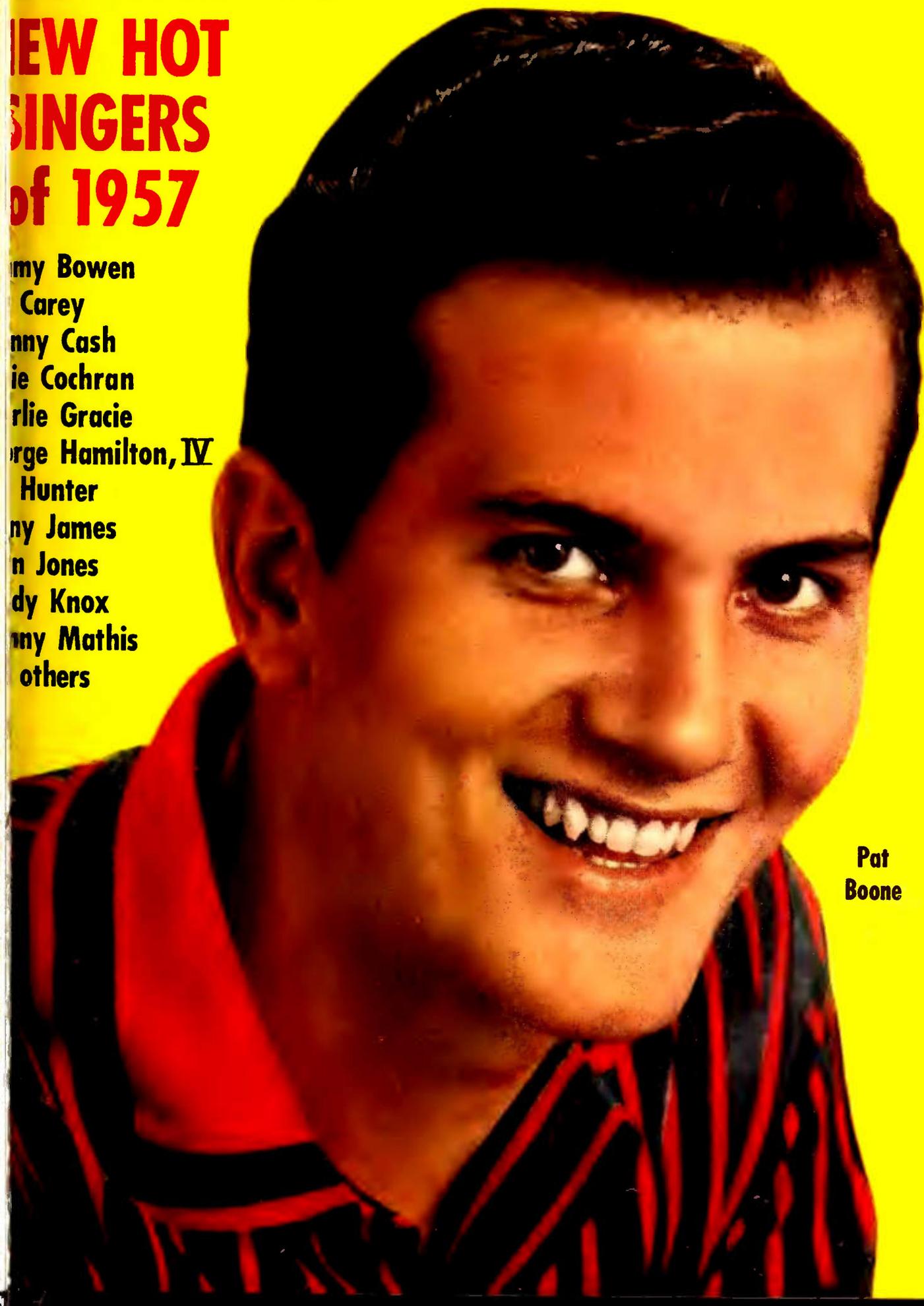


TV RADIO MIRROR

RADIO MIRROR • AUG.

NEW HOT SINGERS of 1957

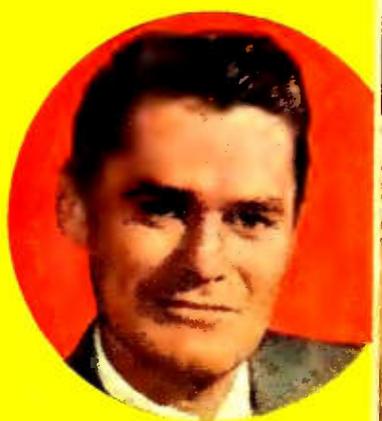
Tommy Bowen
Bobby Carey
Johnny Cash
Patsy Cochran
Charlie Gracie
George Hamilton, IV
Johnny Hunter
Johnny James
Don Jones
Reddy Knox
Johnny Mathis
and others



LAWRENCE WELK



IDA LUPINO



JOHN LARKIN

The Pat Boones
Go to Hollywood

Sam Levenson
on Teenagers

Pat
Boone



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99% pure... it floats

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A tale of two dances

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**STOPS BAD BREATH
4 TIMES BETTER
THAN TOOTH PASTE**



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That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste.

WHERE
WERE
YOU...



WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS ON THE BEACH?

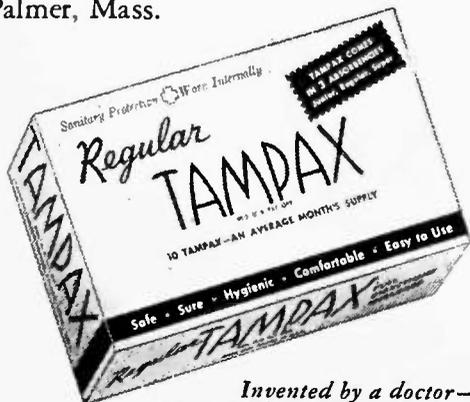
So you're missing out on all the fun, playing absentee at beach parties, letting everyone *else* have a wonderful time—while you hide away with your monthly "problems"!

Surely by now you've heard of Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Invisible and unfelt when in place, it never can show and no one can know your secret. What's more, it prevents odor from forming and telling tales!

Tampax is the *daintiest* protection in the world to insert and dispose of. Your fingers never touch it. Another nice thing about it, you can carry spares just by tucking them inside your purse.

Enjoy the freedom of the beach—swim if you want to—use Tampax! Have done with bulging pads and belts! Wear the sleekest bathing suit under the sun—and play beauty on the beach or in the sea, just as you choose!

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now used by millions of women

TV RADIO MIRROR

AUGUST, 1957

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 48, NO. 3

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Teresa Buxton, *Managing Editor*

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Joan Clarke, *Art Assistant*

Gay Miyoshi, *Assistant Editor*

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Cover portrait of Pat Boone by David Workman of U. S. Features

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movies on TV

Showing this month

ASTONISHED HEART, THE (U-I): Adult, witty treatment of a marriage problem, from the English angle. Psychiatrist Noel Coward, happily wed to placid Celia Johnson, grapples with a sudden infatuation for dashing Margaret Leighton.

BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER, THE (RKO): Delightful clowning by Cary Grant, as a gay blade being pursued by ardent teenager Shirley Temple. As the girl's sister—a judge!—Myrna Loy adds more charm.

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

CAREFREE (RKO): Mild plot, ribbing the psychoanalysis routine. But who cares?—with such exuberant dancing by the young Astaire and Rogers. Fred's the doctor; Ginger's the patient; Ralph Bellamy's her fiance.

GOOD SAM (RKO): Likeable people put across the story of a selfless small-towner and his family. Gary Cooper's the generous hero; Ann Sheridan, his wife.

GUEST WIFE (U.A.): Gentle comedy teams Claudette Colbert with Dick Foran and Don Ameche. War correspondent Don has told his bosses he's married, so Dick lends wife Claudette to keep up the hoax.

INTERMEZZO (U.A.): Touching romance-with-music stars the young Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard, as a pianist and a violinist, whose illicit love is brief.

LUCKY PARTNERS (RKO): Pleasant farce pairs Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers, as Greenwich Villagers who win a sweepstakes bonanza. Jack Carson and Spring Byington also contribute chuckles.

MATING OF MILLIE, THE (Columbia): Any bus-rider will laugh at the first sequence. Glenn Ford's the driver; Evelyn Keyes, the career girl who must find a husband before adopting a child.

MY FAVORITE WIFE (RKO): Deftly done laugh-fest, casting Cary Grant as an innocent bigamist. Wed to Gail Patrick, he's staggered by the amazing return of Irene Dunne, long marooned on a desert island with rugged Randolph Scott.

NOTORIOUS (RKO): In a dandy Hitchcock thriller, Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman play the Nazi-American spy game in Brazil. With that famous "butterfly kiss" scene!

TRIO (Paramount): Fine English film, based on three Maugham stories. James Hayter plays a gaily successful illiterate. Nigel Patrick's the apparently unbearable life-of-the-party on a cruise ship. Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie share wistful love.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (Columbia): Graceful, featherweight musical. As a *Norte Americano* dancer, Fred Astaire romances Argentinean Rita Hayworth.

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WHAT'S NEW ON

By PETER ABBOTT



Quizzical Hal March marches on to Hollywood this summer with wife Candy. He'll spend his vacation starring as a con man in the film, "Hear Me Good."



T
V
R
Fleetfooted Marge and Gower Champion find that a tricky dance routine is simple compared to the swing-your-program replacement whirl on television.

Love Knows No Channels: When an ABC cowboy falls for a CBS filly, what can a veepee say? Such is the case as video's most handsome gun-toter bites the dust for a toe dancer. Hugh O'Brien may be back on the West Coast filming more *Wyatt Earp* episodes, but his heart remains in Long Island with Dorothy Bracken, a June Taylor dancer. Hugh admits it was Dorothy's blond beauty that first attracted him, but adds, "After one date, I knew this was a girl I could really respect." The 32-year-old bachelor denies that it's an engagement, "but I don't deny the fact. I mean I can't deny that I think so much of her." Last trip to New York City, Hugh traveled the Long Island Railroad to meet Dorothy's parents. This must mean something. Ask any L.I. commuter.

Short & Sassy: Phil Silvers turning down fabulous night-club offers to hold wife's hand. Baby Bilko due any minute. . . . CBS special eventer, Bill Leonard, married Mike Wallace's first wife, Norma "Kappy" Kaphan. . . . Andy "Butterfly" Williams co-stars with June Valli in Nat "King" Cole periods over NBC-TV until September 5. Andy goes on singing alone in private life. Those long-distance phone calls he makes to San Fernando Valley are to have a bark with his boxer Barnaby. . . . End of season finds *Lucy* still champ, ahead of runners-up by over two-million viewers. . . . Lovely Ilene Woods, frequent singer on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, denies anything but good friendship with Ted Williams, but she never misses a ball game with Ted and he never seems to miss dinner with Ilene when he's in Manhattan. . . . Backstage, Julie La Rosa relaxes playing chess with wife Rory. . . . If you didn't know it, *Bride And Groom* is back, weekdays, 2:30 P.M. on NBC-TV. . . . CBS-TV is sweating over possibility that *Como* may expand to ninety minutes. What to do about the *Como* power? Consider a half-hour stanza each for Les Femmes, Monroe and Mansfield. Back to back, Marilyn and Jayne should eclipse all TV screens. . . . Walter Winchell dropped his \$7-million suit against ABC since ABC-TV scheduled his new *Desilu* show for the fall. Walter hosts dramatic series and promises not to get so staccatoooooo.

I Got Sands in My Head: A teen-age gal is a gal just so long. Comes Tommy or Elvis, the gals turn into battling banshees, screaming weemies, frantic fillies. During Tommy Sands' personal appearance run at New York's Roxy Theater, it was murder. In the

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

THE EAST COAST

first three days, eager fans knocked his mother over, threw Tommy to the ground twice and stripped two jackets from his back. Then on the fourth day things got rough. Tommy, accompanied by road manager and rep from Capitol Records, was only trying to get back into theater to make stage show. He cruised up to theater in car. Stage entrance bristling with dames. Drove to executives' entrance. Same thing. Tommy and friends conferred. Decided to outsmart gals by going in main lobby. So they jumped from cab, but gals in ticket line spotted Tommy. Tommy and friends sprinted through outer lobby to ticket-taker. He wanted tickets. Didn't recognize Tommy. Girls stampeding. Cap rep pushed ticket-taker aside and three men headed into inner lobby. Horrors. Two girls headed for popcorn-vendor spot Tommy. Scream, "Tommy! Tommy!" Every door in lobby swings open and girls pour in. Light nightmare. One girl jumps Tommy from rear. Cap rep pulls her off. She swings on him with fist and splits his lip and cracks a tooth. Tommy is flat on floor and another jacket is shredding. His road manager is down and trampled. Three men finally get to feet and make flying wedge. With girls trailing, start up steps to mezzanine and on up to first balcony and second balcony. Right up to projection room, then out on roof and lock door. Down fire escape, through storage-room window and finally backstage. Thereafter Tommy checked into theater in morning and stayed all day. He got long-distance consolation from his favorite girl, Molly Bee. This is just about the nicest, cutest couple in show-biz, although they are only in semi-steady stage. Both date others.

Hot Stuff: Sonny James takes a two-week July vacation with family in Hackleburg, Alabama. Joining family reunion will be best gal, Doris of Dallas, a beauty in image of Dorothy Malone. . . . Big summer headache for weekend variety shows is getting name guest stars. Ace comics and singers, already in high income bracket, would rather spend Saturday and Sunday on the beach than making money. . . . Dig Victor's wonderful album, "It's a Wonderful World," featuring Barbara Carroll on piano. You'll understand why she's the highest-paid female performer in jazz field. . . . Mary Martin's new contract pays her \$600,000 for six spectaculars, at the rate of one a year. . . . Charles Van Doren having problems. Said that his work at NBC so time-consuming he cannot finish work on doctorate, and a university teacher without a Ph.D. is like a rock 'n' roller out of

jeans. Charlie may give up teaching. . . . Canadian Mike Kane, leading man (David Brown) in *This Is Nora Drake*, temporarily out of show to play Shakespearean stuff at Stratford Festival in Ontario. . . . The queen of summer ratings, Kathryn Murray, had both NBC and CBS fighting for her this year. Katie had been kind of hoping Arthur would forego the summer show this year. She says, "I've been hoping for a vacation abroad for eight years now."

Hotter Than a Pistol: New flip-bait is tall and slim, blond and handsome Steve Karmen. Steve is due back on Godfrey show this month. Just nineteen, the Bronx-born youngster turned to singing from starvation. He studied to be an actor, but lack of work led him to a guitar and folk singing. He had worked in a few Manhattan clubs, Ruban Bleu, The Living Room and The Velvet Room, when he tried out for *Talent Scouts* back in May. On the show, he was a loser but so impressed Arthur and Jan Davis that he was immediately booked for three successive weeks, both morning and night-time on the Godfrey shows. Mercury Records came around with a contract. But, one day on the show, Arthur, so taken with Steve's Calypso numbers, asked, "Have you ever been to Trinidad?" "No." "You ought to go." "I don't have the money." "So you work with us until you earn enough and go. Then when you come back, tell us all about it." So Steve, though hot as a pistol, took Arthur's advice and dropped everything and took off on a 60-day cruise. This month, he returns to *Godfrey Time* to resume a career that is causing as much excitement over at CBS as early Pat Boone.

Air-Conditioned Items: Hal March spends his vacation on the Paramount lot. Makes movie "Hear Me Good" and stars as charming con man. August, he returns to New York and TV and a rented house in New Rochelle. . . . McGuire Sisters get no vacation. This month, they work ten days in Syracuse. August, they're in Atlantic City and Wildwood. In between personal appearances, they return to New York and *Godfrey Time*. Phyl says, "The only time we get a vacation is when one of us gets sick and the others can't possibly work." . . . Ava Thomas, gravel-voice on Robert Q's show, takes three-month jaunt in Europe with mother. . . . The Fred Waring aggregation takes over the Garry Moore daily slot on July 22 and the Merry Moores take off until September 2. Durward has a hide-away in (Continued on page 15)



Eric had to fatten up to five pounds before Melba Rae took him home.



Slim and svelte now, June Valli is welcome summer songbird on NBC-TV.



On Arthur Godfrey's advice, young Steve Karmen traipsed to Trinidad.

WHAT'S NEW ON

By BUD GOODE

End of an Era: Or, "We haven't lost a daughter, we've gained a son" department: *I Love Lucy*, still the heavy-weight rating champ, retires from the ring this year. CBS-TV bought out the Desilu interest for a reported \$5,000,000. The way the comedy flowed the past six years, that comes to about a buck a laugh. A good buy for CBS. . . . But not "goodbye" to Lucy and Desi. They were no sooner back from their Hawaiian vacation than Desi took off for New York to sign their new Ford Motor Company contract for five one-hour shows to be seen in the '57-'58 season. . . . And another television era seems to be threatened: Bob Crosby is reported going off CBS-TV with his daytime show. Unless CBS can find a night-time spot for Bob, his show won't have a home, come the end of August.

Truth Takes a Trip: On Ralph Edwards' annual junket to the Truth Or Consequences, New Mexico, fiesta, Hollywood's best turned up as guests. They included Linda Darnell; songstress Erin O'Brien; *Rin Tin Tin's* master, Rip Masters (Jim Brown); *Truth Or Consequences* emcee, Bob Barker; *Lassie's* favorite gal, Jan Clayton; and Tommy Sands and Molly Bee. Let it be known that the town celebrated with "Molly Beeburgers" and "Tommy Sandwiches"! . . . Later, after a local *Truth Or Consequences* show, emceed by the show's new quiz king, Bob Barker, Ralph Edwards also did a local *This Is Your Life*, surprising lovely actress Jan Clayton (New Mexico born and bred). When Jan went up on stage, she still thought Ralph was kidding. Then, realizing this was "it," she broke into tears. Ralph reached for his ever-ready handkerchief—and found no back pock-



Young'uns at Truth Or Consequences hospital party with Ralph Edwards, Jan Clayton, Molly Bee, Bob Barker, Erin O'Brien, Jim Brown and Eddie Truman.

et in his Western fiesta outfit! "Seven years I've been doing this show," he exclaimed, "and this is the first time I've been caught without a handkerchief—or pockets!"

Who Sez: Tennessee Ernie says, "New fathers are like private eyes—they're always trying to pin something on somebody." . . . Lawrence Welkism: Lawrence, in describing the beauty of the Lennon Sisters to an acquaintance, said, "I can always tell Dianne apart from Kathy, because, besides being older, her nose is pointier." That it is. Incidentally, Mama Lennon had her tenth child (nine living) when Joseph Lawrence Lennon was born May 9.

Casting: Bob Horton, rugged, handsome and talented, has been cast as the frontier scout in NBC-TV's *Wagon Train* series, starring Ward Bond. Show begins September 14. . . . *The Real McCoys*, starring Oscar-winner Walter Brennan, debuts on ABC-TV, October 3. . . . *Sally*, a new comedy starring Joan Caulfield and featuring Marion Lorne, will be seen on NBC-TV, September 22. . . . *The Vic Damone Show* premieres July 3, on CBS-TV. . . . Gisele MacKenzie's new Saturday-night show on NBC-TV will debut in September. . . . Richard Boone of *Medic* fame will star in CBS-TV's *Have Gun*

—*Will Travel*, to be seen Saturday nights at 9:30 this fall. This series opens up a host of other shows. For example, one built around a writer, "Have Typewriter—Will Travel," and one around a witch, "Have Broom—Will Travel," ad infinitum. It's too bad Sid Caesar is going off—he'd have a ball satirizing this one. Speaking of Sid Caesar, he and NBC decided to call it quits. It's a sad fact, no matter how good a show is, if it doesn't pay off, it goes off. It's as simple as ABC. In fact, that's probably where Sid will be next year—at ABC-TV.

Cinderella Story: Lovely Coral Record songstress Erin O'Brien, 23-year-old newcomer discovered by Steve Allen in his night-time audience, won national recognition singing on Steve's show, then guested once with George Gobel, and now has signed a contract with Warner Bros. Erin's dream of becoming a movie star has come true—all in the space of six months! Erin has a starring role in Warners' upcoming "Marjorie Morningstar." Best described as delicately lovely, Erin will play Karen Blair, the amoral gal who throws herself at "Morningstar's" wonderfully nasty villain, Noel Airman. This striking contrast will make exciting viewing. But that's the way Hollywood likes to do things—excitingly.



Champagne tickles, so do beards of Welk's Pete Fountain, George Cates.

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

THE WEST COAST

Sink or Swim: Charming Dinah Shore turned her TV RADIO MIRROR gold medal awards into a necklace. Often a winner, Dinah realized too late that real gold really weighs! Hubby George Montgomery said, "Don't fall in the swimming pool, honey . . . you'll go straight to the bottom!" Dinah will be spending the summer pounding nails with hubby George in the new Trousdale Estates area where they are building their new home. Dinah went to the private screening of George's newest picture, "Black Patch," and, though her own show has been getting rave reviews, she was more thrilled when Jack Warner of Warner Bros. came up to tell her that "Patch" would be a real hit for George. If they can find some way to pin a romantic ballad to the ruggedly masculine picture, Dinah will sing the background score.

Elvis Episodes: Girls are like a baseball game, or, From Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance Department: Last week, Elvis Presley dated Yvonne Lime, Debbie Smith, and Pat Mowry—in that order, but in fewer days. . . Has the full story been told on the tooth-swallowing episode? The day before he felt the pain, Elvis was doing a typical Presley dance routine with an all-male chorus (that's a switch) and it created enough excitement at the studio to send choreographer Michael Kidd and dancer Gene Kelly gawking to the soundstage. That's when Elvis lost the tooth cap. But he didn't feel any pain. That came



Her TV RADIO MIRROR gold medals are now a necklace for Dinah Shore.

next day, during a dramatic scene (nobody knows whether or not this was a love scene, or whether the pain was near his heart). At any rate, Elvis had to sit still for a bronchoscope—which kept him in the hospital under the eyes of a half-dozen pretty nurses. Some people can't win for losing. . . Oh, yes, Elvis now has a pet wallaby, which looks like a live kewpie doll but packs the kick of a mule. The wallaby hails from Australia, (Continued on page 15)



Make room for Daddy? It was standing-room only when Danny Thomas played the Sands night club in Las Vegas, then did an impromptu show for the overflow.



Be the one who catches his eye!

Aren't you glad you've always been so careful with your appearance, especially your hair! Every hair is in place, and you know it's easiest to keep that way by setting and securing it with Gayla HOLD-BOB . . . the all-purpose bobby pin preferred by more women over all others.

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T
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The Cockatoos, a group of four Royal Navy men, provide music for an impromptu skiffle session in a London street.



THE SKIFFLE BOYS

ENGLAND HOLLERS UP A STORM

By LILLA ANDERSON



Skiffle jumped across the Atlantic as Lonnie Donegan toured the States.

TAKE a washtub, a washboard, a couple of guitars, a few writhing, uninhibited young men belting out songs which have crossed the Atlantic at least twice—and you have the makings for a new teen-age musical craze which has created a storm of controversy in England and which is beginning to draw enthralled young supporters in the United States.

It is called—no one quite knows why—"skiffle." The small combos which set the kids to dancing and their elders to deprecating are called "skiffle groups." In Britain the fad has spread, despite strong opposition, from sailors' pubs along the Limehouse docks to the stage of the Palladium and the studios of the independent television station. Young members of the nobility who

have taken it up are considered to be sowing their wild oats.

In America, the young intellectuals of New York's Greenwich Village claim it as their own private discovery. But it is spreading, both by personal and recorded invasion. That skiffing Scotsman, Lonnie Donegan, and the Charles McDevitt skiffle group have toured the States. The records of Bob Cort and Dickie Bishop are beginning to catch on. Tommy Steele, whom the British consider their own Elvis Presley, is contemplating a bow to America.

To define skiffle is an elusive task. It is more illuminating to tell what happens. Ask an English teenager what skiffle is and you'll draw that "How square can you get?" look which is the same on both sides of the Atlantic.

Ask an oldster and . . . well, we did.

On a recent trip to London, I had a chance to tour the skiffle clubs. My partner in this particular bit of musical research was an American who considered himself a real gassed cat when it came to New Orleans blues, progressive jazz or frantic rock 'n' roll.

Said my companion, "I know they're in the Soho area. Let's take a cab."

To find skiffle required a conference at the end of the journey, for London cabs are square-rigged as the late Dowager Queen Mary's hats. A thick plate-glass panel separates chauffeur from passenger and no chatty nonsense is allowed. Not until the cabbie set us down at a Soho curb could my escorting hipster inquire, "Say, Dad, which joint swings?"

THE cabbie reacted like Colonel Blimp. "I doubt if I understand, sir, but I am sure, sir, I would not know, sir."

When we reached Soho a young couple was crossing the street. The question, "Hey, kids, which joint swings?" brought eager directions. "See that second sign—'The Two I's'? That's the most!"

It was my first glimpse of a "coffee bar," an angular edifice resembling an elderly hamburger joint. Its non-alcoholic counter was crowded with Teddy-boys and their dolls. The boys' broadcloth suits, cut to follow Edwardian styles, were in wild shades of magenta, pale blue, mauve. (A kid will go in hock for months to pay for having one tailored.) Youths not of the Teddy cult wore thick sweaters or duffle jackets. Their girls dressed in either gray flannel jumpers and black stockings or in tight treader pants.

We went down steep cellar stairs. At least two hundred kids were packed, foot-to-foot, into a space about

Like America's Elvis, Tommy Steele gyrated his way into the spotlight.



twice as large as an average living room. While American rock 'n' roll grew up in big theater shows, English skiffle gained its popularity in such "jazz clubs."

A few determined couples danced. Others peered through the smoke toward the podium where Charlie McDevitt and his boys were whanging out a heavy two-beat on guitars and bass. Listeners' faces were tense with excitement.

But I'll have to admit ours were not. Said my escort, "This is skiffle?"

Said I, "This is where I came in."

And indeed it was. That same tune had sent me when I was a kid at a Methodist summer camp in Wisconsin. Sitting around the campfire, we would sing something like 97 verses to "I Am Redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb." The words were changed to "Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane" in the version which came over the hillbilly radio stations we heard in western Minnesota. Now here it was again in a London cellar. The beat and the phrasing were identical.

Skiffle has given many an old platter a new English accent, even when the singers make a studied attempt to copy American intonations. They have picked up some of the old jazz classics, but they also have concentrated on some styles which were simply dull in the beginning. Many of their numbers have now made the round trip. Originally, they were English ballads brought here by early settlers. Hillbilly singers turned them into country-and-Western recordings. The young British skiffles have again made them their own.

SKIFFLE, in Britain, has brought some young singers the same prominence that rock 'n' roll has done in the States. Lonnie Donegan is one of the top purveyors of the American sounds. Born in Glasgow, he was reared in the Cockney section of London. Toting his guitar with him, he found his way around the neighborhood jazz clubs where the kids play for Cokes and coffee. When "Rock Island Line" was issued, he became the first jazz singer to hit the British best-seller lists. His record also caught on in the United States. American fans of this English hillbilly got a look at him this spring when he brought his skiffle group over and toured with the Harlem Globetrotters basketball team, entertaining between halves. He never quite Elvised the kids, but an impressive number of teens did squeal their delight.

Bob Cort was first heard by a talent scout attending a "jazz barbecue" in London and was asked to record on the London label. In his band are three guitars, a bass and a washboard. He met his wife at a coffee bar in Knightsbridge and grew his beard at her request. His two top tunes are "Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O" and "It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worried Blues." Newly released are "Freight Train" and "Roll Jen Jenkins."

Tommy Steele, in England, is considered to be more rock 'n' roll than skiffle. He is a quiet, ordinary London lad who burst into the spotlight with



Bearded Bob Cort set a new London fire at the Prince of Wales Theater.

the same jet propulsion exhibited here by that quiet, ordinary Memphis lad called Presley.

His take-off point was another of those coffee bars. The owner asked him to sing a few rock 'n' roll numbers and the customers started to dance. The kid who had been a twenty-dollar-a-week bellhop on a ship running between New York and Bermuda suddenly became England's flash hit. Last spring, he starred in a biographical movie, "The Tommy Steele Story." In the States, his new recording of "Butterfingers" and "Teen-Age Party" is catching on. Whether he follows it with a personal appearance tour may depend on the state of his health. He was rejected for the draft because of a heart condition. Some fans think he should not be permitted to continue his energy-consuming stage gyrations, but Tommy has gone right on rocking and rolling.

Skiffle, with its strong stimulus toward American ways, draws some sharp criticism from traditionalists. They often voice their protests in letters to the editors of the tabloid newspapers.

It would comfort the writers, I believe, if they could pay a visit to New York's Washington Square on a Sunday afternoon. In this historic park, there is a decommissioned fountain. Its foundation becomes a bowl in which students and the talented young entertainers from Greenwich Village gather. Singers surround instrumental groups. On a recent Sunday, I counted twelve guitars, three basses and seven washtubs. The washtubs carry a sort of mast—usually a broomstick—to which is attached a single string. The string is plucked at the same time the rhythm is beat out by the foot on the bottom of the tub.

Most of the girls wore gray jumpers and black stockings. Many of the boys had bulky sweaters and duffle jackets. You couldn't tell from the attire whether you were in Washington Square or Trafalgar Square. The sound, too, was the same. Their favorite song was "It Takes a Worried Man to Sing a Worried Blues."

Skiffle has again jumped the Atlantic.

TEMPEST AT A TURNTABLE



Jerry Lewis apparently loved the Faye treatment, came out unscathed after over an hour with Marty.

ACCORDING to WAAF's outspoken deejay, Marty Faye, broadcasting can only stand to benefit from a good dose of "obnoxious irritation." Marty, alternately loved and hated by his audiences, has long been a master of the hard sell and frantic harangue. But, by a sort of "reverse psychology," his heckling of Chicago airwaves has paid off. . . . Each Monday through Friday from noon to 2 P.M., Marty gives the new releases a turn, then slays 'em with a caustic dig or two, and "buries" 'em in "Marty's Morgue." Then, last year's "sacred cows" of pop music get a going-over. But there's never any ill will behind the barbed-wire wit, and many top stars appreciate the fact that a rap on the *Marty Faye Show* amounts to stirring up a hurricane in record sales in the Windy City. . . . Brooklyn-born Marty didn't come by his theatrical instincts by accident. Nature planned it that way, giving him a sister, Frances Faye, a well-known night-club and recording star, and a cousin, Danny Kaye. Via the circuitous route of law school and a summer "pitch" job in Atlantic City, he found himself in front of a TV camera with "a fire burning inside . . . I could have sold horses to an automobile dealer." Of a cross-country tour of TV stations, Marty recalls, "They hated me in New York, they hated me in Birmingham, they hated me in Atlanta . . . but, they listened." . . . In Chicago, appearing up to 70 times weekly, Marty was the man who'd pop up with his plug just when the matinee movie reached its climax. Kids would ask him on the street, "Hey, aren't you the guy who ruins all the movies?"—to which Faye would reply, faking a glower, "Yeah, that's me. The name's Marty Faye. Don't forget it." He still haunts the movie viewers—chases WBKB-TV's Sunday to Thursday *Late Show* with forty minutes (11:20-midnight) of inimitable heartburn, and no one forgets. Once, at Soldiers' Field, 60,000 rose up in a body to pitch pop bottles, peanuts, everything, as Marty rode by. As he tells it, "Brother, I had arrived." . . . When Marty arrives home at his North Side apartment, he throws in the sponge for the day and enjoys a huge record collection on hi-fi with wife Vivian. Despite a heart-rending plea from four-year-old daughter Sydney Fran—"Daddy, don't be so mean to Elvis Presley, the kids at nursery school won't like me any more"—Marty knows his own infamous style fills a real need in broadcasting. Like his mail pull, which runs the gamut from love letters to threats on his life, radio should be willing to be a little schizophrenic. Too much of the "soft sell," the relaxed charm, he feels, can put listeners to sleep. To WAAF listeners, Marty Faye's no soporific.

*When they sent threatening letters
and started throwing things,
WAAF's Marty Faye figured he'd arrived!*



Columbia's Four Lads and bearded Mitch Miller reciprocate Marty's "burial" of their discs by surprise birthday cake.



Sydney tries to reconcile Dad and nursery schoolers on Elvis issue. Wife Vivian keeps clear of the "dispute."

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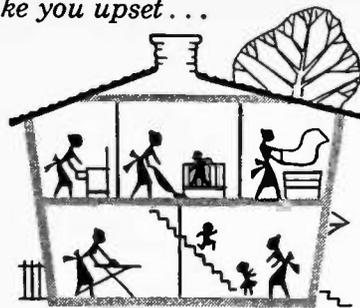


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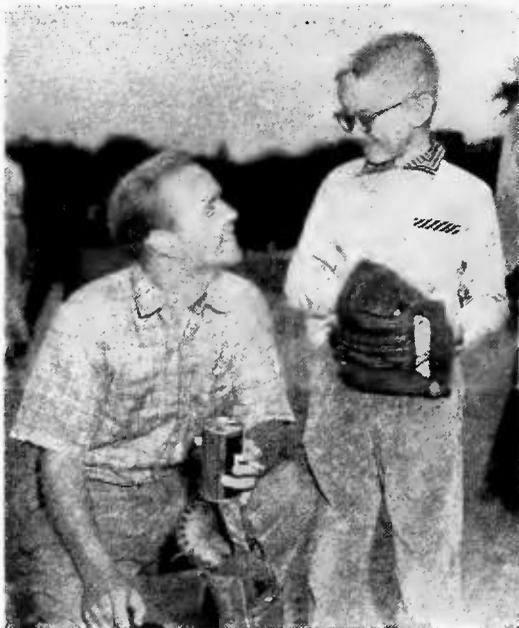
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When the music stops, Bob still leads a double life, as escort for wife Patricia and pal and teammate for elder son Douglas.



Bob Maxwell is a hired musical hand on WWJ—but he's proprietor of his own competition



HE'S GOT 'EM COVERED

WHEN ebullient Bob Maxwell acquired his own radio station in April, he found himself playing both ends against a musical middle. Bob is on the payroll of Detroit's Station WWJ as a deejay. He runs a dawn patrol of "music with a melody," each Monday through Saturday from 6 to 9 A.M., and presides over *Music Over The Weekend*, each Saturday from 1 to 3:30 P.M. He's seen on TV with the *Meet The Press* commercials and is heard coast-to-coast as a guest communicator on NBC's *Monitor*. Then, on April Fool's Day, 1957, he got down to the serious business of opening his own Station WBRB in suburban Mt. Clemens. As the station's program director, Bob finds himself in the odd position of employing deejays to go on opposite his own programs on WWJ. . . . Born June 26, 1924, in the little town of Custer, Tennessee, where his family were sharecroppers, Bob was brought to Detroit when he was five. When his mother became fatally ill of tuberculosis, Bob spent two years in an orphanage, where he occupied himself by staging variety shows. He was spotted by an advertising executive who offered to use him on the dramatized commercials for the Ford Sunday evening hour. The pay was good and so, at the ripe old age of eleven, Bob decided to go into radio and also to study

medicine. He appeared on such Detroit-produced shows as *Lone Ranger* and *Green Hornet*, switched to deejaying in 1940, running an all-night show on WEXL in Royal Oak and attending high school by day. He had just begun college and a pre-medical course when war came and he enlisted in the Navy, serving as a medic. He returned to college after the war, but radio and TV commitments prevented him from graduating. . . . Bob now has two sons—Douglas, 11, and Bob, Jr., 3—and he hopes that one of them will realize his doctoring dreams. Bob and his wife Patricia love to entertain at their suburban Birmingham home, colonial in design, contemporary in decor. Bob collects books, mostly science-fiction, and postage stamps, including many of Confederate vintage in honor of his distant relative, Col. Breckenridge, Confederate Secretary of War. At Patricia's request, Bob sold his racing cars, but he still owns a restored 1918 Maxwell (!) touring sedan. Bob also owns a collie named Amber, a private pilot's license, and a half-interest in Bluefield Farms, 418 acres in Kentucky devoted to raising thoroughbred horses. He'd like to retire there some day. But it's a distant future that will find Detroiters singing the blues because Bob Maxwell has retired to the land of the blue grass.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Oklahoma Kids

Could you please give me some information on *The Collins Kids*, who're seen frequently on TV? D. S., Boston, Mass.

That two kids are better than one, most people will admit. That two Collins Kids are "the best" in their field is incontestable. The eldest, Lorrie (short for Lawrence), is almost 15, with a voice now under exclusive contract to Columbia Records. Larry, 13, takes over the harmony vocals, dances a bit and handles the large double-necked guitar like the country-music veteran he is. . . . The Kids' dad is an aircraft worker and their mother, though she plays at the piano, never aimed for a show-business career. But Larry and Lorrie harmonized almost before they could read or write the name of their home town of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Too busy to stop for a music lesson, the Collins Kids have been on KTTV-Los Angeles' *Town Hall Party* and heard on the NBC Radio network program of the same name. Other appearances as guests on the CBS *Jack Carson Show* and *Bob Crosby Show* and ABC-TV's *Ozark Jubilee* were followed by movie roles for the Kids at Universal-International. . . . When they aren't busy televising or recording such country hits as "Hush Money" or "The Rockaway Rock," the Kids attend Hollywood's Professional Children's School, where Lorrie will be a sophomore this fall and Larry an eighth-grader. Larry says he likes school "all right," but prefers driving his midget auto or going swimming or rabbit hunting.

Free-Lance Lancer

Would you please give me some information about Warren Stevens on 77th Bengal Lancers? C. Y., Keiser, Pa.

Scranton-born Warren Stevens—Lt. Storm on the NBC-TV *Lancers* series—got his start in the entertainment world as a

musician. Then, during high-school years, he found himself becoming more and more attracted to acting. Afraid to admit it to his family, who might have considered it a mere "boyish infatuation," he enlisted in the Navy and made Annapolis, instead. But only for a while. Warren met a certain Bob Porterfield, who owned the famous Barter Theater in Virginia, and decided to leave Annapolis for the part of the younger brother in "Family Portrait." After that, it was a sprightly hop and skip to scholarship studies with Martha Graham, Sanford Meisner and Lehman Engel at Neighborhood Playhouse, and only a jump into the "blue yonder" of the Air Corps. . . . An Elia Kazan production was the turning point in his career. Though termed "a flop" by the critics, the play turned up several movie offers for the handsome, five-foot-ten actor. Broadway also took notice, and Warren landed "hit" material in "Detective Story" with Ralph Bellamy. . . . Since signing with 20th Century-Fox in 1950, he has been in 15 motion pictures and innumerable TV dramas. Now a free-lance *Lancer*, Warren lives with his wife, the former Lydia Minevitch, in the hills above Hollywood. He has a son, Larry, 12, by a previous marriage.

Shavian Pin-up

I would like some information on Joi Lansing, one of the models on the CBS-TV Bob Cummings Show. C. S., Throop, Pa.

Joi Lansing, a shapely blond pin-up type, has been studying her Ibsen and Shaw since high-school days. Complains Joi, "People don't believe I really want to be a dramatic actress. If you look sexy, they give you sexy parts." . . . Born Joy Loveland, Joi arrived in Hollywood via Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. As a Mormon, she neither drinks nor smokes. After high-school graduation, there was a considerable period devoted to serious reading, followed by a world junket—"to



Warren Stevens



Joi Lansing

get experience"—playing the Air Force bases. In Hollywood, she hopes her first starring picture, "The Brave One," will lead to others. Meanwhile, she's in continuous demand for TV dramas and has also appeared regularly on the *Bob Cummings Show* as the photographer's model. TV is "hard work," according to Joi. "But, if you work hard at anything you want, you're bound to be a success at it."

Calling All Fans

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

Pat Boone Fan Club, c/o Joan Gainer, 913 N. York Rd., Willow Grove, Pa.

Bill Haley and His Comets, c/o Claire Neveu, 201 Grove Street, Woonsocket, R. I.

Allan Copeland Fan Club, c/o Irma Alber, 1600 Broadway, Watervliet, N. Y.

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.



Larry and Lawrence Collins

OH, BROTHER!

WDGY's "Brother Bill" Bennett
just slays 'em in the ayem



Voice-wise, it's a who's wha, as expert mimic Bill Bennett talks to ex-"Fat Jack" E. Leonard before show.

THE LEGAL DEFINITION of "mayhem" reads threateningly, to say the least. Bill Bennett could never be accused of "a willful and violent affliction of bodily harm in order to annoy an adversary." Simple! He has no adversaries. When "Brother Bill" signs on-air at 6 A.M. for a three-hour deejay stint, and again at 11 for *Mayhem In The Ayem*, even the birds in the Twin Cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul tune in to WDGY. The proof is in the writing: "Dear Mr. Bennett," one note reads. "Enclosed is a picture of our parakeet, Pixie. As you can see, he's listening to the radio and it happens to be your program, too." To which Bill grins, "Proof? This just goes to prove my show is really 'for the birds.'" . . . One of the most likeable in the radio business, the versatile young emcee and entertainer was brought to WDGY by Todd Storz, who recognized a find for his new station. Bill was largely responsible for jumping the station's ratings from a rocky "low" to "number one independent" for the area. Adored by teenagers, hounded by gag fans, besieged by phone calls, there's a perpetual smile on the boyish face and a joke is ready for any occasion. . . . And this, in spite of a staggering schedule. Besides the two morning shows, he emcees Saturday nights at the Prom Ballroom, sharing billing with top stars. During the week, Bill's out on the road for his "favorite extracurricular," one-night stands of emceeing, singing and mimicking. Paying attention to teenagers' extracurriculars, too, he recently started a teen-interest column circulating in 130 school papers in the area. . . . Come Sunday and Bill folds his tent and "steals away" home. But the comedy sneaks in by the back door, according to his lovely wife Jo. Sundays tempt Bill to work on his teen-slanted magic and clown routines. . . . Not so many years ago, teenager Bill, "most popular boy" in his class, stopped short of nothing to entertain and make people laugh. At the time of his class play, when he fell off the stage and landed in the pit, his sole commentary went, "It was getting pretty dull around there." . . . Bill's first break followed soon after a young station manager took a look at Bill and "suggested," in his most V.I.P. manner, "Boy, you'll never make it as a radio personality. Let's try you in sales." So, it was sales for two years, till he sold himself as a deejay. Radio audiences have been buying Brother Bill's airwaves' stock-in-trade ever since.



Bill, second from right, shines along with The Three Suns, typical bright guest stars on his ayem show.



Kuldip Singh, at left, of Graucha fame, is emceed by Bill, who's busy with a "favorite extracurricular."

What's New on the West Coast

(Continued from page 7)

now spends the afternoon sunning itself on Elvis' M-G-M patio, doesn't like to go back into its cage at night, has a glossy gray-brown coat of fur which is made to gleam on a diet of apples (hand fed), sits up like a squirrel to eat, hops like a kangaroo, and is named "Wallaby." Rumor has it that it was this pint-sized pet that knocked out Presley's tooth, but he's too embarrassed to admit it.

Beards 'n' Boots: If you think you are seeing a younger version of the Smith Brothers walking down Hollywood Boulevard, it's probably Lawrence Welk's arranger, George Cates, and Welk's newly signed clarinetist, Pete Fountain. Both sport goatees. Cates, musical supervisor of Welk's shows, grew his beard during an illness, vowed he wouldn't shave until he was well again, and then never shaved it off at all. Twenty-six-year-old Pete Fountain grew his beard on a dare, while playing jazz in New Orleans over the past five years. . . . The moment Betty White was to meet ABC-TV president, Leonard Goldenson, and introduce her new show, *Date With The Angels*, on a coast-to-coast closed-circuit hook-up, the heel of her shoe broke. It just so happened that Alice Lon was present, and wearing the same shade of blue dress and matching shoes as Betty. More coincidentally, they both have the same Cinderella-size foot, 5A. After the show, Betty pointed to the lovely Alice, sitting barefoot beside the president.

Incidental Intelligence: *Cheyenne's* Clint Walker added a covered wagon to his new Vespa motor scooter, now takes his seven-year-old daughter Valerie with him while he prospects for uranium. Valerie thought prospecting a bore until Clint, knowing she adored him as "Cheyenne," got out of blue jeans and changed into his TV costume. . . . Yvonne DeCarlo, who has a December date with the stork, has blueprinted plans for a new TV series next season in which she'll star as a femme Robin Hood. . . . Cedric Hardwicke—and he likes being called "Mister," not "Sir"—celebrated his forty-fifth year as an actor while rehearsing a role in *Climax!* The three-layer cake, inscribed "An Actor's Actor," was presented by Michael Rennie. . . . They had to make room for daddy, Danny Thomas, when he played the Sands night club in Las Vegas. It was S.R.O. inside, so Danny did an impromptu show for the people outside who couldn't get past the velvet rope. . . . Jeanne Cagney's daughter, Mary Ann, is celebrating her second birthday. . . . Did you know that Spike Jones once beat the drums in a recording band for Bing Crosby? "It was a nice steady job," says Spike, "but I kept falling asleep." . . . Gale Storm's "Dark Moon" has passed Bonny Guitar's original version of the same song and gone well over the million mark. (Both are on a Dot label.) Another record set by Gale: Both her sponsors, Nestle Co. and Helene Curtis, have just signed her *Oh! Susanna* for ninety-one consecutive weeks.

What's New on the East Coast

(Continued from page 5)

Connecticut. Says he, "I got a brook and I will put my feet in the water and fish and count my money." Ken Carson will get in two weeks of Florida golf and then make personal appearances at state fairs. Denise Lor stands on a woman's prerogative and remains undecided. Garry, himself, is in a rut, or is it a trough? He will cruise off New England with the family. . . . There's Moore of Garry's favorite horn-man, Wild Bill Davison, in Columbia album, "With Strings Attached."

five pounds and four ounces and Melba took him home. "He's good and lovable," says Melba. "He has auburn hair and enormous blue eyes. We call him Eric Henry. Eric after my grandfather and Henry after Gil's father." The Monday after the baby got home, Gil went down to his office loaded with candy and cigars.

Bloody or Dead: *Big Story* cancelled end of this summer. *West Point* and *Buccaneers* axed, too. *Robert Montgomery Presents* will definitely not return in fall. Also death rattle for *Ford Theater*. . . . Of course, there are happy sponsors. *Kraft* celebrated its tenth year and *Godfrey* is up to his eyeballs in teaballs. It was July 25, 1947, that Lipton first sponsored *Old Ironsides*. And then, *Oh! Susanna* and *Person To Person* have had renewals and *The Lone Ranger* will ride again. Gisele MacKenzie, who debuts her show in the fall, has been fully sponsored since spring. So things are never so bad as they seem, and anyway, like army generals, TV shows don't die, they just fade away. There's the *Durante* show, off TV almost two years. It's back again this summer, replacing *Gleason*, who was recently axed but who will likely replace *Steve Allen* in 1959. And see if you can follow this one: *The Champions* replaced *Private Secretary*, which in turn replaced *The Brothers*. *Private Secretary* has now been replaced by *My Favorite Husband*. Joan Caulfield, once star of *My Favorite Husband*, returns this fall in a new filmed comedy series, *Sally*, co-starring Marion Lorne, on NBC-TV Sundays at 7:30. Marion Lorne gained TV fame in this same time slot when it was occupied by *Mr. Peepers*, which was replaced by *Circus Boy*, which moves to ABC and replaces . . . etcetera.

Backstage Drama: One serial star was undergoing the worst kind of anguish this season and being very mum about it. Melba Rae, who is Marge in *Search For Tomorrow*, was looking forward to the most exciting event of her life, her first child. With artist-husband Gil Shawn, she shared such enthusiasm that they talked about little else. Early spring, they moved from a small, charming Greenwich Village flat to a large apartment on Riverside Drive. Suddenly, in March, Melba was rushed to the hospital and gave birth to premature twins. ("I'd been X-rayed, but there had been no sign of twins.") The baby girl weighed two pounds and eight ounces. The boy weighed two and six. ("We were warned to wait twenty-four hours before we told anyone outside of her parents.") Twenty hours later, the girl died. The boy went into an incubator at Premature Center in the New York Hospital. Melba was told she could not take the baby home until he reached five pounds, and Gil was told not to give out any cigars until baby came home. They had a live son, but its life was not a certain thing. At one point, the baby dropped down to two pounds, but then began to gain steadily. On Mother's Day, he was

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Christmas in July





Even in July, the "North Pole" at the Village is covered with frost.



At the Enchanted Castle, Bill and young Robert feed the black swan.



Bill jumps as the giant Jack-in-the-Box nods its greeting to him.

It could be you, says Bill Leyden, enjoying the sun at Santa's Village



Santa himself welcomes Sue and Bill Leyden, Robert Chadwick, 7, Denise and Paula Benson, aged 6 and 11, while little John Benson finds playmates just his size among the baby goats.

YES, there is a Santa Claus. The only point of disputation is: Where does he live? Some people plunk for the North Pole. But, each year, a million other people take the Rim-of-the-World Highway (State Highway 18), drive a mile-high into the San Bernardino Mountains, and stop when they've reached never-never land, more officially known as Skyforest, California. Here is Santa's Village and, unlike the North Pole, it's much more than a postal address. Fourteen fantastical buildings nestle among the pines, and here, together with elves and animals, live Mr. and Mrs. Claus. Santa is here to greet his visitors 364 days a year. On Christmas Day, he's away on urgent business. In winter, the scene is snow-covered. But even in July, it's still Christmas here. Newlyweds Sue and Bill Leyden gathered up four young friends to prove that, when it's a question of the happiest kind of fairy tales coming true, it could be you!

There's a sleigh and reindeer, of course. But for a ride through the Enchanted Forest, visitors take Cinderella's Pumpkin coach.



Bill Leyden is emcee of Ralph Edwards' *It Could Be You*, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12:30 P. M. EDT.



Discovery!

Discovery!

Feminine Fabric

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make New Modess your own discovery this month

Modess . . . *because*

A showdown must finally come in the tangled affairs of these three—Anthony Franciosa, Eva Marie Saint, husband Don Murray.



TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

*TV favorites on
your theater screen*

By JANET GRAVES

A Hatful of Rain

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Though this powerful movie is adapted from a Broadway play, it has the quietly realistic, outspoken manner of the best TV dramas, and all its leading players are familiar to television fans. As the war veteran tormented by dope addiction, Don Murray gives a strongly emotional performance. He is matched by Eva Marie Saint, as the wife who could offer help and sympathy if only she were given her husband's full confidence. But Anthony Franciosa towers over both, with his compelling portrayal of the brother deeply involved in the addict's situation. And Lloyd Nolan, as the bluff, unimaginative father, shows why this family is threatened by tragedy. Background scenes shot in New York City give extra conviction to a story of unusual force.

Bernardine

20TH, CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Already established as a TV, radio and recording personality, Pat Boone steps into the movie-acting department with surprising

ease. He's cast as leader of a group of teenagers—nice kids all, without a delinquent in the lot. Their chief problem centers around the romantic quest of young Richard Sargent, who has fallen madly in love with Terry Moore. Trying to be the loyal pal, Pat succeeds only in complicating Dick's life. And Janet Gaynor, as Dick's widowed mother, now considering a second marriage, exhibits the same pert charm in maturity as she did in youth.

Dino

ALLIED ARTISTS

Widely acclaimed as a TV play, this story of slum boyhood hits the larger screens with equal impact. Sal Mineo does an excellent job as the boy just released from reform school, after serving a term on a robbery and murder charge. As the psychiatrist at the local settlement house, Brian Keith takes a personal interest in Sal's case, and the gentle attentions of young Susan Kohner, another settlement-house worker, also exert a healing influence.

The Delicate Delinquent

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Now that Dean Martin has shown what he can do on his own in "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," Jerry Lewis goes into solo action with a hard-to-classify picture of tenement life in New York. As a youngster who gets hauled into a police station on a de-

linquency accusation, Jerry is utterly innocent. But he arouses the concern of Darren McGavin, a crusading cop, and Martha Hyer, a lady politico who believes in getting tough with the trouble-making kids. Jerry's role oddly combines serious acting with his familiar clowning. He does one song, "By Myself," which is neatly staged and worked logically into the course of the story.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Beau James (Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor): As New York mayor Jimmy Walker, Bob Hope symbolizes the spirit of the Jazz Age. Paul Douglas and Darren McGavin take key roles in the colorful political intrigues; Alexis Smith and Vera Miles are the ladies in Bob's life.

The Lonely Man (Paramount, VistaVision): Winner of TV's Emmy for best acting, Jack Palance has a strong role as a supposed desperado, who tries to settle down and win the affections of his hostile son, Anthony Perkins. Elaine Aiken is the girl that both men love.

The Buster Keaton Story (Paramount, VistaVision): Donald O'Connor goes deadpan to play the sober-faced comic of silent-film days. Ann Blyth and Rhonda Fleming supply romantic interest, but fine old Keaton gags are the big attraction.



Can a doctor live like a human being?

Can a doctor be a devoted husband to his wife, a loving father to his children? Can he ever afford to feel angry, hurt or proud? Or must he always put his family and his feelings *second*? Does a man give up his right to live like other men when he takes the Hippocratic oath? Day after day, Dr. Jerry Malone and his family live out this conflict. Live it with them on radio. You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to **YOUNG DR. MALONE** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.

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

Almost like Angels

By GORDON BUDGE

TAKE one busy married couple, two successful careers, three lively young children. Put 'em under the same roof . . . and the result might well be bedlam. But, for Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, it's a bit of heaven, and their youngsters—Jody, 10; Billy, Jr., 6; Nita, 4—are three little angels . . . well, *almost* angels.

Bill and Barbara are a busy couple indeed, and both their careers have just gone into high gear, TV-wise. Bill, long known on television as venture-some *Kit Carson*, has just hurdled neatly from horse-opera to humor, now plays opposite charming Betty White in the rollicking new domestic comedy, *Date With The Angels*, over ABC-TV. And hazel-eyed Barbara has just been cast as Della Street, witty "Girl Friday" to famed lawyer-sleuth *Perry Mason*, whose offbeat adventures in detection will be seen over CBS-TV starting this fall.

Speaking of *Date With The Angels*—specifically, of Bill and Betty as Mr. and Mrs. Gus Angel—Barbara says, in mock horror, "I'd no sooner been cast as Della Street than my husband turned up with another wife! I'm thinking of calling Perry Mason in on this. Already, Betty and I kid each other about which of us sees more of Bill. She's with him four days each week—and I have him on weekends."

Speaking of her own three little angels at home,

Continued →

Barbara makes the most of family weekends with Bill. Four days a week, she must share him with his TV wife, Betty White (below, right), in *Date With The Angels*.

Little Nita's had a busy day—and plenty of burgers from the barbecue—so it's one big goodnight kiss for daddy Bill, before Barbara packs her off to dreamland.





All together: Barbara and Bill, with Nita (left), Billy Junior, Jody—and "Punch," their collie.

**Heaven, for Bill Williams, is that date-for-life with
a lovely girl named Barbara Hale—and those three lively youngsters**

Almost like Angels

(Continued)

Barbara adds, "Betty has offered to take the children, too. And there are times—like today—when I would gladly share the joys of motherhood. Look at this house! This morning, we began a formal weeding party in the garden. Then came the weed fights—climaxed by tag through the living room. I feel like the old witch of the North Woods, and I'm tired of saying, 'No, hon. . . .' Do you know anyone who would care to take in three really sweet-natured but wild-horse children?"

All kidding aside, that weeding session is only part—along with numerous other activities the Williamses undertake together—of Barbara's and Bill's plan to make up for the time their jobs separate them from their family. "I joined the *Perry Mason* series," Barbara says earnestly, "because I felt it would help the children, not hurt them. To my way of thinking, any woman with husband and children to look after can be called a 'working mother.' For instance, when Bill and I were at one of our infrequent parties, the other night, I heard one of the girls say, 'I'm sorry, but we're going to have to leave now . . . I have to get up at six A.M. with the kids.' Believe me, I know that by the time her day is through—what with PTA, church and charity work, the Camp Fire Girls, and any dozen or more activities that demand her time—she well deserves the title of 'working mother.'

"Point is," Barbara stresses, "that the husband and wife are sharing some common goal, some dream of the future. That's why I (Continued on page 72)

Bill Williams is Gus in *Date With The Angels*, on ABC-TV, Fri., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Plymouth Dealers of America.



Billy wants to be an Indian—if he can't be Kit Carson, like his dad.

Nita and Billy love to go marketing with Mom and Dad. Wonder why?

Niece Dianne Falness watches Barb cut hasty sandwiches for bike ride.





Barb's own father is a top landscape architect—so she's sure to pick a fine tree fern for their garden.



Champ swimmer Bill gives Billy and Nita water-skiing tips on Saturdays. Sundays, it's time to go to church—and Jody and Nita give their all to some hymn practice.



Billy just might be an Indian yet (Cleveland, that is). He swings a big-league bat, as Bill catches and coaches.



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(Continued)

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My Sentimental TOMMY

*My boy has his faults, but he's
been a good son—and, someday,
he'll be a good husband and father*

By GRACE SANDS

TWO LITTLE GIRLS waved to me the other day and said, "Hello, Tommy's mother." I used to be Grace Sands; now I'm "Tommy's mother." That's fame. But it has its compensations. I get special attention these days from the young clerks at the supermarket, and all sorts of nice people smile to me on the street and say, "Saw you on *This Is Your Life*—Tommy looked wonderful."

This change in our fortunes has not been lost on my son. He teases me about it. "Say, Mama, you're not doing *laundry*?" he'll say, in mock shocked tones, as he comes into the kitchen while I'm washing out his socks. "Remember, you're 'Tommy's mother' now." Then we have a good laugh as I go right on with my chores.

Not that I mean to talk down the wonderful success that has been coming to my boy lately. What mother would? It's what he worked for, dreamed about, gave twelve years to. But, just for a change, I can't help thinking, *Wouldn't it be poetic justice if some fine day someone rushed* (Continued on page 80)

At 19, he's the youngest subject Ralph Edwards ever had on *This Is Your Life*. Close friend Biff Collie (center) is the Texas deejay who put Tommy on his TV show—at 12.



Tommy and I have a deep affection, but I think he'll marry early. He started his career early, you know, and he'll never forget the big boost Cliffie Stone, below, gave him—and Molly Bee—on *Hometown Jamboree*.



That great guy from Tennessee, Ernie Ford (right), was proud as I was, when Ken Nelson of Capitol gave Tommy a gold record for his "Teen-Age Crush" success.





the Truth about POLLY

Miss Bergen is three people in one—and a recognizable success in each and every personification



It was dislike at first sight—until Freddie Fields played porter and both he and Polly got carried away.

By MARTIN COHEN

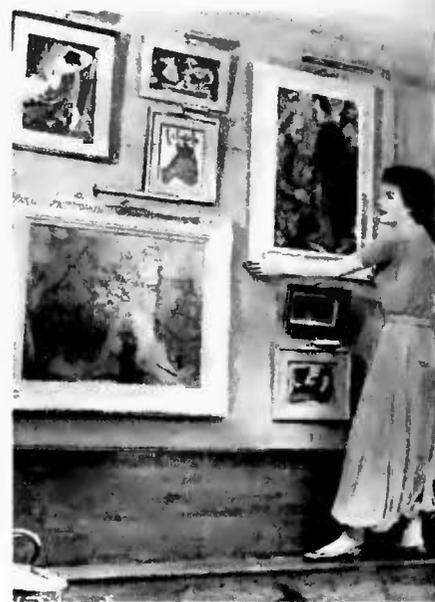
ABOUT A HALF-DOZEN years ago, Polly Bergen, then an M-G-M starlet, made a personal appearance at a fair in Lubbock, Texas. All over town, she saw huge posters, "Presenting the Famous Singer, Dancer, Actress—Polly Burger." Polly says, "Maybe twenty-five percent of it was true. I had been singing since I was a baby, but I was just in the elementary business of learning to act and dance. Of course, they spelled my last name like 'hamburger'—which proves they were really kidding themselves about my being famous!"

Since then, as dancer, singer and/or actress, Polly has headlined the country's chic clubs, made a dozen movies and starred (Continued on page 66)

Polly Bergen is a regular panelist on *To Tell The Truth*, as seen on CBS-TV, each Tuesday at 9 P.M. EDT, and sponsored by Pharmaceuticals, Inc. for Geritol and for other products.



Tinker Bell lays claim to nine lives, but Polly's happy with just three. She mixes being a career girl, wife and mother as harmoniously as she combines modern and antique decor at home.



Beauty and function are the keynotes. The dressing-room walls are doors to huge closets. In the living room, below, the clay boxer was sculpted by Polly—a photographer and pianist, too.



Are We Afraid of Our Teen-age Kids?

Humorist-humanitarian Sam Levenson has strong words for children who rebel against authority—and for parents who can't say "No!"

By GLADYS HALL



Mother Levenson encourages four-year-old Emily to dress herself.



Nothing so fine as a bathroom duet for father-and-son solidarity.



Sam Levenson has taught son Conrad to be independent. Each week he adds to allowance money by washing family car, taping Sam's TV show for him. The Levensons are a musical family, love their three-guitar, piano combo.



Isn't it dangerous, as many church leaders and teachers and social workers believe, for teenagers to go steady? If we, the parents, also recognize the danger, why don't we forbid them to do so?

Should twelve-year-old girls be allowed to wear lipstick—and falsies?

Should sixteen-year-old boys be permitted to have cars of their own?

When a teen-age son or daughter starts to smoke at an earlier age than we believe good for them, isn't it up to us to say "No"—and mean it?

When we have reason to believe that our teen-age boys and girls are making the kind of friends that will do them no good, aren't we obligated to signal "Thumbs down"—and keep them down?

When we tell a teen-age son or daughter that ten o'clock is curfew, shouldn't the teenager observe the curfew—or be penalized?

If we disapprove of our kids hanging around the candy store on the corner, playing rock 'n' roll records the clock around, to the detriment of their homework and other duties, why don't we lay down the law to them—and see to it that the law is kept?

THE PROPER ANSWER to each of these questions, and many others like them, is as clear as the difference between right and wrong itself, yet it is obvious—as the juvenile-delinquency problem bears sad witness—that too many of us do not make the right answers.

Why don't we?

"Because we are afraid of these kids," says Sam Levenson, "mortally afraid!"

As one of eight youngsters, with six brothers and a sister, brought up in the (Continued on page 82)

Sam Levenson is the genial quipmaster of *Two For The Money*, as seen on CBS-TV each Saturday evening from 8:30 to 9 P.M. EDT.



From the Fields of T

Lawrence Welk heard music in the wind, the sun, the earth . . . and felt the very heartbeat of America

By MAXINE ARNOLD



Homesteaders Ludwig and Kristina Welk

FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS!" The farmer stopped his plough and looked at his next-to-youngest son, who was working in the field with him. His son Lawrence, who was afire with this talk of an accordion he'd seen in the new catalogue. . . . Ludwig Welk's face was troubled. He looked around him in the fields, with

This farm boy's dream—an accordion.



THE DAKOTAS



with baby Lawrence in his mother's lap.

an immigrant's love for the roots he'd put down in this generous new land. This North Dakota farmland he'd homesteaded for his family. Here were their roots, too. They should stay here with the land . . . and harvest life here.

Now seventeen-year-old Lawrence was turning his back on that

Lawrence as a musical "matador."

Eight children now: Ludwig and Kristina with—left to right—Lawrence, little Mike, John, Louis, youngest daughter Eva (now a nurse in Aberdeen, South Dakota), Ann Mary, Barbara, Agatha. Four sturdy sons Ludwig was sure would farm the rich American land he and his wife had come from far-off Europe to find . . . but Lawrence was to pioneer in quite another field.

Continued →

It was with George Kelly (lower right) and Mrs. Kelly that the youthful Lawrence first learned show business. If it hadn't been for their teaching, he says with deepest gratitude, "I don't think I could ever have made it."



From the Fields of THE DAKOTAS

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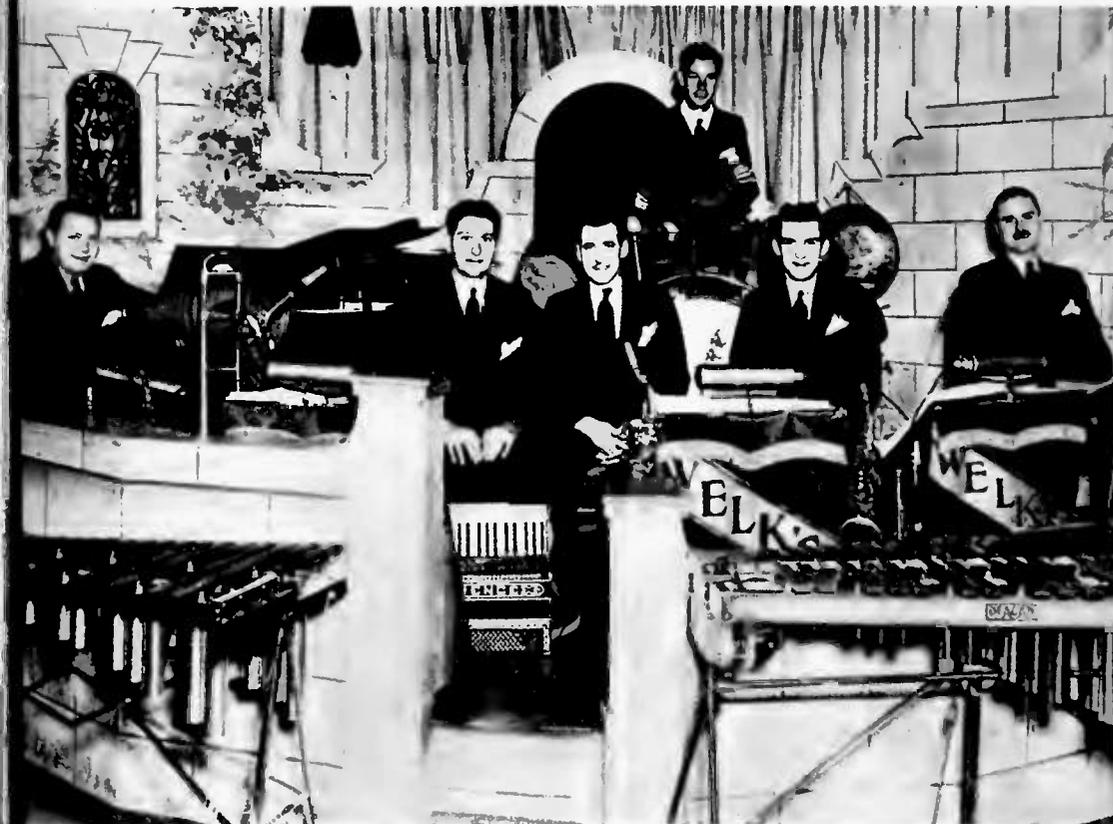


From the Fields of THE DAKOTAS

(Continued)



Lawrence Welk has good reason to remember South Dakota, too. In Yankton, he broadcast from WNAX with his new six-piece band (above)—and met his future bride. They were wed when he played a Sioux Falls date (below, with Chuck Coffee seated beside him).



The Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 P.M., is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent*, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M., for both Dodge and Plymouth. Welk's also heard on ABC Radio, including Sat., 10:05 P.M., and *ABC's Dancing Party*, M-F, 9:30 P.M.; check local papers. (All times given EDT)



Today, in California, with his two teenagers, Lawrence, Jr. and Donna.

land for a "gypsy" future that would never root down anywhere. And he wanted him to invest four hundred dollars in an accordion. . . . Of course, he would pay the money back, every cent of it, Lawrence was saying. There in the middle of a wheat field, he was standing his ground. But, watching his father's face, he could feel that ground fast giving way under him.

"We have no four hundred dollars to spend," his father said sternly. And he wouldn't buy it on credit. Lawrence knew that. Ludwig Welk had never bought anything on credit in his life. There could be a drouth, he would reason conscientiously. Something (Continued on page 76)

Fern Renner, the girl he married—"perfect wife and perfect mother."





Older daughter Shirley's wedding was a red-letter day for Lawrence.



Another big occasion for the family: A visit from *Person To Person*—featuring, left to right, Shirley, Lawrence, Larry Junior and Donna.

This Is Your Life! Lawrence and Fern on couch; Donna, Shirley and son-in-law Dr. Robert Emmett Fredericks behind them. Just behind host Ralph Edwards are sister Eva Welk (in dark dress), three of the Lennon Sisters, Larry (seated). Left to right, rear—Eddie Weisfeld, former Milwaukee theater manager; the George Kellys; ballroom owner Tom Archer; Chuck Coffee; Jack Minor of Plymouth.





The pears amounted to nothing, really—just a surprise gift to Sara from Mike to say again, "I love you." And in their happiness, neither sensed the growing threat to one they loved.

Inexorably, the fatal threads weave to entangle Mike

and Sara Karr's friends with Mike's duty as

Assistant District Attorney—and pull them closer to . . .

The Edge of Night

SARA CALLED and, when she hung up, Mike Karr looked across his desk at Willy and grinned at him. He indicated the memo he'd made on his "Assistant District Attorney" stationery. The memo said, *Yellow pears, the sweet and juicy kind*. Mike beamed. "It's pears this time, Willy."

Willy grunted, but Mike couldn't suppress his enthusiasm as he went on: "Do you know, Willy, you've made a mistake in not getting married?"

Willy—Wilhelmus Bogart Bryan, III—did not answer. Mike felt that life was very good, nowadays. He and Sara'd had bad times, of course. Only a couple of months ago, things had looked rough. Sara was insisting on being a working wife, and Mike had been absorbed in his work, and they weren't getting along too well. But now he felt good all over.

Willy would usually share his mood. He not only worked under Mike, as an investigator on the District Attorney's staff, but he liked Mike. He dourly worshipped Sara. Now, though, he didn't smile. "Something on your mind?" asked Mike. "What?"

Willy scowled at his fingers. In his own particular line of work, he was a perfectionist. Nobody would ever demand of him one-half what he demanded of himself, when something was to be investigated. Mike had especially asked for him when he himself was assigned to cooperate with the Citizens' Crime Commission in a campaign against the black market in babies. Willy'd been gathering background material. Now his expression was deadpan—too deadpan.

"I hit on something," said Willy, at last. "I don't like it."

Mike leaned back in his chair. As Assistant District Attorney, one looked at things from a special viewpoint. One wasn't angry because people committed crimes. One couldn't be. One had to take people as they came. Some came pretty bad. When Willy said he didn't like something, it didn't mean indignation—not necessarily.

"I think it's a black-market baby affair," said Willy, "and you wouldn't believe it." He scowled at the wall. "I was down in the City Hall, looking up some records. Births and deaths and so on. The thing I was working on called for it."

"Well?" said Mike.

"I saw the death record of a baby. Ten years back."

"Well?" said Mike again.

"I know the kid," said Willy vexedly. "He's ten years old and plays a good game of baseball, for a kid. But his death's on record."

Mike frowned in his turn, watching Willy. "It smells a little," he observed. "You think it's black-market?"

"Not the dead baby," said Willy. "The death certificate's okay. It's signed by the same doctor who delivered the baby. I'd like to ask him, but he died six years ago. It looks like a baby died and somebody switched in another, without anybody finding it out. What do I do?"

Mike understood. Willy had found a case he was reluctant to follow because it might hurt somebody. But he couldn't let it alone.

"You've got discretion," said Mike. "Use it. If nobody's been hurt, if there's been no injustice—we don't take cases to court just to broadcast family secrets. But if there's something wrong . . ."

Willy nodded. "I'll check. I don't like it, though. I'd never suspected a thing, but I can make a guess why it was done. But how? And how bad was the *how*? It could be pretty bad indeed."

He stood up abruptly. Mike folded the memo he'd made, and Willy said, "Watch that memo! Sara wants yellow pears—I think I know a place. I'll see. But you don't want to forget."

He went out of the office. Mike turned back to his work. It wasn't all pleasant, the job of an Assistant District Attorney. In this black-market business, now. There'd been heartbreaking cases involving advantages taken of girls who were ashamed, threats of scandal, blackmail threats to claim a baby back when it had wound itself into the heartstrings of the people who'd gotten it. There isn't anything much lower than a racketeer who'll batten on the love of adults for children.

When Mike went home that evening, he carried a box of pears. Each one was separately wrapped in tissue-paper. Sara bit into one instantly and beamed gratefully at him. "Oh, but it's good!" she said happily. "Am I a nuisance, Mike?"

"Willy got them," Mike confessed. "It was his idea to have them gift-wrapped." Hanging up his coat, he asked, "What's news?"

"I had company," she told him. "Mary Harper came over for a while. (Continued on page 61)

The Edge Of Night is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 to 5 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Dreft, Spic and Span, Comet, and Lava. John Larkin and Teal Ames are pictured on opposite page in their roles as Mike and Sara Karr.

A FICTION BONUS



In the Swim at Lake Arrowhead



*With her two daughters, Carol Richards—
singer on The Bob Crosby Show—
lives a gay life in the sun*

UP AT LAKE ARROWHEAD the water's the bluest, the mountains are the highest, the sun the brightest. And a redheaded singing angel named Carol Richards called it "Heaven." Carol first rented a house at Arrowhead to give her two daughters, Jean, who is twelve, and Judy, ten, a bang-up summer of fun. She and the girls fell in love with the place, so Carol bought the house. A housemother cares for Jean and Judy during the week, while Carol has to be in Hollywood for her appearances on *The Bob Crosby Show* on CBS-TV. But, every weekend, she heads for "home" at Arrowhead with the girls. The days are crammed with boating, swimming, water-skiing, horseback riding and picnic excursions with the girls and the friends they've made at the Lake. There's an outdoor movie, fringed with tall pines—which frequently serve as free "seats" for adventurous little boys who lack the 50¢ admission. Every Saturday night, the whole Village turns out for a community dance, the big social event of the week. For Carol and her two blond charmers, Arrowhead is absolute tops for living it up—in heaven under the sun!

Carol Richards sings on *The Bob Crosby Show*, CBS-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship.

Continued →



Off for a water-skiing lesson, Carol's first attempt at the sport. Left to right (above) are Carol, Jean, Judy, their friend Sean Freeman and boat owner Bill Barlow. On the skis, Carol made twenty feet, dunked. Got the knack in three tries.



In the Swim at Lake Arrowhead

(Continued)



First one up makes the beds. Carol does all the housekeeping, with the girls' help. Next comes sandwich time. The girls develop king-size appetites during their morning swim.



Carol and daughter Judy lug a bale of laundry to the Village laundromat each Saturday. Both Judy and Jean help out with chores, know sharing work adds to time for family fun.



Carol and Judy astride the mechanical horses in the Village. Both Carol and the girls also ride "live" horses, rented from the Village stable. Arrowhead boasts famous bridle paths.



Dinner at "The Chalet." A treat, since the menu features fresh-caught trout. Gourmet diners enjoy watching through restaurant window as a fisherman catches their dinner. (Below) Carol, pretty as a picture, for Village dance.



In Village for weekly shopping chores, Carol stops off for cooling drink. The fountain is spring-fed from the melting snows in near-by San Bernardino Mountains. Tastes wonderful!



the Boones

When we got married, we only knew we were in love. I never guessed Pat Boone, husband and student, would become Pat Boone, movie star!

By SHIRLEY BOONE
as told to
Maurine Remenih

PROBABLY 'most every girl across the country dreams of going to Hollywood some day. Many girls want to come out here to be seen, but most of them just want to come to see. That's what I'd always wanted to do. And I must say that I've got in an awful lot of "seeing" since Pat and I arrived in Hollywood last spring. Looking back on it, now that I've had a chance to settle down in our rented house and catch my breath, I guess it has been the most exciting, (Continued on page 63)



All dressed up (and so excited), as Pat took me to my first formal Hollywood party—for *Photoplay's* Gold Medal Awards.



Stars galore! Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds were just about the only ones I met that I'd already known back East.

My Pat was a "celebrity," too, singing at the *Photoplay* dinner.



Come fall, Pat will head his own show on ABC-TV—just like my dad Red Foley, who has *Ozark Jubilee*.

Go to **HOLLYWOOD**



Our welcome was warm—though we arrived the week Los Angeles had its first snowfall in years.

Lunching at the 20th Century-Fox commissary was a treat for me—as well as for Lindy, Cherry and Debby.

Scene from "Bernardine"—left to right, Tom Pittman, Richard Sargent, Pat, Val Benedict and Ronnie Burns.



New Hot Singers of 1957

They're flirting with fame! Here TV Radio Mirror presents this year's crop of hit-makers

By HELEN BOLSTAD



Sonny sightsees of the U.N., is surprised when fons recognize him—and consider Sonny quite a sight to see, too! Below, he talks shop with popular deejay Jerry Morsholl.



Playing New York's fabled Paloce, recording for Capitol, Sonny James has it made—still remains a nice young bachelor "from Hockleburg, Alobomo, mo'om."



Today, even Ed Sullivan smiles on Jimmy Bowen (left), Dave Alldred (center), Buddy Knox and Don Lanier—who started out with experiments in sound on paper-box drums and garbage-can lids, back home in Texas.

WHO IS tomorrow's dreamboat? Whose songs will the teenagers choose as background music for the school year's first romance? Which vocalist in his twenties . . . or even in his teens . . . will win fame in a year when a disc-jockey's turntable literally becomes the wheel of fortune?

It may be someone like Sonny James, who already has made a

dramatic bid for attention. It may be some well-trained singer like Johnny Mathis, who has worked since childhood—and now, in the language of the entertainment business, is "ready to go." It may be someone like Tab Hunter, whose major interest has been in an allied field. It may be someone like Buddy Knox, Jimmy Bowen or Charlie Gracie, whose debut rec-

ords "just took off." TV RADIO MIRROR herewith nominates at least fourteen such candidates bidding for top honors. Each has youth, voice, good looks, ambition, and a way with a song.

Yet, promising as they are, they may all be surpassed by someone yet unknown . . . some lad who right now is sitting on a beach, holding hands with his girl, dream-

The Rhythm Orchids had to wax fast for Roulette, to stockpile discs for Buddy's six-month tour of duty in the Army.



New Hot Singers of 1957



Tab Hunter gambled film career to make records for Dot music director Billy Vaughn and prexy Randy Wood.



Hollywood had always thought Tab was something to see, rather than hear!



Philadelphia's latest spectacular newcomer, Charlie Gracie, collects going and coming. He sings on Cameo label—and he writes hit songs, too.

ing up a song and wondering how it would sound if he got some of the guys together and they tried cutting his tune on the neighbor's tape-recorder.

Crazy? Of course, it is. Yet, because this is the craziest year the recording industry has ever known, the home-town lad with the home-made song just might make it.

Buddy Knox and Jimmy Bowen—

the students who simultaneously put two songs, "Party Doll" and "I'm Sticking With You," into the top hits—first worked out sound effects by setting up tape-recorders at night and shouting down the corridors of the speech building while their pals Dave Alldred and Don Lanier beat out the rhythm on a paper box and the lid of a garbage can. Home-made sound, all the way.

Charlie's not ready to marry yet—"but when I do, I want a home-type girl." His favorite audience is still his parents and younger brothers, Robert and Frank.





With Dean Jones, it was his singing voice which won him a film career.



Dean now holds M-G-M contracts to make not only records but big musicals. Above, at studio with Lauren Bacall.



Dean on Steve Allen Show—via "remote."

Johnny Cash, who can swing a prairie ballad over into the pop field, was a hungry young appliance salesman when he asked two friends, then garage mechanics, if they'd help him out by playing guitar and bass when he sang one of his own songs on a demonstration record.

George Hamilton IV and Johnny Dee were the lanky boy-wonders at

a small TV station when Johnny wrote "A Rose and a Baby Ruth" and George put it on wax at a small studio.

The story multiplies and can well multiply further. For this is the year when the boy next door went to town, often in a pastel Cadillac . . . when touring rock 'n' roll and country-and-Western shows originated more hits than Broadway.

Not long ago, when Tin Pan Alley was a closed corporation, these kids from the sticks wouldn't even have won a listen from the least important of artists-and-repertoire men. Now, the teen-age audience is calling the turn. Thanks to the music-business revolution which began with Bill Haley's rock 'n' roll, which hit a financial peak with Presley, and which found new

Eddie Dano (with MCA's Danny Welk) was RCA Victor office worker.

Scott Engel is RKO-Unique star at 13. He and mother hail from Denver.

Bill Carey sings for Savoy, hopes for a hit like roommate Jim Lowe's.



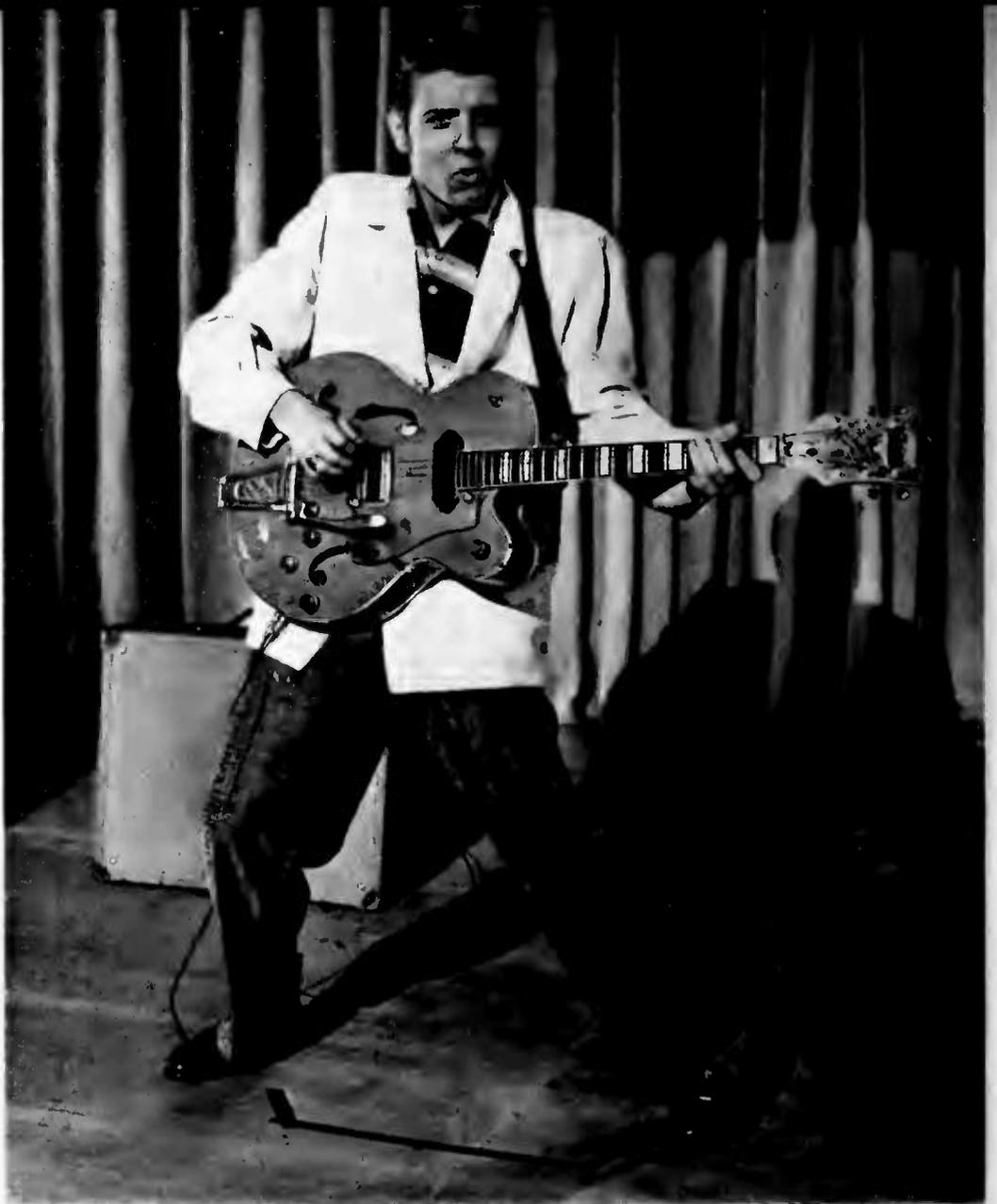
New Hot Singers of 1957



Teachers irked Eddie Cochran—but out in Hollywood he works hard with arranger and songwriter Ray Stanley.



Johnny Mathis (with Joan Wright) studied seriously, is star athlete at high jump and records for Columbia.



Eddie did "Twenty Flight Rock" for Liberty, was then paged for movie role.

fire with the sudden nationwide success of Tommy Sands, the lads with a fresh lyric and a new sound are much in demand. An executive at one large recording company, which had long concentrated only on top stars, defined his studio's change in policy: "The kids can bypass Broadway. We've got our scouts out, beating the bushes, looking for them."

Broadway, too, went looking for grass-roots singers, and the name of Sonny James ("from Hackleburg, Alabama, ma'am") blazed in lights at the Palace. Sonny's Capitol release of "Young Love" had already sold two million records and become one of the few country-and-Western tunes to break over into the pop field.

With Sonny also introducing "First Date, First Kiss, First Love," there were as many sighs as shrieks from happy fans, for Sonny cut a romantic figure up there on that famed stage. His black hair curls crisply. The white suit which drapes his athletic six-foot frame enhances the smoky blue of his eyes and the brightness of his open smile. Being able to knot his black string tie into

a precise bow without aid of a mirror is a point of pride with him. "That's how you tell a real Southern gentleman," says Sonny.

He's been singing since he was knee-high to a hammer handle. "Mom, Pop, my sis and I were 'The Loden Family.' Used to play radio stations and one-nighters." He still wears his Hackleburg high-school ring. "I started first grade there and I graduated there. But, in between, I went to seven different schools."

For all their moving around, Sonny played baseball, basketball, football. "Pops just never would book a show on nights the team was playing," he explains.

When his sister married and his parents retired to run a clothing store, he dropped his surname and billed himself as "Sonny James." *Big D Jamboree* in Dallas, and *Ozark Jubilee* on ABC-TV, built his audience. Ed Sullivan welcomed him and so did Bob Hope. Sonny had a fine time with Hope. "I went out to visit and had supper with the family. He sure has nice kids."

"Nice" is a meaningful word to him. "I try to be a nice person and



Rovin' Johnny Cosh sings with a lot of "go"—and a lonely sound, too. His popularity justifies faith of Sun Records' Sam Phillips (white suit) and manager Bob Neol (right).

to live nice." His religion is real, and he makes his contracts conform to his beliefs. He will not appear where liquor is served. "It wouldn't be right. My young fans couldn't go."

While still a bachelor, Sonny hopes some day to build a house in Hackleburg. "Friends there have known me since I was just a little tyke. I like to visit and entertain and meet people, so I'll live where I'm home-folks, not a celebrity."

He's applying the same common-sense rule to Hollywood offers. "It would be right nice to get a chance to make a picture, providing they let me play myself. That's all I'd be interested in doing—singing my own heart songs."

Two home-made hit records were the flying discs which took Buddy Knox and Jimmy Bowen from Canyon, Texas, to Broadway in one breathless jump. "We'd never even been on stage before we got to the Paramount," says Buddy. "And boy! was that a shock."

It was also a shock to the New York police, for the boys were in the cast of the Alan Freed rock 'n' roll show which pulled more than 5,000 teenagers into Times Square by eight A.M. of opening day. They jammed adjacent streets, crashed ticket-office windows and stamped out the rhythm until building inspectors closed a theater balcony. "You could actually see it sway," says Jimmy.

Center of a high-pressure part of this enthusiasm was a little four-man combo—Buddy, Jim, Dave All-dred, Don Lanier, playing under the improbable name of "The Rhythm Orchids"—which had already performed the improbable achievement of starting two home-made songs,



"Moon" songs for Prep set a storry trail for Bob Roubian—who serves up reel jam sessions at his restourant.

Buddy's "Party Doll" and Jimmy's "I'm Sticking With You," toward the hit charts. Phil Kahl heard them and signed the boys to a management contract, and Roulette Records bought their master for re-issue. The kids of America did the rest.

Six feet tall, dark-haired and hazel-eyed, Jimmy Bowen was born in Animas, New Mexico, in 1937. His father, Asa Bowen, then a labor organizer, later became chief of police at Dumas, Texas—pop. 7,000. Jim darned near bursts with pride when he speaks of his father. Don Lanier, his home-town neighbor, supplies the details: "The Chief has been great with the kids, setting up the youth center and things like



At 19, George Homilton IV is o living skyrocket and ABC-Poromount thinks he's just started on way up.

that. Since he became chief in 1946, not a single boy from Dumas has been sent to reform school."

Jim's grandfather taught him to play the uke, but when Don, whose father works for the Natural Gas Pipe Line Co., won a guitar in a drawing, Jim started yearning: "I had to make just as much noise as Don did." Later, he learned to play bass and he wishes he had done more with piano. "The only time I ever tried to put one over on Dad was when he paid for lessons and I sneaked away to football practice. I think now he suspected and sympathized, because he's great for sports himself. But I sure could use now the (Continued on page 85)



Eve can be happy as a queen, says Ida Lupino—who finds it pays to let husband Howard Duff be “the boss” at home

By FREDDA BALLING

IN THESE DAYS of taxes, tensions and Miltowns, many a man is ready to blow his stack at any moment . . . but psychiatrists point out that a good wife has saved the sanity of many a husband. The more volatile and talented the man, the greater his danger . . . and in Hollywood, where daily pressures set a new high, a good wife really has to dedicate herself to being a helpmeet in the fullest sense of the word.

Hollywood wife Ida Lupino is regarded by friends and fellow workers as one of the most successful keepers-of-the-even-keel in the entertainment industry. She is almost literally a blue-eyed, honey-blond “domestic stabilizer.” It’s not an accidental, incidental talent. Ida has a guiding theory which other wives, in other areas, have—or can—put into practice with equal success.

It would be pleasant to announce that her recipe is an easy one to follow, but the sobering truth is that nothing which is completely successful in practice is completely easy—even if the principle can be stated simply, like this: Let the king be king. Let each (Continued on page 68)

Ida and Howard star in *Mr. Adams And Eve*, seen on CBS-TV, Fri., at 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored alternately by Camel Cigarettes and Colgate-Palmolive Co.

Where Adam is KING...



Exactly to Howard's specifications, home is a perfect setting for him, Ida, Bridget, "Tuesday"—and the famed candlesticks which they tote to the studio daily for TV use!

Sometimes Ida wins a point, too—she got Howard to take up art again. Her own hobby is composing—music and words.

Bridget loves bedtime! Ida invents tales of "The Fleep" (which Howard is now illustrating for a book they plan).



BE A COOL WARM-



Arlene and her husband, Martin Gabel, know that planning ahead means they can enjoy party, too.



Their summer home accommodates four overnight guests—plus many others invited to parties during weekend.

*Take these tips from Arlene Francis
—and hospitality's your line,
for weekend guests in your own home*

By **FRANCES KISH**

BEING a successful summer hostess should be fun, according to Arlene Francis.

Dependent on three basic things: Organization, preparation, relaxation. In other words, simply planning ahead, getting as much done beforehand as possible, and enjoying everything so much yourself that it spills over to your guests.

Arlene is hostess and editor of *Home* on NBC-TV, permanent panelist on *What's My Line?* on CBS-TV, wife of producer-actor Martin Gabel, mother of a ten-year-old son, Peter, hostess and (Continued on page 70)

Arlene is editor-in-chief of *Home*, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 10 to 11 A.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. She is also a regular panelist on *What's My Line?*, as seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M. EDT, under the alternate sponsorship of Remington Rand and Helene Curtis.



While Arlene plays hostess to such honored grownups as her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aram Kazanjian, son Peter takes over the entertainment of such youthful guests as his friend Jonathan (right), the son of Bennett Cerf.

Comes to Town



Let 'er roll! A bus loaded with talented singers and musicians on the road for country-music tour.



Work goes on en route. Here, show manager Bill Denny of Nashville is busy typing up his daily report.



Two of the talented Tunesmiths' group, Sonny Curtis and Bun Wilson, catch a spot of shut-eye on the way.



Known as the "Golden Hillbilly," Goldie Hill is first to check in at motel, while bus is unloaded.



The music is fast, the costumes are fancy. Red Sovine (with back to camera) and Slim Sutberry dress.



In makeshift dressing room at local school, Mimi Roman and Goldie Hill hurry into costumes for the show.



Meanwhile, out front, Tunesmiths set up instruments in the school auditorium where show goes on.



Fascinated early arrival is bare-foot boy, determined not to miss even one minute of the excitement.



He's soon joined by a crowd of excited country-music enthusiasts, hanging over the footlights to watch.

Country Music Comes to Town

(Continued)



Johnny, the famous Philip Morris bellhop, steps before the mike to "Call for Philip Morris" and open the show. The touring, free *Country Music Show* has played to capacity audiences everywhere.

COUNTRY and Western is here to stay—in the towns and cities of the South where it was born, and in the hearts of the much larger audience it is earning every day. Below are ten of the Philip Morris gang who all sing out strong for you.



Biff Collie acts as master of ceremonies, keeps the musical high-jinks moving at fast clip. Biff is renowned as Houston country-and-Western deejay.

Red Sovine

Slim Sutberry

Mimi Roman

Ronnie Self

Carl Smith





Best foot forward! Mimi Roman donces, plays, sings—and is also a crack rider. For her skill in horsemanship, Mimi was voted Queen of the Rodeo in 1954, when she appeared at Modison Square Garden, New York.



Classroom "bockstage." Goldie, Mimi, Carl Smith relax during show breaks.

Sonny Curtis



After show, Carl Smith, who travels in own cor, packs elaborote costumes.

Sammy Pruett



Rest of troupe board touring bus for overnight hop to next engagement.

Bun Wilson

Johnny Sibert

Goldie Hill





Two Hands Full of Laughter

By EUNICE FIELD

EACH TIME they move, the hands of ZaSu Pitts weave a spell of magic, and thousands of new fans are drawn toward her in a net of admiration and affection. They are the most famous hands in show business. For over forty years, they have kept her name glowing on marquees throughout the world, as a star of stage and screen, and, more recently, they have won her added acclaim on television. In her early dramatic roles, they were called "the hands with a heart." Not long ago, a

columnist, watching her play "Nugey" Nugent, the comedy foil to Gale Storm in the TV series, *Oh! Susanna*, remarked: "She has a laugh in every finger. . . ."

In spite of the popular notion, these hands ordinarily do not flutter. Very little about ZaSu "flutters." In person, she is rather serene, vaguely wise and vaguely humorous, and both she and her hands are surprisingly firm and energetic. She thinks of herself as competent, and her friends and family (*Continued on page 74*)

ZaSu is "Nugey" in The Gale Storm Show, *Oh! Susanna*, CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored alternately by Nescafe and Helene Curtis.

Fingers made her famous—and funny, long before TV and *Oh! Susanna*, but the heart that guides them is what makes ZaSu Pitts memorable—and dear



ZaSu's hands—"a laugh in every finger"—are in motion as grandsons John and Ralph meet Roy Roberts, who plays the cruise commander. Below, daughter Ann Reynolds hardly looks old enough to remember when a movie of her mother's left her simply screaming—with fear!

With three sons and a baby girl for Gale Storm and two grandsons—Ralph and John Reynolds, aged 5 and 3—for ZaSu, it's no wonder they take turns "mothering" each other aboard the set of *Oh! Susanna*. Like part of the family, too, is Mrs. Hal Roach, Sr., below, wife of the veteran movie producer.





Kathryn Murray's animated face is rarely seen in so quiet a pose as this.

The Lady Dances

Tiny Mrs. Arthur Murray has "grown" into a big "little lady" and learned how real beauty is created

By HARRIET SEGMAN

Mrs. Murray leads dancing teachers in ankle-rotations, to keep feet flexible.



Teaching two teachers to teach, Mrs. Murray shows how to step back—lead with the toes in a straight line.

I'D HATE to live my childhood over," said the slim, sparkling-eyed lady. "I was a sallow, tiny, dark-haired child—always the smallest, always the homeliest." Strange to hear this from the charming television star with a world-wide empire of 450 dancing studios. Clearly, a great deal of "blossoming out" has happened to Mrs. Arthur Murray since those early days. Actually, Kathryn Murray *made* the changes happen. "I determined to stop being background," she says. Today, an artist on the ballroom floor, she moves through the rest of her life also in a lilting manner. She walks so buoyantly, her whole body seems to (Continued on page 65)

The Edge Of Night

(Continued from page 37)

Roger's a lot better. Mike, I'm wonderfully lucky! When Mary was going to have little Billy, Roger was in the veterans' hospital with a heart attack, and she expected any minute to hear he'd simply stopped living! Instead of being useless and happy, like me. . . ." She bit again into the pear and nodded at it. "This is perfect! But the doctor says Roger is really coming along. If he takes things easy, and doesn't get emotionally wrought up, he may live as long as anybody else. Isn't that wonderful? Roger said he's been counting up to ten ten times when he feels he's getting angry. He asked the doctor if he could cut down to nine!"

Mike had more reason to be happy than most, and more reason than he knew. At that very instant, for example, Mary Harper had reason to feel less than blissful. She'd visited Sara during the afternoon. It was an honest visit. She was very fond of Sara and of Mike. But the visit to Sara also was a cover-up for being out, while she went to another place—a nursing home—and very politely paid a not-small, not-excessive sum of money to one Clayton Pike. He and his wife ran the nursing home, and he'd been collecting that money from Mary for a good many years. His wife pretended to know nothing about it, but she'd arranged it all.

Mary paid the blackmail quite composedly. There was no use getting upset. Her husband Roger was coming along nicely now, but he had to be shielded from things that might cause violent emotion. He tried hard, but his temperament was hardly calm. And he had to be calm. So Mary paid blackmail. If he ever found out why, she'd be a widow and little Billy would be worse than fatherless.

When Mary left the office of the nursing home, however, the subject came up immediately. Clayton Pike closed the door behind her. He crossed the office and opened another door. "That was Mary Harper," he said. "You were listening. . . ."

The girl behind the open door smiled blandly. "Naturally!" She entered the office, lithe and consciously attractive, even with Clayton Pike as the only man around—and he was not a prize. But though she looked at him steadily enough, her eyes were restless. "She adopted this brat you tell me about—the brat I'm to weep over and claim is my own. Let me see your file again."

Clayton Pike produced a file envelope from a desk drawer. He took other envelopes out of it, large and small, some of official size and some quite small. The girl inspected them with a singular cold detachment, as if already familiar with them but looking for flaws in what they said. She looked up. "The really important one isn't here."

Pike brought out a new, larger envelope with a British stamp on it. He handed it over. The girl read its contents. It was not like an American business letter. It used the stately phrasing of someone who would call himself a solicitor instead of a lawyer. It was addressed to a Mrs. Bayard Smythe. The firm of solicitors informed her that a reversion in interest having matured in favor of her late husband, it was their duty to inquire if Mr. Smythe had left issue—children. If so, a very considerable sum awaited them. If there had been children, now deceased, the sum would be due to Mrs. Smythe. They were addressing her at her last known address, and they remained her most obedient servants. . . .

"How much?" she said crisply. He told

her. He'd checked on the whole matter, privately.

"You've seen Mary Harper," said Pike exuberantly. "You know you can handle her! You see what I've got—marriage certificate, letters, even a snapshot of the boy's father and when and where he died. You're Mrs. Smythe. With the boy—everything regular, there!—you're a rich woman. And I'm a rich man! Smart?"

"I'd guess," said the girl acidly, "that you were lucky. How'd you happen to be set up for a break like this?"

"The woman died here," he said zestfully. "And, in this business, sometimes a ready-made new identity can be sold for a nice price. So I kept her papers and trinkets. She had no friends. Nobody even to claim her body for burial! So I simply changed the records here from Smythe to Jones, and I could supply an inquirer with a name and a past and a marriage certificate and a conveniently dead husband on request. As it turns out, I can even supply the heir these Englishmen are so anxious to find!"

The girl smiled without mirth. "But it's going to be tricky. Children know I don't like them, usually. The boy won't be pleased. And you explained that this Mary Harper wanted the baby so her husband wouldn't die of a heart stoppage when he learned he wasn't a father any more. You say he's still not too healthy. And I'm here to take the boy away. Maybe she likes the brat. Certainly she's been paying to keep her husband from finding out he isn't the father he believes. When we demand the boy back, she's going to be desperate! And a desperate woman—"

Clayton Pike had an answer for that. Mary Harper would know she had no case. She'd never adopted the boy legally. She'd lived a lie. She wouldn't dare fight. . . .

The girl who was to impersonate a child's dead mother looked at him with unenchanted eyes. Her name was really Irene Egan, and there was not much that enchanted her. She'd had a strange life, that Mary Harper couldn't imagine. There'd been trouble over men in her life. There'd been thefts that didn't get her what she wanted. She was hard and selfish. Honesty was a weakness to her.

"When do we start?" she asked coldly.

And he did put things in motion at noon next day, with a phone call to Mary Harper. His manner was agitated. He said that something very upsetting had happened. He begged Mrs. Harper to come immediately to the nursing home. It was of the utmost importance. It was a matter of life or death.

She couldn't imagine what had happened. Roger was improving, and Billy was thriving, nowadays. She did not look for better fortune than only to have her husband and her son—he was her son, now, by every tie but that of being born to her—and she couldn't see any motive that could move even Clayton Pike to harm her. Anything he did would lose him the money he'd been collecting for so long. . . .

Mike was deep in the paper work that is so great a part of an organized investigation. When Willy came in, Mike looked up and then turned. Willy looked pleased. "I checked out the case I told you about yesterday," he said with the crustiness with which he expressed pleasure. "It's all right."

Mike put down his papers, to give full attention.

"I won't tell you the name," said Willy, with dignity. "But there was a woman

who had a baby. Her husband was ill, and he'd set his heart on having a son. He got it. It was a tonic to him, when he heard his son was born. What would happen if the baby died? You figure what his wife thought. The kid did die, only two weeks old. But his wife couldn't let him know. He'd die, too! So she got another baby. That's all. No case for the office here. And," he said proudly, "nobody knows that story but me and the woman. I got it in scraps and pieces here and there. It fits. It's right."

"Where'd she get the baby?" asked Mike.

"That fits, too. Baby born right in town here, a day before the other. Two weeks later, his mother died. A mother without a baby, and a baby without a mother. Hold on!" Willy held up his hand. "The baby's mother hadn't a friend in the world. No one even claimed her body. The city buried her. It's all in the records down at the City Hall. I don't know what records say anywhere else, but there they're right! Is there any reason to go into that?"

"Besides," said Willy crossly, "the kid plays a good game of baseball, for a kid. He might make the big leagues some day. It'd be a dirty trick to take away the name he's got, and make him go back to the one he was born with. Can you imagine a big-league player named Smythe? S-m-y-t-h-e? It's ridiculous!"

Mike shrugged. Mike was incorruptible. There are some things an Assistant District Attorney can legitimately fail to inquire into. "I never heard a word," said Mike, drily. "You never mentioned it. If I'm an accessory. . . ."

"Don't tell your wife," Willy added. "Women try to guess things out."

"She'd take your word, anyhow," said Mike. "She wouldn't believe you'd do anything wrong. Those pears you got her just hit the spot!"

Wilhelmus Bogart Bryan III stood up with an air of indifference. "Women'd get along better," he said crustily, "if they just listened to the District Attorney's office. Your wife, now—she wanted pears and I knew where to find 'em. A lot of women with lot worse troubles would be better off if they just came here!" . . .

Mike could hardly guess, then, how good an idea that might have been for Mary Harper. At that very moment, she stood, ashen-faced, confronting the girl who said she was Billy's mother.

"I'm sorry for you, Mrs. Harper," said Irene Egan coldly, "but I want my baby! I was desperate when I let him go. I thought it was best for him. If Mr. Pike let you think I had died, that is not my affair. I'm alive. I want my baby! I can do more for him now than you can, since he's come into his inheritance. And, Mrs. Harper, I'm going to have my baby!"

Mary Harper said in an anguished whisper: "We—love him. And—if he goes away, Roger's heart will stop. . . ." Her voice faltered into silence.

It did not seem that the District Attorney's office could help her then. Mike would want to, of course. But—if Roger heard of such an attempt to take Billy away, even though it was defeated. . . .

Mary Harper clenched her hands. She felt herself growing more and more desperate as the cruelty of the trap became more clear. A trap which must inexorably close upon those she held most dear . . . her son—he was her son! . . . her husband . . . and even those good friends from whom she had withheld her lonely secret. . . .

T
V
R

EVERY DAY IS LADIES' DAY

The better half of Don Stone's audience at KSCJ is the fairer half



"Gathering moss" in Sioux City, a busy and versatile young radio man waited till the networks came to him.



Famed skating star Sonja Henie visits Don during *Starlight Room Party* broadcast. Listeners take turns guesting, too.

TO SIOUX CITY LISTENERS, it seemed but a "stone's throw" from Station KSCJ news, music and talk to more of the same on network. But, the Stone in question "gathered moss" instead—waiting for a network chance that would enable him, at the same time, to stay put in Sioux City. He got it, finally, when he subbed for *Breakfast Club's* Don McNeill. . . . Don Stone of KSCJ has etched his personality into the area's listening habits with the brightness and durability of a diamond. *Starlight Room Party*, heard Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M., is a popular audience-participation half hour. *Shopper's Matinee*, heard for the last eleven years, from 4 to 5 P.M. each weekday, caters to a full circle of musical tastes. Don handles both ayem and noon newscasts and special sports events. Frequently viewed on KTIV-TV, Don has plenty of behind-the-scenes work as new TV Program Director. . . . An Iowan all his life, Don was born in Whiting, went to school in Sergeant Bluff and college at Morningside in Sioux City. Since then, his outstanding contributions to good causes have brought him high recognition—and, at times, adventure of a sort. Once, in order to raise funds for the United Campaign, he allowed himself to be thrown into jail on trumped-up charges, so that listeners would "bail him out" with Red Feather pledges. The \$1300 the charities collected was fine but, Don recalls, "Even if you're there voluntarily, those bars just don't look right." Another "award" took the popular ladies' hour programmer quite by surprise. In 1953, the *Sioux City Journal* nominated him "Honorary Woman of Achievement." At home, it's a pleasantly feminine society, too. Don's wife Jean is devoted to homemaking and to their two daughters—Donna Jean, 3, and Deanna Lynn, going on one. Lately, little Donna has solved the coincidence of Daddy's morning transcriptions with his breakfast "presence." *More fortunate than most*, she reasons, "I have two daddies—one at home and one on the radio." . . . Out for an evening of relaxation, Don plays bridge, but not "for blood." He prefers "Dingstadt"—an "obscure Swedish expert"—to the Culbertson or Goren methods. "More 'obscure' than 'expert,'" twinkles Don, "Dingstadt is really a 'master' of my own invention. I quote him, and you'd be surprised how many stuffed shirts nod wisely and say, 'Oh, yes, of course, Dingstadt!'" . . . Spoofing aside, Don regards the letters and calls of congratulations on the *Breakfast Club* break "the most rewarding experience in a lifetime of big moments." Don's followers maintain his "biggest moments" lie ahead—really just a Stone's throw.



Don's and Jean's homemade ice cream may spoil baby Deanna's dinner, but big sister Donna guesses it won't.

The Boones Go to Hollywood

(Continued from page 42)

most thrilling time Pat and I have spent since we were married. We've had a lot of exciting things happen to us, but never so much in so little time.

Pat, of course, came to Hollywood to appear in "Bernardine," being filmed on the 20th Century-Fox lot. He was due out here early in February, and we decided it would be a good time to escape the East Coast slush-and-snow routine and have a family holiday in the sun in California. As it turned out, it was a fairly hectic way to have a holiday—and the two months we had originally planned to spend out here have stretched to six. But I'd not have missed it for the world.

We were quite a party, taking off from New York. There were Pat and myself, our three little girls—Cherry, Lindy and Debby—and our Eva, who is practically one of the family. (She's taken care of me since I was a little girl, and now she's helping me take care of our little girls.)

Landing at International Airport in Los Angeles was certainly a suitable introduction to the chaos which was to follow for the next two months. It was sort of like diving off the high board. We just stepped out the door of that plane, and were almost literally "in over our heads"—surrounded by friends and family and fans.

Because, you see, we have more family and friends in the Los Angeles area than we have anywhere else, except possibly in Nashville! Someone wrote somewhere that I'd said I dreaded the trip to Los Angeles because I was afraid we wouldn't find as many friends there as we had in Leonia, New Jersey, where we live most of the time. But that wasn't true at all. In Leonia—outside of the Carletons, the Desederios and the Youngs, who live in our neighborhood, and Carmel Quinn, who lives a few blocks away—we have very few intimate acquaintances.

But in the Hollywood area—that's something else again! My Grandmother Overstake lives out in Inglewood, and my sister Jenny lives with Grammy. My Uncle Dick lives in Malibu. And I have three aunts out here. One aunt is only nineteen days older than I am, and had her third child in April. The whole gang of us is young—my grandmother is only fifty-nine. We have lots of fun together, so, naturally, I was looking forward to seeing them as much as I was to seeing California.

We have a lot of friends who have moved to California, too, so that reception at the airport was sort of like "old home week"—everybody was there to greet us. Including about three thousand fans, I think. People in the Los Angeles area seem to be a lot more celebrity-conscious than the folks back in New York. Pat and I could go most anywhere in New York, and very few people would even turn to look at us. But we soon found out we couldn't go anywhere in Hollywood without being stopped for autographs or pleasant words from fans.

But I still haven't left the airport, have I? We landed about four-thirty on a Friday afternoon. But, by the time we'd piled the luggage into a station wagon and sent it off (traveling with three little girls, we'd brought enough equipment along to outfit an African safari), and climbed into the limousine the studio had sent for us, it must have been past five-thirty. It was after six when we arrived at Del Capri, the apartment hotel in Westwood where we'd reserved two adjoining three-room suites. There were

photographers trailing us all the way, and meeting us at the apartment.

The children were really tired—it may have been six o'clock Los Angeles time, but they were still operating on Eastern time, and it was nine by their "clocks." And they'd been up since before six that morning. I wasn't exactly fresh as a daisy myself, so I was pretty horrified when I heard that we were invited to go out to a welcoming dinner party at Romanoff's, as soon as we could change. Our host was to be Randy Wood, president of Dot Records. If I hadn't known what an understanding fellow he is, I'd probably have forced myself, and gone to dinner. But I was too near exhaustion, so I begged off, and Pat went on to the dinner party alone.

In a way, I was glad. It gave me a chance to get calmed down, get the children settled, and do a little unpacking. I'd probably have been ill if I'd gone out—I was that weary. But, when Pat came home and told me Frank Sinatra had been there, and I realized I'd missed the chance to meet him, I almost doubted the wisdom of my decision. We got to meet him later, though.

Oh, yes—one thing I almost forgot! As I mentioned, we had figured that February would be a wonderful time to get out to California, since some of the winter's worst weather often hits the East Coast during February and March. So what happens? We land in Los Angeles during the week when they've had their first snowfall in years! As a gag, someone had dreamed up a huge cardboard snowman and planted it on the lawn at the apartment building, with a "Welcome, Pat Boone" sign in its hand. For a few short minutes, we had doubts about the celebrated California climate, I'll admit. But the snow and the cold were truly "unusual." In a few days, we were soaking up sun and warmth—80 degrees of it.

The day after we arrived, Saturday, Pat had a recording date at the Dot Record studios. That gave me a chance to get unpacked. Eva and I explored the neighborhood a little, found the handiest supermarket and laundry—that sort of thing.

Sunday, we went to church in near-by Santa Monica, and that evening Pat was scheduled to appear at a Youth Rally at Pepperdine College. Late that afternoon, we stopped off briefly at a party Hedda Hopper was giving for Merle Oberon and her fiancé—the invitation had been handed to us just as we got off the plane Friday.

I'm afraid we sort of took Miss Hopper by surprise. When she came over and asked us what she could get us to drink, we requested either fruit juice or soda pop, and I guess Miss Hopper doesn't get many such requests from her guests. But, nevertheless, she complimented us on our stand as teetotalers.

The next evening, I got a chance to cash in my "rain check" on that dinner at Romanoff's which I'd missed Saturday evening. We took Louella Parsons to dinner there, and later we went back to her home and sat around the living room listening to records.

A few evenings later, we went to the Photoplay Awards dinner. I'll confess I was in a bit of a state, wondering what to wear to this one—after all, I'd never been to a big Hollywood party before, and hadn't the fuzziest notion whether one went in a long formal or a short one. I'd brought both along, and, on the advice of a friend, I wore a short formal and a faille evening coat, with a tulle stole sort of draped over my head. I needn't have worried—only the big stars who were to

be in the limelight were in ball gowns.

This is one of the gala events of the year in Hollywood, and there were so many fabulous people there that I could hardly eat my dinner for checking up on who was sitting where. The evening's biggest thrill was having some of these people come to our table and ask Pat for his autograph! Alan Ladd wanted Pat's autograph for his teenagers at home, and so did Doris Day and Kirk Douglas. Here I'd been bug-eyed about seeing these stars, and they were giving us the celebrity treatment!

The place was crawling with big names—Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds (we knew them already, having met them back East), Rock Hudson, Jane Russell—dozens of them. And, of course, as Pat said, "Probably the most important people here are the ones whose faces we don't recognize!" The studio executives, producers, directors—the big wheels.

I suppose a lot of people out in Hollywood wonder why I was so impressed with celebrities. After all, as everybody probably knows by now, my dad is Red Foley, who used to have the *Grand Ole Opry* program on radio out of Nashville, and now has *Ozark Jubilee* on ABC-TV and *The Red Foley Show* on ABC Radio, from Springfield, Missouri. For years, Dad's programs have been practically a national institution, and he's always had big-name guest stars. So folks figure I should be accustomed to rubbing elbows with famous people.

But that isn't true at all. Actually, I rarely ever met any of the celebrities who appeared on Dad's shows. And, even if Red Foley was a household name all over the country, he was just "Dad" to me.

Another thing people out there were always asking me: "How does it feel to be married to a man all the girls in the country are drooling over?" So far, I can honestly say it hasn't fazed me. (It only confirms what I've known for years—the kind of a fellow Pat is, I mean.)

I suppose being able to keep a little detached, this way, is something I did pick up from growing up as Red Foley's daughter. He was always such an idol to his fans and I remember, after Mother died, he got ever so many letters of proposal. The women who wrote those letters were completely convinced they would make him wonderful wives, and could mother us children.

So far, Pat hasn't had any letters of proposal. But I think the audiences Dad reached, and the ones interested in Pat, are quite different. Dad's followers, who love country-and-Western music, are very down to earth, and apt to be more direct and forward. Pat's fans love pop music and, though they're interested in his personal life, I truly don't think they identify themselves with it in any way.

One of the big thrills for me, out in Hollywood, was going with Pat every day to watch the "rushes" of the scenes they'd been shooting. Since I'd never even been through the main gate of a Hollywood movie studio before, naturally, I got a boot out of being in on this part of picture-making. I guess the folks around the studio must have thought we were a couple of characters, the way we worked things out!

Late every afternoon, Pat would call me as soon as the last scene had been shot, and tell me about what time they'd start running off the "rushes." I'd hop into the station wagon and tear off for the Fox lot. I'd drive right to his dressing room,

and he'd be waiting outside in his white Corvette. As soon as he saw me driving up, he'd signal me with a wave, and give the Corvette the gun. Off he'd streak across the lot, with me in the station wagon right behind him.

You see, they never knew until the very last minute just where the "rushes" would be screened, and there are projection rooms dotted all over the lot. This was the only way we could figure out for him to let me know which projection room to go to. There wasn't even time for him to slide in behind the wheel of the station wagon. As it was, we'd always get to the door just as the lights dimmed and the screening started.

Of course, Pat was busy all day long, five days a week. Weekends were often taken up with personal appearances for special award dinners, charity drives, that sort of thing. And I know lots of people thought I was probably getting pretty bored, sitting around all day in that furnished apartment, waiting for Pat to come home from the studio.

But anyone who has three small children will understand why it was I never had time to get bored. Particularly since we were living in an apartment building. The girls were used to a yard, and a place where they could run. There wasn't much yard at Del Capri, although there was a nice swimming pool. But a swimming pool and toddlers can be a harrowing combination, so generally, we took the girls to a playground, or a park, or the zoo, every morning. We'd have our lunch at a drive-in, which the girls adored. And, before we knew it, it would be time to go back to the apartment for their naps. While they were sleeping, Eva and I would catch up on little household chores—laundry and that sort of thing. Then, in no time at all, Pat would be calling from the studio, summoning me to those "rushes." The days went very fast.

Also, I had the good luck to have a friend, Nancy Knutzen, living near by. Nancy's husband, Bob, is chief copy boy at the Los Angeles *Examiner*—they met a little over a year ago, when they both took an ocean trip on a freighter. I got in quite a few morning coffee sessions with Nancy.

There was another, considerably more elegant-type session Nancy and Bob shared with us. That was our first visit to the Coconut Grove.

It all started one afternoon when Harry Belafonte dropped in on the "Bernardine" set at Fox, to ask for Pat's autograph for his daughter. While they were chatting, Pat mentioned that we'd wanted to catch Harry's show at the Coconut Grove, but had heard it was all sold out for his entire run. Harry volunteered to see what he could do to get us a table—and, sure enough, a few days later, we got the word that we had a reservation for a table for four that evening. So we took Nancy and Bob with us.

And what a red-carpet treatment we got! We were ushered to a table smack-dab at ringside, and the waiters and the *maitre de* treated us like our names were Elizabeth and Philip, instead of Shirley and Pat. And the thing that really got me—the management *picked up the check*. A couple of years ago, when we thought wistfully that it would be nice if some kind, solvent individual would take us to a good place to eat, nobody did. But—now that we can manage to pay the check—somebody else does it!

The weekend we spent at Palm Springs was much like that evening at the Coconut Grove. We stayed at the Desert Inn, had the governor's suite, and people just couldn't do enough for us. And, of course,

everywhere we went, there were photographers and fans tagging along behind.

We spent several hours one morning at Harry Brand's home there in Palm Springs—he's head of the 20th Century-Fox studio publicity department. I think that was the very best time of all. We just lounged in the sun and swam in the pool. But, for a couple of blissful hours, we were completely alone—just the family, with no outsiders around. This has become a luxury.

Lying there in the sun at Palm Springs, being deliciously lazy even if only for a few hours, I couldn't help thinking how different this move of ours from New York to Hollywood was from the move we'd made from Nashville to New York. And that move was only two years ago.

Pat was already in New York at that time, going to school, and Cherry and I had stayed behind in Nashville. Then, shortly before Lindy was due to be born, the doctor told me that—because of the Rh blood factor involved—there was a chance we might lose the baby.

I thought it over for quite a while, and decided I'd go to New York to have the baby. It meant inconvenience—I realized this. Pat was living in a small hotel off Times Square, and the quarters were hardly what you could call luxurious. But all I could think of was, if there was going to be any trouble, I wanted to be with Pat when it happened. Pat's mother understood, and volunteered to keep Cherry for us for a while.

So I went to New York, and we lived (*existed* is a better word, I suppose) for several weeks in that miserable little hotel room. Then Pat had to go out to Chicago to keep a recording date. That *would* be the same weekend the baby was expected! Happily, Pat was able to finish his work in Chicago and fly back in time to be with me at the hospital.

Everything went perfectly. Anyone who looks at Lindy nowadays is apt to howl at the idea that we ever had any fears for her health. It's almost indecent to look as healthy as that child does!

While I was still in the hospital, Pat scouted around for more suitable living quarters for us. What he found was a two-bedroom, kitchenette apartment in Manhattan. As soon as I came home from the hospital with Lindy, Mother Boone came up from Nashville, bringing Cherry. Three adults and two babies in a three-room apartment! To say we were cramped would be the understatement of the year.

It was then that we started looking for a house. Every spare minute we could sneak, we'd look for a place—something we could afford, close enough for Pat to commute to classes and the studio, and with a yard so the girls could play outdoors. We didn't have many of those spare minutes for house-hunting, so it was a lucky break for us when Carmel Quinn told Pat about some houses she knew of, which were being built near hers in Leonia, New Jersey. Sure enough, we found what we'd been looking for!

The house wasn't finished when we bought it. In fact, things began happening so fast with Pat, and we got so busy, that—even though we moved in just before Christmas—it was the following September before I got all the decorating completed!

No-o-o-o, I thought, as I lay there in the sun in Palm Springs—I'd never have dreamed, two years ago, that such fabulous things could be happening to us today. And everyone is so enthusiastic, so kind and complimentary, I'm almost becoming convinced, myself, that this isn't just a temporary thing. Not that I have any doubts whatsoever about Pat's ability

to maintain the place he's won in his fans' affections. It's just that we'd never figured on anything like this.

They have big plans for Pat. Of course, he had his personal-appearance tour late last spring—he played Blinstrub's in Boston, the Town Casino in Buffalo, the Latin Casino in Philadelphia, and eighteen concerts in as many cities, strung across the country as far west as St. Louis and Omaha, and as far north as Toronto. Traveling with him on the junket were the Four Lads, the Fontane Sisters, comedian Gary Morton, and an orchestra especially assembled for the tour.

Then, early in June, Pat started his second movie at Fox. We had originally planned to go back East in April. But, when this came up, we left the furnished apartment and hunted up a house to rent. We found a lovely place up in Coldwater Canyon—five bedrooms—and it was like living in a country club, after the cramped quarters of the apartment. We hired a cook. That way, Eva and I were free to spend most of our time with the little girls.

Pat's second picture is a musical, a re-make of "Home in Indiana," only this time with a score by Sammy Fain and Paul Francis Webster. Shirley Jones is Pat's leading lady.

In August, we'll be going back to Leonia. In September, Pat will re-enter Columbia University, to finish working for his degree. In October, he starts his new television program for Chevy on ABC-TV. So it will be a busy autumn for us. At the end of the coming semester, Pat will be graduated. (I don't care *what* critical success he's made with his singing—I know he's going to get the thrill of his lifetime when he's achieved that degree!)

And they're already talking still more pictures. Maybe we'll move to California to stay. I think I'd like that, and I've heard Pat say he would. Once we were permanently settled in California, I imagine we could manage to live a fairly normal existence—if anyone in Hollywood ever does.

But things will never be quite the same again. Of that I'm sure. And I have the word of an expert to back me up. I got that word one evening when Pat and I went out to call on Bing Crosby.

Bing has been an idol of ours for years, and my dad has always admired him a great deal. So I was especially thrilled when he sent word he'd like to have us drop in to see him. When he started talking about my dad, of course I really loved him! He told us how he'd made a statement, quoted in the press about eight years ago, to the effect that Red Foley was the best all-around singer in the country. By that, he meant he thought Dad could sing country tunes, ballads, pop music—everything. And he went on to say that he still holds that opinion of Dad's ability.

This made me feel warm toward him, naturally. And I got up courage enough to ask him a question. "How long do you think it will be, Mr. Crosby," I asked, "until this chaos calms down a little—until things sort of settle back to normal?"

He looked at me and grinned that wonderful grin of his. "Do you mean, how long is it going to be before you get your husband back?"

Pat tells me I blushed then—and I admitted I had meant it just about the way Mr. Crosby put it.

He thought for a moment, looking off into space. Then he looked me straight in the eye, and the grin was gone, and I could tell he was dead serious. "Pat's only twenty-two—he's getting an earlier start than I did. I'd say, Shirley, that you can expect to get your husband back in about thirty years!"

Well, maybe so. It's worth waiting for!

The Lady Dances

(Continued from page 60)



Kathryn Murray studies script for the *Arthur Murray Party* over NBC-TV.

float. She credits this to proper foot placement—walking a straight line, with weight forward. A friend would call her winged walk part of her “reaching out” toward people. Even Kathryn Murray’s face “dances.” “To me, beauty is facial expression rather than features,” she explains. “When I’m animated, I begin to look like myself. You may be dressed by Dior, but no one cares unless your face shows life and motion.” Kathryn Murray’s husband, daughters and five grandchildren fill her days to the brim. Besides doing TV, she prepares the Murray teaching manuals and the daily guides that go to studio managers. Twice a week she bakes, to fill the cookie tin in her husband’s office. Her schedule allows only simple, speedy make-up. She does her own pedicures because the bending and stretching keeps her body agile. She needs only five or six hours of sleep—perhaps because she knows how to go “rag-doll” limp in a bus or car, with her feet up on a chair or suitcase whenever possible. Says Kathryn Murray: “I can’t be bothered by caring for a large wardrobe, so I don’t own a great many of anything. When I buy a new black dress, I get rid of the old. If I don’t wear a pair of shoes for three months, out they go. I like air-spaces in my closet, and airiness in my whole household.” Never wear anything—except a bridal gown. She “breaks in” new clothes at home. “I don’t go out with my clothes,” says Kathryn Murray, “they go out with me. I want to rise above them.” This lady has risen above more than clothes—she has risen above her “tininess,” her shyness, her lack of conventional “glamour girl” beauty. Her eyes dance as she says, “A girl can become almost anything she wants to be.”

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The Truth About Polly

(Continued from page 29)

in the best of TV dramatic shows. Just being herself on the panel quiz, *To Tell The Truth*, has earned her the affection of a few million more people. So a CBS executive with a high I.Q. signed Polly to a long-term contract, and it is a good bet that, by the end of the coming season, she may be TV's most "famous" newcomer.

"It doesn't matter anymore. What I mean is that it doesn't matter in the same way it would have before," Polly explains. "A couple of years ago, a friend described me as a keg of dynamite with a short fuse. Then I was so anxious and nervous about wanting to succeed in my career. Now my career is my family."

Since her marriage a year-and-a-half ago, Polly has turned down club dates, picture contracts, personal appearances, anything that would take her away from home. "Like the man," Polly laughs, "who was told that he couldn't take his money with him when he went to heaven and he replied, 'If I can't take it with me, I won't go.' It's the same with me. I've left New York just once, to do 'The Helen Morgan Story' from Hollywood—and the family went with me."

Home for Polly is a ten-room apartment on Fifth Avenue just opposite Central Park. Polly herself has chosen all the beautiful furnishings, but she herself is the most decorative item. A dazzling dynamo, Polly stands five-five-and-a-half in bare feet and weighs in at one-nineteen. Her hair is dark brown, and her expressive eyes a deep, rustling blue. Others in the family picture are husband Freddie, a handsome six-footer with a Doug Fairbanks mustache; his daughter Kathy, a bright, affectionate ten-year-old—and a menagerie which includes Buttons, a toy French poodle; Tinker Bell, a night-black cat; Filet, a full-size poodle; and an assortment of goldfish, turtles and birds.

"As a kid there was never a chance to have a home," Polly says. "Dad was a construction engineer and we were always on the move, with me loaded in the back with the baggage. In one year, I was in ten different schools. Sometimes, we lived in cramped one-room apartments. Naturally, we couldn't carry furniture with us and so we had to do with what was furnished. I remember, when I was twelve, I had to sleep in a crib, because that's all there was for me."

One of two daughters, Polly was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, on July 14, 1930. Her mother's maiden name was Lucy Lawhorn. Her father is William Burgin. Polly changed the spelling to "Bergen" because no one ever spelled Burgin correctly when she launched her career at an early age. At fourteen, she had her own radio show, singing three times a week on Station WKBC in Richmond, Indiana. Actually, as her mother recalls, Polly was singing before she was talking. Her voice showed so much promise that she was studying operatic music at the age of nine.

"I got bored with formal lessons," she says. "I didn't want to practice scales. I was happy, just singing like my parents. Dad and Mother sang together—they still do. Friday and Saturday nights, you can be sure the guitar comes out and they blow up a country jig. Daddy and Mother are both hillbillies, born in Tennessee. Dad's a big man, stands six-five. He was once a boxer. I get my extraverted personality from him. I get my looks from Mother. They were young parents, and they're only in their forties now."

"We were very close," Polly continues. "They taught me their songs. They taught

me to play cards with them and, when they went visiting friends in the evening, I went along. I didn't make lasting friendships with other children. Oh, I did at first. But they were always broken up, after a month or so, when Dad moved. Well, you know how kids are. They protect themselves against hurt. Rather than get buddy-buddy with another little girl, I just didn't allow myself close friends. My parents tried to make up for it. Mother used to play jacks with me by the hour. But, even so, I was very lonely at times."

As a child, Polly learned the skills of a housekeeper. She is an excellent cook and can bake anything—including lemon meringue pie and angel food cake. "When I was twelve, both parents were working and I kept up the home and made many of the meals. And I took care of my sister Barbara. She was three then. Well, frankly, I didn't enjoy the cleaning chores—but I've always found the rest of it is fun."

In her middle teens, the family moved West. She was sixteen when they settled in Compton, California, for four years. That was the longest time they'd ever stopped anywhere and so Polly thinks of Compton as her home town.

"It was then that I began to work at being a singer," she recalls. "I guess I was a kind of switch-singer many of those years. Sometimes I sang hillbilly, sometimes pop. I was sixteen when I began to work in clubs, and I had to lie about my age. Mother came along to chaperone but since I was pretending to be twenty-one, she looked too young to be my mother and so she had to pose as my sister! After two years of that, I worked wholly in the pop field and began to sing with society bands."

Some TV viewers, who know Polly as a panelist and actress, are unaware that she has one of the finest blues voices in show business. Her success in night clubs was built on her voice. She was a featured singer on TV's *Hit Parade* in 1954. Today, she records for Columbia Records. Her new album, "Bergen Sings Morgan," captures her midnight-blue treatment of such standards as "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," "Mean to Me," "Body and Soul," and "Bill." For the vintage Bergen, there is the Jubilee album, "Little Girl Blue," wherein Polly also puts the flame to torch lyrics. But, surprisingly, the big break in her career came about when she recorded a hillbilly song entitled "Honky-tonkin'."

"I was eighteen and a half then," Polly explains, "and the trend was to novelty tunes. I was making my first record for a small company named Kem. I decided to do 'Honky-tonkin'; a song I'd learned from Dad when I was about four. Unfortunately, I just missed the trend and the record didn't sell much more than a dozen copies."

But Victor liked it so much they tried to buy up the master recording. When they couldn't, they signed Polly to a contract. And there was so much talk in the trade about "Honky-tonkin'" that movie companies began to look twice at Polly. What struck them was the seeming incompatibility of her sophisticated beauty and her hillbilly recording. They were hooked, and Hal Wallis signed her to a picture contract. So began her film career, and she made movies with Red Skelton, Dean Jagger, Vittorio Gassman, Howard Keel, Gig Young, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

As a TV actress, she played *Schlitz Playhouse*, *Studio One*, *General Electric Theater*, *U.S. Steel Hour* and others. Her musical and comedy talents landed her on the shows of Durante, Ed Sullivan, Perry Como, Steve Allen, and Martin and Lewis.

In 1953, she took up residence in New York. The winter of 1953, she made her debut on Broadway in John Murray Anderson's revue, "Almanac." In the spring of 1955, she co-starred in the play, "Champagne Complex" and won the critics' praise. Before this, she'd sung on *Your Hit Parade*, and then become the "Pepsi-Cola Girl."

"A lot of people are curious about why I did the Pepsi stint," says Polly. "I think it was one of the best things that ever happened to me. It meant earning a tremendous amount of money, and that meant I could be choosy about the jobs I took. You know, one of the worst things about show business is its insecurity and often a performer takes anything that is offered, just to be working. Besides that," Polly adds, "it's turned out to be a fine experience. Pepsi was growing, and it was exciting to be on a good team."

Polly's first marriage, to actor-singer Jerome Courtland, ran five-and-a-half years and ended in divorce in 1955. Again, because of the demands of the business, the road tours, the one-nighters, picture-making in Hollywood, TV in New York, there was a seldom a chance of making the real home Polly wished for. It wasn't until 1956—when she married a man whom she thought she detested—that she got her home.

"Now there's a story," she says. "Freddie Fields had been with Music Corporation of America for seven years, and I knew him all that time. MCA represented me, but Freddie wasn't my personal agent. We did run into each other, though, and usually head-on. Whenever I walked into his office, we had a tremendous fight." (Polly digresses to the present for a moment, to note proudly: "Freddie is executive vice-president in charge of television, which is quite a big job for a man of thirty-three.")

"Anyway," she continues, "there was always trouble when I had to talk business with Freddie. Then it was November of 1955, and Ed Sullivan asked me to sing at a benefit at the Plaza. Well, I had a load to tote down there—music, gown, shoes. A friend helped me down, but I needed a hand for the return trip. MCA had a table at the affair and I walked over and asked Jay Kantor if he'd help me get home. He said that he was very sorry—he'd promised to meet his wife and mother in town—but why didn't I let him get Freddie Fields to help? I said, 'Oh, no. Not him!' Jay said, 'He's not so bad.' He went over and asked Freddie, and Freddie came over with a big grin, for he understood how I felt about him. He helped me home with my things and asked me to have dinner with him that evening. Because we didn't have business to discuss, we found that we got along very well. Three months later on February 13, 1955—we married."

Polly, who practices interior decorating as a hobby, has furnished their apartment in a mixture of modern and antique. Her idea of modern is not to the extreme, but rather to simple lines. Two king-size sofas exemplify this, but the sofas and a huge ottoman surround an enormous glass-topped coffee table which was originally an antique English door-panel.

"Both Kathy and I pick at the piano," Polly says. "Neither of us has had enough lessons to be good. Incidentally, we use the living room for living. Maybe that's my California background."

Predominating colors in the living and dining rooms are elephant gray, coral and green. Polly chose the colors from her china, now displayed in a big hutch in the

dining room, which is almost wholly decorated in Early American.

Polly's own bedroom is all white and gold, with 17th-century Italian furniture. The bed itself is topped off with a hand-carved Venetian headboard. On the side tables there are tall white-and-gold candlesticks that have been converted into lamps. Kathy's bedroom is in pink and white, with fruitwood furniture and a collection of paintings of child musicians.

Kathy and Polly have become very close. The morning after the wedding, Polly began getting up at 7:30 A.M.—the middle of the night, in show business—to dress and get Kathy off to school. It was Kathy's own suggestion that she and Polly set aside one day a week for themselves. They decided on Wednesday. Then, at three P.M., Polly picks Kathy up at school and they carry out a pre-planned excursion. It may be shopping, a movie, sight-seeing. When Polly had to leave Manhattan to do "The Helen Morgan Story," she took Kathy out of school. Before the trip, she went to Kathy's school and got a schedule of lessons for the next four weeks, and then personally tutored Kathy.

"Kathy is very grown-up for her age. She's got a rare sensitivity about others' feelings." Polly loves children and notes, "What I've wanted all of my adult life is a baby of my own. I've lost several prematurely, but I still haven't given up hope. This summer, however, we hope to adopt a baby."

Polly is tender-hearted and sentimental in many ways, but she definitely has a mind of her own. "I guess I'm strong," she says. "A woman has to be, when she is cutting out a career. But Freddie is strong, too, perhaps stronger. We can both be very opinionated. Some couples skirt this difference by divvying up responsibilities. Certain problems are *hers* and others are

his. We don't believe in that attitude. I think husband and wife are meant to help each other and overlap, even if it makes for an occasional rumble." Polly smiles and goes on, "But this is true, too, about me: I need someone to lean on. Every woman wants a man who'll take care of her. Freddie gives me that kind of security."

But Freddie draws the line at publicity. He won't talk about himself and rarely poses for pictures. "I represent a half-dozen stars other than Pol," he explains, "and I think I'm more useful to them when I don't identify myself publicly."

He does share Polly's enthusiasm for do-it-yourself decorating and makes himself useful wiring lamps, hanging pictures, and just being a "handy man." He also shares Polly's love of animals. Tinker Bell, for instance, was just a kitten in a Halloween pumpkin, a forgotten TV prop, when Freddie rescued her and brought her home. And then there was the night he went on a Broadway safari to hunt turtles.

"That was a night," Polly recalls. "Kathy took her pet turtle into the tub with her. I didn't know that turtles can swim on the surface only so long before they drown and, suddenly, Kathy was screaming in the bathroom. She told us that she had killed her turtle. Well, Freddie and I knew that the turtle was dead, but we tried to make it look alive by wiggling it in the water. Kathy seemed to be convinced and so we told her we'd give the turtle a rest and she went off to bed. Oh, we knew that she would have to find out for herself that turtles and goldfish die—and she did shortly afterward—but, at that time, it bothered us that she thought she'd killed it."

"So, after she went to sleep, Freddie and I sat around talking about it and finally decided that, since we had told her the turtle was alive, we had to replace him before morning. It was after midnight, yet

Freddie went out to find a turtle. He got back around two with a small, live turtle. He had found it in one of those open-all-night stores on Broadway. It was a frisky turtle and we were so pleased for Kathy. The next morning she was so happy to find it alive—but you know children don't miss much, and she said, 'I guess the bath was really good for the turtle. It even changed him to a nicer color.'"

Of course, it's rare that a night is spent on a turtle chase. Polly and Freddie spend most evenings being "small town." Polly loves games—bridge, canasta, jotto. And she enjoys visiting, talking, being with family and friends. Freddie's family is close and many evenings are spent in the company of his brothers and sister and their families. All of his family lives in New York except his brother, orchestra leader Shep Fields, who lives in Houston. Polly's own parents are now making their home in Circleville, Ohio, one of the towns where they stopped over during Polly's early years—it's also the birthplace of Polly's sister, Barbara, who is married to an American soldier now stationed in Europe.

Polly's private life is stable, but her future plans in show business aren't so clearly determined. In addition to her panel performance, CBS will see to it that she also appears in dramatic and musical productions during the coming season. If she gets around to doing a show of her own, she would like it to be a kind of "capsule" musical comedy. However, she will continue to turn down picture offers and night-club dates. "I don't mind working full time," she explains, "if the hours correspond with Freddie's business hours and Kathy's school day. But I won't work in the evening and I won't leave town. I think I gave up my ambition for the best reason in the world."

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Where Adam Is King

(Continued from page 50)
household have a ruler and let him rule.
Let the boss be boss.

A major test of Ida's theory was occasioned by her husband, Howard Duff, when he asked, one day shortly after their marriage, "Why do you wear tailored, severe clothing?"

"Because it becomes me," Ida explained. "I'm small and slight; fussy things would overwhelm me. Why?"

Howard considered for a few moments before venturing an opinion that most women dress for other women rather than for men. He said he thought women reacted, subconsciously, to designs that were a modification of masculine attire, whereas a man reacted to designs that were patently feminine without being overdone.

That ended the discussion. But, the next time Ida went shopping, she rejected the severe lines she had previously favored, and bought a pale pink chiffon gown that clung in the right places, and floated in the right places. When she emerged in the dress for the first time, ready to attend a gala party, Howard expressed his opinion in a long, low wolf whistle.

Under the circumstance, what wife wouldn't be happy to accept her husband's taste as guide in lieu of her own? Since then, Ida's wardrobe has been made up of garments in Howard's favorite colors for feminine gear: Black, pastel blue, pink, and stark white.

On another occasion, he wanted to know, "Why don't you ever wear big, clumpy jewelry? Gold bracelets and earrings—things like that?"

Ida refrained from expressing her personal taste. Instead, she said, "I've never felt like buying such things for myself. They're conversation pieces, and I've always believed that the conversation should start with the fact that the jewelry is a gift."

"I get it," said her husband, with a grin. Shortly afterward, he reacted to Ida's comment by bringing her a bracelet that could have belonged to the Queen of Sheba—a costume item, of course, but handsome and impressive. "And now," she says, "I have quite an entertaining collection of such pieces—which I would never have acquired if I hadn't been ready to be guided by Howard's taste. Letting the boss be boss pays off in tangibles, as well as in intangible satisfactions."

One of the standard domestic revolts is that brought about by a difference of attitude as to what constitutes recreation. The Duffs have no schisms, because Howard's leisure-hour decisions are final. He loathes bridge, so no deck of cards mars the order of the game-room table. He can't endure the idea of making social commitments far in advance: "How do I know whether I'm going to feel like attending a dinner party three weeks from tomorrow night? I may not be in town, or I may be dog-tired. Ask if we can call, the day before, to give our final answer."

Nowadays, the Duffs have a wide circle of friends who know that Ida and Howard prefer to be called at the last minute. Oddly enough, they have made themselves enormously popular among harried hostesses who know that, ordinarily, they are available on short notice and can fill in when others—having accepted on a long-range basis—find they must disappoint.

Conforming to the wishes of the man of the house has provided another unexpected recreational experience for Ida. One morning, Howard said to Ida, "If you're going into Beverly today, would you

mind stopping off to buy me some books?" "What kind of books? Anything in particular?"

He suggested a novel or two, a book of travel, a biography. "You have good judgment; just browse a while and pick up five or six volumes that look interesting."

Ida complied, and was astonished to see her husband settle into a comfortable chair beside a window providing excellent light by day, and a lamp shedding comfortable illumination by night, and read for three or four days steadily, taking time out only for an occasional light lunch, or a few minutes' cat-nap. Straight through the day, straight through the night, in a marathon that Ida has labeled a "word binge."

The next time Howard asked for seventy to eighty hours of reading matter, Ida equipped herself with the same amount, plus a stock of food that could be prepared quickly, quietly, and at any hour. The dual cramming session turned out to be fun, and rewarding. "It's amazing how much one can get out of a concentrated period of absorbing information, impressions, ideas, and inspiration, while shutting out all of the usual distractions," she told Howard.

"Good girl," he said. "I never expected to find anyone to share my reading marathons. It's great."

The success of her early accommodations to rule-by-husband may have contributed to Ida's later malleability. For instance, she had never appreciated San Francisco before Howard undertook her Golden Gate education. She thinks now that her disaffection was caused by her wartime experiences, when San Francisco was crowded by service personnel en route to the Pacific, and the wounded en route to hospitals throughout the country. The city was an incredible potpourri of color and emotion; it was gay and grim; it was noisy, drunken, and filled with tears.

So Ida listened to Howard's glowing descriptions of "the real" San Francisco, and tried to keep an open mind. There came a night when Howard—as he had done a hundred times during his bachelor days—came home to toss a few things into a suitcase.

"We're going to San Francisco. I've got the fever," he explained.

Thereafter he escorted Ida through days of riding up and down San Francisco's fabulous hills. He showed her the Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, the Mission Dolores, the Marina. At night, they visited Fisherman's Wharf, DiMaggio's, Barnaby Conrad's El Matador, Chinatown, Ernie's on Montgomery Street, The Shadows, The Blue Fox, and dozens of the little dark-box cafes that vibrate with remarkable music.

"And to think," mused a bedazzled Ida, "that, if I hadn't learned how to follow the leader, I might have teased you into going to Palm Springs instead!"

Of course, there are times when any wife—no matter how cooperative—is forced to doubt the wisdom of unquestioning agreement. Ida had moments of black doubt when she accepted an invitation to go fishing on the Hood Canal with her husband and his brother.

It was her first experience in a small boat under a leaden sky, so she asked dubiously, "Don't you think it's going to storm?"—being ignorant of the unwritten law among fishermen that weather is never mentioned. Naturally, she was not accorded an answer.

They were well out in the stream when the storm broke. The wind roared, the sea pounded, the rain cascaded, and the

three fishermen continued to fish—as if their livelihood depended upon it and life was cheap. Ida muttered under her breath, "We're going to be swamped, that's what," but she would have required a coxswain's megaphone to make herself heard, so she fished, too. She caught four silver salmon.

Each of the men caught two, but not one of them was as large as Ida's smallest salmon. The consequent respect accorded her—bedraggled, soaked, chilled, and faintly blue as she was—was still so great that she was ready to go fishing again the next morning.

Now and then, however, it turns out that a husband must be permitted to lead the way in reverse.

Ida once invented an insect named The Fleep. A cross between a fly and a flea, a fleep lives—naturally—on sheep. He has a corkscrew bill that is handy for spearing small fruits or extracting olives from a jar. His adventures, according to Ida's stories for her daughter, are numerous, so Ida tried to persuade Howard to illustrate the life and times of The Fleep.

Howard's first job was that of cartoonist on his home-town newspaper, but once having escaped the ink pot, he foreswore it for good. Nothing Ida said seemed to sell him the idea of capturing on paper the bee in his wife's bonnet. "I haven't drawn a line in years. I'm through with all that," he said flatly.

Ida brought an easel and a supply of drawing paper, crayons, chalk, and paints—for Bridget, her five-year-old. For Bridget, of course. Bridget did her best . . . a best that attracted her father's helping hand. He spent hours teaching her techniques, and guiding her color taste, which seemed to run—ungoverned—to a combination of purple and orange.

And then Ida awakened in the small hours one morning to find her husband missing.

Slipping into a robe, she tiptoed to the living room, where she surprised him deep in the job of giving The Fleep colorful form. And so, if all goes well, The Fleep—in portrait and in prose—will soon make its appearance on the nation's bookshelves to the delight of children of all ages.

The acid test of the value of letting the king be king was applied when Howard and Ida decided, some time ago, that they had outgrown the apartment in which they had started married life.

Howard had some explicit ideas about where the house was to be, how much could be invested, and how the floor plan should be carried out. They must have privacy, yet they could not be too isolated from film and telecasting studios; the price must not exceed such and such an amount; the layout as to kitchen, dining room, living room, den, bedrooms, pool, patio and entrance should follow a Duff outline—which he supplied.

"You look for the house," he told Ida, "while I'm finishing my picture."

Ida maintained a wifely calm, but ventured—in the words of the Canadian trapper upon seeing a giraffe for the first time—"There just ain't no such animal," as she scanned Howard's list of architectural essentials.

Undaunted and unimpressed, Howard replied, "Look, if I can think up a perfectly logical floor plan, knowing that most floor plans aren't logical, you can bet some first-rate architect has been building along those lines for a long time. Probably we'll be able to choose from several satisfactory houses."

Mrs. Duff laughed a hollow laugh, half

in admiration of such optimistic naivete, half in exasperation. Yet, such is her concept of wifery that she set out at once to locate Howard's dream house.

She looked and she looked. Days went by. Weeks. Months. Years—two of them. A lone satisfaction was discernible: Each hour spent in the search reduced the possible number of future hours to be spent the same way. Even in Greater Los Angeles, there is a limit to available housing.

One late afternoon, Ida ran out of gas in a remote section of Bel Air. She tried to flag down several motorists, but drivers are wary of hitchhikers. Ida had resigned herself to removing her spike heels and hiking "x" miles to a filling station, when a lady stopped to offer a lift.

There is nothing so comforting to a foot-sore, heartsore, and headaching woman as the sympathetic ear of a cheerful stranger. Ida poured out her woes in a torrent.

The Samaritan, obviously supplied on the spot by St. Jude (patron saint of the impossible), began to smile. "Oddly enough, I'm a realtor," she said. "In my purse I have the key for the house you have just described. Secluded, yet not isolated. Price somewhat more than you have mentioned, but worth it. Floor plan identical to your husband's mental blueprint. Would you like to see it?"

Ida strolled around the house incredulously. It was a miracle. Then, courtesy of the realtor, she refueled her car and went home to give Howard the good word. He failed to exhibit any surprise whatsoever. (More husbands escape more lethal accidents because of the proper training of wives, 'way back in childhood.)

The following day, he inspected the house, agreed to meet the slightly higher price, told Ida that she was a genius, and now, if she would plan the redecoration, select the furnishings, and arrange a moving date, he would transport his own books, recordings, and similar priceless possessions.

"Oh, one thing—lots of blue around. You know—about the color of your eyes."

"Lots of blue," agreed Ida, basking in her spouse's obvious admiration.

The fireplace in the living room was white fieldstone; in the den, used brick. So Ida combined shades of blue and white with a muted rose-red to establish a color scheme against which to use brass accessories and Early American furniture.

The Duffs moved in, and Howard could be located at various hours, merely strolling through the rooms. "Tomorrow night," he suggested, "let's ask good old Jack out for dinner." (Good old Jack being a tennis buddy.)

A few days later, it was "good old George," followed by a parade of Howard's chums. Señor Duff, long noted for his restlessness, his inability to stay put in one spot for long periods of time, his gypsy foot and gypsy heart, had become a homebody. Sunk deep in a foam-rubber sofa, his feet on the fireplace fender, he invited the world to find its way to his hearthside felicity.

What wife wouldn't consider two years of research a small investment for such rich returns!

"It would have been easy, several times," Ida observes, "to have given up and announced that we would just have to take what seemed to be available. But that would have been an example of the imposing of wifely will, and I felt that it would be a mistake. As it worked out, my dogged following of instructions has brought us lasting satisfaction. The king is still king—and a contented king, at that—making possible that famous line with which all love stories should end, 'And so they lived happily ever after.'"

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(Continued from page 52)

housewife in a large New York City apartment and a delightful summer home at Mt. Kisco, New York.

In New York, there is a couple to help run the apartment. But, in the summer, there is only household help by the day, as required, and Arlene is the cook. Even for weekend guests. She likes it that way. Homemaking and career go together for her. Somehow, she finds time for everything.

The Gabels love to entertain in their new nine-room house, of split-level design to fit the hilltop to which it clings. "High on a windy hill," Arlene describes it. "I want to share the view with everyone.

"But I like to be part of my own parties, and that means a little planning. I suppose I am a good organizer, but I am not a list-maker. I am not that methodical. I simply jot down notes during the day, later gathering them up and checking off what has been done and what remains to do. Planning menus for guests, reminding myself to get the ingredients for some extra-special dish I want to serve, to stock up on several brands of cigarettes, to check the supply of soft drinks, the paper napkins. Reminding myself to lay in such items as extra toothbrushes for overnight guests who may forget theirs, tissues and disposable powder puffs; all the small things that add to a guest's comfort and keep a hostess from getting flustered."

Under organization, too, comes the choosing of guests who will be congenial. People on somewhat chilly terms aren't invited the same weekend. People who enjoy the same kind of thing are usually teamed up, although there's no hard-and-fast rule about it. An "outsider," new to a group, is often stimulating. You choose friends you want to ask at the time, barring any real maladjustment with others invited, and, strangely enough, the most unlikely combinations have been known to click amazingly well.

Setting a time for arrival and departure, at the moment of issuing any invitation, is always proper. In fact, it's highly desirable. A good guest comes prepared to abide by this and, if departure must be at some inconvenient hour, makes it known as soon as possible, so plans may be made accordingly. Cooperative guests are a boon to successful weekendening, and happy is the hostess who has them!

"If one of my friends shows up a little earlier than expected, maybe when I'm combing my hair or putting the finishing touches to something in the kitchen, I would think it the height of rudeness to act upset or embarrassed, or to embarrass her," Arlene stresses. "Why should anyone be flustered? She can follow me wherever I'm working and we can have a little early visit by ourselves while I go on with whatever I'm doing. Or, if it makes things easier, there is always a comfortable chair and a book or magazine, or television to entertain her while she waits for me to catch up. Cold drinks are ready, of course, so an early guest, male or female, can relax and cool off. Off-beat timing is one of the hazards of being a hostess, and surely a minor one."

Their limit for house guests is usually four, the capacity of their sleeping arrangements, but there are always friends who are invited to drive up for the day or who come in for dinner. Good food and beverages, an easy manner, good conversation mingled with good humor, informality, a choice of outdoor activities and indoor entertainment, rest and relaxation are what they find.

For weekenders, there is a flexible regime for meals, compatible with country informality, and everyone is fed with the minimum of work and fuss. Behind the scenes, before anyone's arrival, the work has been going on and now all is ready.

Guests get up in the morning when they want to, but early risers find all the ingredients for a quick breakfast in the kitchen, including one of the instant coffees for those who can hardly wait for that first cup. Young Peter shines as a breakfast host, especially if there is a visiting child. He follows the household rule of not disturbing grownups—until the grownups disturb him!—takes complete charge of the guests' comfort, squeezes the orange juice, uses the electric toaster, fills the glasses with milk. All without undue noise, until the adults begin to appear for their fruit and coffee, waffles with bacon or sausages, or ham and eggs.

If breakfast has been a late meal for all, luncheon is often a snack when and as the guests want it. Plates of sandwiches are put out, salad, cookies, fruit. If everyone wants a regular lunch, it's usually a sit-down meal, often with additional guests joining the house party.

Dinner in the country is almost always served buffet style. This makes serving easier, especially for many guests, and eating more leisurely; gives hungry people a chance to start early and go back for seconds or thirds, while the ones who like to approach a meal more slowly can take their time.

It's Arlene's idea that, in a small house, it is easier for the hostess to work alone, no matter how kind a guest may be about offering to assist: "I plan one-dish dinners mostly; big, satisfying casseroles, not too fancy or too highly-seasoned in warm weather. Something I can prepare ahead and re-heat, such as a couple of our favorites, beef Stroganoff or shrimp Creole. All tried-and-tested recipes, I might add. A hostess takes a big chance if she experiments with new dishes when she has guests.

"If, in spite of all my care, something goes wrong with some part of the dinner, I don't apologize. Instead, I improvise, quickly concoct something else to take its place. I'm sure every housewife knows what I mean. Too many apologies about anything that happens makes guests uncomfortable. Somehow, they feel at fault, just by being there."

Foods that add appetite-appeal to the buffet are some simple canapes, olives and celery and carrot sticks, jellied madrilene or a cold vichyssoise topped with chopped chives or parsley for a festive, summery look. They take very little preparation, can all be taken from the refrigerator at the last moment. So can a heaping bowl of salad, with several dressings on the side for easy choice. And the summer desserts, the sherbets and ice cream, fresh fruit and berries with cream. With mints to top it off, coffee, and tea available for those who prefer it, the buffet is complete. Enough to satisfy the hungriest male who has just come in from the golf course or an afternoon in the Gabels' big new swimming pool. ("Not filled with water, you might say," is Arlene's comment, "but with my blood, sweat and toil! Because that pool I paid for out of my work—which I love doing, but which is, nevertheless hard work every day.")

Guests who want to refill glasses, and empty overflowing ashtrays (ever notice how fast they fill up, no matter how much bigger and deeper they get all the time?)

are always appreciated, but a good guest never insists on going into the kitchen if her offer to help is tactfully turned down. There's a reason, of course. The usual house guest doesn't know where everything is kept, and how things are to be served, and she becomes more of a hindrance than a help. If your hostess says yes, that's your cue, but a no is also a cue. Arlene usually says no, as has been stated, not because she is unappreciative but because she is prepared and everything moves efficiently.

As a guest, you can perform a real service by helping entertain the others while your hostess is out of the room—and maybe offering your services again, not too insistently, of course, when the dishes are removed.

Having three baths for the three bedrooms solves one hostess problem for Arlene. But, in many homes, bathroom hours must be informally allocated, early risers getting done and out before the late ones take over the lease. (When someone else is waiting is no time to do your own light laundry, by the way.) And where maid service is limited, or non-existent, the thoughtful guest makes up her own bed and tidies her room. Arlene herself sees to it that there are fresh flowers in the bedrooms, as well as all over the house, flowers being her passion. She puts out magazines and books on bedside tables, checks reading lamps, lays out extra covers and sees that the Sunday paper is handy.

Guests who bring along comfortable country shoes and appropriate clothes are more appreciated than the city slickers who have to worry about ruined high-heeled slippers and mud-spattered silks. Your hostess always appreciates the compliment of having you dress up for some special occasion, and usually lets you know in advance if this is on the schedule. As a hostess, this is a good rule to follow; as a guest, you might ask before you pack.

There's something else important: Most people invite both sexes because they like that arrangement, but somehow or other a party seems to divide itself into two "sides," with the men on one and the girls on the other. A good guest can help, and a good hostess steps in and does her part to break this up. In most cases, people are at their best when left to talk about the things that interest them most. However, if a subject is special to one person, it should be dropped before it gets boring.

"Even if you are in the entertainment business, as Martin and I are, and as many of our friends are," Arlene notes, "the 'shop talk' can grow tiresome to people who aren't, no matter how fascinating they may find it at first. Conversation in a room filled with people should include many of them. If a couple of guests find mutual interest in some subject, of course, don't be a spoil-sport—up to a point. And an occasional lull in general conversation doesn't mean the party's getting dull. A little silence can be restful, especially on a long weekend."

General rules for guiding conversation might include an effort to steer a too-heated or too-personal discussion to something else less flammable, if you can! The same goes for long discourses on petty domestic problems, if you're dealing with women, and petty gossip, if you're dealing with either sex.

Planned activities are fine, if they're not too planned or too active all the time. Weekends are for recreation, but also for relaxation. Hikes may be an anathema to those who never walk a block at home. Boats are ditto for those who fear the

water and never get into anything larger than a bathtub. If a guest prefers to nap while the others play tennis, let him do it. If someone wants to watch birds, that's recreation, too.

People who get enough television at home should be allowed to wander into another room, or to take a walk. Those who wouldn't miss a favorite program for the best party you could give should be allowed to watch in at least comparative peace and quiet. It's all optional, if the party is to be a success and the guests happy.

Many people like games, but the Gabels happen to prefer conversation. If games are played, they are usually word games of some kind, writing games, mental games. People who think that any game is just another form of work aren't coaxed to join. They can read. At the Gabels', this isn't much of a problem. It's mostly talk—interesting, exciting, with everybody joining in, and no one running out of anything to say. (As it usually is with groups of good friends.)

"We are happy to see that Peter is at ease with adults, but even more so with children of his own age, and the younger ones," says Arlene. "He is flexible and kind. If a child wants to bicycle and Peter has suggested ball instead, he will get on his bicycle first and merely ask if later they might play ball. He respects the privacy of our guests, seems to sense when adults have tired of playing a small boy's games and want to retreat back into their own world."

The country house was really bought because of Peter. It began as a "token" house put in his stocking last Christmas. When he questioned what the tiny house meant, Arlene told him it was the symbol of the one they would have, so he anticipated every moment the summer has brought and is enormously happy about everything concerned with it, careful about the furniture, interested in seeing it beautifully kept. Eager to have his friends, and his parents' friends, enjoy it.

In fact, no minor or even major accident is allowed to mar a guest's visit—a spilled cup of coffee, a burn from a cigarette too carelessly laid on an ashtray, a broken dish. *Better a happy memory of a visit than everything left in perfect condition* is a motto every hostess should tack up in her mind. The hostess has a responsibility to have enough ashtrays, enough secure places to lay empty glasses and used dishes, enough lights in hallways and on stairs, and the like.

The matter of a hostess gift often looms up to dismay the guest who wants to bring one and doesn't know what to buy. Imagination, and a little interest in your hostess' tastes, are far more important here than the present's value. Where there is a child, the parents are often glad if he is remembered, but with something of small value. Actually, the hostess gift is a pleasant way of saying thank you for an invitation extended, but it in no way takes the place of a written or telephoned thanks quickly following the visit. Thanks should be extended also to the host, or to a parent or anyone else who helped to make the visit memorable.

It might be mentioned that a good guest checks belongings both when packing and before leaving. It's an extra chore for the hostess to send back all sorts of oddments left behind by departing friends, no matter how much she loves them.

These, of course, are merely tips on summer hostessing and summer guesting, not guaranteed to cover every situation. Only a guide to getting organized and prepared ahead of time, and having a relaxed and happy weekend. The kind they have been having at Arlene Francis's house this summer.

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Almost Like Angels

(Continued from page 24)

don't differentiate between 'working mothers' who may choose to stay at home with their kids, cooking, and PTA—and 'working mothers' who are off to a nine-to-five job. Both are surely working toward some family dream. With Bill, the children and me, our dream is retirement in five years—so we can really enjoy and devote time to the kids when we feel they will most need our direction: Jody will then be fifteen; Billy, Jr., eleven; and Nita, nine.

"However, it wasn't necessary for me to go to work full-time in a series, for our own personal family plan to come to fruit—Bill's success has been assured for years now. Actually, I looked on the series as being good for the children. Why? Because they need the security of knowing they will see their mother at certain definite hours. On a series, I can give them that knowledge—whereas, when I'm doing only occasional shows, they never know when to expect me home. For children our youngsters' age, this uncertainty is no good."

It is for this reason that Barbara and Bill work extra hard to come up with ideas in which the entire family can join forces. "Saturdays and Sundays," says Bill, "those are the two most important days in the week to our family. Barbara and I are always with the kids. We swim in the summer, have barbecues and picnics. Frequently, after church on Sunday, Barbara rushes home to make a basketful of sandwiches, we throw the bikes into our Plymouth station wagon and drive out to the west end of the San Fernando Valley, where we can ride without worrying about traffic. Even four-year-old Nita goes along. I used to carry her in a basket on my handlebars—now she has a three-wheeler of her own. We literally have a ball. Besides, the bike-riding keeps Barbara's waist down." (An uncalled for remark, which Barbara chooses to ignore.)

Bill, who works four days a week on his *Date With The Angels* series with Betty White, is a friendly kind of father who looks after his cubs both proudly and protectively. The big Early American easy-chair in front of the living-room fireplace is his favorite spot in the house. One thing he says gives him the greatest pleasure in life is curling up in that chair with Billy under one arm and Nita under the other, reading *Mother Goose*. (To Billy, he also reads "The Tales of Kit Carson.")

Later in the evening, during the school season, he and Barbara sit down with older daughter Jody for a crack at the homework. "I handle the English, history and social studies," says Barbara. "Bill does the math and lit. Usually, I'll work with Jody first—the real reason being that, after I check Jody's answers, I want Bill to check mine! Believe me, I'm trying very hard right now with fractions . . . Jody is teaching me a great deal. In fact, I think I'm learning as much as she is."

In summer, the family literally camps by their pool. Barbara and Bill have a unique system for announcing to the neighborhood kids at large that the pool is now "in session." Barb put up a flag-pole last season which can be seen for some six square blocks—or so it seems, from the number of kids who come a-running. "I don't recognize half of them," says Barb. "When the flag is up, either Bill or I are there—we have to get our sun, too, so we might as well play life-guard, and the kids know they are wel-

come. Also, when the flag is flying, the neighborhood mothers know their children are safe."

"Last month," laughed Bill, "a new family moved in down the street. The woman, seeing the flag flying 'most every day and not yet knowing its significance, remarked to her neighbors that, having personally found it difficult to fly the flag every Fourth of July, she certainly respected a woman as obviously patriotic as Barbara!"

The pool, back yard and garden are a summer home for Bill, Barbara and the kids. Bill laid out an area, one hundred feet by a hundred-fifty, so there would be room enough for all the family's activities. Barbecues and baseball, for one. Gardening, for another—everybody joins in the hoeing, weeding and planting fun. "When Billy was five," Barbara recalls, "we thought it would be a good idea if he planted something of his own—help teach him pride of ownership and the miracle of growth."

"We gave him a package of corn seeds because they were large enough for him to hold easily in his tiny hands. Corn becomes a giant of a plant to a little tyke like Billy Junior, and it grows fast enough so that he could watch its progress from day to day—an important consideration when you are trying to teach the miracle of growth to a five-year-old."

"Throwing caution to the winds, I gave Billy the entire package of seeds, saying, 'Now, Billy, you plant these just like Mother is doing.' He started out well enough, with a straight line of corn in the vegetable garden. But, in five minutes, he became tired of that part of the yard, traipsing over to the flower bed. From there, he threw his seedlets willy-nilly. Have you ever seen a yard with cornstalks growing in the middle of the pansy plot and coming straight out of the lawn?"

"I told Bill Senior—who does most of our gardening—that I wanted to move them. He said he wouldn't think of it. Freshest landscaping idea he'd seen in years. Practical, too."

"That, by the way, was the year I bought twenty-six packets of flower seeds—the pictures were lovely. I intended saving the expense of a gardener and doing the planting myself. The last day, Nita asked, 'Mom, what you doing? May I help?' I said, 'Sure, here is a package of some pretty flowers. Why don't you put them over there by the pool?' She did. She simply threw them on the ground. You know whose flowers grew? Nita's, of course. Not mine. Nita's took off like wild flowers, and that's just what they turned out to be—now, we can't get rid of them."

Another element which helps keep the family together is the fact that the children sometimes work with their parents on the motion-picture and television sets. "We let them work with us for three reasons," says Barbara. "First, we want them to know that what we do is *work*, not play. True, there is a certain amount of glamour to be found in pictures; but, as you shall see, that is all on the screen and not behind the camera. Second, all children want to mimic their parents—to be the sort of man their dad is. Since we are proud of our occupation, we encourage their interest. Third and last, being with the children on the set gives us that much more precious time with them."

"Jody was the first to be after us with the plaintive, 'I want a job.' So we let her work with me one day last year, on a picture I did with Joel McCrea called 'The Oklahoman.' To begin with, she was upset because she thought that everybody who worked in a Western rode a

horse. She didn't. On top of that humiliation, she found she had to wear a long, old-fashioned dress—over a set of petticoats—plus a pair of long white wool stockings. All this on a hot, hot day.

"Next, she discovered, to her disgust, that—even on a movie set—she had to go to school. That discouraged her ambition, too. But what really sent her into a tizzy was the check she picked up at the end of the day for her work. Two dollars and sixty-three cents were taken out for withholding. 'What's this *withholding*?' she inquired. So, with the check in hand, her daddy had a chance to explain about taxes and the United States Government. But, at nine, I don't suppose the children know much about governments. She said, 'You mean, somebody is going to keep my two dollars?' When Bill assured her they were, Jody just about fainted. 'But,' she exclaimed, 'That's eight weeks' allowance!'

"Billy, Jr., had to have *his* job, too," Barbara continues. "He said to me one day, after Jody had had her first job, 'I don't care what I do, I want a job.' 'What do you want to do?' I asked. 'You're too young to deliver papers.' 'Not that kind of a job,' he said, 'but another kind of job.' 'Exactly what do you mean?' 'I don't know,' he replied, 'but I know I gotta get me a job.'

"About five minutes later, I saw him through the kitchen window, dressed in his Kit Carson cowboy suit—(his favorite). He was holding Nita by the hand—she had on a red dress, red socks, red ribbon in her hair (everything has to match these days, with Nita)—and they were walking up to the minister's house in the back. Then I lost sight. Half an hour passed. Then, in tramped Kit Carson, shouting, 'Well, Mom, I got my job . . . look at this!'—and he held out his hand. 'How much money have I got?'

"He had four dimes in his little paw, and Nita, who came in behind him, smiling, had two dimes. 'Well,' I said, 'you have forty cents, and Nita has twenty.' 'Boy!' he said, 'I'm going right out again!' I looked at him suspiciously. 'Now wait a second, young man . . . come back here and tell me what you did to get that money.'

"He looked up at me shyly, from under his cowboy hat, and slowly explained, 'Well, now, Mom, you know those pictures of Dad we have in the drawer and give to school kids who come over?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Well, I took a box of them and went around to a few houses. I just ring the doorbell and I tell them that we don't have any money and they buy 'em.'

"I'm glad he came home to find out how much money he had," Barbara smiles. "Bill Senior and I laughed over this escapade for weeks."

Barbara Hale was born one April 18, in DeKalb, Illinois. Her father, Luther, an excellent landscape architect, and her mother and older sister moved to Rockford when Barbara was four. Barbara went to public school in Rockford. She had no desire to become an actress, but thought she'd become an artist, a nurse, or a newspaper reporter. When she was graduated from high school, Barbara entered the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, where she studied commercial art. Most of the students, though, insisted that Barbara be their model. She modeled more than she painted, finally devoted all of her time to working for Corrine and Al Seaman at the Chicago Models Bureau.

Unknown to Barbara, Al Seaman sent her picture to a Hollywood studio executive with whom he had attended school. A few weeks later, she had a long-term

RKO contract in hand and was on her way to the star-making town. But, before she skyrocketed to fame as Mrs. Al Jolson in Columbia's musical, "Jolson Sings Again," Barbara met her future husband.

Bill was born William Katt, May 21, 1916, in Brooklyn, New York. He went to school at P.S. 122, Brooklyn Tech High School, and Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, where he studied construction engineering. During his school days, Bill excelled in sports, especially football, baseball, hockey and gymnastics. He was Junior National Champ in the 220 and 440-yard free-style swimming events.

After leaving school, Bill swam for the New York Athletic Club and Dragon Swimming Club. He then formed an act which played a year at the Palladium in London, gave a command performance for the royal family, toured the United States, and finally opened at Earl Carroll's in Hollywood, on Christmas Day in 1942. While playing his club date, Bill studied celestial navigation at the Pan-American School, and he gave up show business to become a shuttle pilot during the war. After the recurrence of an old spinal injury forced him out, he came back to try his hand in the motion-picture field.

Barbara and Bill met on his first picture, "Murder in the Blue Room." "Bill was killed in the second reel," Barbara remembers. "But he died so beautifully, I knew I had to meet him."

Bill and Barbara were married in June, 1946, after a two-year romance which blossomed idyllically in the studio commissary, on the California beaches (they both loved swimming) and on the amusement piers (inexpensive dates).

Barbara Johanna ("Jody"), their first child, was born July 24, 1947. William, Jr., ("Billy") was born February 16, 1951. And Juanita, ("Nita"), was born December 22, 1953. Barbara and Bill have had knock-down, drag-out fights over the children's names. Bill insists on naming them after relatives—and always wins out.

Though the children arrived without mishaps, Barbara reports that little Nita's appearance on the scene caused a certain amount of consternation to Billy. "Whereas Jody thought Nita was the most wonderful thing in the world because she was a little girl," says Barbara, "Billy felt just the opposite. When we brought Nita home, Billy packed a little bag and sat out on the front porch. He was too afraid to leave the porch, but he knew he had to go some place!"

To help put across some sex education, Bill and Barbara bought a cat last year—in the hope that this year she would have kittens. She will. Billy, Jr.—whose responsibility it is to feed both Mitzi, the cat, and Punch, their great collie dog—says proudly, "Mitzi is going to have kittens. She eats about two gallons of food . . . but then, she's just not normal, you know."

A more "normal" family than Bill and Barbara and their brood of three would be hard to find in these United States. Their idea of making it the family business to do things together, as much as possible, has paid off in a profit of smiles and happy children's laughter measured by the year and not by the hour.

"There's just one thing," muses Barbara. "My husband's other wife—Betty White over at ABC. . . I'm going to have to talk CBS into marrying bachelor Perry Mason off to that gal, Della Street, he's been seeing so much of lately. . ."

Which only proves there's a bit of impishness in even the best-planned "heaven on earth"—and that there's more fun for any family which doesn't try to be too angelic!

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Two Hands Full of Laughter

(Continued from page 58)

back her up in this view. Listening to questions, her eyes seem more active than her hands. But when she begins to talk about her life and the entertainment field to which she has given so much, suddenly her hands come alive—they begin to weave their magic . . . to weave a tapestry of laughter, understanding and tears.

"I was born in Parsons, Kansas," she says. "The records say January 3, at the turn of the century. It seems a hundred thousand years ago, doesn't it?—when you think that we're preparing to make a landing on the moon!" She stares a moment through the window of her dressing room on the Hal Roach lot. "I was a serious little girl, I think . . . sort of dreamy and a little lost in my dreams. Yet, I don't believe I was sad or unhappy. This was in California, you know—Santa Cruz. We had moved there when I was six months old. And I hadn't a notion, I'm sure, of ever going on the stage. But when I was seventeen—ah!"

She had been on vacation with her parents and they had come to Los Angeles to "see the sights." They were invited to a party—by whom, where, she can't remember. All she knows is, at that party, "the sky opened" and great good fortune came shining down on her. She was introduced to "a wonderful woman" who sensed the talent lying dormant and arranged for her to try out for a part in Mary Pickford's "The Little Princess." This wonderful woman was Frances Marion, one of Hollywood's greatest writers and star-makers. "I won the part," ZaSu smiles, "and Frances and I are still close friends. I admire her more than anyone else I know. I also admire Mary, and we see each other as often as we can."

ZaSu can truthfully be called "an overnight success." She herself says, "I was very, very lucky in my career. And, in those days, competition wasn't so fierce." But, if she was "lucky," it was not merely for herself; she brought luck to others. In 1919, a short while before "Little Princess" was released, ZaSu became the luck-charm which director King Vidor speaks of today as "my heaven-sent gift."

As Vidor recalls it, he was riding on a Hollywood Boulevard streetcar when his eye was taken by a strange young girl—"pretty in a lanky kind of style"—sitting opposite him. She was watching the street signs anxiously as the car sped along. Each time she turned to look, somehow she managed to strike one of the passengers. When her stop was called, she showed her appreciation to the conductor by somehow jamming her elbow into his stomach. All this was done most innocently, and she retreated down the aisle, knocking hats, heads and newspapers in embarrassment and confusion. Most of the passengers were in an uproar by the time she got off, and Vidor's curiosity was so stirred that he, too, hopped off the car and caught up with her as she reached the corner of Hollywood and Gower. "This, I realized at once, was a character," he says, "and I wasn't about to let her walk out of my life." He asked her name.

"ZaSu," she replied, and seeing his bewilderment, said again, "ZaSu, last of Eliza, first of Susie." She twinkled at him. "ZaSu Pitts . . . like cherry pits." He also learned that she was looking for work as an actress, while living at the Studio Club. "It's a nice place, isn't it?" This recommendation was accompanied by a hearty blow on his chest, and he stood there, scratching his head as she went on.

To this meeting, Vidor credits his in-

spiration for "Better Times," his first important film. The day after, he began work on a story about an unloved wallflower in a boarding school who pretends to be courted through the mails by a big-league ball player. Brentwood Productions were persuaded by Vidor to hire ZaSu for the lead. She proved to be a "natural" in it—which was no surprise to Vidor, who had written the part for her. David Butler, now a successful producer, played her leading man. ZaSu went on to do several films for Vidor, all notable hits.

The hands pause . . . fold one upon the other in a posture of silence and meditation. "I was climbing that long, high ladder to stardom. That's what the critics, the people in the industry said. But what nobody seemed to realize was that I myself never considered myself a star in the sense of a Pickford or a Mabel Normand. In fact, for years, I had a monopoly on all the fluttery maid parts which, as a sincere actress, I felt were the utter and bitter end." Devoted fans know that her "Yes, m'lady" roles came later, and that they were preceded by a flock of top dramatic parts in major pictures. "Oh, I don't deny I was in some good ones," she says. "But I thank my directors for that. And, when we talk about directors, let's never forget one of the greatest . . . who worked to bring out the best in me. . ."

It is Erich Von Stroheim that she recalls in this tribute. "He had the patience of a saint who is dedicated to perfection. This made him seem like a devil to some actors. He'd resort to the harshest measures to get a scene exactly right. There's a scene in 'Greed'—we did it sixty-two times before he could be satisfied. And we had no dressing rooms, you know. We'd just rest on cots between shooting."

"Greed," one of the first films made for Metro and Goldwyn after they consolidated, is still ranked as a Von Stroheim masterpiece. Made in 1925, it vied with Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments" (first version) for best film of the year. The lust for money, and the destruction it can cause, was the theme, and today ZaSu still says, "Money is good for taking care of your needs and responsibilities. It's no guarantee of happiness. I had plenty of money in the old days, but I can't, in all honesty, say I was truly happy. That came later . . . after I met Pops . . . Mr. Woodall, you know."

Edward Woodall, it should be pointed out, is her husband, the man whose love she describes as "filling my world with goodness the way the sun fills our universe with light." He had not yet walked into her world at the time she was soaring to fame in a succession of dramatic screen roles. One of the most memorable of these, it is generally admitted, was the tragic part of the lame princess in Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March." As a work of art, the picture is still considered masterly.

"The talkies hadn't been with us very long," ZaSu continues, "when the ax crashed down. I was typed, and—of all things—typed as a comedienne." It was in a gangster picture that this "disaster" occurred. There was a scene "of heart-rending anguish," and she was directed to wring her hands for effect. "I couldn't seem to get the right tone—and blew up. In disgust, I cupped my hands over my forehead and let out a doleful 'Oh, dear.' The reaction may have been unplanned but, believe me, it was explosive. Everyone on the set went into convulsions. They laughed and laughed. The director was delighted. He felt the plot was too heavy and he decided to keep this 'bit' to brighten

things up. It turned out to be a big success with the public and, in my next picture, they had me do more of the same. Soon there was a whole slew of pictures which showed me using those silly gestures. It was opening a new career for me as a comedienne, but it finished the career I loved, as a dramatic actress."

But now the expressive hands and voice weave brighter colors into the story. "If my career took a wrong turn—if I felt discontented with the parts I had to play," ZaSu recalls, "the happiness I was suddenly finding in my personal life more than made up for it." For ZaSu had met Edward Woodall, an advertising executive—had met and married him, and was beginning to immerse herself in the pleasures of that most fulfilling role—wife and mother. She might have descended to playing "movie maid to every star in town," but, in her own large home on Rockingham Road in fashionable Brentwood, she reigned supreme as "Moms" to an adoring husband and two children, Ann and Don. She was also a much sought-after matron in the social life of the community.

"We needed a big place then," she sighs, "what with two lively children, cats, dogs, ponies and what-not. Entertaining was lavish then. It was part of the times. We were never quite on the scale of Pickfair, but we did live it up some, nevertheless."

Although acting still made considerable demands on her time and energy, her family recalls gratefully "all she did, all she tried to do." Even when she was called away on location or on a tour, "in small ways all her own," she left behind a very palpable sense of her presence. Ann—now Mrs. John S-for-Stanford Reynolds—relates that, when ZaSu was away: "Somehow, the house seemed to develop an echo in it . . . the rooms seemed emptier, Dad seemed just a wee bit tired and we kids found our games and lessons duller. And yet we were all filled with a feeling of expectation . . . as if, deep down, we—the house, the servants, the pets—all of us knew that Moms was still with us . . . at any moment, we'd hear her footstep."

It is a family joke now, but there were tragic echoes of one childhood incident which Ann recalls. "Don and I were kids when we sneaked off to a movie that was featuring Mother. I can't recall the name, but there was a scene where she was about to be killed. Don jumped up and began yelling, 'Don't kill my Moms!' while I covered my face with my dress and wept bitterly." Something of this terror was repeated for Ann and her father and brother, three years ago, when ZaSu underwent three operations for cancer. "We were suddenly back in that movie house, terrified," Ann continues. "Only Mom remained steadfast. She never lost hope, and she wouldn't let us lose hope. They had to cut into her arm and side. But—to give you an idea of the stuff she's made of—shortly after her last operation, she gave a benefit at Palm Springs. She looked all in, and we begged her not to go on. But she couldn't be stopped."

ZaSu herself takes pride in her recovery and explains with a chuckle how she bought an old-style car with the standard shift so that her arm and side would get a proper amount of strengthening exercise. But it is when she speaks of her family that her pride takes on new dimensions.

She was starring in "Out All Night," and a dimpled, blond cherub appeared on the set to do a bit. ZaSu took the little girl under her wing and told anyone who would listen, "This child will be great."

Two years later, the child—Shirley Temple—and her family moved into the house next to ZaSu's, and they were neighbors and friends for years. It was Don who first taught Shirley how to ride a pony. "She liked to run over and sample my pies," ZaSu smiles. "And here's an odd coincidence: My first film was 'The Little Princess'—and then, after so many years, who comes along but little Shirley and does the remake in the part Mary Pickford played."

If ZaSu was both a delight and an enigma to her own children, she is merely a delight to her grandchildren. "The kids are wise to her," Ann says gleefully. "When I get ready to administer a spanking, they giggle and say, 'Betcha Grandmother leaves the room.'" ZaSu herself remarks wryly, "I guess I'm of the old school that thought spankings were old-fashioned."

The famous hands are quiet as ZaSu recalls old friends. "How clever and talented they were! And how I miss them!" Sorrowfully she calls the roster of the unforgettable dead: "Edna Mae Oliver, Slim Summerville, Thelma Todd . . ." And then her hands move, and the past is reluctantly put aside. She begins to revel in the present, in her new friends, in her newfound career in television. "Gale Storm is as dear to me as my own daughter. And Hal Roach, Senior—you know, he still drops in on the lot for a chat about the old days. He likes to tease me by saying I haven't changed a bit. And I come back at him by asking if he'd like to star me in one of his old bathing-beauty, Keystone Cop series. And then there's Bones Vreeland, our production head. He's been a great help. Would you believe it? I've begun to get a flood of fan mail since I became 'Nugey.'"

Her smile brightens. "The way they all take care of me around here!" ZaSu, who eats like a bird, usually brings nothing but a pint of buttermilk to the lot. But a day never passes without Roy Roberts—the captain of the luxury liner in *Oh! Susanna*—dropping in her dressing room with a sandwich. Or else it's Gale Storm—or even one of the "grips"—with a piece of homemade pie. "Well," exclaims Gale, "we're only paying back for all the mothering she's given us. How she hovered over me when I was pregnant!"

ZaSu herself is obviously delighted by the stories told about her. She laughs as heartily as the rest, when Bill Seider, her TV director, tells the following anecdote: "I'd worked with ZaSu before, so I was prepared. But poor Roy Roberts, he didn't know. So when I heard her blow a line during rehearsal, I yelled 'Look out!'—and ducked. Roy got it square on the chest." Gale breaks in with, "We're all on to her now, and the second she fluffs a line—which she seldom does—we all begin ducking out of range. Imagine! She's the gentlest of people. But when she goofs, ZaSu Pitts starts swinging!"

Others recall that she's always an hour late for appointments, because she can't stand traffic and, like as not, will pull up to the side of the road and patiently wait until the rush is over. Still others tease her slyly about her hankering to make a comeback as a serious dramatic actress.

All of it pleases her, fills her with a youthful zest, brings the color into her face and the sparkle into her eyes. "Oh," ZaSu cries, "I am so lucky. My family, my friends, all of whom stood by me so loyally when my acting seemed limited to maids . . . when I was so sick . . . my dear husband who, when we sold our big home and moved into a small apartment, put his arm around me and said, 'Moms, the smaller the place, the closer we'll be.' I am a lucky, happy woman!"

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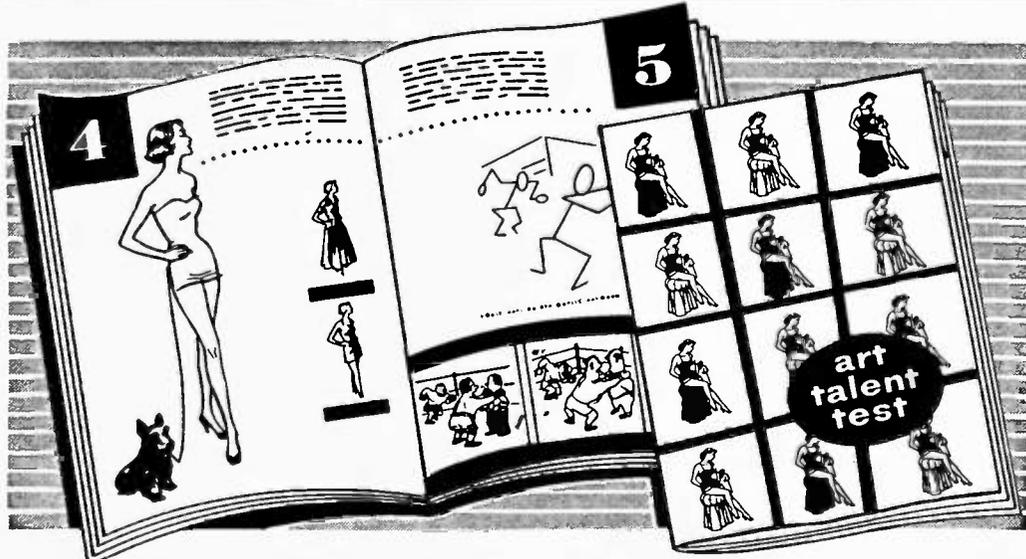
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From the Fields of The Dakotas

(Continued from page 34)

could happen, and he wouldn't be able to pay. But Lawrence Welk's father was even more concerned about his son's future. He'd seen some of those traveling musicians who came through Strasburg, North Dakota, playing barn dances and fairs. They drank whiskey. They wisecracked. They had no roots, these fellows. They played their music . . . and moved on.

"Dad didn't want me to leave the farm." Lawrence Welk says now, "and especially for the music business. He felt it wasn't stable enough, and that the musicians he'd seen were a little loose and adventuresome. He was afraid the same thing might happen to me. My dad was trying to save my soul, and he thought there would be a better chance of saving it on the farm."

But, for young Lawrence, there could be no harvest, there could be no life . . . without music. Even ploughing the field, he could hear music. He heard music everywhere. It came out of the wind and sun and earth . . . an imaginary symphony with Lawrence directing it. His sisters and brothers would tease him about his imaginary bands, and about how he would go out to the barn and dance, with some prop or other. . . . "I danced with a pitchfork, I danced with anything. I just loved music and I loved to dance," he recalls. "Music was on my mind all the time, whether I was cleaning out the barn or hauling hay or harnessing the horse to go out in the field. I had a constant dream of music."

Alone in the barn, Lawrence Welk would direct his imaginary band: "I would hit the anvil, the rain barrel, a horseshoe, anything that would make a sound. And I used to make a 'violin' with horsehair 'strings' from a horse's tail." . . . His father liked music, too, but music was for relaxing after a hard day's work in the field—not a life's work. Lawrence, in fact, had first learned to play the accordion on his father's old push-and-pull squeeze box, one of the few meager possessions his parents had brought over on the boat from the Old Country when they came to America in search of a home.

To Ludwig and his pretty dark-haired wife, Kristina, roots were the riches of the earth. Their homeland, Alsace-Lorraine, had been a pawn for power between Germany and France through the years, and they were torn back and forth, changing nationality. Devoutly religious and peace-loving, they had no country to call their own. And when the Prussians overrode their lands—they fled. . . . Along with other German settlers, Ludwig and Kristina Welk filed to homestead rich farmlands just outside Strasburg, North Dakota. Looking across the field of buffalo grass that stretched miles on every side of them—the prairie land that would some day belong to them and to their sons—they thanked God for this new land which had opened its arms to them.

For a shelter, Ludwig and Kristina Welk used the only material they could afford. Earth. With their own hands, they built the sod house, where Lawrence Welk would one day be born. They took long thick strips of sod and dovetailed them together like bricks. They put boards across the top of the thick walls and piled very thick layers of sod on top. Only a torrential rain would melt the roof down a little into the living room. Then Ludwig would carry more sod to the roof and pack it tight together again, thankful for the buffalo grass in the sod that helped it hold. As they could, they

built partitions, put in a floor, and built a wood frame on the outside.

"It was a very comfortable house," recalls Lawrence's sister, Eva Welk, today a nurse in Aberdeen, South Dakota. "The walls were eighteen inches thick—it was the warmest place in the winter and the coolest in the summer. All eight of us were born there. Our youngest brother, Mike, still lives there."

And there, on March 11, 1903, the man who was one day to make music that would reflect the grass-roots of his own heritage—music of the people, music all America would love—was born. "Lawrence worked very hard doing the farm chores," Eva says. "He worked in the field, he helped with the milking, and he would go into town to sell the cream."

Young Lawrence was early initiated to the rewards of hard work—a lesson which would be invaluable to him later on. Their ground made forty bushels of wheat, where their neighbors' made thirty. They worked longer hours, planted earlier, and his dad watched that land like a dedicated man. "Not only that—but Dad was also a blacksmith by trade," says Lawrence Welk. "He would repair all our own things, and those of our neighbors, too."

What he remembers most about his parents was their great happiness, and their gratitude to America: "They were so happy here, and so happy about the treatment they received in America. So grateful for the warmth and kindness they found here."

Ludwig taught his son how to play some old-fashioned German waltzes on the worn squeeze-box with the imitation pearl buttons that young Lawrence fingered so lovingly. They had an old pump organ, too, and Eva remembers how "Lawrence would pump the organ in the parlor and the rest of us would gather around and sing." She adds, with a smile, "Lawrence used to keep our cows awake until late at night, out in the barn, practicing on the accordion Dad brought over from the Old Country."

But there was one grim year when the music almost stopped for Lawrence Welk—all music. When he almost died from a ruptured appendix, and went through long months of recuperation afterward. A year that was to limit his future in some ways, and make music his whole world. This illness he remembers very well: "I was unconscious, and, when I came to, I was in the hospital and they were trying to hold me down—I was, trying to climb the wall. When I opened my eyes again, I saw all of my relatives standing around the bed. I knew some of them had come a long way in a horse-and-buggy—seventy miles—to get there. It was a big relief, after seeing them, when I heard the doctor say he thought I was over the crisis."

After being out sick that year, Lawrence wouldn't go back to school. As he explains now, "I was growing all that year, and I was much taller than any of the kids I would have been in class with. My parents felt I should go back to school, anyway, but I had a real complex about it. I'd been sick before in my younger days, I'd missed school, I was taller than the others—and I was very uncomfortable. So I wouldn't go. . . . I regretted it later on in life, when I got into business. I knew how much I'd missed, and how much easier it might have been for me if I'd gone to school and studied, along with my music."

Later on in life, he was to spend hours, nightly, reading books and educating him-

self. However, in his particular case, Lawrence Welk weighs today whether he would have fought as hard for success—"if I'd had the schooling. I'm not so sure I would have had the drive and the determination I've had to have, if an education had made it all easier. I'm not sure I would have gotten this far in music—that I would have had that much desire."

Desire, he had. There was no other life. He felt shy and ill-at-ease with his former schoolmates, so he was out of the swim there. He worked on the farm—and music was his whole world . . . a world that was threatened, too, when Lawrence Welk broke his arm at the age of sixteen. He was to need all that determination and desire in the months that followed.

Remembering now, he says, "I was in the field ploughing. I had a lazy horse, and I hit him with the whip, and he took off like a jet—taking the plough and me with him. The plough hit a rock and jumped up and threw me into the middle of the horse—I landed on my arm." When he crawled to his feet in a daze, "I saw my arm just hanging there—and I knew it was broken." At the moment, he could feel no pain, because of a more agonizing thought: "I could only think of one thing—I wouldn't ever be able to play the accordion again."

Luckily, his arm healed. But the inexpensive accordion Lawrence had "went to pieces" the following year. "One reed was out of tune—it used to hurt me so much to hear it. When I hit the sour note, it would just about kill me. I was about ready to give up playing the accordion." Then he found his dream accordion in an advertising catalogue which manufacturers mailed to the Welk house. "Four hundred dollars was an awful lot of money," he says. "More money than my parents could usually save in a whole year." Mindful of this, Lawrence told his dad he would play at weddings and celebrations around Strasburg and pay him back. But that didn't persuade him.

"It took me quite a while to talk Dad into it. I got Mother on my side. She knew how much I wanted the accordion, and she talked to him. Then I went to him with my proposition. I promised I would stay on the farm until I was twenty-one if he would buy the accordion for me. And I would also pay back every cent it cost. . . . That was a beautiful day!" Lawrence Welk glows, recalling their agreement.

Ludwig Welk believed with all his heart that to be a musician wouldn't be a wholesome future for his son. His future belonged to the land. Here were their roots—here on the prairie the Welks had homesteaded in North Dakota. . . . Furthermore, the accordion was much too expensive, and Ludwig would have to buy it on credit. This was against his principles, and the whole family was impressed when he agreed to do it. "That was the first thing our parents had ever bought in installments," says sister Eva.

Ludwig Welk had decided to make a gamble. He would pay out four hundred dollars "on time." Lawrence was seventeen years old—and, if this would keep him on the farm for four more years, it would be a worthy investment. When he was twenty-one, he would be more mature and he would be able to see that, in this wonderful country of America, the land was his life. If, when he was twenty-one, he wouldn't stay—this was America, too. Freedom for a man to believe as he will, to decide his own way. . . .

But, to young Lawrence, at seventeen, freedom was the accordion for which he waited with such impatient eagerness. "It was a special accordion, and it took them three months to build it," he remembers, as vividly as yesterday. "Then, after it was finished, I still waited for six weeks. Every day I would hitch up the horse and buggy and drive into town to the depot, to see whether my accordion had come. I'd go to town very happy, anticipating the accordion would be there. But, on the way home, it wasn't unusual for me to have tears in my eyes . . . just from disappointment—and my love for the instrument."

He'll never forget the afternoon the accordion finally arrived: "I got home around four-thirty, and I played until dinner time. I played after dinner—until everybody was going to bed, and they took it away from me. The next morning, I was up with the chickens . . . and playing it again."

To Lawrence Welk, the four years before he turned twenty-one . . . before he was free to follow his music wherever it led . . . seemed an eternity. He paid his father back in two years, playing for "barn dances and 'name day' celebrations and wedding parties." He would make five or ten dollars for dances—"but the wedding parties would last three days, and I would bring home fifty or a hundred dollars."

On his twenty-first birthday, his promise to his father fulfilled, Lawrence left the sod house where he had been born . . . free to follow the music—somewhere, wherever it might lead. "I didn't have any money, and I had no special place to go. Then I didn't have my heart set on doing anything big in the future, really. I just loved to play the accordion—and went out hunting a job."

Leaving the main street of his home town behind him, he never dreamed a day would come when a sign there would read: "Strasburg, North Dakota—Home of Lawrence Welk." Ludwig Welk had told him goodbye with a heavy heart. Lawrence had repaid him for the accordion . . . but not for an immigrant father's dream of his sons farming and enriching the land which had been so good to all of them. As Lawrence says now, "I don't think he was too proud of me. Not until I quit fooling around—playing with this group and that one—and treated music more like a business. After a year, I began to have more purpose."

Lawrence had formed a little band and was playing a dance at a fair in Selby, South Dakota, when fate introduced him to veteran showman George T. Kelly and his wife Alma . . . two endearing people to whom Lawrence Welk feels so indebted today, for the part they played in giving his music purpose—and in giving him a springboard toward the future. "This is the man," he says with obviously deep emotion, "who really started me in show business. If it hadn't been for George and for Alma—and all the teaching they gave me—I don't think I could ever have made it."

During the winters, George Kelly had a small vaudeville troupe called "The Peerless Entertainers," who doubled on instruments, playing dances after their shows. Mrs. Kelly sold tickets, acted as treasurer, wardrobe mistress, and generally did whatever else needed to be done behind the scenes. During the summers, George worked with carnivals, "barking" the attractions on the midway. . . . He was in Selby with a carnival—and dropped by the local dance hall one evening.

"I went up front and sat down close to the stage," he remembers. "And I no-

ticed this young fellow playing his accordion. He had a lot of pep, a good smile, and he was continually moving with the rhythm of the music. The warmth and music fairly poured out of him, and I believed he would be a tremendous asset to my troupe—although, at that time, nobody was using an accordion in traveling aggregations."

Kelly asked Welk how he thought he'd like show business. Well, Lawrence said, he'd seen a medicine show under canvas in Strasburg once . . . and he thought he might enjoy it. "He agreed to join our troupe," the showman grins now. "However, a difficulty arose when I found out the salary he was expecting! Lawrence wanted fifty dollars a week—and, at that time, we were hiring the best of performers for twenty-five dollars a week and expenses."

"That's pretty high," he told Lawrence. But he "sized him up" and knew Lawrence would be a tremendous drawing card . . . all the more so, since their troupe would be playing German settlements throughout the Dakotas. "I'll tell you what I'll do," Kelly proposed. "I'll pay all the expenses, including salaries to performers, and then we'll split the net proceeds fifty-fifty."

Lawrence agreed heartily. As he laughingly says now, "I had learned that it was good business not to be overanxious. I would have gladly accepted George's first offer—but I paused a little bit. And, when I paused, George went up on the price!"

Salary seemed of small moment immediately, anyway, since they were opening in a little place in South Dakota called Westport, where George Kelly wanted to break in his inexperienced troupe—which consisted of Harry Woodmancy, a saxophonist, and Lawrence and himself. "They were about as bashful as anybody could be. And I was just as skeptical whether I would be able to get them to say any lines whatsoever—especially Lawrence."

They were set for the town hall in Westport, and Kelly was anxious to have a dress rehearsal the afternoon of the show. But there'd been an election, and somebody had brought the stove right up in the middle of the stage, to keep the city fathers warm while they counted the votes. George and his "troupe" were carrying the stove and its pipe back down, when a group of women walked in.

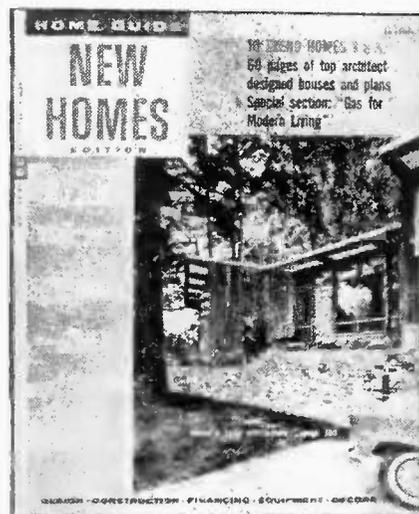
"I thought they had a squawk of some kind," Kelly grins. "Some towns weren't partial to dancing then, and I was apprehensive. However, they were a committee from the Ladies' Aid, and they wanted to know if I would have any objection to their serving a 'supper' at the dance, with the proceeds to be used for a local charity. Naturally, I was elated, and I figured we might have a fair little house. When the doors opened, they literally started piling in! Lawrence was peeking through a hole in the curtain—and, as the crowd grew bigger, his knees clicked louder. The ladies sent men out to a nearby pool hall to lug chairs in. They brought planks, soda-pop cases—anything they could find—for seats."

"Lawrence and Woodmancy really had stage fright, but we went out, sat down and started the overture behind the curtain. When the curtain rose, they immediately became old troupers. As long as they could hide behind their instruments, they felt better. They'd both been used to playing for crowds at dances, and that was a big help. When we started the sketches—well, they missed lines, but it only added to the fun."

When, at the end of the evening, Mrs. Kelly told them they'd taken in a hundred and sixty-five dollars, they were all

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elated. Lawrence couldn't get over it. "George," he said, "we'll all be millionaires before this is over!"

They played one-night stands in opera halls, and often in empty bank buildings. Lawrence Welk became increasingly versatile. He played the heavy in one skit called "The Patent Pusher," in which Kelly portrayed a Swedish inventor and Lawrence was the villain trying to steal his inventions. "George was always trying to make an actor out of me," Lawrence laughs. "I gave him a hard time—but not intentionally."

Welk's accordion specialty was "Valencia." For this, he appeared in full costume, dressed as a Spanish matador. "Mom used to wind his sash on him," George Kelly recalls, "and Lawrence would stand there and go 'round and 'round. On stage, I would announce, 'And now I want you to meet the youngest, the best-looking, the finest, the most distinguished accordionist in America—Lawrence Welk!'"

Enthusiastic audiences (particularly, Kelly observes, the lady patrons) agreed with that glowing introduction. For four years, an increasingly popular Lawrence traveled with The Peerless Entertainers, grateful for all the experience and knowledge he could absorb . . . and touchingly appreciative of Mrs. Kelly's kindness and encouragement in helping him to use better English and to overcome some of the accent which now really troubled him.

His public, however, seemed completely unaware of any such problems. "They were all eyes for Lawrence and his accordion," Kelly smiles. "Throughout our tour of the Dakotas, Montana and Minnesota, people followed us from show to show, until we got so far away they couldn't make it—Lawrence always had crowds around him, and he made them all feel they were his friends."

That same reaction was soon apparent in Yankton, South Dakota, as crowds jammed the small radio studio where Lawrence broadcast with his newly-formed, six-piece band. So many nurses from the hospital raved about him that attractive but skeptical Fern Renner, who was in training there, finally went along with them to the studio one day. But she remained the lone holdout against the mass adulation for Lawrence Welk for some time . . . almost until she married him.

"When the broadcast was over, but before we could leave the studio that day," Fern recalls, "Lawrence put down his accordion and walked straight out into the audience to talk to us. He wanted me to go to dinner with him, but I got the impression he was conceited, and I didn't want to go. Finally, I agreed—if he'd take one of the other girls along." He was a perfect gentleman, but Fern Renner saw no future there: "I'd always felt traveling musicians were just like sailors—a girl in every port."

However, since they shared the same religion, they met frequently in church and became better acquainted. Lawrence left South Dakota to tour with his band—and Fern went to Texas to work in a Dallas hospital as a laboratory technician and anesthetist . . . but fate still kept a friendly eye on the man who was meant to make so much happy, sparkling music for the world.

Fern Renner just happened to be in Denver, Colorado, for a few days' vacation . . . and she just happened to read in the newspapers that Lawrence and his band were playing there. She called him. And, the following day—while showing her the majestic scenery—he proposed.

They were married, one April morning, in the Sacred Heart Cathedral in Sioux Falls, South Dakota . . . and left on a series of one-nighters which, in the

opinion of Fern's husband, could have fractured a more fragile bride. Today, Lawrence pays tribute to the attractive woman who has shared in his career story: "She's been able to take it . . . all the way from hardships to later on, when things got better. Fern's a perfect wife, as well as a perfect mother."

From the start, Fern Welk's calm courage and encouragement . . . as a former nurse familiar with life and death, and with people and crises of all kinds . . . was always there to strengthen the confidence of a shy, uneducated North Dakota farm boy who was moving up in his world of music—and increasingly sensitive to his own inadequacies. "You have

nothing to worry about," Fern reassured him. "Just forget you didn't have those advantages. You don't need to worry."

Wherever Welk played, people listened. But there were tough years, getting his music to enough of them. Years of wearying one-nighters . . . of driving all night crosscountry . . . of humid hotel rooms—sleeping with the sun. And of nightmare experiences, such as driving to a booking in Phoenix, Arizona—and finding the ballroom had closed: "We'd been driving for two days, from Quincy, Illinois, and we'd had nothing but trouble all the way," recalls Chuck Coffee, a saxophone player who was then with Welk's band. "We'd had eighteen flats, getting there. Then we

Vote FOR YOUR FAVORITES

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

TV STARS and PROGRAMS

- Male Singer
- Female Singer
- Comedion
- Comedienne
- Dramatic Actor
- Dramatic Actress
- Doytime Emcee
- Evening Emcee
- Musical Emcee
- Quizmaster
- Western Star
- News Commentator
- Sportscaster
- Best New Star
- Doytime Drama
- Evening Drama
- Doytime Variety
- Evening Variety
- Comedy Program
- Music Program
- Quiz Program
- Women's Program
- Children's Program
- Mystery or Adventure
- Western Program
- TV Panel Show
- Best Program on Air
- Best New Program

RADIO STARS and PROGRAMS

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

TV Husband-and-Wife Team

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

found the place had folded. Lawrence pawned his only ring, so the band could eat. Then he talked stockholders into reopening the ballroom."

Fern Welk has reasons of her own for remembering this situation in graphic detail. "We were on a spot," she understates it simply. "We'd managed transportation for the boys, clear from the Middle West, and it was expensive. We'd counted on the Phoenix engagement . . . then the place was closed up. And it had been such a rough trip. We had no time . . . we'd traveled all through the night to get there." While her husband was persuading the stockholders to reopen their ballroom, Fern Welk went to bed—deathly ill. "I was three months' pregnant, and I was feeling miserable."

She quit the tour a few weeks before their first baby was born, going to Dallas to stay with two nurse friends, while Lawrence continued playing one-nighters. He was in Denver . . . the same city in which he'd proposed to Fern . . . when one of the nurses phoned to tell him he had a beautiful baby daughter.

Shirley Welk was six weeks old before her enchanted father saw her. For a man with Lawrence's love for home and family, there were to be many personal sacrifices during those first years he was making music. Many important family events he couldn't share. "Dad drove all night through the rain, trying to make my First Communion," his beautiful, dark-eyed Shirley remembers. "Then, when he got there, we were just coming out of the church. He was heartbroken."

The family was then headquartering in Pittsburgh. Later, they moved to River Forest, just outside Chicago. His younger daughter Donna says, "I think Dad made my Communion—but not my Confirmation. He made my graduation—but not my eighth-grade. We were always so happy to see him . . . and always so sad when he had to leave again." Then irrepresible, teen-aged Donna laughs, "I'll never forget the time our younger brother Lawrence helped Dad pack. He was just three years old and, when nobody was looking, he put in one brown shoe and one black. When Dad got to that engagement, he really had some explaining to do!"

However hectic or frantic conditions might be, the family usually spent their summers with Lawrence, when the school term was over. And sometimes conditions were hectic indeed. Shirley recalls the split-timing necessary when her father flew from Denver to Chicago, just in time for her high-school graduation: "We were all packed to go back on the train with him, and the 'City of Denver' was making a special stop at the next suburb—Oak Park—just to pick us up. As soon as the graduation ceremony was over, we threw our bags in the car, made a wild drive, and boarded the train . . . bound for Elitch's Gardens in Colorado."

Music was Lawrence Welk's life-blood, therefore it was their way of life, too . . . something which Ludwig Welk himself—who made the initial investment in that music—had come to realize before he died. For Ludwig lived to see the beginning of his son's success . . . though, ironically, he died just as Lawrence was playing his first important band date, the Hotel St. Paul in Minnesota. But Ludwig had lived to see his son make a thriving business of his music. To know the pride his home town, Strasburg, had in him. And to be proud that his boy could contribute to the country which had been so generous to all of them. "Dad knew Lawrence was on his way—that he was achieving—that was the important thing," says sister Eva, who was living with her parents then.

But there were times, in those first days

of struggle, when Lawrence himself wondered if he'd made the right decision in leaving his father's farm. With success increasingly in sight, there was still another battle to be won. Moving up into the world of music, playing to a more sophisticated audience, there were occasions—such as an important "prestige" booking in Chicago—when Lawrence felt that his father had been right. He should have stayed with the land. With his lack of education, his inadequacies, what right did he have in this more glittering world?

He had dreamed of playing this particular booking—someday. But he was very discouraged when he opened there. "This was something he'd wanted so much, but they didn't want him to play the accordion," Fern says simply. "They thought it wasn't dignified enough for the place. They didn't want him to shake his head in time with the music—that wasn't 'dignified enough,' either. But Lawrence loves the accordion, and it was already his trademark. And bobbing his head—that's as much a part of him as anything. To take all these things from him, well. . . ."

Though Fern could tell that Lawrence was very worried about something, he would say nothing about what was troubling him during the first days of that engagement: "Lawrence never did want to worry me—he always felt somehow he should straighten things out for himself." But, one night, she awakened to find him sitting up in bed and gazing out the window in an attitude of obvious despair.

And, finally, he said, "I guess I'm just too much of a farmer. I guess I should have stayed on the farm."

"You've done very well," his wife reminded him. "Just because somebody is trying to change your ways . . . I wouldn't let that affect me. This isn't the only place. There are many places that would be glad to have you." She spoke of the many other places he had played—always successfully.

It was as true then as it is today. As Fern Welk says now, "He was a success everywhere he went. And, from the audience viewpoint, he was successful when he played that place, too!" For all the management's preconceived ideas, their "dignified" patrons wanted Welk and his accordion—and Lawrence bobbing his head in time with the beat. They kept him all summer, by public demand.

Just as, later on, his public demanded Lawrence Welk across the nation—on television—when he came West and played the Aragon Ballroom and had a local TV show which captured them and blanked out all network opposition in Southern California. There was no place for bands on network television, the top brass had said. But . . . in much the same way his father, Ludwig Welk, had homesteaded in North Dakota and proved that land rich and fruitful . . . Lawrence Welk staked a claim for bands on television—and pioneered for the music that is the most popular and beloved in America today. The music that reflects the heritage of the man who plays it . . . the language and rhythm of the good earth.

In this month of July—with its day honoring freedom, when flags wave with a special meaning and purpose—a flag waves over a plot of land in Strasburg, North Dakota . . . a park dedicated to Lawrence Welk, the farm boy who took his gay polkas and music out into the world and won a nationwide audience with his sincerity and joy in playing that music. This month and every month—come Saturday, come Monday—on television screens across the land his father loved so much, Lawrence Welk brings to life the happiness and gratitude of Ludwig Welk . . . his thanks to America.

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My Sentimental Tommy

(Continued from page 27)
up to him and asked, "Aren't you Grace Sands' boy?" Just to give him his come-uppance and keep his feet on firm ground.

Actually, there is little chance of success spoiling Tommy Sands. He has had his share of heartaches, and he has seen the darker side of success, too. Don't forget he's been in show business most of his life. At eight, he walked into a radio station down in Shreveport, asked for a singing job and got it. That took spunk. At fifteen, when his voice was changing, a lot of people were going around saying Tommy was all washed up. Maybe he was—as a cute little boy in a cowboy suit, singing Western songs. But he had to learn how to take these knocks with the same calm, humility and good humor with which he took the applause. And he had to find new channels for his talent.

That's what I'm trying to tell you all now. I want to make clear why I, his mother, think he'll go on to even greater success without getting a swelled head, or why he won't lose faith if the toboggan should happen to go down.

My boy Tommy has character. Put just that way, I realize it sounds like a mother bragging. But people who know me will say that I'm as quick to point out Tommy's mistakes as I am to take notice of his good points. He does have character—and that, with God's help, will see him through.

Coming home from *This Is Your Life* ("Life"?—he's nineteen years old!), I noticed that he looked very thoughtful. I asked him why. This is more or less what he answered: "When Ralph Edwards was bringing all those people on stage and telling how they had helped me, I kept thinking to myself, *But these are just a few outstanding ones. What about all the others? Uncle Charlie and Aunt Bert* (who have passed on)—*the friends like Dr. and Mrs. Shavin, Lynn Trosper, Dr. and Mrs. Moers and Betty, Harmie Smith, my teachers and so many others?*

"It keeps pounding in my head, Mama. Why should so many fine people have gone to so much trouble for me, encouraging me, cheering me on when the going got real rough, keeping their faith in me so long—what have I done to deserve all that? Because, when these people did all that for me, they expected nothing in return—some of them probably didn't ever expect I'd make good. They didn't care. They did it out of friendship. Mama, I'm the luckiest fellow in the world."

He means it, too. That I'll vouch for. In an age when parents and children seem to be so much at odds with each other, and there is so much talk about youngsters "rebelling," I feel Tommy and I have built up a good healthy friendship based on mutual respect and understanding. I've never forced my ways on him and I've tried to let him make his own mistakes. Because I believe in the quality of his character.

I just used the word "respect." For reasons I can't understand, that seems to have gone out of style these days. Children are taught to treat their elders as equals. They call their parents—and even their grandparents—by their first names, and sometimes by their nicknames. I'm happy to say Tommy is not like that and never has been. When he was a child playing the guitar and singing on radio and television in Shreveport, Houston and Chicago, he had to work with older people, performers with years of experience. I tried to make it clear that he was to be treated as a small boy, not as an equal.

And I did the same with Tommy. He always said "Mr." and "Miss." He even

called Biff Collie (only ten years his senior and as dear to him as a brother) "Mr. Collie"—that is, until last summer, when Biff visited Hollywood and stayed with us a while.

Tommy has consideration, too. And this consideration hasn't been reserved for adults, either. Recently, a school chum from Houston came to town. Since our phone is unlisted, the boy called a mutual friend here and reached us that way. Tommy was delighted to see him and asked him along to Cliffie Stone's *Home-town Jamboree*, where he was to sing. After the show, Tommy was literally mobbed by the youngsters—mostly girls. I'm pleased to point out for the benefit of Tommy—who is so modest (thank goodness!) that he's almost unconscious of his own physical charms—that, though he came out of the melee minus half a shirt and a number of buttons (this is not a pun), his only concern was for his friend, who'd got lost in the crowd.

Tommy waited and, when the friend didn't appear, finally returned home. Later, the young man called to explain that he was afraid he'd have been in the way and had thumbed a ride back to his hotel. Tommy was terribly upset: "What does he mean, 'in the way'? What kind of friend does he take me for? I was so glad to see him, and here we've had hardly a few words with each other. I'm going to call him back and apologize." He did, and wouldn't hang up until his friend swore he was not hurt, that he understood Tommy's predicament perfectly and would be around in the morning for a long talk.

This is a good place for me to inject a warning. In spite of "character," my boy Tommy is far from growing wings and a halo. He makes mistakes and some of them are sure-enough whoppers. For instance, horseback riding. It's one of his favorite sports, though he hasn't had much time for it lately. But, when he was a boy in Louisiana and just learning to ride, he started showing off. One of my friends said, "Grace, do tell him to stop that clowning."

I said, "I don't have to tell him—the horse will." Well, just then the horse stopped short and pitched Tommy head over heels into a mess of briar. Nowadays, when he gets into a mood and seems ready to act up a little (oh, yes, he has his moments), I just look him in the eye and say, "Tommy, I don't have to tell you—the horse will."

On the subject of mistakes: When Tommy decided to leave Lamar High School in Houston to take a disc-jockey job in Shreveport, I felt it was a mis-

take. I thought he was being headstrong. And I argued the issue with him, though I left all decisions open for him to make.

We talked it over several times. My side of it ran like this: "You've had little enough fun, as it is," I pointed out. "You've been working since you were eight. Now you want to quit school, just a few months before graduation, to take this deejay job. Why not get your diploma, go to college, and have a little fun while completing your education? There'll be other jobs."

But Tommy was set on going. "Maybe I missed out on some of the games other boys play," he reasoned, "but I've had plenty of fun. Playing the guitar and singing, acting, studying music and theater—all of that was fun. For me, the best kind of fun. As for school, I promise you that someday I'll finish my education—but I can't miss this chance. It might lead to something big."

I even called his principal, Mr. Wright. He, too, spoke to Tommy. That afternoon, Tommy came home. He looked confused and miserable. Finally, he said, "Mama, there's only one thing that can stop me from taking that job. If you order me not to go, I'll give in and finish school."

It was one of the hardest decisions I ever had to make. I was tempted to play the heavy-handed mother and say, "All right, I order you to finish school." But that would have meant breaking a rule of conduct I had always preached to him. It would have meant that all my words about independence of mind and learning by his own mistakes were false. I said, "Tommy, I won't go back on what I've taught you. You know I'd like you to get an education, and you know why. But it's your decision to make, for good or bad. Follow your conscience."

I still feel he should have gone to college. And I know that he has come to feel it, too. But who can say that he made this sacrifice for nothing? By taking that job, he was able to save enough money for our trip to Hollywood. And it was in Hollywood that he got his big break. If, in the years ahead, he comes to me and asks, "Would I have done better the other way?"—I honestly don't know what I'll answer. Sometimes, you must make great sacrifices to get your heart's desire. As Browning says, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

Tommy is no angel, by far. For one thing, he's the most "forgetful" boy. Right at this time, it's no wonder. In the space of a few months, he's had to rehearse the Steve Allen and Jack Benny shows, appear twice on the *Kraft Television Theater*, several times with Tennessee Ernie Ford, and the weekly Cliffie Stone show. Then he's had to cut a number of new records, give dozens of interviews, and go here, there and the other place for the sake of his career. Naturally, he's forgetful. He'd have to be one of those Univac machines not to be forgetful.

The fact is, however, that he has always been like that. When he was just a teenager, working as a disc jockey for KCIJ in Shreveport, the manager of the station put up two signs just for Tommy's benefit, because he was the one who closed up shop at night. The first sign read: "Tommy! Shut Off All Lights!" Then, on the door our boy had to pass going out, was the other sign: "Tommy! Shut Off Lights, Please!"

The night he was to leave Hollywood for New York, to go on the Steve Allen show, he arrived home after six. The train was to leave at eight. "Where were you?" I asked, "And where are the slacks and jackets you were to pick up at the

September Scoops

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TV RADIO MIRROR

September issue on sale August 6

cleaner's?" After some hemming and hawing, the truth came out. He'd been walking along the street, daydreaming, and finally day-dreamed his way into a movie. By the time he got out, the cleaner was closed. So off he went to New York with a wardrobe that would have shamed anyone but Tommy. He took it all very casually and bought himself a new suit in New York.

This is an old story, of course. He has always been casual with clothes. He favors sports attire. But, though casual, he's no faddist. Nor is he the type who protests against the world by wearing outlandish duds. When the occasion calls for it, he can get quite dressy. At the Academy Awards, when he sang "Friendly Persuasion," he wore a full dress suit—and did it with such an air, you'd think he'd been wearing one all his life.

It's funny, but I've learned that publicity works two ways. I've given out a good many statements by now, on Tommy and our struggles together and how it feels . . . et cetera, et cetera. But I've also found out a few things I didn't know about Tommy, while reading stories about him. For example, I had never realized he was such a parsley addict. He must have developed a taste for it in Louisiana, where we always had some growing. According to what I read, he would just pick a sprig from the field, wash it and eat it. I suppose I never knew this because I'm not one to take cooking seriously.

Thanksgiving and Christmas on the farm were always very dear to Tommy as a boy. My Aunt Bert was a genius at cooking and would whip up batches of cookies and candies. Tommy was the best "spoon-and-pot-licker" for miles around. He often took me on this score. "You sure didn't inherit Aunt Bert's talent for cooking," he tells me. It's true, you know. Cooking is not one of my gifts. "One good thing, son," I always tell him, "your wife will never have to listen to that old saw, 'Why can't you cook like my mother?'"

Did I say "wife"? Well, it's a little soon for it, although I have a hunch my boy will marry young. And I'm all for it. Some of my friends are sure I'll be sorry I said this. I don't agree, but I know what's in their minds. Tommy's father was a pianist who had to travel about a great deal in order to earn his living. My older boy Edward, twelve years Tommy's senior, was almost grown when Tommy was born. Tommy and I were left alone a great deal and had to depend on one another for company for years.

After his father and I divorced, this was intensified. Tommy and I shared the good times and the bad. We both had to work to keep things going. It gave Tommy a deep sense of responsibility at an early age. We both had to make adjustments and learned to be tolerant of each other. We simply couldn't afford to squabble or risk doing things that would upset the serenity of the home we'd made for ourselves. We managed to stay happy.

Now, it would only be natural, in these circumstances, for some women to resent anything breaking up such a fine arrangement. But my mind is very clear on this point. Not only won't I resent my boy marrying—I'll be thrilled for both him and me. That doesn't mean I won't miss the old cozy relationship. I'll miss it, and I'm sure Tommy will, too.

But, if a boy is to become a real man, he must step out into the world, choose a wife, and start a family of his own. He shouldn't lean on his mother and she shouldn't lean on him. I've always treasured my independence and I think Tommy will enjoy that freedom, too. And the same is true of Tommy's future wife, whoever she may be—I'm sure she'll love

me more for wanting my son to enjoy the privacy of her love in their own home.

I've always had a yearning to travel. After Tommy is twenty-one, I hope to be able to do this. Then I'd like to go back to Houston and Greenwood for a while, to see old friends and revisit the old well-loved and well-remembered places. Hollywood is a fascinating city, and, of course, I will be eternally grateful to it for the way it has opened its heart to my son. I find life here somewhat hectic, but, for the next couple of years, I'll stick around—if only to act as an alarm clock. Tommy is a sound sleeper and needs a good hard shake to get him up.

I said Tommy might marry early. Not that he doesn't like adventure, but I think he likes security even better. If he does marry young, I'm banking on his character. It made him a good son; it will make him a good husband and father.

Because of his hit record, "Teen-Age Crush," which sold over a million copies, and the quality of his new album, "Steady Date," many of his fans (I hear thousands of fan clubs are springing up all over) think of Tommy primarily as a singer. There are also lots of fans who know of his background as a deejay, and think he will turn out to be the pilot of a popular variety show, on the order of Ernie Ford, Garry Moore, Bob Crosby—or, perhaps, even Steve Allen, Sullivan or Godfrey. It would be grand if such a thing did happen.

But my own opinion is that Tommy's best love is serious acting. Singing and entertaining is a second choice. This has been true since he did a series of sketches on TV in Chicago called *Lady Of The Mountain*. He had a small opportunity for acting and, when the series ended, he felt let down. But he returned to singing as a means of earning his living until another opportunity came his way. This happened in Houston when he was twelve. He got his wish and appeared with the Alley Theater's production of David Westheimer's "Magic Fallacy."

It had a fine run. After opening night, Tommy told me, "Mama, I'm crazy about entertaining—singing, guitar playing, kidding around, ad libbing. All that's great fun and it pays well. But there's nothing to compare with acting. I can't tell you what a thrill it is to really get into a part, really feel it," he glowed, "and know it is going across the footlights to the folks out there, making them laugh or cry. Acting's going to be my life, Mama."

One of the greatest moments in both our lives was his homecoming after his first national triumph—the *Kraft* TV Theater production of "The Singin' Idol." The response had been immediate and terrific. We fell into each other's arms and cried like children. We both knew what it meant for him, aside from success. It had proved he was an actor. A new highway was opening up for him. "The only thing lacking was you, Mama," he said. "Next trip to New York, you must come along."

"You know I don't like to do that," I protested. "Your career is your own business and I've never interfered or pushed into the front row. Besides, why do you need me there?"

His grin turned mischievous and he said, "Because someone's got to wake me up in the morning."

Well, I don't mind admitting, I like Tommy Sands, and, in a sneaky sort of way, I even like being just "Tommy's mother." He's a long trip from being perfect. But he's a nice boy with a serious purpose in life. He may not be another Caruso, but he certainly is a gifted young actor with his own special knack for putting over a song.

And let's face it—after all, he is my boy!

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Are We Afraid of Our Teen-Age Kids?

(Continued from page 30)

crowded quarters of a Brooklyn tenement, humorist (and humanitarian) Levenson knows, from close and intimate contact with kids, how it is with them, what they want, what they need and do not need, what makes them tick. As a teacher in New York high schools for ten years, he has the understanding which only such an experience can give of teen-age—and parent—problems. As the father of a four-teen-year-old son and a four-year-old daughter, he also has an understanding of the relationship—more delicate and difficult than any other—between parent and child.

And he has compassion. Compassion for the teen-age children we call "delinquent." Compassion for the parents, who are afraid of them. . . .

"We are afraid of them," Sam says, "because these kids are organized, the parents are not. Parents have no union. The kids have. You say to your teen-age son, 'I do not want that you should go to the movies on Sunday.' And you are told, 'Louie's father lets him go, and Jakie's and Frankie's'—and so on down a list as long as the letters of the alphabet. You tell your teen-age daughter, 'You are too young to smoke.' And she tells you, 'Sadie does it, and Frieda and Ruth and Naomi. . . .' Teenagers come to you in a group, as it were, and say to you, 'Look, this is what we want to do.' They are members of a union thousands strong. We the parents, a father and mother, are two alone. Under pressure of this organized resistance to parental discipline, the parent—outnumbered—gives in.

"The records released these days have an influence on teenagers. Their favorite recording stars influence their choice of clothes and accessories—Elvis Presley hats and slave bracelets, shirts and ties. To some, the recordings also sell the idea that their parents do not understand them. Take the lyrics of one of the currently popular songs—'only a teen-age crush,' it goes, or something like that. 'Only a teen-age crush' is, presumably, the opinion of the poor schnook of a parent . . . whereas we, the implication follows, know better. And who is "We"? "We" is the record industry, which, as an indirect result of releasing such records—encourages these kids (the greatest record-buying group in the world) to believe that only such recording artists as, say, Presley, Tommy Sands, Pat Boone, can give them the sympathy and understanding and emotional release they do not get, cannot get—don't be silly—at home.

"Psychiatrists are also guilty of bringing on this permissiveness, or lack of discipline, on the part of the parent," Sam continues. "Let the child be free, let him express himself, do what he wants to do, don't frustrate him, make him happy, keep him happy, because if you don't . . ." And the parents—terrified by the implied threat to the child who is not kept happy by being allowed to do what he wants to do—let him do what he wants to do. This is chaos, this is nothing, this is not freedom—which only comes through discipline. This is anarchy which can lead to a big fat zero.

"I've taught my son, and I'm teaching my daughter," says Sam, "that I don't have to make them happy. That's not my responsibility. I have to make them good responsible citizens—and, if they are, happiness will come.

"How do you go about the business of making them good responsible citizens? By imposing rules—children need rules like they need vitamins and sunshine—and by having the guts to enforce them.

By not being afraid to precipitate a 'scene.' As parents know," Sam laughs, "everything precipitates a scene. The allowance you give them is not enough, the car they're not allowed to drive—so we have the scene. We raise our voices, my son Conrad and I. He slams doors, I slam doors. My children don't have to love me every minute—the minute they dislike me may be the one that will pay off. In the crisis between children and parents, better the children should cry—remember this—than the parents. Better the scene in the home than in a courtroom, which spells disaster. 'Better to look at me,' my father used to say, 'than at a judge.' If your child has never been really angry at you, you have never been a parent. You have not taught him to recognize—and submit to—authority.

"Who is authority? It is the answer to this question which the so-called 'juvenile delinquents' have not got. We, the parents, have to give it to them—as, in our home, it was given my sister and brothers and me. Rich in ceremonial tradition, the candles on the table, the Jewish holidays kept, God lived in our house. He did. There was no question of it. Because He is the Supreme Being, God, we knew, is the Supreme Authority. No question but what parents—who are put here by God to protect us and to teach us—are given authority by God and *must be obeyed*. Parents were once children. They have lived once. *They know*.

"Any delinquency, however slight, on the part of any one of us," Sam laughs, "and its consequences were carried to the ultimate! Smoking a cigarette, when we were thought too young to smoke, must lead to Sing Sing, to the death house. If he was fresh to a teacher, Jovian bolts were let loose at the culprit's head. 'You don't appreciate America,' my father would thunder. 'The Government pays teachers to educate you. You are not grateful. You are not a good American. You are subversive!'

"In the eyes of our parents, the teacher was always right—whether she was right or wrong. Nowadays, you hear it said that a teacher is 'a schnook who couldn't make good in business.' I have heard parents say of a teacher, who punished a child deserving of punishment, 'That crackpot!' This is teaching respect for authority?

"Nowadays, we're told that giving a child an allowance teaches him the value of money. When the eight of us were kids," Sam recalls, "we knew the value of money before we knew how to walk. With us, it was real value. For a penny, we got a paraffin whistle. We blew on it all week—and, on Sunday, we ate it. Today's child can't get by on less than several dollars for a show and after-show snack, and you're lucky if you're not also billed for a taxicab fare.

"'You want the good things in life,' my father used to say, 'you work for them. If you can't make good here in America, you're no damn good.' So we worked in sweatshops, anything to make a dollar. My brother, now a doctor, worked in a post office nights and studied medicine all day. Another brother, a lawyer, got his shingle by sweating for it. I went through college on the two hundred dollars I earned summers, giving monologues.

"You hear it said that most of the teen-age trouble-makers are underprivileged kids who come from 'wretched tenements' in which they are unhappy, against which they rebel. I don't believe that physical environment in itself makes for unhappiness—or for happiness. I don't believe it's the tenement that's 'wretched,' but the

parents. It's not the cracks in the walls that split the personalities of these kids, but the cracks in the parents. You give me two loving, devoted parents, and a child never feels underprivileged. You give me two wise parents with the guts to say 'no,' and the child—whether from a Hester Street slum or a Park Avenue penthouse—has a better than even chance of making good and of being good.

"Nobody in the world is going to be as kind and indulgent to a kid as a kind and indulgent parent is," Sam emphasizes, "so why give him a false notion of what the world is? Why not teach him that nothing is easy? Why not open his eyes to the fact that nobody is going to assume his responsibilities and forgive him his sins?"

"You have to begin early. When our little Emily calls down to us, 'Come up and dress me, I can't dress myself!'—I call back, 'Stay in your room until you are dressed!' Sure, the left shoe is on the right foot, when she comes down, but you never saw such a happy kid in your life, such pride that shines. I make her pick up her toys. Make her do it. Who, perhaps, will do her picking up for her when she is thirty?"

"My boy wants to be independent. Soon now, he is going to Miami to visit his maternal grandparents. 'Look, my son,' I have told him, 'this is the first time on your own. I am giving you money. I want you to account to me for every cent you spend; whom you tipped and how much, how much you spent for each meal. Then you will prove to me that you can be trusted with money, with which we must always be trustworthy. Be respectful to people,' I told him. 'To the porter on your car, to the steward in the dining-car, to your fellow passengers, to your grandma and grandpa.'

"You can't repeat the maxims of morality too often," Sam believes. "In teaching, repetition is the necessary thing. 'You must treat older people with respect. You must treat money with respect.' Say these things to them over and over, then over again. Urge them. Urge them.

"My son's allowance is a dollar a week. He 'can't get along on that.' 'So you must earn,' I tell him. Now, once a week, he washes my car. On Saturday nights, he tapes my TV show, labels it and puts it on the shelf. So he earns a dollar a week to add to the one that is given him.

"A thing I'm strong on—I like children working. A job is one of the greatest therapies in the world. Summertime, any time they have off, let the kids work. Don't shelter them from work. Work is dignified. Work is good. Let them work in gas stations, sell papers, sell ice, dig ditches. I am glad, when I see my son's hands dirty from work.

"Homework," Sam adds, "is not taken for granted in our house. 'What is your homework?' I ask. 'Have you any problems?' If I feel Conrad isn't reading enough, I tell him, 'Watch all the TV you want, but make your time to read.'

"By the way," Sam laughs, "I am not inclined to believe that the Presley craze, which agitates many parents, does teenagers of either sex any real harm. It will leave no wound. What it does do, however, is waste their time by taking them away from the better things in life, such as reading and outdoor activities and de-

veloping the talents that are their own. "I insisted that my son play a musical instrument. 'Music,' I told him, 'is something you live with all your life.' We tried him on three instruments without success. The fourth instrument, the guitar, he took to and gets great pleasure from. 'Don't force the child,' you are told. Don't force him, and you've got an unforced idiot. You have got to discover the ability of the child or help him to discover it.

"I don't mind hounding my son. I don't mind getting angry. Kids must know that people get angry in this world. If my son looks sloppy, he hears about it. I was the first one to take a stand against teenagers wearing beat-up old blue jeans and grubby shoes to school. I mentioned it on TV, wrote about it in the newspaper. What is this, I said—of a group of teenagers at their desks—a hike or a school-room? The way they look, I said, they'll break windows next. Boys should wear ties and clean shirts and shined shoes to school, with their hair brushed, their fingernails clean. This is self-respect, as well as respect for the teacher. This isn't fashionable? What is fashionable about dirt?"

"Recently, I visited a high school in Bay-side, Long Island, and there saw the best behaved group I have seen in my later life. When the principal entered the room, the class stood up. When they sang the national anthem, they knew the words. Too many school children are indifferent when they sing the national anthem. They fumble the words. Too often, also, when the bell rings for recess, the kids don't wait for the teacher to dismiss them—such is the stampede, you'd think a fire had broken out! This class waited until the teacher dismissed them, before they left the room. I saw them pay this respect and it was a delight to see. These may seem to be trivial things, but the total effect on the teen-age boy and girl is the exact opposite of the word *trivial*.

"I do not believe in teen-age kids leaving the school premises during the lunch hour. I have forbidden my son to do so. 'I have seen some of the kids that hang around the candy store in the neighborhood,' I told him, 'and they look like the type that will not do you any good.' To this, there was so much heated protest—'Louie goes off the premises, and Jackie, and Izzy,' and on through the alphabet again—that I went down to discuss the matter with the school principal. 'I am glad you ask about this,' the principal said. 'I wish more parents would come down and do the same. Only recently, a man was caught selling dope to some of the kids in the candy store.' My kid is no smarter than anyone else. But, when he came into the principal's office and was told what I had just been told, he got smart. He hasn't asked to leave the premises again.

"He can't just disappear after school, either," Sam adds. "If you are detained anywhere, you must call the home," he is told "and tell where you are." We are old-fashioned, my wife and I. When the boy is going out of a Saturday or Sunday, *Where are you going, we want to know, when will you be back?* And I am not too proud to go and see for myself whether or not he is where he has said he will be.

"You know what my mother's attitude was toward raising children? She used to say to my father, 'Go outside and see what Sammy's doing and tell him to stop.' It has been handed down to me, this attitude. *Don't trust your kids too much.* Kids will lie. And the faster you call a lie a lie, the better for the kids. Besides, you don't know who's been working on them during the afternoon.

"I don't believe in trusting a party of teenagers alone," says Sam. "I believe in



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supervision. 'You don't trust me!' the teenager cries, outraged. To which the answer is: 'I don't know the other kids.' Parents have fallen for this 'Don't intrude' philosophy propagated by the teenagers. So they go away, leaving a party of teenagers in a house with cigarettes, liquor, couches, bedrooms. You do this—you're asking for it!

"We have to have restrictions. We're all sinners. Because we are, we, as parents, have to impose restrictions and see to it that they are kept. *Eternal vigilance* should be the parents' watchword. You cannot trust to chance.

"I don't believe in boys of sixteen having cars of their own. When they have, how do you ever know where they are? I have heard my son tell his friends, 'My father says I can't have a car until I'm twenty-one.' I may break down a little sooner than that," Sam smiles, "but very little.

"I don't believe in twelve-year-old girls wearing lipsticks—or falsies. I was recently shocked to learn that a lot of parents buy falsies for little girls of twelve—'because they don't look well enough to go out otherwise.'

"I don't believe, I definitely do not believe," Sam stresses, "in teenagers going steady. I believe parents should have the guts to tell their teen-age girls and boys, 'You can't go steady.' When explaining to teenagers why they can't go steady, parents should use the words 'virginity' and 'pregnancy,' and not be afraid of them. They should drum into the ear of the teenage girl that the boy who takes advantage of her isn't going to marry her. He isn't. He is still looking for a virgin.

"Going steady is a natural thing, but that doesn't make it good. Mating is a natural thing, too, but there are consequences. We are a civilized people. There are taboos.

"Apart from the fact that kids who go steady neglect their school work, can't concentrate on their school work, the emotional upheaval caused by going steady is very taxing on a kid—particularly a girl—very taxing. Petting today, parents must realize, is not what it was thirty years ago. To use a little slogan I created for myself, 'Dating is getting confused with mating.' And the longer a boy and girl go steady, isolate themselves from the group, the greater the curiosity, the

opportunity—and the temptation. And the more serious the girl gets, the bigger the flop she's going to take, the deeper the bruise she's going to get. It's a dangerous business. Statistics prove that a prostitute is one who got smacked down early in life—and from that time on, has thought of love as something cheap enough to sell. The kids who go steady run the risk of getting hurt bad. That's the danger.

"So what can we do? We can encourage group activities," Sam answers himself. "The church should use every facility for getting groups of teenagers together. At home, there should always be an extra place or two at the table, as there is in our home. Teenagers must be made to feel that their friends are welcome. Above all, we must be honest with them. And unafraid. When a teen-age daughter tells us, 'I love him,' we can say, 'Yes, you do—now.' She may insist, 'I always will.' Then we must tell her that she is too young to say, 'This is my man.' That she will be in love and out of love again and again and again. Repeat it. Urge it. Urge it. If we get nowhere, we may say, 'Go out with him then, but go out with others, too, please.' This sometimes works.

"If parents were organized, as the kids are organized, if parents should have a union such as the kids have, how relatively simple it would be!" Sam concludes. "If parents living in the same neighborhood, parents whose children go to the same school, would agree on how to handle the problems we have discussed, agree on how many nights a week the kids are permitted to date, on the hour they must be in, on the age at which they are permitted to smoke, to take a cocktail, to go steady—if we could come to them in a group and say, 'Look, this is what we want you to do—well,' Sam laughs, "we might get somewhere. We would not be outnumbered. The pressure would be equalized. We would not be afraid—nor would we have anything much to be afraid of, I dare say. Parents of teenagers, unite!"

Off TV, as on, Sam Levenson laughs as he talks. He laughs as he talks about teenagers and parents and their problems, too. But, in the laughter, you can hear the heartbeat, the deep concern of a man who cares about the future of the human race—and dares to believe that something constructive can be done about it.



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New Hot Singers of 1957

(Continued from page 49)

stuff I didn't learn then. back in Dumas."

Buddy Knox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Knox, was born in Happy, Texas, in 1933, and spent his childhood on a ranch. He was a star rodeo rider and had leads in class plays. Like Jim and Don, he won letters and honors in football and basketball.

Dave Alldred of Lubbock, Texas, did not — "They used me for the football." His father, now dead, taught him to play drums. "He rigged up his tom-tom to be my first bass drum."

Their combo materialized at West Texas State College. Buddy's job in the speech department was helpful. Nights, they turned the whole building into an echo chamber. Such experimenting led to their hits. Dave says, "My drum was a paper box stuffed with cotton. We heard that a major record company later put two drummers to work for a week trying to find how we made that sound."

Following their Broadway triumph, they risked being one-hit wonders—for Buddy, who had earned his second lieutenant's commission in R.O.T.C., was called up for a six-month tour of duty. They met the problem by going into concentrated recording sessions. "We cut enough platters to last until Buddy gets back," Dave explains. The Rhythm Orchids are showing the vigor and strength of a spiny Texas cactus. They should continue to hold their own in the galaxy of new stars.

In contrast to the Texans—who came, recording-wise, from nowhere—Tab Hunter came from headlines and Hollywood, an extremely slippery springboard from which to launch a new career. "To lay a bomb," as they say in music business, would be conspicuous and dangerous to his motion-picture status.

And there were those in Hollywood who would have enjoyed seeing Tab flop. Irked with being cast as the boy next door, he was becoming troublesome. His noisy protests that he could act, coupled with a habit of blowing up on set, had led some to call him "Mr. No Talent." Tab sing? Heard any other good jokes lately?

But Randy Wood, head of Dot Records, who boosted his little independent studio into a multi-million business before merging it with Paramount, is no man to take ready-made opinions. If Tab wanted to cut wax, Wood was extremely willing.

To anyone who has studied the story of 25-year-old Tab Hunter, the resulting hits should have been no surprise, for Tab has always driven hard to get what he wanted. Born Arthur Gellen in New York City, he grew up in Long Beach, California. His mother worked as a physiotherapist to support her two sons. Tab, when in St. John's Military Academy, learned to ride. (To pay for this expensive sport, he jerked soda, delivered parcels, ushered in a theater.) He won cups and ribbons.

When he got a crush on Sonja Henie, he felt he, too, must skate well. Again, he worked at odd jobs and won titles. When, at 15, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and was stationed in Groton, Connecticut, he turned champ weekend commuter. His objective: Broadway. He saw all the shows and decided to be an actor.

The driving beat of rock 'n' roll was made to order for Tab. His intensity throbbed through to make his version of "Young Love" a topper. Scoffers were willing to concede him a freak hit. Tab answered with "Ninety-Nine Ways." For a time, both were high in the charts.

Hollywood paid him the compliment of envy and imitation. *Variety* reported he

had started a new trend, and noted, "Current disc market is apparently wide open for names not primarily known as singers." "Mr. No Talent" had become, most emphatically, "Mr. Double Talent."

With Dean Jones, it was his voice which won him his movie contract. And, if M-G-M plans materialize, he'll be tomorrow's Nelson Eddy, playing the romantic lead in musical pictures.

Born in Decatur, Alabama, he was a high-school freshman when his voice developed into a full, rich baritone. For his own enjoyment and that of his listeners, Dean sang at school and church programs. At 17, the handsome six-footer became president of the Methodist Church Youth Organization in North Alabama. For a time he wondered if he had "a call," and took over the pulpit of a church which had no minister.

Torn between his desire to go into the church and his wish to act, he enrolled at Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky. Later, Navy service swung the balance. Stationed at San Diego, he worked on service TV shows and won amateur competitions. When his tour of duty was over, he was knee-deep in show business. M-G-M, on signing him, made him the first of their players to be permitted to appear on network television. To popularize him as a star, he will make eight NBC-TV appearances, six of them on the *Steve Allen Show*. On M-G-M recordings, he sings with a sincere warmth. Recent discs are "The Gypsy in My Soul" and "Young and In Love."

Dean finds his personal inspiration in a happy family. He married "Miss San Diego"—Mae Entwistle—in 1952, and they have two young children.

Movies, TV and recording dates will make 1957 an important year for Dean Jones. Ready to claim a well-starred future, the Decatur, Alabama lad is one to watch.

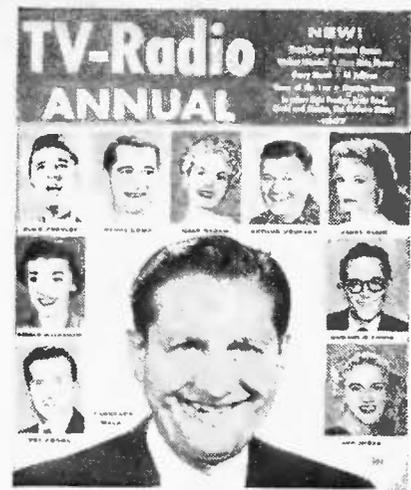
South Philadelphia seems to have become a special sort of nursery for singers and song writers. To the names of Eddie Fisher, Johnny Grande of Bill Haley's Comets, Mario Lanza, Joe Valino, Frankie Lester and Dick Lee, you can now add one spectacular newcomer, Charlie Gracie, and one dark horse, Eddie Dano.

Charlie Gracie, young though he is, has been in show business long enough to take applause and autographs in his stride. But his eyes popped when he saw this year's first-quarter royalty check. "I darn near fainted," he says. "How could there be so much money?"

Charlie's private money-mill was powered by two recordings. He wrote "Ninety-Nine Ways" and recorded it, too. Tab Hunter's "cover" was the big click, but Charlie raked in royalties. Then, shortly, Charlie's singing topped his own song. His Cameo platter of "Butterfly" replaced "Ninety-Nine Ways" at the top of the charts. "It just took off," Charlie says.

It was a high triumph, for Charlie inherited his desire to entertain from his father. Sam Gracie, whose performing career was blocked by the Depression, taught Charlie to play and sing. Then Pops Whiteman came along with his TV teen show, out of Philadelphia, and Charlie won it five times. He turned down college scholarships to concentrate on show business. "Being on Ed Sullivan's show was most exciting," he says. "I was scared stiff inside, but it was good for me."

Home in the old neighborhood, Charlie is still one of the gang. He likes sports clothes—"I'll bet I've got ten red shirts"—but also likes to "dress up and go formal."



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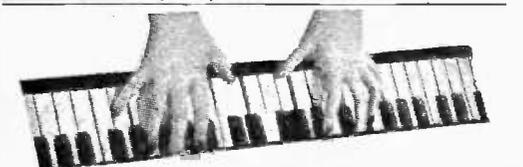
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He hopes to buy a new house for his family and eventually one for himself. "I'm not ready to get serious yet, but when I do, I want a home-type girl. I'm home so seldom that, when I am, I want a real home waiting for me."

The second South Philadelphia singer, Eddie Dano, has the voice, the ambition, the personality to score a big hit, once he finds the right song. He was discovered, of all places, working in the catalogue department of RCA Victor in New York, during a Christmas party. "Everyone was singing," says Eddie, "and, when they asked me to, I sounded off. I love to sing. It didn't matter to me there was no piano, no music, no nothing."

Luck hit, just like in the movies. Manny Sachs, then head of the recording company, drifted by. Had it been the movies, Mr. Sachs would have rushed Eddie right down to a studio and shouted for engineers. In real life, the process is slower. He advised Eddie to study and to play club dates to get the feel of an audience. Last fall, they had a Vik contract ready for him. He has been on the Don McNeill, Robert Q. Lewis and Robert Montgomery shows. He's due for a new record release soon. Says Eddie, "I sure could use a hit. My dad, who used to drive a taxi, now has arthritis and can't work. I'm sole support of the family. But I'm going to get there. Every club date I play teaches me that much more." Bunny Fisher, Eddie Fisher's younger brother, is one of his pals. He has seen what changes a hit can make for an entire family. Eddie Dano is determined there will be two top singing Eddies from South Philadelphia.

Also in the "ready to go" class is Bill Carey, who can croon a ballad, belt out a rock 'n' roller or moan a blues with the best of them. His springtime release for Savoy, "The Padre of Old San Antone," backed with "You've Broken My Heart," fluttered but did not fly. He hopes that a blues which he wrote himself, "Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt," will be his summer contender for hit-parade honors.

Back home in Chicago, Bill's vocal career began forcibly. The band at a fraternity dance had no vocalist. Pals converged on Bill and literally tossed him on stage.

His Chicago TV shows and recordings were done under his own name, Bill Snary. New Yorkers, he found, habitually misspelled it, so he did a slight revision to "Carey."

Those first Manhattan days were rigorous. He was making the rounds when he ran into another Chicagoan, Jim Lowe, who was having no better luck. Pooling resources, they took an apartment and got out of depressing single hotel rooms. Working together, they almost made it with "Witch on the Mountain," which Bill wrote and Jim recorded. Jim, now on WCBS, clicked with "Green Door" and—with the same kind of rivalry which can put two pals on a basketball team—Bill feels he, too, has a big one upcoming.

Double-date-wise, they're enough to give any girl schizophrenia. Said one young lady, "I never knew which one I had the worst crush on. They're so handsome, so alike, so different..."

Both are six-two and broad-shouldered. Both have curly hair, but Jim's is blond and his mischievous blue eyes twinkle. Bill is dark, with olive skin and dreamy brown eyes. In their lean days, they wore each other's clothes—and doubled their effective wardrobe.

As joyous a pair of bachelors as ever teamed up to go girling around Manhattan, the two now occupy a swank Sutton Place apartment. Friends predict that, for Bill, as well as for Jim, there's many a hit record still behind that Green Door.

In today's wide-open recording race, even the lollipop set has its own particular hero. He's Scott Engel, 13, who still likes his model airplanes but is just discovering girls. Scott, who gathered his own fan clubs while appearing as star of George Scheck's *Star Time* on ABC-TV, belts out his first recording in a big voice. Appropriately, his RKO-Unique platter is entitled, "When Is a Boy a Man?"

Scott himself has been doing a man-sized job ever since he was five, when he simultaneously learned to ride a horse, sing a song and act his first role in a Texas production of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." He acquired more dignified credits on Broadway. His first role was in "Plain and Fancy," followed by "Pipe Dream."

While still calling Denver, Colorado, his home, he shares a New York apartment with his mother. Scott's room is filled with model aircraft and cars he has assembled and drawings he has made. He took to his first song-plugging tour heartily. It afforded him not only an opportunity to meet disc jockeys, but also to get out to visit friends in Ohio who had a big farm. Scott made the most of it. His one objection to Manhattan is: "It's no place to own a dog, ride a horse or shoot a gun. I'm the outdoor type."

Johnny Mathis, one of the best athletes ever to come out of the San Francisco public-school system, learned to soar on the high jump. His six-feet, five-and-a-half-inch record has been duplicated only four times in Olympic history. In music, too, Johnny has set his sights high. When his Columbia recordings, "Warm and Tender" and "Wonderful, Wonderful," went into the popularity charts, Johnny took the news in stride. "Sure, I'd like a hit, but I'd rather develop into a distinctive, dynamic personality. Someone like Nat 'King' Cole, Sinatra, Lena Horne or Belafonte."

Aided by Bob Prince, his arranger and general advisor, Johnny chooses his songs carefully. "If it is musically good, if it is sincere, it will be easy to sing and easy to keep on doing."

Appearance in the movie, "Lizzie," was a step upward, but his biggest boost came right from his own family. Johnny is number four among the six Mathis children. His father, Clem, now an interior decorator, was once a song-and-dance man. "Dad taught us all his routines. We'd have a ball." Johnny, dressed up in his best sports coat, earned many a five-dollar fee "from Ladies' Leagues and things like that," but refused early offers to turn pro, either as a musician or athlete. "None of them was worth quitting school to take." At San Francisco State College, he majored in physical education.

He also studied classical music. Irreverently, he referred to one of the most august of masters as "Dick Wagner," provoking frantic shouts from his teacher, "You pronounce it 'Reekard Vaagner!'" However, Johnny's pal "Dick," with his voice-taxing arias, taught Johnny to sweep from his highest voice range to his lowest. Johnny used this technique in "Caravan"—"There's a lot of satisfaction in doing a difficult piece well." Columbia's peripatetic producer of pop albums, George Avakian, who signed Johnny, says, "He can do as many different things as four very different singers might—and do them all well... there's tenderness in 'Autumn in Rome,' violence in 'Babalu,' exoticism in 'Caravan,' and downright rhythm-and-blues in 'Angel Eyes.' His improvisational flights in all tempos are a reflection of his awareness of modern jazz."

Johnny's goal for a distinguished musical career interferes, he admits, with his personal wish for the warm family life he

has always known. When he dares choose a wife, he thinks it will be a career girl. "They're more independent. Their minds aren't so easily changed. It takes more persuasion before they're ready to marry a guy." Above all, his girl has to be a lady: "They've found out that a girl can be beautiful in so many ways. Such a girl is more interesting. You always discover new things about her."

Is there any particular girl? Johnny admits a certain little Manhattan secretary has him worried. "That Joan Wright . . . we go to dinner, or bicycle riding in the park . . . well, sometimes I have to remind myself I haven't yet got where I want to get in music. . . ."

Both discouragements and approval help define a singer's style. Eddie Cochran, the Oklahoma-born, Minnesota-reared Californian who gave many teenagers their song in "Sittin' in the Balcony," still bristles about "that glee club deal." Says Eddie, "This teacher didn't dig the music I was singing. He gave me a bad time, man. He wanted me to sing all this long-hair stuff he was trying to teach me."

Eddie already knew how he wanted to sound. "My brothers, sisters, dad and mother liked to hear me sing. We used to sing around the house. Home singing is happy singing."

As an exuberant guitar player, he sat in on recording dates of others. Song writer Jerry Capehart, his personal manager, sent him solo to Liberty Records with "Twenty Flight Rock"—"then they called me and asked if I'd be kind enough to do a part in the movie 'The Girl Can't Help It.' It just about knocked me out. Everybody was real great to me." Acclaim brings problems: "You go all these places and all these people are buttering you up . . . the girls screaming and all. It's not easy to keep your feet on the ground, man." While he has worked for his success, he also thinks he's lucky. "I feel kind of bad about some who have been in it longer than me, and trying hard, that don't make it." Eddie, young as he is, tries to take a long view. "We're just regular people, so when this deal came along—why, we just looked at it as something else."

Bob Roubian, too, takes a stoutly matter-of-fact view. Although Prep Records, which launched his "Rocket to the Moon" and "Paper Moon," considers him one of its most promising artists, colorful Bob maintains, "I'm in the fish business." And indeed he is. Once a mathematics major at Pomona Junior College, he now owns a restaurant, "The Crab Cooker," at Newport Beach, near Hollywood, where musicians such as Johnny Mercer and Country Washburn enjoy both good food and jam sessions. Bob writes music and sings in a big, booming voice. "I like good jazz. The kind you get on Basin Street and Bergen Street in New Orleans."

His father, a contractor, is Armenian; his mother, an Italian. Negroes moved into their area in Pasadena. "That's where my music started. I'd go to their churches to listen. They preach a lyric. I am so happy to feel the rhythm the colored people do. I intend to write like them." His "Popcorn Song," recorded with Cliffie Stone's aid, sold half a million. Now his way is opening: "I have a lot of faith my dreams will come true."

George Hamilton IV, age 19, is another who has found dreams can come true. As a student at the University of North Carolina, he was working part-time at WTOB-TV when he recorded his friend Johnny Dee's song for Colonial. His appearance on the Arthur Godfrey shows gave it a national hearing. "A Rose and a Baby Ruth" sold 100,000 records in two days and ABC-Paramount bought the master. George scored again with "Only

One Love." He now is heard on CBS-TV's *Jimmy Dean Show*.

His numerical name has provoked many questions. Says George, "My mother had to get me a copy of the family tree so that I could answer them. The Hamiltons came from Edinburgh, Scotland. The first to be born in America was Alexander Horatio in 1756." He also can chart the course of his own ambition: "As a kid I thought Gene Autry was the living end." Hank Williams was next. "I always listened to *Grand Ole Opry* on Saturday nights." His reaction to his own sudden rise is on the cool side. He lives in a rooming house in a Washington suburb, dislikes big cities and much prefers driving up into the mountains or seeing a show with his girlfriend, Tinky, to going to night clubs.

Johnny Cash has Big River blues in his voice . . . and the sound of the prairie wind. On his guitar, he plays "an old standard country beat with the rhythm accented and intensified." But, in this, his listeners find the drive of America on the go . . . to work, to war, to love—and, sometimes, just to go. His song titles, too, carry the theme: "I Walk the Line," "There You Go," "Next in Line," "Train of Love," "So Doggone Lonesome," "Don't Make Me Go."

Intense, talented Johnny has a right to be the apostle of the uprooted. Kingsland, Arkansas, was grim, heartbreaking country when Johnny was born February 26, 1932. With the aid of a rehabilitation program, the family moved to forty acres near Dyess. They found no fortune, but they always sang. At 18, he enlisted in the Air Force and met his girl "sixteen nights before I was sent to Germany for three years." Upon his return, they were married. In Memphis, Johnny tried to sell home appliances. He was "doing very bad" when he went over to Sun Records, around the corner from Beale Street, to ask Sam Phillips (the man who discovered Elvis Presley) for an audition. Sam, unimpressed by Johnny's hymn singing, suggested he try writing his own songs—he had had some poems published in *Stars and Stripes*. Johnny produced "Cry, Cry, Cry," and "Hey, Porter." His friends, Luther Perkins and Marshall Grant, backed him on guitar and bass. Today, the three are in demand for TV and personal appearances.

A song evolves by lonely stages for Johnny. Out on the road with a show, he gets homesick. Scraps of words and bits of music "come into my head. Then, when I get home, I fish maybe forty, fifty scraps of paper—my notes—out of my pockets and go to work. Then maybe I get a tune."

Many a young hopeful follows the same song-writing formula. Touring rock 'n' roll and hillbilly shows give the boys a chance to try out their tunes before an audience of their own age. If a little studio then cuts a few discs and the tune takes off, both singer and studio are on their way to a fortune.

That's the individual side of it—startling, exciting, life-changing for the lucky ones. The collective effect is overpowering. About 150 new recordings—300 songs—are being released each week. If the kids like the tune, it's made, whatever its label. Trade publications such as *Variety*, *Billboard* and *The Cash Box* call it an unprecedented "grass-roots movement," a musical revolution in which the kid next door has almost as much chance for a hit as the professional tunesmith or big-name singer.

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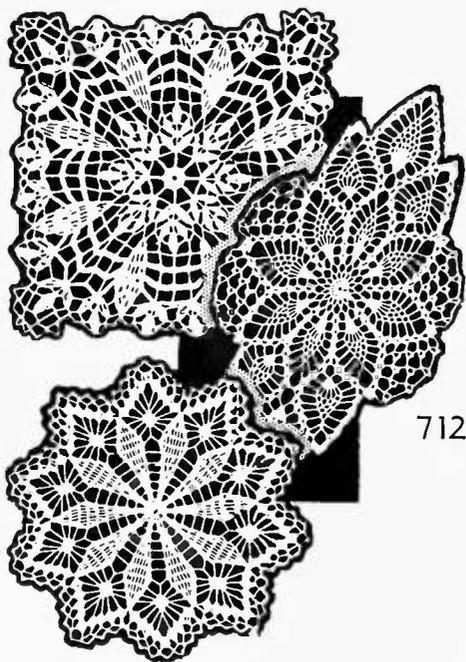


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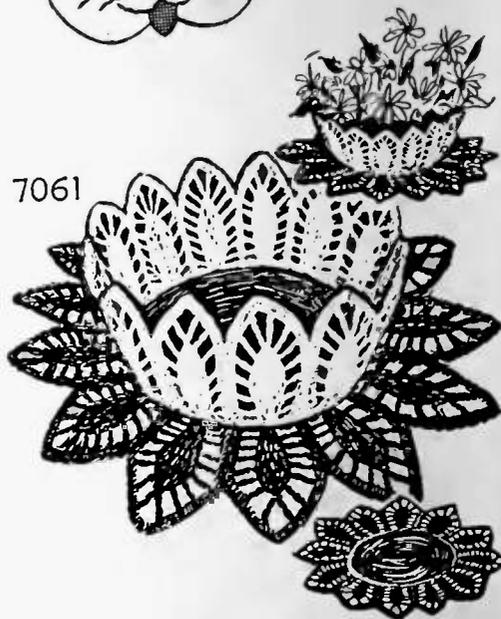
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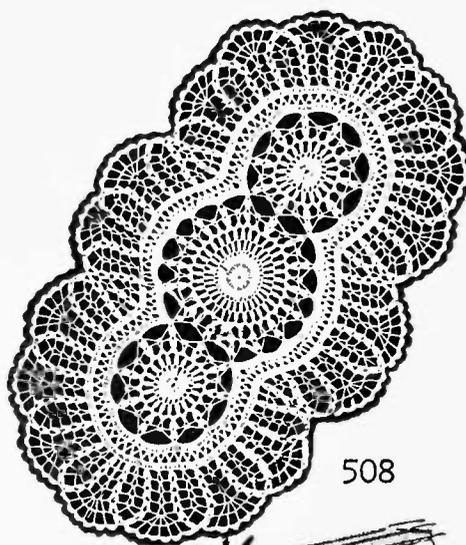
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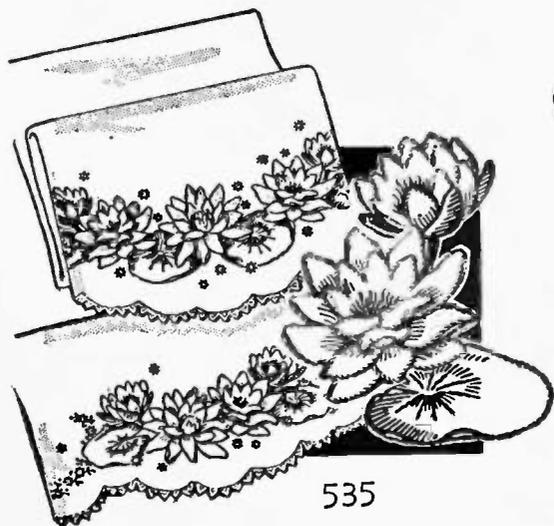
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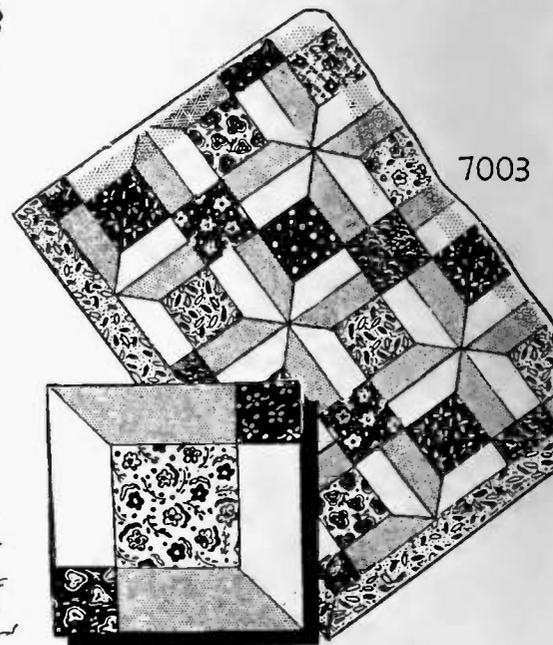
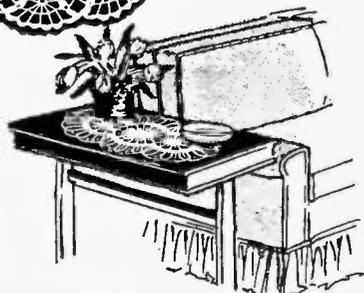
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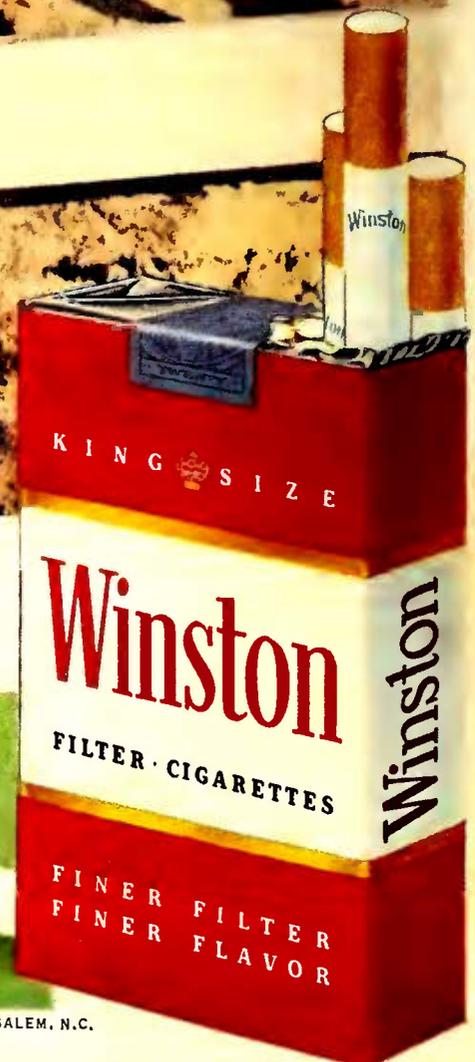
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