200-\$300 MONTHLY**. Mailing literature. Peavie, POB 385, Tillicum 99, Wash.

**EARN EXTRA CASH!** Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langdons, Box 41107PW, Los Angeles 41, California.

**\$50 WEEKLY, PREPARING** Mailing Literature National, 1815A Meyers, Lombard, Ill.

**EARN SPARETIME CASH** preparing-mailing advertising. Temple Co., Muncie 2, Indiana.

### LOANS BY MAIL

**BORROW \$50 TO \$500** for any purpose. Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—No co-signers. Up to 2 years to repay—low monthly payments. Supervised by Nebraska Banking Department. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bank, Dept. WD-12, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

**BORROW MONEY BY Mail**. \$100-\$500. Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeline Building, Dept. 653X, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

### EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

**COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School** at home in spare time with 61-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X974, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

**HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA** at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

**LEARN WHILE ASLEEP!** Exciting details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-PC, Olympia, Wash.

### AGENTS & HELP WANTED

**EARN EXTRA MONEY** selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-56, Chicago 32, Illinois.

**60% PROFIT COSMETICS**. \$25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif. Dept. 16812H.

**PIECE-LIKE STAY** at-homework! No doorbell ringing! Securall, Box 1450, Pasadena, Calif.

### FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

**JOBS-HIGH PAY: USA, So. America, The Islands**. All trades. Many companies pay fare. Write Dept. 71B, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

**AMERICAN OVERSEAS JOBS**. High Pay, Men, Women. Transportation Paid. Free information. Write: Transworld, Dept. 9B, 200 West 34th St., New York 1.

### PERSONAL

**LONELY, NEEDING MONEY, unhappy?** I was. A friend told me what had given her happiness, aliveness—money. It works. I'll tell you. Nothing to sell. Baker-k, Box 1128 GPO. NYC. 1

**FREE WRITERS CATALOGUE** giving manuscript markets. Write, Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, N.Y. 10.

### STAMP COLLECTING

**TERRIFIC STAMP BARGAIN!** Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—Plus Exotic Triangle Set—Also Fabulous British Colonial Accumulation—Plus Large Stamp Book—All Four Offers Free—Send 10c To Cover Postage. Empire Stamp Corporation, Dept. PC, Toronto, Canada.

### OLD COINS & MONEY

**\$100.00 FOR CERTAIN** Indianheads; Lincoln pennies, \$75.00. We buy all rare coins. Booklet listing prices, 25c. Lincoln Coins, D-76, Glendale, Arizona.

**WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies**. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-YY, Whitestone 57 N.Y.

so much no more. The songs are stupid. . . . Also, the songs I like to seeng sound stupid weeth my accent, so eet ees bettaire I seeng very little."

She branched out still further last spring, when she appeared in "Can Can" for a week with the Kenley Players in Warren, Ohio. The theater is a big one, holding 2500 people, but it wasn't big enough. Eight thousand people were turned away. Geneviève's performance as Pistache, the role played by Lilo on Broadway, got raves from the critics, too, and she was immediately booked for another week this fall. There were plans for a short tour, and Geneviève would like most of all to do the play at the City Center this winter.

"Like all arteeste I dream to do a musical comedy on Broadway," she says. "That okay weeth Jacques. I still do show weeth him eef I work on Broadway."

Show business couldn't have been further from Geneviève's mind when she was growing up in Paris, where she was born Ginette Auger on April 17, 1930. Her father was a construction engineer whose work took him to all sorts of undeveloped areas of North Africa. Her mother accompanied him. But there were no schools, so Geneviève was scarcely school age when she was clapped into boarding school.

A French boarding school, according to the pixie singer, is not a place where one makes fudge, learns to ski and play tennis, and otherwise have fun growing up. At seven or eight, little Ginette Auger was learning to sew and mend and press and cook and clean—"all women's theengs"—and hating it. She still speaks sadly of the roller skates she wanted so passionately, and never got.

Every two years Auger père had five months' leave and he and Geneviève's mother would return to Paris, where the little girl and her brother, Henri, two years younger, could be with them. Those were happier times, though Geneviève was still being brought up in the French tradition. There were plenty of servants in the household, but the little girl had to make her own bed before she left her room in the morning. (She's so accustomed to this that, even today, she's apt to make her bed in a hotel room.) She did her own laundry, and if she appeared for breakfast with a button missing, she had to sew it on before she could leave the house.

Geneviève was old enough to remember something of the war and the occupation, but she doesn't like to talk about it. It was during this time, however, that she had her first dog (Puddi is her second). "He was a beeg white dog," she says, "and he needed lots of food." The French were rationed—and the dog, needless to say, got most of Geneviève's rations.

In 1949, Geneviève was through school. Her mother had died and her father, she says, kept telling her she was lazy. On a visit to Montmartre, she saw a tiny cafe and, with her father's help, bought it. The education of a well-brought-up French girl does not include courses in dietetics or restaurant management or bookkeeping. Geneviève knew none of these things. But she knew how to cook—and liked to. Before long, her tiny bistro (crowded, it held twenty-six people) was filled each night. Most of her customers were friends—artists, musicians, writers, theatrical folk. "My friends have always been poets and painters and arteests. I cannot live with people who are not arteests.

"For them I always cook the dinner," she says. "Then, when all bodies feel good weeth food and wine, I seeng old French songs for them." And, just as today she serves meals to the pigeons outside her

window without counting the cost, so at Chez Geneviève the artists who could not afford to pay were fed—and never given a check. But it isn't true, she says, that she went broke by such tactics. Her bistro was a going concern when she sold it, in 1954, to come to America.

Geneviève calls herself a "night girl," though she begins fizzing as soon as she gets up, which is never before noon and often later. When she works on the Paar show, which is twice a week and sometimes oftener—"Jacques phone at four o'clock, I come"—she is seldom in bed before five in the morning, and sleeps until two o'clock the next afternoon.

"By the time we get out of the theater eet ees aftair one," she explains. "Then we go to dinner, some of us, and by the time I get home eet ees three-four o'clock."

From two, when she rises, until seven o'clock, when she is due at the Hudson Theater, from which the show is telecast, she is busy around her apartment, taking care of her birds, talking things over with Puddi, and "doin' girl theengs, you onerstan'?" Like every working girl, she has nylons to wash out, buttons to sew on, hems to turn up. ("I know how to sew, but I nevair like eet.")

And there is shopping. "I love go shopping. Bloomingdale's. I love in basement. They tell me bettair theengs upstairs, but no such good bargains. I buy most sheets and towels, all color."

Now that she's no longer cooking for her living, Geneviève doesn't spend any time over a stove. She eats only one meal a day—dinner—and goes out for that, usually with friends. She has loads of them: Her manager Barron Polan, of course; Hermione Gingold; Pierre Bultnik; and others whose names are not so well known.

On evenings when she isn't working, she eats dinner around eight and spends the rest of the time watching television (the Paar show, of course) and reading. She reads French rather than English. "Jacques like I doan know too good English," she says candidly.

Ask Geneviève about America and her eyes light up like fireworks on the Fourth of July. "I love America," she exclaims. "I am become ceetizen in a hurry." She already has her first papers; says proudly that twenty-five people have written letters testifying that she will be "good American." Jack Paar and Barron Polan, of course, Peter Lind Hayes, and other well-known folk.

But, until she receives her final papers, she cannot leave the country. (It took a special dispensation to get her to Havana last spring when the Paar show was beamed from there.) Meanwhile, she cannot go to Paris, where her father is living, to see him. Nor to Tunisia, where her brother Henri, his wife, and their two babies, live.

One of her dreams is to have her father come to America to visit her. But first she must have money—"he has no money now." Second, she must have a large apartment. Her father, "proud and happy" at her success, would not want to live in this country permanently, she feels, because he doesn't speak English. But, for a several months' visit, "he should leev with me, not in a hotel."

In her prospective larger apartment, she would like "a big cahge, all one side of the room"—and she makes a sweeping gesture—for her birds. Then she could have more, "and they could have the babees."

Her current apartment was sublet, furnished, from a friend. It came equipped with a pull-out bed, but Geneviève has replaced this with a large "classical" bed. What with this, the hundred-pound bag of feed, the parakeets with their cage, and

Puddi, there is scarcely room for Geneviève—and certainly none for guests.

She has other plans for the future. She'd like some way to get brother Henri and his family to this country. She'd like to open a little bistro, an American counterpart of Chez Geneviève, in New York. "For arteests and theatrical people," she says. But only as a side-line. "I doan want serve dreenks all my life."

And marriage, of course. "When I marry eet will be forever." Then she will drop the career and devote herself to making her husband happy. Will she marry an American? "Of course," she says enthusiastically. "American men are so sweet."

Geneviève is "one metre, fifty-seven big," which figures out to be five-feet-two. She weighs 112 pounds and her skitterish hair is a natural red-brown, which matches her eyes. Her skin is a natural olive tone, which gives her the look of a perpetual tan, even though she's seldom in the sun. It's not that she doesn't like the country and the outdoors. But, to her sometimes-practical French mind, commuting is too much trouble and too inconvenient. "Look at Jacques," she says. "He has to have hotel room where he can go to rest before show when he come to town in afternoon."

And she loves New York. About the rest of the United States, she is vague. When she has spent any time in other cities, it has been almost entirely in hotel rooms and the clubs where she was appearing.

Geneviève's clothes off-screen are very much like those she wears on television. When she strolls into the NBC press department, with Puddi on his leash, she wears a simple silk dress in a Paisley design with a high neck, three-quarter sleeves, and the new Empire waist. Her shoes and bag are of tan calf, to match the basic color of the dress. She wears no hat, no jewelry—not even a watch—and whatever make-up she may have on is so artfully done it's invisible. She looks nothing at all like the popular conception of an ooh-la-la French night-club entertainer.

"I am not naturally elegant," she says, "but I want to be correct." She has the Frenchwoman's approach to clothes, prefers a few good dresses to many that are not so good. "I love only beautiful things," she says. She's international-minded and buys dresses from Elizabeth Arden (American), Fontana (Italian) and Dior (French).

About furs, she can't make up her mind. In her four years in this country, she has of course discovered that the mink coat is the winter uniform of the successful woman. Since she's been on television, she's been offered any numbers of "deals," whereby she could acquire one without spending much money. She hasn't accepted any of them. (For one thing, Jack has discouraged it. He's opposed to getting free merchandise by free mentions on his show.)

Geneviève knows she doesn't need a fur coat. Her apartment is warm. She goes from it to a heated taxi to a heated studio. But still. . . . Last spring she broke down and ordered a stole from a friend who is a furrier—"He charge me only price of skins"—as a birthday present to herself. On the morning of April 17, her bell rang, she opened the door and a messenger marched in bearing a beautifully wrapped package. Inside was the stole, a gorgeous black-diamond mink, with a card reading: "Happy Birthday from Geneviève."

But now she has this symbol of success, Geneviève has worn it exactly three times. "I don't know," she says, screwing up her pixie face. "Those leetle animals. Eet ees so cruel. . . . More better I should feed more pigeons."

# The Object of His Affection

(Continued from page 32)

long time, Chuck MacDonald, the adle-headed teenager of *The Bob Cummings Show*, was Dwayne's best friend. Chuck . . . gaping with wonder at "Uncle" Bob's exploits, ineffectually chasing pretty girls, looking green and ridiculous through most of the television episodes . . . gave Dwayne an outlet for his comedy talents. The role brought him to the attention of the public and of producers and directors, and it allowed him to polish his comedy style under the masterful direction of Bob Cummings.

But Chuck, like Dr. Frankenstein's monster, is about to get out of hand. "Now," Dwayne plaintively explains, "people call me Chuck instead of Dwayne. I get the feeling sometimes that, instead of my creating Chuck, he created me. Which isn't so."

"We have to face it. Chuck is a callow youth, quite inexperienced, a fumbling idiot. If he were forty years old, he'd be the sort of fellow Harpo Marx plays. But the television audience knows that Chuck is basically intelligent and that, given time, he'll turn out all right."

Right now, Dwayne is happily creating another character—which he describes as a "do-it-yourself juvenile delinquent"—in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!"

"This fellow," says Dwayne, "isn't me, either . . . any more than Chuck is. I'm acting. In 'Rally 'Round the Flag,' I play a boy from a good family background who wants to look delinquent in order to be in style. I wear long sideburns and spit a lot."

The Chuck bit has both romantic advantages and disadvantages. On the credit side of the ledger, Dwayne gets to meet all the gorgeous dolls featured in the Cummings show. But, on the other hand, he meets them under discouraging circumstances. For one thing, they see him as Chuck, the trying but untried eighteen-year-old. Actually, Dwayne is twenty-two, has attended Loyola University, is serious minded and mature.

Just as bad as the Chuck identification is the competition. The Cummings show is filmed on the same lot as the long-popular Burns and Allen series and *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, productions which have also featured three very eligible young bachelors, Ronnie Burns and Dave and Rick Nelson. Dwayne can hold his own in the charm department, but—whereas he's "hired help" on the Cummings sound stage—Dave, Rick, and Ronnie have fathers who own their shows. Ronnie is even president of a company.

Dwayne takes his handicap philosophically. "It could be worse," he rationalizes, "because I don't want girls to go out with me just to help their careers. I guess I could help a girl a little. I could introduce her to the man who hires for the Cummings show. But, beyond that, I wouldn't have any influence."

"As a matter of fact, I don't have many dates. I'm no night owl . . . I fold at about ten-thirty. And most of the girls I meet are too career-minded."

Here Chuck—oops, Dwayne—unfolds a bizarre dilemma: The sad story of a young man who's too well off for his own good . . . the pitiful plaint of a too successful romantic failure. "Because I'm an actor," he says, "the girls I'd like to meet are afraid of me. Honest! The kind of girl I like has funny ideas about Hollywood. She thinks that actors spend all their free time at Mike Romanoff's, or at Louella's parties, being seen, living high, wide, and

dangerously. As a result, she doesn't want to go out with me."

It's hard to imagine a girl afraid to go out with Dwayne. He looks as harmless as his Chuck creation, but for a different reason. Chuck seems harmless because his puppyish, romantic pursuits are awkward and poorly planned. Dwayne looks harmless because he has such nice manners and is obviously a gentleman, with respect for both himself and others.

"There are girls who want to go out with me," Dwayne continues, "but they are mostly table-hoppers who like night spots where they can be seen by the right people. I'll tell you a story to illustrate."

"One day, my manager called and asked me to attend a big opening with a date. That was all right with me, so I invited a starlet who enjoys such things. She was tickled to death to go with me until she saw my car, a '56 model in the low-price bracket. She was so disappointed in my automobile that she sulked all night. She didn't want people to see her driving up in anything so cheap."

"And here's the kicker: I'd just bought a new car . . . real fancy . . . but I drove the older one that night because I knew traffic was going to be heavy in the parking lot, and I didn't want a bent fender on the new one. I sold the old one a couple of days later."

Mention of cars brings a real love affair to light. Dwayne has given away a big part of his heart, and the object of his affection is Mercedes . . . a Mercedes-Benz. "That's my one big extravagance," he gloats, in the manner of a mother discussing her only child. "For two years, I cut out pictures of the Mercedes-Benz. There was a showroom near my agent's office, and I'd spend all my spare time with my nose against the window, just looking . . . wanting."

"I didn't want a Mercedes-Benz for prestige. I wanted one because of its construction and design. I'm a real nut about cars. I'm crazy about motors and stuff like that. And I'd be just as happy with a car that cost forty dollars if it had the right qualities." Here Dwayne plunges into a technical discussion of automotive design which loses the layman after he passes the ashtray and steering wheel.

"Anyway," he says, returning to the plot, "I kept talking to my manager about a Mercedes-Benz until he finally asked, 'You can pay for one, can't you? Well, then, go buy one.'"

But Dwayne still hesitated. It was while the manager was out of town that he finally bought it. Greeting him on his return, Dwayne was jubilant. "Well," he cried. "I got it. I got it."

The manager, who'd forgotten the car conversation, was startled. Got what? What was this tremendous thing his client had acquired in his absence? The role of Rhett Butler, maybe, in a musical remake of "Gone With the Wind"? A controlling interest in the National Broadcasting Company? A date with Miss Universe?

"My car," Dwayne explained. "Let me take you for a ride." The manager agreed (but now adds, "Dwayne was so proud of that automobile he wouldn't even let me use the ashtrays").

Outside the automotive field, Dwayne has no expensive tastes nor habits. Unlike Chuck, he doesn't crave a fancy wardrobe. And hobbies? "Well," he considers the question, "I polish my car."

"To tell you the truth," he observes, "I work pretty hard and don't have much time for running around. I work about



## "Dark-Eyes"

**PERMANENT DARKENER FOR LASHES AND BROWS** for the hairs to which applied

- NOT AN ANALINE DYE
- 1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 to 5 WEEKS!

Takes just seconds to apply . . . stays an 4 to 5 weeks! "Dark-Eyes" is the perfect way to make eyelashes and brows completely natural looking . . . and it will not harden or break them! "Dark-Eyes" is NOT A MASCARA! Will not stick to eyelash curler. Eliminates the bother of daily eye make-up. It is PERMANENT, SWIMPROOF, SMUDGEPROOF, TEARPROOF, and SMEARPROOF!

**\$1.25 (plus tax) at leading drug, dept. and variety chain stores.**

**25c SEND TODAY** for TRIAL SIZE NO DELAY—your trial order shipped in 24 hours!

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. P-128 3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill. I enclose 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions. check shade:  Light Brown  Brown  Black

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## STEADY PAY EVERY DAY AS A PRACTICAL NURSE

**AVERAGE COST PER LESSON ONLY \$1.25** Enjoy security, no recession for Nurses. Earn to \$65.00 a week, good times or bad. Age, Education, Not important. Earn while learning. Send for FREE 16 page book. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL OF NURSING Dept. 9R128, 131 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois

**LEARN AT HOME IN ONLY 10 WEEKS**

## ANY PHOTO, SNAPSHOT or NEGATIVE ENLARGED

Each Set Only **\$1**  
One 5x7 Colored in Oils & Three 5x7 in Black & White  
One 8x10 Colored in Oils, & One 8x10 Black & White.

State color of eyes, hair & clothes. Finished picture and originals returned. Send payment with order. We pay postage

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT CO., Dept. MC-2 1180 Broadway, New York & N. Y.

## SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOL

**MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST** TRY IT YOURSELF no matter how long you have suffered. Write for FREE book on Psoriasis and DERMOL. Send 10c for trial bottle to make our "One Spot Test"

Don't be embarrassed with Psoriasis, the ugly, scaly skin disease. TRY DERMOL. Amazing results reported by many grateful users for 24 years. With DERMOL it is possible that ugly scaly patches on body or scalp may be gradually removed and the annoying itching relieved, while the skin becomes pliable and soft as the redness is reduced. Many doctors use the non-staining Dermol formula. Must give definite benefit or money back. Sold by leading Drug stores. Write today LAKE LABORATORIES, Dept. 5004 Box 3925, Strathmore Station, Detroit 27, Mich.

**Send 10c GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE**

six days a week . . . occasionally seven . . . and have to study lines besides. So, even if I wanted to tear around town with a string of glamorous girls, I wouldn't have time."

Dwayne, it develops, doesn't spend every evening at home, after all. "Once in a while," he's bound to concede, "I want to see the lights. I like to go out to some really plush place for dinner and to dance. But I'm not joking. I don't go out often."

Dwayne became an actor by chance—a chance that befell his older brother, Darryl. One day, when Darryl was a little fellow, a casting director visited his school looking for children to use in a Bing Crosby picture. Darryl was chosen. Because he showed talent, he was given a song to sing or a line to say or some special business (Dwayne isn't sure what).

At any rate, Darryl worked fairly steadily after that. And, just as some boys grow into their brother's cast-off clothes, Dwayne slid into his brother's part-time profession, getting the calls that Darryl couldn't accept. "And that," he says, "is all there was to it. I've never studied drama. I couldn't tell anybody how to become an actor. It just happened to me."

Leo McCarey interviewed Dwayne for the role in "Rally 'Round the Flag!" and comments, "We talked about the role for an hour, and, before he left, I was sure he could handle not only that part but any other he might be called on to play. What's more, he's lived up to my expectations."

Darryl Hickman, who's been in the Army during most of Dwayne's television

career, has even had a brush himself with the television creation, Chuck. He was being honorably discharged from service and was standing in line for his mustering-out pay.

"Abercrombie, Adams, Calhoun, Dawson," the sergeant caroled, calling up men in alphabetical order. "Goodwin, Graham, Hall, Hickman. . . ." Darryl strode forward briskly, anxious for his money.

"Are you Darryl Hickman?" the sergeant asked, eyeing him closely.

"Yes, sir," he confessed. "What was going on here? Was there a hitch in his discharge? Why the interest in Darryl Hickman?"

"Darryl Hickman," the sergeant musingly repeated. "Why then, you must be Chuck's brother!"

This wasn't the first time Darryl had been jolted by Dwayne's television fame. Darryl, who'd been in movies earlier and more often than his little brother, was accustomed to thinking of himself as the actor in the family, and, with the confidence of youth, fancied that he was pretty well known.

Shortly after Dwayne got the Chuck role on the Cummings show, Darryl tried to cash a check in a hotel. "Do you," asked the manager, "have identification?"

Darryl said he had. "Maybe," he ventured, "my name's familiar. I'm Darryl Hickman."

"Ah, yes," beamed the manager, "I know who you are. You're Dwayne Hickman's brother."

Dwayne's contract to play Chuck has another year to go and, after that, he won't predict his future. The producers plan

to let Chuck age normally in the script, so, conceivably, Dwayne could continue in the character indefinitely.

Dwayne, however, isn't putting all his chips on one number. His manager is urging him to work up a variety act with his brother for night-club booking. Furthermore, he has a recording contract with ABC-Paramount. Primarily, though, he wants to act.

"If I've become typed as Chuck," he says, "it's my own fault. If I'm a good enough actor, I can break away from the type with another part." (Dwayne doesn't seem to realize that being identified as Chuck in private life is a compliment to his talent. An actor has to be dogged good to make a television role so real—especially when he's quite different from the character he plays.)

"If I could have the role I want most of all," he rather shyly mentions, "I'd like to play the lead in 'An American Tragedy.' That, to me, is the greatest part in the theater." Then he adds brightly, "But there's no such thing as a dull part, really. With the right director."

And if he did get a dull part and the wrong director?

Well, says Dwayne, "if it happened often enough, I could always go home. I mean that. I'd walk out on my future, income, and everything else . . . quit acting . . . if I thought I'd come to a dead end."

In that case, what would he do for a living?

"Oh," Dwayne laughs, "I've got no problem there. I'd try to get a job with a Mercedes-Benz dealer . . . polishing cars."

## Show Business Baby

(Continued from page 50)

romantic courtship of less than a month, and set up housekeeping in three rooms of an old house in New York's Greenwich Village section, he decided to improve the place.

The apartment had great potential, so why not bring out the best in it? He figured it might take a few months of spare-time work from both of them.

"The whole idea seemed such a good one," Barbara says, in rueful remembrance. "It was, but oh, the work, and the money it consumed in materials!"

Her husband nods. "Originally, we had hoped to work together on the apartment for a few months and then live comfortably in it for a year or so until we had a baby. But the year was ended and the work wasn't—and it was time to find a larger apartment because the baby was, indeed, expected! So . . . we moved."

By this time, they had finished such gargantuan spare-time jobs as scraping plaster from the twenty-five-foot wall, exposing the original handmade bricks laid more than a century before; rebuilding the wall solid and putting in a fine old door they brought from a house once belonging to theatrical producer Billy Rose. Removing what seemed to be (and probably were) endless layers of paint from old woodwork, sanding it down to the satiny wood, long hidden. Scraping the old floors, removing hooks and nails and obsolete fixtures, building shelves and furniture, painting and waxing.

"We lived in plaster dust and sawdust—and chaos—that year," Barbara describes it. "And then, with so much already accomplished, we walked out and left our handiwork for the landlord. Our materials. Our lovely door."

"We don't think we'll ever have the heart to put that much time and hard

work into another place. We don't think we'll ever again have that much time to give." Bobby grins a little half-heartedly at the memory of Readicks' Folly.

That's all over now. Home is a floor in an old New York house, uptown, near the Museum of Natural History and the Planetarium and the Park. No one has even suggested pulling down a wall or making the slightest alteration. The place is big enough for them and for their little boy, Jodd, born April 6 of last year. His toys are scattered about, some near the typewriter (Bobby writes now as an avocation, hopes to make it more than that some day). A coloring book crowds the paints and sketch blocks on which Jodd's parents like to doodle (they are both interested in drawing and in handicrafts). Bobby's tools are mingled with the baby's blocks (the tools are kept handy for small projects these days, not vast undertakings!).

In the person of Dave Wallace, on *Pepper Young's Family*, Bobby plays a charming, wealthy and serious-minded young man, an engineer, who has been having a difficult time winning the girl of his choice, Pepper's sister Peggy. It wasn't like that for Bobby and Barbara.

"We met on a blind date," he explains.

"Not really a blind date," she corrects. "A couple we knew wanted to go on an outing and wanted to ask us. I went to school with the wife. Bobby and the husband had been friends for years. But we two had not met." She smiles. "We were fond of each other immediately."

Bobby smiles back. "I felt an instant rapport. I had every hope from the beginning that something remarkable would happen. Something wonderful, like our marriage."

In less than a month, it did happen. "We would have done it sooner but didn't

think it would look as if we had given such a serious step the proper consideration."

Barbara is a petite brunette, with hazel-brown eyes that sparkle as she talks about the things that interest her. Her straight dark hair is cut in bangs that arrange themselves into little exclamation-like spikes across her forehead, and she is quick of movement and quiet of voice. Bobby has the same kind of quiet-pitched voice, is of medium height and so inclined to slimness that he has to eat more than he wants to keep his weight. His dark crewcut is short and stands up straight over humorous blue eyes, but the set of his mouth is serious.

Jodd looks mostly like his mother, has gray eyes unlike either of them. He got his unusual name because his parents couldn't agree on any of the established names for boys. "We finally decided on 'Jodd' because we liked the sound of it," says his mother. "We spelled it with two d's," his father adds, "to give it finality, and to discourage mispronouncing."

Bobby began to work in radio twenty-one years ago, when he was eleven, playing child parts in dramatic scripts, appearing in young boy roles in occasional stage plays. At thirteen, he was in the Broadway production of "George Washington Slept Here." "I played a monstrous kid," he recalls. "Really frightening. But I probably loved it."

For the two years from sixteen to eighteen, he was under contract to M-G-M in Hollywood, forsaking radio for films. (One of these continues to come out of his past to haunt him, on television. It's called "Harrigan's Kid." "I wish they would lose the prints," he laments.) He played in "The Canterville Ghost," with Charles Laughton. (Barbara likes him in that, thinks he should do more parts with com-

edy overtones. "He has a great flair for comedy, but he won't believe it.")

After two years in the movies, Bobby went back into radio in New York, leaving it at times to do a part in a stage play, sometimes combining stage and radio. In 1949, he had a good part in a play starring Thomas Mitchell, called "The Biggest Thief in Town," but it didn't steal audience hearts on Broadway and folded after a couple of dismal weeks. Later, he did a weekly radio show, *Time For Love*, as the fellow who pursued Marlene Dietrich through all the capitals of Europe.

For a time, he played a shifty kind of character in the CBS-TV daytime drama, *Love Of Life*. And he played the husband of *Rosemary* in the radio dramatic serial of that name. The late Elaine Carington, who created *Rosemary*, also created *Pepper Young's Family*, in which he now plays Dave Wallace.

As Dave, he is an independent-thinking young man who until recently has been a little shy about asserting himself. Now he is determined to find happiness in marriage with Peggy and success in his work as an engineer. "Dave is a man who wants to give the best that is in him," Bobby says.

For Jodd, his parents surely want everything, but they hope they will never impose their own ideas on their son. "Barbara and I want to draw out from him what he most wants to do, the talents he can use, the ideas he wants to live by. We will not try to push him."

Barbara was an actress when she met Bobby, but her career was halted by matrimony and motherhood before it got well started. She has done some stock and some off-Broadway shows. "I definitely want to resume my career again when the time is right," she says. "Any

competent person could take care of the baby's physical needs right now, but it's my job to see that he starts life with a secure and healthy outlook."

Ultimately, the Readicks see a future so filled with things to be accomplished that no child of theirs could fail to have a realistic and well-adjusted outlook on life. Bobby looks ahead to the time when, in addition to being a performer, he will direct and write. He says, "To direct or to act in my own work, there's something that burns my imagination and drives me daily to the typewriter."

Sensitive in spirit, Bobby is sensitive in mind as well, and quick to understand what makes things tick. "Bobby stops to figure out the principles," says Barbara, "and then he can construct practically anything. When Jodd was an infant, he had colic and I had to rock him a great deal. Bobby thought it would be marvelous if someone had invented a self-rocking carriage. Apparently no one had—so he rigged up a Rube Goldberg-like contraption that gently rocked the carriage back and forth."

Bobby still thinks such inventions are fun. He is still interested in minor repairs, alterations that can be started or finished in a few hours. But there are no more involvements with plaster and bricks, putty and paint, on the Readick agenda—at least, not in the immediate future. Unless they suddenly decide to buy that place of their own and live in it for the rest of the century.

Then, if Bobby makes his usual miscalculation about the time any job will take and the effort that will have to be expended, it won't matter so much. After all, they will have all the years ahead in which to finish.

## European Holiday

(Continued from page 49)

new to them, and no one thing is that much newer than *everything*."

"Not only did the boys work up enthusiasm, but they were great fun and extremely self-reliant all through the trip," Jayne says. "We sometimes let them go to nearby places by themselves. This was good. They weren't too protected, they learned to find their way in strange towns, to ask directions and to listen carefully. We took them everywhere with us, even at night, because they are old enough to be kept up late when they're not in school. Everything just worked out wonderfully."

A high point of the whole trip was the meeting, in Rome, with Roberto Caciorgna, the fifteen-year-old Italian boy Steve began sponsoring through the Foster Parents' Plan some time before he and Jayne were married in 1954, and with whom both have kept up a lively correspondence with the help of English-Italian translators. (Steve is also the sponsor of a young Korean boy, Thong, who writes them regularly.)

Roberto was out on a little terrace when Steve and Jayne arrived at the institution where some of these children live who are the tragic victims of World War II. His father was killed in the War. His mother is seriously ill and hospitalized. Jayne was glad she was wearing dark glasses that hid the quick tears when she first met Roberto—a shy, slender boy, dressed in his best outfit, leaning over the railing, waiting. No doubt wondering what these Americans would be like and how he could communicate with them through the barrier of language. Whether they would like him and accept him.

"Steve and I had still been thinking of Roberto as a child, and suddenly here was this fine-looking big boy. We threw our arms around each other, and all three of us managed to convey our happiness at the meeting."

They had left Stevie and Brian breakfasting at the hotel when they went to get Roberto, but Brian simply couldn't stand the suspense and was in the lobby to greet them. "Hi, Roberto," he said, and Roberto grinned back at him.

They brought Roberto a bright red shirt and one for Brian, too, so the newcomer would feel no awkwardness at accepting the gift. Roberto was so overcome by the magnificence of the new shirt that he wouldn't take it off. He wore it wherever he went with them after that.

And they went everywhere together. The boys took him out for Cokes and ice cream. They introduced him to doing "flips" when time hung a little heavy on their hands at the hotel, by pushing the big, soft beds together and using them as a gym. Jayne heard Brian say to Stevie, "Let's see if Roberto knows how to pillow-fight. Do you think he does?" He did, very well, and at that moment a bond was sealed between them. "Roberto then became a real boy in Brian's eyes, one who knew all the fine points of pillow-fighting. He thought Roberto was the greatest!" says Jayne.

Steve and Jayne are still trying to figure out how two boys who knew no Italian and one who knew no English were able to communicate so completely. Stevie would say, "Do you know what Roberto told us? At school, they teach him how to



### Fashionable is the word for **PEEK-A-BOOT** RAINBOOTS

Don't let rainy weather dampen your spirits... stay *beautifully* dry with PEEK-A-BOOT. Subtly textured floral patterns charm your feet in the dullest weather. Peek-A-Boots retain their shape, molding smoothly to your ankle for flattering fit.

3 heel heights  
in clear & black  
full sizes 4 to 10

AT FASHION-MINDED  
DEPARTMENT AND SHOE STORES

## SONG POEMS WANTED

To be set to music. Send your poems today for free examination!

J. CHAS. McNEIL, (A. B. Master of Music)  
1112 MG Wilshire Blvd. Santa Monica, Calif.

## \$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

Big Demand for children's photos, ages 1 mo. to 18 yrs. Cash payments made if used for advertising. Hundreds selected every month. Send 1 small photo for approval. Print child's & mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. No obligation.

ADVERTISERS PHOTOS  
6000-HZ Sunset, Hollywood 28, Calif.



## SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. 120 words per minute. No symbols; no machines. Uses ABC's. Easiest to learn, write, transcribe. Lowest cost. Over 350,000 graduates. Typing available. 36th Year. Write for FREE booklet to

Speedwriting  
Dept. 312-B  
55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36



## Any PHOTO Copied Send NO MONEY

25 BILLFOLD PHOTOS \$1

2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. size on double weight, silk finish, portrait paper... The rage for exchanging with friends, enclosing in letters or greeting cards or job applications. Original returned. Order in units of 25 (1 pose). Enclose payment (\$1.25) and we prepay or SEND NO MONEY. (Sent c.o.d. if you wish.) 4 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send photo or snapshot today.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 321, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

T  
V  
R

be a mechanic and he is learning all about cars." Brian would add, "That's what he wants to do when he grows up, and maybe he will come to the United States." Jayne would shake her head at Steve in wonder. By this time, and long before, Steve had taken to writing out the restaurant orders so he could be understood—and Jayne's high-school French, sharpened by a winter she had lived in Paris, was still only partially adequate when mingled with the unfamiliarities of Italian. But the three boys were happily talking—by words, looks and gestures.

The boys wanted to give Roberto everything. Stevie decided that one pair of his new socks didn't fit, but they were Roberto's size. Brian saw Roberto trying to read his American comic books, noticed their Italian counterparts on the newsstand, ran out to get a batch and present them to his new friend. "If you can imagine Donald Duck in Italian—with the name so long that it spread all over the page—you can get some idea of the way Steve and I reacted when we saw one of the books," Jayne says. "But Roberto was overjoyed, of course."

When they finally had to take him back to the place where he lives, they watched him go down the darkened street and enter the building and felt as if they were leaving a member of the family behind. But it had been a wonderfully happy experience, and the letters that now go back and forth continue it.

Another high point came early in the trip, on their first night out by automobile from Paris. They had dinner at an inn in the little town of Amboise, on the Loire River, and asked the manager what there was of interest to be seen in the neighborhood. It was late when they finished eating, but they were all too excited to turn in for the night. The manager told them it was too bad they had probably missed the famous "light and sound" spectacle at the neighboring chateau, but they walked over, anyhow.

"I had always thought of a chateau as being merely a huge and stately sort of house," Steve said later. "I think we were all unprepared for this magnificent castle, rising high up the face of a cliff above the river, its lights shining through the trees as we approached. The boys were getting used to living with priceless and beautiful objects—some of the things at the inn where we were staying were so lovely that Jayne had been warning them to handle with care. But this was a fabulous place. We crossed the moat to the foot of the tower and were told we were late for the show but could go on up."

Jayne almost didn't make it. "There was a ramp that spiraled its way up to the top and, halfway up, I was tempted to go back, but it seemed as easy to go on as to retreat. Steve and the boys had gone a little ahead of me and I could hear their voices floating down as I passed landings with bolted doors and little slits of windows looking out upon the darkness of the night. I could also hear music, so I told myself that somewhere up there was life and I would eventually catch up with it.

"We came out into a handsome formal garden. Its beauty, and unexpectedness, almost took Steve's breath away and the boys and I were stunned by it, too. There was statuary along the paths, and perhaps a dozen people of varying nationalities walking about and enjoying it, none of them Americans. The show had just ended and the music was ending, too."

They wanted to see as much of this beauty as they could, and Jayne motioned them all into a little chapel, a heavenly quiet room, softly lighted, with a mar-

velously sculptured frieze around the walls. On one wall was an inscription in Latin and Steve walked over to read it. "He asked me to come and see, and when I took his hand it was ice-cold, he was so excited. The name of Leonardo da Vinci was carved in the stone.

"I knew at once that this must be da Vinci's tomb. I had read, a long time before, that he was interred in a village in France where he had spent the last years of his life creating beautiful works of art, among them this very chapel. He had been buried from the chateau.

"The biggest thrill for the boys, however, came days and days later, when one of our Italian guides was explaining that, contrary to what we might think, Leonardo was not buried with his illustrious compatriots in the church we were then visiting, but his mortal remains lay in a small chapel in far-off Amboise. I could see on the boys' faces the pleased looks of *We knew it all the time and not from the pages of any book, either!*"

They didn't miss the exciting Amboise spectacle, because for some unknown reason—perhaps because they were so interested in everything—an entire extra show was put on for them. The recorded voice of an actress, impersonating the great lady who lived in the chateau, told them the story of the castle, each room lighting up to let them look in upon a significant scene in its history, beautifully staged to the accompaniment of the music.

Steve's "disguise" for the European trip was a mustache that got a little bigger and better as they went along, until it achieved considerable magnificence. Unfortunately, it failed in its purpose. The Americans recognized him from television and stopped to ask, "When did you start growing a mustache, Steve?" The Europeans recognized him from his movie, "The Benny Goodman Story." In Rome, in particular, the fans followed him around.

The boys, at their father's insistence, kept a daily diary of what they saw and did. Steve felt it would encourage them to be more observant, and remain a valuable adjunct to their later studies. But some of their entries, especially Brian's, were hardly what he expected. Brian got three days of intensive sightseeing on one page, but one happening in Venice took up three pages. The subject was "cuttlebone," which Brian had picked up on the beach, along with shells and other miscellany. It fascinated him that this was the same kind of cuttlebone they used at home in the cages for the birds, and he was determined to give it careful transportation back to the United States.

The Venetian diary reads about like this: "I got some real cuttlebone on the beach and I took it to the hotel and started to wash it with my shells and suddenly I smelled a terrible smell and I asked my father to come and smell it and he did and we had to throw it away because even after we dried it out it still smelled bad and we had to put after-shave lotion on our hands."

"As far as Brian was concerned," Jayne comments, "this couldn't have taken place anywhere in the world but in Venice, so it has every legitimate right to a prominent place in his diary for that day and place."

They were driving about one day, worn out with sightseeing, when she heard Stevie and Brian discussing the location of some place they wanted to visit. Stevie said, "No, it wasn't near the statue by Michael Angelo, it was that other statue," and Brian was arguing that it was. Thinking that there was some famous building or monument or bridge that they wanted to explore more thor-

oughly, she asked what they were looking for. It was quite a shock to find that they had noted a penny arcade earlier which had been the subject of much discussion between them!

"Children can look at just so many bridges and buildings," she smiles, "so many statues and fountains, and the whole thing begins to pall. We knew there were two places in Rome that intrigued their interest—the Capuchin chapel with the room made from bones of long-dead monks, exhumed from their places of burial, and the Catacombs. We told the guide we wanted to see these, and would start with the bones.

"The boys were fascinated by the prospect and, when the guide warned us—especially the children—not to be frightened by what we were going to see, I wanted to laugh. I was the only scared one. I turned away from the body of a monk encased in a glass coffin, but the boys squatted down to look at the long fingernails and beard and asked countless questions. They were thrilled with the room filled with bones, but not I! When I sent Arlene Francis a postcard of the room she laughed herself sick about it, knowing that it could never have been my idea of a place to visit. Arlene has a boy of her own, around Brian's age, so she understands."

They loved all of Italy—Rome for itself and Roberto—Florence—Venice—they loved the whole trip, the little villages and the big cities and the countryside. In Florence, they watched television in a restaurant—and everyone wondered why those otherwise quiet Americans were laughing hysterically at a Gabby Hayes Western. "Imagine, if you can, Gabby talking Italian, and a cowpoke explaining that 'they went thataway.' I looked it up and the literal translation from the English was *Esse andare che via*—which is probably not right at all, idiomatically, but sends us into fits of laughter all over again, every time we repeat it."

Once back in the United States, it was almost as if they had dreamed the whole thing. The boys had to get back to prepare for school in California. Steve was busy with preparations for the new season of *The Steve Allen Show*. Jayne immediately went back into her place as an *I've Got A Secret* panelist. She and her sister Audrey did a September appearance on Steve's show, plunged into plans for their new recording to be released this winter, with both sides original compositions by Steve. (Audrey Meadows had met them briefly in Portofino, during the European trip, and they had a gay two days together.)

Jayne was also preparing to play the feminine lead opposite Walter Slezak in a Broadway play, "The Gazebo," a comedy-mystery produced by the Playwrights Company in association with Frederick Brisson (who is married to Rosalind Russell), and the possibility that Audrey may take over *Secret* for the run was discussed. So September was a month of action, strictly normal for the dynamic Meadows-Allen menage.

In September, Jayne saw, for the first time, the house Steve had bought for them in the San Fernando Valley, in anticipation of their moving, show and all, to the West Coast next September. She had been spreading out the panoramic photographs of the house and grounds before she went out to see the actual place and her head was already filled with decorating and furnishing ideas. A ranch-style house, long and low and lovely, in a new section opened up for development only a few years ago. Set high on a hill (next to Gale Storm's house). With a huge California kind of kitchen—"the

kind we don't have in New York apartments, but, out there, every woman shows off her kitchen because it's big and comfortable and well-equipped."

Their reasons for moving West in the fall of 1959 are two-fold, maybe three-fold. Although a native New Yorker who loves his home city, Steve has lived in California, and three of his boys live there. He wants to see them all the time, not on infrequent visits. It's a matter of family pride that Steve's former wife, Dorothy, now very happily married, approves of the boys' closeness to him and that a real friendship exists among all concerned.

Steve's second reason for wanting to move West is to gain expanded facilities for his show, more difficult to get in a city like New York.

The third reason has to do with such things as growing-space and year-round sunshine for small Billy, who will be al-

most two by that time. They want him free to run around outdoors, which in any case would mean moving to some suburban area, even if they stayed in New York.

Jayne has had picture offers she turned down because they would take her away too long. She can take some of them after the move. And when they are lonesome for the East, as she fully expects to be at times, Steve will be taking his show back for some New York broadcasts, or she will be doing some guest-starring on New York shows.

They may even be passing through New York, on their way to Europe, some vacation time a couple of years from now. Although Steve has been heard to say that going to Europe with a family is a vacation but no rest, Jayne knows only too well that they would do it all over again—and only hope they would have as much fun as they did the first time.

## From Challenger to Champion

(Continued from page 53)

did was once when I bit my own tongue." Craig's answer is just a mite too innocent and casual, when the listener recalls that he has been in the Air Force and that, in more than forty films, he has had at least forty different scenes in which assault, battery, mayhem and sudden death were featured prominently. Reminded of such matters, Craig insists: "I lost every fight but three . . . and I think the writer made a mistake about those."

"You've fought Jeffrey Lynn, Lloyd Nolan, Dana Andrews. . . ."

"Lost every time," says Craig.

"And Errol Flynn, you fought him—"

"And got knocked cold and couldn't talk for days. They had to dub in all my dialogue later on."

"You starred in 'Spy Ship' and fought practically everybody in it and won every time."

"Well," Craig argues weakly, "that's how the director wanted it and a fellow's got to eat, you know. But I made up for it," he adds triumphantly, "I lost in my next five pictures. And in 'Steel Against the Sky'—ouch! That's when I met Alexis and was really kayoed—kayoed by Cupid for the long count."

"All I'm asking," Craig laughs, "is that they think of me as more than a sympathetic heavy who winds up every brawl on his back. That they think of me as a man who loves good music, books, art, and who'd rather put some wood and nails together and make something useful than take one of his poor fellow actors apart."

"And is that," the interviewer queries guilelessly, "the kind of character you play in your new television series, *Peter Gunn*?"

The star grins sheepishly and throws up his muscular arms in defeat. "All right, you win," he chuckles. "I play a private-eye type . . . and let me tell you something—I win my fights, too. But don't get me wrong. As I see Peter Gunn, he's a complex detective; he likes people, cultural things, and has a strong sense of justice. He's more than just a hardboiled gumshoe. He's an adult with lots of dimension to his character and outlook. In short—"

"In short," laughs the interviewer, "something like Craig Stevens?"

"Well," Craig is laughing, too. "Maybe a little bit . . . I hope."

The real Craig Stevens is indeed a complex and intriguing personality. He was born in Liberty, Missouri—in what is popularly known as "Jesse James territory"—but his parents, Gail and Marie Hughes Shikles, moved to Kansas City when he

was a year old. His father was a principal in the Kansas City school system for more than thirty-six years. An only child, Craig soon proved to be a natural athlete and rode into college on a basketball scholarship.

"My idea then was to major in something which would give me a chance to use my hands. So I took up dentistry—and then turned to boxing to drum up a little business. That," he explains with a wink, "is a little joke my opponents used to kid me with." Shortly after, he was invited to appear in a class play. A talent scout spotted him and signed him to a long-term contract. At nineteen, Craig found himself in Hollywood, waiting for his big break.

It did not come. Craig took a hard look at himself and the competition he was up against. It was tougher than fighting in the ring, he decided. He bought a ticket back to Kansas City. There he joined up with a local stock company and, after gaining some experience before a live audience, returned to California to study and act at the Pasadena Playhouse.

Before long, Craig was deep in a steady flow of fine strong parts in the movies and TV, including three films with Alexis Smith, a fellow star at Warner Bros. for more than nine years—until both started free-lancing. In 1945, after his discharge from the Army Air Force, he and Alexis married and settled down to pursue their careers in acting and to share their mutual love of people, music, art, good books and travel.

They both paint, though their styles vary. Alexis is an impressionist, who paints rapidly and splashes her canvases with effects of light and color. "The first stroke fills me with a frantic urge to see what the finished picture will look like, and I race through it like a fiend," she confesses. Craig, on the other hand, is a realist who will spend weeks on a picture, fighting ("Why do I keep using that word!" he groans) to capture some aspect of nature in a line or arrangement of planes and colors.

Alexis and Craig enjoy making the rounds of the art galleries and have begun a modest little collection of their own. "Nothing on the scale of Vincent Price or Edward G. Robinson," Craig explains.

A good friend once asked them to keep his Steinway concert grand piano in their home for a few days. The "few days" stretched on and on, and eleven years passed before the friend returned to collect his piano. "By that time," smiles Craig, "both Alexis and I felt that we couldn't live without one in our home."

## NOW MAKE BIG MONEY FAST!

- Full or Part Time!
- High Commissions!
- No Experience!
- No Age Requirements!
- Free Sales Kit!
- No Investment!
- No Obligation!

Rush your name and address today for amazing new sales kit. It's absolutely FREE. Gives you startling information. Tells you how to make big money fast and often by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. It's easy! No experience needed! Became our personal magazine representative in your community. Free kit works like magic to put dollars into your pocket! You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. We supply everything you need free. Act now.

Paste coupon below on post card and mail today! Extra cash is yours for the asking!

Subscription Agents Division,  
Mocfadden Publications,  
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

YES! Rush FREE Money-Making Information at once. I'm ready to start.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

## POEMS WANTED

For musical setting and recording by artist  
Send yours today—Immediate consideration  
ZEAL STUDIOS, P.O. Box 152-X, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

## ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches  
on DOUBLE-WEIGHT Paper  
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of a group picture. Original is returned with your enlargement.

49¢



**FREE!** On orders of 2 or more we will send you one 25c Miniature Portrait, size 4" x 5". FREE. Mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful double-weight portrait quality paper. C. O. D.'s accepted on orders of 2 or more. Take advantage of this amazing offer. Send your photos today. Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 38-W, Princeton, Illinois

## Woman Nearly Itches To Death

"I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I discovered a new wonder skin creme. Now I'm happy," says Mrs. D. Howard of Los Angeles. Here's blessed relief from tortures of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and skin irritations with an amazing new scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists

## BORROW BY MAIL!

\$100 to \$600 COMPLETELY CONFIDENTIAL

Pay your bills, enjoy peace of mind! Borrow \$100-\$600 Cash—By Mail! Fast, confidential service from privacy of home. No agents will call. Employed men and women—everywhere—use Postal's Cost-Controlled Loan Service to Pay their Bills! Free complete Loan Papers rushed Airmail in private envelope. 15-day Free Trial Guarantee. Try us!

POSTAL FINANCE CO., Dept. 650X  
200 Keeline Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.  
Rush FREE complete Loan Papers.

FREE!  
ACT NOW

Name.....

Address.....

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

T  
V  
R



Enjoy a career in  
**PRACTICAL NURSING**

**HAVE A CAREER OR EXTRA INCOME**  
FREE SAMPLE LESSON PAGES show how you earn up to \$60.00 per week as Practical Nurse, Infant or Office Nurse, Hospital Aide. Learn at home in spare time. No high school required. Students accepted to 65... **FOR FREE NURSES FOLDER AND SAMPLE LESSON PAGES**

Mail Coupon NOW!

Post Graduate School of Nursing  
9C128 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Illinois

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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

**BACKACHE**  
SECONDARY TO KIDNEY IRRITATION

If worried by "Bladder Weakness" (Getting Up Nights or Bed Wetting, too frequent, burning or itching urination), Secondary Backache and Nervousness, or Strong Smelling, Cloudy Urine, due to common Kidney and Bladder Irritations, try **CYSTEX** for quick help. Safe for young and old. Ask druggist for **CYSTEX**. See how fast you improve.

**MUSIC** LEARN AT HOME!

Be your own music teacher. Learn quickly, right at home, to play piano, guitar, accordion, any instrument. Our famous pictured lessons make it easy. No boring exercises. Start playing simple pieces right away. Low cost. 1,000,000 students, including Lawrence Welk. Write for FREE book. No obligation. No salesman will call. U. S. School of Music, Studio 2012, Port Washington, N. Y.

**FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!**

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog

**WAYNE SCHOOL** Catalog HH-62  
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

**THIS AD IS WORTH MONEY!**

Let us show you how to make big money in your spare time by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. Write today for FREE money-making information.

**MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS**  
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

**CLOGGED SEWER**  
REMEMBER THE COSTLY PLUMBING BILL—

**FREE BOOKLET** offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-street Sewers, Toilets, Bathtubs, Urinals up to 200 ft. So easy to operate any Housewife or Janitor can trigger this new Plumbers Flush Gun which uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now or Phone Kildare 5-1702. No obligation. Miller Sewer Rod, Dept. LL-F, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

**GET RID of Dark or Oily Skin, Ugly Pimples, Freckles — FAST!**

**Famous Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN** Lightens, Clears Skin While You Sleep... Follow this simple 7 NIGHT PLAN for whiter, clearer skin. Use medicated Mercolized Wax Cream each night for 1 week—then see how fast dark skin, freckles lighten, oily shine vanishes, embarrassing pimples clear away! Not a cover-up. Mercolized Wax Cream works under skin surface for quick sure results. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream now. Sold on money back guarantee.

**MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**  
AT ALL DRUG AND COSMETIC COUNTERS

Alexis walked around and around, making sad noises about the big empty space in our living room. Finally, she went out and bought a six-foot-four ebony Steinway. We both play a bit."

Craig concentrates on golf to keep in shape, and they are both "great walkers." They each wore out several pairs of shoes in Europe two years ago, and repeated the performance last year, when they traveled down to South America for the film festival. Though the back yard of their cream-colored English cottage boasts a swimming pool, Craig confesses he seldom gets a chance to use it these days, except on weekends—"and then Alexis has to pry me out of there."

When they are both in town, the Stevenses entertain their friends at small dinners or intimate parties. Their circle is much broader than the usual Hollywood set, which is generally limited to people in show business. Among their friends are doctors, lawyers, writers, musicians, businessmen and housewives. "It's hard not to lose your perspective in Hollywood, and the way we keep ours is to have friends with all sorts of interests and occupations," Craig says thoughtfully.

At these get-togethers, Alexis will often do her own cooking. It's a hobby which has been hindered by her acting chores. She admits that, when she and Craig were first married, about all she could turn out was burned toast.

As Alexis began cooking up a storm, her husband's tastes got more cosmopolitan, ranging through beef Stroganoff and a bewildering assortment of casseroles. "I like her cooking, but it's tough to get a repeat," sighs Craig. "I'm a guy who gives a lot of thought to something before I go out on a limb and really like it. But when I sit down to one of Alexis' meals, I always tell myself, 'Brace yourself, boy, something new and different's on the way.' And it's no use trying to flatter her into repeating a dish. She'll only be pleased—and tell you, 'That's wonderful. Tomorrow, I've got such an interesting one lined up to conquer.' So what's a fellow to do but grin and bear it and keep a sharp watch on his waistline!"

Sharing their happy home are two household pets, a ten-year-old Schnauzer, "Snafu," and a Siamese cat, "Mow Cat," who joined the inner circle four years ago. "Snafu" is strictly dog, but "Mow Cat" is decidedly show people. As she is only too fond of telling visitors, she met Alexis when she ("Mow Cat") played

"Pyewacket" with the blond star, touring in "Bell, Book and Candle." Her meow distinctly recalls, "My dear, I became simply ill with exhaustion—acting is so nerve-racking to a serious artist, you know."

Alexis' story is less dramatic. "Mow Cat" got tired of traveling around and we put her in a vet's to rest up when the show ended. The producers didn't know what to do with her, so I had her shipped out to Hollywood."

"These pets play a big part in our lives," Craig says, "and the only time they present a problem is when we're on tour. Then Alexis' family, who live nearby, help care for them. But last year, when we toured together in 'Plain and Fancy,' we turned the house over to a friend in exchange for their care."

Though touring with a show is far from easy, both Alexis and Craig find it stimulating. "Plain and Fancy" was the first time they had worked together since their marriage, and they found it a rewarding venture. "We were afraid at first that we couldn't be objective," Craig explains, "but we found this wasn't true at all. We were able to work out the scenes at night and report to the theater next day with all the problems worked out. I'd been worried, too, that playing the same part for so long would be boring. But, believe me, every time that orchestra started playing it was like opening night all over again. My ambition now is Broadway. To me, it's still the pinnacle."

Asked how he came to be picked to play such a daring, adventurous crime-fighter as Peter Gunn, Craig answers, "Well, it came about in a very natural way. You see, Alexis had worked at U-I for Blake Edwards, the writer-director, when he did 'This Happy Feeling.' Now Blake, as you probably know, is a terrific talent. He was the original creator of *Richard Diamond*, another private-eye series. One day, we got a call from him—we were in Honolulu at the time, soaking in some sunshine—and, at first, we thought he wanted Alexis for a new picture. But he wanted me. He had come up with a sensational new idea for a TV series. Did I want the lead? I almost dropped the phone. Did I! Why, the fact that Edwards was behind it sold me on the spot.

"Here's my chance for financial security, a mature role with plenty of action, and some great artists to work with. What more could I ask for?"

**Too Young to Get Married?**

(continued from page 30)

They strongly suggested that he and Shirley stop seeing each other for a while; give it a test and see if it was the real thing. Like dutiful youngsters, they obeyed... for a while... a very short while. Somehow the young romantics kept bumping into each other "accidentally." Pat would hear of some party or other function Shirley was to attend and—presto!—they were together again for that entire day or evening. The "trial separation" was too much of a trial, so it didn't last long.

Then a crisis took a hand in their lives. Shirley's father was to leave town... and Shirley might have to go, too. "That was when I panicked," Pat says. "I might have waited till we were older, but this looked too much like a chance of losing Shirley. So I took all my worldly goods... which consisted of an unfinished education, lack of a job, supreme faith and a kind of childish optimism... and we were married. In a funny way, it was

actually the least mature thing we did. Getting panicked and rushing things like that."

Waiting a while, Pat feels, is a good idea for almost any young engaged couple. Unless, of course, parents are so strict that they can't see each other enough. (This might be some good left-handed advice to parents: If you don't want an elopement, don't be too strict.) If you're in love, really in love, waiting till you're a little older won't kill that love. It may even strengthen it.

In thinking over this question of early or teen-age, marriage, another angle presented itself to Pat. The simple and ancient rule of life: You're only young once.

"Youth never returns," Pat says. "So why not be young while you can? A couple of years of independence, aside from being fun, is great training for a mature human being. In college, for example, a man can be his own boss more than he ever has been before, or ever



will be again. It should be a great time of freedom before taking on the responsibilities of life. A man who takes into marriage great memories of a carefree youth is a lot better off than a guy who rushes into marriage and, a couple of years later, starts feeling sore at what he missed out on."

These days, having recently been graduated from Columbia University in the top rank of his class, Pat is feeling more thoroughly grown-up than ever. And, even though he did things backwards, he thinks most people who marry too young are not quite through growing up. There's a tendency to want your own way, while experience tends to make you more flexible. One of the biggest problems in marriage, as any bride or groom will cheerfully tell you, is how to adjust to another person in the house . . . and in your life. It's not easy for anybody. But for a young, spirited boy or girl . . . well, youth wants its own way, impatient and restless as youth always is. The results can be pretty rough, sometimes.

"Oh, I know there are two sides to this coin, like every other one," Pat says, suddenly looking quite serious. "If a guy waits too long to make up his mind about marriage, he can end up in just as much trouble as one who marries far too early. A bachelor gets set in his ways. Then he starts looking for a girl who fits in just exactly with his patterns of living . . . and that's like walking around trying to find love with a blueprint in your hands. It just doesn't work."

Pat pauses, and grins affectionately. "Take my brother Nick, for example. Only, of course he's not a really good example because he's a long way from being a confirmed bachelor. But, still, I can see that he's enjoying his youth, his schooling, his singing career . . . enjoying it all so much in his own sweet way . . . that it's going to take just the right kind of girl to plant the idea of settling down, in his mind."

The grin fades and you can see a serious expression replace it. Here there's a glimpse of the other Pat Boone; the one who is not simply the genial, smiling singer millions of TV fans warm to every week, but the guy who stuck to his schooling in spite of everything . . . the Pat Boone who thinks seriously about the problems of his generation.

"I'll tell you what I think is another drawback to early marriage," Pat says. "I've seen it in the faces of friends of mine. Guys with good minds, and good prospects, drop out of school because of family responsibilities that came too soon. I've seen a boy working in a filling station when he could have been graduated cum laude from college. And, without his degree, he's going to have a tough time moving upwards from that filling station. Or a fellow working as a clerk in a big company; a fellow who might have had a chance to be a vice-president of that company—if he'd taken love and life a little more slowly."

Pat shrugs. "I can't talk for everyone, of course," he says, "but it seems to me that a man's ambition may be endangered by an early marriage. Oh, I know the first thing you think of is that you work doubly hard if you're working for a wife and kids . . . not just for yourself. In a way, that's true. But I also think that a fellow with that same wife and kids, starting out in a career, may be afraid to take that extra chance which sometimes makes or breaks a career. Don't forget there are times when quitting a job—because it's a dead end—is important. But that's a luxury for a married man. If they're right for each other, that same man can marry that same girl a couple of years later . . . with those beginning career and education

problems already well behind him."

Since the Second World War, and especially since the Korean War, another dilemma has been added for American teenagers. Most young men face a hitch in the Army sooner or later. And it usually comes at that time when they're most susceptible to romantic attachments. Now, when a man is faced with the prospect of being separated from the girl he loves for two years or so . . . well, the chances are he'll feel a lot better if he's tied his girl to him with the strongest knot in the world, the marriage knot. But the question is: Is that always the best thing to do?

"I'd say not always, by a long shot," Pat says reflectively. "It may seem right at the time, emotionally. But you never know what's ahead. My sister Marjie married her husband just when he was going into the Army. They're very much in love and naturally they wanted children. Well, Marjie's pregnant now . . . but, unfortunately, her husband's stationed in Newfoundland. That's a long way off for a prospective father." Pat speaks with the understanding tone of a four-time parent. "Of course, they'll give him a furlough when the baby is born . . . but all he'll see is a cute, pink-and-white squirming thing which he's sure looks just like him . . . and then he'll be away for an awfully long time. The next time he meets his child, he'll be facing a stranger."

Looking at all sides of a question is an old Boone habit which goes back to the time when Pat weighed the pro's and con's of dropping his college education and plunging ahead with his singing career . . . Pat decided to do both. Or the time when he had to choose between marriage and education and a career . . . that time he chose all three at once, and brought it off.

But, being sober and realistic about it, Pat realizes that he has been very lucky. And that doesn't mean he'd recommend it to everyone else. "If I had it to do all over again," Pat says, "I don't know if I'd dash ahead so fast . . . unless Shirley and I could be sure we'd have the same luck all the way through. And who can be sure about a thing like that?"

Nobody can be sure about luck. But, to be sure about your convictions, there's one very good test. Pat Boone has met that test fair and square. "The real test of the way I feel about early marriage is this: I have an imaginary vision of the distant future. It's around fifteen years from now, and my oldest daughter Cherry comes into the room where I'm reading the evening paper. She looks all happy and excited, the way only a nineteen-year-old can look. 'Daddy,' she says, 'I have something very important to talk to you about.'

"Okay, Cherry," I say, "Let's talk." Then she tells me that she's terribly in love with this young fellow and they want to get married . . . right away. Well, the test of the feelings I've expressed, so far, comes in right here. Because, you see, I feel that my children's lives are theirs to lead. Nevertheless, I think I'd try my darndest to persuade my daughter that, no matter how much in love she was, she'd have a better chance for happiness if she waited a few years."

At the age of twenty-four, Pat Boone has four lovely children, a loving wife and one of the most fabulous singing careers of all time. In spite of the happiness and success that came to him after his marriage at the age of nineteen, he's taken a long, searching look at the problem of teen-age marriages . . . and the way he sees it is: *Go slow. It can't hurt, if you're really in love. And it may help.*

Look into your own hearts, young America, and I'm sure you'll find it difficult to come up with a better answer than that!

# People 60 to 80

## If You Will Simply Send Us Your Name And Address . . .

. . . we will explain how you can still apply for a \$1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

You can handle the entire transaction by mail with OLD AMERICAN of KANSAS CITY. No obligation of any kind. No one will call on you.

Tear out this ad and mail it today with your name, address and year of birth to Old American Insurance Co., 1 West 9th, Dept. L1270M, Kansas City, Missouri.

### SONGS \$100 ADVANCE ROYALTY

TO THE WRITER OF BEST SONG SELECTED EACH MONTH  
SEND SONG POEMS. WE COMPOSE MUSIC. FURNISH RECORDS AND COPIES.  
HOLLYWOOD TUNESMITHS 1601 N. GOWER ST. DEPT. D  
HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

### High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to residential school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects completed. Single subjects if desired. Ask for Free Bulletin.  
American School, Dept. H953, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Yes, now you can destroy unwanted hair PERMANENTLY, right in the privacy of your home! Mahler is NOT a depilatory!

**KILL the HAIR ROOT!**

By following our directions, you too, can use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10c today for important new booklet "New Radiant Beauty"

MAHLER'S, INC. Dept. 608T, PROVIDENCE 15, R.I.

**GROW HERBS FOR US!**

AT HOME — IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Help fill our huge demand — used in expensive medicines. Easy to grow indoors or out — multiply rapidly. Year around Profitability! You grow 'em — we buy 'em! We supply everything you need. Free rare seeds and revealing plan is yours free for the asking. Be one of the first to profit — rush name and address to: NATIONAL HERO EXCHANGE Dept. TS-12, Gardena, Calif.

FREE SEEDS Write

**\$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO**

This child's mother received big check.

Up to \$500 paid for children's photos when used for advertising. Hundreds selected monthly. Ages 2 mos. to 20 yrs. Rush 1 small photo for approval. Print child's and mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. No obligation. Testimonials sent.

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLITE, Dept. A12  
8344 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



**JIGSAW PUZZLE**

MADE FROM YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

• GIANT 8" x 10" SIZE only  
• IDEAL XMAS GIFT **\$100**

Here is the most wonderful Xmas Gift of all — and SO inexpensive! Send us your favorite snapshot, print or negative of your child, family, pet, etc. We will beautifully enlarge it and make an 8" x 10" life-like Photo JIGSAW PUZZLE, so natural, so touchingly personal, it will thrill the heart and capture the imagination of any youngster. Your choice of beautiful black and white JIGSAWS for only \$1.00 or gorgeous HAND-COLORED for only \$1.50. Please include 25c extra for pstg. & hdlg. for EACH Jigsaw. Puzzle ordered. Satisfaction guaranteed. MILLIONS of satisfied customers. Order NOW! JIGSAW PUZZLE, Dept. H-38, 11 East 47th Street, New York 17, N.Y.



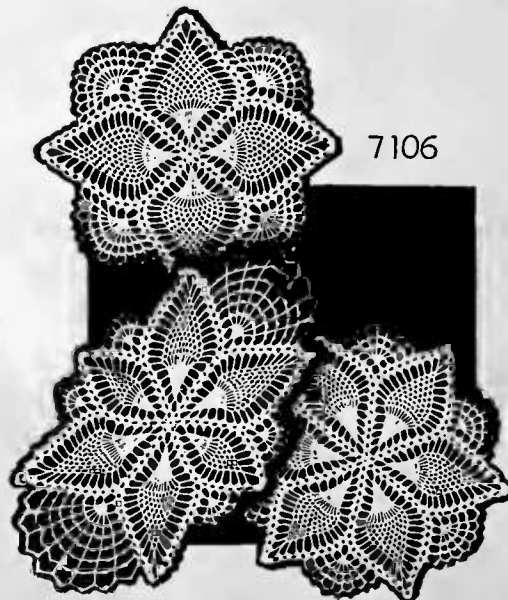
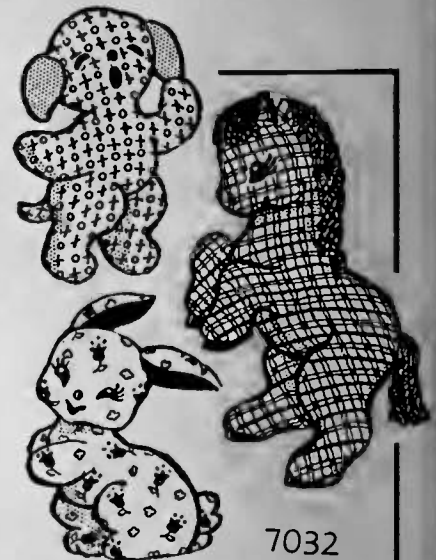
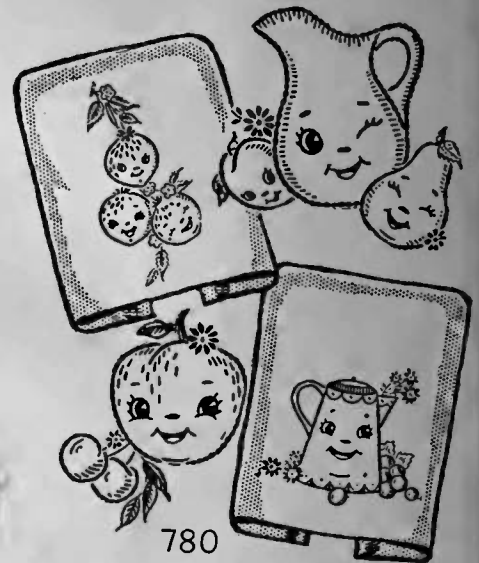
# NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING

780—Winking pitcher, laughing pear, bright-eyed apples make amusing embroidery for kitchen towels. Transfer of 7 motifs about 6x7 inches; six smaller motifs for napkins. 25¢

7239—Fun for tots to put pajamas away when they stuff them into Happy, the Clown. Make him of gay scraps. Pattern for pajama bag, cutting guides, directions. 25¢

607—Dainty toaster dolly. Place her over toaster; her full skirt covers it, keeps it dust-free. Dress is of gay rick-rack joined with simple crochet. Pattern pieces, transfer, directions. 25¢

7322—Shower of aprons—any one is gift-perfect. Each takes but one yard. Directions, pattern pieces for three aprons, embroidery transfer. 25¢



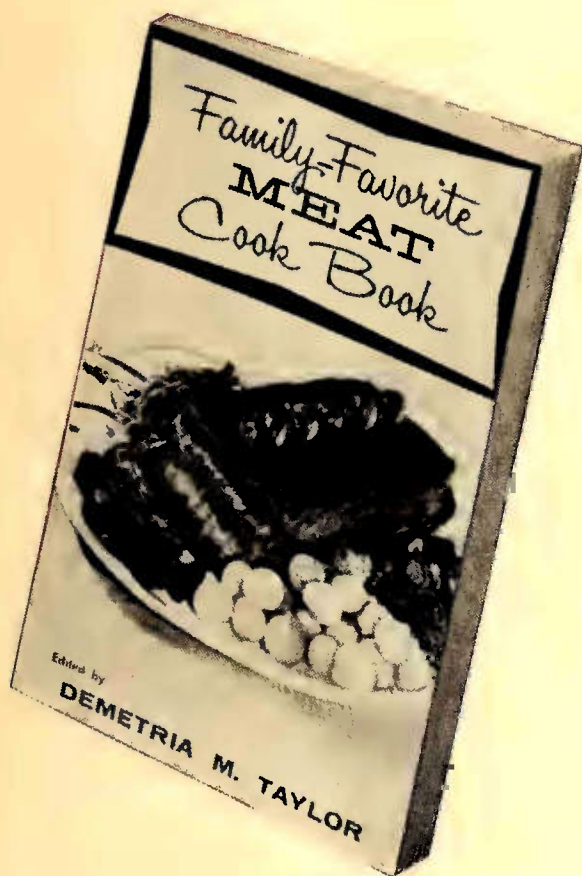
7032—Animal toys stuffed plump with foam rubber are just right for tiny hands to cuddle. Each takes just *two* pieces plus ears, tail. Transfer, directions for 4 toys. 25¢

7353—Rope 'em, Cowboy. Any child will love a quilt appliqued with horses and cowboys—each is a single patch. Pattern of patches, directions, yardages for youth- and single-bed sizes. 25¢

7106—Dainty as snowflakes! Each adds a decorative touch wherever you put it. Crochet directions for all three doilies—round and square each 9 inches; oval 7½x13½ in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

*Here's the answer  
to your ever-recurring question:*

# What shall I serve for dinner tonight?



Just think of it—no more dinner-time worries! With the help of Demetria Taylor's new meat cook book you can add excitement and glamor to all your dinners.

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old humdrum dinners night after night. Now there are new and better ways to prepare meat. Now there are endless ways to add variety and excitement to all your meat dishes. Don't you be satisfied with old-fashioned methods of preparing beef, lamb, pork and veal. Today's new methods open up a whole new world of taste-tantalizing dishes that will amaze your family and friends.

Here for the beginner, as well as the expert, is a cook book on meat dishes exclusively. You can buy today's best bargain at the meat counter and then find a new and interesting way to serve it. The price of this exciting new cook book is only \$1.00 in the paperbound edition and only \$2.50 in the hardbound edition. Get your copy of this remarkable book today and add sparkle to all your dinners.

## You'll love this book:

- Because every recipe is kitchen-tested and easy to follow
- Because every recipe in this book of over 180 pages is someone's favorite
- Because the cross-reference index is so complete you can't miss the recipe you want
- Because you'll learn the latest methods for cooking all varieties of meat.

\$1.00 PAPERBOUND  
\$2.50 HARDBOUND

AT ALL BOOKSTORES—  
OR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Bartholomew House, Dept. WG-1258  
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me the FAMILY-FAVORITE MEAT COOK BOOK.

I enclose  \$1.00 paperbound.  
 \$2.50 hardbound.

NAME.....  
(Please Print)

STREET.....

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



White...floating...pure...  
gives skin a clear, fresh look...That Ivory Look

Gentleness you'd trust with this baby's sensitive skin makes Ivory the soap for *yours*. Ivory is white, the color of purity... has the fresh, clean fragrance of purity. And no tight, dry feeling after washing. Regular care with Ivory Soap leaves your complexion supple with inner moisture, soft with That Ivory Look!

*More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap*



Wash your face regularly with Ivory Soap—the gentlest possible way to treat your complexion.



99% pure  
... it floats