

# ★ **TV RADIO MIRROR**

**RADIO MIRROR • DEC. • 25¢**

**WHAT SENTIMENTAL SOFTIE: FRANK SINATRA**

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**Hal March says:  
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**Dorothy Olsen says:  
Goodbye to 57 Pounds**

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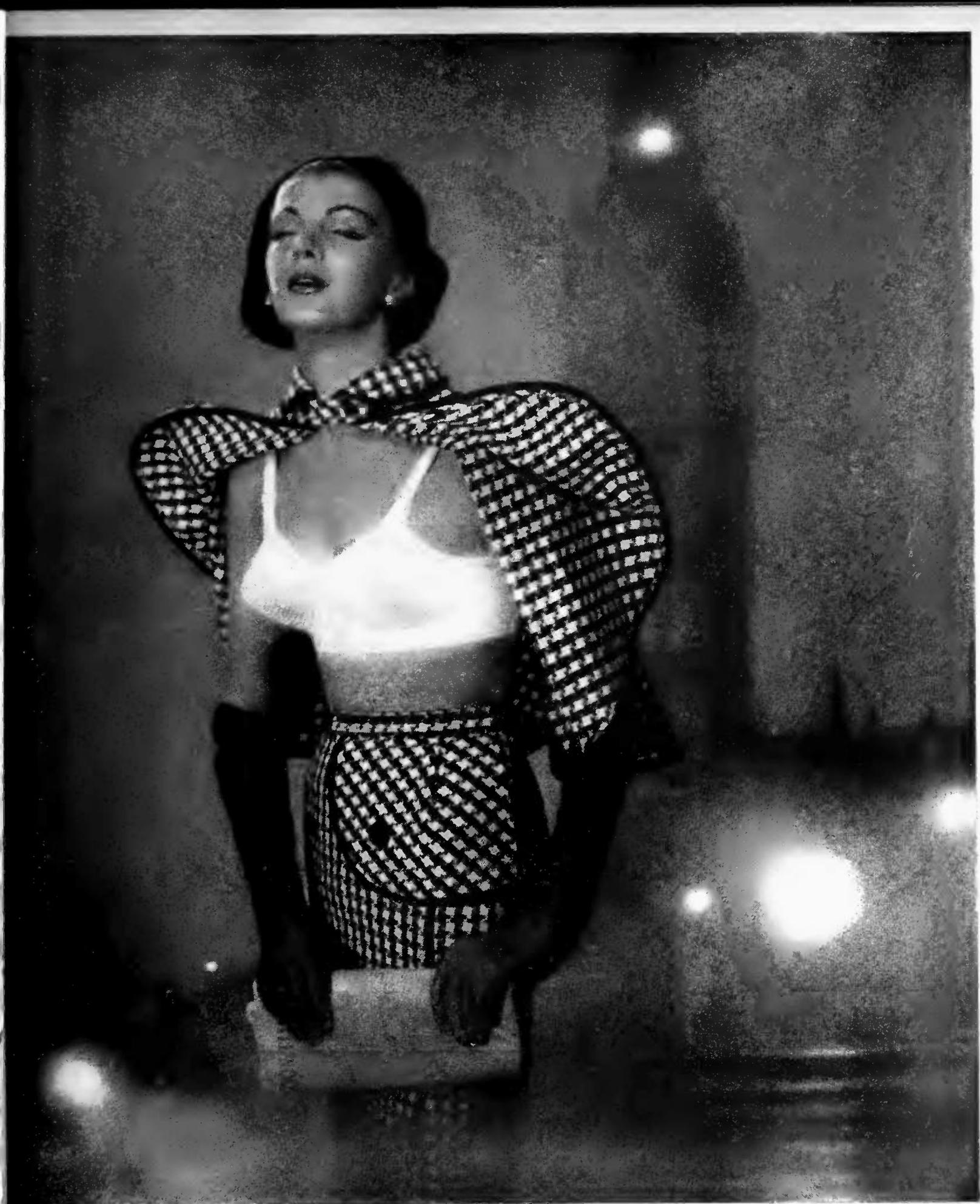
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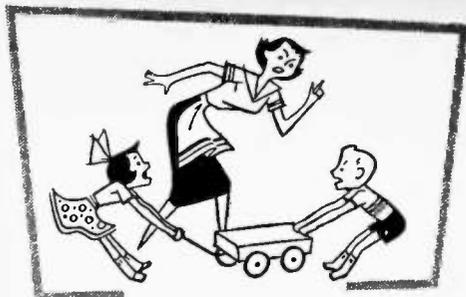


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# TV RADIO MIRROR

DECEMBER, 1957

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 49, NO. 1

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# NO FOOLING



Life begins at 70 as Ed Wynn still makes 'em laugh—and cry.

WHEN Ed Wynn decided to play it straight, after fifty-four of the funniest years in vaudeville, theater, radio and television, it was on the advice of his son Keenan. "Even a railroad track doesn't last fifty-four years," said Keenan, "and that's made of steel." Keenan meant the comic value of his dad's trick inventions and funny clothes. Today, comedians are wearing what both Wynns, father and son, call "Oi-vay League clothes." . . . So, in a bit of inspired casting, Ed appeared in the film, "The Great Man." "I used to spend twenty-four hours a day thinking of how to make people laugh," Ed says. "Now I have to think of how to make them cry." Since then, Ed has appeared in a number of outstanding roles on TV, will soon be seen in the Warner Bros. film of "Marjorie Morningstar," and was the first all-time great to be honored on *Texaco Command Appearance*. He even does some comedy—"but without the funny clothes"—as in, for example, his November 2 guest shot with Perry Como. Only Broadway isn't likely to see Ed—not with four grandchildren ordering command appearances in California. . . . At 70, Ed hasn't made a comeback. He's launched a completely new career. The old one started when Ed sold ladies' hats, his father's product, and made other salesmen flip their lids—by clowning in them. Soon, the boy from Philadelphia was on stage as "The Boy With the Funny Hat." He went on to become the only American on the opening bill of the Palace and—when the newly-installed lights that announced the acts failed—the first emcee in the United States. He wrote, produced and starred in a long series of hit Broadway revues and comedies. At one time, he spent \$800,000 of his own money to make himself known as "The Perfect Fool." "Then I went on radio to become Texaco's 'Fire Chief,'" Ed laughs, "and in one week, the original trade-name was forgotten." Ed considers his talent as a gift. "Why, I had a brother," he grins, "who couldn't even whistle."

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# WHAT'S NEW ON

By BUD GOODE



Feting Ed Sullivan: Mickey Hargitay, Jayne Mansfield, the Jack Bennys.



Baby Susanna steals scenes from mom Gale Storm, ZaSu Pitts, Roy Roberts.



Par for Groucho Marx as he has the last laugh about Ed Sullivan's golf.

Walt Disney, after filming the introductions for the season's *Disneyland* shows, got himself a butch haircut. Now it's hard to tell him apart from one of his youthful Mouseketeers.

Frank Sinatra's 17-year-old daughter Nancy drives a pink Thunderbird. Both her mother and Frank took recent trips to Europe. Nancy had a chance to go, but refused both offers, saying, "Nope, I want to wait until I'm older—then I can appreciate it."

James Garner, on the *Maverick* set, had a hard time keeping from being embarrassed kissing actress Karen Steele, right in front of director Budd Boetticher and crew—Karen's director Boetticher's gal! . . . Garner was surprised at his popularity in the Warner's commissary—all the stars have been coming over to his luncheon table telling him how much they liked *Maverick*. "And a year ago," he said, surprised, "I couldn't get anyone to talk to me."

Guy Mitchell and his Danish bride Else moved in with Guy's family on their San Fernando ranch while waiting for their own home. Guy loves to cowboy it and is teaching Else to throw a rope around one of his Dad's fat steers. He's also hoping to hang a lariat on a fat rating.

Alice Backes, who plays John Forsythe's secretary in *Bachelor Father*, learned shorthand in high school and hasn't forgotten it. In fact, when John dictates to her on the show, she actually takes it down. "Never know when it might come in handy again," she says.

The mother of Tony Dow (he's Wally on *Leave It To Beaver*) was once a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. . . . Eight-year-old Jerry Mathers, Beaver on *Leave It To Beaver*, loved his recent summer vacation. "We went swimming nearly every day," he enthuses, "and I got a new bike, it's black and white. And I caught a toad!" . . . Jerry has a sister, name of Marilyn, whom everybody calls Susie; and a brother named Mark, whom all call Jimmy. Nobody knows why Mark is called Jimmy—but Marilyn nicknamed herself. When she was two years old, she liked the neighbors' mongrel dog, Susie. So there you are.

At a recent Hollywood party for Ed Sullivan, Ernie Kovacs arrived a little late, wearing a sport shirt in two shades of yellow. Said John Forsythe, "Ernie, I love your new pajama top."

George Burns proudly recounts the behavior of his two granddaughters, Liza, 1, and Laurie, 3. He beams as he describes Liza madly pushing Laurie around in the baby carriage. That's

what the man said—George, we mean.

Gale Storm says her one-year-old baby, Susanna, had been lying around the house long enough and they decided to put her to work. Susanna will be seen in one of Gale's *Oh! Susanna* series. Says Gale, "Susanna's mad because I have to get her a social security number before I can deposit money in her account." The day the baby finished filming, Gale's two youngest sons, Peter and Paul, started on the next show. "I was lonesome for the children," says Gale, "and the producer is trying to keep me happy by bringing the kids to the set. I know the boys are happy with the money they're making, because now we can afford to double their allowances."

Art Linkletter of CBS-TV's *House Party* reports that when one of the children on the show was asked whom he'd like for a mother or father he replied, "I'd like to have you for a daddy and Jayne Mansfield for a mother." When Art asked why he'd made such a choice, the youngster said, "Because Jayne Mansfield is so beautiful all over. I thought you'd appreciate that."

At a dinner party which CBS-TV gave for Ed Sullivan, Groucho Marx arrived wearing light-blue coat and pants, black vest, blue-black loafers and his lovely wife, Eden, on his arm. He ran straight up to Ed and started handwrestling. When Jayne Mansfield arrived, she kissed Groucho. He blushed. Groucho??? When he recovered, Groucho asked Ed how his golf game was. "In the 80's," said the solemn one. Quipped the Grouch, "Not bad for nine holes."

Lois Linkletter says that, every time she and Art take a vacation trip with Bob Cummings and his wife Mary, the Cummings' have a new baby. They are all scheduled for a mid-winter Acapulco vacation, says Lois. She wouldn't be surprised if the Cummings children number six by the end of 1958, which will surpass the Linkletters' total of five. Mary Cummings says she'd like a sixth, too.

When Jack Benny arrives at a party, the orchestra frequently breaks into "Love in Bloom." Benny says, "It embarrasses me. I don't know whether to smile and bow, because they really might not have seen me and just played the tune accidentally."

Tommy Sands will take his own show on the road between January 15 and 20. Tommy insisted prices be scaled from \$1.50 top for the first few rows to 75¢ in the back to keep within reach of all teenagers. They're the ones he'll be playing for and Tommy's not trying to pull an Elvis Presley and

# THE WEST COAST



New talent? Senior squeezes the accordion, but Lawrence Welk, Jr., strums a guitar as he rehearses "Farewell My Coney Island Baby" with the Lennon Sisters.

make a million overnight. . . . Tommy has already spent some of the profits by sending two dozen American Beauty roses to Molly Bee every day she was in bed with pneumonia.

Larry Welk, Jr. and his four pals, the Lennon Sisters, spend every free moment on the nearby Venice Beach—rain or shine. As a result of willing away the hours during their beach picnics, Larry and two of the Lennons, Kathy and Peggy, have worked up a fine trio. Their specialty is "Farewell My Coney Island Baby" and it won't be long before they'll debut it on Papa Welk's Saturday-night show.

The stars have favorite shows. Claudette Colbert's is *Telephone Time* on ABC-TV. She thinks host Dr. Frank Baxter is a dear. She likes the show so well she called to ask producer Jerry Stagg if he could find a property for her. Stagg, so happy to get Claudette in one of her infrequent television appearances, said to take her pick. You can see Claudette playing Mary Roberts Rinehart in "Novel Appeal" on December 3.

Lyle Bettger, who stars in the *Court Of Last Resort*, recalls the ten-year period when he first started acting and appeared on the Broadway stage in nothing but flops. In 1937, Lyle remembers, he earned only \$320.

Twenty years later, he earned that much in one morning.

Walter Winchell, filming on the old Paramount-Sunset lot, complains that, though he's on a diet, the bulk of his *Walter Winchell File* shows have him seated in the Stork Club. "I've had two breakfasts, and half a dinner already," he complains, "and the day is only half over. At this rate, I'll never lose any weight." . . . Winchell's granddaughter, by the way, is due in December.

John Conte borrowed a Brownie camera to shoot some pix of wife, Ruth, and she, in turn, shot some of John. They didn't expect much of their first amateur efforts, but the pix turned out so well that they went down to a camera shop the next day and each got a new \$289 Rolleiflex.

Alfred Hitchcock's CBS video show will be seen in France and Germany before the year is out, with a Japanese outlet also being planned. Hitch, an accomplished linguist, will do his own lead-ins in the French and German shows . . . but Japanese!

John Scott Trotter continues to lose weight. This summer he went from 285 lbs to 198—buying a new wardrobe in the process. As John Scott gets thinner, his tailor gets fatter—around the wallet.

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WILL BE

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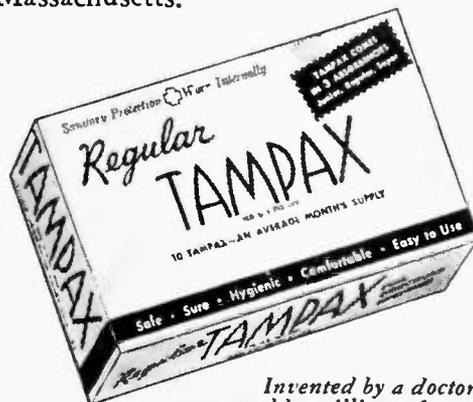
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# WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Million-dollar deal would have left Sid Caesar with time on his hands. He preferred to make up for lost laughs in a new show with Imogene Coca.



Lost song will be the theme on *Telephone Time* as Hoagy Carmichael and Walter Winchell re-tell the tale of "I Get Along Without You Very Well."

**Cool & Far Out:** Hugh O'Brian will be in N.Y.C. this month. Will he recreate his romance with that June Taylor dancer? . . . The gal listed in TV credits as Judy Lewis is Loretta Young's daughter. Note the physical resemblance. . . . Strong bidding for glamorous Jane Russell as guest singer. . . . Dilemma this season: So many musicals that singing stars will be playing what amounts to a "TV vaudeville circuit." Dean Martin explained why he turned down thirteen TV shows at NBC. For every guest star who sang on his show he'd have to return the favor, which would mean doing twenty-six shows. . . . Sylvania Electric, which pioneered in shortening the picture tube, has, as an ultimate target, a TV receiver that will be no more than four inches deep. You'll be able to hang it on the wall next to your Picasso. . . . To collect almost a million dollars for the next seven years, all Sid Caesar had to do was sit tight and, at the very most, do two or three "specials" a year for NBC. But Sid wanted to do a regular weekly show. When NBC couldn't find a bankroller, Sid terminated the contract. ABC-TV had better luck in the sponsor hunt. Madame Helena Rubinstein enters the TV arena for the first time, as sponsor of the reunion of Caesar and his original video foil, Imogene Coca. Starting January 26, they'll be seen Sundays at 9 P.M. over ABC-TV. . . . Julie La Rosa, so depressed when wife Rory lost her first baby early in pregnancy, is chipper again. Target date for the stork this time is April.

**Short & Sassy:** Confidential to Ed Sullivan: Steve Allen showing signs of confidence and planning six weeks off next summer for a European vacation. This is unusual: Steve has never been out of the U.S.A. . . . You can't say that Godfrey holds grudges. Nell Van Ells, who has subbed for Tony Marvin, is Phyl McGuire's former husband and figured in some of those front-page stories a couple years back. Phyl was pleased that her ex got a break. By the by, Arthur will be in Chicago this month. . . . Jerry Lewis explodes on TV on Election Day, November 5. Jerry's final TV show last season got lousy reviews, but he points with pride at 200,000 letters of praise he got from the public. . . . Everyone on the Phil Silvers show is overweight. Reason is that feeling so rare in an actor's life: Security. . . . And yardbird Doberman (Maury Gosfield) will have a network kiddie show, in addition to other duties. . . . Jack Barry's separation continues, but no move has been made to make it legal and there's still hope of reconciliation. It can happen. Lovely Bess Myerson, in the same miserable mess last year, is now hap-

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



**Sugarfoot** Will Hutchins doesn't like people who get lost in the crowd. He himself isn't likely to.



Here's Frank Blair's family-size family! Front: Bill, Frank, wife Lil, Patricia, Theresa, Paul. Rear: Mary, Tom, John, and Mike.

pily reconciled. . . . Mel Allen celebrates his twentieth anniversary as a sportscaster and his forty-fourth anniversary as a bachelor. . . . Jean Gillespie, who plays a teenager, Marge Davis, in *Young Doctor Malone*, is also playing Esther Hunter, the mother of six, on *Ma Perkins*. . . . We didn't hear it, but they report that when Randy Merriman asked a contestant, "Do you take your wife out often?" the man answered, "I take her everywhere but it's no use. She always finds her way back."

**Big, Big, Big Family:** No one ceases to wonder at the size of Frank Blair's family. His oldest boy is 21; his youngest a baby of six months. In between, there are six others. "We have two platoons," Frank says, "the growing and the grown." Wife Lil has only one maid helping her with 13 rooms and eight kids, but says she has plenty of spare time even though the family is seldom split up. The kids prefer the home fires. "Once we sent the older boys to Scout camp for three weeks," she recalls. "After a few days they wrote that if we didn't come for them, they'd hitchhike home. And when the eldest went off to a National Guard camp for a month, we figured we wouldn't be seeing much of him. He was forty miles away, but somehow he got home for dinner almost every night." Lil notes that she felt a little self-conscious last time she reported to the obstetrician. "I'm forty and that seemed old for pregnancy, but the new baby has made me feel

younger, happier and look better." Frank Blair, around the home, is just as soft-spoken and intellectual as he is on the *Garroway* show. "Instead of speaking sharply to the kids when they're in the wrong," Lil says, "he sits down and talks to them for up to two hours." The family shares an enthusiasm for boating. Frank, who has 5,000 flying hours, is helping his older boys get their wings. He is also enthusiastic about rock 'n' roll. "Lil and I took dancing lessons three years ago and now enjoy dancing to the beat as much as the kids." Amazingly, neither Frank nor Lil grew up in large families. He was an only child. She had a sister. About plans for further expansion, Lil said, "I don't know. If I had been told 22 years ago, when we married, that I would have an eighth child at forty, I wouldn't have believed it. We planned on only five."

**Ready, Aim, Plop:** Lee Vines, Robert Q's announcer, now turning up in dramatic roles. Had lead in *CBS Workshop* and role in *Second Mrs. Burton*. . . . This season Garry Moore plans the all-time giveaway. For a weekend, he will give away the entire cast, including himself, Ken, Durward, Denise, et al. . . . Garry very proud of older son, Mason. Lad put off entry into Harvard to accept a scholarship in England. One of three boys chosen. . . . Singers on *Hit Parade* get \$750 weekly, not high pay so far as TV goes, but it means lots of exposure to the public. . . . Little Lu Ann Simms, ex-Godfreyite, making TV comeback

via kiddie circuits. Will be a regular with *Captain Kangaroo*. Lu's baby, Cindy, is now two and Lu reports, "She's enthralled when she sees me on TV, but howls the twenty-five minutes it takes for me to get back to the apartment. I wonder what she thinks happened to me." . . . Now that Jaye P. Morgan's divorce from actor Mike Bianco is final, New York columnists keep marrying her off to everyone she dates.

**Sweet Sugarfoot:** Kind of a Tab Hunter type is Will Hutchins, tall, slender dirty-blond who stars in title role of *Sugarfoot*, new ABC-TV Western. Says Hutch, "I'd never been on a horse or held a gun before, but I've always wanted to be an actor." Hutch, 25 and six-one, was born and raised in L.A., studied at Pomona and U.C.L.A. First time in Manhattan and excited. "I'd like to live here. I was in a restaurant (Lucky Pierre's) last night where they broiled meat with a blow-torch. How about that? And the jazz here is just great." Besides Louis Armstrong and Billie Holliday, Hutch has a taste for eccentric foods. Like bean soup with a splash of cottage cheese or a health cocktail called "Live Longer" that includes fruit juices, wheat germ, soy beans, blackstrap molasses, sunflower seeds, etc. "It keeps up my energy," he explained, then complained, "Everyone asks me about girls. I guess I'll have to date more. Tell you my type. I flipped for Audrey Hepburn. I guess I like the type of girl (Continued on page 13)

# You Can't

**Ted Thorne's own story has as much human interest as any he has ever reported for WGN and WGN-TV**



A bout with polio changed the course of Ted Thorne's life. It meant a new career and an early start for Chicago's popular *Late News* man.

**W**HEN the royal romance of Grace Kelly was taking first place in space among wire services, newspapers and magazines, it received a curt wrap-up from Ted Thorne, who reports the 6 o'clock news on WGN Radio and the *Late News* on WGN-TV. "I'm sure everyone has heard enough of the Grace Kelly story," said the Chicago newsman, "so we'll just drop it for now . . ." By the time Ted had signed off, every light on the switchboard was lit by calls from irate women accusing Ted of being heartless and inhuman. The next night, Ted went on the air and explained that he himself was the father of two children and had nothing against romance. The switchboard lit up again, this time with masculine voices objecting to this stand and praising his first one. "Well," said Ted, "there's nothing like experience in this business." . . . Of experience, Ted has plenty. One of the youngest of the country's major newscasters, he had an early start. John T. (Ted) Thorne was an active youth aiming at a career in professional athletics when he suddenly found himself crippled by an attack of polio during the summer of 1942. If Ted couldn't participate, he decided he'd write about sports. He began with his school paper. Then the Michigan City, Indiana *News Dispatch* invited the seventeen-year-old boy to become their sports editor. So the crippling disease that had struck Ted turned him into the youngest sports editor of any daily newspaper in the country. . . . Ted took time out for Indiana University, then became a news writer for radio stations and, after a while, an on-the-air newscaster and also deejay. Among the highlights of his news career are included interviews with candidates in the last presidential race, the Whiting, Indiana oil refineries fire, and the taping of a murderer's confession at the scene of the crime. This last interview took place even before police had had the opportunity of questioning the suspect. In the excitement of this scoop, Ted, with the corpse lying right there in the street, kept referring breathlessly to the "alleged dead man." . . . Ted and his wife Nancy live in New Buffalo, Michigan, in a five-room bungalow set on a half-acre of trees and shrubs. During the summer, Ted often takes Jeffery Lee, 5, and Deborah Jo, 2, to the beach before he leaves for work. In cooler weather, there's an indoors romp. . . . Ted's manner is friendly and he has developed the pattern of winding up each broadcast with a humorous or human-interest story. His favorite Christmas story is of a fourteen-year-old girl from an orphanage who had saved her money all year and finally accumulated \$35 to buy presents for all the other children at the orphanage. But, while she was shopping downtown, her purse was snatched. She called WGN for help, and Ted broadcast the story. Listeners sent in more than \$200—and all in good time for the presents to arrive at the orphanage on Christmas Day. "These," says Ted, "are the rewards of being a newsman." For Ted Thorne, a good man whom even polio couldn't keep down, the rewards will continue to be many.

# Keep A Good Man Down



Story time comes early in the day for Nancy, young Jeffery Lee and Deborah Jo, and Ted. The man of the house leaves for work after lunch and comes home after midnight. Below, the four Thornes get a headstart on Christmas, as well.



## THE RECORD PLAYERS

Four of your favorite deejays alternate in this space. This month, it's Josh Brady of WBBM in Chicago



Nowadays, singer Bill Lawrence (left) has *Breakfast With Brady*.

# There oughta be a Word

By JOSH BRADY

THE PSYCHIATRISTS must have a word for it. This business of giving a thought to someone you haven't seen or heard from in a long time—and then having this person pop up shortly thereafter—well, it happens so often that, if they don't have a name for it, they should . . . It's not *exactly* telepathy. It happened to me again recently.

I was perusing the new record LPs that had arrived in the music library here at CBS in Chicago and came across a new one called "In the Mood for Love," with a picture of Bill Lawrence on the cover. And it occurred to me that I hadn't seen or heard much of this lad since he was the hit of the Godfrey show back around 1949. I knew he had gone into service, but I wasn't convinced he'd become a career man in the service. What the heck had happened to Bill Lawrence? Well, it was only a matter of hours, later the same day, when this thing the psychiatrists should have a name for actually happened to me. I was informed that I had a new singer on my *Breakfast With Brady* show starting next Monday. And when I was told it would be Bill Lawrence, I got that old feeling . . . The psychiatrists should have a name for it.

I met Bill the next day and began to inquire about the Bill Lawrence story. Bill is about twenty-nine years of age. People think he is a lot older because it seems so long ago that he was with Godfrey. Actually that was

from about 1948 to '50 . . . but he was very young then. Bill began singing when he was about five years of age and he still recalls singing "My Reverie" at the walkathons in his home town of East St. Louis. He studied voice at the age of fourteen and attended East Side High in St. Louis. He numbers among the three mistakes of his career the fact that he passed up two scholarships to get into the singing business quickly—he earned a dramatic scholarship plus a music scholarship at the University of Illinois. His first big break was the local talent contest he won while visiting a brother out in California. As a result of this contest, he was hired by the late Jimmy Dorsey.

Any embarrassing moments in your career, Bill? "Well, yes, the time I forgot the words to 'Ballerina' while singing with Dorsey at the Palladium in Los Angeles. I got panicky and blurted right out, 'I've forgotten the words!'" I'm sure that, at this stage of the game, Bill still forgets words, but he'll hum or make up new lyrics and most listeners won't even notice.

After the Jimmy Dorsey stint, Bill Lawrence won the Godfrey *Talent Scouts* show and, as a result, Godfrey gave him a spot on his regular show. This was back in 1948 and lasted until Bill went in the service in 1950.

Bill enjoyed the Godfrey show very much and thinks very highly of Mr. Godfrey. Bill says he was never fired from the Godfrey shows—he left to enter the service. Furthermore,

according to Bill, it was of his own volition that he did not return to the Godfrey shows after service, because he says he did have the invitation. And, by the way, Bill calls this that third mistake he has made in his career—the fact that he didn't go back with Godfrey. He claims he got a little bad management advice.

Bill Lawrence was the victim of the oblivion that befalls so many who go into the personal-appearance field. That's where he has been up until now. And somehow, when a once-prominent artist gets lost for a while, a lot of unfair stories sometimes crop up. Like the one about the radio announcer who thought the mike was off. (They're even telling that one about me back in my home town of Duluth.) Bill is as fine a chap as you'll run into. He's a few years older and a few pounds—not too many—heavier, just as handsome and as cooperative as you'll find them. He's been engaged a couple times, but is still single.

And now that he's back on radio as a part of the all-live morning spectacular, from 6 to 9 every morning on WBBM, he's coming back real strong. He's on the station that gave this country such stars as Patti Page, the Andrews Sisters, Dale Evans, Janette Davis, Les Paul, Buddy Clark . . . And, oddly enough, ten years after his stint with Godfrey, he's on the *Breakfast With Brady* show in Chicago at 8:45 A.M. . . . right before Godfrey.

Josh Brady is heard over WBBM in Chicago, each Monday through Friday, on *Breakfast With Brady*, 8:45 A.M.; *Eloise And Josh*, 10:30 A.M.; *Josh And Eloise*, 3:15 P.M.; and *Take A Break*, 3:45 P.M. He's heard Saturday, from 10:30 to 11:30 A.M., and Sunday, from 9:05 to noon.

# INFORMATION BOOTH

## Confidentially—a Dick

*Please give me some information about the TV Richard Diamond, David Janssen. T. C., Somerville, Mass.*

**TALENT WILL OUT!** In the case of David Janssen, star of CBS-TV's *Richard Diamond, Private Detective*, talent "outed" very early. At six months, he was "prettiest baby" in his home town of Naponee, Nebraska, and not long after that he went "on tour"—a stage baby accompanying his mother, who was in the cast of "Rio Rita" and other shows. . . . David grew up backstage and loved it. He learned to play piano and accordion and, altogether, acquired as much theatrical know-how during those childhood years as many stage veterans pile up in decades of trouping. . . . In Hollywood, after his mother remarried, David studied the three R's and made twice as many movies. The day he graduated from Fairfax High, he put on his first "straw hat"—or was it a sou'wester?—and took off East for a season of summer stock in Maine. Two Broadway plays he was cast for never opened, so back West, some more movie work and then the Army's Special Services division for two years. After discharge, he was cast as an Army captain in a Warner's film being shot at Fort Ord—his old camp. The newly acquired bars at the shoulder brought him all kinds of good-natured hazing from his old buddies—all enlisted men, naturally. . . . Television was beginning to pick up the drift of Janssen's talent when Dick Powell, who played Richard Diamond on radio, happened to notice his work in the movie, "Lafayette Escadrille." Powell tested 50 actors for the part of Diamond on TV, but Janssen won out easily. . . . A bachelor, David lives at home with his parents. He's looking for a girl with "good common sense" who will love him for himself alone—not his publicity value. David is six feet tall, 175 pounds, with brown



Perry Mason's legman (William Hopper, right) readies for action in tense conversation with Perry (Raymond Burr). Hopper's own life reads like top adventure fiction.

eyes and hair. This "private dick" actually was named Richard by his parents, but changed name to David for professional use. Janssen enjoys keeping up with a heavy reading schedule, and follows "most sports."

## Graham Feature

*Compliments and salutations on this month's (October's) issue of TV RADIO MIRROR for the many interesting resumes of our popular and entertaining stars. But especially commendable was the feature story on Billy Graham and his family. . . . Billy Graham's religion has helped so many people—especially young people—by taking the stuffiness out of religion, helping them to know faith is something to be lived with day by day, something which can be applied to all our problems, if it's only given the chance. The story on the Graham family does much to prove this.*

*Mrs. L. R., Fredrickton, N. B., Canada*

## Calling All Fans

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

*Mouseketeers Fan Club, c/o Sherrie Bargatze, 3802 Murphy Rd., Nashville 9, Tennessee.*

*Future Stars Fan Club, c/o Carolyn Reaves, 5305 Acadia Terrace, Fairfield, Alabama.*

*Sal Mineo Fan Club, c/o Lois La Charity, 31 South 5th Street, Zanesville, Ohio.*

## It's No Secret

*Please write about William Hopper, who is Perry Mason's contact, Paul Drake. E. S., Cleveland, Ohio*

It's no secret Perry Mason's right-hand man is a private eye. And many people know that this "eye," in private life, is William Hopper, veteran film and TV actor. Bill has had a personal life as varied and adventurous as any Erle Stanley Gardner could ever dream up for Drake. An actor before World War II, when Pearl Harbor put a violent period to our neutrality, Bill enlisted in the Navy and served in the South Pacific with the O.S.S. underwater demolition teams. Then, a much-decorated hero returned to Hollywood and a salesman's life for eight years—till a Warner Bros. director signed him for "The High and the Mighty." In "Rebel Without a Cause," he was Natalie Wood's father. On TV, Bill has appeared on *Warner Bros. Presents* and *Cheyenne*.



Dick Powell, David (Dick) Janssen are radio and television "Richards," too.

**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.

T  
V  
R

# FABULOUS FINCH

*They like to call him  
"Michigan's Arthur Godfrey," but  
Howard Finch has a special way  
of his own on WJIM and WJIM-TV*



At home, Howard charcoals a steak for Jane and daughter Debbie. Dachshunds Hilda and Hansel wait for the scraps.



Howard's a veteran, a veep—and a man who'll try anything. In a diving suit, he explored WJIM's new pool.



**A** JUNIOR, home-grown edition of Arthur Godfrey—that's how Michigan thinks of Howard Finch of Station WJIM and WJIM-TV in Lansing. The resemblance is there. Godfrey has curly, sandy-red hair. So does "Howdy" Finch. Likewise the freckles. Both have originality, personality and versatility. Godfrey will try anything, from letting an elephant bring a paw down on his chest to playing bass fiddle with the Vagabonds. Finch is not a man to balk, either, whether it's climbing into a diving suit to explore the pool at the new WJIM Country House or subbing on a cooking show and creating "Shrimp à la Finch." Howard goes Arthur one better in the music department, for he not only plays a very good ukulele, but also a bit of violin and piano, a very fine clarinet—and, in a pinch, can sit in with the trap drums. . . . A native of Battle Creek, Howard Finch was one of America's International Oratorical Champions at age sixteen and won himself a trip to South America. One of his earliest radio associates was Joe Kelly, with whom he put on the first *Quiz Kids* show in Battle Creek. Soon after, Howard joined the staff of Lansing's WJIM, and he is now vice president of Gross Telecasting, Inc., the basis for operation of both WJIM and WJIM-TV. . . .

At one time or another, and often simultaneously, Howard has been a writer, director, salesman, producer, sportscaster, newscaster, emcee. Perhaps the favorite Finch is the friendly, philosophical one that carries over from his famous *Linger Awhile* broadcasts to his current *Moments Of Meditation*, seen daily at 8:55 A.M., and his *Goodnight Prayer*, the sign-off for both WJIM Radio and TV. Howdy adds a little foolishness to the philosophy as he hosts *Country House Matinee*, a daily variety and audience-participation show scheduled at 3:30 P.M. He telecasts the *Noon News* and also airs all the Michigan State football games for a nine-station hookup that is called the Michigan National Network. . . . Howard's philosophy is the homey, family kind, and he practices it with a family of his own. He met his wife Jane when she joined the WJIM staff as an executive secretary. They now have a daughter, Debbie, who's eight, and a son, Duncan Howard, born last August. As the youngsters grow up, they can catch up on what made their dad a part of almost every family in listening and viewing distance. A book will soon be published that will give permanent form to the hundreds of most-requested bits of humor and philosophy of the fabulous Finch.

## WHAT'S NEW—EAST

(Continued from page 7)

who is spontaneous, good-humored, completely herself. I don't like people who just go along with the crowd."

**TV in Hi-Fi:** The King, Bing Crosby, coming back fresh this year in radio and TV, with new and very persuasive crooning of "Avalon," "I'm Confessin'," "Georgia on My Mind," and others backed up with the radio trio of Buddy Cole. Decca calls it "Bing's New Tricks." . . . And the Durante duets with Hope, Crosby, Cantor, Helen Traubel and Peter Lawford that made TV history have been waxed into a Decca Album, "Club Durante." He's so great. . . . Sweetie Gisele MacKenzie has responded to a demand for an album of romantic French songs. As a native of Winnipeg, she sings French and English with equal fluency. This charming assortment is whipped cream and dessert all the way and it's in a Vik album, "Mam'selle Gisele." . . . Garroway's bright-eyed Helen O'Connell achieved fame first as a vocalist with Jimmy Dorsey. Her recordings of "Green Eyes," "Tangerine," and "Amapola" sold a total of seven million. Now Helen has recreated these songs along with nine others for Vik in a twelve-incher called, appropriately, "Green Eyes."

**Program Preview:** On November 12, a man in Philadelphia, William Hale Thompson, will be greatly moved by a tribute to the devotion of his deceased wife. On TV's *Telephone Time*, the story will be told how Hoagy Carmichael came to write the famous "I Get Along Without You Very Well." Pressed for a new song for a radio premiere, Hoagy found the poem, "I Get Along, etc." in an old file. It had been given to him by a coed at a Kappa Kappa Gamma dance when he was an undergraduate at Indiana. Hoagy wrote music to the verse and everyone thought it was great, but then they had to have permission of the poet. Winchell, in his radio show, initiated the search for the writer and they found the sorority gal had copied the poem from a magazine. It had been written by a housewife as an expression of her devotion to her husband. Jean Thompson was located in Philadelphia but found to be very ill. They got her legal release, but the truth is that she died the same evening the song premiered nationally. Fame knocked minutes before death.

**The Crystal Ball Dept.:** With all the Westerns blazing away on TV, it had to happen. Word comes of a new series in preparation titled *Man Without A Gun*. If this trend takes hold, we'll have "Man Without a Horse," then "Man Without a Shirt," until eventually the cowboy is stripped down to Tarzan's loin cloth. And then we'll have an onslaught of jungle dramas with heroes speaking one-syllable words and grunting as they swing in the trees. It can happen here.

# New Patterns for You

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

**9021**—Simple, becoming lines in a half-size fashion that takes well to either dressy or casual fabrics. Printed Pattern in Sizes 14½-24½. Size 16½ takes 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

**9178**—Stunning two-piece dress with graceful princess bodice. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 4⅞ yards 35-inch fabric; ½ yard contrast. *State size.* 35¢



4774

SIZES

S—36—38

M—40—42

L—44—46

Ex. L—48—50



9021

SIZES

14½—24½



9178

SIZES

12—20

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

# GUY ON THE GO



Carl is at sixes—os to his shows and children—and in seventh heaven. June is holding Leigh; Mory, Koy, Deon are on floor; Carl and Robert next to dad.



*Carl Casperson is seen and heard over KDAL, but his busy schedule is still hard to believe*

**T**HERE'S ONLY ONE Carl Casperson, even if he wears three hats over at Station KDAL Radio and TV in Duluth. And, though all work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, it makes Carl an outstanding entertainment figure in the Midwest. The "no play" is a bit inaccurate, though, for Carl somehow stretches the day to make room for a romp with his family. . . . Behind the scenes, Carl's official title is Program Manager of KDAL Radio. For most men, this would be a full-time job, but Carl juggles two others along with his desk duties. As a radio personality, he starts each weekday with the *Last Word* show, at 10:35 A.M. At 3 P.M. each weekday, he presides over *Party Line*, a program which Mrs. Homemaker can call about anything from a household problem, to a recipe she'd like to pass along, to a lost or found article. During a typical week, anything from using bear grease to promote the growth of hair to a new cure for insomnia might be discussed. On Saturdays, at 4 P.M., Carl is proprietor of *Music Shop*, and he's back the next day with *Serenade To A Sunday*, from 1 to 5 P.M. . . . Carl has been with KDAL since 1948 and, when KDAL-TV came into being in 1954, he simply switched on another facet of his talent. He's seen each weekday at 10:10 P.M. with *Weather*

*Report* and he hosts the *IGA Theater* each Thursday from 10:15 to midnight . . . . On camera, on mike or in person, Carl projects a friendly, "from me to you" personality. His interest in broadcasting began as he watched with fascination the construction of a radio station in his home town of Ashland, Wisconsin. He was still a senior in high school when he began his career as an announcer at Ashland's WATW and, after being graduated from Northland College, he continued his radio work. He went on-the-air in Augusta, Georgia, and then in Iron Mountain, Michigan, where he met and married June Kennedy, the receptionist, bookkeeper and copywriter at the same station where Carl was a very popular announcer. . . . When the Caspersens arrived in Duluth, they set up housekeeping in a small, vine-covered bungalow. They outgrew that quickly and are now happier by the half-dozen in an eight-room Colonial home. Carl and June have three sons—Robert, 12, Carl, 8, and Dean, 7—and three daughters—Mary, 5, Kay, 4, and Leigh, 2. Carl's hobbies include swimming, golfing, and a stamp collection that was greatly enriched by his wartime travels for the Merchant Marine. Without even crossing the Duluth city line, Carl Casperson is still very much a guy on the go.

# LET'S DANCE!



John Fisher hosts KTVH's  
Hi-Fi Hop—but, he says,  
the kids are the “stars”



Teenagers by the hundreds dance at *Hi-Fi Hop's* outdoor first-birthday ball.



On cameras, teens take the spotlight. At home, John and Jo Ann dance attention on baby Elaine.

**T**HE KIDS ARE DANCING AGAIN! That's the news that has Tin Pan Alley doing handsprings—but it's news that's being made as far away from the musical main stem as Wichita, Kansas. Each weekday at 5 P.M., over Station KTVH, Central Kansas teenagers fill the studio to munch on potato chips, wash them down with soda pop and, thus stoked up on energy, dance. At their homes, other teenagers keep an eye on the screen and an ear tuned to the beat as they follow in the blue-suede footsteps of their twirling contemporaries. All this terpsichore is called the *Hi-Fi Hop* and is hosted by John Fisher, an amiable, informal fellow who knows that the best beat comes from the heart . . . John kids with the kids, awards prizes and keeps the rock 'n' roll and romantic records going. The teenagers, he says, are the show's "stars," and that's what he calls them. The TV camera follows the dancers, focusing now on the intense concentration of a teen's face, moving to pause a few seconds on a pair of feminine flats moving beside two larger, heavier-soled cordovans, catches a swirl of crinoline or the grin of someone who's just stepped on his partner's toes. . . . The host, of course, is the most. Born in Los Angeles, John says his ambition always was to be on radio or TV. When his family moved to St. Paul, John, then in high school, tried for his first job on a teen-age deejay show. He didn't get it! He had more success when he returned to California to win a scholarship to Fullerton Junior College, where he majored in music. "I studied classical singing for four years," he relates, "Now, the only singing I do is on the show—sparingly—and in the bathroom." . . . A stint in the Army, though, found John singing for the NCO Club's band and then broadcasting for Air Force Radio. When he switched back to mufti, he studied at the American Institute of the Air in Minneapolis, then became an announcer for KCAJ in Charles City, Iowa. At coffee breaks, he'd go to the nearby Allen's Cafe. By the time he moved to Wichita in 1955, John took with him the proprietor's niece, Jo Ann Esser, as his bride. . . . The Fishers live in a comfortable, two-bedroom house with their infant daughter, Elaine Rochelle. Both Jo and Elaine occasionally visit the *Hi-Fi Hop*, an added treat provided by John Fisher, the man who's taken the song-and-dance route to the hearts of teenagers—and viewers in their post-teens, as well.

Country girl and city boy, Shirley Jones and Pat Boone discover a lot in common, at the reins of a racing sulky.



## TV RADIO MIRROR

# goes to the movies

By JANET GRAVES



A stiff? So Kovacs thinks. But Lemmon is ribbing him.



Brando and friend Garner compare problems in Japan.

### TV favorites on your theater screen

#### April Love

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Pat Boone's right at home in a homey, down-on-the-farm musical that returns to the screen the charm of such beloved pictures as "State Fair." He plays a kid who gets into trouble in Chicago and is sent on probation to his uncle's farm. There's an amusing clash between Pat's city ways and the country know-how of a pretty neighbor, Shirley Jones. And his initiation into sulky-racing brings the movie a tang of excitement. You'll be hearing plenty of the tunes from the picture's score, like the melodious "April Love" and "Give Me a Gentle Girl" and the lively "Do It Yourself."

#### Sayonara

WARNERS, TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

As lovers in this deeply touching drama, Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka get fine support from a pair of players well-known on TV: James Garner, Red Buttons. The story is set in Japan, while the Korean War is on. There Marlon, of the U. S. Air Force, and Miiko, of the Japanese theater, meet and fall in love, defying Army disapproval. Garner doffs the Western get-ups of his *Maverick* role to play an officer who also casts an appreciative

eye on Oriental beauty. But it is Red who scores the surprise hit of the film. As a comic, he's been considered through on TV. As a dramatic actor, he begins a new career, playing a GI devoted to his Japanese wife.

#### Operation Mad Ball

COLUMBIA

You'll have a ball, as noncom Jack Lemmon and his pals plot to get together with lovelies who hold commissions in the Army Nurse Corps. (That's against the rules, men!) Lots of the laughs in this laugh-filled farce are supplied by Ernie Kovacs' performance as a pompous officer, the boys' chief obstacle. And Mickey Rooney, often a TV performer, also shows his all-around skill.

#### At Your Neighborhood Theaters

**The Joker Is Wild** (Paramount, Vista-Vision): Singer-actor Frank Sinatra uses both talents to play Joe E. Lewis. Strong, wry, offbeat music-drama.

**The Three Faces of Eve** (20th, CinemaScope): TV-trained Joanne Woodward is an Oscar-bidder as a Southern housewife tormented by her evil hidden self.

**The Helen Morgan Story** (Warners, CinemaScope): Ann Blyth plays the unhappy singer; Paul Newman and Richard Carlson, her men. The tunes are tops!

# movies on TV

Showing this month

**ACT OF LOVE (U.A.):** Wistful romance of World War II. Lonely GI Kirk Douglas has an affair with Dany Robin, homeless French girl, and the adventure turns serious. Robert Strauss is Kirk's buddy.

**ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (U.A.):** Splendid film version of the beloved classic. As the most famous of castaways, Dan O'Herlihy makes you share each moment of solitude, desperation, peace, courage. James Fernandez plays Friday.

**AFRICAN QUEEN, THE (U.A.):** Humphrey Bogart's Oscar-winner teams him with Katie Hepburn. As a disreputable river rat and a prissy spinster, they face danger and find love, deep in Africa of World War I. Funny, exciting, touching.

**CANTERVILLE GHOST, THE (M-G-M):** Pleasantly comic ghost story. In War II, GI's including Robert Young invade the castle haunting grounds of cowardly spook Charles Laughton. With Margaret O'Brien.

**CANYON CROSSROADS (U.A.):** Doing a lively switch on the Western, Richard Basehart hunts uranium instead of gold, courts Phyllis Kirk, battles a claim-jumper who rides a 'copter.

**DEADLINE AT DAWN (RKO):** Modest but effective suspense tale, involving dance hostess Susan Hayward in the danger that threatens sailor Bill Williams.

**GOG (U.A.):** The machines get out of hand in this wild science-fiction item, as U.S. agents Richard Egan and Constance Dowling investigate mysterious havoc at a space-station laboratory in New Mexico.

**HEIDI (20th):** Films from Shirley Temple's heyday now return to show why she was the most popular of talkie-era child stars. In the charming juvenile story, she is the little girl visiting grandpa (Jean Hersholt) in the Swiss Alps.

**KATHLEEN (M-G-M):** Sentimental drama takes Shirley into teen years, as a worried youngster whose rich dad (Herbert Marshall) wants to marry a siren (Gail Patrick). But wholesome Laraine Day is around, too.

**HOME OF THE BRAVE (U.A.)** Powerful study of race prejudice. James Edwards is a Negro GI; Lloyd Bridges and Frank Lovejoy, fellow soldiers on a dangerous Pacific-island mission.

**REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (20th):** In a light-hearted musical bearing no resemblance to the old-time favorite story, Shirley Temple's a resourceful orphan who crashes radio. Her dance sequences with Bill Robinson are highlights.

**TOO LATE FOR TEARS (U.A.):** In a rough action story, Lizbeth Scott plays a dame who just loves money. Arthur Kennedy's her honest husband; Dan Duryea, a hood who's not as tough as Liz.

**TORRID ZONE (Warners):** Rowdy, risqué, entertaining. On a Honduras banana plantation, boss Pat O'Brien slugs it out with foreman James Cagney. Stranded show-girl Ann Sheridan livens the plot further, setting up rivalry.

*it's here to stay!*



**OOOH, LOOK...**

**CUTEX LIPSTICK CHARM BRACELET**  
4 petite lipsticks, 4 different Cutex colors, with pretty golden charm on jeweler's bracelet. \$1.75

Tired of lipsticks that don't stay on...  
that dry...are priced too high?

**Change to creamier, longer-lasting Cutex!**

**SO CREAMY, YOU'LL LOVE** the way Cutex with Sheer Lanolin moisturizes and smooths your lips, protects against chapping and roughness... never irritates like drying, "deep stain" lipsticks. The instant you glide on creamy Cutex, lips shimmer with radiant smoothness... feel as soft and luscious as they look.

**SO NON-SMEARING, HE'LL LOVE** you for wearing Cutex Lipstick! Color is there to stay, all day... stays on YOU, *only you*. One kiss will prove it! 69¢

**CUTEX**  
sheer lanolin lipstick

For a minute miracle in hand beauty—try new Cutex Hand Cream



# Life Begins at Midnight

*John J. Miller knows celebrities by the column, but the year's leading news item was a young stranger*



When the phone rings for John, it's news—anything from celebrity capers to major or minor mayhem.



John and Cindy tour the town together, though she's more of a homebody, now Gregg's on the scene. "Valentine" approves.



**W**HEN Hollywood filmed "Sweet Smell of Success," a picture of a columnist as a heel, part of the kick was in trying to tag real names to the celluloid figures. The initials J.J., by which the anti-hero is known, and his eyeglasses—"but only the upper part"—can be traced to John J. Miller. "Those are the only things I can recognize as being borrowed from anyone I know," says John. "The picture is great entertainment, but it's science fiction." . . . Columnists aren't cads, says John, who thinks the true picture is that of a fellow who loves the city best from her dusk-to-dawn hours. John's capsule reports on Broadway are heard every hour on the hour on some seventy radio and TV stations around the country. For three years now, or ever since he was old enough to get a drink in the pubs he patrols, he has been bylining the news of his nightly vigils in the *New York Enquirer*, and his column is also syndicated in six other newspapers. "To me, what I'm doing as a job is really play," says John. "If it weren't my job, I'd be doing it anyway, as often as I could." . . . John's life as a columnist fits nicely with his marriage to Cindy, a former singer *a la* Jeri Southern. The Millers generally are on the town together until half-past one, when Cindy returns to their East End Avenue apartment and John continues the prowl alone until dawn. With this schedule, they've no complaints about their infant daughter Gregg keeping them awake at night—it's the baby cries at noon that might disturb the Millers, if Gregg's arrival weren't the headline of their year. . . . John estimates that a little more than half of his friends are involved in show business in some way. Some star performers, like Sammy Davis, Jr., are close personal friends. "But that wouldn't keep me from printing an item that might embarrass Sammy," says John, "and what I like about Sammy is that he understands there are two different realms." . . . At twenty-one, John Joseph Miller is probably the youngest syndicated Broadway columnist in the country. But he's been at it since age eleven, when he compiled news from sports pages and sold carbon copies to his family at five cents apiece. Soon, he was selling copies to his schoolmates, too, then adding neighborhood and personality items. The column flourished to the point where its publisher was able to switch from carbon copies to mimeograph. By the time Generoso Pope heard of it and hired John for his *Enquirer*, the column had a mailing list of 2,500. Seems John J. Miller was born at midnight and has been bewitched by that hour ever since.



## Can a wife hold her world together with her love?

You come from different worlds, you and he. Yet always in the past... your love, your faith in the future, has kept you close. Secure in each other. Now though, comes the *real* test. Your husband's brother is out to tear down the happiness you've built. He's ruthless... and you're afraid. This time, will the strength of your love be enough? This time, is there even a halfway chance to save your marriage? You can get the *whole* story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **OUR GAL SUNDAY** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.

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

# The Greatest \$64,000 Category of all



Presenting Peter Lindsey March, whose picture was shown on \$64,000 *Question* program when he was only a few hours old. Hal and Candy prep him for second sitting.

*To Hal March, there's no question about it. The category? Fatherhood. And, in baby Peter, Hal and Candy have their own little all-time winner!*



By **DIANNE SCOTT**

**O**NCE UPON A TIME there was a baby—a first baby—and in the case of Peter Lindsey, a most unusual baby. He was on *The \$64,000 Question* when he was two hours old. His category was fathers—and he had courageously chosen Hal March!

About the name Peter Lindsey, however, he had no choice. His four-year-old brother, Stevie, named him long before he was born.

"This child of ours would have been named Peter if he'd turned out to be a girl. It wouldn't have made any difference," Hal laughs now. "Stevie has been up to his neck in girls since he was born. He had a sister, a mommie, a nurse and, if I was away from the house, he was surrounded

*continued* →



## The Greatest \$64,000 Category of all

(Continued)

by women. So, from the first, Steve was determined he would have a brother and we would name him Peter. He had a little friend he'd met in Central Park named Peter—a little guy who was all boy, all man—and that's what Stevie wanted. Not a Billy or a Donny or anybody else."

To Stevie, this brother-to-come was very real and very near. Hal and Candy had answered his natural questions as honestly as they could. "There's been no mystery—no saying the baby would come from heaven," Hal says. "Stevie used to come into our room every morning and visit 'Peter.' He'd say 'hello' to Peter first, and then to Candy and me. He would put his ear close to Candy's tummy and say, 'Good morning, Peter.'"

"'Suppose God gives you another sister,' I'd say, trying to prepare him.

"'I've got one sister,' Stevie would remind me.

"'Well, it's possible for God to give you another one,' his mother would say.

"'Stevie would think about that. Then he'd say, 'Well, if God gives me another sister, I'm going to throw both of my sisters out of this apartment.' He was quite determined about it. He'd say, 'He's my brother. And his name is Peter.'"

"I think we might have had a little discussion about it if he'd wanted to (Continued on page 79)



"Country life is great," say Hal and Candy. They moved from city after Peter's birth. With them are Candy's Melissa and Steven, children by her former marriage.



Rock-a-bye baby. Fond father March has proved very handy with Peter, enjoys helping Candy care for him.

Hal March emceeds *The \$64,000 Question*, CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Revlon, Inc. He moderates *What's It For?* NBC-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Pharmaceuticals, Inc.



Five big smiles for the camera. Loving parents Hal and Candy March, with Melissa, Peter and Steven.

Steven and Melissa have turned into high climbers in their own back-yard playground. Candy supervises play.

Peter Lindsey's not a member of the back-yard set as yet, but commands plenty of attention in his own bailiwick.





# Getting to know him

By  
BETTY ETTER



Patti at Windsor Castle. Which way?



Feeding pigeons is fun! Patti in Trafalgar Square.



Next stop Paris, then Zurich. Charlie's camera took all pictures.



*For Patti Page and Charles O'Curran,  
their first European jaunt together  
was even better than a dream come true*

**H**ER TWO BIG BAGS were packed, the precious green passport was safely stowed away in her handbag, the borrowed camera slung over her shoulder. Patti Page took a last look at herself in the mirror and smiled.

It was a nervous smile, but a happy one, too. Six months after their marriage, Patti and her husband, dance director Charles O'Curran, were embarking on

their honeymoon—and Patti's long-dreamed-of trip to Europe was about to come true.

A honeymoon, marriage counselors say, is a time set aside after the excitement of the courtship and the marriage, for a bride and bridegroom to get to know each other. And that is exactly what it was to be for Patti and her new husband, Charles. (Continued on page 61)

Patti Page sings and acts as femcee on *The Big Record*, seen over CBS-TV, on Wednesdays, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Inc., the Kellogg Company, Armour and Company (Dial Soap), and the Oldsmobile Division of General Motors Corp.



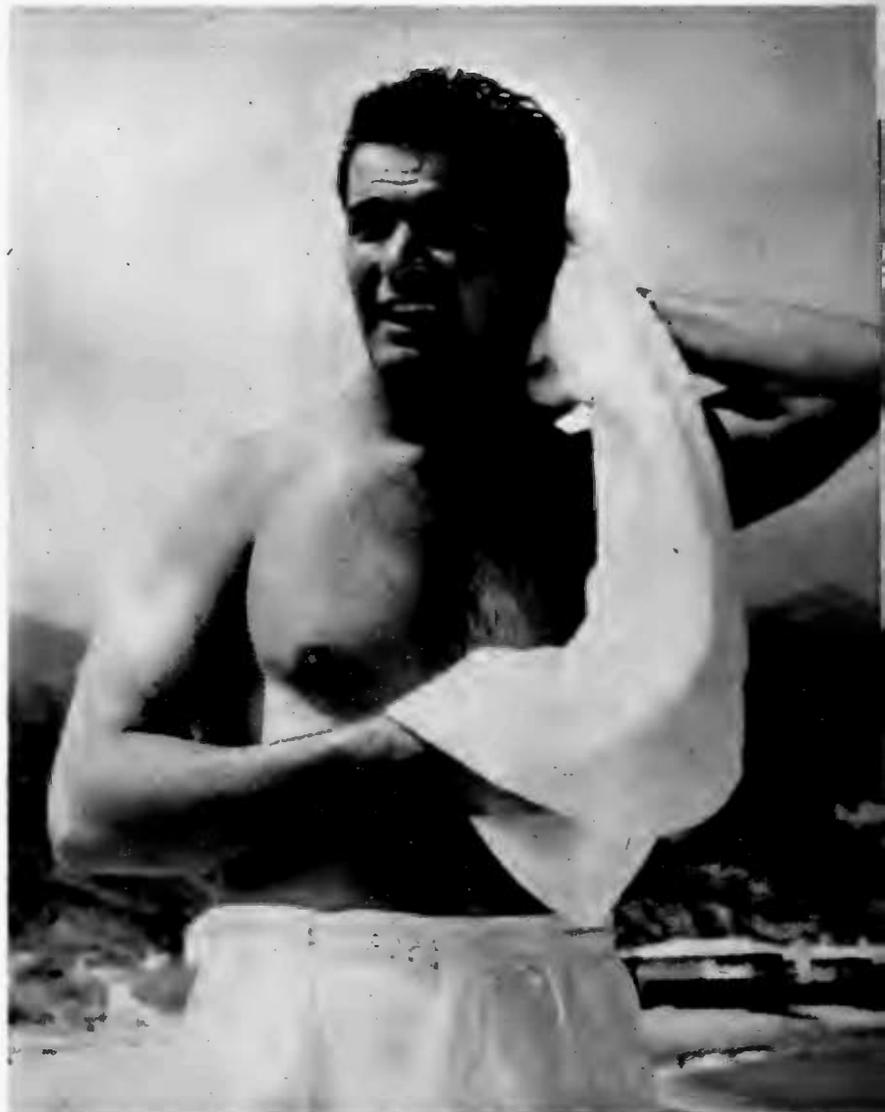
# WESTERN GIANT

*Introducing James Garner, star of  
Maverick, who may be a tough guy on TV,  
but has a heart tied close to home*

By GORDON BUDGE

**I**N ALMOST every young girl's life there's been a time when she's fallen in love with some hombre who was never meant to settle down. Such a roamer drifted onto the ABC-TV network last month in the person of tall, dark and handsome Bret Maverick, played by newcomer Jim Garner. In the minds of the show's writers, gambler Maverick is a man's man, the kind who'll chance a bet on the last card, the fastest horse, most killing gun or willing woman. The series is based on Maverick's exploits as he vagabonds his way from one Western town to another. But Bret Maverick is no stereotyped Western hero: He doesn't ride a trained white horse, wears no white hat. In fact, the horse, an unnamed sorrel, is downright mean. The first day (Continued on page 66)

James Garner stars in *Maverick*, seen over ABC-TV, Sunday, from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Kaiser Industries Corp.



Garner is a fine natural athlete, swims at Malibu Beach whenever busy movie and TV schedule permits. Below he appears in a scene from Warner Bros. movie "Sayonara" with Marlon Brando, Red Buttons and actress Miyoshi Umeki.



Daring gambler Bret Maverick, central character of ABC-TV's new series *Maverick*, is played by newcomer James Garner. His tough-guy role is all an act, since in real life he is one of the mildest of men. Above he's with wife Lois, daughter Kim.



# *That Sentimental Softie*

# FRANK SINATRA

*The Hoboken Kid came up swinging—  
to spectacular success. But his  
heart is as tender as his courage  
is tough—particularly, where  
those three youngsters are concerned*

By MAXINE ARNOLD

HE MOVED restlessly in the school auditorium, watching the wings with an anxious blue eye, a father's anxious blue eye . . . a famous thin fellow in a conservative suit, watching for a familiar, bobbing ponytail attached to a figure in a bright orange-and-green ballet costume whose performance was all-important to Frank Sinatra. It was opening night for nine-year-old Tina . . . her first since she'd been taking dancing at Vilma Ebsen's School of Ballet. The recital



Though Frank and Nancy Sinatra have been divorced, since their third baby was born in 1948, Frank is still the most devoted of fathers. In fact, it was his love for Tina (now 9), Nancy, Jr. (17) and Frank, Jr. (13) which inspired his current TV series.



Below, with daughter Nancy after a trip to Australia. He has always wanted his children to have every advantage of education and travel.



The "juniors" accompanied him to 1954 Academy Awards dinner, proved they returned his love in full—with a gift he treasures even more than his Oscar.

**Continued** ➔

From the first, he encouraged young Frank and Nancy to love music. Now he has reason to be proud of their budding talents.

BILL HENRI  
AND  
HEADLINERS



Sinatra (left foreground) with Bill Henri's band at New Jersey's Rustic Cabin in 1938—when Harry James spotted the singing talent destined to lead Frank to first fame.



1939—just second-from-left with Tommy Dorsey's Pied Pipers. But even then, as Jo Stafford says, "he had a tremendous sound . . . and more than that."

## *That Sentimental Softie* **FRANK SINATRA**

(Continued)

was to be in the form of a "flower show," Tina had announced excitedly, and she was a "California wild poppy" . . . one of a chorus of California wild poppies.

Tina's mother had made her costume and then, at the last moment, she'd had to be out of town. Frank Sinatra had brought Tina—an endearing little pixie whom her father calls "Pigeon"—to the school auditorium . . . and now he waited anxiously for his own particular California wild poppy to come on. . . .

It was a far different local opening from Frank Sinatra's own. He'd entered the film capital, termed a "freak phenomenon" who wouldn't last. A new singer with Benny-blue eyes, a warm, electric smile and a sliding-trombone sound—all of them well supported by a microphone he held like it was Marilyn Monroe. He came to town singing "All or Nothing at All" with sexy, long, sliding, soft notes that elicited swoons and a solid soprano squeal from his audiences.

At the Pasadena station, mobs squealed when he arrived, and loudspeakers blared his latest recordings. Looking at Sinatra standing there in the door of the train—a thin fellow almost eclipsed by well-padded shoulders and a red polka-dot bow tie—you wondered where all the music came from. Later, you were to find the music came from a volcano of talent. It was soon apparent Frank Sinatra knew exactly where he was going . . . and his voice had already been there.

Once, amid all the fever and the screams and the whole exhausting show, you'd found Frank at rehearsal grabbing a fast lunch in front of the microphone, as usual. He was eating a sandwich between bars of



1953: Return to fame—in drama, not song. But the Hoboken Kid had to fight to win the right to play Maggio in movie, "From Here to Eternity."

"People Will Say We're in Love," and he looked beat. "Is it worth it?" you'd asked then. "I hope so," he'd grinned wearily. . . .

Today—tonight—it was worth it. Sitting in the audience, Sinatra proudly watched while a little girl in green satin and a fluff of orange tulle, accompanied by eleven other "California poppies," did a simple classical variation on the stage at Paul Revere Junior High. An endearing little girl who moved very painstakingly, as though her whole future depended on her performance there. Tina's father, however, had just taken care of her future very handsomely, signing a three-year contract with ABC-TV for \$3,000,000 a year—and sixty percent of the residuals. Long a holdout from weekly television, Frank signed for the residuals . . . for Tina—Nancy, Jr., 17—Frank, Jr., 13—and his former wife, Nancy Sinatra. As he's said, "For years, I've been looking for a way to get into a position to set up a trust fund for them. This is the way I can (Continued on page 63)

*The Frank Sinatra Show* is seen on ABC-TV, Friday, at 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes with Bulova Watch Company.



Proud son of Natalie and Martin Sinatra, Frank wouldn't be "pushed around" in front of fireman dad he idolized—as a little-known battle reveals.

Filmdom was skeptical when "Swoonatra" arrived there in 1943, at height of bobby-sox acclaim. But he was top news to reporters—including writer Maxine Arnold (center).



**Actor:** Academy Award in 1954 was humble, surprising answer to previous Hollywood critics.

**Musician:** Frank has conducted orchestra on tours, as well as for Capitol recording sessions.

**Comedian:** With Mitzi Gaynor in "The Joker Is Wild," Frank re-enacts life of Joe E. Lewis.



**Showman:** From movies (above, with Kim Novak in "Pal Joey") to clubs (right, at Sands Hotel in Las Vegas)—and now TV! Show biz wonders how he can stand the pace. But Sinatra doesn't falter. Always in his heart, there are the children.

# TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS FOR 1957-58

Vote for Your Favorite **PROGRAMS** on Radio and Television  
 (Write name of one program in each column for each classification except the last two designations below columns)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM	FAVORITE TV PROGRAM
Daytime Drama		
Evening Drama		
Daytime Variety		
Evening Variety		
Comedy Program		
Music Program		
Quiz Program		
Women's Program		
Children's Program		
Mystery or Adventure		
Western Program		
Best Program on Air		
Best New Program		

Favorite TV Panel Show \_\_\_\_\_

Favorite Radio Record Program \_\_\_\_\_

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)



**O**NCE AGAIN, your golden opportunity to reward the personalities and programs which have meant most to you during the present year . . . to honor your favorites with TV RADIO MIRROR's highly-prized Gold Medals, as awarded in the *only* nationwide poll decided by those most important of all critics . . . the listeners and viewers themselves! It's now the eleventh

year of this decisive balloting. And it will be "lucky eleven" indeed, for the stars and shows which win your votes. But the votes must be *in*, to be counted, and they must be postmarked no later than December 10, 1957 . . . so that a staff of independent tabulators can start the monumental task of adding up your choices! Fill in your ballots *now* . . . the most secret, most

# VOTE TODAY!

Who will get the coveted annual Gold Medals as your favorite stars and programs? The decision is yours—here is your final ballot



Vote for Your Favorite **STARS** on Radio and Television  
 (Write name of one star in each column for each classification  
 except last designation below column)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)	FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)
Male Singer		
Female Singer		
Comedian		
Comedienne		
Dramatic Actor		
Dramatic Actress		
Daytime Emcee		
Evening Emcee		
Musical Emcee		
Quizmaster		
Western Star		
News Commentator		
Sportscaster		
Best New Star		

Favorite TV Husband and Wife Team \_\_\_\_\_

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1767, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

democratic of all ballots, since you needn't even sign your name—just register your honest opinions. Your votes-of-confidence will not only give credit where credit is due . . . for the many, many hours of enjoyment your sets (TV and/or radio) have been giving you . . . but will set the pace for the editors in the months to come, showing them just which subjects you

would most like to see covered in America's top national magazine for radio and television . . . In fact, the parade of best-loved personalities and programs will start with the May issue of TV RADIO MIRROR, which annually presents all your winners in picture and story. . . . Vote today. Remember, your ballots must be post-marked no later than December 10, 1957.

Dorothy's more confident now, facing NBC Bandstand mike with such "pros" as emcee Bert Parks and maestro Skitch Henderson.



# Goodbye to 57 Pounds!

**D**OROTHY OLSEN got tired of hearing people say, "You have such a pretty face. Why don't you lose weight?" A well-meaning photographer was the last person who made her feel depressed by saying it. As a result, in the pictures he snapped she looked like a condemned prisoner who had eaten her last meal.

Dorothy, the singing schoolteacher featured on *NBC Bandstand*, had a weight problem because psychologically she was a compulsive eater. Like so many big people who sparkle with fun and laughter, she didn't realize that an emotional drive, not ordinary hunger, made her eat too much. (Continued on page 76)

Dorothy sings on *NBC Bandstand*, as heard over NBC Radio, M-F, 10:30 to 11 A.M. and 11:05 to noon, under multiple sponsorship. She was a winner on *Name That Tune*, CBS-TV, Tues., 7:30 P.M., sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Kellogg Co. (All EST)

*Pretty Dorothy Olsen shed weight through hypnosis, and learned that handsome is as handsome—thinks*

By HAROLD BARON



Small fry adored their harp-playing teacher—even those who had to be told why people are different sizes.



Today husband Arni helps Dorothy keep watch on the weight she must lose, in order to look as lovely as her singing.



He's proud, too, when the tape shows another inch gone. Dorothy won't tell measurements till she reaches her goal!



Sewing and cooking are her hobbies. Making new things to wear is a pleasure now. And steaks are still on her diet—so long as she plays "Jack Spratt" and eats only the lean.



Dorothy has also switched from bulky two-piece outfits to solid-color dresses (above, at Jr. Plenty shop) which make her look as trim—if not so tiny—as Susi, the family cat.





Home run led Mary Truitt straight to Danny's heart.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

**H**OW DOES a television career start? Singer Danny Costello, who rode a roller-coaster route of ups and downs before reaching a featured spot on the Arthur Godfrey shows, believes his began—not in a studio—but in a ballpark, when third baseman Mary Truitt Peacock lunged for a ball, missed, and sprawled flat across a field as slick as wet green silk. Mud smeared from the shoulder of her fresh white blouse to the hem of her scarlet Bermuda shorts, Mary picked herself up and glared at him. Says Danny now, "I would never have (Continued on page 74)"

*Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M., is sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., and The Toni Co. *Arthur Godfrey Time* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M.—seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. *The Ford Road Show Starring Arthur Godfrey* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, at 5:05 P.M. (All times are EST)

# Lady Luck Pitched a Curve

But Danny Costello still scored a hit on the Godfrey shows—because of the pretty miss who's now his missus

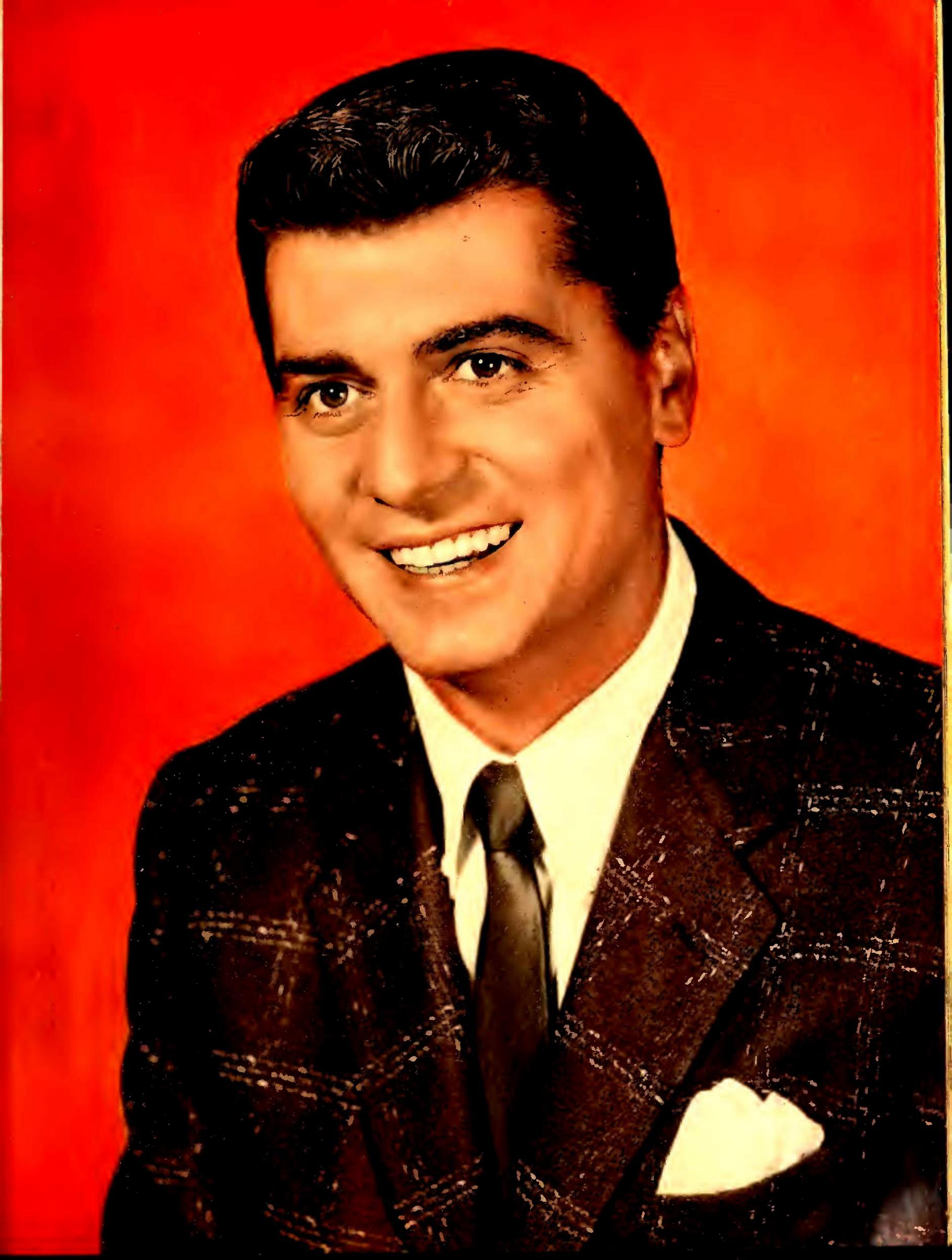


Talent Scout Jan Davis helped Danny hit a musical homer on TV.

Music is their life, but baseball is still their love: Ex-pitcher Danny, softball player Mary, and their lively "bat boys," Tommy and Danny, Jr.

Show-biz friends: Max Kendrick (center), Paul D'Amato of 500 Club, Atlantic City.







# Como: THE

*The public writes, Perry Como sings a heartfelt reply in his album, "We Get Letters." The private answer to a nation's affection lies here—in candid words of those who know Como best, offstage . . .*

By MARTIN COHEN



They say he has a "special magic" for children. This little miss wouldn't use such big words. It's really very simple: She just follows her heart—and Como's.

# PIED PIPER OF TV



Pretty "postmen" Dolores Erickson, Pat White, Dori Smith, Aura Vainio deliver mail on show's song-request segment (Perry calls it "the chairs-on-the-table spot," for reasons of his own).

**B**AGS OF LETTERS get dragged into NBC every day. About a thousand of them are addressed to the guy with the magic eyes, Perry Como. The letters come from grandmas in Chicago, teenagers in California, matrons in New Orleans. Men, women and children write, write, write.

"Look, I know what it means to sit down and write a letter," Perry says, "and every one I get makes me feel wonderful. I just feel bad when someone comes up to me and maybe says, 'I'm the lady who wrote you from Pensacola. Do you remember me?' Well, I only wish I could read all the letters and remember all the names." Perry pauses, rubs his upper lip, then begins to smile. "I had a letter just the other day from a woman in Youngstown, Ohio. She remembered the old times, 'way

back before Ronnie was born. Those years I was singing with Frankie Carlone's dance band around Ohio. I think her letter requested me to sing 'Prisoner of Love,' then she added, 'Do you remember you danced with me one night twenty years ago?' I showed it to my wife Roselle. We've been married twenty-four years. I said, 'Honey, where were you when I was dancing with this lady?'"

The man Como is of average height, but the Como grin, the famous shrug and the dark brown eyes are far from average. The eyes speak of warmth and affection, and anyone who meets the guy will vouch that this is for real. Dee Belline, Perry's brother-in-law, who has been with Perry about eighteen years as promotion manager, says, "Perry can't talk to man or child with-

*Continued* →



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# Como: THE PIED PIPER OF TV

(Continued)



Program rehearsal: Music director Mitchell Ayres, Perry, Billy Rowland at piano. Musicians have been with Como for years—tribute to a great star's even temperament.



Recording session: Como strums guitar, Al Caiola plays banjo. Joe Reisman, RCA Victor musical director, is at right—Steve Steck of the Ray Charles Singers, at rear.

out putting his arm over the guy's shoulder or touching a sleeve. His warmth is so outgoing that someone once advised us to insulate him from outsiders. Anyway, I think this is what the TV audience feels and says in the letters they write to him."

The letters indicate this by their sentiments and the kind of songs they request. An admirer from Louisiana writes hopefully about the "revival of so many oldies" and says, "I don't feel too badly asking for this one, 'When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano.'" From

the Bronx, a daughter notes, "Mother and Dad will be celebrating their golden wedding anniversary and this will be quite an occasion. May I ask for a great favor? Will you please sing 'Anniversary Waltz'?" And from a Texas teenager, "I think that you are the most wonderful person that I have ever seen. You are the only man over thirty-five that I really do like. My favorite record up to date is 'Round and Round.' I also like Pat Boone and Tommy Sands but you top them all." A mother in Altoona, Pennsylvania, writes, "We like every-

Perry would love to be a golf "pro." Oddly enough, the song he sings on the course, in the shower—anywhere—is one he's never recorded: "It Could Happen to You."

After-game discussion in club house at Concord Hotel: Perry and his wife Roselle at right, Como's brother-in-law and promotion manager, Dee Belline, at far left.





Small folk—whether performers or "oudience"—willingly flock around their Pied Piper, sensing Perry's love for children.

thing you sing. My four-year-old Ellen, just as soon as your show comes on, steps up to the TV set and kisses you." And so the letters and requests go. Choral conductor Ray Charles, speaking about the song requests, says, "The thing that never stops amazing me are the letters asking for old songs. And what further amazes me is what Perry does with the old songs, even the most hackneyed ones. There are numbers I wouldn't think of suggesting, like 'Let Me Call You Sweetheart.' Perry sings it and he sounds great. I think it's his pure sincerity."

What manner of man is this Como? A guy as simple and sweet as his music? Well, let's see. When Perry is off TV, he is at home in a rambling house distinguished by ten quarts of milk on the doorstep. (Perry explains, "Every time the kids take a forkful of food, they wash it down with a whole glass of milk.") The house is handsome, with swimming pool. It is located in the very fashionable and wealthy section of Long Island called Sands Point, but that's where Perry's resemblance to a millionaire ends. And the Como way of life is by choice—for Perry makes a million (Continued on page 78)

*The Perry Como Show*, NBC-TV, Sat., at 8 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Kimberly-Clark, Noxzema Chemical Co., Radio Corporation of America, Whirlpool, Sunbeam, American Dairy Assn., Knomark.



Modest Perry was humble but deeply touched, receiving Harlem Y.M.C.A. "Royal Salute" award from chairman Alan J. Dingle (left) and Dr. W. Kenneth Williams.

# Why Do Women Hate to Be Called Housewives?



Above, housewife Arlene at home with husband Martin Gabel and their son Peter. Below, on NBC-TV's *Arlene Francis Show* with announcer Hugh Downs (standing).



The *Arlene Francis Show* is seen over NBC-TV, M-F, from 10 to 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship. Arlene is also a panelist on *What's My Line?*, as seen on CBS-TV, Sun., 10:30 P.M., for Helene Curtis and Remington Rand. (All times EST)

*"Too much" to do? Or "too little"?*  
*Arlene Francis—who enjoys being a housewife—has an inspiring answer*

By GLADYS HALL

Why is it that today's housewives don't like to be called "housewives"?

Why—when one of them does use the term—does she almost invariably refer to herself as "just a housewife"? Why that belittling "just"?

Why does Mrs. Average American Housewife implicitly depreciate herself—and the job she does?

Is she ashamed of being a housewife?

If so, WHY?

**G**OOD QUESTIONS, all. Fascinating questions. And no better or more fascinating person to answer them than Arlene Francis—actress, femcee, panelist, head of her own daily program on NBC-TV—but, most importantly in her own mind, a *housewife*. Not "just a housewife," but proud of being one. She's learned how others feel about it, though—both the humble and the proud—from her three-and-a-half-year tenure on NBC-TV's recent, beloved *Home* show, which brought her into contact, in person and by mail, with countless housewives all over these United States.

First, as to Arlene's (Continued on page 72)

Busy TV star Arlene has help for apartment in town but does all her own housework at real home in the country.





Though time-savers have freed modern woman to develop other talents, too, Arlene loves to cook.



Gardening is one of many "chores" which can lead to interesting projects beyond home itself.

Feeding the family is still an important job, but she can see why housewives yearn for variety of occupations "outside."



# Presley's Fight

*Palace—or prison? A revealing glimpse into the home where Elvis hides from the glare of publicity*

By LILLA ANDERSON

Gay music decorates the entrance to "Graceland." But those iron gates, which shut the curious out, also shut Elvis in. Few visitors can see his luxurious new home—except by plane.

AS BEFITS the prince of teenagers, Elvis Presley, when he enters his recently acquired Memphis mansion, walks on red carpet richer, deeper and more luxurious than European royalty ever knew. Splashes of gold accent his king-sized, custom-made furniture. To enhance the enjoyment of his leisure hours, there is a splendid swimming pool and a magnificently equipped recreation room. Beautiful Hollywood starlets and aspiring, handsome young actors are numbered among his many house guests. Yet the singer who was known for his neighborliness, when he lived in a low-rent housing project, today complains (*Continued on page 70*)

Guards round-the-clock must turn away the friendliest of callers. Elvis's uncle, Travis Smith (below), may sometimes take pictures for fans—but dares not let them in the grounds.



Some still prefer taking their own, even if it's only a blurred snap over the top of the stone wall—jagged and barb-wired to thwart "raids" of souvenir-hunters.



For a Private Life



# Presley's Fight for a Private Life

*Palace—or prison? A revealing glimpse into the home where Elvis hides from the glare of publicity*

By LILLA ANDERSON

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# YOU ASKED FOR IT



Art gets a real lift from show—thanks to strong lady Ada Ash.

By MAURINE REMENIH

**T**HE THINGS you ask for! It might be reasonable to assume that Art Baker, popular master of ceremonies for the ABC-TV series, *You Asked For It*, acquired his magnificent mane of white hair just trying to keep up with the requests the fans send in. It might be—but it isn't. That snowy top of Baker's has been his trademark for years, since he turned prematurely white-haired more than a decade ago.

There are, however, some signs of silver at the temples for the show's producer, Cran Chamberlin. And here there's no doubt that the mad chase for show material, over the past six-to-seven years, has been a contributing factor. Backstage television jobs are notoriously hectic, but one of the most hectic operations of them all is within the *You Asked For It* organization.

It stands to reason. Over the years, the show has been built around the requests sent in by thousands of viewers. Viewers are people, and like the comedian said, "People are funnier than anybody!" But, even though the show provides its originators with a few hair-graying—even a few hair-tearing and hair-raising—moments, it also furnishes them plenty of laughs. Chamberlin, who admits to dreaming up the idea in the first place, claims he created a "Frankenstein monster." He points out that the show, which he thought would have a life expectancy of several years at best, is now a ripe old veteran, and is getting stronger and more popular as the months

*Continued* →

*Art Baker and staff will go anywhere, do anything, for their viewers.*

*But honestly, folks, some of those requests should never have been made!*



Above, producer Cran Chamberlin and Art Baker re-live (although they'd rather not) a comic misadventure from *You Asked For It*. Expert really performed 1,000 push-ups as scheduled—but script and camera crossed him up.



"Fuzzy" (above with Art and trainer Chester Hayes) was a natural. Animal stunts outnumber all other requests, go over big—though "more fun than a barrel of monkeys" proved to be truer for staff than for the TV audience.



Acting as referee for boxing-kangaroo "Bam" and trainer Floyd Humeston was just all in the day's work for Art. Emceeding a wrestling match between man and alligator, however, turned out to be a frustrating battle of wits.



Lineman's demonstration of new method of resuscitation for victims of electrical shock had remarkably dramatic repercussions. At least two lives were saved, in month following, by viewers who learned how from the program.

## YOU ASKED FOR IT

(Continued)



Show's cameras range far afield these days, both here and abroad, covering as many subjects as an encyclopedia. Through cooperation of Cleveland's Chief Story (above with Art), *You Asked For It* obtained police department films of robbery at St. Clare Savings and Loan Company. Bandit subsequently saw films on TV—and turned himself in!



Russian bears are big business inside the U.S.S.R.—show business, that is. Program journeyed to Moscow to make movies of ursine stars, performing a centuries-old art, never before seen on this side of the Iron Curtain.

pile up into years of filling viewer requests.

Part of the show's increased appeal is due to the fact that the *You Asked For It* staff have extended their boundaries. Where they once covered only the United States, with an occasional spot from abroad, nowadays the whole world is their beat. And Chamberlin, for one, is now anticipating that his job will include international-size headaches, instead of purely local problems.

Those local problems have been funny enough, however, to last most producers a lifetime. One of Chamberlin's favorites came off several years ago. (Or, to be completely accurate, it didn't come off.) The staff had been receiving letters at intervals from various viewers afflicted with nostalgia for the "good old days" and with memories of the Steel Pier in Atlantic City. Each and all of these viewers requested another look at Cannonball Richards, a hero in his day who had been one of the attractions at the Pier. In his act, Richards had stood like a man of iron while a cannonball was fired square into his mid-section.

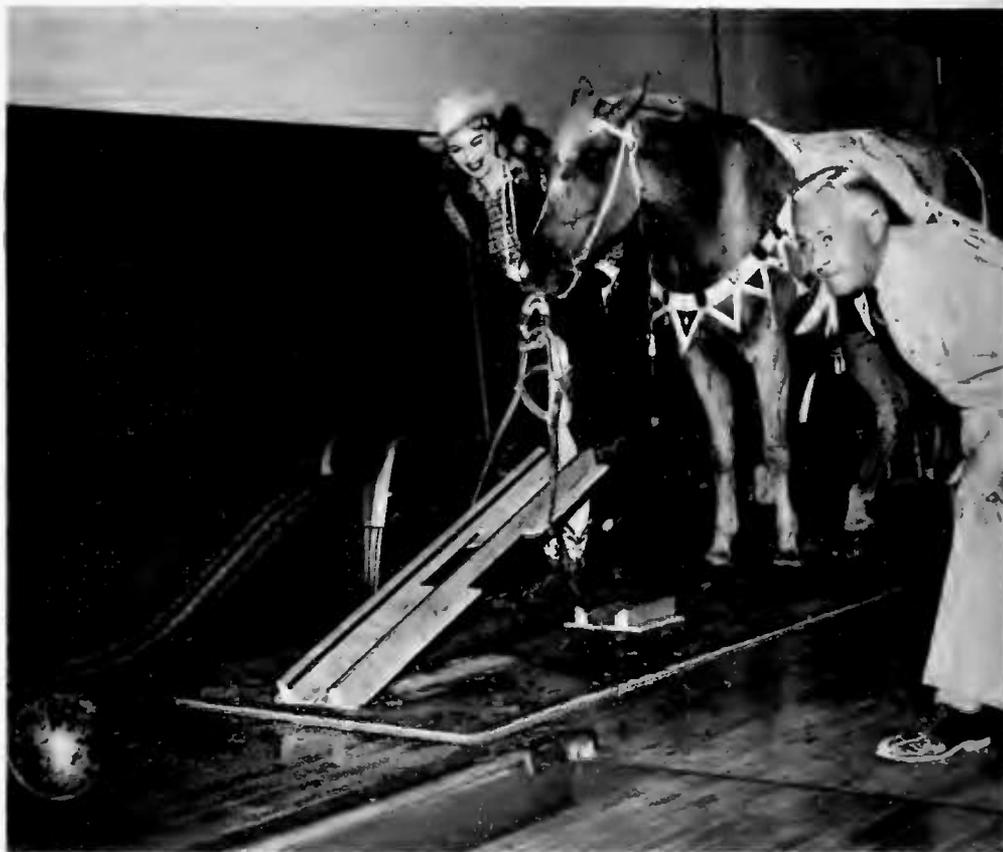
Investigation disclosed that Richards was now a resident of Long Beach, California—just a hop, skip and jump down the Freeway from the ABC-TV Hollywood studios, where the show originates. So a runner was dispatched forthwith to escort Mr. Richards back to the studio. The stunt was set up, the old firing-piece dusted off, and all was in readiness for the show.

Examination had proved that Cannonball Richards was in terrific (Continued on page 82)



Program runs gamut from eternal tragedy to transient comedy. Below: Its cameras take viewers to Hiroshima, Japan, with eye-witness commentary by Nobuko Sakoda—who was nine years old when the A-bomb fell on her home city. Right: In far less serious vein, Art pits his skill against that of a highly-touted "bowling horse."

You Asked For It—and Art Baker will do anything to oblige. Well, almost anything, except play with these cats! Mixup provided *two*—one famed as a cowardly lion, the other notorious as a man-biter. But which is which?



*You Asked For It*, with Art Baker as master of ceremonies and host, is seen over ABC-TV, Sundays, at 7 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Skippy Peanut Butter Division of The Best Foods, Inc.

# Hamburgers Hot!

*Ralph Camargo, whose forebears were Mexican, warms up a traditional American dish and serves it forth!*

**L**ucky the family in which father has a fine hand with the cooking. And doubly lucky the family in which father not only knows how to grill a steak, but is master of such mysteries as a spicy sauce for hamburgers, a meaty chili, a specially varied green salad. The Ralph Camargos, who live in Connecticut, happily depend on father's kitchen genius. Ralph, who is a veteran radio actor, came by his chefdom naturally. His forebears were Mexican, and the California Camargos—though three generations removed from their native land—had a strong feel for Mexican cooking. Ralph learned the secrets of the spicy Mexican dishes as a boy.

Typical of Ralph's "family fiestas" is the bi-lingual hamburger dish for which the recipe is given opposite. With its sauce, Hamburgers Camargo are designed to warm up a winter menu which includes macaroni and cheese. He also suggests a tossed salad which combines lettuce, romaine, endive, tomatoes, avocado, cucumber, radishes—or other vegetables. Top off this hearty winter meal with chocolate angel-food cake à la mode, with coffee or milk—and you'll have "lived it up"!

Mrs. Camargo, former actress-model Florence Skeels, is also a good cook. She is of English-Danish descent, born in Butte, Montana. The Camargos met in Seattle, Washington, when both were acting in radio there. Now suburban residents, with Ralph commuting from Connecticut to New York for his acting commitments, the Camargos dine "à la father" about once a week. Mrs. Camargo likes her "day off"—and the hamburgers.



Ralph—who's acted in both English and Spanish on CBS Radio—combines favorite foods from both sides of the border, in Hamburgers à la Camargo.



Well-bred Bedlington that he is, "Tassie" finds the Mexican-American aroma of his master's dish tempting beyond all barks.





For daughters Vicky, 12, and Felice, 17, a taste treat. For wife Florence, a day off from cooking.

### HAMBURGERS A LA CAMARGO

Place in a large bowl:

3 pounds lean beef, ground

Toss lightly with a fork, to break it up. Make a slight hollow in the mass, and drop in the following ingredients:

2 eggs, slightly beaten

dash of bottled hot sauce

4 dashes Worcestershire sauce or steak sauce

1 teaspoon salt

freshly ground black pepper, to taste

1 teaspoon celery salt

1 teaspoon prepared mustard

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon garlic powder

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon onion salt

1 teaspoon crumbled oregano

Mix lightly with a two-pronged kitchen fork. Then put 2 thick slices of cracked-wheat bread into a little warm water. Press water out with the hands and crumble the wet bread over the meat mixture, and toss with the meat until blended. Always work lightly. Shape into patties as large and thick as desired. These

can be cooked on a hot, slightly greased grill, or under a broiler or over charcoal. To get the charcoal flavor when cooking indoors, sprinkle with one of the fine charcoal seasonings available at any food market. Cook 2 minutes on each side for medium and 4 minutes for well-done meat. Serve with Salsa Sauce.

### SALSA SAUCE

Makes 1 pint of sauce.

Combine in a quart saucepan:

1 cup canned green chili peppers

1 (8 oz.) can tomato sauce

Unless you want a very hot sauce, rinse chili peppers in cold water and cut or wash away all seeds.

Peel and dice:

1 small onion

Cook it in a little salad oil until onion is transparent, then add it to the chili mixture. Bring to the simmering point, cover and let stand until it is served. If any sauce is left over, cool, then pour into a jar with a tight cover and store it in the refrigerator.

On CBS Radio, Ralph Camargo is Max Sebastian in *Backstage Wife*, M-F, 12:15 P.M., and Barney Stern in *Road Of Life*. M-F, 1:45 P.M. He is frequently heard on *City Hospital*, Sat., 1:05 P.M. (All times given EST)

# The Voices of MYSTERY

*Mutual's great weekly line-up of well-documented adventure proves crime truly doesn't pay—except for such top "impersonators" as these*

**T**HAT MYSTERY and adventure appeal to thinkers, as well as doers, is proved by Mutual's exciting across-the-board series on weekday evenings—*True Detective Mysteries*, *Treasury Agent*, *Gang Busters*, *Secrets Of Scotland Yard*, *Counterspy*—at least three of which are consistently among the top ten once-a-week programs "most listened to" in America!

There's the ever-present thrill of the chase, of course. But beyond that is the excitement of actuality: These crimes *happened*. These criminals were *caught*. (The Scotland Yard series, produced in England by Harry Alan Tower, is based on classic cases chosen by famed British reporter Percy Hoskins.)

It's a combination which guarantees both entertainment and public service. Over the years, *True Detective Mysteries*—in cooperation with the magazine for which it is named—has helped capture scores of fugitives, paid out tens of thousands of dollars to listeners and readers, through its special "Line-up" feature.

Stories dramatized on this program are drawn from cases already marked "closed." Emphasis is on the reasons for man's misbehavior, rather than his misdeeds (only four shots have been fired in some 1,000 broadcasts). "Dostoyevsky's 'Crime and Punishment,'" says scholarly, Manhattan-born writer-director Peter Irving, "had the answers to all modern-day criminal problems. *True Detective* proves that crime still starts with the character of the individual."

Fidelity to realism demands the best of acting, and Mutual's justly proud of its performers. Executive producer Warren Wade (who took over the reins of the Phillips Lord creations—*Treasury Agent*, *Gang Busters*, *Counterspy*—after the untimely death of Leonard Bass last



**LARRY HAINES**

June) is himself a former actor. Born in Akron, Ohio, he began as a "juvenile" under Broadway's great Belasco, became a pioneer in both radio and TV.

At NBC, Wade did the first experimental telecasts, the first TV dramas, mobile-unit and 90-minute shows. At WOR-TV, he originated the concept of "multi-weekly presentation" now seen nationally in *Million Dollar Movie*. A colonel in the Signal Corps, he put together the Army's first TV unit. He knows broadcasting techniques—and what good acting means.

Such acting is the trademark of Larry Haines, alias Joe Lincoln of *Treasury Agent*—and a mainstay of mystery-adventure on all networks. Born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., he met his wife Trudy during school days there, and they now live in a split-level house at Westport, Conn., where Larry has become quite a gardener in rare leisure hours.

An actor ever since leaving Yonkers College to do stock with the Westchester Players, Larry's busy day-times on TV as Stu Bergman in *Search*,



**JERI ARCHER**

*For Tomorrow*, on radio as Lew Archer in *The Second Mrs. Burton*. He likes the challenge of radio—"because it leaves so much to the imagination of the listener, demands so much from that of the actor."

Jeri Archer, born in Newark, bred in Summit, N. J., started acting with local groups and radio stations in high school. Her career got into full swing when a role was specially created for her, as Mitzi Green's sidekick in "Million Dollar Baby." She's done a number of Broadway plays since, hopes to do others.

At 11, Jeri was already producing playlets with rich character parts for herself. Today, she's still fond of radio because its versatility (plus her own) permits her to play everything from crusty spinsters to glamorous spies. "At Mutual," says the



**Warren Wade** (whose imposing hat is equally famous behind the scenes of both radio and TV) gives on-mike direction to three ace performers: Don MacLaughlin, star of *Counterspy*; Jeri Archer, featured on many a Mutual mystery-adventure, including *Gang Busters*; Larry Haines, who's heard as star of *Treasury Agent*.

tall redhead, "my specialty seems to be the Jekyll-and-Hyde woman—the smooth, dignified swindler who is really an evil witch at heart!"

Don MacLaughlin has not only been David Harding in *Counterspy* from that series' first days, back in 1942, but also Dr. Jim Brent on radio's *Road Of Life* and, more recently, Chris Hughes on TV's *As The World Turns*. Don takes special delight in *Counterspy*: "What average family man can carry a gun, surround a house and round up criminals?"

Very much a family man today, at home as well as in daytime drama, Don was born in Webster, Iowa, and was educated all over the country—winding up with graduate work at Arizona U. He got his radio and dramatic starts in Tucson, but found

his bride, Mary, in New York. Nowadays, they make their home with their three teenagers in a small Vermont town.

Son of an orchestra leader and a "Ziegfeld Follies" beauty, William Redfield was born to show business, in New York. Billy spent his early years in Washington, D.C., wanted to be a ballplayer—till he returned to Broadway to make his stage debut at 9. Radio, TV, stage and screen have claimed him ever since, except for an 18-month hitch in the Army.

Billy met his wife, Betsy, while doing a play with her sister, Julia Meade. They were wed last March, expect their first-born next January. "The girls are Yankee fans," he grins, "but I've been converting them to the Dodgers." Baby's bound to be either a ballplayer or a grandstand



**DON MacLAUGHLIN**

*Continued* →

# The Voices of MYSTERY

(Continued)



**WILLIAM REDFIELD**



**ETHEL EVERETT**

goddess—unless show-biz proves too strong for the third generation, too.

Manhattan-born Ethel Everett's family was dead-set against her becoming an actress, wanted her to be a teacher ("I still have the certificate in a bottom drawer somewhere"). Ethel became active in dramatics while attending Hunter College, got her first chance at Broadway when her play group won a competition. The stage proved less lucrative than radio and TV, where she has been much in demand for some years now.

Her roles, she says, seem to fall into two categories: Sane or insane. Ethel's been both psychiatrist and patient, both murderess and victim. "I'm the perfect audience for a mystery show," she twinkles. "I can never guess beforehand who-done-it—even when it turns out *I* did it!"

Peter Irving has called Robert Haag "one of the finest narrators I ever worked with." Long familiar in daytime serials, Bob likes working with documentary material, instead of fiction, on *T.D.M.*—"the first 'real'



**ROBERT HAAG**



**LAWSON ZERBE**

role I've ever had," he says in the voice that goes with being almost 6-feet-4. "There's a certain satisfaction in doing public service."

Bob, in fact, started out to study law, before little-theater work changed his plans. Born in Cullom, Ill., he attended high school in Springfield, Mass., got his first radio experience at WBZA. Today, he commutes between New York and Wilbraham, near Springfield, and agriculture is his avocation. "When you come from a farm," he says, "you never really get away from it."

Birthplace for Lawson Zerbe was Portland, Oregon, but he grew up in Dayton, Ohio, where he attended the Cooperative High School and later had a scholarship at the Dayton Art Institute. With only vague ideas of becoming an artist, Lawson spent



Peter Irving puts a stellar cast through the paces of *True Detective Mysteries*: Left to right—announcer Dan McCullough, top radio cop Bill Zuckert (standing), *T.D.M.* narrator Robert Haag, actress Ethel Everett, actor William Redfield.

much more of his time tinkering with cars—and organizing his own stock company, which actually got paid for playing at local clubhouses.

Lawson got some mike experience in Dayton, landed his first real “pro” job at WLW in Cincinnati, eventually headed for New York. Radio there welcomed him from the start—his first big network assignment was a top crime show—and he’s been in great demand ever since, for roles requiring high emotional tension.

Bronx-born Bill Zuckert went through local public schools—“but not very far.” He quit to run an elevator, passed a Civil Service exam, moved to Washington and

found himself in the Office of Indian Affairs—where he stayed long enough to acquire permanent status. (“If the acting business ever goes bad on me, I can always go back to the Indians. It was interesting!”)

But Bill counted up and discovered he’d done 50 or 60 community-service shows on the networks for free, in his spare time. He headed back for New York, to make a living at acting—and has scarcely missed a well-paid week on the air since. True to his Government background, he is nearly always cast on the side of the law—but he has also played Dillinger for *Gang Busters*’ re-enactments of that crime classic.



**BILL ZUCKERT**

All heard over Mutual, from 8:05 to 8:30 P.M. EST: Mon., *True Detective Mysteries*; Tues., *Treasury Agent*; Wed., *Gang Busters*; Thurs., *Secrets Of Scotland Yard*; Fri., *Counterspy*.

# The Voices of MYSTERY

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# Love at Second Glance

By DORA ALBERT

**I**T'S AN OLD-FASHIONED romance, an old-fashioned marriage. But they met on a blind date—Mary Lou Harrington, the brown-eyed, dark-haired Joan of *One Man's Family*, and Joe Dialon, to whom she has been married for the two happiest years of her life. One of Mary Lou's closest girl friends, Marilyn Wroe, whom she has known ever since they were in the sixth grade together, was giving a Hallowe'en party. For a whole year, Marilyn had been worrying about Mary Lou's lack of a serious romance. Ever since Mary Lou, who had dated one boy steadily for more than four years, had broken off with him by mutual consent. (They had found themselves drifting steadily farther and farther apart. Though he was six months older than Mary Lou, she was more mature than he in many ways—and both of them realized, possibly with regret, that they weren't really right for each other.) (Continued on page 83)

Looking at husband Joe Dialon, holding baby Alan, Mary Lou is glad she wasn't too old-fashioned about "blind dates"!



Unlike Joan of *One Man's Family*,  
Mary Lou Harrington has found just the right man,  
just the kind of marriage Father Barbour would approve





**Professional touch:** Joe—ace cameraman for George Putnam's news show over Station KTTV—records his greatest scoops in home movies of wife and child.



**Amateur disaster:** Joe's luck has been bad, when it comes to home gardening. His do-it-yourself weed killer stopped growth of all the nice green grass, too. Mary Lou has more faith in their ability to raise happy children, hopes to have others just as lively as Alan.

---

Mary Lou Harrington is Father Barbour's granddaughter, Joan, in the beloved serial drama, *One Man's Family*, created by Carlton E. Morse and now heard afternoons on NBC Radio, Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M. EST.





# Romance in a Whirlwind

By FRANCES KISH

**N**OTHING that could happen to Patrick O'Neal as Dick Starrett, in Sheldon Reynolds' new *Dick And The Duchess* series on CBS-TV, could be more romantic and adventurous than Patrick's own experiences of the past year or so. To begin, there was the sheer luck by which he happened to be on the spot to be chosen for Dick—instead of three thousand miles away in California. It had been Cynthia's idea to come to New York to see the New Year in . . . so there he was, in the right place at just the right time.

There is Cynthia herself and the romantic way in which they met. They had the same agent, who kept

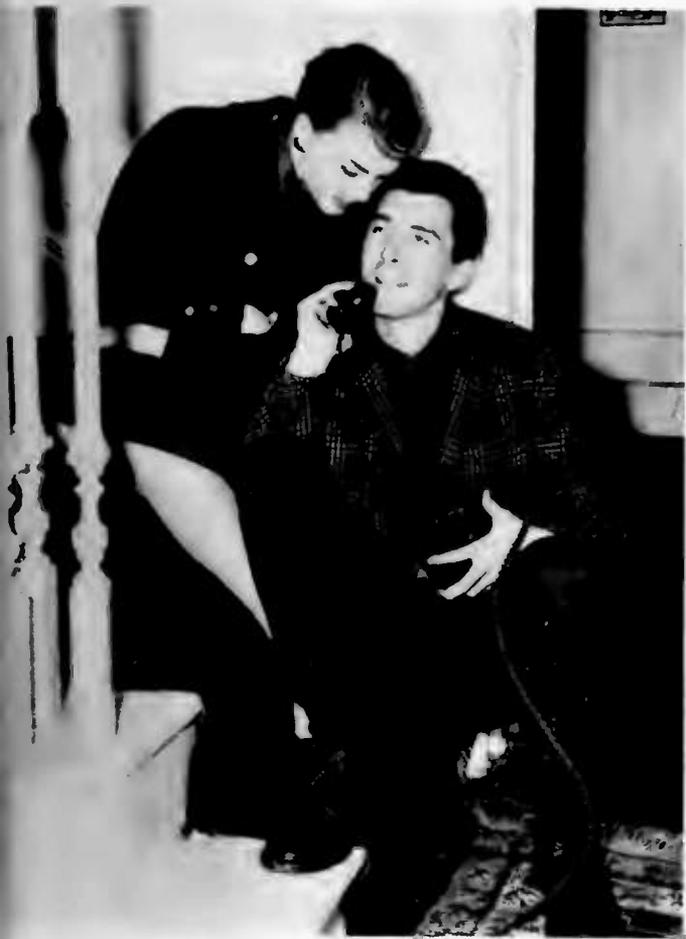
trying to bring them together ("Cynthia is a fine girl"—"Patrick is a fine fellow") . . . but, until she saw Patrick on a television screen, Cynthia hadn't shown much interest in the proposed meeting.

There was their almost impossible plan to be married on the eve of his leaving for Europe last January to make the pilot film for *Dick And The Duchess* . . . a marriage in which literally a dozen people helped, many of them perfect strangers to both. And their idyllic two-month honeymoon in Europe, after the film was shot in London and Paris . . . except that they almost got lost in a blizzard driving over a (Continued on page 68)

What a year for Patrick O'Neal!  
 Love, marriage, stardom in the new  
 series, *Dick And The Duchess*—  
 all within just the past few months



European honeymoon was the icing on their wedding cake. River Thames looked peaceful indeed, from Westminster Bridge, after that hectic ceremony in New York and hasty flight to England.



Transatlantic phone keeps them close to America, even while in London. Evenings, on the quiet balcony of their Knightsbridge home, Cynthia cues Patrick for next day's *Dick And The Duchess*.



Sentry outside Buckingham Palace may be more imposing—despite Patrick's noble "guardsman stance"—but Cynthia staunchly believes her bridegroom will always be best man anywhere!



Patrick O'Neal co-stars with Hazel Court in the title roles of *Dick And The Duchess*, as seen over CBS-TV, each Saturday, from 8:30 to 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Helene Curtis and Megen David Wines.



Actress Haila Stoddard has time for everything that matters.

## Dashing Lady

Haila Stoddard makes every minute count—including those she devotes to beauty

By HARRIET SEGMAN

**H**AILA STODDARD, of television and theater, has time by the tail. Sample day: She deposits her husband at the 7:12 A.M. train at Briarcliff, New York, returns home to pack her son off to school, complete with lunch, drives off at ten for her 11:15 CBS-TV rehearsal, rehearses from after the show until 5:45 for the next day, reaches the theater at eight for a leading dramatic role—and, all the time, remains on tap to fill in, if needed, on ten minutes' notice, for Rosalind Russell in "Auntie Mame." If she's not in a play, Haila and husband Whitfield Connor spend the evening at work as a writing team. Then they drive home to Briarcliff. Obviously, all this takes organization and self-discipline. "I just don't have time to be (Continued on page 69)



Busy Haila acts on TV's *Secret Storm* (above), and is Roz Russell's standby in "Auntie Mame."



Sunday at home, and husband Whitfield Connor helps in decorating experiment.



More weekend domesticity: Daughter Robin and Whit help Haila prepare special dinner.

# Getting to Know Him

(Continued from page 25)

"We'd known each other for three years," says Patti, "but we'd never really spent twenty-four hours a day together before. We'd never had time."

Now, at last, they had it. Six long weeks together, with no separations, no pressure of work, no public appearances. Six weeks when they could be just Mr. and Mrs. O'Curran, American tourists.

They had planned their honeymoon for months, even before they were married last December in Las Vegas. They had talked for hours, over the telephone wires from Los Angeles to New York, about where they would go, what they wanted to see. Charlie, who had been abroad three times before, would be the guide, but Patti had some very definite ideas.

"I wanted to see the Tower of London and the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace," she says, "and all the things I'd been reading and hearing about for years. Paris, of course, and Rome.

"Friends we met in England thought we were crazy, but we didn't care."

The sailing was gay and fun, as a honeymoon sailing should be. Mr. and Mrs. O'Curran's suite on the *Ile de France* was jammed with friends. Stewards rushed in and out with champagne and baskets of fruit and flowers. Everyone chattered away like mad. Charlie who loves people and talk, was here, there, and everywhere.

The "All-ashore" signal sounded at last and Patti and Charlie looked at each other over the luggage and the flowers and the empty glasses. Then suddenly she was in his arms. The honeymoon had begun.

The *Ile de France* is a luxury liner in the best French tradition. The carpets are thick and soft, the furnishings exquisite, the service perfect, the food divine. And Patti and Charlie had nothing to do but enjoy it. Breakfast in bed, with the freshly baked croissants they were to get to know so well . . . a stroll around the deck . . . shuffleboard . . . dancing . . . the nights when, hand in hand, they watched the shine of the moon on the water, looked up at the stars, bigger than Patti had ever seen them before.

It didn't take long for the word to get around that one of America's most popular singers and her husband were on board. Invitations to parties began arriving, and Patti was asked to sing.

They debarked at Plymouth, late in the afternoon, and took a car, instead of the boat train, to London. "We thought we were being pretty bright," Patti laughs, "but the boat train got in at 10:30 P.M. and it was half-past one in the morning before we made it. And there were fans, I heard later, waiting at the station in London for me." Thoughtful always, Patti disliked the idea of disappointing the young folk who had gathered to see her.

It was on the road from Plymouth to London that Patti got her first taste of England's non-iced drinks. Thirsty, they had decided to stop at one of the quaint old pubs which dot the highway.

"Our drinks were lukewarm, but we saw a refrigerator just back of the bar so we thought we could safely ask for ice," says Patti. "But when we did, the barmaid hustled out to the kitchen and came back with two ice cubes, one of which she dropped carefully into each glass." She giggled. "It wasn't very cold ice, either."

London in July was London in the rain. And while the drinks were warm, the weather was cold. Patti, who had packed only summer clothes—"I didn't even take a suit"—scurried out and bought a coat. Between showers, and in them, too,

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Charlie made sure that Patti saw London. The Tower of London . . . Buckingham Palace . . . the changing of the guard . . . Westminster Abbey . . . Soho . . . Madame Tussaud's Waxworks . . . The House of Parliament with Big Ben on its top . . . everything Patti had wanted to see.

And they took pictures. "Charlie," Patti says, "turned out to be an inveterate picture-taker, once we'd visited a camera shop in London and learned how to operate the Rolleiflex camera loaned to us by David Workman, a New York photographer." Patti was photographed feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, in front of Buckingham Palace, and at Windsor Castle, to which they made their one jaunt outside of London proper.

One evening they went to the theater, where they saw Laurence Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh in "Titus Andronicus." "It was the first Shakespearean play I'd ever seen," Patti says candidly. The play—and the theater—were all Patti had dreamed of: The stalls, which turned out to be just orchestra seats . . . the tea brought to their seats between acts . . . the 7:30 curtain, with time for a late dinner afterwards.

They met old friends—the Les Browns, Bob Hope, Eddie Albert—and made new ones. And they laughed, curled up together in a big chair in the living-room of their suite, over some of the strange English expressions. "I lost two stone last year," a new acquaintance told Patti. And the Oklahoma-born singer never got up the courage to ask her how much a "stone" was. (Editor's Note: It's fourteen pounds.)

They saw their first British television. Their suite at the Savoy had been occupied, just before their arrival, by "an ambassador or something" for whom a TV set had been installed. By wheedling, palm-greasing, and just plain refusing to let anyone take it out, they kept the set. "It was great," says Patti. "A finer screen than ours, which made for a wonderful picture."

While Charlie and Patti had been dashing around like typical tourists, sightseeing days and dining with friends evenings, the British press had been bombarding them with requests for interviews. "They couldn't believe that we'd come over just for fun," Patti says. But eventually she gave in and for a week the O'Curran honeymoon became one press-interview after another.

"One of the things every reporter asked me was why my voice was higher on television (Patti's filmed series is shown in England) than it is in real life. Then one day I went down to the studio to have some pictures taken in front of the screen on which one of my films was being shown.

"That's too fast," I told Charlie. "They're playing it too fast." And sure enough, we discovered that they ran twenty-five frames to the second, while here we run twenty-four. Just that little difference in speed made my voice sound higher."

Despite the rain and the cold, "England was a fairyland." The city of London, with its narrow, winding streets, its quaint shops, its huge lumbering buses . . . the tiny English cars sputtering along on the left side of the street . . . the luxury of the Savoy, where "the service was exquisite, but I can't say as much for the food. In the morning, tea was brought to our room, but it's hard to get tea after lunch or dinner, the way we can here. The English serve it at breakfast and at tea time; say it's too much work to make it other times.

"The gay night-life was wonderful. Summer is London's big social season. We had supper at Ziggy's, where show people gather. Once we saw Princess Margaret's

lady-in-waiting dancing in a London club. It was exciting, all of it."

All this—and being together, too.

Patti fingers the broad gold band, her eyes glowing. She's a different Patti these days—softer, prettier, and with a shine of happiness that she makes no effort to hide. The gold band, she explains, is not the ring Charlie slipped on her finger last December. That one is platinum, set with five huge pear-shaped diamonds, and too dazzling for everyday wear. Patti keeps it carefully in its velvet case, taking it out only for special occasions. For regular days, she wears the flexible gold band made of links to match her watch bracelet.

It was raining when Patti and Charlie left London.

"Take the boat train to Paris," friends had advised, "and be sure to get up when you get beyond Dover, so you can see the white cliffs."

The boat train, Patti explained, runs from London to Dover, where the cars are switched directly onto the ferry to cross the English Channel, so the occupants can stay in their berths all the way to Paris.

"We got up," Patti says, "but we couldn't see a thing. We didn't find out till we got home that we should have dressed and gone out to the observation car."

Paris, when they arrived, was gray and lovely in the rain. It rained . . . and rained, and rained, while Charlie hauled an increasingly reluctant Patti out to see everything. The Eiffel Tower . . . Notre Dame . . . the Arch of Triumph . . . the Louvre, of course.

Their headquarters was a suite at the Prince de Galles, a luxury hotel just off the Champs Elysées, and around the corner from the salon of Christian Dior. They laughed together over the huge bathtub, above which hung a cord "so you could call a maid if you wanted your back scrubbed." And they kept the door of the suite firmly locked against the servants who, European style, come and go with scarcely a knock to announce their entrance.

They breakfasted, invariably, in their suite. But breakfast became so late, and the lunches were so huge, that Patti found herself falling asleep immediately afterward. So they hit upon a pattern—coffee when they woke, breakfast later, and nothing more until dinner. And a late dinner at that, in one of the famous Paris restaurants—Maxim's, the Tour d'Argent (where Charlie sampled the famous pressed duck), the Monseigneur, where a bevy of violinists surrounded their table, serenading them in the candlelight.

In New York, Patti loves to shop. Given a free afternoon, she heads for Fifth Avenue like a homing pigeon. But in Paris, Patti bought little; some perfume, gloves, beaded bags. She slipped around the corner one afternoon without Charlie and visited Dior's boutique, where exquisite blouses, scarves, gloves and other such frou-frou were on display. But the Patti Page you're seeing on *The Big Record* is dressed in American gowns.

With the French language, Patti had little difficulty. She just let Charlie handle the conversations, nodding, smiling, and adding a "merci beaucoup" or a "bonjour, madame," now and then.

"Charlie's theory is to talk fast, whether he says anything or not," Patti laughs. And it's easy to see that getting to know her husband was more fun for her than munching French hot dogs in the Eiffel

Tower, with all of Paris at her feet.

"He started talking as soon as he saw anyone coming, and he kept it up until after they'd left. He was 'bon jour-ing' and 's'il vous plait-ing' all over the place."

The days in Paris were rainy, but after their sightseeing jaunts there were the glamorous nights, with visits to night spots in the Montmartre, Montparnasse, and the swankier clubs in the Champs Elysées section. They by-passed the Folies Bergère; saw the floor show at the Lido instead. "But no pretty girls," adds Patti. "Nowhere did Charlie see a pretty girl." It hadn't occurred to her, obviously, that Charlie had eyes for no one but the girl at his side.

From Paris it was only a short flight to Switzerland, with Zurich, Lucerne and Interlaken entrancing them both. "I loved Switzerland," says Patti, her eyes a little dreamy as she thinks back on the quaint, picture-postcard villages and the magnificent view of the Jungfrau from their hotel windows.

In Zurich ("Where you can just pick up the phone and dial anyone anywhere in the world"), Patti went a little mad over the food. Before she left, she added a Swiss cookbook to her list of purchases. It's in English, but she hasn't had time yet to discover whether the recipes live up to the cooking in the Hermitage.

"They served a veal dish that was divine," says Patti. "Three strips of veal, cut very narrow, with a sort of white sauce over them, and served with rice, or noodles, or those potatoes they call *rosti*."

It was in Zurich that Charlie was always making jokes with the cab drivers, Patti says. "He told one that I wanted to go somewhere to hear Scandinavian folk music, and the driver, very seriously, said, 'Is it imperative?'"

But there was rain in Switzerland, too. Patti and Charlie began to feel that they'd been born with wet feet and sodden raincoats. Should they go on to Rome and the south of France, as they had planned, hoping to find the sun? Or should they spend the last two weeks of their honeymoon in a spot where they *knew* there would be sunshine?

It didn't take them long to decide. Back to Paris, onto a plane. Almost before they had a chance to dry out they were in Palm Springs, California, where they luxuriated in the heat and the sun for two all-too-short weeks.

The Nick Castles were their hosts there and, as Patti watched her husband playing about the pool with the two Castle children, she learned something more about him: Charlie, the *bon vivant*, the gay man-about-town, was only the shell of the real Charlie.

"I used to be afraid to say I didn't want to go out at night," she confesses now, "but we haven't been out once since we got home. I've discovered that Charlie is happy as a clam just sitting home evenings."

That's what they're doing now, when they can be together. The honeymoon, unhappily, is over, and once more they must be separated for long periods of time.

Patti is kept in New York by her weekly television show while Charlie has commitments in Hollywood.

"He has the Presley picture to do before Elvis goes into the Army," Patti explains. "That will be finished before Christmas. Then he'd like to do a Broadway play."

Meanwhile, as the phone bills mount because of their constant cross-country calls, Patti's been searching for a larger apartment. One big enough for two—or more. And hugging to her the memory of her honeymoon and the husband it helped her to *really* know and love.

January TV Radio Mirror  
on sale December 5

# That Sentimental Softie: Frank Sinatra

(Continued from page 30)

get one started and see it through."

Opinion in Hollywood is divided as to whether this is the wise way—or the time. Whether—what with his many movies, his Capitol records, his night-club appearances, and all the rest—Frank Sinatra should be spreading himself thinner with weekly television. Whether he isn't gambling his popularity at the box-office.

Typical of this all-or-nothing-at-all star (and of his fabulous career founded on challenge), Frank has gone in swinging, with the highest-budget half-hour in television—plus spectaculars—at a time when such giants as Sid Caesar and Jackie Gleason and many a top show have been toppled by over-exposure in the hungry medium of TV.

Sinatra's ace production staff believe that his versatility is the answer . . . that this rules out any danger of over-exposure. As producer William Self says, "We feel the variety nature of the show will lick that—and Frank can handle anything. I don't know of any finer actor or singer today than Sinatra." Scriptor Bill Morrow confidently puts it this way: "If TV's knocked out the giants, they'll need a strong personality. Television will need some more giants—can use a Sinatra."

Varying his shows in much the same way Frank successfully switches tempos in his Capitol Records albums today, he will star in thirteen musical half-hour shows and thirteen dramatic shows this season. He'll host ten dramatic shows, and he will do another one-hour spectacular in addition to the premiere. He plans using top names in the musicals, and will also feature each of his children on one show.

Seventeen-year-old Nancy and two girl friends, Jane Ross and Binnie Burrell (a very talented young coloratura who's aiming for a career in light opera), have a trio called "The Tri-Tones." They've been singing together since junior high, performing at the Veterans Hospital, the Brentwood Country Club, and special assemblies at University High. "On one show," said Bill Morrow, just before the premiere, "Frank will sing with Nancy—and Nelson Riddle will make an arrangement for a four-part song for Frank and the trio.

"Frank Junior's a fine pianist," Bill continued. "He plays classical music—but he'll probably step down a little bit for our show and accompany his dad on something in the pop field," he adds with a grin. "Tina? I think we'll probably use Tina on one of the live hour spectaculars. She'll do something with her dad—maybe Frank will put on the ballet shoes and dance with her."

They planned a "month's shooting" for all thirteen half-hour musicals. How could they do it? "I don't know," Bill admitted. "And I've never seen it done—but then, Frank already has some 'firsts' to his credit."

Frank's "first" and his whole phenomenal career are the result of "his overwhelming talent," as conductor-arranger Nelson Riddle observes. "Talent will out—that's an old saying—but only if it's in a sufficient quantity. Frank's is a blockbuster, not only in music but in all the arts. His ability as an actor carries over in phrasing and interpretation. Frank has that sympathy for the written word, whether it's said or sung."

Versatility. Excitement. Magnetism. Music. . . . They're all an important part of the Sinatra story. But there's another compelling ally in Frank's corner now. Sinatra himself, today. The fire and the

heart and the music of him, all pulling together. He's a one-man Marine Corps in show business, striking in all directions—but with only one objective.

Recently, a friend asked Frank how he was accomplishing so much today. Frank's personal explanation was: "I'm doing things one at a time. You know how I used to be—trying to do a lot of things at one time. I used to get so many things on my mind, and I'd get so confused I couldn't get anything done. Now I'm taking first things first, and I'm not trying the next thing until the first thing's done. Man, I'm getting a whole lot more accomplished!" The friend laughed. Sinatra is doing just about everything at once today. But, importantly, Frank's is no longer a *divided* heart and energy.

Songwriters eulogized Sinatra's interpretation of lyrics from the beginning, saying, "He sings every song like it's part of him." And they were right. Every song was. The two meteors—the music and the man—were Siamese twins. The same emotional intensity which made headlines also early foretold the finest of actors, and still shades a lyric until it cries the story. "I aim to be a storyteller," Frank said, the first time we met him. "Music is a backdrop for a poem. The lyric's the thing."

Today, he himself tells a happier story—with one ending. He's no longer pulling against himself, his ambitions, his loves and his angers. He has two loves, his children and his career. His goal—which is also for them—is one and the same. Today, nobody can stop him. But, even when pulling against himself and losing power, Sinatra—son of an Italian fireman, born on a Jersey waterfront—rose to fame such as the world seldom sees.

Those who seem bent on analyzing Frank Sinatra so clinically today are like people who arrive at a movie in the middle of the picture—and immediately become authorities on the whole plot. You want to tell them, "Wait and see the beginning of the picture, before you're so sure what the middle's about—and where it will all end."

Fundamentally, of course, Sinatra hasn't really changed since the day he arrived in Hollywood—except in his objectives. He was a true talent from the beginning. When Harry James found Frank singing at the Rustic Cabin in New Jersey for twenty-five dollars a week, he was impressed by "his way of talking a lyric—the feeling—the way he made the story come through." . . . Connie Haines, who was James' vocalist when Frank joined the band, remembers the first date he played with them—in Baltimore, Maryland. "Frank wasn't billed. The fans didn't even know his name. But they were standing at the stage door, yelling for him." . . . Jo Stafford, a "Pied Piper" when Sinatra joined Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, wasn't impressed that first day he walked on the theater stage—"but, by the time Frank had finished singing eight bars, I thought, *This is the greatest sound I ever heard!* He had a tremendous sound. But he had more than that . . . just call it talent."

He was born exercising his American prerogative for freedom of belief and speech. Success in no way ever inspired this trait of Frank's. Challenge and controversy—in whatever proportion—never slowed him. From the beginning, he was on his feet when he felt justification, even before the bell rang. And you often admired him—because he so often said what you would like to say and didn't dare—at a time when he shouldn't have dared, either.

According to musicians and friends, this was always true, too. Although Tommy Dorsey's band was the top spot for a vocalist, Frank didn't hesitate to take a walk into the unknown . . . that, typically, proved a turning point to fame. There was a large hassle subsequently over Dorsey's fat percentage and Frank "buying himself back" from him—but the kick-off was also typical, though little-known. It was the last day of the band's engagement in Indianapolis and Dorsey was kidding around with his trombone behind Frank's number while he was singing. He'd done this many times before—and Frank had laughed. But finally it was too much . . . and, besides, Frank's father was in the audience.

"I've had enough," Sinatra said. Three words which were to prove the turning point, more than once, in Frank's life and career . . . and no general could ever say them more decisively. From the beginning in Hollywood, with just one foot inside the sound-stage door on a movie lot, he would protest where established stars didn't dare . . . when he felt justified. He just wouldn't report to the set. Frank would take on a top executive, in whom he felt authority had been considerably misplaced, without so much as a blink of his big blue eyes.

His confidence was always exceeded only by his talent, but Sinatra made a career of building others' egos, too, and giving them breaks that changed their whole futures. Stories are legion of his generousities in giving others a chance in the sun. Many have been mentioned. Skitch Henderson, a fine pianist, was just out of the Army, looking for a future, when Frank starred him on his radio show. "I like to see people light up," Frank used to say.

He was the first pop singer to sing in the Hollywood Bowl . . . and he was in no way discouraged by the longhairs who frankly questioned the wisdom of Frank Sinatra's replacing opera-concert star Gladys Swarthout, who couldn't appear. Despite the fact that the Bowl was operating at a financial loss and needed a Sinatra, some symphonics then were afraid the hallowed surroundings would never be the same.

He really had them hanging from the Milky Way that night. Every celeb in Hollywood who had a daughter was there (including Bing Crosby, who hadn't). The fans were screaming, "Sing to me, Frankie." Right in the middle of "Old Man River," a battery of photographers yelled, "Smile, Frankie, smile." And Constantin Bakaleinikoff, who'd just preceded him on the program, conducting "The Nutcracker Suite," was a genially bewildered fellow. He kept saying, "Not even the Russian Revolution—even—"

Yes, from the beginning . . . up and down and up the ladder . . . Frank Sinatra's had quite a few "firsts."

Frank has termed the year 1951 the darkest for him professionally. "I couldn't get anywhere with my career or anything." He will be ever grateful for the boost Bob Hope gave him at that time. "Bob gave me a spot to do in one of his TV shows—this was early in the one-hour TV show. All the industry was watching to see whether I could get off the canvas and come around again. And Bob set me up so beautifully on the show . . . arranged for me to have all the laughs."

It was "Maggio" who put him back into the big money, however. And, typically, this was Frank's gamble . . . and his victory. He was five-hundred miles into

the interior of Africa, discouraged, and relatively broke—billed by the government for around \$108,000 back income tax—and no good offers to alleviate it. He was torn between his second marriage and his career, flying around the world like Captain Jet, trying to keep nightclub dates and rejoin wife Ava Gardner on foreign locations. Show business said Sinatra was virtually on his way out. The old magic no longer seemed to have them in his spell. The Hoboken Kid was going down for the count.

But the Hoboken Kid was just getting his second wind. He'd had his heart set on the role of Maggio in "From Here to Eternity" before Columbia Pictures even bought the book. Frank felt he knew the tough-talking, wisecracking, warm-hearted Italian as well as his own skin. He went in swinging for it personally—"I didn't even send my agent." He talked to producer Buddy Adler "and anyone else who would listen to me." Production was a long way off, but Frank wanted to get his licks in there first.

He watched—and read items—and waited . . . while others were signed for the picture. Finally, thousands of miles away in Africa, a disheartened Frank got the good news that the studio was making tests and would test him if he wanted to come back—at his own expense. His own gamble.

Within thirty-six hours, Frank was in Hollywood. Producer Buddy Adler handed him the test scene—the drunk scene—and Frank took one look at it and handed it back. "I don't need this," he said. He already knew it. Later, the producer admitted his feeling at the time was: "Well—that's what you think. We'll see about that." But, as he added, "I didn't feel he had a Chinaman's chance, anyway, so I just said, 'Well—okay.'" Frank was the last to test, and late in the afternoon, Buddy Adler got a call from the director, Fred Zinnemann, saying, "You'd better come down to the set. You're going to see something *unbelievable*."

When the word spread about his performance in "From Here to Eternity," Frank had the world on a string again. But—paradoxically—by then, his second marriage had failed, too, and he seemed too disheartened to care. Film and television offers were pouring in. He'd turned down "Waterfront" because he had so

many previous commitments—"it's just cutting the time too close." There wasn't enough of him to go around for all the mediums wanting him.

"I'm beat," he told us one night at a television rehearsal. "I'm doing three radio shows a week for NBC, I've been recording two nights, and I'm rehearsing here all day—" He said it all like a man just repeating words. No spark. No big victory. Too drained of all emotion to care. He didn't go along with all the talk that he was sure to get an Academy Award. "Oh, no—I'm not looking for any Oscar. It's just because it's offbeat for me—you'll see." He only brightened once . . . when he said his daughter Nancy had seen the picture—"and she loved it . . . their mother took all of the children to see it."

By the time of the Oscars, however, it was a different Frank, a jubilant Frank, who went to the Awards dinner, flanked by Nancy, Jr. and Frank, Jr. . . . and gripping in his hand the medallion the children had given him, with his guardian angel on one side, a little Oscar on the other, and inscribed, "To Dad—From Here To Eternity."

It was a happy Frank who said, after that evening, "Everything is ahead of me. Man—I'm on top of the world. I'm buoyant."

Today . . . the "freak singer" who came to Hollywood leaning on a microphone has fifty-five people working for him in connection with his career and his various enterprises. As Frank has said, with a grin, "Suddenly, I'm a one-man industry." And he is. At Columbia studios, where Sinatra was paid eight thousand dollars for "From Here to Eternity," he recently got a reported \$150,000 for "Pal Joey"—and twenty-five percent of the picture. He has a healthy percentage of Paramount's "The Joker Is Wild," in which he plays comedian Joe E. Lewis, and of his current "Kings Go Forth," co-starring Natalie Wood and Tony Curtis . . . to be followed by "Jazz Train," with Sammy Davis, Jr.

Throughout "Pal Joey," he was conferring, between scenes, with his television staff about his weekly ABC-TV show. He was recording at Capitol Records at night until two A.M. And he was making personal appearances on weekends. Between pictures—if there's an extra week—he plays a date at the Sands Hotel. When

he's in Hollywood, you'll usually find him, late in the evening, gladhanding the patrons and doing everything but baking pizzas at Patsy D'Amore's Villa Capri restaurant—of which he has a percentage.

Suddenly, he's a one-man industry . . . and nothing but sevens. . . .

After seeing a private showing of "The Joker Is Wild" recently, Nancy Sinatra, a very fair critic, told friends she considered this "the best thing Frank's ever done. He's so like Joe E. Lewis in some scenes, it's a little frightening."

Portraying the beloved cafe personality was one more challenge for Frank Sinatra, and one he took but seriously: "It was a hard picture for me—because I'm not a funny man. It was doubly hard—because Joe E. Lewis is very much alive and has thousands of fans who would gladly boil me alive if I didn't do right by their Joe. But it was a picture I had to make. I've loved the guy since I met him in 1938, and I wanted this film to be made with understanding and loving hands."

The picture shows it. Frank's comment, when he saw it for the first time, was, "Boy, we've got a gasser, a real goodie. If the people don't like me in this—I'm through." He also hazarded a guess that, if Joe E. Lewis's fans didn't like him in it, he was likewise through . . . soon on his way to parts unknown.

He's as "through" as Hollywood's brightest new star. On a two-a-day concert around the country, just recently, Frank proved the old Sinatra magic still has them very largely in its spell. In Albuquerque, Denver, El Paso, Phoenix, Seattle, Vancouver—at the Cow Palace in San Francisco—it was the same story. An ovation wherever he appeared. The soprano squeals have given way, today, to thunderous applause from both sexes—and all ages. The same public Frank Sinatra is now meeting on TV screens across America.

The pace was hectic, but worth it. Frank worked all week before the cameras on "Pal Joey," and made flying appearances on weekends, accompanied by a twenty-six-piece band, a dance team, and a comedian. He played twelve stops in three weekends, an afternoon show in Albuquerque on Saturday and a night show in Denver, Sunday afternoon in El Paso and Sunday night in Phoenix. And so on. But the welcome he received everywhere was worth it.

With his warm, intimate way of talking to an audience, his quick wit, his songs—his way with words—Sinatra had the audience hanging on his every word—spoken or sung.

The Sinatra versatility at work. The same magic, the warmth, the humor, the music. For Frank, meeting his public face-to-face across the country and being welcomed so warmly was a rewarding and heartwarming experience. Expanding himself on weekly television is no real gamble . . . just another challenge in the life of Francis Albert Sinatra. Television can't drain him professionally or personally. He's too much talent—and too many men. . . .

To those who view more passively the adventure of living—and so clinically review those who live it more adventurously—Frank is always somewhat of a mystery. You want to say, "Quit trying to explain him. Just enjoy him . . . his music and his magic. His bright, hot, exciting talent that touches and brightens the drabber lives of many, many fans who live it up a little more through him."

Today's Sinatra, however, has changed in the one all-important way . . . which releases all cylinders for the future. He's no longer torn between two lives—personally and professionally. The music and the emotion are channeled one way—his future and his family.

## I saved my MARRIAGE

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His family still live in the Holmby Hills estate he bought, with its swimming pool, projection room and rolling lawns. But they live relatively simply. There's a playroom that can accommodate a hundred guests, but the only time it's used is when Nancy, Jr. entertains her club at University High, numbering about forty girls. Nancy Sinatra talks occasionally about selling the house. It's Frank who talks against it, saying, "Keep it for the kids." There's a Japanese couple, but Nancy makes many of the children's clothes—and cooks most of the meals. And Frank drops by to see the children frequently.

Frank and Nancy Sinatra are an intelligent example of how to be parents though divorced—how to see to it that the children never lack for love or attention from either side. They share the responsibility. They talk over any problems and, if there's any minor disciplining in order, it's Frank who lowers the boom, grounding them from a movie or a party or some pleasure.

Of Frank the father, a close friend of the Sinatras says, "If Frank were a father living at home, I don't see how he could be more generous or considerate or thoughtful or affectionate."

When Tina had measles not long ago and had to be closeted in a dark room for ten days, her father bought a new record-player and a batch of kiddie records—and called her constantly through the day, keeping her company. For Nancy, Jr.'s seventeenth birthday, Frank surprised her by driving over a pink Thunderbird with white leather upholstery, and the family dined at the Villa Capri together.

Frank has unqualified admiration for the wonderful job Nancy Sinatra's done raising the children. They're poised, intelligent and unspoiled. They've never

attended private schools. Their mother believes in public schools and has wanted them to grow up like the wonderful normal kids they are. She's kept them out of the spotlight as much as possible. Frank, Jr. gets a weekly allowance of seventy-five cents, and Tina's was recently raised from a quarter to thirty-five cents. All three children take piano and are talented musically, and Frank couldn't be more delighted. When Nancy, Jr. was younger, her father used to talk about how happy he would be if she loved music as he did. "She has a great ear for music now," he would say, "and, although she isn't conscious of it, I'm training it all I can." He used to wear out his collection of classical records playing them for her absorption. Nancy, Jr. is very talented in composing and arranging music now.

Frank, Jr., who resembles his dad very much, is a musical wizard. He's been taking piano eight years and he's a brilliant young pianist. He hears his father's numbers and works out his own interpretations on the piano without music. He's quite a clown and shows a real flair for showmanship.

On one weekend concert appearance, Sinatra took Frank, Jr. along. When the plane was airborne, Frank brought his son down the aisle and introduced him to Harry Klee. Young Frank had just gotten a new flute a few days before, his father explained, and he'd brought it with him: "Look—will you talk to him about his flute?"

"Are you going to give up playing the piano now?" one of the musicians asked. "Oh, no," Frank, Jr. said quickly. "I have too much time in on that to think of giving it up. It's all to my advantage to stick with it now."

Frank, Jr. would usually ride with his father from the plane, but, when the mu-

sicians got to the auditorium, he'd be standing there with his flute. "Maybe we only had three minutes to talk—but he was ready and waiting. I've never seen a more intelligent thirteen-year-old. He's real sharp and he can come out real fast—but he knows when to be quiet, too," says Harry Klee.

Frank, Jr. talked about the seventy-piece school orchestra at Emerson Junior High. He talked about his composition class and the arrangement he had to make for the seventy-piece band. "He was so smart, he talked so intelligently, and he knew so much about music—by the time he'd finished talking, I was ready to go to work for him," Sinatra's flute player laughs. "They have a wonderful grown-up relationship, Frank and his son."

When the bandwagon first rolled and the teenagers were swarming around him, Frank used to look at them—and talk about what he wanted for Nancy, Jr. when she was seventeen. What he wanted to be able to give her. The home he wanted her to have . . . one she could be proud of—and bring her friends to. The college education . . . the musical training. He wanted her to be able to realize the importance of environment—"the neighborhood where I was born was . . . not so good." Today, Nancy is seventeen. Their father is able to provide his three children with the college education he didn't have. The advantages he didn't have. The environment he didn't have. And the residuals from Frank Sinatra's weekly television show will be a trust fund—a legacy—to insure the future he wants for them.

And there is another legacy. . . . That of a scrappy kid from Hoboken, a volcano of music and talent, who—with no advantages, no education and no environment—came from behind twice . . . and made history in show business.

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# Western Giant

(Continued from page 27)

of filming, it threw Oklahoma-born, saddle-bred Garner on his ear, grinding Warner Bros.' back-lot dust into his silver-buttoned vest and new black hat. Jim, an ex-footballer, rolled safely out of harm's way, good-naturedly accepted the jibes of the camera crew.

Gambler Maverick, as producer Bill Orr sees him, is a roamer, destination anywhere, willing to take chances on life, laughs or love. Independent and rootless, he's tumbleweed free. His prime motive is money. He admits it. He's not a doggoeder, doesn't necessarily play according to the rules. Bret Maverick is out to get everything he can without hurting anyone else—too much.

Garner's Maverick has come into the TV game of chance with a fat poke—namely the powerful and combined backing of Henry J. Kaiser Industries, Warner Bros. and ABC-TV. This trio have enough faith in handsome newcomer Jim Garner's ability in the Maverick role to bet him against a couple of pros—Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan. With a half-an-hour headstart on these two, it is hoped the new *Maverick* show will be able to hold its audience against the charms of Allen and Sullivan.

A rangy six-foot-three, darkly handsome Jim Garner is perfectly cast as Maverick. Besides this physical identity, Garner's background, outlook on life and personality are good modern-day counterparts to the early adventurer.

Garner was born to Weldon and Mildred Bumgarner in Norman, Oklahoma, April 7, 1928. His mother died when he was five, he was raised by his father and two older brothers until he was fifteen. Jim's father was in the upholstery and carpentry business, and also kept a small country store. "The best part about the store," Jim remembers fondly, "was the peanut butter—in bulk." He muses, "Remember when it was sold that way? . . . I used to live in that store, every time I walked by the peanut-butter crock I'd dip in and swipe a gob. Delicious."

Jim went to grade school in Norman, but his teachers complained they couldn't get him interested in his studies. One of the reasons was that Jim didn't see any use in school—he was getting rich on the outside. He and his older brothers mowed lawns. He says, "While the other kids read a chapter of *Ivanhoe*, I could earn twenty-five cents. My brother and I were known as the richest kids on the block." When asked about summer vacations, Jim hesitates, then says, "I didn't have a summer vacation—guess you could say I was on vacation all the time."

But, contrary to his own low opinion of his scholastic ability, Jim earned enough credits to come back later to Oklahoma University, where he studied business administration for a time, though he was never graduated.

Garner describes his childhood and early teens as one big vacation. But he also worked hard. He clerked in his father's store. He cleaned chickens. "I worked at that job the shortest time of any job I ever had," says Jim, "but I suppose somebody has to clean chickens." He worked on a dairy farm. He next graduated to cleaning out at the University. "I was thirteen years old when I got this advancement to janitor. One of the best jobs I ever had—my own boss completely. Used to get up at three-thirty in the morning, wind blowing, ice a half-inch thick and trudge off to the school. Made fifty cents an hour. But the job really wasn't as bad as I make it out—actually

fun, for we used to sled downhill on the ice to work."

Garner never in his wildest dreams thought of himself as an actor or performer. In fact, he considered himself an introvert, dreaded getting up in front of his class to recite. Generally affable and easygoing, Jim's expression grows serious as he recalls this early period of his life. "I hated to be laughed at, I wasn't sure of myself. As a result, I was the sort of kid who always hung around in the background at parties. I can't explain it, but growing up wasn't easy for me."

Jim's good looks didn't make it easier. He had one family friend in Norman, Oklahoma, who insisted on getting a talent scout or coach up to see Jim, to encourage him to go into motion pictures. "I didn't want to appear in front of millions of people on a screen," says Jim, as he recalls this crisis. "Why, if I was late for church, I couldn't even walk down the aisle to a front pew. But I did spend a great deal of time as a kid, wondering about my career. I thought a lot about getting into sports—my brother Jack was a professional baseball player, now intends becoming a professional golfer, and my other brother, Charles, is a teacher. I guess not knowing what I wanted to do made me restless."

So, at sixteen, Jim was off to New Orleans, where he signed on as a seaman aboard a sea-going tug. He spent one year in the Merchant Marine. In the interim, his father moved to Los Angeles and went into the carpet-laying contracting business. Jim joined his father there, went back to high school in Hollywood, worked in a gas station and helped his dad in his spare time. But Jim was not too happy in Los Angeles and decided to return to Norman, Oklahoma, where he completed his high-school education. He also joined the Oklahoma National Guard. Garner was one of the first Oklahoma infantrymen to land in Korea, served fourteen months with the Fifth Regimental Combat Team of the 24th Division, was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds suffered in action. Jim Garner comes by his fighting ability in *Maverick* the hard way.

After war service, Jim returned to Los Angeles. "My dad came to me one day," reports Jim, "saying, 'Look, you don't want to lay carpets all your life. Why don't you go out and find something more interesting, something you could better use your talents on?'"

"I sat down one night and tried to look at myself objectively: So I had height, fair looks (without bragging), and I kept hearing all those people saying, 'You ought to be in pictures.' All right, I figured I'd been around the world, seen how all kinds of people lived and acted under all sorts of circumstances, maybe I'd learned enough to be an actor. I decided to give it a year's try."

Shortly after returning from Korea, Jim had made friends with a young soda-jerk named Paul Gregory. Jim happened to spy his name on the front of a La Cienega building one day, shortly after he'd finally made up his mind to try to crack the entertainment industry. Gregory the soda-jerk was now Gregory the producer ("The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial"). The "ex" gas station attendant confronted his old friend about a job in movies. Gregory found a spot for the good-looking young man he thought had talent, gave him the job of cueing Lloyd Nolan, then in rehearsal for "Caine." Producer Gregory later put Jim into a small role as one of the six judges in the play. Jim's acting career had begun.

In thinking back on his performances,

Jim says, "In the past, I had always said that show business wasn't for me—I'd wanted no part of it. Somehow, I think I was still fighting this battle every night I got up on that stage in front of a theater full of people. But, in the play, the judges never speak. So Paul Gregory and Charles Laughton, who later helped me, didn't know what I was going through. They probably thought my rather intense expression was good acting."

Then one of the supporting players left the cast and Gregory offered the meaty role of Maryk to Garner. "You could call this my black moment," muses Jim. "My first reading and rehearsal were rotten. I was tied up . . . and felt that if acting were to be this hard, I'd quit. But I couldn't quit. I'd held so many other jobs for short periods. When I'd gone into this acting game, I'd promised myself I would stick to it until I'd won or lost. So, all through rehearsal, I was miserable . . . I was afraid of reading badly . . . afraid of doing the wrong thing. At noon, Mr. Laughton came over to me saying, 'Jimmy, boy, you and I are going to lunch . . . we're going to have a little talk.'"

At lunch, Laughton told Jim that he and Mr. Gregory had great faith in his acting ability. If they hadn't thought so, they wouldn't have offered him the role in the first place. In fact, they'd have dropped him from the company.

"Their faith gave me courage," says Jim, "perhaps only momentarily, but it was all I needed. My fear, after all, was only ego. I didn't want to be criticized, and this so tied me in knots I couldn't make the first few steps. After lunch, I went back . . . and did my best. That's all anybody can do. It wasn't good. But it wasn't bad, either, and the more I worked at it, the easier it became."

"From this experience I learned a simple but important lesson: If you have a problem, jump in and tackle it—don't put it off. I think we relearn this lesson all through our lives."

With the end of the road-company tour of "Caine," the wanderer part of Jim Garner's career was nearing its end. On his return to Hollywood in 1955, he took two small roles in Warner Bros. TV serial, *Cheyenne*. His acting, now improved by coaching under Anthony Mannino at the Herbert Berghof School in New York, was strong enough to catch the eyes of Warners' talent department. Jim was screen-tested, then placed under contract. In rapid succession, there followed roles in "Toward the Unknown" and "The Girl He Left Behind."

Garner's big break came when he won the important role of Captain Bailey, friend of Marlon Brando, in "Sayonara." After viewing the "Sayonara" rushes, the studio immediately upped him to the title role of Colonel Darby in "Darby's Rangers." Garner proved he could carry a major vehicle on his own. And he was given the lead in the hot new television series, *Maverick*.

If there's one word that best describes pre-Maverick Garner, it is *freebooter*. "In my bachelor days," says Jim bluntly, "if I wanted to take off for Cucamonga, I took off for Cucamonga."

Then came marriage and responsibilities. Though Garner, like Bret Maverick, is a devil-may-care sort of guy on the surface, underneath he's a serious and meditative individual. He dropped his footloose-and-fancy-free ways when he and his wife Lois were married in 1956.

Lois and Jim met at a mutual friend's house. He describes his initial reaction



## Romance in a Whirlwind

(Continued from page 58)

mountain pass in Switzerland . . . and Cynthia was hospitalized briefly in Rome. ("She did a marvelous Camille," says Dick.)

Now to pick up the story on the eve of their second trip abroad, for Patrick (the only American player in the cast) to make a whole series of films as Dick Starrett, American insurance adjuster assigned to London and married to the daughter of an earl (played by the well-known British and stage star Hazel Court), whom Dick teasingly calls "the Duchess."

The next day, Patrick and Cynthia were flying to London, and already you could feel the mood of Old England, although the place was still New York, at the O'Neal apartment. Patrick had instructed you: "Come to this block on Third Avenue and you find an Antiques Bazaar. Ask for us. They will know."

He was quite right. They did. The bazaar was an old curiosity shop, straight out of Dickens, except that a debonair and modern young man with a nice smile waves the way through the delightful clutter of objects to a little white-railed stairway at the rear leading to the upper floors. They, too, are furnished with antiques—but in less profusion.

Cynthia's brown bob is shoulder length, her blue eyes not quite so deep as Patrick's, or maybe his seem bluer because his hair is so dark. She is fairly tall for a woman (five-seven), as he is tall for a man (six-one). You notice her well-shaped mouth, her pretty profile, and her poise. You notice his strong features and darkly marked brows, his laughing kind of face and the way his eyes send out little sparkles while he talks. He was just thirty this September 26. She was twenty-three last April 19.

"I was an actress," she says. "Was, because now, whatever else I may do, I mainly want to make a home for Patrick. Oh, I may see some of the London fashion magazines while we're over there and try to do some modeling. I might even do an occasional part in *Dick And The Duchess* with Patrick. But I don't see how I can be a wife, and make a home, and look forward to being a mother some day and plan a full-time career, too."

Patrick interrupts. "They wanted to test her," he says quickly, "when they were looking for an actress to play Marjorie Morningstar—Natalie Wood got the part—but she turned down the chance to test. It wouldn't have worked out for Cynthia to be under contract. Here I am going to London for six months, and maybe a year, and she couldn't have gone along if she were tied to a studio. We feel that acting is like any other kind of work for a wife, and a fine thing, as long as the emphasis is on us and the home life first, and as long as it doesn't separate us."

Cynthia talks about seeing Patrick in a *Matinee Theater* broadcast before she ever met him. "We had this same agent, and he just sat me down and told me to watch Patrick. We had been rehearsing next door to each other, both for *Matinee Theater* dramas. He had been telling me they had this wonderful actor from New York, and I knew then what he meant. I thought he was great."

"We went to a swimming party at a writer's home in Beverly Hills, the first day we met," says Patrick. "It was rather instantaneous for us both, but we waited another three days to make a date, until Cynthia was through with her show."

"After that," says Cynthia, "we saw each other every day we could."

Seven months to the day after they met, they were married. Last January 17.

*Dick And The Duchess* speeded up the wedding date. They were East on vacation. San Francisco-born Cynthia Baxter had never seen Times Square on New Year's Eve, or the celebrating crowds all over the city of New York.

"Cynthia was staying with a girl friend of a guy friend of mine," Patrick recalls. "I was staying in this apartment. Nicole Milinaire, Sheldon Reynolds' executive producer and right-hand, had to find someone immediately, because they were ready to make the pilot film. A hundred actors must have read for the part—I stumbled over quite a few when I went in. We talked, and I read, and in a few days Nicole called me up and said I had it, if I still wanted to go. We got down to terms, and I was set to fly to Paris at once and then go to London. I broke the news to Cynthia."

They had a dinner date, and Cynthia picked him up at his apartment. He had been delayed, was still in the shower. She waited, holding back tears at the coming separation. "I think more clearly than usual when I am in the shower, for some reason," Patrick twinkles, "and I decided we should get married right away. I yelled to Cynthia from the bathroom—if you could call that a proposal."

Cynthia sat down on the floor near the bathroom door and cried so hard she could hardly answer Patrick. "The rest of the evening I did nothing but gibber," she swears. "Patrick was in charge of everything."

"I was in charge," he admits, "but I was like an automaton. I don't know now how I did it." His parents had come up from Florida to see him off. Cynthia's father flew in from California. Patrick's father found a lawyer friend who knew a Supreme Court judge who could help them comply with the provisions of the three-day law governing marriages in New York State but might be able to speed up the various steps.

They were at the passport office at ten-thirty in the morning. Someone wired Washington and the passports were issued in a few hours, instead of days later. At noon, they had their blood tests. Reports which usually take a couple of days were back in a couple of hours.

People were dispatched all over New York on errands. Patrick's father got the wedding ring for him, a wide gold band, worn above a narrower matching band. Cynthia's father picked up her suit at the shop where it had been ordered. Patrick's mother picked up his suit at the tailor's.

Their lawyer friend sent one of his young men over the ground the young couple would have to cover in a prescribed time, since their plane was leaving International Airport for Paris early that evening, and every moment would count. The man rehearsed and timed the whole procedure, going on foot from building to building in the snow, making all the advance arrangements, clocking the time needed to get the marriage license, even running up the steps of the building. Elevators were held for them. The judge, imposing in his black robes, recessed court to sign the required three-day waiver.

"Our folks," says Cynthia, "waited at City Hall and we had to go back there. We ran all the way, to be married in the most unromantic ceremony anyone ever had, by a man who rattled off the words like a tobacco auctioneer."

They made a seven o'clock plane that evening, celebrated with champagne, landed in Paris . . . and Patrick was on the streets of London the next day, for some of the *Dick And The Duchess* scenes, then back to Paris for two more weeks of filming. After that, they were on their own seeing all the romantic landmarks. After a vacation week in Paris, they were off across Europe on that two-month honeymoon.

In Switzerland, with no food between them except one chocolate bar, they started up over a mountain pass late one night, after plowing through a small snow-covered village, finally decided the blizzard was too heavy and they had better get back to the little inn and stay overnight. Next morning, they learned that the road ended a few miles beyond and the pass was snowed in completely for six months out of twelve. In Rome, Cynthia picked up a debilitating virus and spent a depressing week in a hospital. But their whole trip was so wonderful that neither blizzards nor "bugs" could have spoiled it.

Patrick had become an actor, in the first place, by what he calls "a process of elimination." He took mathematics at college (the University of Florida), but didn't like it well enough. For the same reason, he had no interest in engineering, into which many of his friends were going. He liked history, but didn't think he was good enough at it. Business didn't appeal to him. He liked the theater. Dramatics. He was good at that. And he was graduated with a B.A. in Theater and stayed with it.

His experience has included plenty of summer stock, stage plays—notably the Broadway production and a summer tour of "Oh Men! Oh Women!" with Franchot Tone and Betsy von Furstenburg. Two Hollywood movies—"The Black Shield of Falworth," with Tony Curtis, and "The Mad Magician," with Vincent Price. ("Good parts in not very big pictures.") On television, he has appeared in almost every dramatic program, on one or more of their shows. ("Good shows, but not always big parts.") In the United States Air Force, he was made a television director in the TV Squadron, where he felt right at home.

Recently, Patrick has been doing some writing, most important of which is work on a screen adaptation of a story by the noted author, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who comes from his own area in Florida (he's from Ocala). He wants to produce or help produce it himself.

There's a role in the story for a girl and Cynthia might like to play it, but this is somewhat doubtful. They are both against husband and wife working together (except, perhaps, for an episode or two in *Dick And The Duchess*, which would be fun). Explains Patrick, "As long as somebody in a family has to work for a living, it should be the man. That means me. I'll take care of all that, and Cynthia will take care of me."

"We want a good life together and each will have to give up some things for the other," Cynthia explains. "We have a phrase we use frequently—*When you are doing something you don't want to do, but should do, you are getting to be mature.*"

So far, however, everything the Patrick O'Neals have ever wanted to do—and much more—has come their way. Romantic, adventurous, wonderful things. With a prospect of going on and on. Like the adventures of *Dick And The Duchess* themselves.

# Dashing Lady



Haila and actor husband share mutual interests—here, coffee and new script.

(Continued from page 60)

tired or ill," Haila says. Likely as not, a reporter will have to interview her, as this one did, via a series of written questions and answers exchanged while Haila sits under a hairdryer. Simple beauty care is one of her time-savers. "I believe in keeping skin nice and clean," she explains, "so that I don't need too much make-up." Her method? Soap and water. She does wear lots of eye make-up. "I'm blonde and need it. I've learned to put on lipstick and mascara in my car, between green lights," she laughs. "I used to startle the policeman at Fifty-seventh Street, but he's used to it by now." She uses bright pink lipstick to accent everything she wears—navy, black, orange, yellow, beige. "I always have two or three beige outfits," she says. "At the moment, two suits and a chiffon cocktail dress with a stole in shades graduated from beige to cocoa. Beige is as basic as black, and more cheerful." She loves unusual shoes—stripes, polka dots, floral prints, glass slippers, and orange shoes to spark beige. The rules for good acting, claims Haila, are the same as for being an attractive woman. "Be interested in people, listen to them, look at them when you talk to them. Avoid unnecessary gestures. Develop a well-modulated voice and clear speech. Watch your weight, walk and posture. Don't cross your legs unless they're worth attention. Be individual but not grotesque. Adapt a fad to yourself, not yourself to the fad." A magnificent cook, Haila devotes Sunday to creating elaborate meals for the family. "We crowd a whole domestic life into that one day with the three children," she smiles. They garden, read the paper, watch TV—"and have a wonderful time." One of her favorite roles is Auntie Mame. "Mame is an individualist," Haila explains. "She believes in exposing a child to everything, not sheltering it. She believes in teaching strong values, which will prevail no matter what the child meets. Mame always remains true to herself and her ideals." The same goes for Haila Stoddard.

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# Presley's Fight for a Private Life

(Continued from page 44)

to long-time friends that he is lonely.

At the same time, an army of devoted fans daily besiege his gates. It would surprise virtually all of them to be told that the hero they clamor to see should, at times, feel cut off from the human companionship which they are all too eager to give. Yet, when one visits Memphis, the evidence mounts that it is their very adulation which has forced him into isolation. He struggles to attain that freedom of movement and choice of interests which most Americans hold as a birthright.

Elvis told one old friend, "I got the feeling I had to get out. So I went downtown and I bought me a make-up kit." He gave no indication how far he went on the false-whiskers-putty-nose routine. He did say he wore a hat. He also admitted he was somewhat less deceptive than Lon Chaney. "I tried to sneak out the back way—but, man, it was no use. When I hit the road, they were after me."

Elvis has learned that there are penalties as well as premiums, attached to being, at twenty-two, a singing, acting, jet-propelled self-made millionaire. Unlike most of his fellow millionaires in a day when high taxes have cut both income and ostentation, Elvis lives behind high iron gates, guarded twenty-four hours a day.

Elvis bought the fourteen-acre estate early in 1957—"on the spur of the moment, as he does everything," says one friend. It formerly was owned by a physician who had a stable of prize-winning show horses. Doubtless there are some persons who would have found its reported eighteen rooms a burden, in these days when domestic help is scarce, but it suited Elvis even when—as he told a friend—"it was filled with cobwebs and the plaster was cracked." Before returning to Hollywood to make a picture, he ordered its renovation and decoration, and phoned his mother every day to learn how the work was progressing.

The house stands on the crest of a wooded ridge, its white paint gleaming through the tall trees, quite the picture of what Northern fans believe a Southern mansion to be. Underneath its pillared portico, one could set down the small East Tupelo house where Elvis spent his childhood years—and have room left over. To the side of this porch, Elvis has built a huge kidney-shaped swimming pool, together with cabanas for his guests. On summer nights when parties are in progress, the blue-green light reflected from the pool outlines the hill and silhouettes the trees, a beacon for those who must view from afar.

And "afar" is the spot from which most people must view Elvis's new elegance. Reporters and photographers, as well as fans, are barred. This ban has included one newsman who numbers himself among the Presley "discoverers." He is said to have presented himself at the gates one evening, only to find that in the court of the rock 'n' roll king he was suddenly *persona non grata*.

Attempting to secure an accurate description of the furnishings is akin to seeking information on the latest atomic device. Decorator George Golden, whom some Memphis clients describe as "a genius with modern design," has been pledged to secrecy. Friends, too, are expected to hold their tongues. Some people, remembering the way Elvis originally shocked the New York press by implying he expected to be paid by interviewers, suggest a reason for the secrecy. They predict, "His manager can

make money on anything. He'll sell the exclusive story to some magazine for a pretty penny, you'll see."

This much trickles through the Presley curtain: That splendid red carpet reaches through entrance hall, drawing room, music room and dining room. The walls are Wedgwood blue, the warm and dusky shade which one sees in antique vases. The furniture, in contemporary styling, harmonizes. In the drawing room, upholstery is in white and a blue which matches the walls. The dining room is in black, white and gold.

Elvis, who once used the wages earned at a tool factory to make a down payment on his first plain little piano, now has, in his music room, one especially finished in white and gold.

The party rooms of the house are located in the basement, where Elvis has installed a hi-fi set which is the envy of all his musical friends. For those who like games of skill, there is a fine billiard table. A twenty-foot sofa is fronted by a kidney-shaped coffee table, eight feet long, mounted on cross box stretchers and decorated with the opening bars of Elvis's hit record, "All Shook Up." The notes are executed in bright plastic.

The lushest room of the house, according to those few visitors who will talk, is Elvis's own bedroom. Walls, drapes and bedspread are royal blue. The carpet is white nylon, an inch-and-a-half thick. The bed itself makes anything Napoleon dreamed up seem as simple as a do-it-yourself project. The frame and mattress are eight feet by eight feet, but the white tufted leather headboard stretches a magnificent twelve feet, with night tables attached to either side. Built into this imposing structure is an electronic switch box which controls every lock in the house. Should Elvis choose, he can open his front gate without ever lifting his head from the pillow.

The bathroom, too, causes exclamations. Among its fancier details is a carpet of mouton fur.

Graceland, since Elvis moved in, has become a magnet which draws his fans from all over the world. In one four-hour period on a summer Saturday, a reporter took a census and found that they came from eighty-eight cities and towns in twenty-three states—plus Thailand, Hawaii and Canada. For all their journeying, they see precious little, because one of the first things Elvis did was to order the construction of a high stone fence, jagged at the top to discourage climbers. It is reputed to have cost him \$20,000, but one sharp-tongued observer thought it totally bereft of architectural beauty. "Looks like the wall of a prison," was his comment.

The high iron gates, decorated with guitars, afford a view up the long and winding drive. They also constitute a traffic hazard—because motorists slow down to peer through them.

How to penetrate the sacrosanct precincts of Graceland has stimulated the imagination of many a teenager. Naturally, as the Presley curtain draws tighter, the fans grow more curious and more determined, pitting their ingenuity against the security service provided by two of Mrs. Presley's brothers, Travis and Ed Smith. Uncle Travis guards the gate from early morning until six P.M. Uncle Ed then takes the night shift.

Uncle Travis has become quite a photographer. He will oblige a tourist by accepting a camera which is thrust through the bars and into his hands, drive up to a vantage point and snap a picture of the house. It's when they get past

his vigilant eye that he worries. "Elvis blows his top when I let one get through," he admits.

Two who managed this difficult maneuver did so under cover of a rainstorm. Uncle Travis spotted the two drenched girls running up the drive, lickety split, and took after them in his car. They reached the house and were leaning on the doorbell by the time he caught up. They proved to be lucky, however. Elvis got word of them, came out on the porch, chatted for about ten minutes, then posed for a picture, his arms around their soaking wet shoulders.

An extremely athletic young admirer scaled the six-foot barbed-wire-topped fence which runs through the back of the property and was discovered hiding between the air-conditioning plants. Another was pulled out from under a Cadillac. One found back of a bush was scared to death. "Don't call the police," she begged. "I'll never do it again." Uncle Travis conducts such over-ardent youngsters back to the gate and lets them go.

Trespassing took a more serious aspect, the night Uncle Travis discovered a half-dozen boys trying to hoist the heavy cast-iron lawn furniture over the fence near the little house where he lives. Elvis heard his shouts, piled into a car, dashed out through a side gate and chased them. He forced their car to the curb, but when they begged him to let them go, he agreed.

His elders, however, thought this was the time to take a stand. They called the sheriff's office. Deputies, investigating, first thought the marauders had escaped. Later, they were identified as coming from the neighborhood. Vernon and Gladys Presley, Elvis's parents, appeared in court against them, but when the now-frightened kids pleaded it was just a thoughtless prank, they agreed to their release—with a warning.

What effect has all this had on a young man who, for all his fame, is only twenty-two years old? A young man who came from a family unaccustomed to the constant glare of publicity?

Among some of his old friends, there is a deep sympathy, an admiration for the way he has met each challenge, and sometimes a gratitude for his favors.

In the sympathetic group, you'll find some of the older men and women who helped him get his start. If he chooses to drop in at their homes for a visit—usually late at night—they can be counted on to welcome him, entertain him, and never repeat any of the conversation. Said one, "We'd like him to know that, in our home, he is a welcome guest, not a celebrity. We want him to feel that here, he, too, is entitled to a private life. Elvis is, and always will be, our friend."

One who doesn't mind being quoted is Captain Fred Woodward of the Memphis police. He's been around ever since surprised fellow citizens of Memphis discovered that they had a celebrity in their midst who could create a commotion just by crossing a street. Captain Woodward likes Elvis. "We don't furnish Elvis any protection, officially," the Captain points out, "except when there is some public function where he is supposed to appear, like the Danny Thomas benefit show for St. Jude's Hospital, or the Blind Benefit football game or the opening of the range where the police department teaches people to drive cars. Then he is entitled to an escort, just like anyone else."

Unofficially, on off-duty hours, however, Captain Woodward visits the Presley

home and sometimes accompanies Elvis on minor excursions. "Like the time he just walked in at this place where they were having a Cerebral Palsy party. Were those people thrilled!"

One of Elvis's most enjoyable afternoons last summer was spent aboard Captain Woodward's cruiser on the Mississippi. "He really got a chance to relax there," says the Captain. "Only time anyone spotted him was when we passed the excursion boat. Then it looked like everyone made a bee line for that rail. We avoided it, coming back. We didn't want to risk anyone crowding and falling overboard."

Another steadfast friend is George Klein, a classmate from Humes High School who edited the school paper. George subsequently worked at a radio station, but was delighted when Elvis invited him to go along to Hollywood. "We stayed at the best hotels, I saw how movies were made, I even had a bit part in 'Jailhouse Rock.' It's really been an education, and I have Elvis to thank for it. This is going to be a great background for my own career in broadcasting. I've learned a lot."

There are others who have not been so appreciative. Singer-actor Faron Young, who has known Elvis since both appeared on small country-and-Western shows in the South, says outspokenly, "He's picked up a few characters who just sponge off him. One day, when I heard one of them ask Elvis for a quarter for a pack of cigarettes, I guess I blew up. I asked Elvis why he didn't get rid of such creeps. It must have registered, because a few days later I heard he had sent the guy packing."

Undoubtedly, a few old friends have had their feelings hurt. Says one entertainer, known for his extreme shyness, "I bumped into Elvis one day and he asked me to call. I did, twice. The first time, I was told he was sleeping. The second, I was told he was in conference with his mother and couldn't be disturbed. That was enough for me. If he wants to see me again, he knows where I live."

Among Memphis people who are not in the immediate circle, there appears to be a growing admiration. Some, who always put the capital "S" in Society, volunteer a comment that the Presleys will never be admitted to certain clubs—but they also concede he has not asked to be invited. The young man who has had to cope with plenty of gate-crashing at his own home shows no indication of wishing to do any of his own.

At the Chamber of Commerce, General Manager W. P. Brooks points out that Memphis has always been proud of its singers: "Kay Starr, Snookie Lanson, Marguerite Piazza all came from here." None of them, however, has created quite such a flurry as Elvis. "We get a pack of letters each week asking for pictures and information. One writer even asked us for a blade of grass from his lawn."

The Memphis Press Scimitar gave its views in an editorial headed "The Presleys." Appearing shortly after the furniture-stealing incident, it read: "All good wishes to Elvis Presley as he leaves for a week or more out of town."

"Considering the great strain placed upon this youth and his family by the public, the suddenness of their rise from obscurity, we feel that the Presleys have conducted themselves well. Seldom has family solidarity been so spotlighted."

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# Why Do Women Hate to Be Called Housewives?

(Continued from page 42)

own qualifications for a currently down-graded occupation which she herself believes should be at the top of any woman's career list. Arlene is the wife of actor-director-producer Martin Gabel. She is the mother of ten-year-old Peter Gabel. And she takes these "most important" jobs most seriously. "I have breakfast with my child every morning," says Arlene. "I am almost always there when he gets home from school. We always have dinner together. We take vacations together. We play tennis together. We are baseball fans, Martin and I, baseball being Peter's dish of tea. We have common interests—and the time to share them."

The Gabels have an apartment in New York and a country house in suburban Mt. Kisco. In town, they have a couple to "do" for them. In the country house, where they spend every weekend, and as much other time as possible, there is no help. "Up there," Arlene says, "I do the housework myself. Roll up my sleeves and get dinner. My husband and son think I'm a sensational cook—and, after all," she laughed, "how many people do I have to please? Did the whole house myself, too—the interior decorating, that is. All very country-house gay, my bedroom all red and white, downstairs all orange and yellow and white, with accents—a green chest here, a tiny green Victorian sofa there. When we first bought the house, my husband and I spent our weekends painting. At country auctions, we picked up chests for ten dollars or so, did them over, antiqued some of them, marbled others, made them look pretty fancy." Arlene also laid the carpet herself—wall-to-wall, the length and breadth of the first floor. ("Carpet squares, sandalwood and white," she explains, "with adhesive on the other side. Easy to do.")

"To me, 'house' and 'home' are almost the most important words in the world," Arlene says. "And two of the most beautiful. And 'housewife' a very good thing to be called—for to run a good house, to keep her family well-fed, happy, healthy and comfortable, is the basic job of every woman in the world. Yet housewives, and many of them, do resent the term 'housewife.' I know they do, because they tell me so.

"As to *why* they do, I just think the term 'housewife,' which has the connotation of washing and ironing and cooking and scrubbing and putting up box-lunches and getting the kids off to school, all the things the wife at home is in charge of and does—and should do, it's her job—is not quite as glorious as the ladies would like it to be! Nor as satisfying to the ego as the terms that refer to other jobs, such as artist, actress, airline stewardess and so on. I think the housewife feels that her job doesn't give her an identity, a place in the world comparable to that of the career woman or working girl. I think it is the lack of recognition that irks.

"I also think," Arlene adds, "that, while being a housewife may be her basic job, it *need not be her only job*. I think that the housewife who refers to herself as 'just a housewife' is being defensive because she knows that being a housewife is not a full-time job, in most cases nowadays. Today, according to statistics, three out of every ten wives—some twelve million in all—are wage-earners as well as housewives. Can it be themselves, I wonder, that the seven out of ten who are 'just housewives' resent?"

"Time was when to be a housewife

was a round-the-clock, full-time and over-time job. The housewife baked her own bread, cake and pies. She spent hours, and was obliged to do so, over the old hot stove. She swept and scrubbed her floors. She did the family wash—by hand. In those days, one never, I feel sure, heard a housewife refer to herself as 'just a housewife.' She was proud, and rightly so, of the job she did. And of the title it carried.

"Now, with the modern appliances or 'electrical servants,' as they're sometimes called—the dish-washer and dryer, the clothes-washing machine and dryer, the mangle, the vacuum cleaner, the floor waxer that virtually do a woman's work for her and certainly do cut house-working time in half—with the prepared cake, biscuit, muffin, pie-crust and you-name-'em mixes, the frozen foods, the precooked heat-and-eat meals—the housewife can use the time she didn't have before the dawn of the Machine (and Mixes) Age to be a housewife *and* pretty much anything else she wants to be (or do) besides. And, in my opinion, she should.

"If the housewife today has a talent of the kind careers are made of, and is herself career-minded, she can develop the talent. If she has no particular talent or training, but wants a job outside of the home, she can take a course that will fit her for any kind of a job which

understanding of people and of how they behave which only being out in the world can give.

"Conversely, I feel that the woman who is at home alone with the kids all day, especially if she lives in the suburbs, feels frustrated, takes to fretting, becomes suspicious of her husband — *Why is he so late? What is he doing?*—which can only cause a lot of unhappiness in marriage.

"The happiest homes I know—and my own is one—are the homes in which the wives and mothers have interests other than those contained within their own four walls. Mary Martin is an enormously happy girl. So is Phyllis (Mrs. Bennett) Cerf. So is actress Kitty Carlisle, wife of playwright Moss Hart. So are most of the wage-earning wives I know, whether they be secretaries, hair-dressers, seamstresses or Broadway stars.

"But what of the child of the career or working woman, people often ask. Doesn't he feel deprived, and 'different' from the other kids, because of an absentee mother? To be honest about it," Arlene says, "when a child is very small, I suspect he does wish he had a Mom like the Moms of the other kids. He sees his classmates being picked up by their mothers after school and taken to the park, or wherever—and he probably thinks, *Gee, why not me, too?* When he is very young, I am pretty sure he does think and say exactly that," Arlene smiles that from-the-heart smile of hers, "because when Peter was a very little boy, about three years old, he admonished me one day, 'You go to too many works!'"

"But for the times I didn't pick Peter up at school and take him to the park—because I couldn't—we would have a special adventure of our own. A boat trip around Manhattan Island. A baseball game. An afternoon at the movies. A heart-to-heart talk at bedtime. An hour spent with a child, the interest and attention focused on him, is more important, to my mind, than twelve hours of just being with a child around the house.

"I think it pays off in the end," she says. "The many times I—and Martin, too—have had to leave Peter are compensated for by the fact that the child should realize he is not *always* going to have someone there. And if he is brought up, as Peter is being brought up, in an atmosphere of love and mutual understanding and compassion and individual independence, he will be, as Peter is, a very secure and very happy child.

"I just don't believe there is any valid reason, or any excuse," Arlene asserts, "for a woman today to be 'just a housewife.' Even if she hasn't any particular urge to have a job, she can develop her own resources, extend her interests and her horizons. Every town has its clubs where women can meet and exchange ideas. Garden clubs. Book or reading clubs, where they can sit around and discuss books. Town meetings which they can attend, for the purpose of discussing ways and means of improving the community. We women," Arlene laughs, "tend to be *alibi-prone*. We 'haven't time' to do this or that because we have to put up Junior's lunch. How much time, actually, does it take to put up Junior's lunch? Face it. Face yourself. Admit that you have enough time to gossip with your next-door neighbor—but not enough time to do your bit by speaking up at town meetings in order to help improve the community in which you live.

"Even if the situation at home is such that the housewife is unable to be away for any length of time—and circumstances do alter cases, of course—she can still be

## Next Month

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### TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand December 5

most appeals to her or for which she feels best fitted. And she doesn't have to be rich to do it, either. My secretary, Muriel Fleit, recently took a course at the YWCA in," Arlene laughs, "packaging! A six-week course. Price, nine dollars. At the Y, you can learn to rhumba, type, take shorthand, make hats, massage, bathe babies, swim—and, for all I know, skin-dive!

"If the housewife doesn't need a paying job, or doesn't want to work the nine-to-five shift required of most employees—but still suffers from the common malady of 'just housewives,' which is monotony—she can do part-time work. Social work of some sort. Civic work. Neighborhood baby-sitting. Or there is always a hospital where she can roll bandages. (It sounds Pollyanna, I know, but only by doing something for someone else can we reach self-satisfaction.)

"I am all for marriage *and* a career," Arlene says, in an all-out tone of voice. "Or, if 'career' seems too pretentious a word for it, for marriage and a job of some sort outside of the home. I believe that the woman who makes contacts of her own, on her own, can only bring something of value to her marriage—open eyes, open heart, tolerance, and an

more than 'just a housewife.' She can take time *all* the time to improve herself. She can become familiar, through reading, with the great art of the world, the great literature of the world—with the great world, period. The great world of the past, the great and challenging world of the future. If a housewife just sat down and read a newspaper every day, that would be a step forward. And, by improving yourself, you are doing something creative, too—for, if you yourself are improved, the world is improved."

Arlene is glad, she says, and deeply grateful that she is a housewife *and* a career woman, as well. She loves the people, the many different people, being "out in the world" has permitted her to meet and know. She regrets the passing of the *Home* show "because, after three-and-a-half years, I miss the people the show afforded me the pleasure and privilege of working with. Goodbyes I find hard to say." Because of her interest in people, she loves doing interviews, such as the memorable one she did, shortly before *Home* went off the air, with poet-author Carl Sandburg and his wife. But she plans to "ease into" some of these former features, such as the interviews, which will be easily adaptable to her present show.

"I also like to think," she says, "that *The Arlene Francis Show* will be so successful that I can 'travel it,' so to speak, as I did for the *Home* program, when I went to Japan, Holland, Monaco, England—and here at home, all up and down the West Coast, Cape Cod, Florida, and so on. We were pioneers—even before *Wide, Wide World*—in the travel-for-television department. We're not doing the service departments, such as we did on *Home*, but service is so well done today, on so many levels—in magazines, newspapers and other media—that it is, we feel, expendable. Oh, I'll drop a few household hints now and then," she laughs, "ad lib a bit. Let a new egg-beater be born, I am *certainly* going to mention it! But mainly it'll be a gay program, this variety show of mine, all on an entertainment basis.

"Dearly as I love television, however—and radio and the theater—if, tomorrow, all three mediums were to be wiped from the face of the earth, I would not settle for being 'just a housewife.' I would never be content not to work—and, preferably, outside the home. Social work of some sort, perhaps. Civic work. But, whether in the home or out of it, I would *have* to set goals for myself in certain definite lines of endeavor. A certain number of books to be read in a certain length of time. A correspondence course of some kind. Learn a language, perhaps. Or why not *two* languages?"

"I would hope to live my life as fully as Mrs. Leonard Lyons (wife of the columnist), who writes, makes speeches at school, plays baseball with her husband and four sons, is active in every type of civic work, is aware of—and fascinated by—everything that goes on in the world. Extremely witty and bright, Mrs. Lyons—who doesn't hold a wage-earning job or have a career as such—would certainly list her occupation as that of 'housewife.' And housewife she is. 'Just a housewife' she is *not*," Arlene laughs.

"Nor would I be, even if I were never to face a microphone again. Nor do you need to be, Mrs. Average American Housewife, wherever you are. And don't, please, tell me otherwise. For, if anyone tells me they can't do anything, I spend my time talking them out of it," says Arlene Francis, who knows every housewife should be proud and happy—even if she has to be talked *into* it.



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# Lady Luck Pitched a Curve

(Continued from page 36)

made it through all these seven lean years if it hadn't been for Mary—and I would never have met Mary if I hadn't first made her mad at me."

It happened in Tallahassee, Florida, on a June night in 1950 when the game of the Tallahassee Pirates (farm club of the Pittsburgh Pirates) was rained out. "But the rain didn't stop the girls' softball league from playing," Danny recalls. "We saw the lights on in their stadium, so four of us decided it would be more fun to watch the girls than to go to a movie."

He was Danny Costello, southpaw pitcher then, and already the hard-luck kid. Born in Jersey City, in the "little Italy" section, he grew up with baseball in his blood. When Danny was seven, his mother, Jean Costello, married Michael Lorello, who is now a labor arbiter for the International Hod Carriers Union. "My stepfather is the greatest guy that ever lived," says Danny, "and he sure could play ball. He was one of the best natural hitters ever to come out of Jersey. People still talk about the day he belted a ball five hundred feet."

Mike passed his baseball lore on to Jean's small sons, Frank and Danny. By the time Danny was a sophomore in high school, professional baseball contracts were being offered him. He signed with the Pittsburgh Pirates and everyone thought he was headed straight for the majors.

He was warming up, playing in one of the Pirate's farm clubs when Lady Luck pitched the first of many fast curves. That first one wasn't so bad. It even had a few advantages. The Army tagged Danny for military service and put him into the Medical Corps. As an operating-room technician, he assisted at eighty operations. He also took the special study course the Army offered and received his high-school diploma.

The second curve was a heartbreaker. Danny calls it "one of the freak accidents of baseball." The Pirates again were rotating him through their farm clubs, when Danny broke his arm. "I pitched so hard I cracked the bone half way through. It hurt, but I played out the season." An operation the following winter disclosed that the bone had splintered. Danny, instead of being advanced to big-league ball, was sent back to the Tallahassee Pirates to recover from the injury.

Danny's loss was the Tallahassee fans' gain—particularly a certain feminine fan named Mary Truitt Peacock.

Danny spotted her the moment he and his teammates entered the park where the girls were playing softball. "There she is, guys," he called out. "There's our blonde. The one that always sits in the box seats at our games. Let's sit over there."

They clattered through the half-empty grandstand to the bleachers back of third base and, with all that fiendish glee usually reserved for kid brothers, they immediately let the women's softball league—and particularly Mary Truitt Peacock—know the Pirates were in the stand. If a ball came within fifty feet of her, they yelled, "Get a washtub."

The dirty look Mary gave them inspired Danny to new devilry. Just as a ball sailed in her direction, Danny yelled, "Hey, Mary, you dropped an earring!" Instinctively, her hand flew to her ear. Too late, she remembered she never wore earrings when playing ball. She missed the ball by a mile.

"That was two errors on Mary in one

inning," Danny recalls. "She was losing the ball game single-handed. But it was when she came up to bat that we really let her have the razz." As she stepped to the plate, shouts of "Mary's at bat—there goes the ball game" greeted her from that all-too-familiar left field.

But Mary surprised them. Coolly she waited for a pitch which she wanted and, when she struck, she really swatted. Babe Ruth himself couldn't have done better. Straight and true, the ball sped toward the horizon and Danny and his pals were on their feet yelling, "Run, Mary, run."

Today, Danny says, "I admired her spunk. I liked the way she could hit a homer under pressure. Right then, I knew I wanted to know that girl better. But I couldn't admit it to the fellows. I had to tell them that I wanted to stick around until she came from the showers. I said that, if I didn't apologize, she was liable to come over to our game the next day and heckle me right off the mound."

Apologize Danny did, and he also invited her to the Pirates' game and to dinner after the game. "I'll never forget how she looked," Danny says. "She went into the clubhouse a ballplayer, mud streaked and breathless. She came out of the showers a beauty, with her hair curling in damp ringlets across her forehead. She was wearing the prettiest flowered dress. . . ."

The dinner and the long walk home the next evening gave Danny a chance to learn more about this ball-playing glamorous girl. She was a secretary by day, she told him, working for the Welfare Department. She lived in a red brick house surrounded by wide white porches. She was usually called, after the Southern fashion, not just "Mary," but "Mary Truitt." Her small brother, James, was called "Sonny." Her father, James Lamar Peacock, was in the shoe business. "And he's pretty strict," she added, when Danny asked for a date on the following evening. "You'd better get to the house early so that you can meet Daddy and Mother. I don't know what they're going to say about my going out with somebody they don't know."

Danny took the hint. While slacks and sports shirt were his customary attire, he arrived in suit, white shirt and tie. "I got all duded up," he says, "but that night we really got into trouble."

Lamar Peacock had been cordial, but specific. He wanted Danny to have Mary Truitt home by midnight. Danny agreed. But, unfortunately, he wasn't driving the car. Another ball player and his girl were newly engaged and they just couldn't bear to part, not for many, many hours. It was two A.M. when Danny brought Mary Truitt up the walk, and every light in the living room was blazing.

Danny recalls: "I apologized and explained. Lamar listened, but I got my orders. If I wanted to see Mary again, I was to have her in the house at midnight." Mary remembers: "I cried half the night. I was sure I would never see Danny again."

But Danny had made up his mind and his heart. He discovered, too, that wonderful Southern institution, the porch swing. "We sure gave it a workout that summer. I took Lamar at his word, and, if I got Mary home a few minutes early, we sat on the porch until the clock started to strike."

When Danny left for Jersey City at the end of the season, they had an understanding. "Danny never did propose to me," Mary says. "We just knew that we were going to get married."

As his love for his stepfather had led

Danny to baseball, so, too, had his admiration for his Uncle Jerry led to singing. Uncle Jerry had sung with a small opera company back in Italy. He had never attempted to sing professionally in the United States. But, on feast days, when the whole family got together, Uncle Jerry's arias provided the big climax. Wide-eyed with admiration, Danny, listening, would think, *Gee, I wish I could do that*, and Uncle Jerry had encouraged him. A neighbor from Hoboken, Frank Sinatra, had gained fame as a singer, Uncle Jerry stated, and, in his opinion, Danny had as good a chance as Sinatra. Danny, his ambitions focused on baseball, had always thanked him with a smile, "That's good to hear, but let's not count on it."

But suddenly, that September of 1950, he was counting on it, for he had been home only a few days when the Army had news for him. The Korean war was on. They needed every medic they could get. There was a polite request that Danny return to duty. There was an implication that, if he didn't, eventually he would be conscripted.

Danny says, "I went into a panic. I knew that the only thing in the world that I wanted was Mary. Even if we could have only a few days together, I wanted her to be my wife. I didn't know how I would support her. If I didn't need to go back into service right away, I'd sing, I'd carry bricks, I'd dig sewers, I'd take any work I could get, just so that we could have that little time together."

When he telephoned to ask if she would come North immediately, Mary proved that the kind of spunk which let her hit a homer, under pressure, on the softball field, also carried over into everyday living. Away went her plans for a white-satin wedding. With family and friends loving and close. "I decided that a suit which I had would do," says Mary, "The only things I bought were a new hat, gloves and purse."

Danny Costello and Mary Truitt Peacock were married by a justice of the peace on September 27, 1950. Four weeks later, the Roman Catholic ceremony took place in the rectory of the church. "We got married twice," says Danny. "We know it's for keeps."

Danny's parents made them welcome until they found an apartment, which Danny calls their hi-lo special: "It took a high climb to get to this attic, and there was a low ceiling when you got there. I bumped my head every time I stood up—and my money went down to nothing every time I paid the rent of eighty dollars a month."

Their struggle for survival was intense; Danny's battle for bookings seemed hopeless. "I'd work all day as a laborer, then I'd get dressed up and go across the river to Manhattan to make the rounds of the agents, looking for bookings. The trouble with that was that those guys, too, went home at five o'clock. Or out to a club. Or somewhere. Anyhow, by the time I got there, they weren't in their offices."

He grew discouraged and wanted to quit. "That's when I found out what a great guy my dad really is. You know the way they find an 'angel' to put on a Broadway show? Well, I've got an 'angel,' too, and it's my dad. When we'd get down to nothing, he'd always have the money for the rent or whatever we needed. Dad believed in me. Just like he once wanted me to play big-league baseball, now he wanted to see me make it as a singer."

Danny knew he had to make what he

calls "that almighty move." Encouraged by his stepfather, he quit his construction job and spent full time making the rounds. At Johnny Dell's office, he got a hearing. And, while he was singing, Walter Bishop, a veteran ASCAP songwriter, wandered in from the next office and asked, "Who's the boy?"—and, after hearing a few more bars remarked, "I like that."

For Danny, it was the start of a friendship. It also led to Danny's engagement to sing with the band on a cruise ship bound for Nassau. "I got paid two hundred dollars and had the boat trip," says Danny. "Then I didn't work again for a year. Sure, they liked me. Some of the passengers even wrote letters to the line. But it didn't do any good. They had their entertainment booked ahead, twelve months solid."

They moved, according to Danny, "from attic to cellar," just before their son Tommy was born on October 20, 1951. "Actually, it was a nice little apartment, and we had fun. There were a lot of other young couples in the neighborhood and we were all getting started."

Then the young couples became the yardstick by which Danny measured the difference between show business and other business. As the young men learned their jobs, they got raises in salary. They bought that first car. As their families increased, they bought houses and moved away. The young Costellos were the only ones left of the crowd.

Danny wanted to quit. His stepfather replied to that by giving him forty dollars to buy a new suit and urging him to try one more audition. The "fours" proved to be Danny's lucky number—for that audition was his fourth for the old TV show, *Chance Of A Lifetime*. Danny won it, and he won the talent contest for five consecutive weeks. The prize was a thousand dollars a week. That simmered down to \$3,500 take-home pay.

Then Mary said, "Let's invest it." Danny asked, "How?" Mary said, "That's easy. In the investment which will pay the highest dividends. You."

Mary and Danny can still count up the extent of their splurge. Danny spent a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a dinner jacket. It was his first, and classified as working clothes. They moved from their thirty-five-dollars-a-month basement flat to one on the third floor which cost fifty. They bought a few extras.

The rest of the money, as they say, "went into the act." Sixteen hundred dollars for special song arrangements and scripts. Six hundred dollars for photos to send out to fan clubs. Postage counted up. Mimeographing was needed. It mounted up. Before they knew it, they had only four hundred dollars left. "That's when we thought we had better get something for ourselves," says Mary. "So we bought a sleeper couch. On time."

The publicity and interest generated by Danny's appearances on *Chance Of A Lifetime* produced a flash flood of bookings, but the public forgets fast. Danny hoped for a recording contract. The record companies were having a bit of a famine themselves. Danny was told again and again, "You'll have to record it yourself. If you've got a master, maybe we'll release it for you."

Danny checked costs. To set up a private recording session would cost twenty-five-hundred dollars. "That's when I got out my card from Laborers' Union, Local 325, Jersey City, showed it to my dad and announced I was going back to work. Show business was fine for a guy with money back of him, but I had had enough."

Mike Lorello had a different idea. "I'll furnish the money," he told Danny.

With hopes high, Danny cut two sides, "My Own" and "We're Not Children Any More." M-G-M released it. Danny compresses the outcome into a few words: "It was a bomb."

Bitter over his disappointments, Danny sought solace from his friend Bill Dana. "Dana and Wood were a long-time comedy team. Bill is now a TV writer. I went up to his apartment looking for sympathy." He found, instead, what Danny calls, "The four hours' talk that changed my life."

Danny says today, "He sure straightened me out in a hurry. I realized it wasn't enough to have some natural talent. I had to polish it, work, learn, find out what it takes to get that extra sparkle, so that I'm the guy they pick at the auditions."

Danny went home to Mary and announced his decision. "Put away the union card. Now I know what I'm up against and I'm going to lick it. I'm going to go to school." School, for Danny, was no formal enrollment in the classes of any institution. Instead, he chose personal coaching, voice lessons. Diction lessons. Later, acting lessons. Two weeks later, he auditioned for the first time for *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*. He was told, "Come back in six months."

Danny cites the turning point. "This time, I wasn't disappointed. I took their advice to get more experience. I found some small bookings. And I auditioned once a month for six months. It sure was a great day for me when Miss Esther Stoll, who ran the auditions, said, 'Go, brother. You're ready.'"

With Mary as his talent scout, Danny went on and won. There was only one drawback. Mr. Godfrey was on vacation. Jack Paar was sitting in on *Talent Scouts* and Peter Lind Hayes was running the morning show. Mr. Godfrey never heard Danny.

Danny's real break came later, when the show was in Miami. Pat Boone had an engagement on the road. Mr. Godfrey walked down to the beach to join Janette Davis and the McGuire Sisters and asked, "Whom shall we put on in his place?" Unanimously, they said, "Danny Costello." Said Godfrey, "If you all want him, that's it."

For Danny, it has led to repeated appearances, on the program and another recording, this one on the Caravan label, titled "That's Where I Shine," and "My Creator," a religious number. "You can't call it a hit," Danny admits, but it's a step in the right direction.

However, the real turning point in Danny's career came the day Janette Davis introduced him to Max Kendrick, who is associated with Warner Bros. Publishing Co. "That was my lucky day," says Danny. "He liked me and took a personal as well as professional interest in me, and taught me more in two months than I had learned in all the years previous in show business. Max is just about the best friend a guy could ever have."

Several months have passed since that first meeting. And, with Max and Danny working together, things are really beginning to happen. Already, TV films, motion picture contracts, even a Broadway play, are being discussed. Like Mary, in that long ago ball game, Danny can count some hits, some errors. But it looks as though he, too, is about to hit that home run.

And Mary and Danny have their idea of a homer completely defined. Danny, Jr. was born on June 5, 1955. Says his proud parent, "We're now raising two ball players. We figure we need about nineteen acres and a house with double doors, doors we can fling open in the morning and say, 'Okay, kids, it's all yours.' Go ahead and run!"



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# Goodbye to 57 Pounds!

(Continued from page 34)

"For six years, when I was teaching school," she says, "I helped children with their problems. In spite of that, I didn't learn how to apply psychology to myself or other grownups."

Inside every fat person, it has been said, is a thin one struggling to get free. After Dr. Milton V. Kline, psychologist and writer on hypnosis, began using hypnotic therapy to help free the "real" Dorothy inside, she was able to shed fifty-seven pounds. Now at last she has lost weight and kept it off. The story of how Dorothy did it is the story of a girl honest enough to face reality, find psychological help and learn the truth about what makes her tick.

Dieting was something that Dorothy had tried many times, but only with temporary success. Once, when she was in her early teens, she went on a cottage-cheese diet and lost thirty pounds. "I had an aunt with beautiful size-fourteen clothes, and I wanted to wear them," she explains. "Except for clothes, being big never bothered me. Pretty dresses only went to size-eighteen, and I wore size-twenty. But, every time I lost weight, I'd end up gaining it back—plus a little more!"

In Turkey or Central Europe, where ample proportions are stylish, Dorothy felt she would have been belle of the ball. "I'll never be skinny," she said, "but I don't want to be that kind of glamour girl. Some skinny girls are mean because they're hungry."

No one with rollicking humor like Dorothy's could be "mean." Radio listeners often write to ask: "Who's that girl with the infectious laugh? Hearing her cheers me up." The response to her warmth is particularly evident in children, because they don't hide their feelings. Several years ago, when Dorothy was teaching school, however, one little girl was afraid of her.

"She was one of those adorable Dresden-china type girls," Dorothy remembers. "I'm outspoken, robust, and I could see her withdraw. A week after school had started, I sat on a chair in front of the class and said, 'Some of you are afraid of me. I talk louder, laugh harder, scold louder, and I'm bigger than the other teachers. But I promise that, before the term is over, you'll realize I'm like the dog who barks but doesn't bite. One little girl is afraid of me. I was once told the best way not to be afraid of someone is to think how funny she would look in her petticoat. You try that with me, and you'll laugh instead of being scared.'"

"After that, the little girl relaxed and became friendly. Children, particularly five and six-year-olds, are fascinated by differences in size. They used to ask me why I was so fat. I'd tell them there are differences in everything. Some people have black hair, others are blonde, some have blue eyes, others have brown. We'd start comparing how funny differences are and end up giggling.

"To keep children interested," says Dorothy, "you need a bag of tricks." One of her best was to bring her Golden Auto-harp to class. This is an easy-to-play stringed instrument like a zither. She would sing and play folk songs and teach them to the youngsters. The latest recording of some of her songs is on RCA Victor's Bluebird record, "Lullabies for Sleepyheads."

Dorothy loved youngsters and they trusted her. Part of the time, she taught in a school for disturbed children. They had emotional problems which blocked their being able to study and learn in the way that happy children can. Trying to

help them, she had long talks with the three psychiatrists and one psychologist at school. She began to realize that all of us have problems, whether we're aware of them or not. To help us handle them, many of us need professional help.

In a classroom, Dorothy never doubted that she had the children's approval. When grownups entered, however, she began to feel uneasy. They seemed to represent a challenge. As she became more interested in psychology, she began to wonder why. Her own childhood had been difficult in some ways. "My father was a perfectionist," Dorothy explains. "He was a mechanical engineer, the kind of person who said there was no room for failure. For a child, his standards were impossibly high."

When Dorothy was six, her parents separated and she was raised by her mother in her Grandmother McDonald's home. She had a wonderful cook and the food was lavish. "My grandmother was from the South, and the McDonald girls were noted for their delicacies—hot cornbread, golden popovers, crispy pastries, and fine-flaked biscuits that tasted even better with rich gravy poured over them generously.

"It would be hard to stay thin in that household. My mother managed, even though she could bake the best angel-food cake I've ever tasted. It looked pretty, too. She had a trick of twirling on the butter icing with a knife so it looked like a magazine picture.

"It's not true that *heaviness* runs in families. The tendency to *overeate* does. So often, too, we use food to comfort us. I remember when I was a youngster and cut my chin, my mother gave me a pat of butter and said, 'This will make you feel better.' As I grew up, I got used to comforting myself by eating whenever I was under stress or strain.

"My vice is hot dogs. Not just any old kind, but the ball-game or cart-on-the-corner kind of hot dogs you eat with sauerkraut. When I reach a point of low resistance, instead of catching a cold as most people do, I give in and eat a hot dog!"

Dorothy's intelligent curiosity led her to overeating, too. Foreign foods and new foods interested her. In restaurants, she ordered the specialties, no matter how loaded with calories they were.

Once, after winning a music scholarship and singing with her home-town band, Dorothy decided to lose weight if she had to wire her jaw shut. She went to a reducing school, ended with a skin condition and malnutrition. Another time, she decided that she wanted to be a professional singer, so she dieted down to size-sixteen from size-forty-two. Then she started making the rounds of the booking agents. "You have a nice face, a nice voice," agents would say—and then add, "but why don't you lose some weight?"

"That straw broke the camel's back," Dorothy says now. "I have a big frame and I decided that, if I had to be skinny to be a singer, I'd be a schoolteacher!" Up went her weight again.

While she was still studying to be an elementary-school teacher, she met and married a friend of her brother Harry, a commercial fisherman named Arti Olsen. Arti had been a whaler in Norway and because of that unusual occupation, the CBS-TV program *Name That Tune* wanted him on their show, after the Olsens had filled out audience-participation cards. Arti was at sea when a call came, but the man liked the jolly quality in Dorothy's voice on the phone, so he asked her to come in to be screened. Fortunately, she

took her brother, Harry Bell, who has always acted as her adviser, with her.

Mr. Salter took him aside after the audition and said he wanted to use Dorothy but he was afraid she might fall and hurt herself because she was heavy. On the program, two people race up to ring a bell before answering the questions. Harry assured him that she was a good dancer and light on her feet from running with children on the playground.

On the night of her first appearance, Dorothy was disheartened when she saw that her opponent was tall, thin, and long-legged. Even though he ran faster, he missed one song which Dorothy was able to name and she went on to win the \$25,000 prize. Meanwhile, Steve Sholes of RCA Victor signed her to record "The Little White Duck," which she had sung on the program. It quickly sold 150,000 copies.

After making personal appearances to promote the record, and seeing herself on the TV monitor, she knew that she had to lose weight. "I went to a doctor outside of New York state," Dorothy says. "He gave me pills and injections. I lost thirty pounds, but I got dehydrated and my skin broke out. Frightened, I went back to my own physician, Dr. Vincent Fiocco. He had me stop medication, the condition cleared up—and I gained the weight back."

Then Dorothy began to appear with Dr. Frances Horwich on *Ding Dong School*. "Miss Frances used suggestive psychology with me," Dorothy recalls. "She talked about losing weight herself and gave me suggestions about how to dress more becomingly.

"I knew that I had a weight problem but what I didn't understand was that, basically, I kept overeating when I was under stress. Food had always been a source of comfort to me.

"I loved to sing but I didn't have enough faith in myself. I remembered watching Bert Parks on many shows, and it was hard to accept finding myself on the same side of a mike with him, singing on *NBC Bandstand*."

In November, 1956, Dorothy read an article about Dr. Milton Kline, Director, Institute for Research in Hypnosis at Long Island University. It interested her and so, like a typical schoolteacher, she clipped and filed it. Again, she consulted her own doctor. He was open-minded about the use of hypnosis and asked, "What do you think?"

"If my eating is a problem," Dorothy answered, "I should be able to face it."

Medicine had done no good, she couldn't stick to a diet—so, finally, on a rainy, cold day last February, she called Dr. Kline. No one should undertake any method of losing weight without a thorough physical examination. Since Dr. Fiocco had given Dorothy a check-up and his approval, Dr. Kline was willing to proceed.

In the hands of anyone but a competent therapist, hypnosis—like surgery or any medical technique—can be dangerous. A person under hypnosis seems like a sleep-walker, except that he believes and does, within certain limits, what the therapist says. "The subject often may experience reality through the therapist, rather than through his own senses," Dr. Kline once said. "If the therapist says, 'It is dark,' the subject may experience darkness and reacts as if it were dark."

In Dr. Kline's office, before he hypnotized her, Dorothy asked if she could take her shoes off. Then, while she concentrated, he talked to her slowly and in

rhythmic patterns. Dorothy felt as if she were sliding down a coal chute inside herself, the kind of feeling she has just before falling asleep.

"I always knew what Dr. Kline was saying," Dorothy has told me, "and, even after I was hypnotized, I'd think to myself that I could raise my arms if I wanted to—but I didn't want to."

Before waking her, Dr. Kline told Dorothy that she would be less interested in food, think less about it, but she would have a feeling of well-being. "I woke up feeling bright-eyed and bushy-tailed," Dorothy says. "When I was leaving, Dr. Kline asked if I had my shoes on. One patient had walked out and forgotten her shoes."

How can hypnosis help an overweight person? I interviewed Dr. Kline and he told me that many people seek psychological help for overweight, particularly when they can't control their eating. With hypnotherapy, or with other psychological help, a patient can deal with some of the feelings and emotions which created an undesirable pattern of eating, and thus gain more voluntary control. So long as the desire to eat is voluntary, it's all right to eat a lot—if that's what we want. The problem arises when we eat involuntarily, when we become passive observers, and the desire to eat takes hold of us the way fatigue does.

Therapy under hypnosis can help a patient stay on a diet. But more important is helping a compulsive eater to recognize what experiences in his life made him seek emotional satisfaction in food instead of in his daily living. If these past experiences were as obvious as a punch in the nose, the problem would be simple. Usually they are so subtle and deep that it takes psychotherapy over a long period of time to dig them out. How long a time depends on how deep-rooted and complex the problems are.

"I was afraid I'd make a mistake, when I first began to sing on *NBC Bandstand*," Dorothy recalls. "I had always admired Skitch Henderson, our conductor, and he terrified me, although people on the show assured me there was no reason for it. I goofed my lines and got lost in the middle of a song. The band had to keep playing and afterwards I wept bitter tears behind the curtain at the back of the stage."

"I talked with Dr. Kline and gradually, like seeing them in a reflector, the reasons I was afraid of Skitch came to me. I respected him from far off and wanted his approval. I didn't have enough faith in myself because, for one thing, my father—without realizing it—had set impossible, rigid standards. With such negative thoughts in my mind, it was inevitable that I make a mistake. I was trying to discipline myself the way my father had disciplined himself."

"Finally, I was able to see Skitch the way he was, kind and helpful. I was no longer afraid of myself or him, so one day I was able to screw up my courage, throw my arms around him and say, 'I'm not afraid of you any more.' In fact, everyone on our *NBC Bandstand* show has been helping and encouraging to me."

When she was recording "The Little White Duck," Steve Sholes had asked Dorothy to sing the last verse in a minor key.

"Oh, I can't," she said. "Don't say you can't," her brother said. "If you can't, they'll tell you."

"He was right," Dorothy smiles. "It turned out well. I used to say that I couldn't sing in harmony. Now I say, 'Help me and I'll try.' The same holds true with my dieting. Dr. Kline has helped me find out why I was eating too much, and now I can keep from gorging myself with food the way I used to."

Dr. Kline never has told Dorothy specifically what to eat. Her overeating was not due to ignorance of what was fattening. Now she can stick to a comfortable, low-calorie diet. For breakfast: Tomato juice, two eggs, toast, and coffee. In a restaurant for lunch, she doesn't look at a menu, so she isn't tempted. She orders chopped meat broiled, sliced tomatoes or green salad, and coffee. For dinner: Lean meat, low-calorie vegetables, salad, and fresh fruit, gelatin, or canned dietetic fruit for dessert. Instead of the French cookies and pies she ate before, Dorothy treats herself to an occasional piece of hard candy. Sucaryl sweetens her coffee and Dr. Fiocco has prescribed vitamin and mineral pills. During rehearsals, she may drink coffee—but, if she gets pastry for Skitch, she doesn't eat any herself.

There is more to Dorothy's changed appearance than losing weight. A friend of her brother's, Sonya Box, gave her lessons in exercise and posture. "I've learned how to pull back my ears and stand more erect," says Dorothy. "Having a smiling face is important, too."

There's no reason why a large woman can't be attractive: "I wear plain V-necklines and sleeves that come below the elbow. No more skirts and blouses, or patterned materials. Instead, solid-color dresses self-belted or with belts the same color. I sew many of my clothes myself."

"Once I find a good pattern, I stick to it. I don't see how an active woman can wear straight skirts. Besides, they pull above my knees when I sit down to play the Golden Autoharp. At a party or at work, I don't want to worry about how I'm sitting. I'm more interested in what's going on around me. And, finally, I've found a store that caters to large-sized young women—the 'Jr. Plenty' department at Lane Bryant."

"Instead of oxfords, I wear heels now. I buy pretty shoes and small, unusual hats. I never wore hats before, but brightly colored ones call attention to my head. I've started to use make-up and my hair-do is new. My husband likes long hair, but mine is now short on the sides and less severe than before. A hairdresser styled it, but I trim it myself now that I know what he was trying to achieve."

"Except for pearls, I don't wear necklaces, and I wear few bracelets. I do wear earrings more often, however, since my hair is up."

"I'm not sure that audiences like me more just because I weigh less and dress differently, but I know that agents and producers do."

For her audiences, Dorothy likes best to sing folk songs and pop songs. She sings ballads but, since she's far from being a sad person, people are not convinced when she sings a sad song. "When I sing a rhythm song, I feel like a child who snatches a cookie and gets away with it," Dorothy smiles. She sings them tongue-in-cheek, with a wink at the studio audience as if to say, *You know and I know that I'm just playing. I'm not trying to convince you that I'm a rhythm singer.*

What does Dorothy weigh now, after losing fifty-seven pounds?

"I won't answer until I'm down to one hundred and forty," she says, with a laugh. Although some pounds still have to go, eating no longer exists as a problem. That period of anxiety is over and she can take off as many pounds as she wishes, because now she can stick to a diet. She has had the courage to face the unpleasant truth of why she overate. Maybe she can write her superb accomplishment into a far-from-sad ballad and sing it in her inimitable, happy way: "Oh What a Beautiful Feeling!"

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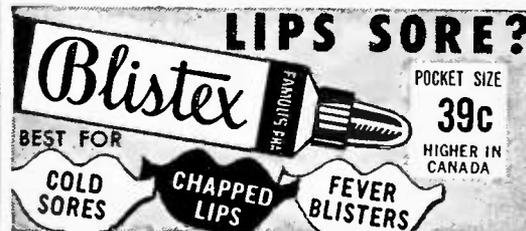
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# Como: The Pied Piper of TV

(Continued from page 41)

bucks a year or better. He could, if he wished, have a servant for every room in the house, with one extra just to squeeze toothpaste on his toothbrush.

In reality, there is but one maid who helps with the housework. Roselle does all the cooking. For example, at a recent party for fifteen of Perry's co-workers, she set the table, prepared the meal and served it. Once upon a time, there was a French chauffeur on duty at the Como residence, but not for long. Perry found the man a driving job with another family. Says Perry, "We didn't think it was fair to keep him on, until we took some French lessons."

Going out to a night club is a seldom thing. For a great performer, such as Sinatra or Nat "King" Cole, the Comos will make the drive into town to be at ringside. Perry almost never wears a tuxedo for these infrequent outings. He's had tuxedos. A few years ago, he had one that he'd worn once. When he was asked for a donation of clothing to be auctioned at a benefit, he gave them the practically brand-new suit. This past year, he had to appear as guest of honor at a benefit for the Friars' Club in New York. So he bought another tuxedo. But that, too, has disappeared. "Tuxedo?" he says, "Who needs one?"

There are three children at home in Sands Point: Ronnie, seventeen, David, eleven, and Terri, ten. Perry has literally quarantined them from publicity. A photographer hasn't been inside the driveway of Perry's house in years. The idea is that the kids should grow up in a home rather than a fish bowl. And they are brought up like kids whose fathers have an average income. When Ronnie was coming into Manhattan to attend school at St. Xavier's, he came by train and subway. He spent well over two hours a day commuting. And home entertainment for Ronnie, David and Terri is built right into the house. Television is a staple. Music is the rule, whether at piano or phonograph.

Dee Belline says, "You ought to see the way Perry has with kids. Nephews, nieces, all kids are crazy about him. He's got a special magic with children. I don't know what it is exactly—his patience, his smile, his great affection. Take my two, Dennis and Judith. The boy is fifteen and his sister, thirteen. Well, they are both nuts for Pat Boone and Elvis, but they're mad about Uncle Perry. Let anyone say a word against Perry and they jump to his defense like tigers."

This Pied Piper aspect of Perry's extends beyond the family. Any Saturday night at the studio, you'll find adults in line with their children. After the show, they line up again at the stage door and wait for Perry. He has never ducked out on the audience. He signs autographs, poses for youngsters with cameras and kneels down to talk to the little ones. Often, the mother or father will say, "You know, Mr. Como, we wouldn't have waited in line like this for anyone but our child. She insisted that she had to see you." And, just about that time, the child usually gets timid and hides behind her mother's skirts.

"When you see Como on television, you're seeing the same personality we know off camera," says Goodman Ace, Perry's head writer. "We write this show for Perry 'as is.' He's a family man and happy about it. So into the show go lines about his children and his wife. When a celebrity appears as a guest, Perry doesn't ask about the man's new record or latest movie. Instead, he will say, 'And how are your kids?'"

Goodie explains that the most popular kind of comedy on TV is built around the *insult joke*—but Perry can't tell one. "It would be out of character. To my knowledge, Perry has never insulted anyone. An insult joke wouldn't ring true. For him, we write the gentle joke. But, actually, he's no comedian. He's a personality with experience and a great sense of timing."

One big problem during the season is to get Perry to accept awards that come his way. Perry doesn't want to stand still and be told how wonderful he is. Goodie says, "We are pleased that he gets awards but he complains that it's embarrassing to have someone come up and say, 'Mr. Como, in appreciation of the wholesome entertainment you have rendered *et cetera, et cetera.*' Perry maintains it bores the people. We know that it makes *him* self-conscious. So we always have to make a joke out of any award he receives. We have to sort of kid him into accepting it."

Perry, of course, is noted for being easy to get along with. But he is, also, tireless in rehearsal. He will go over a bit of dialogue or action any number of times until it comes out right. He takes criticism and suggestions. On the other hand, he doesn't merely swim along with the crowd.

"We have differences," Goodman Ace says, "but I don't mean temperamental differences. We talk them out. Sometimes we want him to do a particular song and he refuses. Sometimes his reason is that the song has been sung to death. We have to remind him that many people want to hear Perry Como sing it."

The most popular musical feature on the weekly show is the "We Get Letters" segment. Goodman Ace originated the idea. He says, "People were writing in and asking for the old songs. I thought we ought to put a few minutes aside in each show for the great standards. Now everyone likes the idea. Perry calls it 'the chairs-on-the-table spot.' He says that it reminds him of the days when he sang in night clubs. After the show, when the chairs were on the tables, the band would loosen their ties and he would sing for himself and the musicians. This, of course, is the kind of singing a performer likes best."

Perry's new Victor album is titled, "We Get Letters." These are songs that were sung on TV during the past couple of years. There are a dozen wonderful standards, including "Somebody Loves Me," "Sleepy Time Gal," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and "South of the Border." For this album, there were no regular musical arrangements. Mitch Ayres picked eight men out of the regular band and they just sat down with Perry and made music. Mitch, incidentally, has been with Perry ten years.

"Not many people know that Perry is a fine musician in his own right," Mitch says. "He can do something few other singers can. He can take a new number and read it right off the paper first time." Mitch tells you how meticulous Perry is at recording sessions. "He feels that every record he makes he has to live with."

And Como is also sensitive to the feelings of the musicians. During the recording of the last album, the instrumentalists had solos. After each play-back, he would turn to the musicians and say, "How was that with you? Are you happy with it?" As a result, the album has the same intimacy and charm you'd enjoy if you were on hand when "the chairs are on the table."

Perry's own favorite song is a private joke between him and Mitch Ayres. Mitch says, "This is funny. You know the number, 'It Could Happen to You.' Well, Perry

sings it on the golf course, back in the showers, in his dressing room at the show. Lots of people have one song running through their heads, and this one has been in Perry's head for years. I don't know how many times I've had it on the stands at a recording session but Perry will pass it by. Ask Perry about it."

Perry, when asked, just says with a grin, "Did Mitch tell you about that? Well, the truth is that I don't know why I've never wanted to record it. Maybe some day I'll record it under the shower with a putter for accompaniment."

While Mitch has been with Perry for ten years, the same thing is also true of the eighteen musicians you hear on the show. This, too, is a tribute to Perry's lack of nerves and temper. He's never taken Mitch aside and said, "Get rid of that trombone or that guy in the reed section." And when the show originated in Florida, all eighteen musicians went along, plus his regular cameramen, technicians and even the boys who hold up the cue-cards. Perry wouldn't call this loyalty or generosity in handing out a Florida trip. It seems that Perry builds up attachments.

"He likes familiar faces around him, whether it's at the theater, a recording session or a party. Perry likes being at ease. When he has people around he knows, it's being at home." Mitch adds, "Of course, it works both ways. We're comfortable with Perry, too. I wouldn't have been around ten years if I couldn't live with him. If I weren't happy in what I've been doing, I could have left."

In ten years, Mitch has heard a lot of Como singing and he, too, has his favorite Como. "I get the biggest thrill when Perry is on a religious song. He has such great feeling for that music. When he sings 'Kol Nidre' or 'The Lord's Prayer,' I get goose pimples—and, believe me, I've heard a lot of singing. Do you know his all-faith album, 'I Believe'? I think this is one of the greatest things today."

Mitch is, also, Perry's friend outside of their business association. But the friendship is different from most in show business. When they leave the studio, they never talk business. Says Mitch, "It's amazing. The moment we walk out the door, he's talking about something else, usually golf. After a show, the excitement is still with you. You may feel like rehashing the show. But not Perry. We can stop in a restaurant for a sandwich and someone will come up and say, 'That was a wonderful performance tonight.' Perry says, 'Thanks,' and goes back to golf again."

Perry's love of golf is the greatest romance of the day. Dee Belline remembers one day Perry was playing with a pro he very much admired. The pro said that he'd always wanted to sing professionally. Perry said, "I'll trade you even." And on the course, playing with Dee or Mitch, Perry shows no mercy. Says Mitch, "We play to win. Perry doesn't believe in gambling for large stakes with friends, so we play just one- or two-dollar Nassau. When I win and Perry has to shell out a couple bucks, he always says, 'Mitch, that band better be soft on Saturday.'"

This is a joke, for Perry doesn't like special treatment at any time. Mitch recalls an incident at a restaurant where they went frequently in past years. "Every time we got in there, the owner would set up a pile of Como records. We knew that he meant well, but Perry didn't like it. One day Perry asked the man to stop it. With a smile, Perry said, 'When I hear my own voice, I have a hard time keeping my food down.'"

Actually, there is no false modesty with Perry about his music. He knows what he can expect of himself. For example, he goes to a recording session which should normally take about two hours to cut a single record. If it doesn't sound right, the session may go as long as four hours—and, even then, he may throw it out. Sometimes he takes the acetate, the rough recording, home to get the family's opinion. "Ronnie is the expert counsel," Perry says. "You see, I'm forty-five and I've lost the commercial touch. I still like a song that's sweet and simple. Well, that's not what the kids want, but you can't complain. Sometimes Ronnie will listen to a new recording and say, 'You sing well, Pop, but I don't get the message.' He listened to 'Hot Diggety' and told me, 'That's a gasser.' And he gave the okay to 'Round and Round.' They both went over a million. Ronnie said, 'I told you so.'"

None of the Como children show any special promise as vocalists, although the kids love music. Ronnie, whose ambition is to be a schoolteacher, plays the guitar. The other children take piano lessons. David, who is in the cowboy stage, prefers the bark of his cap gun to a ballad. For Perry's little girl, Terri, father can sing no wrong. She loves everything he sings. Though Ronnie and also Perry's teen-age nephews and nieces have a fondness for his records, out at a dance they are typical rock 'n' roll fans.

"There's no such thing as bad music," Perry says. "I mean music that has a bad influence. Sure, some rock 'n' roll numbers have racy lyrics. But, usually, the way they are sung, you can't understand

them, anyway. In my day, we had the Miller and Goodman bands to dance to. They had a beat. That's what the kids want and get in rock 'n' roll. That's all it is."

But Perry's teen-age fans number in the thousands. You can see some of them in the theater on Saturday nights. Perry is proud of them. They are enthusiastic but well-behaved. In all of his years of radio and TV, he's never had any trouble with teenagers. They haven't screamed off the studio roof or torn his coat or bloodied his nose. To them, Perry is the guy next door, something other than the swoon type. There was a teenager named Dobbie who came around to the stage door for years. She was the president of one of Perry's fan clubs. When she fell in love, she brought her fiance to meet Perry. Then Perry got a wedding announcement. Eventually, she was at the stage door once more. This time with a seven-weeks-old baby. She wanted Perry to see her first child.

But those who can't bring babies send letters and they continue to come from everywhere, reflecting Perry's warmth. "Thank you for all your kindness. God bless you and your family," says one. A fifteen-year-old writes, "You are the one man on TV who most resembles the man I would like to marry. My mother, father, sisters and all my friends like you very much. You are the ideal husband and father." And another closes with the thought, "I thank you and wish you and your family health and happiness"—which is exactly the way Perry feels about his audience.

## The Greatest \$64,000 Category of All

(Continued from page 22)

name the baby Evelyn or something like that. But Peter's a nice name. We didn't argue too much about it," says Hal.

The middle name, Lindsey, was, however, his parents' own choice. "Peter Lindsey March," his father would say, savoring it.

"I figure he'll probably be an actor anyway—so why should he change his name later?" Hal says. "Let's start him out with a good actor-type name." And so Peter Lindsey March, a mere mite of a man weighing in later at five pounds, thirteen ounces, was influencing a family's future—and his father's present—long before he arrived.

Hal March has been married some sixteen months—and very happily—to his beautiful Candy. He loves her son Stevie and daughter Missy, aged 2. With their own first-born on the way, Hal began dreaming of getting out of the city apartment to the open country. He envisioned a back yard out in the country where sturdy children could run and play.

"It's just unfair to the kids," Hal would worry paternally to Candy—who agreed with him. "Look at Missy, going down in the elevator twice a day, then across Fifth Avenue into the park to play—all regimented, no freedom to run." And now—with Peter Lindsey coming . . .

So Pete's parents found an immense brick house with an acre-and-a-half of yard out in suburban Scarsdale, and they also eyed a lovely fieldstone country place to buy later on. Planning for the future . . . even as, out in Hollywood, the production plans of Paramount Studio were being adjusted for Hal March's first starring picture, being timed for the arrival of his first-born.

If that first-born proved to be a boy, Peter's godfather-to-be, NBC executive David Tebet, was already making enthusi-

astic plans to put him through Princeton. . . . Also, of course, there awaited Peter Lindsey March a ready-made audience of millions of fans . . . and, true to tradition, he was not to keep them waiting long.

Paramount had wanted Hal March to report for "Hear Me Good" in Hollywood the month before, but Hal had said, "No, I won't leave Candy under any conditions now." Candy had the finest of doctors, their very good friend, Dr. Jerry Salvatore, whom they'd met when he was a contestant on *The \$64,000 Question* ("His category was 'Food and Cooking,'" Hal grins now). But Hal wanted to be near Candy throughout the whole thing, and to be there to convoy his wife and baby home safely from the hospital that memorable day.

Increasingly . . . with the production date on the picture nearing, with moving vans coming, and with Candy growing more and more uncomfortable . . . Candy and Hal kept worrying about coordinating the family's activities.

One day, about five days before the baby was supposedly due, Candy and Hal drove over to New Jersey to the doctor's. In the course of a routine examination, Candy remarked, "Doctor, what if the baby comes—and Hal can't be here? They can't push the picture back anymore," she added, smiling wearily.

"Well—you can have induced labor, if you want to," the doctor surprised them by saying. Hal and Candy looked at him questioningly, and then at one another. Induced labor—what was this? The doctor explained there was almost no risk involved, so long as the doctor was there every second watching very carefully. "Would you like to go home and think about it—or would you like to make up your mind now?" he asked.

And, as Candy recalls, "We discussed it in the office, and then Jerry said, 'Well,



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all right—tomorrow morning.' Well! When he said tomorrow morning, the both of us almost fainted!"

For all today's modern methods, there's nothing that quite prepares a man for the magic moment when he hears he's a father. As Hal recalls, "It's a funny thing, but over a period of hours there—you never really anticipate the flash there's a boy or a girl. You just don't think of what it's going to be like when that happens. Throughout the day, I was really just geared to, 'How's Candy?'"

"She's doing fine," the doctor would assure him.

"Have you any idea how long—?" No, they had no exact idea.

And again, "How's Candy?" And again . . .

Around five P.M., when the baby's godfather, who'd been waiting with Hal all day, had gone back briefly to the office at NBC to clean up some last-minute details, and Hal was chatting with the head of the hospital and sharing a convivial toast with him, Dr. Jerry Salvatore came in.

"How's Candy?" said Hal—automatically.

"She's fine," the doctor said. "How do you feel?"

"Just fine," beamed Hal.

"Well, that's good—because Candy just had a baby boy."

At which point, as Hal laughingly recalls, "I hugged the doctor and I went crazy. I waited at the elevator for Candy to come down from the labor room and she was punchy, and I kissed her a couple of times, and we both got intoxicated from the ether they'd given her. And I saw my son—"

He didn't look like any beauty-contest winner then," smiled Candy. "He was a healthy little boy and we were both thrilled about that. He was cute, very bright—and that's all we hoped for. We didn't especially pray for a boy or a girl—" "But he was so tiny! It was a blow to my ego, you know," grins Hal. "Because I weighed ten pounds and my sisters weighed over twelve—and Candy was pretty heavy—I'd just assumed we were going to have a brute, you know. And then, this little five-pound, thirteen-ounce male. But it was wonderful and I thank God for it—because it meant an easier delivery for Candy.

"And Peter's going to be a big boy," his father goes on pleasantly. "He has huge hands and huge feet. If he just grows into them, he'll be about six-foot-three. You can tell from this picture. Look at those hands—"

"He's gaining weight. And he looks just like Hal now," his mother notes.

"This kid is just like his mother and his daddy, really," Hal interposes gallantly. "I was hoping the baby would look like Candy."

"Not since it was a boy," Candy says firmly. "He looks so much like Hal. He has his brown eyes, the same eyebrows. His hair is very dark and thick. And you can tell by his bone structure—"

"Well, of course, it would seem impossible to tell yet—but there is his bone structure," Hal concedes gracefully. "He has very broad shoulders—and no hips at all," notes the former Frisco gridiron flash.

"A terrible loneliness," Hal describes the three weeks when he had to leave Candy and make a picture in Hollywood—so soon after their baby was born. "I didn't even know our little boy yet. I couldn't really identify myself with him," says Hal. And Candy adds, "We'd just gotten home from the hospital. Hal had only held the baby two times—three times, at most—when he had to leave. . . ."

In Hollywood again . . . after years of skimping and working and hoping . . . he realized the fulfillment of a twenty-year dream of the ambitious teenager, Hal Mendelson, who'd had such glowing visions—impatient visions—of life beyond his father's delicatessen store in San Francisco. One rainy night, he'd hitchhiked to Hollywood with only his dreams to sustain him. The dream of being an actor, a success in show business . . . but, most of all, becoming a motion picture star.

Starring in "Hear Me Good" at Paramount Studios, Hal March was only a few blocks from the place on Gower Street where he'd lived in an attic (and mostly on hope) for so long. But he was so lonely for Candy and the family, half the thrill was gone.

"We'd only been married a year and a half—but I really can't remember what it was like, the other way," Hal was saying slowly now. "I don't like being away from Candy. And—at the risk of sounding maudlin—we'll never be separated that long again. Then, too, it was so hard on Candy, having to move to the country all by herself."

In spite of missing Candy—and visualizing his young son growing up without knowing his own father—Hal March made plenty of laughter on the sound stage at Paramount. Together with producer-director Don McGuire and the cast and crew of "Hear Me Good," he helped revolutionize the mechanics of making movies for the whole industry, starring in a "quality" comedy which was shot in eight days! Hal's tough conditioning by television, his long experience in every medium and his infallible timing for comedy were invaluable. Studio executives and other stars were constant and admiring visitors.

"We rehearsed for two weeks on the set, with the camera and crew all there planning the shots. It wasn't too tough, really. My conditioning is that way in TV—and I've got a lot of years behind me," Hal says modestly of his part in this fabulous operation.

Hollywood was also impressed by Hal March's humility, his open appreciation of his "good fortune," and his complete lack of temperament. Studio publicity men marveled at his graciousness in welcoming visitors and in signing autographs for them in the commissary.

Before Peter arrived, at a cerebral palsy telethon Hal headed in Jacksonville, Florida, the public pledged \$10,000 in the baby's name—"It was the most thrilling thing." When he was born, there were hundreds of wires and letters. The response from fans who saw his picture flashed on the TV screen on *The \$64,000 Question*, when Peter was two hours old, was almost unbelievable.

"People have sent him so many gifts. Things women crochet, like sweaters and booties and afghans, you know. Things people sit down and make that take hours," Hal says gratefully. They're overflowing Peter's room in the large comfortable two-storey brick house the Marches are renting in Scarsdale now.

The Marches are reveling in their suburban living. "It takes forty minutes to get up there and you can't find it without a map—and it's fun. The kids have a little plastic pool in the back yard, and we all have bicycles," Candy notes.

They have a year's lease on the comfortable old brick house with the beautifully landscaped yard "all fenced in the back, with so much running room for our three kids" and their diminutive coffee-colored dachshund, Demitasse the Third.

"There's a very pretty fieldstone house we have our hearts set on to buy in the Fox Meadow section of Scarsdale. It has

three bedrooms and two maid's rooms now, but we're going to make four bedrooms and one maid's room—which is about right for our family." They plan traditional furnishings, generously interspersed with Candy's beloved antiques. As they say, it's "one of those houses built to last hundreds of years"—which is also right for their family.

There's no commuting problem in the country. Hal goes to New York twice a week for his new NBC-TV show, *What's It For?* But he leaves late enough in the morning to miss those who are jetting to their jobs along the freeway. Every Tuesday, he leaves the house around seven P.M. for a leisurely drive in for CBS-TV's *The \$64,000 Question*. "There's no traffic on the east side of the highway at that time of evening," Hal observes, "and I love the drive. At ten-thirty, I'm out of the studio and on my way home. It's just a forty-minute drive—a beautiful drive," he enthuses.

In Hal's carefully considered opinion, he's a very good father. "I think I'm a darned good father, really," he laughs. "Of course, we have the other two children, Stevie and Missy, by Candy's former marriage (to Mel Torme), and I'm completely devoted to them. We were married when Missy was ten months old and, whatever problems there were . . . I've been around. I've been under fire—and I like being a father very much."

But however conditioned the father, an infant son offers a few problems neither Hal March nor all the child-psychology books available for research can answer satisfactorily. "I've read the books and I think books make a lot of sense, but I've had many problems and I've run to the books—and I can't find the answer," Candy laughs now.

"The book we've read really is Dr. Spock's . . . and it certainly does tell you about child behavior. It tells you almost to the word what a child is going to say at two or two-and-a-half—exactly the phraseology he or she uses," Hal marvels. It doesn't, however, fully cover what a parent should always do by way of reply.

"It only lets us know our child is not unusual," smiles Candy.

"Yes, it lets us know what to expect . . . well, usually," Hal amends.

Together, too, Hal and Candy immediately shared the problem of getting Missy to accept her baby brother. "When Peter first came home, Missy would gladly have stuck a knife in his back," Candy recalls. "But we seemingly ignored him, and made sure she got her proper attention. We'd go into the nursery and see him when Missy was asleep. Then, out of curiosity, Missy would go into the nursery and look at him and walk out—and she couldn't care less. One day he started to cry and Missy came running to say, 'Peter's crying—Peter's crying, Mom.' I offered to let her hold him, and she walked away in disdain. Then, out of the same curiosity, one day she wanted to hold him. She threw her arms out and took him, and now she loves him. She kisses him and he's her brother—but it took a little time, you know."

"Basically, our philosophy with the kids is to give them security and authority and plenty of love," says Hal. "And, above all, our relationship with them is completely honest. All questions are answered honestly. Of course, they don't ask me questions I can't answer—yet. They're not old enough. Right now, it's pretty even—because I think like a four-year-old. When Stevie gets to be six, he may be a problem in this department," he laughs.

"When I got married," as Candy says now, "Stevie acquired another dad, and

he started calling Hal 'Daddy' right away. But it was 'Daddy Hal' and 'Daddy Mel,' and it was all a little confusing. Hal sat down and explained it to him, and after a while there were no more questions, no problems. But, when his dad got married, Stevie didn't understand why he got another mommy and acquired an eight-year-old sister—who's just adorable, incidentally—and it was very confusing to him. Telling him was a big problem," Candy remembers very well.

"But we explained it to him, and there's no mystery now. Of course, he doesn't understand the machinations of all that's happened. He's much too young for that. But he isn't confused, which is a good thing. He can exercise his curiosity without inhibition, without fear," Hal goes on seriously. "The way we explained it, he's a very lucky little boy. He has two daddies and mommies, he has a sister he lives with and another sister he can visit, he has a baby brother, two houses and two dogs. He has twice as much as most other little boys.

"With love and security, there's no problem. And there is no undue punishment, ever. When Stevie is reprimanded for something, he's told *why* he is—on a broader scope, in terms of philosophy and life, other people's feelings and other people's possessions," continues Hal. "He's getting a well-rounded education. He's going to be the big boy in the family—he's going to take care of the other two kids . . . and so he's got to be ready."

"He isn't always right or good—but we're trying," Candy adds.

"I wouldn't want him always to be good, honey," Hal says quickly. "When a kid gets to be four, he's feeling his oats. He'd be the dullest kid in the world if he were good all the time. Every once in a while, when he gets rough, he's going to get a spanking. But it's not just hitting and walking away. I believe in a little spanking and a little loving—I think you've got to hit 'em and hold 'em—and then tell them exactly why you did it. How much it hurt you to do it. I tell Stevie this. I explain I owe this to him. And he's beginning to understand.

"But he's a wonderful little boy, he's no problem. And he's going to be a fine man. He's got tremendous spirit, and it's just great. And Missy—this little girl has all the prerequisites for being a fantastic woman. She's physically beautiful, she has a tremendous capacity both for giving and receiving love. She's a little vixen," he says glowingly.

As for Candy, he says, "I'll never be able to figure out what I've done to deserve this girl.

"We have visions of having a wonderful family," he goes on, planning ahead—away ahead. "We want the kids to be friends of ours after they leave home. And, by having a completely honest relationship with them from the beginning, it seems to be going in that direction. When Stevie and Missy and Peter get married, we'd like for them to come and visit us as friends, not just feel an obligation to us as parents—

"I sound like the first father who ever happened," Hal breaks off suddenly—and immediately picks up steam. "But the way it is . . . with Stevie, four, and Missy, two, and Peter, now going on one—it's such a wonderful family. I want both the boys to be athletic, and it seems they are. Stevie's athletically inclined now, and Peter—well, he moves his head and his hands—he's very athletic," his father laughs. "But the vision I have is of these two boys taking care of this beautiful little girl, in the middle."

Hal also has visions of their future, and helping them to prepare for it. In show business? "Well . . . all I can say is show

business has been wonderful to me. If Missy were to go into show business, I would like for her ultimately to quit and get married—like her mother. You know Candy was well on her way to a very successful career when she quit. In fact, since we've been married, she's had a million offers to go back."

Today, Hal March's own success in show business is assured. His public returns his love—with good measure. There's *The \$64,000 Question* on CBS-TV. And *What's It For?* on NBC-TV. Paramount is all raves about his first starring movie, "Hear Me Good." Spectaculars are being planned specially for him, and movie scripts are being showered on him.

But, as Hal says, "I'm still under contract to Revlon. I can only shoot pictures during the summers. If I get lucky with my first—if there is going to be a motion picture career—we'll headquarter in the country at Scarsdale and the whole family will commute to Hollywood. One thing sure, I'll never be separated from them. . . . I'll never go through that again. What's happened to the happy old self-sufficient bachelor I used to be?"

"We went to a party the other night," Candy says teasingly, "and many of his good old bachelor friends were there. They still have the same problem—they're still all looking for a good woman to settle down with. I feel so sorry for bachelors."

"So do I, honey," Hal agrees. And, looking at a snapshot of their youngest, Peter's father repeats for good measure, "So do I."

Next to being a husband, being a father is Hal March's favorite role. And he thinks of his future in terms of their own—measuring success and happiness accordingly. . . . Hal Mendelson—who set out in a rain storm across the Oakland Bay Bridge, leaving the lights of San Francisco far behind him—has found brighter lights than he ever envisioned. After twenty years, a pay-off beyond his youngest dreams. But he's thankful for the struggle getting there. For the experience.

"Candy and I've discussed this many times," says Hal. "We're very grateful for what's happened . . . for what's still happening . . . for the financial rewards and everything else. But I'm grateful for all of it. There are no unpleasant memories. You know, fellows in the business are always coming up to me and telling me how happy they are for me today. Saying, 'Son-of-a-gun, you deserve it after twenty years.'

"Sure, there were twenty years—and there were many times I went without eating—but it didn't bother me too much. Actually, I had a ball much of the time. And there is satisfaction when you finally get somewhere in this business, knowing you can truthfully say you've done it on your own.

"You've had breaks, of course," Hal goes on. "Like *The \$64,000 Question*—that's the greatest break that ever happened for me. But . . . you get ready for that. You learn your craft over twenty years. You go without work—and, every time you get up to bat, you learn something more. You grow. It's all wonderful experience."

"You grow up a better man, too," Candy adds quietly.

"That's what I mean. That's the thing, really," Hal says slowly. "You grow up better—you hope."

Reward enough today for Hal, if . . . because of those years . . . he's a father who's better equipped to give Stevie, Missy and Peter Lindsey March a more honest evaluation of life. To be better able to prepare them for whatever world—whatever future—may be theirs.

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# You Asked For It

(Continued from page 48)

physical shape for a man of his age. But it seems that, though the years had been kind to his body, his memory had been less fortunate. When he instructed the crew about how much of a charge of powder to put in the cannon, producer Chamberlin instinctively sensed trouble. He tried to suggest, as tactfully as possible, one rehearsal of the stunt. The old man scorned even one run-through—said he could do the act blindfolded with his hands tied behind his back. Chamberlin agreed that he was certain this was true, but quietly and firmly insisted that the cannon be fired once before the show.

This proved a flash of intuitive genius on Chamberlin's part. With a mighty roar, the cannon went off, sending its projectile zooming through the side of the studio and into an adjacent parking lot. By happy coincidence, someone had thought to aim it through an open door, so no damage was done.

Of course, the payoff on this one wasn't exactly pleasant, even so. Horrified at what might have happened, the crew erred on the side of caution when they re-charged the cannon just before the stunt went on camera. With a futile little "Ploop" the cannon ejected the cannonball, which soared weakly in a sad little arc—and fell smack on the toes of Cannonball Richards!

By far the greatest number of requests which come into the show's office concern animals. And of those requests, a large percentage involve alligators. Chamberlin admits to being somewhat puzzled by this fascination the predatory swamp creatures hold for the American televising public. But he's agreeable, and goes about trying to set up as many of the suggested stunts involving alligators as can be worked into the show.

There's one such stunt, however, about which he'd rather not be reminded. It was to involve the classic wrestling match—between a man and an alligator. An elaborate set was built, so that on camera it would appear as though a chunk of Okefenokee swamp had been transported to Hollywood. Into the pool on this set were dumped two gigantic alligators, not just one. This was a sort of insurance, Chamberlin felt. If one alligator seemed disinclined to wrestle, they'd have a stand-in handy. So he thought.

The rehearsals went along beautifully. The man who was to do the wrestling came on-camera, poked a long stick down into the studio-made swamp, and up reared an alligator. The two set about with a great thrashing, and with grunts, groans and growls which would have done credit to a match between Gorgeous George and Lord Hamilton. As the rehearsal finished, everyone dashed around congratulating everyone else on what a wonderful, stupendous, thrilling stunt they were about to present.

Everyone, that is, except the alligators. Now a small bit of nature lore which Chamberlin had yet to learn—alligators are lazy characters, who much prefer not to wrestle, if they can manage to sneak out of it. And sneaking out of things is one of their great talents. So these two fugitives from a ladies' hand-bag factory got their snouts together, poked around that man-made pool, and found a hiding spot under a ledge.

Comes time for the show. On-camera strides the alligator-wrestling man, a convincing parcel of muscles. He pokes his long stick into the pool. No alligator. He pokes again, but still no alligator. The cameras are grinding away, the

second hand on the big clock is making dizzying revolutions. Still no alligator. Literally minutes later, just about the time the man was scheduled to have pinned the beast's shoulders to the mat—there was still no sign of an alligator. The camera panned off the man, still poking frantically, but futilely, about the stage pool. Off camera, Chamberlin claims, great tufts of hair littered the studio floor, tossed there by despairing technicians who had torn it from their own scalps.

Chamberlin diagnoses the trouble on that one as "too much rehearsal." There have been a number of bloopers on *You Asked For It*, where animals were involved. Take the case of the walking fish. Yes, he really walked—propelled himself up a slightly inclined board, into a tank. The only trouble there was that the director insisted on so much rehearsal that the fish became fatigued. When the show went on the air, said fish couldn't so much as flutter a fin.

The same type thing happened with the monkeys. Someone wrote in suggesting that they prove or disprove the old phrase, "more fun than a barrel of monkeys." Were a barrel of monkeys fun? they wanted to know. Chamberlin has the answer. In rehearsal, they're a ball!

The whole barrellfull of squirming simians had been set down inside a wooden enclosure. Into the walls of that enclosure, small apertures had been cut for the lens of the cameras to peek through. In rehearsal, the monkeys piled out of that barrel, heels over head, scrambling out in a perfectly riotous fashion all over the interior of the enclosure. The crew was convulsed at their antics. But that was at rehearsal!

By show time, those monkeys had smartened up. Once the trap-door-type top of the barrel had been pulled away, as the stunt went on the air, they'd improved their escape time. They were out of that barrel so fast the cameras couldn't even catch the action. They not only left the barrel behind, but streaked through the lens-holes in the enclosure, and on out over the shoulders of the cameramen, into the studio. It took a full day to comb them out of the rafters. Monkeys aren't very funny to *You Asked For It* staffers anymore.

With an active six years behind them, the crew on the show has become quite blasé about animals—'most any animals. Not long ago, someone came into an outer room at rehearsal time, heard an unusual noise coming from the rehearsal stage, and inquired what was going on. One of the crew shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, and replied, "Oh, some crazy horse is in there roller-skating." Visions which would put the ordinary man on the wagon for months are so common to the *You Asked For It* crew as to rarely rate a second glance.

They needed more than a second glance, however, the night they showed the flea circus. Or the night they *didn't* show it, if you insist on accuracy. A nice payoff to this story would be that the performers had taken off to inhabit a canine act which followed—but it didn't happen quite like that. The camera just wasn't able to pick up the antics of these miniature acrobats and aerialists. So the viewer was left to stare at a blank screen, all the while listening to Art Baker's enraptured eye-witness account of their feats. Chamberlin allows as how it may have worked fairly well for viewers with active imaginations, but others were probably pretty puzzled.

That was just one instance of a stunt

going sour, and leaving some viewers with the mistaken impression that the program was trying to spoof them. Another—and more embarrassing—instance occurred when the show drafted Jack LaLanne, physical culturist. LaLanne was scheduled to do 1,000 pushups during the half-hour the show was on the air. The show opened with the camera on LaLanne, off to a brave, strong start with his first-score pushups. The plan was to pan back to him midway through the show, and again as the show ended. But there had been a slight slip-up—this time in the script department. They'd stuck the word "consecutive" into the announcement of LaLanne's feat, and that wasn't the way Chamberlin and LaLanne had planned it at all. The strong man was going to do 1,000 pushups during the half-hour. That part was true. But he planned on taking a breather now and then, spotting a few seconds' rest here and there—say, after every 100 pushups. The way the announcement was written, and read, it sounded as though he were going to start with pushup No. 1, and not stop until he'd executed No. 1,000.

So, when the camera panned back on him halfway through the show, there he was, lying on the mat, with his face on the floor. He looked up, spotted the camera's red eye glowing in his direction, and frantically took off on another spurt of pushups. And, just to make matters worse, the same thing happened at the end of the show. Although Art Baker had spotted that "consecutive" in the script by then, and tried to explain to the audience that LaLanne had, indeed, totalled 1,000 pushups during the half-hour even if they hadn't been consecutive, Chamberlin is convinced that the majority of the viewers thought they were the victims of a hoax.

An off-stage near-crisis occurred when "Cubby, the Cowardly Lion," was scheduled to appear on the show. Baker had been reassured that no one had ever told the beast that he was a lion, and that Cubby was afraid of his own shadow. Art cheerfully agreed to pose for publicity pictures alongside this ill-adjusted king of the animal world.

But, when Art and the network publicity man arrived on the set, they found that something extra had been added. Among those present was another lion, who had made news a few days before by taking sample bites out of several Southern Californians. And the poor publicity man hadn't the foggiest notion as to which lion was which. That time, Art settled for several poses poking an experimental finger through the bars of one of the lion's cages—he still has the finger, so he figures it was Cubby's cage.

On still another occasion, a snake trainer was to do a spot on the show. Although no particular lover of reptiles, Baker has never had any special fear of them, and agreed readily enough to pose with them for pictures. The photographer decided to take some shots first of the trainer, with a slithery shoulderful of snakeskin. After the first couple of shots, he requested the trainer to move his right arm to a slightly different position.

The trainer was eager to comply, but unable. As he explained very cheerfully, it was only minutes before Baker and the photographer arrived on the scene that one of the snakes had bitten him, and his arm was temporarily paralyzed. That time, Baker suddenly remembered an urgent appointment he had across town.

Not all the stunts presented have been so optimistically complicated, as that, of

course. A few have been tinged with tragedy. There was the reunion of a company of old-time firemen, complete with the horse-drawn engine they'd used. It was a nostalgic bit, and obviously too exciting for one of the old-timers. Within hours after they were off the air, he suffered a heart attack and died.

Other dramatic repercussions have had happier endings. On one show last year, a new method of resuscitation was demonstrated, a method highly recommended for use on victims of electrical shock. Within a month after the show had been presented, the staff received two thrilling letters. One told how a man had saved the life of his partner at work, when the partner accidentally touched a high-voltage source. Having watched the new method closely when it was shown on *You Asked For It*, the man was able to apply it, and revive his partner.

A few days later, a similar letter arrived, telling how a woman motorist had come across an accident victim alongside a highway. His car had hit an electric line pole, a wire had fallen, striking the man. He was in shock when she reached him. She, too, had "learned" the method from *You Asked For It*—and saved this stranger's life. Somehow, remembering those letters, Chamberlin is able to shrug off most of the times when the stunts didn't quite jell.

There have been a few things viewers asked for, but which the show staff found impossible to provide. Not long ago, after one segment showed by speeded-up photography the frantic antics a housewife goes through during the course of a single day, a viewer wrote in with a brilliant suggestion for a variation on the same theme. Why not show, she suggested, what President Eisenhower does in a

single day, using this same speeded-up movie technique. It would have been a wonderful bit, Chamberlin is quick to agree. But they knew, without asking, that it would be impossible to obtain.

Among the few requests which couldn't be fulfilled have been those asking the identity of the girls in the Old Gold dancing cigarette packs—a view of *The Lone Ranger*, unmasked—the identity of Jimmy Durante's "Mrs. Calabash." For various and undoubtedly valid reasons, Old Gold and *The Lone Ranger's* sponsor and Schnozzola have all refused to divulge the information requested.

Not a few of the requests which come in from viewers ask that Art Baker participate in some stunt. But the one that took the cake, so far as Chamberlin is concerned, came from a disgruntled viewer who suggested: "Have Art Baker go jump in the lake!"

So they did. The crew moved, bag and camera, out to suburban Toluca Lake. Art poised on the edge of this body of water (impressive in size in Southern California, but scarcely a self-respecting duck pond in the Midwest). And then he jumped in, with the camera following him the whole splashing way. It's dubious if the lake is deep enough for Baker to have got wet all over in just one jump—but, on camera, it came off fine.

And the thing which reassures Chamberlin is this: Although they'd had three requests, over the years, for Baker to jump in the lake—they got nine letters from viewers who vigorously objected. In no uncertain terms, they huffed and puffed about "that nice Mr. Baker" being subjected to such indignities.

"And as long as our audience is three-to-one for us," Chamberlin points out, "we're in business."

## Love at Second Glance

(Continued from page 56)

When this romance had ended, Mary Lou's family was worried as to how she would take it—and so was Marilyn. Would she sit and brood, mope over the past, and refuse to meet new men? After all these years of going steadily with "George" (that isn't his real name), Mary Lou herself wondered if she would be able to adjust herself to new dates with other boys. But Marilyn was determined to see to it that Mary Lou didn't mope. She kept urging her to go out, and she arranged her first date after the break-up.

"It was," Mary Lou confesses, "like going on a date for the first time in my life. After talking to one boy for so many years, it seemed to me I wouldn't know what to say to anyone else. But, once I got to Marilyn's house and met him, it wasn't so bad. I don't know what in the world I would have done without Marilyn."

Marilyn was obviously determined to play Cupid. And, one night in October, 1954, she really succeeded in this role. That was the night she was giving a big Hallowe'en party. It was to be informal (no costumes) but lots of fun. Marilyn had a hunch that Mary Lou and Joe Dialon, the brother of one of her girl friends, would like each other. Acting on that hunch, she invited his sister to the party. Then she said, "Would your brother be interested in coming? We'd love to have him. I know a girl I'm sure he'd enjoy meeting."

Since it was to be an informal party, Mary Lou dressed very simply, in a gray skirt and gray sweater. Her mother sighed, "My goodness, you look dull." But Joe obviously didn't feel that way about

it. His dark brown eyes lighted up when he saw Mary Lou. And Mary Lou certainly felt no pain meeting Joe. ("He's five-foot-eleven, with curly dark brown hair," she says, "very good looking, though I wouldn't call him handsome.")

She found he was great fun to talk to. At the time, he was a film editor (he's now newsreel cameraman for George Putnam), but his conversation wasn't limited to shop talk.

When Joe told her about his love for skiing, Mary Lou was very honest with him. (It isn't in her to be anything else.) "I don't think I'd ever enjoy skiing," she said. "I'm sure I'd be chicken."

"I'll teach you some day," he promised, "and I'll bet you won't be."

Later, when he took her home, he asked for her phone number. And shortly afterwards, he called her. A film he had edited was being shown that night, and he wondered if she'd like to see it.

Since it meant being with Joe, she was very willing, and they sat through a movie which both of them admit was bad. Another girl, after the movie, might have pretended that it was a great picture, but not Mary Lou. Both she and Joe agreed that it was just one of those things—an independent venture that had fallen flat on its face.

It may have been her honesty, as well as her attractiveness, that appealed so much to Joe. At any rate, the more they saw of each other, the better they liked what they saw.

About two months after he had met her, Joe knew that he was deeply in love with Mary Lou—that she was the girl he wanted to marry. Mary Lou was in love, too.

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One night, after they'd had dinner together and gone to a movie, he stood at the door of her parents' home in Hollywood. He had something on his mind. The moment he started talking, Mary Lou had a pretty good hunch what it was.

"I have something to ask you," he said. "Yes?" said Mary Lou. Her dark brown eyes danced impishly.

"Well, this is very important to me, to us." Suddenly, Joe, usually so poised, began to stammer.

Then, finally, he came out with it. "Will you marry me?"

Mary Lou didn't keep him in suspense. "Why, yes," she said. Then she added, "Dad would be so pleased if you asked him if you could marry me. I know it's supposed to be old-fashioned, but would you mind?"

Joe didn't mind. He wouldn't have minded anything that night. He was in seventh heaven. So, like a true old-fashioned beau, he asked Frank Harrington if he could marry his daughter Mary Lou, and he received Mr. Harrington's consent and blessing.

It was shortly before Christmas, and they decided to announce their engagement on Christmas Eve. Joe bought her the ring about two days after the proposal, but she told him she wouldn't wear it till the night it was officially announced. What a night that was! The Harringtons held open house, everything festively decorated for Christmas. Mary Lou's parents—Frank and Effie May Harrington—had worked hard all week to have everything just right for the momentous occasion.

Joe had to work late that night, on his job as newsreel cameraman. But he was free between seven and eight-thirty, so he received their guests' congratulations at Mary's home during those hours. Of course, later on, after Joe had to leave for work, other guests kept drifting in, and they, too, heard the good news. (If they hadn't, they would have guessed, from the happy light in Mary Lou's eyes.)

Mary Lou had met Joe's folks, even before the engagement party. She loved them and they loved her. Joe, his mother and sister have a cabin at Running Springs between Big Bear and Arrowhead, and she had gone there with them one weekend. Mary Lou, a complete novice at skiing at the time, had bought the complete works for the occasion—boots, skis, poles, ski pants, sweater.

Contrary to her prediction, she hadn't chickened out on the small hills: "The first few times, I did well going down those hills," she recalls. "Shortly afterwards, I got the flu. We didn't go back again for about two months. Perhaps if I'd been able to keep at skiing persistently, I might have become pretty fair at it. But the interruption must have discouraged me."

She kept telling Joe she'd do fine by herself—that he must take advantage of the chair lift and go up to the higher slopes. So he finally did. Mary Lou did some skiing by herself. "But I quickly lost my nerve," she confesses. "I had pushed myself off the hill, but I must have done something wrong. By the time I got to the bottom of the hill, I was a wreck. I'd had enough skiing for the day."

"I started to take off my skis on the parking lot, but fell flat on my face. I picked myself up, picked up the skis, started trying to walk, and fell again. Then I looked down to see what was the matter. Two buckles on my ski shoes were locking. No wonder I couldn't walk! The net result of the day was a couple of cracked ribs. I'd fallen on a small metal attachment on the skis."

The accident put an end to her skiing

for the rest of the season. "Now I'm not too anxious to go back to it," she admits frankly. "I didn't go in for skiing last year, because of our baby, Alan, or the year before, because I was pregnant then."

"Joe hopes to make up for my lack of enthusiasm by training Alan to ski," she smiles. "Alan is only a little over a year old. Joe wanted to make a skier out of him almost from the day he was born. I told him kiddingly, 'Don't you think we'd better wait till Alan can walk before you try to teach him to ski?' Now Alan does walk—and I wouldn't be surprised if Joe starts trying to put him on skis next winter!"

But back to their marriage, just six months after their first meeting. Joe and Mary Lou decided to get married at Lash Chapel in Hollywood, and the Harringtons had a wonderful reception for about one hundred and fifty people at their home.

After the wedding, Joe and Mary Lou drove to Yosemite for their honeymoon. First, they drove through rain, then through snow. But when they got to Yosemite, it was beautiful there. They spent two wonderful days living in the lap of luxury at the Ahwani Hotel. Then they had to rush back to Hollywood, so that Mary Lou could get back to her job, and Joe to his.

Normally, Joe and Mary Lou and Alan live not in the lap of luxury—but in a charming, unpretentious, vine-covered brown and white house in Burbank. It's a very un-actorish home. The only sensational thing about Joe's life is that, as a cameraman, he sees the news of the world happening, covers forest fires, the Confidential courtroom trial, crashes, accidents, and other newsworthy events.

In many ways, they are a couple typical of today's suburbia. They bought their home—which they laughingly call "early Burbank"—shortly before they were married. They were able to move into it about three weeks after their wedding. By that time, they had the kitchen and bedroom furniture. Minetta Ellen, the original Mother Barbour of *One Man's Family*, had given Mary Lou a pre-wedding shower, at which she received lovely and practical gifts from everybody who had anything to do with the show.

There was just one slight shadow hovering over the Dialons the day they moved into their new home. Mary Lou had chicken pox! But still, she and Joe managed to discuss their exciting plans for the redecoration of the house.

One of the large furniture stores in Los Angeles was having a sale, and Joe was given the important mission of buying the first piece of furniture for the living room. It turned out to be a large, comfortable chair in yellow, brown and green. "The baby," laughs Mary Lou, "now drools all over it."

In its pristine newness the chair was so handsome that Joe and Mary Lou decided to furnish the rest of the living room in yellow, brown and green to go with the chair. For the sake of practicality, a dark brown sofa was chosen. Joe and Mary Lou themselves painted the living room walls yellow; Mary Lou doing the woodwork and trim, and Joe the actual painting and wallpapering. "He's the handiest man," she says proudly. "He can fix just about anything."

The painting inside the house was done in double-quick time. Joe and Mary Lou had ordered wall-to-wall carpeting for the hall, living room, and dining room. Two days before the carpeting was to be installed, Mary Lou decided it wouldn't be right to put down new carpeting in a house that hadn't been freshly painted. She and Joe worked all one night and the

entire next day painting room after room.

Joe and Mary Lou meet their problems in a way that's typical of young suburban couples everywhere. And their experiences are very similar. For instance, Joe put in the walk leading to the house, and used a good weed-killer to kill the weeds between the stones. Then, imbued with enthusiasm, he decided it would be a good idea to use the same weed-killer on the lawn, where the weeds were thriving.

The weed-killer worked beautifully on the weeds, and just as beautifully on the nice green grass. The result? Today, the grass is, as Mary Lou says, "a nice, early-autumn, dark brown shade."

Joe and Mary Lou, like most parents, decided that when they had children they wouldn't spoil them. Of course not. "But how do you keep from doing it?" Mary Lou asks, very reasonably. "I have a feeling that, when Alan is playing very happily by himself, I should just let him go on that way, but I can't resist joining him."

"The other day," she laughs, "I heard an ad that went something like this: 'Is your wife a slave to the kitchen? Wouldn't she like to spend some time in the living room?' Well, no one has to feel sorry for me! I'm certainly no slave to the kitchen. I spend a lot of time in the living room playing with Alan."

"After dinner, I don't feel I have to do the dishes immediately. I don't do them till he goes to bed. I know some women feel that it is just terrible to let a dish lie unwashed for five minutes. But I think you can be sensible in these matters. You don't have to be like 'Craig's Wife'—who, if I remember correctly, seemed to care more about her home than about her husband. Joe and Alan come first with me," she concludes.

On this regime of love, understanding and play, Alan has thrived. When he was first born, Joe and Mary Lou had reason to be concerned, as he was an incubator baby, almost a month premature. Everyone had been sure that Mary Lou, who is beautifully built, would bring a thriving seven- or eight-pound baby into the world. But no. Alan was four pounds, six ounces, when he was born—and the powers-that-be kept him in the hospital for a full week after she had been sent home.

At the end of the week, the doctor said that he was doing so well that they would let him go home, even though he was still slightly under five pounds. But the fact that Alan had gained five ounces in a week led them to believe that they didn't have to worry about him. They were right. Today, he is a sturdy young man, toddling around the house on very sturdy young legs. He has blond hair and brown eyes, and looks very much like Joe.

Naturally, his grandparents idolize him. There were three previous grandchildren (sister Sheila's children) for the Harringtons, but he is the very first grandchild for Joe's mother. They all make a big fuss over Alan. The living room is filled with his toys, including gifts from his grandparents.

Because they live happily and fully, the days never seem long enough for Joe and Mary Lou. In the evening, while Mary Lou knits or paints, Joe paints, builds a cabinet, or works on his model airplane. "It's a monster," she laughs. "The plane is in our bedroom, the motor in the garage. It hasn't gotten off the ground yet, but Joe says some day he's going to send it off into the air. I hope, when that day comes, it won't crash."

Well, whether it does or not, the life of the Dialons will go merrily on.



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