

# ★ TV RADIO MIRROR

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SEPTEMBER, 1954

# TV RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 42, NO. 4

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Cover portrait of Lu Ann Simms by Ozzie Sweet

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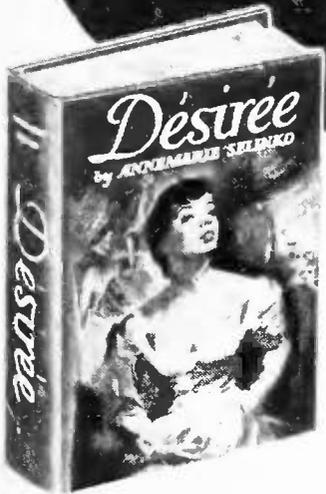
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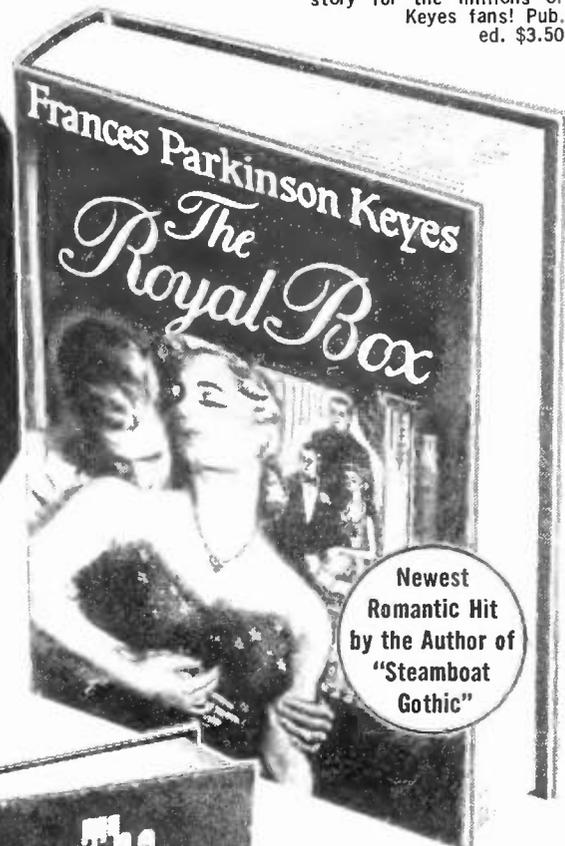
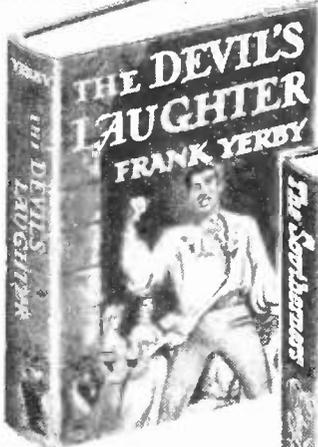
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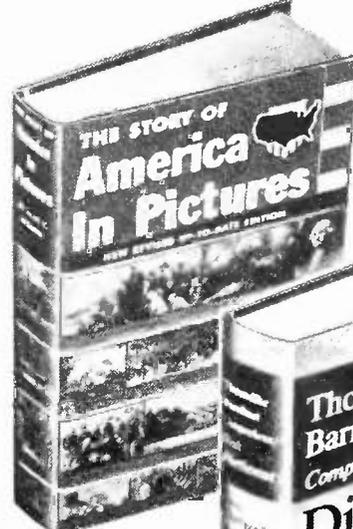


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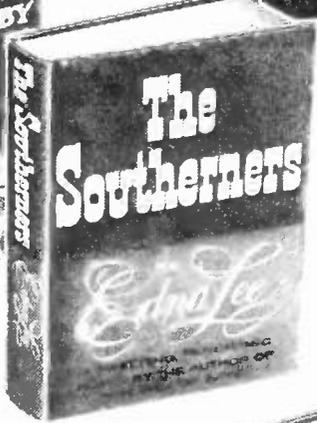
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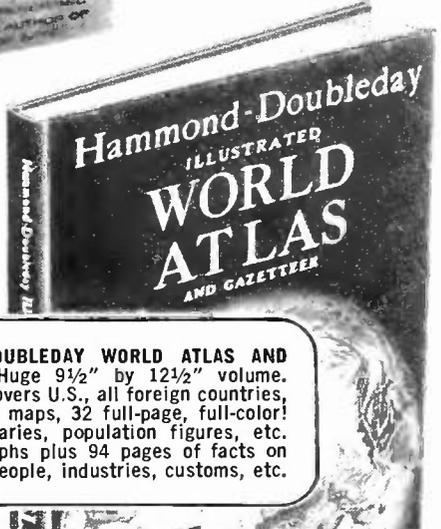
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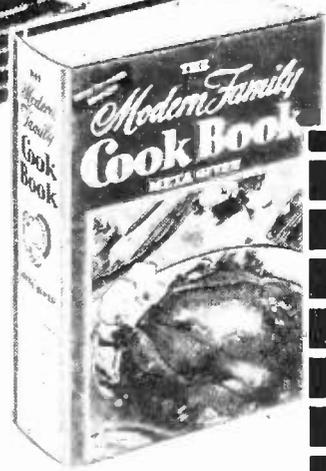
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# STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE



**W**ELL, here I am again with another record column for you. And many thanks for all the kind letters about my first one. I'm enjoying my new job very much and I hope you'll all join up for our platter parade every month. It's the hot time of the year right now, but there's lots of "cool" music to be had, so let's go.

Kitty Kallen's record of "Little Things Mean a Lot" sold just about a million records, and her latest might very well be just as big a hit. Kitty has chosen two old songs, "In the Chapel in the Moonlight" and "Take Everything But You," with accompaniment by Jack Pleis and his orchestra. She does them up nicely for Decca.

One of the newer entries into the singing group sweepstakes are four lads who call themselves "The Crew Cuts." They started together in a church choir in Toronto, Canada, and made their first record, "Crazy 'Bout Ya, Baby," just a few months ago. Their second try looks like it will do it for the boys. It's the ballad, "I Spoke Too Soon," backed up by a rhythm ditty, "Sh-Boom," with David Carroll and his orchestra (Mercury).

Lionel Hampton fans, and I'm one of them, will go for his instrumental "Gabby's Gabbin'," sparked of course by Hamp's great vibe work. The flip side, with a vocal by Sonnie Parker, is called "Jumpin' with G.H." "G.H." is Gladys Hampton—Mrs. Lionel—who wrote it (M-G-M).

Columbia has three interesting offerings in their Dance Party series. First there's "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye," an album of Sammy's best dance stuff of the

past. Then there's a set called "Harry James at the Hollywood Palladium," actually recorded at that famous spot. Included are such good old tunes as "Moanin' Low," "Sugar Foot Stomp," "Flash," "Moonlight Bay," "Bye, Bye, Blues" and "Ain't She Sweet," with a Buddy Rich vocal. The third album in this series is "Dick Jurgens at the Aragon Ballroom," and should certainly appeal to toe-tappers. The Jurgens band, ensemble and vocalists revive numbers they've been doing for years, like "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Tenderly," "Two Loves Have I," and "You're My Thrill."

"Hernando's Hideaway" is a catchy tune, you'll admit, but wait till you hear it done by those likable comedy characters, Homer and Jethro. The boys do a hilarious parody on it, and on the reverse side they perform "Wanted," but not the way Perry Como sings it. This record could well be the comedy smash of the season (Victor).

Besides being just about the most successful orchestra leader in the business, a champion speedboat driver and a happy restaurant owner, Guy Lombardo turned producer this summer and presented a musical production, "Arabian Nights," at Jones Beach, New York. He and the Royal Canadians also took time out to record the complete score on an album for Decca, all done in dance tempos. Brother Carmen, by the way, wrote some of the songs for the show.

"The One Who Broke My Heart Is Back in Town" and "El Relicario" comprise Gisele MacKenzie's newest on Capitol, and she sings them both excellently. The latter tune is an old Latin standard, but wrapped up in new lyrics. The choral and orchestra backing is handled by Nelson Riddle.

Remember "Manhattan Tower," the wonderful musical narrative released a few years ago? Well, here's another one, done in the same vein, called "The Broadway Story." It's an album, and most listenable, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Bernie Wayne. The artists: Danny Scholl, Chipper Nathan, Jan Magnes, Jim Hawthorne, and Audrey Marsh (Coral).

Those pretty misses from Ohio, the McGuire Sisters, have a nice platter in "Heavenly Feeling" and "Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight," musically supported by Neal Hefti's orchestra. "Heavenly Feeling" incidentally, has a cute story behind it. Bernie Wayne adapted the melody from the "Chock Full o' Nuts" singing commercial, which plugs that "heavenly coffee." The lyrics were written by the popular New York disc jockey, Bill Silbert, who rides records over Station WMGM (Coral).

If you're a Judy Garland fan, you'll want

to hear her do two of the big Harold Arlen-Ira Gershwin songs from her forthcoming picture, "A Star Is Born"—"The Man That Got Away" and "Here's What I'm Here For." This is taken right from the original soundtrack, with Ray Heindorf and The Warner Brothers Studio Orchestra handling the music. Judy is set to do a complete album from the picture as soon as the last numbers are finished filming, and that will be released in a month or so (Columbia).

Sorry to learn that Victor is not going to release "The Caine Mutiny" album after all. It is a great thing, but they ran into some sort of legal difficulty on the rights or something, so we're out of luck—at least for the time being.

Mercury Records bought some of the old masters owned by the National Company, including some fine stuff by Billy Eckstine. The first one they're bringing out couples two great standards, Cole Porter's "In the Still of the Night," and the Duke Ellington oldie, "Sentimental Mood." Billy originally recorded both of these back in 1948, but they sound just fine.

"Sophie Tucker Golden Jubilee Album" is a super-special release by Mercury, done on one long-playing record which runs for an hour. It's actually Sophie's whole career and lots of her life story done in music, story and pictures. Only 5000 of these were pressed because they are fifteen dollars apiece. Many of the top personalities in show business are heard on the record, each singing individual songs in tribute to Sophie—the tunes she made famous through the years. Patti Page, Georgia Gibbs, Eddie Cantor, Vic Damone, Georgie Jessel and Jack Benny are a few who "do their piece." Richard Hayman arranged, conducted and scored the whole proceedings. This is a most interesting record, and certainly should appeal to the many Sophie Tucker fans of long standing.

Eartha Kitt steps forth with a cute ditty called "Mink Schmink," the kind of thing she does so well. On the reverse she does a sultry vocal on "Easy Does It." Both of these should get many spins on the jukeboxes (Victor).

That big, rugged movie guy, Jeff Chandler, would appear to be on his way to becoming a big, singing record guy. He croons "That's All She's Waiting to Hear," and the old tune, "Lamplight," which Skinnay Ennis originally made popular with the late Hal Kemp's band. Jeff does all right in the vocal department, and no one will have to dub his voice in pictures, that's for sure.

Well, that does it for now. I'll be seeing you next month—same page, same magazine, new stuff.



Steve congratulates songstress Ella Fitzgerald on her 19th year in show business.



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Goodson & Todman Production—on the social side: The TV producers and their wives relaxing at New York's Harwyn Club (Mark Goodson, right; Mrs. Goodson, left; the Bill Todmans, center).

## WHAT'S NEW FROM



Wedding bells rang for Nina Foch and James Lipton last June. The couple honeymooned on Long Island.

**T**HE Mickey Rooney show is going on television at last, over NBC, starting Saturday night, August 28. It's a situation-comedy show, filmed in Hollywood, with Mickey playing the part of an ambitious page boy for a big network. Comedian Joey Forman is featured as Rooney's sidekick.

Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town* has been selected as the first major CBS television program to be broadcast in color on Sunday night, August 22. The show will originate from CBS' new color TV theater in New York City. (It will be seen in black and white, too, of course.) Ed's program was chosen because it is the oldest hour-long program on the network, having recently celebrated six years of telecasting.

The American Broadcasting Company has signed Walt Disney to an exclusive long-term contract, and all his beloved little characters go along with the deal, too. During the coming season, Disney will regularly present four types of productions: *Adventureland*, which will be adapted from Disney's "Nature" series; *Frontierland*, dramatizations about legendary American figures; *Fantasyland*, full-length animated features like "Snow White," "Peter Pan," etc.; and *Land Of Tomorrow*, which will be an animated space-travel series.

NBC-TV's latest daytime serial is called *Concerning Miss Marlowe* and is seen Monday through Friday afternoons. Louise Albritton, formerly a Hollywood movie star, has been assigned the lead role of actress Meg Marlowe, who longs to give up her theatrical life and



One of CBS's newest situation comedies features popular Hope Emerson, Olive Sturgess and William Demorest.



At an informal rehearsal, columnist Jill Warren gets the low-down on the latest Godfrey doings from Tony Morvin.

# COAST TO COAST

settle down with a home and family.

CBS has signed Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse to exclusive contracts to create new television programs. The famous Broadway writing and production team, who authored such hits as "Life with Father" and "Call Me Madam," are scheduled to present their first show within a month or so.

When Edgar Bergen returns to the air in a few weeks (over CBS), he plans a new format for his program. Bergen will originate his broadcasts from Washington, D. C., and instead of movie stars as guests, he plans to use politicians, government big brass, congressmen, etc. His dummies, Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, etc.—including a new one Edgar is introducing, named Lars Lindquist—will join in the interview proceedings with the Washington people. Can't you just imagine Charlie McCarthy questioning Senator McCarthy?

Comedian Sid Caesar is working like mad preparing his new TV show for NBC this fall. He is still experimenting with exactly what he will do, but so far he has a definite starting date, September 27. It will be an hour show, and he already has a sponsor. Sid's former laugh partner, Imogene Coca, is scheduled for a half-hour time period, but no definite date or show has been announced as yet.

ABC has lots of new things set for their fall TV slate. They've signed June Havoc for a half-hour called *The Artful Miss Dodger*; Jimmy Nelson, the talented young ventriloquist, will head a new (Continued on page 12)



Before leaving on his vocation, Perry Como tells Roy Anthony, his summer replacement, about his travel plans.

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## Young For His Age

Dear Editor:

I have heard that Eli Mintz is much younger than the role he plays as Uncle David in *The Goldbergs*. Can you tell me something about him?

A. G., Kearny, N. Y.

Austrian-born Eli Mintz, who plays the sixty-five-year-old Uncle David in *The Goldbergs*, is actually in his early forties, but he has been portraying old men since he was fourteen. One of ten children of a poor tailor who also loved the drama and possessed a fine singing voice, Eli was born Edward Satz, then changed his name to Eli Mintz to avoid trading on the reputation of his brother, the late Ludwig Satz, a leading figure in the Jewish theater in the United States. While struggling for a stage career in Europe, Eli worked as a bookkeeper, attended a school for waiters, set up his own newspaper kiosk, and sold rare first editions of books. He arrived in this country in 1927 and went to work as a pleater. He was singled out of 200 aspirants at an audition given by actor-impresario Maurice Schwartz and then began appearing in New York's Second Avenue theaters. Later, he acted on radio and toured the country several times. At the end of one tour, he found himself in Los Angeles, where he worked for two and a half years as a presser in a dress factory until he had saved enough money to return to New York. Then he met Gertrude Berg and was cast as Uncle David in her Broadway production of "Molly and Me." When the beloved Goldberg family was brought to television, Eli remained with them. He is married now and lives in New York with his wife and their eight-year-old daughter.



Eli Mintz



Marvin Kaplan

## Bard Of Brooklyn

Dear Editor:

I would like to know more about Marvin Kaplan who plays Alfred Prinzmetal on *Meet Millie* over CBS-TV.

E. W., Holcomb, N. Y.

At twenty-five, Marvin Kaplan, who never intended to be an actor, is a veteran of ten movies and several plays. Born in Brooklyn, Marvin entered New York University as a pre-med student, planning to follow in the path of his doctor-father. He transferred to Brooklyn College, then taught English long enough to know he "hated it." After working as a bookkeeper and a script reader, Marvin headed for the West Coast where, to help further his writing ambitions, he organized a little theater group at the University of Southern California. Katharine Hepburn saw him in a Molière drama and cast him in a supporting role in her film, "Adam's Rib." Marvin's been an actor ever since and particularly enjoys playing Millie's poet friend because it's the closest he's come so far to his dream of being a writer.

## Change Of Mind

Dear Editor:

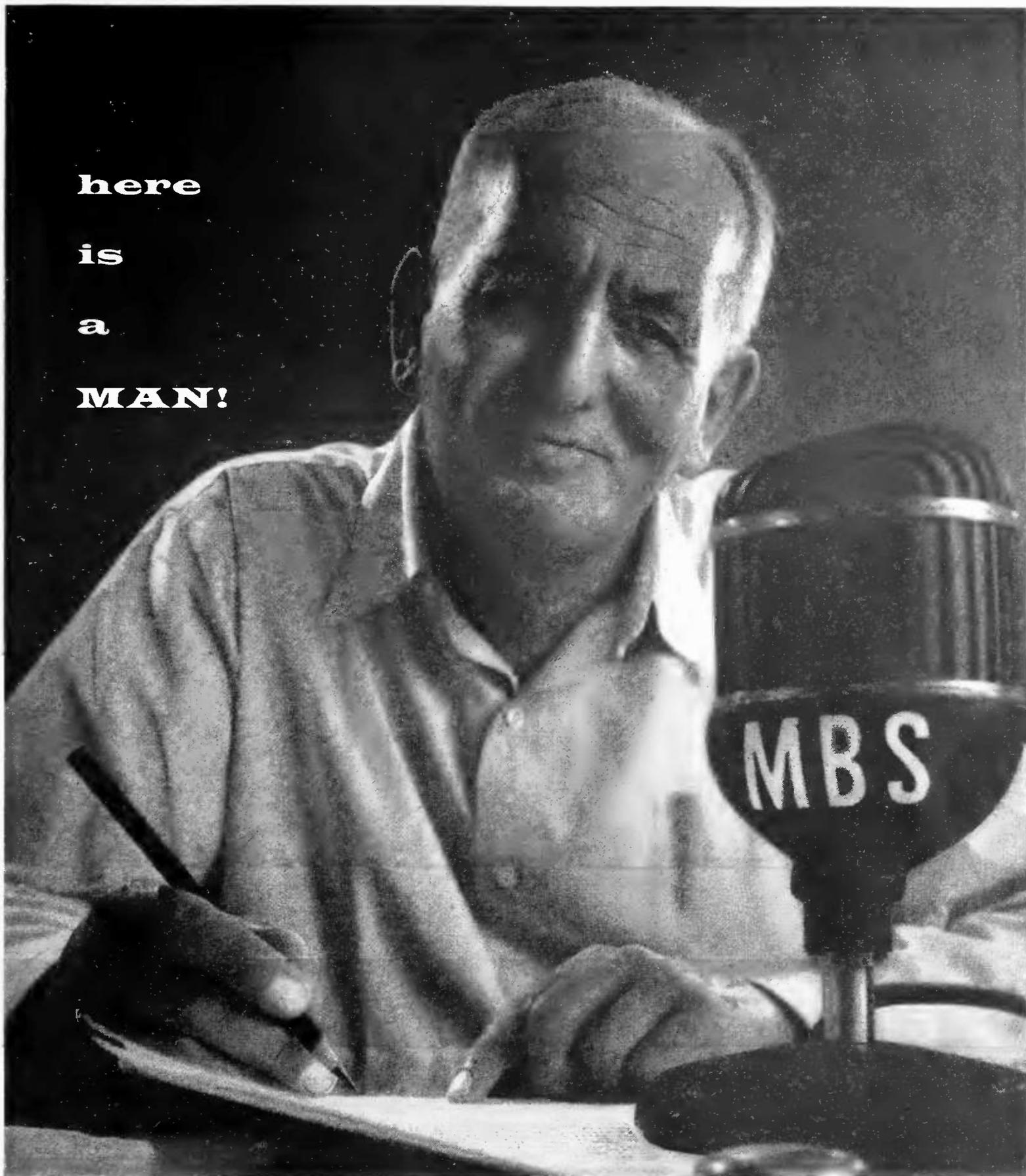
I would like to know more about Ned Wever, who plays Dr. Anthony Loring on NBC's *Young Widder Brown*.

C. F., Aliquippa, Pa.

When Ned Wever was offered his first radio acting assignment twenty-one years ago, he had completed almost ten years on Broadway and had close to thirty shows to his credit. He turned down the radio job, then changed his mind a year later to go on to twenty years of radio-acting fame. In all that time, he went only one week

(Continued on page 18)

**here  
is  
a  
MAN!**



Yes, here is a man and probably one of the greatest in modern American radio – GABRIEL HEATTER. Monday through Friday his deep, understanding and accurate appraisal of events of the world in which we live and the people with whom we live, is brought into millions of homes throughout the United States.

Hear Gabriel Heatter on any of hundreds of easy-to-dial stations of the MUTUAL Network, the world's largest radio network...the *ONE* network that reaches *ALL* America.

Tune in  
**Gabriel  
Heatter**  
on the MUTUAL Network.

Mon. thru Fri.— at:  
7:30 - 7:45 PM EASTERN TIME  
6:30 - 6:45 PM CENTRAL TIME  
6:00 - 6:15 PM MOUNTAIN TIME  
6:00 - 6:15 PM PACIFIC TIME

# on the go with Corcoran



**N**EWSMAN John Corcoran hops across oceans and continents with the aplomb of a suburbanite catching his morning train—and for both, it is just a way of getting to work. The difference is that Philadelphia's ace news commentator has followed a commuting timetable which has been synchronized with history and has involved an exciting, globe-circling chase after headlines and headline-makers. The worthwhile results are heard Monday through Saturday evenings at 6:30 and again at 11 over Station WPEN.

The Corcoran knack of being on the spot when news breaks took him to Berlin in the early days of Hitler's bid for power. Likewise, he was in Rome during the Trieste riots and in London, interviewing Ramsey MacDonald, the night the Labor Party came into power. And when he finally paid a return visit to his home town of Burton-on-Trent in England, John arrived just in time to witness the explosion of an underground arsenal!

What the school bus is to the modern schoolboy, the ocean liner was to John Corcoran, who shuttled between schools in Massachusetts and England. Between terms, he traveled throughout Europe, contributing news to a string of local British papers, and later wrote for "Pictorial Review Magazine" and Philadelphia's old *Daily News*. Then he began devoting more time to newscasting and radio analysis and, during the conventions and campaigns of 1948, he covered both parties on network programs.

When he's not headline-hunting, John pursues a pleasant, profitable hobby which he developed during school vacations, when he managed a food crew of sixty-three men at New England resorts. Now he is justly proud of his countryside inn at Hatboro, Pennsylvania, for the "Old Mill," built in 1724, is a famed eating rendezvous where congressmen and generals pass the salt and pepper to lesser-known gourmets. The Corcorans, who met in Philadelphia, have four children ranging in age from twenty-seven to eight. Son Laurie recently presented John with some of the best news of his life—his first grandchild.

Meanwhile, John Corcoran continues to make the airwaves crackle with incisive reporting and a clear wit that cuts through rumors and intrigues, wordy reports and veiled speeches, to bring Philadelphians the true facts behind the news.

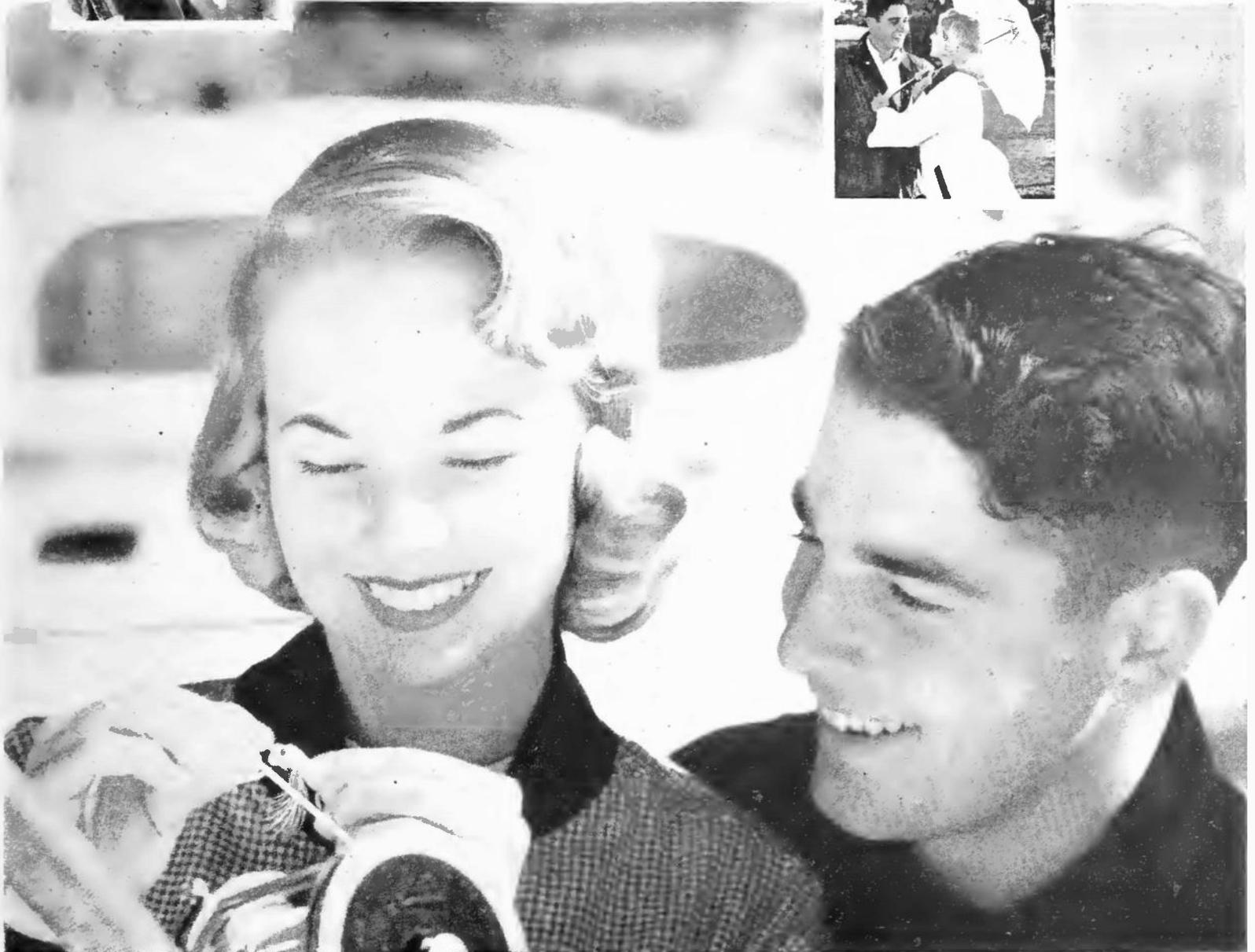


Two painting hobbyists—newsman Corcoran and President Eisenhower—share a laugh.



John checks with former Premier Mossadegh before recent government upheavals in Iran.

Your hair is romance...



...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain . . . the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.



Use New *WHITE RAIN* Shampoo tonight  
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

T  
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(Continued from page 7)

audience-participation program to be called *Take My Word*; the bands of Ralph Flanagan and Art Mooney will combine for an hour of dance music; and *The Stork Club*, *T-Men In Action*, *Dollar A Second*, a new Stu Erwin-June Collyer program, and *Postal Inspector* will all be seen on ABC-TV. I'll have details for you on all these shows next month.

## This 'n' That:

Margaret Truman has signed a contract with NBC for her fourth season of guest appearances on radio and TV programs. She signed her first contract in 1951, and has made great strides as a performer since then.

Wally Cox, *Mr. Peepers* of television, took the cue from his camera character, and took the big leap in real life. His bride is twenty-year-old red-headed Marilyn Gennaro, who until recently was a member of the cast of the Broadway hit, "The Pajama Game." The ceremony was held in Maryland, at the Mayport estate of Wally's close friend, New York lawyer Donald Seawell.

Also on the receiving end of wedding congratulations are actress Nina Foch and television actor James Lipton (*The Guiding Light*), who said their "I do's" in Brooklyn. This was Nina's first marriage and Lipton's second.

Art Linkletter's seventeen-year-old son, Jack, has joined his father on the *House Party* show, at least for the summer. And Gary Crosby, of course, is doing very well pinch-hitting for Dad. Incidentally, someone asked Gary if Bing had given him much coaching in breath control, and Gary, in the typical



Ed Sullivan is proud to officiate as Julia Meade and Ray MacGregor cut the cake to mark *Toast Of The Town's* sixth birthday.

Crosby manner, casually answered, "Not that I know of—I've been breathing ever since I was born."

It looks like Eddie Albert will land the role of the peddler in the film version of "Oklahoma," if he can rearrange his television commitments. Gordon MacRae will play the starring part of Curly in this movie.

Congratulations to Don McNeill and all his *Breakfast Club* gang on their twenty-first year in a radio show. It's the oldest continuous morning variety program on the air.

Back in 1934, when orchestra leader Harry Owens and his wife were blessed with a baby daughter, born in Honolulu, they named her Leilani, and Harry wrote a Hawaiian melody in her honor, calling it "Sweet Leilani." Bing Crosby sang the song in "Waikiki Wedding," it won an Academy Award, and in the years since it has become very much identified with the islands. And now the little girl who started it all is grown-up and about to get married. Leilani Owens, now nineteen, will soon wed Private Roy M. Dobric, twenty, of Tucson, Arizona.

Susan Douglas, featured actress on *The Guiding Light*, and her husband, Jan Rubes, recently welcomed their first baby, a seven-pound, fourteen-ounce son, Christopher, born in New York City.

And on the stork's future list are Marty Karl and his wife. Marty is one of the Mariners of the Arthur Godfrey crew, and this will be their fifth child. They now have two boys and two girls.

*The Greatest Story Ever Told*, one of

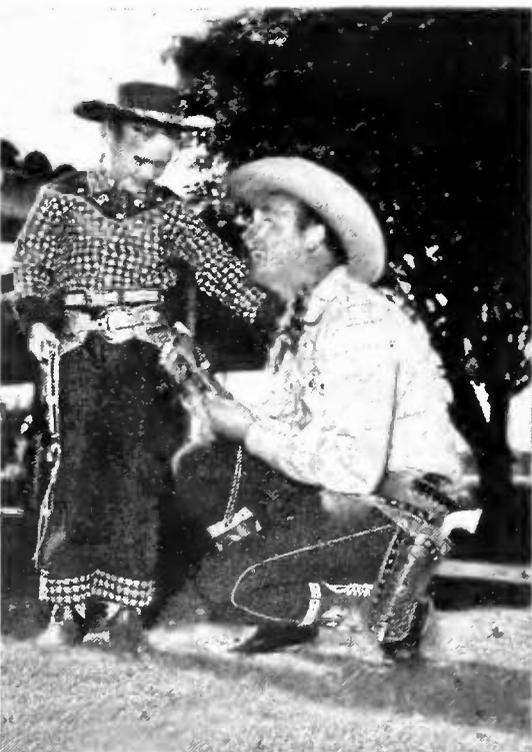
the most popular of all radio programs, has been sold for the movies. Twentieth Century-Fox has purchased the rights and plans to produce it as one of their super spectacles.

Robin Morgan, the Dagmar of the *Mama* TV show, was selected by the General Federation of Women's Clubs to receive their television and radio award for "the child who has contributed most to the advancement of radio and TV in 1954." She was also cited for her "exemplification of an ideal American girl."

Another juvenile Thespian, actor Tommy Rettig, has been signed for the lead in the forthcoming *Lassie* TV show, playing the part of Lassie's master.

## Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. J.W.B., Merrimac, Massachusetts: June Taylor is the well-known choreographer, and a former dancer herself. She creates the routines for the *Jackie Gleason Show*, among others. . . . Miss M. H., Toronto, Ontario: No, *Wendy Warren And The News* is still on the air, but unfortunately I don't believe it is presently carried on a station in your area. . . . Miss R. C., Ligonier, Pennsylvania: For some strange reason, the advertising agency handling the Old Gold cigarette account insists on no publicity for the dancing girls who dress in the regular and king-size cigarette packages on television. . . . Mrs. M. N. E., Birmingham, Alabama: Lu Ann Simms is still very much a member of the Arthur Godfrey cast.



It looks as if Roy Rogers' eight-year-old son Dusty is going to follow right along in his famous dad's footsteps

# TO COAST

Possibly you just happened to hear the show when she was off. Lu had been spending a great deal of time with her mother, who had been quite ill. She was also very busy preparing for her wedding to Loring Buzzell. . . . Miss R. D., and Club Members, of York, Pennsylvania: Yes, Tom Lockard, of the Mariners Quartet, was married previously. He and Virginia Osborn, formerly of the Chordettes, have been Mr. and Mrs. for a few years now, and they have one child. . . . To all *Twenty Questions* fans: You can relax, the show is coming back on the air this fall, over ABC, on Tuesday nights, and will be done as a simulcast. . . . Mr. N. O'C., Omaha, Nebraska: Yes, Walter O'Keefe has been subbing for Herb Shriner on *Two For The Money* this summer, but at this point he hasn't been set for anything else. . . . Miss L. V., Albuquerque, New Mexico: Larry Grayson is not a permanent member of the *Breakfast Club* cast. He filled in for Johnny Desmond while Johnny was on his vacation. Larry is twenty-three years old. . . . *Amos 'n' Andy* Fan, Kansas City, Missouri: No, your information is definitely wrong. *Amos 'n' Andy* are certainly not going off the air in September. As a matter of fact, CBS has plans for scheduling their program as a Monday through Friday night feature instead of a Sunday night show, as it has been in the past.

## Whatever Happened To . . . ?

Connie Haines, the cute little songstress who has appeared on many radio  
(Continued on page 25)



Ralph Nelson, son of *Mama's* director, and Kevin Coughlin, who is in the show, join Casey Stengel at a Yankee game.



**this is how you feel . . .**

*All over... all day  
— wrapped in the flower  
freshness of  
Cashmere Bouquet*

**cashmere  
bouquet**

**TALCUM POWDER**



**59¢  
29¢ 43¢  
Plus Tax**

### Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says  
*Candy Jones*  
(Mrs. Harry Conover)  
Director Conover School

T  
V  
R

# NO RISK OFFER

to prove you can  
**AVOID DRIED-OUT  
HAIR EVEN IN  
BLAZING SUN**



Ordinary hair products made with vegetable and mineral oils cannot prevent the natural moisture in your hair from escaping. That's why, by the end of the summer, your hair is drab, lifeless, unmanageable...dried out. But Charles Antell Formula 9, because of its exclusive super-lanolin formula, does two things:

1 - Brings moisture back to your dried-out hair. (no vegetable or mineral oil product can do this.)

2 - Works to prevent the evaporation of the natural moisture from your hair.

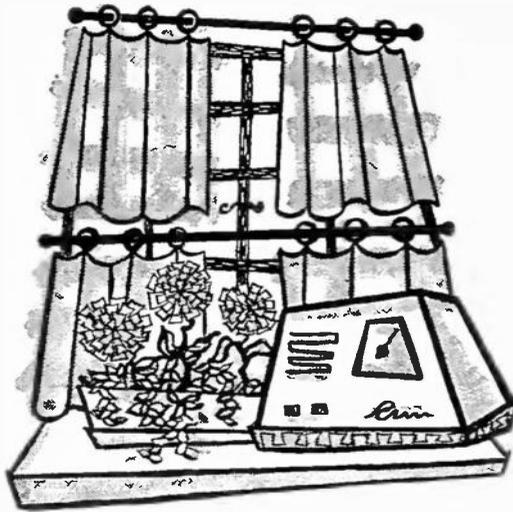
Because these are facts, not claims, Charles Antell makes this

## NO RISK OFFER

Buy any size of Charles Antell Formula 9, Liquid or Solid. Use it as directed. The very first time you use it, it must restore life, lustre, manageability. If, within 10 days, even hair that has been dried out by the blazing sun isn't softer, more flexible . . . if your dry, flaky dandruff hasn't been eliminated . . . if you haven't enjoyed perfect, greaseless grooming at all times, return the empty bottle to Charles Antell, Baltimore, Md., and get your money back.



Charles Antell  
**FORMULA 9**



# DAYTIME DIARY

All programs listed are heard Monday through Friday; consult local papers for time and station.

**AUNT JENNY** More than once, in her stories, Aunt Jenny has proved that Littleton life has as much drama and variety to offer as any big city. In a recent story, however, she discussed the problem of transition between the two, questioning whether a girl who had found success in a metropolis could return and adjust to small-town life. Monica's problem, and others like it, make the dramatic material of Aunt Jenny's daily tales about life in Littleton.

**BACKSTAGE WIFE** Unwilling to endanger the success of Larry's new play, his wife Mary stands helplessly by as grasping Elise Shephard takes advantage of the situation to flaunt the development of Larry's dependence on her. Meanwhile mysterious Victor Stratton continues to force his attentions on Mary, who is unaware that, as Elise's secret partner in ownership of the play, Victor has many reasons for wishing to keep Mary, Larry and Elise securely under his thumb. NBC Radio.

**THE BRIGHTER DAY** Beautiful Sandra Talbot came into Grayling Dennis' life just about the same time Dr. Randy Hamilton came into his sister Patsy's—but there the similarity ends. Randy, in love with Patsy, battles her fear of involvement—a scar left over from her engagement to Alan Butler. But Grayling battles something else—the mystery surrounding the girl he met on a train. Is she what she appears to be—or is Grayling heading for trouble? CBS Radio.

**FRONT PAGE FARRELL** Newsman David Farrell has made a specialty of crime stories, and for a long time his wife Sally, herself a former reporter, has been his invaluable aide and assistant. Once again, in a recent case, David and Sally risked their lives not only in order to bring back the story David had been sent out to get, but to bring to justice one of the most unusual and ingenious criminals

they have thus far encountered. NBC Radio.

**THE GUIDING LIGHT** Some time ago, the murder of a woman named Judith Weber touched off strange events in the lives of those close to Meta Roberts. Her reporter husband Joe, certain of the murderer's identity, may bring tragedy into the life of nurse Peggy Regan—not only a valued friend of both Meta and Joe but the cousin of Dr. Dick Grant, ex-husband of Joe's daughter Kathy. How will young Dr. Kelly figure in the approaching crisis? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

**HAWKINS FALLS** The marriage of Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey, undertaken after much heart-searching, is at last on a sound and flourishing footing, and Lona can turn her helpful attention once again to the problems of her neighbors. But children are always complicating the most serene situations, and Lona's boy Roy is no exception. Has he really accepted Floyd in place of his dead father? Is he nurturing some secret doubt? NBC-TV.

**HILLTOP HOUSE** Julie's long drawn-out concern over the welfare of little Terry Wallace vanishes as Judge Lennox takes a leaf from King Solomon's book and reveals the true rapaciousness of Terry's father in contrast with the real love and security awaiting her in her remarried mother's new home. Meanwhile, at Hilltop's summer camp, Henry M. involves the whole organization in a strange family problem. CBS Radio.

**JUST PLAIN BILL** Bill Davidson has lived by the golden rule, and has endeavored constantly to be a good neighbor and a good friend to all those with whom he comes in contact. Often he has been invaluable in straightening out the problems of those he loved, and sometimes his own happiness has been endangered by his willingness to become



**Emilio of Capri:** In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex* first! Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree:  
Slim summer fashions start  
with a Playtex figure!



See how

# Playtex®

## Fabric Lined

### Panty Brief

narrows your silhouette in new freedom... widens  
your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *freedom*, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



**PLAYTEX... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.**

Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief, \$4.95  
Other Playtex Girdles from \$3.50 to \$7.95

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

involved in other lives. Has Bill now plunged into a situation that will have deadly consequences? NBC Radio.

**LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL** As newlyweds, Chichi and Mac Roberts would have a handful of ordinary problems under any circumstances. But the peculiar position Mac's stubborn independence has gotten him into creates extra difficulty and misunderstanding—as well as danger he does not fully suspect. The threat to his welfare both as a doctor and as a man draws closer as his sanatorium, Roberts Retreat, starts to function. NBC Radio.

**LORENZO JONES** Belle Jones continues to hope and pray for Lorenzo's full recovery even though the operation that might have restored his memory has only resulted in his becoming convinced that little Gloria is the child of his marriage to Phoebe—a marriage both Phoebe and Gail Maddox would like Lorenzo to believe in, though actually it never existed. Will Belle ever find a way to prove that she was—and is—Lorenzo's wife? NBC Radio.

**LOVE OF LIFE** When Vanessa Dale became involved in the hidden evil that flourished behind Barrowsville's innocent-seeming facade, she intended only to clear her own family and go off to resume her own life—with her fiancé Paul Raven, a very important part of her plans. What will happen as Van finds it increasingly difficult to extricate herself from Hal Craig's cohorts—and as her nephew Beany becomes a pawn? CBS-TV.

**MA PERKINS** As trustee of Alf Pierce's estate, Ma believed she had sensibly and constructively arranged things for Alf's son Billy and his bride, Laura. But Laura's background and her plans for the future are somewhat different from what Ma and Shuffle and all the Rushville Center folks imagine them to be. What surprises has Laura Pierce in store for the kindly group that has so willingly befriended her? CBS Radio.

**ONE MAN'S FAMILY** The instinct of a father to protect his children is terribly strong and not easily discouraged, particularly with a man like Father Barbour whose principles and personality are so firm. But slowly, with the help of their understanding mother, the Barbour children are winning their independence and establishing their right to mold their own lives. What will happen if they misuse their freedom? NBC-TV.

**OUR GAL SUNDAY** Sunday's happy marriage to Lord Henry Brinthrope has endured through many crises. But never before has she encountered a threat that struck so deeply at the fundamental roots of her relationship with Henry. Can their love survive this danger if it shakes Sunday's profound faith in her husband, her marriage, and the security of the future? What is the true character of the mysterious enemy she must fight? CBS Radio.  
(Continued on page 26)

*Carol and Conny Mattison  
are having a wonderful time  
making others happy on*

# Party Time



Like mother, like daughter—the merry Mattisons.



Conny and Carol take time out from gardening and biking as Frisky makes friends with their cat.



Dress is optional at the Mattisons' parties for, as Carol paints out, it's all informal and fun.

**A** FOUR-LAYER cake—iced with songs, sketches and laughter—is served every Saturday morning on a fun-filled celebration known as *Party Time*. The festivities take place at Station WKTU in Utica and your hostesses are a delightful mother-and-daughter team, Conny and twelve-year-old Carol Mattison. Romping their way through their hour-long show in anything from dresses to denims, Conny and Carol cut the cake into sections for small-fry, youngsters from nine to twelve, teenagers and adults. Each rollicking quarter-hour features guests in the proper age group, but the life of the party is "Corn with Carol—Mother's Little Angel," a weekly skit in which Carol's ringlets have been shorn, she has acquired her first dance dress and, more often, she turns out to be anything but an angel.

A twin case of the mumps, four years ago, was responsible for these gala goings-on. For, while recovering from the mumps, Conny and Carol exhausted any possible further interest in paper dolls and went on to amuse themselves by planning TV programs. When both were well again, blonde, blue-eyed Carol returned to school;

auburn-haired, green-eyed Conny resumed work as Director of Education; and the program notes were tucked away in a volume of Shakespeare. A while later, Conny was starring on an early-morning religious program and was invited to shepherd a group of youngsters on a guest appearance. Auditions followed, program plans were unearthed, and Conny and Carol's show was on its way.

Carol, who loves sports and reading and has just discovered ballroom dancing, wins her highest grades in science and is puzzled about how this aptitude will fit in with her plans for a dramatic or musical comedy career. Both proud of their home, she and Conny are now busying themselves with landscaping and surrounding the patio with evergreens. Conny's radio and community work keep her on the go, but she manages to find time for an occasional game of bridge with friends. Someday, she would like to rescue a 550-page manuscript from the attic and finish the book she started when Carol was a baby. Meanwhile, there's a standing invitation to all TVviewers to come—and bring the family—to a grand party with Conny and Carol.

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S  
**COLD CREAM**

---

NOW IN  
**CAMAY**

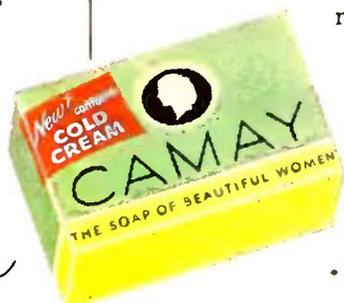


"Your skin will love it!"

says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

**NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST!** Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

**WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY,** new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!



Now more than ever

...The Soap of Beautiful Women

## Information Booth

(Continued from page 8)

without a radio part. Ned's lucrative hobby is writing song lyrics and, in 1933, his "Trust in Me" was a top record favorite for thirty-seven weeks. Ned's other titles include, "I Can't Resist You," "Trouble in Paradise," and "Sing a New Song." The handsome actor, who put on his first theatrical production at the age of five, with the help of his brother and a young neighbor, has been heard as Dr. Anthony Loring on *Young Widder Brown* for the past eleven years. His pet table topics are: his family—Mrs. Wever and two charming teen-age daughters; the fun he had writing and producing shows as president of Princeton's Triangle Club; and his activities with the Greenwich, Connecticut, Auxiliary Police during the war.

### Singing Family

Dear Editor:

*My cousin, who is a shut-in and confined constantly to a wheelchair, is a devoted Jan Arden fan and never misses any of his appearances on the Robert Q. Lewis Show. It would be a great treat for both of us if you could tell us something about him.*

*M. L. D., Holyoke, Mass.*

At an age when most children were listening to *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, Jan Arden was listening to tales of Verdi, Rossini, Wagner and Bizet and, even before he entered grade school, Jan was practicing from one to three hours a day under the watchful eye and critical ear of his father, the late Philip Ardizzone, Metropolitan Opera singer and voice teacher. Yet Jan was a sports enthusiast as well, ran the 100-yard dash in ten seconds for his high-school track team, and played baseball, basketball and football equally well. He was offered a tryout with the Brooklyn Dodgers, but, at the same time, the opportunity came to sing at New York's famed Leon and Eddie's, where the applause convinced him to pursue a singing career. After his Army discharge, Jan sang at top (Continued on page 29)



Ned Wever



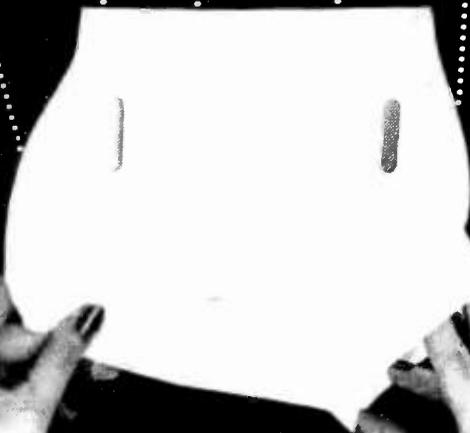
CAN'T CUT  
CIRCULATION  
Anywhere

Made of  
CREAMY LATEX  
Non-Allergenic

S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S  
4 times its size

SOFTER  
SMOOTHER

WATERPROOF  
Everywhere



MIRACLE STRETCH!

No other baby panty has it.  
Let your own hand prove it.

KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALY ACCEPTABLE"  
IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS

See how the Baby-in-Motion picture (on top) proves that Playtex Pants—and only Playtex Pants—can shield baby with such complete comfort and provide such practical and gentle protection. Stitchless, seamless, longer lasting. Washes in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make!

\*T.M.  
©1954 International Latex Corp'n, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del. In Canada:  
Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario



Modess . . . *because*

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new  
whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe.

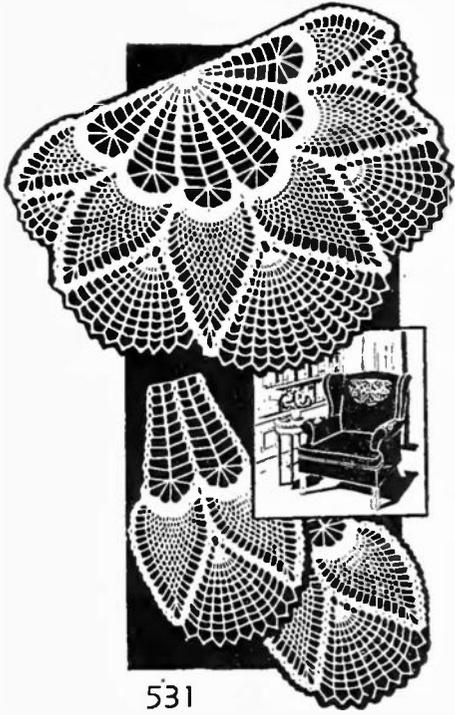
Give  
your hair a  
lanolin  
lift!



Give your hair  
twice the twinkle  
with the shampoo  
containing twice  
as much lanolin

Such dreamy, creamy lather!  
Such clean, clean hair . . .  
so soft . . . lovely . . . really radiant!  
Much more manageable, too,  
thanks to "double lanolin."

# New Designs for Living



531

531—You need plenty of chair sets for fresheners. This is such an easy pineapple design, why not make several? Scalloped, lacy, crisp and fresh—pineapple design crochet. Full directions. 25¢.

7259—Make a crocheted skirt in straw yarn or knitting worsted. Easy crochet directions for skirt, Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30; plus shrug, Sizes 32-34; 36-38 included in pattern. 25¢

719—Jiffy-embroider gay playmates on your daughter's pockets. Combine three colors or plaid 'n' plain. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer included. State size. 25¢

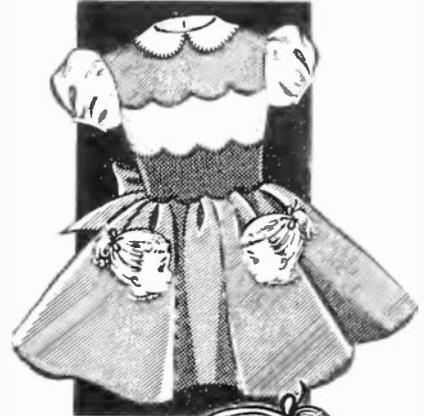


7259

7043—Iron-on old-fashioned girls in combination of pink, blue, green. No embroidery. Transfer of 12 washable motifs: four girls 4½"x5¾"; four roses 1½"x1¾"; four rose sprays 1¼"x3". 25¢

7029—Inspire a bride, delight a cook with these merry menu motifs embroidered on kitchen towels. They're different—tried and tested. Transfer of 6 motifs, each about 6½"x7½". 25¢.

505—Easy-to-crochet in pineapple design and spider-web stitch. Cloth 52"x75" in 4-ply mercerized crochet cotton; larger in straw yarn, smaller in bedspread cotton. 25¢



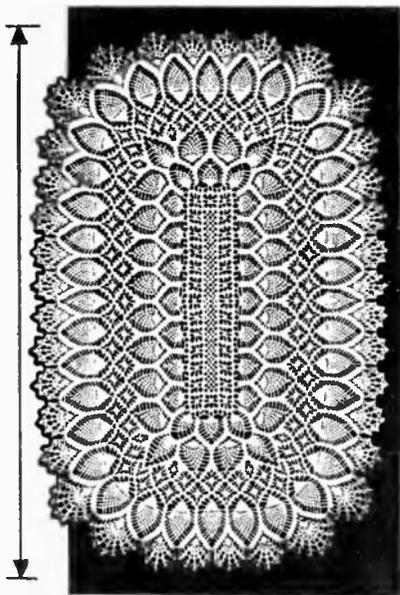
719  
SIZES  
2-10



IRON-ON COLOR  
DESIGNS IN PINK,  
BLUE, GREEN

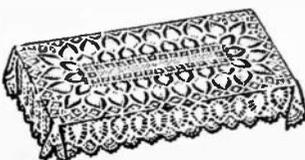


7043



75 INCHES

505



7029

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to:  
TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service,  
P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11,  
New York. Add five cents for each pattern for  
1st-class mailing.

YOUR NAME.....

STREET OR BOX NO.....

CITY OR TOWN.....

STATE.....

Send additional 20 cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

As an actress, TV hostess

and everybody's friend,

Lily Lodge proves she has

# THAT MAGIC SOMETHING



Lily and her roommate Kay Medford enjoy sharing their apartment, their friends and good times.



Lily memorizes lines for her next play while Kay provides nourishment for Angelina, their lucky charm.



Surrounded by numerous objets d'art, Lily assumes a pensive attitude as she works on a new script.

**A** RICH, compelling voice, a deep, spirited love of the theater, a wholesome love of life. These, in part, are what make Lily Lodge, charming and gracious hostess on WOR-TV's *The Man In Your Life* show, such a refreshing, delightful person to know. Each Thursday afternoon, from 4 to 4:30, Lily introduces viewers to gentlemen with interesting and varied occupations. *The Man In Your Life* is pleasant, informative afternoon fare for viewers—and for Lily, who greatly enjoys being able to come into people's homes each week. However, television is not the only medium by which Lily is making herself known.

Before she entered the show-business world, Lily was already a celebrity—her father is Governor John Lodge of Connecticut and her uncle is Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge. But, if being the daughter of a famous man can be helpful, it can also be a detriment for, in show business, it takes talent to stick. Today, there is no doubt that if Lily's name had been Smith, she would have succeeded in making it famous by herself.

In addition to inheriting a famous name, Lily inherited her love for the theater from her parents. She never had to combat the "My daughter won't go on the stage" attitude, for both her parents were professional show people. Governor Lodge made many movies in Hollywood, among



On her show, Lily chats with Miss Connecticut of 1954 and 1950, who was the finalist in the recent Miss New York City contest.



Friends are plentiful and, if time is short, Lily can always manage a moment for a quick phone chat.

them "Little Women." In England, he starred in the famous Bulldog Drummond series. Lily's mother, the former Francesca Braggiotti, was a well-known ballet dancer and made several films in Italy with her husband.

Lily's interest in the theater began when she was a student at Rosemary Hall in Connecticut. Because she was tall and had a deep voice, she was always chosen to play male roles. Finally, when she was seventeen, she got her first female part in "French without Tears" at the Westport Playhouse. During summer vacations from Wellesley College, Lily played summer stock and won an inter-collegiate competition to appear on the radio show, *The Shadow*. After graduation from Wellesley, she went abroad to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London and at the University of London. Returning to this country, she appeared on various radio shows, such as *Theater Guild On The Air* and *Cavalcade Of America*.

Although she has appeared in all kinds of plays—from Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" to "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Pygmalion"—Lily is particularly interested in doing comedy, which she admits is not easy. This summer she appeared in "Side by Side" with Faye Emerson, "Lend an Ear," and presently she is preparing for her role in the new Broadway play, "Put Them All Together," with Fay Bainter and William Prince.

At twenty-four, Lily can claim a varied and active experience, but she still considers herself a beginner. She is constantly improving and widening her talents and learning from other, more experienced actors and actresses, particularly her roommate, Kay Medford, who is a popular Broadway and TV actress. Lily and Kay share an apartment in mid-town Manhattan with Kay's dog, Angelina, who has turned out to be a lucky charm for both of them. "Ever since Kay's had Angelina," says Lily, "she's never stopped working a day. And, since I've known them both, the same has been true for me."

In addition to her TV and stage activities, Lily spends a great deal of time taking dancing and singing lessons because she feels they are a great help in developing your poise and perfecting your delivery. Although her professional activities keep her constantly on the go, Lily also fits in some riding, tennis and swimming.

With each passing day, Lily Lodge is carving her initials deeper into the world of show business. In everything she does, she displays a glowing exuberance, a sincere, vital personality. And, because of her sincerity, her charm and graciousness—and above all her devotion to doing her best—those who have come to know and enjoy her are watching with an appreciative eye as she treads the pathway to stardom.

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Wonderful **DJER-KISS Talc** gives your skin a delightful fresh fragrance ... a wonderful pampered softness. Made of finest imported talc, soothing, cooling **DJER-KISS** helps prevent chafing, absorbs perspiration, makes you delightful to be near!

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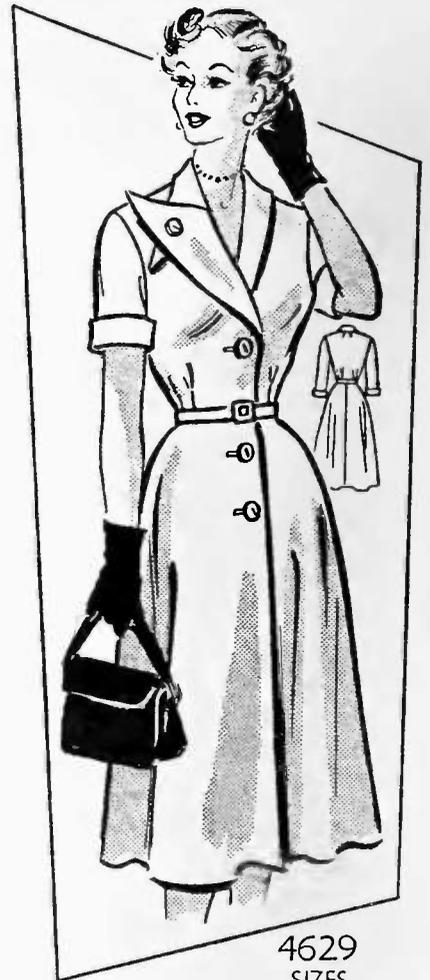
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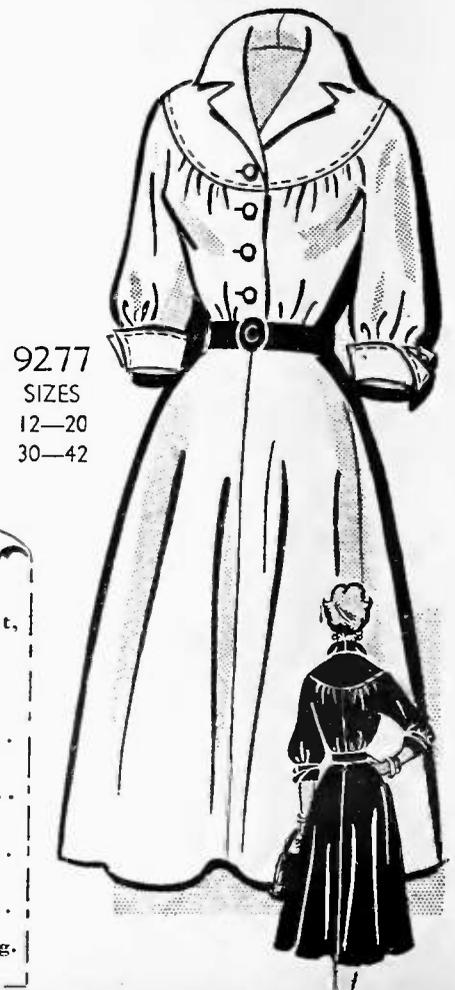
9277—So smart, so flattering, a casual you can wear 'round the day. You'll love its dashing lines, yoke detail. Misses' Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 takes 5⅜ yards 35-inch fabric. 35¢



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14½-24½



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Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st-class mailing.

## WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 13)



**Cover-up:** Frank DeVol is really enjoying the attention he's getting from Marlene Dietrich and Dinah Shore.

and television shows, but hasn't been seen too much of late? And for a good reason. Connie is very busy in Hollywood shooting a thirty-nine-week filmed TV series, which will be seen around the country this fall.

Kyle McDonnell, one of the veteran TV songstresses? Following a long period of illness, Kyle is returning to work very shortly. August 16 is the tentative starting date for a music-variety show on which she'll appear with comic Morey Amsterdam and conductor Milton De Lugg over the ABC Network.

Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander, the dance team formerly seen on *Your Show Of Shows*? Since the program went off the air for the summer, the dancers, who are husband and wife, have been vacationing and making a few night-club appearances. They may be set for one of the fall programs by the time you read this. Rod has also been chosen by director Max Liebman to supervise the dancing for next year's replacement of *Your Show Of Shows*.

*If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line: Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities or shows about whom we receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers.*

## *I dreamed I sailed for Europe in my maidenform bra*

Mine is the figure that launched a thousand dreams! From my figure to my furs, everything about me is perfectly see-worthy! Tugboats are whistling, cameras clicking...and all the excitement is over me. See, I'm shaped to a fare-thee-well...Maidenform makes me a dreamboat, first class!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Over-ture\* in broadcloth, nylon taffeta, acetate satin, or nylon lace with taffeta...from 1.75



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If you've always wanted to wear black from the skin out, why not do it—tomorrow! Just dye a girdle, bra and slip with Rit's marvelous *really black* Black. You'll feel as de luxe as though you'd spent a fortune on them. For Rit Black, like every color in the Rit rainbow, has life and sparkle in it. Never looks dyed! Easy, easy directions in every package.

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The finest dye...  
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# DAYTIME

(Continued from page 15)

**PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY** Sid Grayson's elaborate plan to gain possession of the farmhouse under which the rich oil deposit is concealed receives innocent help from his victim as Sam Young continues to pour money into the fraudulent well Grayson set up as a decoy. Will Sam's eventual bankruptcy give Grayson the property he covets—or will Pepper's growing suspicions lead to discovery of the plot before it is too late? NBC Radio.

**PERRY MASON** The little people who suffer from the fringe results of crime excite Perry Mason's sympathy, but his real efforts are always directed toward capturing and convicting the important criminal who, in his experience, is usually behind big-city crime. Is it possible that in order to capture the man he is after he will be forced to allow one of the Beekman family to suffer undeservedly? CBS Radio.

**PORTIA FACES LIFE** Portia Manning, who gave up her legal career to concentrate on marriage, is trapped by an effort to help her friend Kathy into defending a man she knows to be a dangerous psychopath. Fearing the aftermath of Morgan Elliott's trial, Portia also must contend with her husband Walter's increasing bitterness as he sees his position as breadwinner and mainstay of the home usurped by Portia's brilliance. CBS-TV.

**THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS** Political enemies ally with personal ones to bring Carolyn and Miles Nelson into a time of crucial decision, as a threat hangs over Miles which neither he nor Carolyn has the means to defeat. Will Danny and Elsa Lockwood, whose lives were completely changed by Carolyn's faith and partisanship, now be able to return the gift of happiness she made them by helping in her own trouble? NBC Radio.

**THE ROAD OF LIFE** Sybil Overton's neurotic personality seems to have stepped over the borderline, and her brother Hugh is not the only one to fear that she has at last become really psychotic. Dr. Jim Brent and his wife Jocelyn may be among the victims of Sybil's derangement if they continue to believe themselves too secure to be touched by her, but they are more concerned for Sybil's baby, who may suffer first. CBS Radio.

**THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT** Hollywood gown designer Helen Trent, long convinced that her love for Gil Whitney is hopeless, at last appears to have become seriously interested in wealthy Brett Chapman. Will this prevent her from realizing that Gil's wife Cynthia, fascinated by the charming Senor Alicante, might now be willing to consider Gil's plea for a divorce? Is it too late for Helen and Gil to find happiness together? CBS Radio.

**ROSEMARY** Bill Roberts is unable to persuade Lonnie into a cheerful frame of mind after his betrayal by selfish, superficial Monica, and it is only when Rosemary takes over that Lonnie appears to be heading for a better adjustment. In fact, Bill begins to rebel at Rosemary's absorption in Lonnie, and through him, in all the Boys Club activities. Will Bill have

too much time on his hands just at the wrong time? CBS Radio.

**SEARCH FOR TOMORROW** Mr. Higbee's plot to acquire Joanne Barron's property has picked up some valuable assistance from the wealthy Shotwells, who are innocent of his real intentions. With their help, Hazel, the fraudulent "wife" of Arthur Tate, has successfully disrupted Jo's and Arthur's marriage plans. Will lawyer Nathan Walsh succeed in uncovering the unsavory details of the scheme before unhappiness becomes tragedy? CBS-TV.

**THE SECOND MRS. BURTON** The honeymoon of Lew and Marcia almost ends in disaster when Mother Burton tries to take a hand in it, but the marriage survives nevertheless—for these two really love each other. Lew's help is invaluable to Stan as the newspaper needs increasing support, and Lew and Terry form an unspoken alliance to keep the family peace. But what will happen if the Burtons and the Archers become involved in local politics? CBS Radio.

**THE SECRET STORM** Peter Ames' effort to protect his son stirs up a hornet's nest as it becomes apparent that his sister-in-law Pauline knows more about the gambling set-up of the town than anyone has ever suspected. Still mourning the recent death of his wife, Peter does not fully realize that Pauline may be in love with him. Is it this hidden emotion that keeps him and his children from adjusting to their new life? CBS-TV.

**STELLA DALLAS** From the time her daughter Laurel was an infant, Stella Dallas has devoted her life to advancing Laurel's happiness even at the cost of her own. Now a serious decision faces Stella as she realizes that she will really be called on to make an important sacrifice to preserve Laurel's security. The threats to Stella's life have left her shaken and uncertain, but Laurel's welfare remains her prime concern. NBC Radio.

**THIS IS NORA DRAKE** Nora's unexpected encounter with Charlie Dobbs in Mexico City saves her life but results in Dobbs' death when he is shot by the gunman who tries to force Dobbs to set a trap for Nora and Fred Molina. Knowing that the Syndicate, under Dan Welch, is still tracking them, Nora and Fred decide to get married and try to work out their safety together. What happens when Wyn Robinson learns of Fred's plans? CBS Radio.

**THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN** Brave and resourceful as she is, lovely Mary Claire Thurmond already knows that to defeat Vince Bannister she must also be as ruthless as he is—and for ethical Mary Claire this may not be easy. Having been drawn, through her writer-husband Bill Morgan, into MacDill Publications' war against Bannister, Mary Claire finds herself in a deadly battle to protect not only Bill's future but perhaps his very life. NBC-TV.

**VALIANT LADY** When the recently widowed Helen Emerson takes young Bonnie into her home she hopes to help the

# DIARY

disturbed young woman, but refuses to heed Bill Fraser's warnings that Bonnie is emotionally unstable. Will trouble come from Bonnie herself—or from the strange, dangerous personality of the husband who manages to locate her? Is Bonnie destined to bring real anguish into young Mickey Emerson's life? CBS-TV.

**WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS** Even in Wendy's mind there is no question that the man called Magnus has an extraordinary power, but that does not prevent her from seeing him as a poseur and a quack, perhaps even a confidence man out for important game. What happens as her temperamental husband Mark, high-strung and mentally attuned to a kind of mysticism finds in Magnus something entirely different—something he is prepared to ally himself with? CBS Radio.

**WHEN A GIRL MARRIES** It comes as a shock to Joan and Harry Davis to realize that little Sammy is growing up and beginning to want to make his own decisions. Have they held him on too tight a rein, so that his judgment has had small chance to develop? Does this mean that the sinister Madame Renard will be able to use the child for her own purposes—perhaps giving him lessons in deceit and evil that he may never forget? ABC Radio.

**WOMAN IN MY HOUSE** James and Jessie Carter, having brought their children with loving care through childhood and adolescence and early adulthood, can sit back and relax a bit now as in-laws and grandchildren multiply around them to create a typical American family circle. But however much the group enlarges, James and his wife are still the center. How will they cope with the problems that are still to come? NBC Radio.

**WOMAN WITH A PAST** Thinking she has at last put her unhappy past behind her, Lynn Sherwood starts hopefully on her new venture as an important dress designer and her new romance with Steve Russell. But the sudden reappearance of her convict husband, Clark Webster, threatens to explode Lynn's hard-won happiness. Can she get free of this dangerous man before he wrecks all her plans? Can he establish any claim to little Diane? CBS-TV.

**YOUNG DR. MALONE** An emergency operation on the daughter of a Three Oaks millionaire leads to an open crisis between Dr. Jerry Malone and Dr. Ted Mason. Mason's brilliance as a surgeon wins Jerry's admiration, but when he turns out to be grasping and mercenary as a human being, Jerry knows there is trouble ahead. What are Mason's ambitions for the Clinic—and what will happen to Jerry if they are realized? CBS Radio.

**YOUNG WIDDER BROWN** After a long, heartbreaking struggle, Ellen Brown at last felt that she had put behind her the hopeless love she felt for Anthony Loring, and could turn to Michael Forsythe with real affection. But the new mystery surrounding Michael appears to have shattered her hopes, and Anthony, pained by Ellen's suffering, once again reviews his own life as the husband of a scheming social climber. NBC Radio.



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you know holds  
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With a mist so fine you can't see it...or feel it...**SPRAY NET**  
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**SPRAY NET** is a breeze to use. As easy, in fact, as powdering your nose. And just as important to your appearance. Undone hair, you know, can be a girl's undoing.

**Summer hair-dos** stay cool, calm, and beautifully collected with **SPRAY NET**. No fly-away wisps or neckline stragglers. Even an untrained upsweep will stay up all day!

**Dry hair seems LESS dry...** because Helene Curtis has found the way to blend a remarkable spray-on Lanolin Lotion into **SPRAY NET**. Gives your hair the soft, soft touch of silk.

Buy **SPRAY NET** today... you'll be sold on it, we know, for the rest of your days... and nights.

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**\$1.25**

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New large economy size (11 oz.) **\$1.89** both prices plus tax

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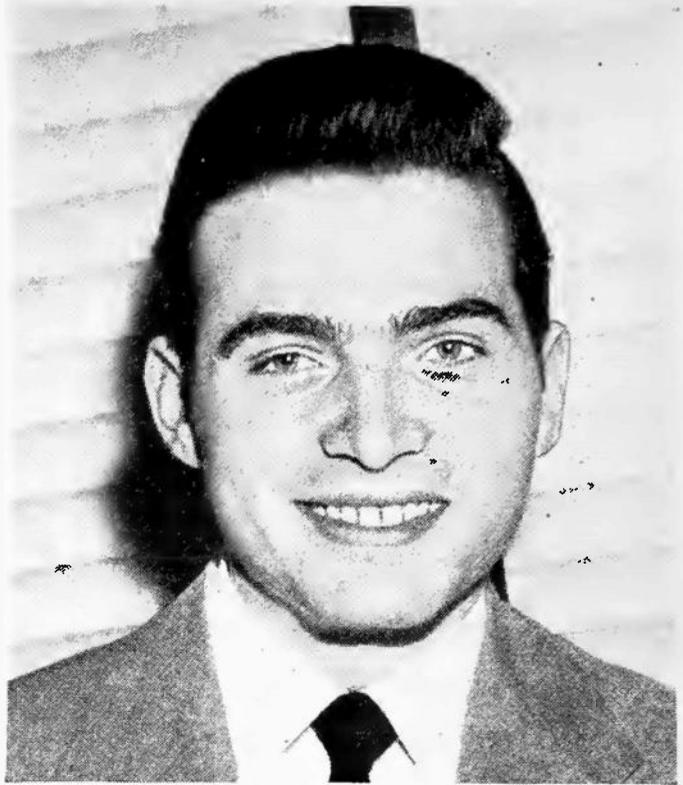
**And to condition dull or dry hair... bring it back to beauty with**

*Helene Curtis*  
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T  
V  
R

# Rendezvous with Marlowe



Bill Marlowe, his wife and daughter are providing new and delightful sounds for WCOP listeners



The female accents for the Marlowe shows at WCOP are provided by Bill's wife Sonia and four-year-old Lisa.



**E**ARLY this summer, Station WCOP started sending out a new radio sound to its audiences. They called it the 1150 sound (which is the station's frequency), but there was much more to it than that. The "much more" was personable Bill Marlowe and his two lovely cohorts, wife Sonia and daughter Lisa, and the results of their talented efforts have been slightly phenomenal. Now WCOP listeners have the double opportunity to hear the Marlowes each evening on *Rendezvous With You*, from 7 to 8, and *Dial 1150*, from 8 to 10 P.M.

The key to his success, says Bill, has always been hard work, plus a little courage. There's also the matter of talent and experience, of which Bill has plenty. Starting when he was ten, Bill has been at various times an actor, TV and radio coach, announcer, writer, newscaster, emcee, advertising writer and professional model. After serving in the Air Force, then graduating from Emerson College, Bill divided his time between Boston and New York. It was during one of his Boston sojourns that he met Sonia, but it took them a year to get to the altar and finally settle down in Bean Town.

Today, Bill and Sonia are as happy as two bugs in a rug, especially since little Lisa and four-month-old Linda joined them. Says Bill, "Judging from Linda's cry for milk, I'm predicting there's going to be another femme announcer in the family." Meanwhile the Marlowes are enjoying life in Boston and are looking forward to bigger and better days at ever-expanding WCOP. At home, Sonia is working very diligently, bringing up the children, while Bill takes in some baseball or football or listens to records—for work and pleasure. Also, says Bill, "I like a good book, a mild cigarette, and an occasional day at the races."

But, no matter what the Marlowes choose to like, there's no doubt that everyone in Boston has elected them their favorite radio family.

## Information Booth

(Continued from page 18)



**Jan Arden**

night spots around the country and on radio and TV on *Talent Scouts*, *The Show Goes On*, and *Guide Right*. Now one of the stars of the *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, Jan has recorded songs for Columbia Records, including duets such as "Blow Out the Candle" with his songstress-sister, Toni Arden.

### Trouble With Father

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me if the children on the ABC-TV show *Trouble With Father* are really *Stu Erwin's* children?

N. K., Quincy, Mass.

No. The two young daughters on *Trouble With Father* are Ann Todd, who plays Joyce, and Sheila James, who plays Jackie. *Stu* and *June Collyer Erwin* do have two children of their own, however: *Stuart Jr.*, who is 21, and *Judy*, who is 18.

### Lum 'n' Abner

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me the name of the theme music used on the *Lum 'n' Abner* radio program on ABC?

B. W. B., Evanston, Ill.

The *Lum 'n' Abner* theme music is titled "Down on the Old Party Line" and its words and music were written by Mr. and Mrs. *Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Mr. Emerson is the grandson of the poet-philosopher.

**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 your question concerns radio or TV.

Gives your hair  
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No other hairdressing  
leaves hair so  
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. . . No other hairdressing adds so  
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*Young America has it...  
You can have it in 7 days!*



Babies have That Ivory Look . . . Why shouldn't you ?  
Doctors everywhere advise mild, mild Ivory Soap for the most delicate skin of all—a baby's skin. And it's this mildness—this reliable, reassuring mildness—that makes Ivory so right for your complexion, too. Shouldn't you be using Ivory Soap?

In one week—That Ivory Look for you !  
Just start cleansing your skin regularly, using pure, mild Ivory Soap. In one week you'll see a look that's as beautiful as all outdoors — clearer, fresher, brighter — you'll have That Ivory Look.

*More doctors advise Ivory  
than any other soap!*



**99.<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% pure...it floats**





# Lu Ann Simms' Love Story

Arthur Godfrey's Cinderella  
has found her Prince Charming—  
with some modern innovations

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

**L**ATE in the afternoon on Easter Sunday, Loring Buzzell, a handsome young publishing firm executive, slipped an equally handsome square-cut diamond onto the proper finger of little Lu Ann Simms—who thereupon kissed him, and also cried a little with happiness, as does any Cinderella when she has finally landed her Prince. That evening they spent with their families in a general round of excitement and good wishes and toasts to the future.

But, the next afternoon, they got out the car and drove

*See Next Page* 



Lu Ann was "born" to be a Little Godfrey, fits in perfectly with Arthur's informality—but she's looking even

## Lu Ann Simms' Love Story

*Continued*

lazily out to Coney Island, for hot dogs at Nathan's.

This was a favorite Monday outing for them—they'd been doing it for weeks. Today, as usual, when she started on her fifth frank (piled high with mustard, ketchup, piccalilli, onions and assorted other delicacies), Lu Ann said, "We'll get ulcers sure, eating like this." And Lor, smearing more mustard on his sixth, replied, "You don't get ulcers when you're happy."

"Mmm," Lu Ann said, closing her eyes and shivering slightly with rapture. "Keep talkin'."

"I was thinking," he said, giving the uneaten half of his frank a thoughtful, almost glazed look, "that maybe tomorrow we'd better go civilized and have lobster in a good restaurant. Or maybe just a glass of fruit juice, something like that. . . ."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. I called Mr. Godfrey in Florida

just before we left, while you were getting the car, and told him about us. He was awfully sweet—sounded really thrilled."

"He's been grand in the Godfrey manner. Ready to go?"

"Don't you want another hot dog?"

There is no record of his answer. However, it was pleasant, driving in the country afterwards, and Lor didn't drop Lu Ann off at her apartment until quite late that evening. As she let herself in the front door, humming a phrase or two from "Lohengrin," she realized the phone was ringing. She hurried to answer it for fear it would stop.

Stop? It didn't stop ringing until four the next morning. The first call was from her mother, in Rochester. "Where've you been?" her mother cried. "I'm going crazy. Arthur Godfrey announced your (*Continued on page 75*)

---

Lu Ann Simms sings on the popular Arthur Godfrey shows. For full schedule, see footnote on Godfrey story, pages 44 and 45.



happier these days.



Tony Marvin's congratulations and fatherly advice are welcomed by the lovebirds.

Lu Ann and Loring know they are meant for each other because they like the same things—even have the same color eyes!





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Lu Ann Simms sings on the popular Arthur Godfrey shows. For full schedule, see footnote on Godfrey story, pages 44 and 45.

# Laughter to share



The family portrait that amateur-artist Jack would like to paint: Marion and their daughter Randy.

JACK PAAR SPINS A WEB OF FRIENDLY CHEER—AND INVITES THE



The Paars live quietly, say they don't know many "theater people" and seldom dine out. "Marion," Jack claims, "is a sensational cook!" She's also good at picking out records and helping him to relax.

## By ED MEYERSON

**A**T SIXTEEN, he was the youngest announcer in radio. At twenty-seven, already famous as a G.I. comedian, he was signed to a three-year Hollywood contract. At thirty-four . . .

"Well, for a year and a half," Jack Paar recalls, "I couldn't get a job. They were saying: 'He's had it'—like I was one of those old-time silent picture stars. It was crazy. It was tragic. I was through at thirty-four."

But the thing that hurt most—it wasn't as if he were thirty-four and had never had a chance. Jack Paar had gotten the breaks all the way.

It all started in Jackson, Michigan, a town of 55,000, where Jack attended school. He was standing on a sidewalk, when the interviewer for one of those man-on-the-street broadcasts approached him. Jack answered all the questions, and the mike didn't bother him at all.

"I was president of our school debating society," he explains. "I spoke very well about nothing."

The owner of the radio station happened to be listening in, and that's how Jack became the youngest announcer on the



# Laughter to share

(Continued)



Jack hails from Ohio (and Michigan), Marion is from Pennsylvania, Randy was born in Hollywood. Now they're all living in a garden apartment near New York City—and taking side trips in their car.



He did the decorating—including office walls.

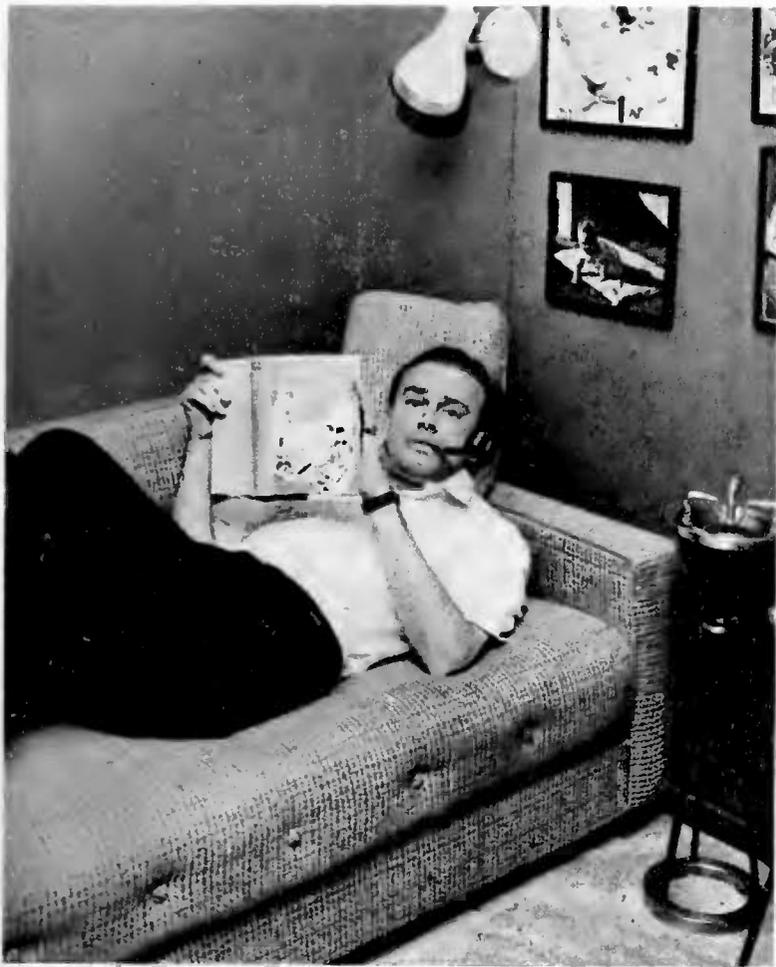


air—a distinction which carried more in the way of glory than of salary. He received three dollars every week, and his duties included emptying the wastebasket. But every morning, when the station broadcast recordings, Jack was permitted an occasional announcement.

"And every night," he recalls, "the biggest thrill of all—I gave the signoff. They played the national anthem, and then I spoke those immortal words . . ." Jack's voice honeyed into a croon and he beamed ecstatically: "This is Station WIBM, Jackson. Your announcer—*Jack Paar*."

At nineteen, he was announcing for the Cleveland Symphony. Then he became a disc jockey, writing his own comedy material. In 1942, he was working at a station in Buffalo when his draft number came up. It turned out to be the luckiest break of all.

"One hour after I had my uniform on," Jack remembers, "I was asked to say a few words about the Army at an officers' club. So I got up and told them that the club reminded me of a big tent show with rules. That got around, and the next thing I knew I was being sent to Washington, with two colonels, to be toastmaster at a banquet for three generals. Me—a private



Jack suffers from insomnia, rests when he can.

—telling those guys off! It was all very American, basically. And sweet and clean, I think. I got a lot of laughs and it went well, and so I was sent all around the East in little Army units to entertain the troops. Then I was attached to the 28th Special Service outfit. It's an infantry company, technically. We'd train all day and give shows at night. Our mission was to boost morale in the field."

His company commander was a former executive of the Hershey Chocolate Company. Stationed at nearby Indiantown Gap, the captain was invited to the Hershey home for a party. He brought Jack along to help entertain. Asked to say a few words at dinner, Jack found himself addressing more and more of his remarks to the prettiest girl in the room. She was Marion Wagner, a relative of the Hersheys. Jack married her the same year, just before the 28th went overseas to Guadalcanal.

Jack was made sergeant in charge of a unit playing in the forward area. His little troupe was strictly G.I., but it included a first-rate jazz band, two singers, and an old-timer who had once been a circus clown. As emcee, Jack's humor was also strictly G.I. He made officers his meat—the butt of *(Continued on page 102)*



Daddy goes off to work—or "play," according to Randy, who sometimes appears on his shows.

*The Jack Paar Show* is seen over CBS-TV, Saturdays, at 9:30 P.M. EDT, under the sponsorship of Prom Home Permanents, Pamper Shampoo, Viv Lipstick, and Deep Magic.

# SINGING



Five days a week, Betty Ann sings, dances—and sometimes just "clowns around"—on *The Big Payoff*, with Bess Myerson (left) and Rondy Merriman.



Leaving the TV theater, she sees her picture (lower left) on poster.

*A "Summer Holiday" is  
"The Big Payoff"  
for Betty Ann Grove!*

By ELEANOR POLLOCK



Brisk walk around the block with Cyrono—and a pause for outographs.



Time to relax? Even Cyrono knows his mistress has scripts to study!

**T**O A LOT of girls, summer means fun time, a time for lying on a beach, dancing under the stars, romantic dates in the moonlight. But, to pretty, red-headed Betty Ann Grove, summer—this year, anyway—means work and lots of it. For this dynamic little singer, who appears on *The Big Payoff* five days a week, has also stepped into the shoes of two big-name singers, Jane Froman and Jo Stafford. Such are the twists of fate that Betty Ann—who grew up expecting to be a dancer—was chosen to fill those

two important song spots on Tuesday and Thursday evenings on CBS-TV. Both Jane and Jo have great groups of devoted followers, and it's a fine tribute to the slim, green-eyed redhead from Cambridge, Massachusetts, that their mantle has fallen on her this season, in *Summer Holiday*.

So, while other girls are playing and having fun, Betty Ann is working. But work and fun are the same thing to her. "I'd rather sing than do anything else in the world," she says, her eager eyes all

*The Big Payoff* is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 3 P.M., for Colgate-Palmolive. Betty Ann co-stars with Merv Griffin in *Song Snapshots On A Summer Holiday*, CBS-TV, Thurs., 7:45 P.M., for the Lamp Div. of General Electric, and *Summer Holiday*, CBS-TV, Tues., 7:45 P.M. EDT

# HER WAY TO STARDOM



Busy as she is, she has a smile for everyone she meets on her way.



Next stop, dancing lessons. Betty Ann believes in constant training.



Almost home, she meets her mother and is gaily welcomed by Cyrano.



Who said "a dog's life"? Cyrano lounges with Mrs. Grove, as Betty Ann rehearses for the work she loves.

aglow, "except maybe to act someday."

It's a good thing Betty Ann feels that way about it. For her schedule doesn't really give her time to do anything else. Not even to go out on dates, except weekends.

"It's just as it was when I was going to school," she laughs. "Then, Mother wouldn't let me have dates on school nights. Now, I have so much work to do that I can't go out."

Betty Ann starts rehearsing for *The Big Payoff* every day at noon. Then, when the show goes off the air at three-thirty, she takes a half-hour break and starts rehearsing for one (Continued on page 96)



Tuesdays and Thursdays, Betty Ann's a singing star—co-star, that is, with Merv Griffin on *Summer Holiday*.

# THE YOUNGEST MAN IN MUSIC

*Paul Whiteman has played the pulse-beat of three generations,  
and his heart still reaches out to fresh talent and new rhythms*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

"Pops" Whiteman talks teenagers' language, loves "real cool" clothes—and his red-hot Jaguar.





Since boyhood days, Paul has tried to bridge the gap between youthful enthusiasm and parental conservatism.

**T**HE family argument had reached a high pitch. Blundering into earshot, the young man heard his father say, "Confound it, that boy of ours is getting a bad reputation. He sleeps all day, prowls all night." Querulously, he added, "Just why does he hang around those cheap saloons—and worse—listening to that infernal caterwauling of no-goods who can't play a note properly, much less read one?"

The young man stopped still. He knew that, in his parents' judgment, the prowling around might be merely foolish, but his passion for unorthodox music was outright heresy. What else could it be, in a family where his father headed the music department of Denver's public schools—and he himself played first viola in the city's symphony?

The mother tried to soothe. "Ragtime is just a fad. He'll get over it. He's young."

The father's wrath exploded. "Young? He's twenty. I've taught him all I know. There's only

one thing left—kick him out on his own. It's the only way he'll ever amount to anything."

How Paul Whiteman responded to that 1910 challenge has made musical history. It has also earned him such titles as "King of Jazz," "Dean of Modern Music," vice-president of the American Broadcasting Company—and the one he likes the best of all, "Pops."

Even that family argument has been chronicled musically, for all time, in George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

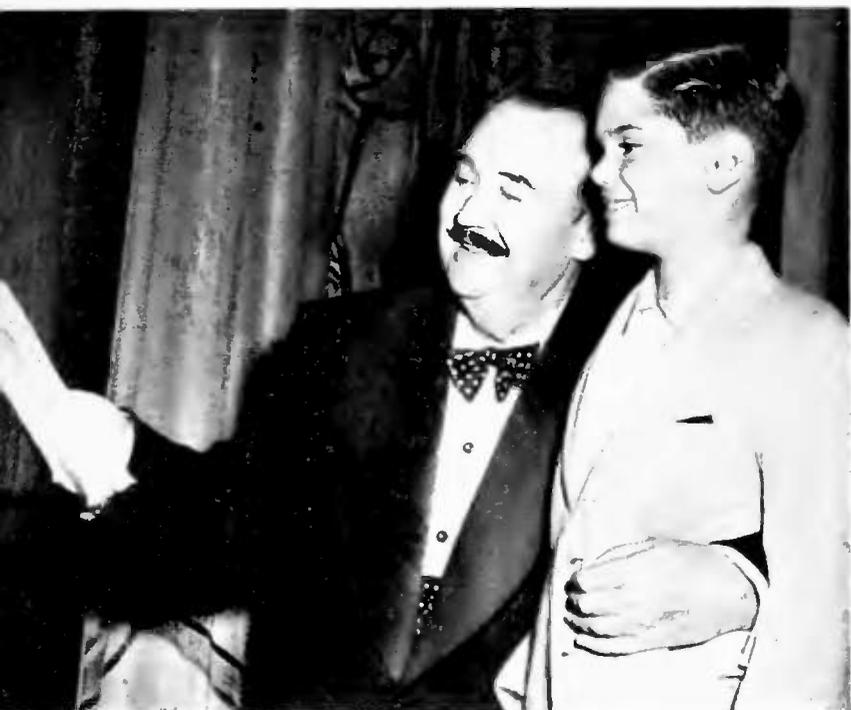
The fabulous, the incredible place which Whiteman holds in broadcasting was best expressed by critic Jay Nelson Tuck at the opening of Whiteman's current summer program. In *The New York Post*, Tuck wrote:

"Long, long ago, in the dim early years of something called radio, people were entertained by sound without pictures, emitted by a horn on a box.

See Next Page ►



Whiteman discovery Mindy Carson and Evelyn Ay (Miss America of 1954) were judges when John Danser of Paul's *TV Teen Club* tooted his saxophone at premiere of *On The Boardwalk*.



Above, young Glenn Derringer, organ player, was among the first *Boardwalk* winners. Below, Paul with Lou Cunningham and Jimmy McCullough, Atlantic City publicity representatives.



## THE YOUNGEST MAN IN MUSIC

(Continued)

"The sounds were made by assorted persons, including Graham McNamee, the A & P Gypsies and a bandleader named Paul Whiteman.

"Comes now a new TV show called *On The Boardwalk*, produced by and starring a fellow who claims to be that same Paul Whiteman. If he has changed at all, you can't notice it. . . ."

Whiteman's secret of eternal youth lies in the closeness he still feels to the rebellious, ragtime-entranced kid he was at twenty. In that same *Boardwalk* premiere, he summed it up: "I was a clover-kicker who fell off a haystack in Denver and landed in Atlantic City."

Customarily, even so slight a venture into reminiscence irks him, for his focus is on the future. But the *Boardwalk* program provoked looking back, for here—returning to the place where the recording companies first discovered his band in 1920—his career had come full circle. Later, in his New York ABC office, he amplified his recollections, yet even as he brought highlights to life in pithy, Whiteman style, it was difficult to realize how far back they reached—that, for at least three full generations, kids have danced to his music.

It was equally difficult to accept the fact that Whiteman himself is sixty-five, for—although the smooth moonface, which has been caricatured so often, is now trisected by deep lines of experience—the small moustache which is his trademark is still waxed to points as keen as ever. His step is springy and he still sets styles in tailoring. That morning, his Alpine hat was encircled by a pheasant feather band and his tan Donegal tweed suit undoubtedly was destined to be copied by bopsters. The extra fullness which broadened the top and deceptively slimmed the waistline was achieved via three outside darts at each shoulder seam. Extreme though it was, on him it escaped being flashy and seemed instead a functional detail to assure the free movement needed to drive that fast tomato-red Jaguar he calls "Bloody Mary."

Settling back comfortably in his chair, he explained how the wrath of classicist Wilberforce J. Whiteman, Denver's superintendent of music, had rocketed him on his way: "Naturally, I wasn't going to wait for Dad to do something drastic. I borrowed five hundred dollars from my mother and lit out for San Francisco."

With the Barbary Coast roaring, San Francisco in those days held many things, but for Whiteman there was only one worthwhile objective—Tate's, a café famed for its revolutionary syncopation. Says Whiteman, "I got me a job playing ragtime fiddle—and, man, I thought I had it made."

To his disgust, however, (Continued on page 82)

Paul Whiteman's *On The Boardwalk*, ABC-TV, Sun., 8 P.M. EDT.  
*The Whiteman Varieties*, ABC Radio, Thurs., 9:30 P.M. EDT.



On The Boardwalk premiere—in Atlantic City, where Paul Whiteman got his own big break, many moons ago.



Youngsters are always welcome at Paul's farm in New Jersey—and enjoy the modern pool as much as ranch-born Whiteman loved his old Western "swimmin' hole."



TV Teen Club alumni Bobby Gregg and Nancy Lewis were there to cheer, "Long live the King of Jazz!" as Paul launched his new talent-discovery program.



1960



It takes true bravery to fly your first jet when almost fifty—as Arthur did (above)—and join in the most difficult stunts with Little Godfreys (Haleloke, left; Frank Parker, right). But the smile and courage never fail.



**The most important thing about the miraculous redhead is the one he won't admit**

**By GREGG MARTIN**

**Y**OU KNOW WHAT? You've been so nice to me, I'm going to tell you something. I just found out last week that there's something wrong with my hip."

The people sitting out front gasped. And, all over the country, millions of Arthur Godfrey's friends began to feel a little sick . . . for that's the way it is when you hear that someone you love is ill or in pain.

"I got to go back and have it done all over again," he went on, referring to the operation, "and it's enough to drive you crazy, see? So what I'm trying to do is just be happy, you know, and be gay and laugh, laugh, laugh. What else can you do?"

He talked a little more about the historic operation in Boston in May of 1953, when they tried to fix up that hip with a new ball-and-socket point and a metal mold (*Continued on page 87*)



*Arthur Godfrey Time* is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M.—seen on CBS-TV, Mon. through Thurs., 10:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. *The Arthur Godfrey Digest* is heard on CBS Radio, Fri., 8:30 P.M., under multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is simulcast on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., for Lipton Tea, Lipton Soups, and Frostee. (All EDT)

# IS ARTHUR GODFREY

At Farmer's Market, I gloat over the strawberries—and puppies—but try to be as practical as my mother (center picture, below). There's so much to plan, thanks to my lucky break with Bob Crosby (opposite page)!



# *Hold on to that Dream!*

Now that I'm singing on Bob Crosby's show, I know it pays to keep on trying

**P**ERSEVERANCE pays off. I know. Ever since I was a little girl, I've wanted to entertain people with my singing. For years I went to all auditions, sang in every school function—I made mistakes, but I kept trying. Then finally, one day out of the blue, I got the break I had been waiting for so long.

I was sitting in the living room of our Pasadena apartment when the phone rang. Mother answered it. "It's for you, Joan," she said. "It's a Mr. Herb Allen."

Herb Allen! I just about fell over on the shag rug. I knew that Mr. Allen was Bob Crosby's producer at CBS-TV. I wondered what in the world he wanted with me, Joan O'Brien, eighteen-year-old girl singer whom he'd never seen or met!

"Hello, Mr. Allen," I said.

"Miss O'Brien, would you be able to audition as a singer for the fall *Bob Crosby Show*?"

That was a question he didn't have to ask a second time! "Would I?" I said. "Just tell me where and when!"

A few days later, plenty scared, I walked into the CBS rehearsal hall. I felt something like a butterfly on a pin in a big glass box—the kind my science teachers used to pass around. There were at least ten sober-faced men behind the glass in the control booth. Their (Continued on page 85)



By JOAN O'BRIEN

Joan O'Brien sings on *The Bob Crosby Show*, CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, 3:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship. On the Pacific Coast, she's also seen and heard on Clifflie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree*, KCOP, Saturday, 7:30 P.M. PDT.



# Another woman's heart

Jean McBride, in *Love Of Life*, has reason to feel she understands Meg Harper

By FRANCES KISH

**T**HERE'S a little bit of Meg Harper in every woman. That's why I like to play her." Jean McBride was talking about the girl she portrays in the daytime drama, *Love Of Life*, on CBS-TV.

"Meg shows us so clearly what can happen to our own lives—and to the lives of those we love—when we let our emotions rule our good sense and judgment. She feels insecure, and so she is envious, especially of her sister Vanessa. She feels unloved, and so she is lonely. The trouble with Meg is that she has not yet found a satisfactory relationship with her family, with her young son Beany, or with any man. (Continued on page 90)

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Jean is Meg in *Love Of Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, for Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Boyle-Midway, Chef Boyardee.



Like Meg, Jean's a real glamour girl. But she's also practical and hopes to be a smart, sensible housewife.

Unlike Meg, Jean enjoys the companionship of her own sister, Evelyn, and they've always been close friends.





# DON'T GAMBLE WITH

Byron Sanders—alias Morgan Elliott of *Portia Faces Life*—has four



He plays his record collection for college student Barbara Badenhop, photographer Joe Abel and dancer Evelyn Ward.

# HAPPINESS

the way to make it a "sure thing"

By GLADYS HALL

**A** COMPLETELY happy person is, in my book, as strange as a "flying saucer," and just about as unbelievable. Perhaps because I'd never met a completely happy person face-to-face until I lunched the other day with Byron Sanders. As gambler Morgan Elliott in *Portia Faces Life*, Byron gives CBS-TV viewers a good many easy-to-take doses of chills and thrills. But, in real life, he's not only a completely happy man. He also knows *why* he is happy and has the recipe—more than one recipe, in fact—for achieving happiness.

At a quiet luncheon interview in New York's Pen and Pencil restaurant, Byron announced, almost at once, that "happy" is the one word, the most apt and descriptive word, for him. His state of happiness—a "chronic condition"—is heightened as of now. It is, indeed, an "acute condition" as the result of his running role in *Portia*—which is, he says, "without a doubt, the most important thing that ever happened to me, career-wise."

Byron, as he meets the (Continued on page 91)

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*Portia Faces Life*, CBS-TV, M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by General Foods Corp. for Grape-Nuts Flakes, Post's 40% Bran Flakes, Instant Postum, and Swans Down Cake Mixes.

When company comes, bachelor Byron is cook—he says he got tired of eating in restaurants!



Byron went in for athletics—not dramatics—in his school days, and he still enjoys all outdoor sports.



He likes to talk shop, too—above, with Evelyn and actress Marilyn Mohr; below, with Joe and Marilyn.



# DON'T GAMBLE WITH HAPPINESS

Byron Sanders—alias Morgan Elliott of *Portia Faces Life*—has found the way to make it a "sure thing"

By GLADYS HALL

**A** COMPLETELY happy person is, in my book, as strange as a "flying saucer," and just about as unbelievable. Perhaps because I'd never met a completely happy person face-to-face until I lunched the other day with Byron Sanders. As gambler Morgan Elliott in *Portia Faces Life*, Byron gives CBS-TV viewers a good many easy-to-take doses of chills and thrills. But, in real life, he's not only a completely happy man. He also knows why he is happy and has the recipe—more than one recipe, in fact—for achieving happiness.

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When company comes, bachelor Byron is cook—he says he got tired of eating in restaurants!



He plays his record collection for college student Borboro Bodenhop, photographer Joe Abel and dancer Evelyn Waro.



Byron went in for athletics—not dramatics—back in high school days, and he still enjoys all outdoor sports.



He likes to talk shop, too—above, with Evelyn and actress Marilyn Mohr below with Joe and Marilyn.





Wide windows let sunlight stream upon the fine "eternal" wood of which Janice and her engineer-husband, Bill Dunlop, (in garden and at right), constructed their gracious home.



Janice herself supervised the placement of each stone in their giant fireplace. An artist, she helped with sketches and plans—right down to the electric wiring and plumbing!



# The girl who gave away \$3,000,000!



Janice Gilbert gives away millions on *Break The Bank*—but built her own dream home to have and hold forever

By GREGORY MERWIN

**T**HE HOUSE that "broke the bank" stands on the rise of twenty-four acres of New Jersey woodland.

The house is as unique and exciting as its mistress, Janice Gilbert, whom you know as the paying teller who has given away \$3,000,000 on *Break the Bank*—and also as Nina Browning on *Hilltop House*.

"The house is unique," Janice says. "It has been built to last, to stand for centuries. There are no false facades or veneers. Things are exactly what they seem to be."

The same seems to be true of Janice, who stands five-feet-four and has reddish brown hair and green eyes. Janice, like the (Continued on page 93)

*Break The Bank*—on ABC-TV, Sun., 10 P.M., for the Dodge Dealers of America—on NBC Radio, M-F, 10:45 A.M., sponsored by Miles Laboratories, Inc., makers of Alka-Seltzer. *Hilltop House*, on CBS Radio, M-F, 3 P.M., also for Alka-Seltzer. (All times EDT)



It's a house of which Janice and Bill can be doubly proud. They planned it for everlasting beauty, and did much of the physical labor with their own hands. Like the swimming pool, every detail was worked out to fit into the natural setting.





Peter's very handy with tools, and plumbing chores are almost as much a hobby as his "Sunday" painting.



He began acting early (left, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It"), but once dreamed of being a doctor—like his father, whose X-ray collection he still studies (below).



*As Mr. Ames of *The Secret Storm*,  
as Mr. Hobbs in private life,  
he seeks the magic key to "home"*

By MARY TEMPLE

**I**F YOU LIKE your heroes tall, blond and sun-tanned (and it seems like an excellent idea), then Peter Hobbs is your man. A fellow whose blond hair, streaked lighter by wind and sun, is brushed back from a boyish face that gets a slightly stern look when he's serious—which isn't too often, for he is given a lot to smiling. A 165-pound six-footer, with gray-green-blue eyes, who looks well in tweeds and has an air of being at home in any sport, although he has little time these days to do more than pitch an occasional baseball or play a few fast sets of tennis.

For Peter Hobbs is the central figure of *The Secret Storm*, in which he portrays a romantic-looking, youngish widower named Peter Ames, father of three children—a young lady named Susan; fourteen-year-old Jerry; and Amy, an adorable eight-year-old. Logically enough, in real life the real Peter is also a romantic fellow, father of three children, and now about to marry again (perhaps already married by the time you read this). So, in many ways, this role of Peter Ames fits actor Peter Hobbs (*Continued on page 88*)

*The Secret Storm*, on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc.

# a Man called Peter



Peter Ames (Peter Hobbs) is proud of every member of his TV family in *The Secret Storm*: Sister-in-law Pauline (played by Haila Stoddard), son Jerry (Warren Berlinger), daughters Amy (little Jada Rowland) and Susan (Jean Mowry).



# THE WORLD ON A STRING

Who has more fun than people?  
Bill and Cora Baird and  
their *Morning Show* marionettes!



Peter, 2, shares the Baird family love of music.



That's Charlemane, of course, above and at left.



The Bairds live in a wonderland where elfin figures are born on a drawing-board, character-molded with affection, and taught to dance!

By MARTIN COHEN

**A**ROUND FOUR in the morning, Manhattan still sleeps—not as quietly as most cities, but not so loudly as to disturb the rest of a few million exhausted cosmopolitans. And, at four A.M., Cora and Bill Baird wrench themselves from their bed and make ready for a speedy trip to CBS-TV studios to entertain on *The Morning Show*.

"There's only one way to describe getting up in the middle of the night to go to work," says Cora. "It's like getting up in the middle of (Continued on page 97)"

Bill and Cora Baird's marionettes—including Charlemane, the Lion—are seen on *The Morning Show*, CBS-TV, M-F, from 7 to 9 A.M. EDT.

# Tennessee Ernie Ford



Two Ford specialties: Barbecuing "yellowtail" on his outdoor grill—teaching small guests how to swim.



Heart and center of Tennessee Ernie's California household is his wife Betty. They have a wonderful time at their home near Whittier, whether playing games-for-two—or entertaining a whole swarm of friends in their swimming pool. The friend emerging from the water, below, is Tennessee Ernie's personal manager, Cliffie Stone, who is also a star in his own right.



loves his shows but—deep in his heart—

# HOME COMES FIRST

By BETTY MILLS

**T**HE FAMILY comes first. That's Tennessee Ernie's philosophy. He, of course, is the star of the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, on CBS Radio, and of the scintillating new *College Of Musical Knowledge*, on NBC-TV. And the family which "comes first" includes his wife Betty and their two sons, four-year-old Buck (Jeffrey Buckner), and nineteen-month-old Brion Leonard. Everything he and Betty are doing—and hope to do—is predicated on the happiness of their family. Home *always* comes first.

The time Ernie devotes to his career, for example, is balanced by the time he insists on devoting to his family. Whenever she can, Betty builds their special interests into common family projects. And the ranch they dream of having, someday, will be a *family* ranch.

"The thought strongest in my mind," says Ernie, "is to do ranching north of Fresno, California." There's a reason behind Ernie's desire for their ranch. He says, "I want our boys to have everything I had as a kid. There's closeness to family life on a farm. In Tennessee, for example, we never had much money, but there was always food; there was always a fire in the hearth; and there was an added warmth which came from our hearts. *That* was real family living.

"That's what I want my kids to have. I'd like to give them a taste of the wide-open spaces, of roaming with a dog, and the responsibility of a horse of their own. Those things give a man a hills-and-alfalfa philosophy he might miss in a crowded city."

These days, Tennessee Ernie's career has taken off like a mule with a burr under its tail. He's had as many offers to play the night-club route as there are bees in a clover patch. But, at the expense of his career, he refused to leave home after the children were born. He says, "I don't want to come sashayin' in someday and have my kids ask 'Who's that?'"

Families should share common interests. Ernie's wife, Betty, knows this. Before their marriage, for example, Betty didn't fish. But, today, she's a real "compleat angler"—a situation she mastered only after a long period of trial and error. "Since Ford is crazy about fishing," says Betty, "I used to go along to keep him company. I just got the string wet. I

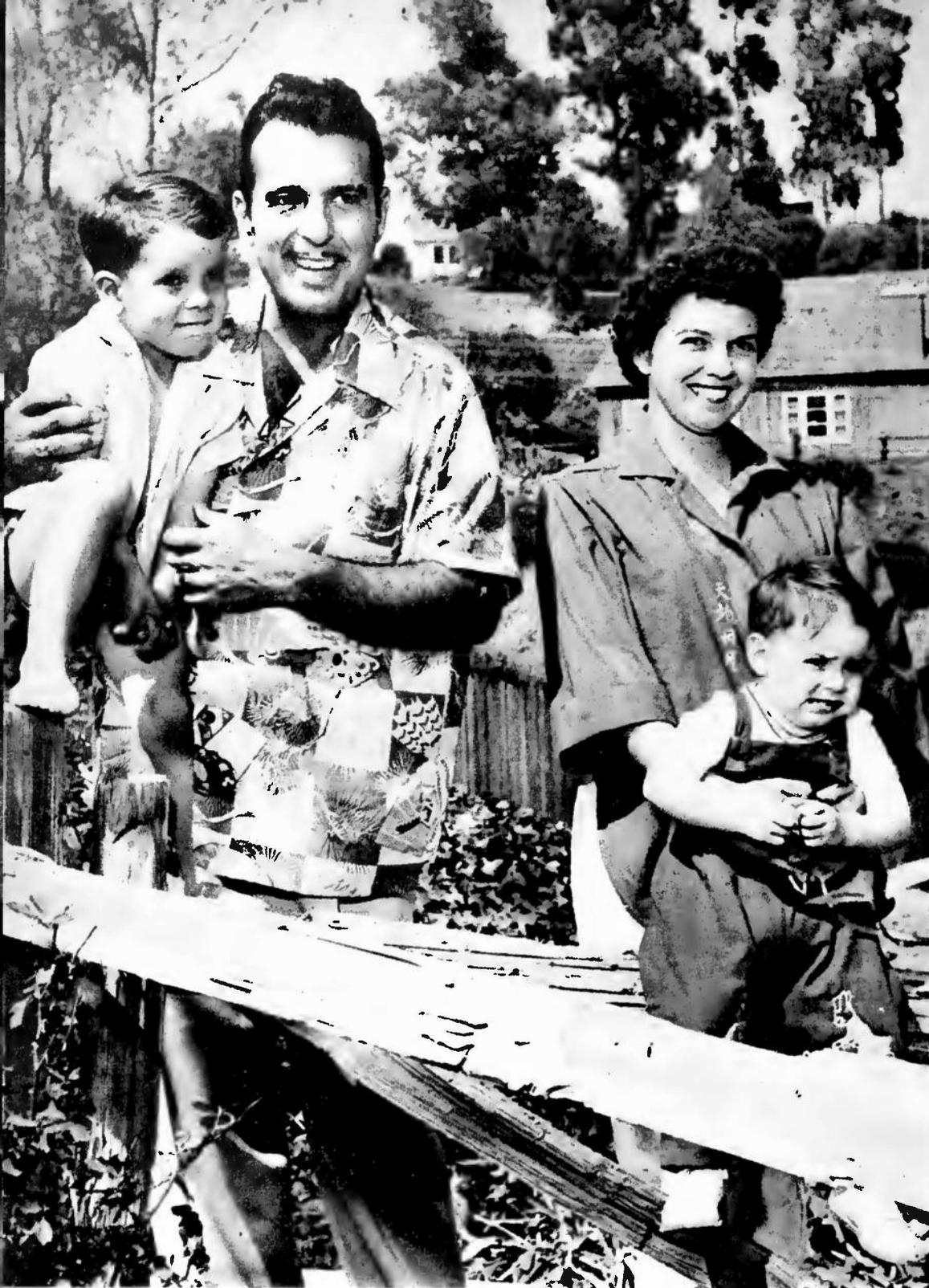


Ernie grew up on a farm (Tennessee, of course!) and believes in the outdoor life for his children. His 4-year-old Buck is already a real water-baby.



Since this home's in the West, "playing Indian" is right in style. Buck gets the fancy headdress, but 19-month-old Brion has his eyes on that drum!

**See Next Page** 



Tennessee Ernie and Betty look forward to a real ranch for their sons.



Meanwhile, Buck and Brion and their

## HOME COMES FIRST

(Continued)

thought it was good to show the children that Ma and Pa worked together. I think it gives them a sense of security when they see that you both enjoy doing the same things. Today, though, when the fish are biting, I like to catch 'em!"

Though a family ranch is still a dream, the Fords do have a little two-bedroom home at Clear Lake, the biggest lake in California. They take family-type vacations, with the kids on the beach, Mother sewing in the shade of an umbrella, and Dad fishing in his boat around the point. "Buck likes to fish, too," says Ernie. "I take him with me—sometimes. But I don't like to get beat at my own game. He outfishes me.

On his first time up, when he was only two and a half, he caught more fish than Betty and I together!"

Betty and Ernie met when he was an air cadet at Victorville, California. Ernie says, "I was sittin' in the Alabama Induction Center, in 1942, when somebody stuck his head in the door and said, 'Anybody want to fly?' Since I could flap my arms like a crow in a corn patch—they took me, and I ended up in Victorville."

Betty was working at the base on a secret project. From their meetings in the Post Exchange, she and Ernie had a nodding acquaintance. One day, Ernie asked her for a date.

(Continued on page 101)

Tennessee Ernie is seen in *College Of Musical Knowledge*, over NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT. *The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, with Helen O'Connell, is heard on CBS Radio. Mon. through Fri., 7 P.M. EDT. Both programs sponsored by Prom Cosmetics.



parents are cozy in their ranch-style house,



Hunting and fishing are Ernie's hobbies. (But Buck's already handling his own hook-and-line.)

Always "open house" at the Ford pool. (Someday, Brion will have his own pony—right now, Daddy's shoulders will do!)





Tennessee Ernie and Betty look forward to a real ranch for their sons.



Meanwhile, Buck and Brion and their parents are cozy in their ranch-style house,



Hunting and fishing are Ernie's hobbies. (But Buck's already handling his own hook-and-line.)

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## HOME COMES FIRST

(Continued)

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Betty was working at the base on a secret project. From their meetings in the Post Exchange, she and Ernie had a nodding acquaintance. One day, Ernie asked her for a date.

(Continued on page 101)

Tennessee Ernie is seen in *College Of Musical Knowledge*, over NBC-TV, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT. *The Tennessee Ernie Ford Show*, with Helen O'Connell, is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. through Fri., 7 P.M. EDT. Both programs sponsored by Prom Cosmetics.



# ROSEMARY

**T**ROUBLE and pain are no strangers to Rosemary and Bill Roberts who, throughout their marriage, have struggled to better their lives as well as those of others they love. Most recently, Rosemary and Bill had, with the help of young Anne and Lonny Cisar, made Springdale a better town in which to live by exposing Edgar Duffy and the gambling racket he had run. After Anna and Lonny had come to live with Rosemary and Bill, it became evident that some substitute was needed to fill the gap and provide a worthwhile incentive for Lonny and the other young boys who had been led astray by Edgar Duffy. So, as a means of helping to rehabilitate these young boys, Bill and Rosemary had formed the Springdale Boys Club. With Lonny as its leader, the Boys Club turned out to be the answer to a prayer. Lonny and his friends cast off their worthless ways and soon became alert, eager, happy young men as they busied themselves with Club activities. Lonny especially was making progress in his work with the Club and with his job at the newspaper, thanks to Bill and his helpful instruction. The world seemed happier, too, for Anna as she and her fiancé Larry White made eager plans for their marriage. . . . But, just when everything seemed to be running smoothly at last, a new source of trouble appeared in the person of Monica Perry. Monica was a beautiful young widow who sought only thrills and excitement, and she quickly chose Lonny to be the victim of her selfish desires. Being experienced



2. As Lonny makes progress with the Boys Club and in his job at the newspaper, he realizes how vital is Bill's series of articles campaigning for job training and help for youngsters.

1. Rosemary and Bill see a bright future for young Lonny and Anna Cisar as they develop new hobbies and sound interests.

See Next Page ►

# ROSEMARY

(Continued)

3. Suddenly, Lonny meets beautiful, worldly Monica Perry and plunges into the world of gaiety and excitement she craves.





4. Deeply concerned over her brother Lonny's fascination for guileful, reckless Monica, Anna fails to see the rift this is causing between her and her fiancé Larry White.



5. Lonny pleads with Monica to marry him, but Monica's cat-and-mouse game was played only for fun and she laughs at the idea of settling down in Springdale with Lonny.

in the ways of love and life, it didn't take her long to wrap Lonny around her little finger and make him her slave. Like a chameleon, Lonny changed suddenly from an eager, helpful young citizen to a footloose, aimless person. Gone was his interest in the Boys Club, his eagerness for his job. His only desire was to be with Monica, buy her anything she wanted and, he hoped, marry her. But Monica, who was only amused by his immature young love, strung Lonny along. She derived great pleasure from playing a game of cat and mouse with him, while Rosemary and Bill stood helplessly by, watching all the good they had done fall by the wayside. Anna, too, was helpless before the guileful Monica, and, in her deep concern and desire to make Lonny see the light,

was losing the love and attention of her beloved Larry. With each attempt to help him, Lonny reciprocated by becoming more surly, more resentful of everyone's desire to do what was best for him. . . . Then, as suddenly as she had entered Lonny's life, Monica left it—disappeared completely without saying a word of goodbye to anyone or letting them know where she was going. Lonny, having lost the one person who meant everything to him, became frantic and searched in vain for the missing Monica. Then, to make matters worse, he disappeared, too. After days of fruitless searching, Rosemary began to suspect Lonny's whereabouts. A light had been seen in Monica's apartment and, upon going there, Rosemary found the desolate, heartbroken boy living there in the desperate hope that Monica would return. With tenderness and understanding, Rosemary talked to Lonny, pleaded with him to return home with her. And Lonny, in his grief-stricken, unhappy state, finally agreed to go. . . . Once again, at home with the people who cared most for him, Lonny gradually returned to his normal way of life. Everyone—Rosemary, Bill, Anna—treated him very gently and were rewarded by his renewed enthusiasm and eagerness in the Boys Club and his job at the newspaper. As treasurer of the club, Lonny had proved himself to be a capable, efficient worker. After raising funds by holding a bazaar, Lonny and the boys proceeded to build a clubhouse for themselves. . . . With the club activities progressing as planned, life in Springdale seems brighter than ever. But, as with many things—good and bad—the true situation is not always revealed by outward appearances. Rosemary and Bill, who have been deceived

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Pictured here, as they are heard on the air, are:

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Rosemary.....     | Virginia Kaye  |
| Bill Roberts..... | Casey Allen    |
| Lonny Cisar.....  | Dick York      |
| Anna Cisar.....   | Ruth Tobin     |
| Monica Perry..... | Barbara Baxley |
| Larry White.....  | Mandel Kramer  |
| Dr. Jim.....      | Horace Braham  |

Rosemary is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, as sponsored by the Procter & Gamble Company for Ivory Snow.

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6. When Monica disappears without a word, Lanny tries frantically to find her, as Rosemary and Bill try to renew his interest in his job and the Club.

# ROSEMARY

(Continued)

before and are wiser, more experienced in the ways of life than young Lonny, know that their troubles are by no means over. Like the dark clouds of an impending storm, the fact that Monica might return to wreak greater havoc hangs over them constantly. Although at present it seems as if Lonny has righted himself and is following a straight and beneficial course, who can predict whether or not he has learned enough from his unfortunate experience to hold fast to that course? Will the decent life, filled with friendship and warmth, that he has come to know with Rosemary and Bill continue to mean enough to him so as to negate the selfish, degenerate effect Monica could again create? And what about Anna? Even with her marriage to Larry, has her happiness been jeopardized because of her desire to help Lonny? Perhaps Rosemary and Bill, through their wisdom and understanding, can help both these helpless young people. But one thing is certain: Whatever the outcome, someone is bound to be hurt—badly. It is to be sincerely hoped that those whose desire is only to do good will be the victors.

7. Slowly, Lanny regains his old enthusiasm by working on a bazaar to raise funds for a clubhouse and can join Bill and Rosemary in laughter over the prize Dr. Jim won.





8. Bill and Rosemary listen to Lonny's enthusiastic plans for the new clubhouse, but they are troubled by the specter of Monica and the constant fear that she may someday return to town. Will the warmth and friendship and decency Lonny has come to know with Rosemary and Bill make him strong enough to resist the lures of the scheming Monica?



*Brook Byron has found fulfillment in her work, close companionship in her marriage, and joy in the drama of living*

Yura takes pride in Brook's work—



Leisure time for Brook and her husband, Yura Arkus-Dunton, means chess at home—or a gypsy trip on the open road.



## IT ISN'T ALL ACTING

By ALICE FRANCIS

Brook tries to understand his jet-engine designing problems.



**R**EALLY, there is nothing very dramatic about me," Brook Byron was saying. "What can you write, except that I am a serious actress, married to a charming man who designs jet engines, and that we live a rather quiet life? We both work hard, and like what we are doing. We read, we love the theater, we listen to radio and watch television when we can. My husband, who is a European, has taught me how to play chess, in which I have now become very interested. We get away for occasional country weekends, but don't go in much for sports, except that my husband likes to swim. I'm strictly a sun-bather. In winter, we like to go skiing. There really isn't much drama in any of this, is there?"

Well, maybe not. Or maybe.

In the first place, there is Brook herself, a tall, blue-eyed, ethereal-looking, pale-blonde beauty with a fashion-model figure (she was, in fact, a top fashion model before she became even better known as an actress). There is drama in her looks and in the graceful way she carries herself. (Her husband says that, the first time he saw her, he thought of all the lovely English heroines in all the fine old English novels he had ever read.)

There is drama in the way she got a motion-picture contract, shortly after she was graduated from high school at seventeen and came to New York with her eye on a job as photographers' model. The very first photographer she worked (*Continued on page 76*)



*Brook Byron has found fulfillment in her work, close companionship in her marriage, and joy in the drama of living*

Leisure time for Brook and her husband, Yuro Arkus-Dunton, means chess at home—or a gypsy trip on the open road.



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Jack Slattery's private family includes his wife Marge, daughters Suzanne, 12, and Pat, 9—and, of course, "Pommie" (below).



# HOUSE PARTY



House in hand, Jack helps Art interview the audience.

**Jack Slattery's right at home—with his own lively youngsters—or Art Linkletter's audience of 15,000,000**

By BUD GOODE

**J**ACK SLATTERY can tell you that being a family man is fun. Jack, announcer on *Art Linkletter's House Party*, and his boss, Art, are authorities on the subject. Between them, they can count up thirty-one years of marriage and seven children. Admittedly, Art's gang of five is greater in number than Jack's family of two daughters. But Jack explains, "After all, Art's been married six years longer than I have!"

When Art vacations, Jack substitutes for him as emcee on *House Party*—the (Continued on page 83)

*Art Linkletter's House Party*, M-F—seen on CBS-TV, 2:30 P.M. EDT and heard on CBS Radio, 3:15 P.M. EDT—is sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Kellogg Co., and Bauer & Black. Jack Slattery is also on *Fishing Tips*. KHJ-TV. Thurs., 7:30 P.M. PDT.



Let's not be formal—call them "Link" and "Slats"!



Slats really takes over—programs, housework, and even the littlest Linkletter, Diane—as Link and his wife Lois and their eldest, Jack, go on a vacation.

# FAMILY STYLE



Harry Maynard presents Melville Ruick, star of *City Hospital*, with a Distinguished Service Citation from the National Association for Mental Health.

# CITY HOSPITAL

**T**HROUGH the doors of every city hospital throughout the world pass people of all ages, from all walks of life. For city hospital is where life begins and ends, where around the clock, twenty-four hours a day, men and women are dedicated to the war against suffering and pain, intent upon helping others, no matter who they are. But, in spite of all their skill and knowledge, doctors and nurses cannot wage the battle alone. They must have the cooperation and understanding of all those with whom they deal. Without that, their efforts, all too often, are for naught. . . . Dr. Barton Crane of City Hospital has learned that lesson many times over, but it never for a moment deterred him from doing his utmost to help others. And, through his perseverance, he had usually managed to be successful—but it took time, patience, and much wisdom. . . . Late one afternoon in the emergency ward of City Hospital, Dr. Crane prepared himself to face another problem case as young Fran Turner was brought to him with a broken arm. Fran had been in an automobile accident with her younger brother Alvin. Alvin—an unemployed, would-be writer—had bought the car in order to qualify for a job as traveling salesman. Now, he was capitalizing on the accident, trying to bring a damage suit against the city. However, in spite of Fran's injury, he wanted her to remain in the hospital only long enough for her case to be recorded. After meeting with resistance from Dr. Crane, who felt Fran should remain in the hospital a few days longer, Alvin left in a huff. A while later, Fran's husband Tom arrived and, after talking with Dr. Crane, agreed that Fran should remain at the hospital for a few days. Meanwhile, Dr. Crane had observed Alvin's strange mannerisms and suggested to Fran and Tom that perhaps Alvin should be given some psy-

chiatric treatment. Fran immediately was opposed to the idea, claiming there was nothing wrong with Alvin, but Tom was more receptive. . . . The next day, when Tom came to visit Fran and was conferring with Dr. Crane, Alvin reappeared, complaining of a pain in his chest and ribs. X-rays revealed there was nothing wrong, but Dr. Crane seized the opportunity to try to talk Alvin into going to a mental hospital. Fran was still opposed to the idea, but when Alvin agreed to be examined—because he thought it would provide good source material for his writing—she gave in. . . . That night, while Tom was visiting Fran, Alvin appeared, having sneaked out of his room on another floor. Concerned about Alvin's condition, which was growing steadily worse, Tom went to get Dr. Crane, whereupon Alvin threatened to jump out the window. In order to pacify him, Fran said she would leave the hospital with Alvin. But instead of taking her down in the elevator, Alvin went up—ranting on irrationally, filling Fran with increasing terror of what he might do. At last the elevator stopped automatically, and Dr. Crane was there, waiting to take Alvin. . . . A while later, after he had calmed down, Alvin began to realize that Dr. Crane was sincerely interested in helping him, and he finally agreed to receive treatment. Sick as he was, Alvin also realized that his recovery would not be quick or easy, but he was willing to see it through, certain that everything would turn out for the best. . . . As Alvin prepared to receive the help he needed so badly, Fran and Tom returned once again to their normal way of life. And Dr. Crane, having helped one more grateful patient along the road to recovery, awaited the call to serve another needy person and guide him on the way back to a healthy, happy life.

*City Hospital*, a Julian Funt Production, is heard on CBS Radio, Saturday, 1 P.M., sponsored by Carter Products, Inc. Pictured here, as heard on the air, are, left to right: Billy Redfield as Alvin; Melville Ruick as Dr. Crane; Amzie Strickland as Fran; and Dick Janaver as Tom.

Now that Fran Turner's broken arm had been cared for, Dr. Crane's concern became focused on Alvin Mead and his immediate need for psychiatric aid.

**Dr. Crane knows only too well that it takes more than skill and knowledge to conquer the fears and ills of those who so desperately need his help**





London: This bird's-eye view of the famous Tower meant a most precarious perch for me—on a windy rooftop.

# How Lucky Can You Get?

*Just ask me, and I'll tell you why my fabulous trip to Europe is the real Top Play Of 1954!*

By JOAN MURRAY

**E**VEN NOW I can hardly believe it happened to me. Even when I watch the Helene Curtis Spray Net commercials on television, on the *Top Plays Of 1954* program, it is difficult for me to realize that I, Joan Murray, am that girl driving an MG through the streets of London, or weaving through traffic on a bicycle in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. It is hard for me to realize that, although my friend Eunice Sherman did the film made in Rome, I was there, too, participating in all the wonderful things she is shown doing, seeing the same fascinating sights.

I, who dreamed of a sometime (Continued on page 99)

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*Top Plays Of 1954* is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 9:30 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Helene Curtis Spray Net and Lanolin Discovery.

Rome: We used all kinds of transportation—here's Eunice Sherman, crossing the bridge from the Castle of St. Angelo.



Paris: For this open-window vista of the Arch of Triumph, we had to invade a countess's apartment.



# Lu Ann Simms' Love Story

(Continued from page 32)

engagement on *Talent Scouts* tonight, and since then everybody you ever knew in your life, plus all the columnists and papers, have been calling here. They think you've eloped or something. . . ."

And that was the beginning. When Lu Ann finally took the phone off its cradle at four A.M. and smothered its buzzing with a pillow, she was dazed with exhaustion. The next day, when she met Lor at lunch, he had a furtive air about him and, instead of taking her to the restaurant they'd planned, directed the taxi to a little out-of-the-way place in Washington Square.

He seemed kind of dazed, too. "Do you know what my morning's been like?" he asked, shakily. "It was one long procession of people I know, coming in to kid me about having my engagement announced coast-to-coast over radio and TV! And, when I wasn't shaking hands and taking a ribbing, I was answering the phone or telling reporters that they knew as much as I did about when we'd be married, and where, and by whom, and just how we were going to spend our honeymoon."

He shook his head. "It beats me. I fall in love with a girl, I ask her to marry me, and I give her a ring. Perfectly ordinary everyday procedure—happens all the time. And, the next day, all hell breaks loose."

"I'm sorry," she said, and she meant it with all her heart. "I didn't know—it's just that such a fabulous number of people listen to *Talent Scouts*, and—well."

"Well," he agreed, glumly.

They sat in silence for a few minutes. "But, at least," Lu Ann said suddenly in a bright voice, "it shows people *care!* It *matters* to them about us. It's a good feeling to know that our happiness is important to so many people."

"Okay. Granted. But, honey, that night when we finally decided we wanted to be married and spend the rest of our lives together, what was the one big thing we talked about—the thing we wanted most, the thing we felt we had to have above everything else?"

She nodded. "A normal marriage, a normal life. Never hamming it up—just being like people."

"I still want that," he said. "And only that."

"We'll have it," she said. "This is just temporary. People will let us lead our own lives once we're settled. But we don't have to make like ostriches in the meantime, or hide the fact that we're in love."

He didn't answer. Lu Ann's lower lip firmed, and she looked into the distance, having said her piece.

"Are you going into one of those silent deals of yours?" Mr. Buzzell asked.

No reply.

"Over my dead body," he said.

They glared at each other for a second or two. Then they both started to laugh. . . .

When I finally caught up with Lu Ann the other day at a rehearsal, I didn't recognize her at first. To say that she is radiant would be an understatement, but Lu Ann Simms being radiant is not an unusual occurrence. Actually, she'd had a haircut and it had done something to her, framing her thin, cute face with soft curls that somehow filled out the young angles and curves of her cheeks and softened her chin and made her eyes seem wider and lovelier.

Even so, it was apparent that something very special had happened. "I've just been looking at some of the sketches of my wedding dress—our designer here is doing it for me—and, oh. . . ."

When a girl, just engaged and in love, is in a state like that, there is only one thing to say to her.

"Tell me all about him," I suggested, settling back in my chair.

"Well," she began, breathlessly, "it all began about two years ago. . . ."

It didn't begin then, actually. All that happened two years ago was that Loring Buzzell and a thin, wistful, rising young singer on the Godfrey shows met in a hallway and were introduced by a mutual friend. Loring was then a grown-up twenty-four, Lu Ann, nineteen—and strictly in pin-feathers, romantically speaking.

They made polite acknowledgments of the introduction, and went their separate ways. But the meeting had had enough impact so that, whenever in the future they bumped into each other, they stopped for a moment and chatted, and remembered each other's names.

Then, in the winter of 1953, they paused a little longer during one of those hallway meetings. Lu Ann noticed things about him she'd never seen before. *His eyes are the same color as mine, a real hazel, she thought. He's lots taller than me. And I like his hair, short and neat like that, and the way he walks. And I like his voice.*

While this revelation was happening to her, she heard the voice she liked so much inviting her to lunch the next day. Some feminine instinct warned her that she should have an engagement for lunch, be hard to get.

So much for feminine instinct.

"I'd love to," she said.

During that luncheon, he mentioned that he was in a position to get hard-to-come-by theater tickets, and they discussed their mutual passion for the theater, and she asked him if he could get two seats for *Kismet* for her. It would be a cinch, he replied. He'd have them in a day or so.

"I kind of knew, by then," Lu Ann told me, "so I made My Plan."

The plan was simple. When he brought her the tickets, she was wearing her prettiest dress and all the charm she knew how to muster. She waited until he was about to leave—for him to say the right words—and then, when it looked as if he'd have to be knocked over the head, she knocked him over the head.

"Aren't you going to take me?" she said.

This approach, although a trifle less than subtle, worked. He would be delighted. They had a wonderful evening, but he neglected to call her the next day. Men can be awful stubborn, sometimes. Lu Ann waited two more days, then phoned him and asked him to join her for coffee. She had something vaguely in mind about some more theater tickets, but she needn't have bothered.

Apparently something had been stewing around in Loring's mind—and in his heart, as well—all this time, because over the coffee cups he asked her for a real honest-to-Pete date. She took a deep breath of relief while she was dressing that evening, and as she was facing a full-length mirror she was not disappointed with the result. She had a solid hunch that this boy she liked so much wouldn't be, either.

That's the way our Cinderella was pursued, and eventually captured, by her Prince Charming. From that time on, they began going steady together. As the months went by, they both began to understand that this wasn't just for fun or play. It began to look as if it might be for keeps.

They'd only been going together for a few days when they both recognized a frightening affinity of tastes. Loring mentioned it first. They were sitting across

a small candle-lit table in an Italian restaurant, and they'd each ordered separately—but each had ordered the same food.

"I see you don't like carrots or peas," he said.

"I hate them, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," he said mildly. "I hate 'em, too. It just seemed like too much of a coincidence."

Two months later, they sat together on a sofa in Lu Ann's apartment, and talked about what it might be like to be married, and this coincidence thing came up again.

"It frightens me," Lu Ann said. "It's too good, too perfect."

Loring grinned. "Because we like everything the same, and hate the same things, too?"

"Yes."

"How often have we battled over the past few months?"

"Seven times," she answered absently. "I was wrong once."

"Okay," he said. "Don't worry about a soupy deal with too much sweetness and light. How about a ballgame this afternoon? I've got tickets."

And the quarrel was over, and she was his again, because Lu Ann Simms wouldn't miss a ballgame if her life depended upon it.

The young man Lu Ann has chosen for her husband is five feet ten and a half, dark, good-looking, and solid in his profession. He is General Professional Manager of the Howard S. Richman Publishing firm (music and records, that is), and he went to the Cheshire Academy prep school and was graduated from Colby University in Maine. His father is a lawyer, and the Buzzell family has a Victorian house in Long Beach, New York, with a tennis court. Loring is fascinated by the theater and his greatest ambition is one day to produce a Broadway play. How he ever got into the music publishing business is something, Lu Ann says, she'll never know.

Obviously, she doesn't care too much. Lu Ann's people are Italian. When Lu Ann went to spend her first weekend out at Long Beach with Loring's folks, she found out that he was of German, Irish, Jewish, and French ancestry, but that all had merged into the man she loved.

She found out a lot of other things, too. When she visited the Buzzells, she was the star of the house-party. They cooked corn-on-the-cob because it was a favorite of hers. And when Loring came up to Rochester to visit with her folks, whatever he wanted was emphasized and she was only a guest in the house. ("I'm a good cook," Lu Ann told me. "I can cook anything. Lor isn't going to want for good cooking.")

And she and Loring learned together that they like ballgames, movies, rides in the country. They hated smoky night clubs and cabarets, they found out. "Those I hate," he said. "Guess what I love?"

Lu Ann and Loring will probably be married by the time you read this, and on their honeymoon. When we talked, Lu Ann was figuring on a July 24 date. The original plan had been for a wedding late in September, but she and Loring had talked it over and they'd decided to make it a very simple ceremony at St. Sebastian's, a small church on Twenty-third Street in New York City. Father Robert Perrella has been her priest and friend ever since she's been in New York, so of course he will marry her. Loring's sister will be her maid of honor, and so far there aren't any other plans. Lor and Lu

Ann want to keep it as simple as possible. Right after the wedding, they plan to spend a long weekend up in Maine—about four days. But you know how it is. By the time this story is published, our girl and her husband may be in Timbuktu, being fanned by monkeys. Certainly, the way they feel about each other, there would be nothing wrong with that.

But Lu Ann and Lor have a plan that looks forward beyond the publication date of this story. In the fall, they've got it all worked out so that they can have two or three weeks together in Hawaii. They can bask in the sun, see the islands and do all the clubs. "And then," Lu Ann said, "if we have any money left, we'll stop off in Las Vegas. I've never been there."

"You'll love it," I said from experience, "and, believe me, you won't have any money left."

"But we have a plan. We're hunting for an old-fashioned brownstone. You know—high ceilings and great windows. But it's hard to find."

She sighed, turned the sparkling diamond on her finger. "But we'll manage. I don't mind saying we're scared—everything's too right, too good. We've had too much luck. Life doesn't work that way."

"Sometimes—it might."

She shook her head. "Maybe. Anyway, we know what we want. We'd like to live in Beverly Hills, someday. And Loring wants more than anything in the world to produce a play, and have it be a success. I

understand that. I want it, too," she added, softly.

I thought of how many times I'd talked to a girl named Lu Ann Simms, and how often she'd been just another little girl with a sweet voice who was important because she belonged to the Godfrey outfit. Now I was talking to a girl who was in love, who in some indefinable way had become a very important person—not because of her association with Godfrey, but just because she was a lovely woman who was in love and ready for marriage.

I knew that love had written a new dimension into the life of this very nice girl. And that all her fans, all the people who listened to her and loved her, would be glad.

## It Isn't All Acting

(Continued from page 69)

for hurried her to 20th Century-Fox for a screen test—and, two weeks later, there she was in Hollywood. She stayed eighteen months, had wonderful dramatic coaching but no roles. "The trouble was that I was too young for the way I photographed. In close-ups, I looked teen-age. But, in the long-shots, I looked the tall, sophisticated woman. No one could seem to fit me into any role. I could have stayed in Hollywood until someone did, but I decided to go back to New York, go on with lessons, and try to crash radio."

There is drama in that first radio job, a commercial. She was so inexperienced that, when she ran through it twice, she didn't know the second run-through had been the real thing, and not a rehearsal. "Everyone said 'fine' and began to move on, and it wasn't until then I understood it was all over. My guardian angel must have kept me from turning around at the end, as I was inclined to, and inquiring, 'Did I do all right?'"

There is drama in her first real acting job, an incidental part in the radio version of *The Goldbergs*. "Mrs. Berg, who plays Molly Goldberg, was looking for an English actress. When I went to be auditioned, the first thing she asked was whether I was British. I said yes, because my natural accent is more like England than like my native Kentucky. Mrs. Berg wasn't fooled, however. After I had read the lines—being veddy, veddy British, since that was what was wanted—she said, 'Now read the same thing straight.' I did, and we both laughed. It turned out that my little deception was quite all right, because the role called for an American girl who pretended to be from English society!"

There is drama in the way she met her handsome husband, Yura Arkus-Dunton, at a cocktail party. "It was in 1945, and I was then engaged to a fine man who is a foreign diplomat. But I had already seen enough of the kind of life I would have to live as his wife—the state dinners and the dull diplomatic functions—and I was beginning to think this was not for me. I was immediately attracted to Yura, and I soon broke my engagement to the other man."

There is drama in the way she was first seen by her home folks on television. "It was when TV first came to Mayfield, Kentucky, a couple of years ago, and everyone congregated around the few sets in town that night. It happened that the show they saw was 'Nantucket Legend,' presented on the *Kraft Theater*—and there I was, playing the lead role!"

Her home town knows her as Delma Byron, rather than Brook. "Delma" would seem to be a name destined for drama,

but Ruth Gordon—with whom she played in "The Leading Lady"—had other ideas about it. "It sounds like a fortune teller to me," she commented. "Why not change it before you get even better known?" Miss Byron—who was already Mrs. Arkus-Dunton then—hit on the name of "Brook," and it seemed to fit. "Everybody liked it right away. My husband took to it immediately."

There was no special dramatic flair in her home background as she was growing up. Her mother had died at Brook's birth. There were a sister, father, stepmother and stepbrother, and no one tried to prevent her from becoming an actress. "They just thought it was a little foolish of me, but I never wanted to be anything else."

After her venture into the movies, and her acting debut in *The Goldbergs*, other parts on other radio shows began to come her way. Before long, she was playing in everything from daytime dramatic serials like *Our Gal Sunday*, to the big nighttime dramatic shows, like *Cavalcade Of America* and the *Theater Guild*. Then she gave up radio, for a while, for the stage—summer stock, Broadway shows and touring companies. She would shuttle back and forth between stage and radio until finally television came along.

"I have played more than a hundred TV roles," she says. "All last season, I had the fun of playing Althea, the minister's older daughter, in the daytime drama called *The Brighter Day*. Now I have been 'retired' because the character no longer appears in the story. The day Althea was 'written out' (she was committed to a mental institution), every one of us wept a little before the scene was over. Even the producer seemed a little sad!"

In spite of a busy career, Brook has created a pleasant home on the top floor of a reconverted brownstone on New York's upper East Side. Both she and Yura like antiques, especially the fine old French and Italian pieces, and piece by piece they are finding the things they want to acquire for a lifetime of living.

The color scheme of the apartment is all grays and white and black, with a few color accents. They talk of moving someday. "We took this apartment during the war scarcity, but now we feel that, for people who like to dine at home, it is more comfortable to have a real dining room, which we lack." Their entertaining would be informal, in any event. "I love a home, but am much too career-minded to give any time to formal entertaining. I couldn't. I study constantly, am taking singing lessons now, want to go back to the painting lessons I used to enjoy so much. We like our friends to come and to feel at home. That's all we try to do."

Probably because she was a model, probably because she has a natural feeling for what is right for her to wear, she dresses quite simply most of the time. "I wear the things my husband likes. The good English tweeds and the casual sports clothes. I was always concerned more with 'line' than with trimming. Most of the time I wear dark colors. I have a passion for black. But, since so many of my things must double for television, I choose more navy and dark grays. They photograph better than black. I do like a few fluffy, feminine things for special occasions. I suppose every woman does."

Her blonde hair is still worn rather long, although she believes it would be more chic if it were shorter and sleeker. "I could wear hats better, too, if my hair were cut differently, but my hair has to be long and full because of the roles I play and the fact that it frames my face better for the television cameras. It has always seemed important to me for a woman to follow her own style, to adapt her clothes and her hair-do to the kind of life she lives and the amount of time she can spend on herself. And, I might add, to the way her husband likes her to look."

"You might think that—because my husband is a serious sort of person whose work is extremely technical and difficult—he would have little interest in the kind of work I do. Rather, he has been the one to keep me encouraged at all times. He realizes that I love what I am doing and would be unhappy away from it for long. When I tell him how someone has recognized me and spoken to me in a department store, or on a bus, he thinks it is great fun—as I do, especially if some child sees me and shouts excitedly. That's so wonderful, because they look upon you as personal friends."

"Really, there is only one thing about my work that bothers me, and that is the stories which make young girls think success in acting must be very easy. I would like to impress on every such girl that there is always a struggle, at some point, in every successful career. Usually many struggles, during many phases. Too many stories have been circulated about the girl who walks right into a role and becomes star stuff overnight. If she does, it is because she was preparing for it a long time before—or else she has to do her learning fast and furiously, to measure up to the first lucky break."

"If there is any drama in my story, it is this drama of working and striving, of accepting disappointment—remembering those eighteen months without one role in Hollywood—of small successes before the bigger ones came, and of continuing to work hard for the privilege of continuing to work at the thing I most want to do."

# In these 3-hour danger periods your skin *"dies"* a little

Every day for periods of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is "open" to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can "breed":  
**Dryness . . . "shriveling"**  
**Stretched pores . . . roughened, grainy texture**

*Read what skin specialists recommend  
to prevent these serious skin problems . . .*

*After each washing—  
"re-balance" your skin*

Some signs of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:

The "drawn" feel of your face.  
 Flakiness; often a splotchy look.

These are the first warnings of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect skin, more disturbing problems can take root. Dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause enlarged pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

### 60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

More women use this one cream than any face cream ever made. Get a large jar today. Begin giving your skin quick daytime "re-balancing" . . . deep clearings each night with Pond's Cold Cream. *It's the world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled.*

Always leave on a bit of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" under make-up.

### A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking clear, vibrant!

Start this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream today. Soon your friends will be saying—"Your skin looks marvelous lately!"

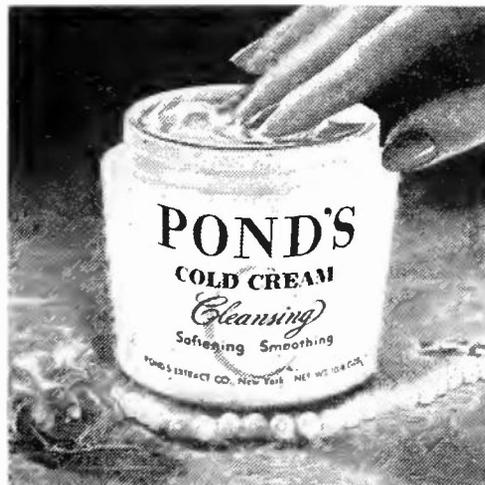
*Among society beauties  
who use Pond's*

MRS. FRANCIS IRÉNÉE DU PONT II  
 THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS  
 LA COMTESSE JEAN DE CARAMAN  
 MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.  
 LA COMTESSE DE LA FALAISE



*Mrs. Amory S. Carhart, Jr.*

Young Mrs. Carhart, of New York and Southampton, shows her love of simplicity and perfection not only in her choice of dress—but also in her complexion care. "I find that the simplest skin care is also the most effective," she says. "It's a quick smoothing with Pond's Cold Cream the moment after I wash my face. And I always give my skin a deep clearing with Pond's Cold Cream every night at bedtime."



# Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Time.

## Monday through Friday

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
<b>Morning Programs</b>				
8:30 8:45		Local Program Gabriel Heatter† 8:55 Titus Moody²	John MacVane 8:55 Betty Crocker†	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Ev'ry Day	Robert Hurleigh Gene & Glenn Barbara Welles Show	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Break The Bank	Cecil Brown Wifesaver News	My True Story 10:25 Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00	Strike It Rich	Florida, with Tom Moore	Modern Romances	
11:15 11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Second Chance	11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Ever Since Eve Thy Neighbor's Voice Three-City Byline	Make Up Your Mind Rosemary
<b>Afternoon Programs</b>				
12:00	Pauline Frederick Reporting	Break The Bank	Down At Holmesy's	Wendy Warren
12:15		Capitol Commentary with Les Higgin 12:20 Guest Time	Oklahoma Wranglers 12:25 Jack Berch Show Bill Ring Show	Aunt Jenny  Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:30 12:45				
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	News, Cedric Foster	Ray Heatherton Game Of The Day*	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Vincent Lopez 2:25 News, Sam Hayes Wonderful City	Betty Crocker† 2:35 Martin Block	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45				This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Welcome Travelers Pepper Young Right To Happiness	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.)	Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Mike & Buff's Mailbag
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	News Music	Reed Browning Show 4:25 Betty Crocker† Treasury Bandstand	4:05 Emily Kim- brough Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Charley & John		
5:00	Just Plain Bill	Bobby Benson	News, Austin Kip- inger Art & Dotty Todd Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez	News 5:05 John Faulk
5:15 5:30 5:45	Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones It Pays To Be Married	5:55 Cecil Brown  †T-TH †M-W-F *Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states.		Curt Massey Time 5:55 This I Believe

## Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily with Mel Allen, Russ Hodges Three Star Extra	Local Program	Jackson & The News East Of Athens
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe The Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith, News
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Best Of All, Skitch Henderson	The Falcon Under Arrest	Henry J. Taylor American Music Hall Voice Of Firestone
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Reporter's Roundup	Music By Camarata 9:25 News Sammy Kaye
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America		My Friend Irma Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Heart Of The News Man In The Balcony	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads Deems Taylor 10:55 News, Singiser	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill 10:35 Martha Lou Harp

## Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	It Happened To You Barrie Craig	Mickey Spillane, Mystery High Adventure, George Sanders	Jack Gregson Show	People Are Funny Suspense
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet News, Swayze 9:35 Crime & Peter Chambers	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Search That Never Ends 9:55 Lorne Greene	America's Town Meeting Of The Air E. O. Canham, News	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Jack Carson Show 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Heart Of The News Stars From Paris	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads State Of The Nation	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill	Louella Parsons Robert Trout, News 10:20 Nocturne

## Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Newspaper Game Go For Broke	Squad Room Nightmare	Jack Gregson Show	FBI In Peace And War 21st Precinct
9:00 9:15	You Bet Your Life	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh Family Theater	Sammy Kaye	Crime Photographer
9:30 9:45	Theater Royal			Jack Carson Show 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads Sounding Board	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

## Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Silver Eagle 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Western Drama	Official Detective Crime Fighters	Jack Gregson Show	Meet Millie Junior Miss
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:35	Scarlet Pimpernel News, Swayze Señor Ben	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel Author Meets The Critics	Sammy Kaye	Onstage—Cathy & Elliott Lewis Jack Carson Show 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Heart Of The News Jane Pickens Show	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads Oeems Taylor	Headline Edition Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

## Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sports Daily Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Jackson & The News East Of Athens Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Vandercook, News Quincy Howe Lone Ranger 7:55 Les Griffith	Tennessee Ernie Peter Lind Hayes Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hear America Swinging News 8:35 Hear America	Counter-Spy Magic Valley Jamboree	Jack Gregson Show	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons Godfrey Digest
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Swinging News Hear America Swinging (con.)	News, Bill Henry 9:05 Edward Arnold Mutual Newsreel 9:25 Robert Hurleigh 9:30 Have A Heart	Sammy Kaye The World We Live In 9:55 Sport Report	Godfrey Digest (con.) Jack Carson Show 9:55 News
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Heart Of The News Listen To Wash- ington	Frank Edwards Manhattan Crossroads Fall Out	NCAA Sport Show Turner Calling Edwin C. Hill	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons

# Inside Radio

## Saturday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

### Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Egbert & Ummly	Local Program	News Summary	News
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Egbert & Ummly (con.) Eddie Howard Sings		News 9:05 No School Today	News Of America  Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Breakfast In Hollywood Mary Lee Taylor Show	Woody Woodpecker Show, Mel Blanc	No School Today (con.) Space Patrol	Galen Drake Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Doorway To Beauty Woman In Love	Helen Hall, Femme Fair Headline News 11:35 U.S. Military Band	Platterbrains All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

### Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Marine Band Army Band	Man On The Farm 12:35 Fifth Army Band	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Stars Over Hollywood 12:55 This I Believe
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm And Home Hour All Star Parade Of Bands	Symphonies For Youth Game Of The Day*	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital News 1:35 Peter Lind Hayes Show
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Roadshow, Bill Cullen	Symphonies For Youth (con.) 2:25 Headline News 101 Ranch Boys	News 2:05 Music Festival with Milton Cross	Let's Pretend Make Way For Youth
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Roadshow (con.)	Bandstand, U.S.A. 3:25 News Sloan Simpson	News 3:05 Music Festival (con.)	News 3:05 Report From Overseas Adventure In Science Farm News World Assignment
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Roadshow (con.)	Mac McGuire	News 4:05 Chautauqua Symphony	Operation Music  Washington, U.S.A. 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Roadshow (con.)	News 5:05 Teenagers Unlimited Brickhouse, Sports 5:55 H. B. Baukhage  *Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states.	News 5:05 Paulena Carter Horse Racing Pop Concert 5:55 News	News Symphonette

### Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News H. V. Kaltenborn Showcase	News 6:05 Musical Almanac Dinner Date 6:55 Cecil Brown	6:05 Pan-American Union James Crowley Reports Sports, Bob Finnegan Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News, Bancroft News, Schorr Sports Roundup
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Spotlight On Paris The Big Preview	Sam Levine, Kegler Report From Washington Keep Healthy Globe Trotter	Bob Mills, Show Tunes Three Suns Dinner At The Green Room	Capitol Cloakroom Sammy Kaye
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Big Preview (con.)	Farm Quiz Southern Ramblers	News 8:05 ABC Dancing Party	Escape 8:25 Win Elliot Nightmare
9:00 9:15 9:30	The Big Preview (con.) Grand Ole Opry	New England Barnyard Jamboree Lombardo Land	News 9:05 ABC Dancing Party (con.)	Two For The Money Country Style
10:00 10:15 10:30	Oude Ranch Jamboree Pee Wee King Show	Chicago Theater Of The Air	News 10:05 Your Voice Of America Orchestra	News, Schorr 10:05 Country Style (con.) News

## Sunday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

### Morning Programs

8:30 8:45			Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 This I Believe
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Roundup Carnival Of Books Faith In Action Art Of Living	Wings Of Healing Back To God	Milton Cross Album Voice Of Prophecy	The Music Room World News Roundup Organ Music
10:00 10:15	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	News 10:05 Church Of The Air
10:30 10:45	Collector's Item	Voice Of Prophecy		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Collector's Item (con.)	Frank And Ernest Merry Mailman Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Pan-American Union News 11:35 Christian In Action	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir News 11:35 Invitation To Learning

### Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Collector's Item (con.) The Eternal Light	College Choirs News, Bill Cunningham John T. Flynn	News Gloria Parker The World Tomorrow	The Leading Question Howard K. Smith, World Affairs News Report
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Citizens At Work Univ. Of Chicago Round Table	Game Of The Day* Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	News 1:05 World Music Festivals
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour Youth Wants To Know	Bandstand, U.S.A. Sammy Kaye	News 2:05 Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	World Music Festivals (con.) On A Sunday Afternoon
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Golden Hour, Oavid Ross	U.S. Marine Band Music From Britain	Sammy Kaye Hour Of Decision	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air	Music From Britain (con.) Flight In The Blue 4:55 Lorne Greene	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.)
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Weekend Newspaper Of The Air (con.)	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries 5:55 Cecil Brown  *Approx. starting time. Heard only in central states	News 5:05 Highway Frolics, with Jimmy Nelson	On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) The World Today 5:55 News

### Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	American Forum NBC Summer Concert	Nick Carter Wisner, Sports	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News George Sokolsky Quincy Howe	Gene Autry St. Louis Municipal Opera
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	NBC Concert (con.) Conversation 7:55 News	Rod And Gun Club Chamber Music	Highway Frolics (con.)	Juke Box Jury, with Peter Potter
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dave Garroway Show	Hawaii Calls Enchanted Hour 8:55 News	Highway Frolics (con.)	Gary Crosby Show My Little Margie
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dave Garroway Show (con.)	Army Hour London Studio Melodies	News, Taylor Grant Frank Conniff Highway Frolics (con.)	The Cobbs Freddy Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Inheritance Meet The Press	Men's Corner News, Hazel Markel Little Symphonies	Paul Harvey George Hamilton Combs Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Man Of The Week UN Report

See Next Page →

# TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 8 AUGUST 9—SEPT. 8

## Baseball on TV

DATE	P.M.	GAME	CH.
Tu. Aug. 10	8:30	Phil. vs. Yankees	11
W. Aug. 11	2:00	Phil vs. Yankees	11
Th. Aug. 12	2:00	Phil vs. Yankees	11
F. Aug. 13	8:00	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
	8:30	Boston vs. Yankees	11
Sat. Aug. 14	1:30	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
	2:00	Boston vs. Yankees	11 & 8
Sun. Aug. 15	2:00	Boston vs. Yankees	11
	2:05	Giants vs. Dodgers	9 & 8
Tu. Aug. 17	8:15	Phil. vs. Giants	11
W. Aug. 18	1:30	Phil. vs. Giants	11
Th. Aug. 19	1:30	Phil. vs. Giants	11
F. Aug. 20	8:00	Phil. vs. Dodgers	9
	8:15	Pgh. vs. Giants	11
Sat. Aug. 21	1:30	Phil. vs. Dodgers	9 & 8
	1:30	Pgh. vs. Giants	11
Sun. Aug. 22	2:00	Pgh. vs. Giants	11

## D—doubleheader

DATE	P.M.	GAME	CH.
Sun. Aug. 22	2:05	Phil. vs. Dodgers	9 & 8
Tu. Aug. 24	8:30	Balt. vs. Yankees	11
W. Aug. 25	2:00	Balt. vs. Yankees	11
Th. Aug. 26	2:00	Det. vs. Yankees	11
F. Aug. 27	8:30	Det. vs. Yankees	11
Sat. Aug. 28	2:00	Det. vs. Yankees	11 & 8
Sun. Aug. 29	2:00	Chi. vs. Yankees	11 & 8
Tu. Aug. 31	8:30	Clev. vs. Yankees	11
W. Sep. 1	2:00	Clev. vs. Yankees	11
Th. Sep. 2	2:00	Clev. vs. Yankees	11
F. Sep. 3	8:15	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Sat. Sep. 4	1:30	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Sun. Sep. 5	2:00	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
M. Sep. 6	1:30	Pgh. vs. Dodgers-D	9
	1:30	Bos. vs. Yankees-D	11
W. Sep. 8	1:30	Chi. vs. Giants	11
	8:00	St. L. vs. Dodgers	9

## Monday through Friday

- 7:00 **2** Morning Show—Cronkite, host; Colingwood, news; Baird puppets, dance.
- 4** & **8** Today—Garroway et al.
- 9:00 **2** George Skinner Show—Variety
- 4** Herb Sheldon—Easy talkin'
- 7** Breakfast Club—Don McNeill
- 10:00 **2** Garry Moore Show—Gay variety
- 4** & **8** Ding Dong School—TV nursery
- 10:30 **2** Gadsfrey Time—Artful entertainment
- 4** & **8** A Time To Live—Serial
- 10:45 **4** & **8** Three Steps To Heaven—Serial
- 11:00 **4** Home—Arlene Francis, femcee
- 11:30 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Quiz for needy
- 12:00 **2** Valiant Lady—Serial drama
- 4** Bride & Groom—The last mile
- 12:15 **2** & **8** Love Of Life—Serial drama
- 4** Howkins Fells—Rural serial
- 12:30 **2** & **8** Search Far Tomorrow—Serial
- 4** Betty White Show—A great gal
- 7** Ern Westmare—Grooming guidance
- 12:45 **2** Guiding Light—Serial drama
- 5** Middy Chapel
- 1:00 **2** Brighter Day—Serial drama
- 1:15 **2** Partio Foces Life—Serial drama
- 1:30 **2** & **8** Welcome Travelers—Bartlett
- 7** Moggi McNellis—Distaff discussions
- 2:00 **2** & **8** Robert Q. Lewis Show—Variety
- Robert bobs up Mon., Wed., Fri. Tue. & Thurs., Double Or Nothing—\$\$ Quiz with Bert Parks.
- 2:30 **2** Art Linkletter's House Party—Go!
- 1** Eloise McElhane—Yaketeeyakbutfun!
- 3:00 **2** & **8** Big Payoff—Mink-lined quiz
- 4** One Mon's Family—Serial drama
- 5** Poul Dixon Show—Musicmimics
- 3:15 **4** Golden Windows—Serial drama
- 3:30 **4** First Love—Serial drama
- 3:45 **4** Concerning Miss Morlawe—Serial
- 4:00 **2** Woman With A Post—Serial
- 4:15 **2** & **8** Secret Storm—Serial
- 4:30 **2** On Your Account—Quiz, Win Elliot
- 7:30 **4** Tony Martin—Charlie Ruggles
- Tony's tunes Mon.; Chuckles with Chuck in The World Of Mr. Sweeney Tue. thru Fri.
- 7:45 **2** Top Tunes—A Summer Holiday
- Ray Anthony et al Mon., Wed., Fri.; Mervin Griffin and Betty Ann Grove, Tue., Thu.
- 4** & **8** News Caravan—Swayze Reports

## Monday P.M.

- 7:00 **4** Duffy's Tavern—Duffy's dandy
- 8:00 **2** Burns & Allen—Comedy re-runs
- 4** & **8** Droodles—Roger Price
- 7** Sky King—Western adventures
- 8:30 **2** Tolent Scouts—Godfrey's showcase
- 4** Camment—Topical discussions

- 5** Life With Elizabeth—Betty White
- 7** & **8** Vaice Of Firestone—Concerts
- 9:00 **2** & **8** I Love Lucy—Comedy re-runs
- 9:30 **2** & **8** Masquerade Party—Panel quiz
- Starring Buff Cobb, Ogden Nash, Ilka Chase.
- 4** Robert Montgomery Presents
- Summer stock with Jan Miner, Elizabeth Montgomery, Anne Seymour, John Newland, Vaughn Taylor, Cliff Robertson.
- 10:00 **2** & **8** Studio One Summer Theater
- 7** Baxing Fram Eastern Parkway

## Tuesday

- 7:00 **4** Janet Deon, R.N.—Ella Raines, drama
- 8:00 **4** Midwestern Hoyride—Variety
- 5** The Galdbergs—Molly's madcaps
- 8:30 **2** Juvenile Jury—Peanut panel
- 4** & **8** Arthur Murray Dancing Party
- 7** Twenty Questions—Parlor game
- 9:00 **2** Meet Millie—Ribtickler
- 4** Summer Playhouse
- 7** Make Room For Dobby—Laff it up
- 9:30 **2** & **8** Suspense—Spine chillers
- 4** Top Plays Of 1954
- 7** U. S. Steel Theater—Center Stage
- Excellent full-hour plays throughout summer.
- 10:00 **2** Danger—Thriller-dillers
- 4** & **8** Truth Or Consequences
- 10:30 **2** Blue Angel—Variety, Orson Bean
- Ed Murrow's See It Naw returns Aug. 31.
- 4** Mr. & Mrs. North—Whodunits
- 5** Death Volley Doys—Film adventures
- 7** Name's The Same—Panel game

## Wednesday

- 7:30 **7** Mark Sober—Whodunits
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Red Skelton Show—Variety
- 4** I Married Joan—Domestic ding dong
- 8:30 **4** (& **8** at 9:30) My Little Margie
- 9:00 **2** & **8** Strike It Rich—Hull's \$\$ Quiz
- 4** Kroft Theater—Live from NYC
- 7** Ozzie & Harriet—Comedy cut-ups
- 9:30 **2** I've Got A Secret—Panel quiz
- 10:00 **2** & **8** Blue Ribbon Boxing
- 4** This Is Yaur Life—Living bios, re-runs
- 10:30 **4** Dauglos Fairbonks Presents
- 7** Foreign Intrigue—Espionage drama

## Thursday

- 8:00 **2** Meet Mr. McNutley—Laugh series
- 4** & **8** Best Of Groucha—Re-runs
- 5** What's The Story?—Panel quiz
- 7** Baston Blackie—Film adventures
- 8:30 **2** Four Star Playhouse—Re-runs
- 4** Justice—Documentary-type dramas

- 9:00 **2** What Da You Have In Camman?
- 4** Dragnet—Police Stories, re-runs
- 9:30 **2** Big Town—Newspaper dramas
- 4** & **8** Fard Theater—Dramas, re-runs
- 7** Kroft Theater—Live from NYC
- 10:00 **2** Public Defender—Reed Hadley
- 10:30 **2** Name That Tune—\$\$\$ Quiz
- 4** (& **8** at 11:00) Foreign Intrigue
- 5** Between The Lines—Panel
- 7** Rocket Squad—Drama, Hadley again

## Friday

- 7:30 **7** Stu Erwin—Domestic comedy
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Pontamime Quiz—Panel game
- 4** The Marriage—Comedy
- 5** Front Page—Whodunits
- 7** Ozzie & Harriet—Domestic comedy
- 8:30 **2** Topper—Hocus-pocus comedy series
- 4** & **8** Life Of Riley—Bill Bendix
- 9:00 **2** Playhouse Of Stars—Drama re-runs
- 4** & **8** Best In Mystery—Whodunits
- 5** The Stranger—Mystery stories
- 7** Poul Hartmon Show—Comedy
- 9:30 **2** Our Miss Broaks—Comedy re-runs
- 7** What's The Boss?—Panel quiz
- 10:00 **2** Stor Theater—Filmed dramas
- 4** & **8** Sport Covoivode—Films
- 5** Chance Of A Lifetime—Talent
- 10:30 **2** It's News Ta Me—Panel
- 5** Colonel Flock—Comedy
- 1** Liberace—Valentino of the piano

## Saturday

- 7:00 **2** Mr. District Attorney—Crime-cracker
- 4** Man Against Crime—Mystery
- 7** Stor Time—Variety
- 7:30 **2** Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
- 5** Annie Oakley—Western
- 7** Dotty Mack Shaw—Musicmimics
- 8:00 **2** Stage Show—Dorsey Brothers
- 4** & **8** Bank On The Stars—Cullen
- New Mickey Rooney show starts Aug. 28.
- 8:30 **4** & **8** Amateur Hour—Ted Mack
- 9:00 **2** Twa For The Money—Walter O'Keefe
- 4** & **8** Saturday Night Revue
- 90 minutes of variety starring Eddie Albert with Alan Young and Ben Blue alternating.
- 7** Soturdoy Night Fights
- 9:30 **2** Jock Paor Shaw—Variety
- 10:00 **2** That's My Boy—Comedy series
- 5** Wrestling From Chicago
- 10:30 **2** Twa In Love—Quiz, Bert Parks
- 4** & **8** Private Secretary—Comedy

## Sunday

- 5:00 **4** & **8** Holl Of Fame—Drama
- 7** Super Circus—Big ring variety
- 6:00 **4** Meet The Press—Newsmaking panel
- 7:00 **2** Earn Yaur Vacation—Carson, emcee
- 4** & **8** College Of Musical Knowl-edge—Tennessee Ernie is prexy & quizmaster
- 7** You Asked For It—Oddities
- 7:30 **2** & **8** Yaur Play Time—Filmed stories
- 4** Mr. Peepers—Comedy re-runs
- 7** Pepsi-Colo Ployhouse
- 8:00 **2** & **8** Taost Of The Tawn—Variety
- 4** Summer Comedy Hour
- 7** On The Beardwalk—Paul Whiteman
- 9:00 **2** G-E Theater—On film
- 4** & **8** TV Playhouse—Hour dramas
- 5** Racky King—Starring Roscoe Karns
- 9:15 **7** Jone Pickens—Songs soar
- 9:30 **5** The Plainclothes Mon—Whodunits
- 7** Dr. I.Q.—Quiz for silver \$\$\$
- 10:00 **2** The Web—Hair-raising stories
- 4** & **8** Dallar A Secand—Quiz
- 7** Break The Bank—Parks, quizmaster
- 10:30 **2** & **8** What's My Line?—Panel quiz
- 4** I Led Three Lives—Film melodrama

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R

# Youngest Man in Music

(Continued from page 42)

he found he was not very good. To his greater disgust, they fired him. "That made me mad. I went into the San Francisco symphony, but that wasn't what I wanted to do. I kept trying to figure out what was wrong with my ragtime."

At that point the precepts of scholarly Wilberforce J. Whiteman came to his son's rescue.

"Finally," says Paul, "I found some answers. The trouble then with all ragtime was that you'd be hot one night and dull the next. You'd try to play the same thing over again and you'd forget what you'd done that was good. So I started wondering, 'Why don't we write this stuff down?'"

"Well, there were two reasons. First, it never had been done. Second, most of the guys who were good at playing couldn't read music anyhow. Putting it on paper wouldn't have been much use." But the young Paul Whiteman tried and, by the time he moved to Los Angeles, he had gathered around him a crew which shared his enthusiasm and desire for perfection.

A view of what happened in Los Angeles is provided by Whiteman's long-time friend, Dudley Wilkinson, now the M-G-M talent scout who sometimes appears as judge on the *Boardwalk* show. Wilkinson then was accompanist for vaudeville artist Nora Bayes. Taking up the narration, Wilkinson says, "The Whiteman band was booked into the Alexandria Hotel. Paul was then playing violin—copiously, and in tune. At the piano, he had Ferde Grofe. He also had Henry Busse, Frankie Trumbauer—and I think Bix Beiderbecke."

Virtually, it was a Who's Who of modern music, but intrinsic talent was not enough for either Whiteman or his men. Wilkinson recalls, "That band rehearsed more than they played. Any time you came into the hotel, you'd hear them working away. They'd experiment, write it down, try it over again."

Word inevitably got around that here was a band which could make sense out of undisciplined ragtime without losing its spontaneity. Their music was now called jazz, and they moved to the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City. They added a vocal group, the Rhythm Boys, which included a young singer named Bing Crosby.

Discovery by Victor recording scouts wrapped them all up in a tidy package for nationwide distribution. When they cut "Three O'Clock in the Morning," Victor sold 3,500,000 copies.

But the music master's son was not yet satisfied. Emotionally, at least, Paul White-

man still had to answer to Wilberforce J. Whiteman. He did it via the first jazz concert, in New York's Aeolian Hall on February 12, 1924. Modestly, he called it "An Experiment in Modern American Music." For it, he commissioned George Gershwin to write a long composition titled "Rhapsody in Blue," which is essentially a musical interpretation of the conflict between classics and jazz—a conflict which had long been personal with the Whitemans.

It is a matter of history that the elder Whiteman was not impressed. While pleased with his son's success, it was years before he gave even his one grudging accolade, "Paul's music doesn't sound quite so bad as the others." The public and critics, however, raved. Where Whiteman had expected to lose money to gain prestige, he won both and had to repeat the concert a month later.

The Golden Age of Jazz was blazing and Whiteman was its shining symbol. Short-skirted flappers and raccoon-coated sheiks swore it was "the cat's pajamas," and kicked out a hectic Charleston to the beat he set.

Defining the difference between that mad-dancing era and the later swing period where teenagers mooned motionless in front of bandstands, Whiteman said, "The singers caused it. I always insisted that vocalists sing in dance rhythm. When bands started humoring them, playing singers' arrangements, dancing stopped."

Radio, as the world soon learned, was made to order for Whiteman—but it was motion pictures which brought him his lasting romance. (He explains his turbulent earlier alliances by saying, "I've been married four times. When those marriages broke up, I didn't blame the girls, and I don't think they blamed me. It was this business. When you go out on the road, when you're separated, what chance has a marriage got?")

Whiteman found his Maggie on a motion picture screen. Preparing to sell Hollywood executives the idea that they needed music to back their new talking pictures, he sat down to study one particular film, running it over and over. An actress named Margaret Livingston had a small part in it.

He recalls, "I got so I'd watch for the spot where she came out of the bullrushes. A couple of years later, when she was making a personal appearance and I was playing in the 'Ziegfeld Follies,' I met her at a press party. I walked over to her table, and maybe she thought I was nuts—but I said what I'd been saving up all the time I watched that picture. I said, 'Old Bull-

rushes, you're quite a gal.'"

Today, with their two adopted daughters, Jan, eleven years old, and Julie, eight, they live on a 550-acre tract near Rosemont, New Jersey. It's within practical driving distance of New York and Philadelphia. It also is easily accessible to Baltimore, where daughter Margo—now Mrs. Thomas Haas, the mother of two children—lives.

A combination of an old New Jersey home and the Hollywood concept of one, the house appears modest but can stretch to accommodate a surprising number of guests when Pops, the patriarch, gathers his clan around him. He explains his love of the farm by saying, "I was born on a ranch—and, while you can't keep a country boy down on the farm when he wants to go, he's never really satisfied until he gets back."

The farm also offers respite from what he calls, "this goldfish-bowl business." He remarks, "While the only thing worse than signing autographs is having no autographs to sign, I never will get used to being in a restaurant, with a piece of steak halfway to my mouth, only to have some fan sock me on the shoulder and demand, 'Sign this. My little boy wants it!'"

Hideout though it is, Whiteman loves to share the farm with his friends. Charities which Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman favor often bring busloads of kids there for a day's outing, and, for youngsters of the *TV Teen Club*, a picnic at the farm is an outstanding event.

It's Whiteman's interest in kids which keeps his focus fixed on new horizons. Repetition is for others. Speaking of two still-prominent bandleaders who rose to fame shortly after he did, he says, "They still play perfectly, but it's the same old stuff. They haven't changed. I always want to go on to the next thing."

Consequently, instead of calling the roll of the greats he has advanced—from Bing Crosby to Mindy Carson, from Bix Beiderbecke to Mildred Bailey—he turns his attention to the young people he hopes to find during the current *Boardwalk* show and to those he has already started through the *TV Teen Club*.

To the Nancy Lewises, the Bobby Greggs, the John Dansers, the Andrea McLaughlins, he offers both understanding and a goal.

Nancy Lewis, blond songstress, who was his co-emcee after his daughter, Margo, married, tells of the changes he made in both her attitude and her technique.

Says Nancy, "I thought I was pretty good. I'd been a model since I was three, but on my first four auditions, Pops turned me down." Determined to go on the show, she went back again. Then he asked her, "Are you studying?" Nancy confessed she was not. "Well," said Whiteman, "you'd better," and suggested a coach.

When she returned, he accepted her. But his own coaching had just begun. Says Nancy, "To me, show business was just a bowl of cherries, but Pops kept telling me how much personal sacrifice it demanded. I kept knocking myself out to get ahead. I'd get so nervous I'd actually be sick before a show. I thought I was ready to go, and I was hurt when Pops didn't lift a hand to open a door for me."

But Nancy still had a subtle and important thing to learn—a thing which Whiteman has always been able to teach his performers. Nancy says, "It finally happened when we went on tour and played a night club in Las Vegas. There, for the first time, I faced a difficult audience. I saw all these people, concentrating on themselves instead of me, and it finally hit—the important thing was not



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how I felt, but how I could make them feel. If I couldn't communicate the emotion of my song to them, I had no reason to sing. I knew then why Pops had said I wasn't ready."

Whiteman reaches the kids through their own terms. He gets the girls, "How's your little love life?" To the boys, he talks about cars. His language is neither English class grammar nor bop, but a vivid Whitemanese. When he makes a mistake, he says, "I sure drooled a bibful." When the studio is drafty, he remarks, "There's not much moss on the rock nor gilt on the dome, so I'd better get my hat."

Asked how he does it, he replies, "I'm just taking my father's advice."

That advice was given when Wilberforce J. Whiteman—then eighty—came East to appear on *We, The People*. Paul, on meeting him, inquired if he had had a good trip. The senior Whiteman snorted, "I did not. Some old codger, talking about his ailments, chewed my ear all the way."

Paul, suppressing a grin, asked, "How old was he?"

"About sixty," said his father, "but you got to watch out for these old folks. They'll smother you every time."

Whiteman sums it up, "Years don't count. It's the rhythm that matters. Each person's life has a rhythm. It begins when you're born and the final thing that happens to you is that the rhythm stops."

And for Paul Whiteman—in the past, today, and in the future—that rhythm is contemporary . . . forever an expression of the pace, the beat, the emphasis of our times.

## House Party

(Continued from page 71)

family-type show heard on CBS Radio and seen on CBS-TV. There, they have an audience of 15,000,000 people whom they consider to be their radio and television family. At Slattery-Linkletter births and birthdays, it seems, all 15,000,000 make their presence known with knitted booties, knitted socks for Art and Jack, and a hill of cards filled with warm good wishes.

Jack first joined Art's cast back in 1945. At that time, he was a staff announcer at CBS. When the *House Party* needed a commercial announcer, Jack, as head man at CBS, was asked to make up the audition schedule. Jack wanted to try for the spot himself. But, because there were so many top-flight men competing, he decided against it.

The morning of the audition, there were forty hopefuls waiting in the rehearsal hall. Jack went upstairs to work. When he came down for lunch the room was still full. In the afternoon, he went out for coffee, seeing only three men remaining. Two cups of coffee later he decided to make a stab at the job " . . . just to see what would happen."

He got the job and a bawling-out from one of the agency men. "You could have saved us a whole day's work," the man said, "by putting yourself first in line!"

For the next four years, Jack and Art were on the road together with *House Party*. When they made short jaunts, their wives came along.

Jack got so he could read Art's mind. "On *House Party*, Art ad-libs," says Jack. "It's an ad-libby show. I learned how Art finished off sentences, and when I was expected to do something. I had to be pretty ad-libby myself. And in order to say the right thing at the right time, I had to read Art's mind!"

Jack soon learned that Art had a long sense of humor. He never seemed to get riled at mistakes. Once they had a



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human cannon ball act which back-fired. "The cannon tipped," says Jack, "half the charge fell out and, when the explosion took place, our human cannon ball just did manage to slide out the mouth of the weapon. Art collapsed with laughter in the middle of the stage.

"My most embarrassing moment came during a commercial. I was supposed to be a castaway on an island, sending out SOS's with a telegraph key. Since I once learned Morse code, I was sending out a legitimate SOS. Ships at sea got the radio message, the FCC heard the call, and we were surrounded with Federal agents. They warned us that, if it ever happened again, we'd be cut off the air! I hadn't realized what I was doing. Art understood this. So I didn't get bawled out, and we had another good laugh. As you can see, Art's an easy man to work with."

Since *House Party* has gone on TV, Jack and Art no longer travel. But they still have great fun together, especially when they are swapping stories about their families. "Did I tell you what my youngest son said today?" asks Art—and Jack replies, "Wait'll you hear what my oldest daughter did!"

Jack's story as a family man begins in 1940, when he first met Marge, the girl who was to become his wife. After a checkered career as a singer and law student, Jack had ended up as an announcer at Station KMPC. Marge was then doing little-theater work with Dana Andrews and Robert Taylor. One day she came up to KMPC on an assignment. The spark of interest was kindled as soon as they met.

"I had a problem," says Jack. "I worked the night shift—so we couldn't have any dates. But we did manage to communicate.

"We had an airways courtship which was the delight of the Federal Communications Commission. I dedicated such numbers to her as 'I'll See You in My Dreams'—because that's about the only time we could get together; 'Where or When?'—for the same reason; and 'Somebody Loves Me'—because I hoped she'd start thinking along those lines.

"And, when the records were spinning, I'd call her on the phone. With the best music of Benny Goodman, Paul Whiteman and Artie Shaw in the background, Marge began to associate me with soft music and sweet lyrics.

"Then suddenly I was taken off the night shift, starting to work mornings. My first free night, we went to Chinatown for chop suey. I didn't have Benny Goodman to back me up, but the maitre d'—one of our sponsors—showered us with attention. Our courtship took just about a year. And since our marriage, I've been partial to the music of the Forties—and to Chinese food."

Jack was raised on Hoover Street, near the heart of Los Angeles. Like most city boys, he'd dreamed of someday having a "ranch" of his own. "A ranch is a swell place to raise a family," he says. Shortly after Marge's and his children were born (Suzanne in 1942, Pat in 1945), they moved to the San Fernando Valley.

Next to his wife and children, a family man's home is his pride and joy. Jack manicured his house and garden as though it were the ring finger of the queen's left hand. Everything grows in California. With Jack's overtime attention, he soon had boysenberries like baseballs and apricots the size of cantaloupes.

Families grow in California, too. Five years after they moved in, Jack found the house was too small to hold his two blooming daughters, now nine and twelve. He and Marge began looking for a larger home.

They searched the Valley. Then, one day, their realtor showed Marge the house *right across the street*. She was impressed. Jack looked the next day. Two days later, the Slatterys and the neighbors across the street traded houses!

"There was a full acre of property," says Jack. "The house was larger, too. The folks who had it were retired and wanted a smaller place—and we needed the additional room. We got it. There's an orchard in back with apricots, plums, berries, peaches, grapes—and we put in a mess of bulbs. Now, once a week, the retired gentleman from across the street comes over to see what we're doing to his house—and we go over to check on the condition of our old garden!"

The Slatterys' front yard is the playground of the block. Jack is a second father to many of his neighbors' young sons. In addition to *House Party*, he has a local fishing-and-hunting show of his own, seen each week on Station KHJ-TV. Jack's a great sportsman. Every free afternoon is devoted to fish in one form or another. If Jack and Marge are not at some near-by lake casting for the wily trout, then Jack will surely be found in the front yard teaching the neighbors' boys how to rig a line and throw plugs. He says, "We've got lines and leaders like confetti. They go in all directions at the same time."

Weekend holidays find Jack and Marge, and sometimes Suzie and Pat, as far away as Bishop and High Sierras. "The girls," says Jack, "are learning to fish and like it. Marge is already a good fisherwoman. She even enjoys packing in with me. But the girls are not yet so in love with the great outdoors. We take some of our neighbors' young sons in their place.

"On our summer holiday, we spend part of the time with the girls at Big Bear Lake. They like the hot and cold running water in the cabins. Then Marge and I go to Lake Tahoe for a week by ourselves. We all agree it's good to get a vacation from one another. And we always bring the girls a gift when we come home. The kids look forward to their surprises as much as to our return."

"National holidays," says Jack, "are a family affair, too. We generally invite the relatives over for a big dinner and games. Last Easter, for example, we had our regular egg hunt. But it was complicated by the dogs, Pom-pom and Terry. They watched me hide the eggs. I didn't know what was going on behind their beady brown eyes until the search began. The kids found half the hard-boiled eggs where I'd planted them. They found a few more where the dogs buried their favorite bones. But we looked in vain for the chocolate eggs. For Pom-pom and Terry, it was a very sweet Easter!"

Birthday parties at the Slatterys, at the present, are not the gay events they used to be. "The children," Jack says, "are going through what I call their 'in-between' years. When they were five and six years old, the parties were easy to plan and handle. Everybody had fun with squirrel-in-the-tree and farmer-in-the-dell. But, today, you can't sell ring-around-the-rosie to twenty hungry teenagers! An acre just isn't big enough to hold their energy. It's one problem we haven't yet solved."

But Thanksgiving and Christmas are big affairs in the Slatterys' family life. The girls are responsible for the table decorations and general decor of the house. Jack says it gives them an opportunity to be creative and to display their artistic ability. "Sometimes they'll find a homemaking magazine with some article like 'Twenty-seven Decorating Ideas for Christmas'—and use every one! They copy

floral displays for a table centerpiece, make cutouts of the Nativity at Christmas, and, at Thanksgiving, the mantel is graced with pasteboard pictures of wild turkeys, Plymouth Rock, and Captain John Smith.

"One problem with the cutouts: during the holidays, I have time to catch up on my reading—but, when I get to the final pages of a good mystery, I find the ghostly silhouette of Captain John S. cut out from the printed page! When I look around, I find the captain's full-dress figure staring down at me from the mantel. The solution of the murder mystery, of course, is glued to the back of the cardboard paste-up. I think Captain John's Thanksgiving grin gets bigger every year."

Jack says his girls are close enough in age to share many of the same interests. Dancing is one. Every week, Marge drives the two girls to their dancing lessons. Pat, their younger daughter, enjoys dancing because it's a form of exercise. Suzie, their thirteen-year-old, loves dancing because it's an introduction to the boys. But she has problems. "Daddy," she says, "how can I dance with Robert and Alan when they don't even come up to my shoulder!"

Jack, of course, is an understanding father. He knows this is the kind of intellectual problem he can explain and give an answer for. "Don't worry," he says, "next year, you'll be able to dance with Robert and Alan. They haven't started to grow yet. It just so happens that girls mature earlier than boys. You're probably taller than half the boys in your class. But they'll catch up with you."

Suzanne accepts the explanation, continuing to dance with the boys who have, as she says, "... already grown!"

Pat, on the other hand, says, "Oh, boys! They're corny!" This is the sort of emotional problem which has no reason behind it. Jack, as a father, knows he'll have to wait a while to explain.

Since the girls have chores to do around the house—dishes, the responsibility of their two dogs, their own vegetable garden—Jack feels it's only fair that they should get an allowance. Much of the allowance goes for motion-picture attendance. Since they go every week, Jack considers this to be a phase they're going through. "They have their room filled with pictures of movie stars," he says. "You could call it an M-G-M wallpaper. Their favorites run in cycles—it all depends on whom they saw last week. First it was Janet Leigh, then June Allyson, now it's Marilyn Monroe. When they came home Saturday from seeing her latest, Pat said, 'That Marilyn Monroe! Gee, she's got the cutest feet!'"

Although the children are not as interested in TV stars, at the moment, as they are in motion-picture stars, there is great family pride wherever Jack is concerned. *House Party*, for example, is considered to be "just-the-greatest-show-on-the-air!" This allegiance is sometimes embarrassing to Daddy Jack. Last week, for instance, they were eating at a Valley restaurant when a gentleman at the next table pointed to Jack, saying, "Isn't that What's-his-name over there?"

Pat indignantly bounded to her feet. "What do you mean, What's-his-name!" she said. "That's Jack Slattery—and he's my daddy!"

Since Jack and Art like to share their family happenings with their radio and television family of 15,000,000, young Pat's remark about her father undoubtedly found its way to 15,000,000 pairs of ears. But that's part of the fun of being on a family show and sharing the laughs, part of the fun of being a big family man—a topic on which Jack Slattery has reason to consider himself an authority.

# Hold On to That Dream

(Continued from page 46)

twenty eyes peering down on me made the pinned-butterfly feeling even stronger.

I sang. The reaction? Nothing. Ten flint faces (or so they seemed to me) looked down. That's all. I thought they had a lot in common with the cold green glass of the control booth. All my life, I'd gone to every audition that came along. I didn't win all the auditions, not by a long shot. But I was piling up experience for the day when my big break would come along. And I was learning how to judge the judges' reactions. It seemed to me that this Crosby audition was just another one to chalk up to "experience"!

Up until Mr. Allen called me, I had been singing on Cliffie Stone's *Hometown Jamboree*, a local Los Angeles TV show. I had my annual vacation coming to me. I felt so sure that nothing would come of the Bob Crosby audition that I packed a bag, the next day, and left for Pennsylvania with some family friends.

In Pennsylvania, the phone rang again! Mr. Allen asked if I would be willing to come home for a week's trial on Mr. Crosby's show. "Would I!" I said—the expression had become part of my vocabulary. But I still didn't get my hopes too high, for he'd also said, "It's just a trial."

When I returned to Hollywood, I met Bob Crosby for the first time. I was as nervous as a kitten with a bowl of hot milk. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth as though it were glued there permanently. Through the whole meeting I called him Mr. Crosby.

But he was very kind. He told some funny jokes to put me at ease and help me relax. But I could have lunched on sedatives and I still would have stuttered. Then he told me how I had been "discovered."

"My daughter, Cathy, is your agent," he said. "She spotted you on Cliffie Stone's show. Told me I oughta look in. As you see, I did." (This is the first time I've been able to thank my "agent"—Cathy—in print!)

The interview must have been a success. We went down to the rehearsal hall and ran over a few numbers. But I still wasn't convinced that I was going to be on a coast-to-coast show! It wasn't till the first show was over that I pinched myself, realizing this was no dream. Mr. Allen's one week has now stretched into months. He's crazy if he thinks I'm going to remind him that the "trial" period is up!

When my family first moved to California from Massachusetts, in 1945, I had no real ambitions of crashing Hollywood. I was nine years old, and Lassie was my favorite movie star. My dad had just gotten out of service and we settled in near-by Fontana. There was nothing very much settled about us, though. All was commotion, for Dad was building our house—with his own hands. Dad was a fireman, but he should have been a comedian. One night, he'd read a book about plumbing—next day, he was a plumber. He proceeded this way, for four months, through the home builder's five-foot shelf of

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He received his Arts degree at Bowdoin College, his M.D. from the University of Vermont and his "Zeugnis" from the University of Vienna. He engaged in Post Graduate Study at the University of Chicago, as well as at New York University and also at New York Post Graduate Hospital and Medical School. Served on the staff at Faxton Hospital, Utica, New York. He was Medical Director of Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, New York, and during the war was receiving Surgeon for War Shipping Administration, New York City. After the war he returned to Utica, New York, to resume his work in Internal Medicine at Faxton Hospital. He is author of two other famous books, *Man Alive—You're Half Dead* and *You Can Live Longer Than You Think.*

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knowledge. You can see I learned *my* perseverance from my dad!

But we finally had a house that would have withstood an Indian attack. The fireplace alone weighed about sixty tons. I think the man who later bought the place was going to lease the flue to the Fontana steel mills. It really made a hot fire. (Daddy's now in the hardware business. Perhaps it was because he'd learned about the high price of doorknobs.)

About this time, I found there weren't any children my age in the neighborhood. I was lonesome. To keep occupied, I sat out on the front porch, singing songs to myself. Then, one afternoon, there was a group of neighbor ladies—whom I didn't see—gathered in the next yard. I sang a song. They clapped like mad. That was a mistake—from then on, I made a point of having an audience whenever I sang.

I guess that's when the "ham" in me had its start. I loved the applause. We moved to Pasadena shortly after that, and I started taking dancing lessons. I made the error of singing with the piano accompaniment during the first lesson. When the teacher heard my voice, she kept me at it. I sang—the girls danced. I paid for tap, ballet, and Hawaiian dancing lessons—but, at the recitals, I always sang.

From the time our neighbor-ladies gave out with the first applause, I knew what I wanted: To entertain people with my songs. This was my goal, and I stayed with it all through junior and senior high school. Every chance I had, I sang for the kids at school—recesses, lunch hours, and in the auditorium calls. They were my biggest boosters. Their enthusiasm encouraged me to make tryouts for professional auditions. Every time I saw an ad for "Girl Singer Wanted—Auditions," I'd break my back getting there.

The perseverance paid off with the Cliffie Stone program. Cliffie had a talent show on Tuesdays. The prize was a performance on his weekly *Hometown Jamboree*. As soon as I heard of the auditions, I wanted a chance to sing. But, because my dad was working twenty-four hours on and twenty-four hours off, I had no one to take me over. Three months rolled by, and the auditions were almost finished, when Dad finally found a spare evening. I sang. A week later, Mother got the call that I had won!

I had been singing on *Hometown Jamboree* for nearly two years, when Mr. Allen called. If it weren't for patience and the phone company I don't know where I'd be!

But, even with the break the Bob Crosby show has given me, I still find that perseverance pays off. You don't, for example, learn a song the first time through. You have to rehearse and rehearse again.

You still make mistakes. For example, Allan Copeland and I were doing a duet on a recent show. It was a fast-paced song. We sometimes read the lyrics from a tele-prompter card. I made the mistake of looking at Allan for an instant, then back at the card. We were going so fast, I couldn't find my place!

What to do! Nothing. Allan sang solo for the next six bars. I just smiled into the camera. The last refrain, though, I *knew*, and we managed to finish the song together.

I was terribly upset by my mistake, feeling as if I hadn't carried the ball. But Bob Crosby was the first to come up after the show and reassure me. "Don't give it another thought," he said. "We'll get right back in there tomorrow and try something else. Besides, I don't think the audience even noticed it."

Bob was right. My mother, who watches the show every day, wasn't even aware of the fluff until I told her! This proved two things to me. One, don't let your mistakes

get you down—others may not even notice them. Two, when you make a mistake, don't give up, but go back and try again.

Today, I'm right back at it at six every morning. We're on the stage by 9:15 for rehearsal, and the show runs from 12:30 (PDT) to 1:00 P.M. After a quick lunch, we're back for rehearsal at two—until work's done. This is my Monday-through-Friday schedule.

Saturday, I still do *Hometown Jamboree*. Rehearsal begins at 2 P.M., the show is seen from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M.—followed by the radio show from 10 to 11 P.M. There's still another radio show coming-up, too. So you can see why I sleep late on Sundays!

Spare time is a joke. Dating, for example, is relegated to Friday afternoons and an occasional early dinner. The hairdresser, interviews, shopping for clothes and incidentals take up the rest of the time.

Then there's the fan mail. My mother and I work on it together and we like to send answers whenever we feel competent.

Weight, for example, is one question the letters ask about. How do I stay slim? That's a good question. I work at it. The other day at the Farmer's Market, for instance, I saw some beautiful strawberries. Did I buy them? No. Strawberries at our place mean shortcake. Shortcake means whipped cream. Whipped cream means calories. Calories mean waistline! Hence, no strawberries.

In their letters, some people ask about my hobbies. I have so little time, I have to do things that I can drop at an instant. But I think everyone should have some kind of a hobby. Mine are sewing and reading. Right now, I'm beading a cashmere sweater. Not only keeping my hands busy and having fun—but what a terrific saving!

Money and clothing are problems. People often ask how I manage my budget. Well, I started banking everything I earned—except an allowance for make-up, clothes, and beauty care. I'm proud I've never gone over my budget. When I joined Bob Crosby, I wanted to show my mother how much I appreciated her help. I designed a ring set with diamonds and rubies. I put aside part of my allowance for weeks. But it was worth the thrill the ring gave to my mother.

I'm now trying to fit a car into my budget. I don't drive yet and, every day, Mother brings me down from Pasadena. I'd like to get a car to save her the extra trips. She's got enough to do, what with keeping house and helping Dad.

Most of my mail comes from mothers with children between the ages of two and five. It seems as though the children love me! But it's no secret that I'm crazy about them. I love kids madly and, when I'm married, I want to have just gobs of them. The mothers' letters are sometimes sad for me. They say their little ones cry when I go off the air. They think I've disappeared inside their television sets! In my answers, I wish I could give an explanation of the concept of television to the children. If anyone has a good idea, I wish they'd tell me.

Lastly, there are those letters which ask for advice. How did you get your break? Do you have any tips for getting into TV? "Perseverance" is my only answer. I never had a singing lesson in my life. I watched other performers. I practiced singing and doing the things they did. I went to every audition. I worked, I sang, I rehearsed. And, when I was disappointed, I simply worked harder. If you keep at it long enough, you're bound to win.

As I see it, those are my "tips" for getting ahead in television—or *anything else*. Perseverance is your pass-key. You'll find it pays off.

# This Is Arthur Godfrey

(Continued from page 45)

over the hip joint. He talked of meeting a man who had the same operation in August of 1953 and was now able to rumba with his wife. Commented Arthur, "Mine's exactly a year ago this week, and it's a little worse today than it was six months ago. I can't put any weight on my hip at all, see? I could sit on a horse all right but, gosh, you can't ride a horse all over New York."

The studio audience laughed then, and the show went on . . . but they laughed only because Arthur wanted them to. They knew, after many years, that Arthur has a way of confiding in them—the way a son may bluster something out to his parents and then feel self-conscious about it, especially if what he has said may worry them. For Arthur had given them a glimpse into a very personal, secret side of his life. The Godfrey hip, of course, is now as famous as the Dietrich legs . . . but the subject of Arthur's pain has been pretty much taboo. Why? Arthur Godfrey does not like pity and wants no one feeling sorry for him, since he doesn't feel sorry for himself.

"Arthur has been praised for his showmanship, for his loyalty, for his charities and for his good humor . . . but the most tremendous thing about the man has been overlooked—and that is his courage. Arthur's brave. He's brave like the guy who goes into a cage with lions or like the test pilot who gambles his life in experimental flights. Arthur is a man of exceptional mettle."

So speaks someone who has observed Arthur almost daily for many years . . . although Arthur himself would likely pooh-pooh the whole statement. So let's look at the record. There are quite a few separate incidents which add up to stamina and courage.

You may remember that Arthur made a film for the armed services, checking out in a jet plane. At the time, jet planes were thought to be exceedingly dangerous. A lot of parents, especially mothers, were objecting to their sons going into pilot training. Arthur, close to fifty, had a movie taken of himself learning to fly the jet and thereby demonstrating that the hazards were exaggerated. Was that an act of great bravery? Maybe not . . . but it was hardly an act of a man who is afraid to take a chance.

They still remember the circus show Arthur did a couple of years ago on TV. Arthur lay down on the floor and had an elephant put a foot on his head . . . lightly, of course—but, if the elephant had teetered just a little, Arthur's face would have been two-dimensional.

"You've got to be crazy or have all the courage in the world to do a thing like that for the first time," says one of Arthur's friends, "and Arthur's not crazy."

On the same show, Arthur did a trapeze act, rode a horse and walked the tightwire. After the show he nearly fainted . . . his pain was that intense. To put it bluntly, Arthur Godfrey—with a hip that had been dislocated since his near-fatal car crash in 1931—had no right to carry on like a circus performer. And Arthur knew before he even attempted the stunts what it would cost him in pain . . . and, in spite of it, he went on. No one said he had to. No one but Arthur Godfrey said there had to be a circus show in the first place.

There is a young man in the Godfrey office who joined the gang almost four years ago. His name is Harry Rogue and he is choreographer for the Wednesday P.M. festivities. In Hollywood, Harry

coached such famous artists as Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Ray Bolger and Judy Garland. When he joined Godfrey, he was advised to "include Arthur out" of dance routines. So Harry tactfully ignored Arthur for about twenty-four hours. On the second day, Arthur limped over and said, "I want to do that dance, too."

Harry demonstrated the steps, changing them so as to take some of the weight and punishment off the bad hip. Then Arthur went to the side of the stage by himself and practiced for a considerable length of time. When he came back, he had learned to do the routine with both legs.

"Can you realize the pain that cost him?"

That was before the operation . . . and it wasn't an isolated incident. There were few physical activities that Arthur voluntarily kept out of. After the operation, however, it was different. Arthur had been advised that during the recovery he was to do nothing strenuous—and that included dancing. When he rejoined the video show, following his summer convalescence, he mentioned that bicycling was one of the exercises recommended for his hip, and it was decided to do a Wednesday night program on bicycles. Then the doctor changed his mind. He found that pedalling was not good for the hip . . . but Arthur wouldn't hear of calling off the show.

"We had simple routines for Arthur on the bicycle—and, for the kids like Lu Ann and the McGuires, we had some fancy stunts. Of course, Arthur had to do all the tricks the kids did."

Those were the days when you might have seen the happy Godfreys looking particularly unhappy as they watched Arthur take some nasty falls. They knew that he was risking the use of his leg for all time. They had a good idea of the pain he felt with each fall . . . but he always illustrated his courage by climbing back on the bicycle and trying all over again.

"The point is that, with even a minimum amount of exertion, the hip can be a bother. He'll be standing, talking quietly, and suddenly start forward, stiffen and kind of grimace."

"Just a little tickle," he'll say.

"Tickle! It's as if someone had swung a baseball bat at him and hadn't missed. But you don't let on to Arthur that you understand. He won't have sympathy."

Although he wasn't supposed to dance at all this past season, he has broken the rule twice. Once, he did a Dutch dance from a sitting position. The second time the choreography was planned for Arthur to remain still while the octet danced around him, but he couldn't stand it.

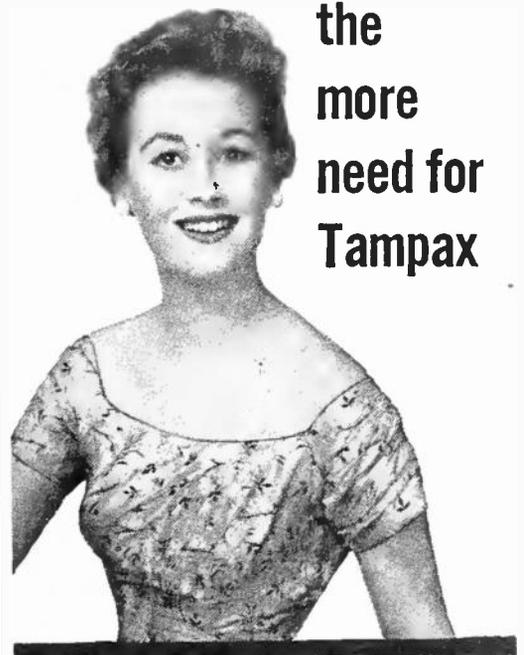
"I'm going to do this one, too," he announced.

And he did . . . even though it hurt and hurt bad. Why? Why do something that is going to cause undue pain? Why do something that risks the use of a limb?

This is most of the answer: Arthur Godfrey, by nature, is an active man, an athlete and an entertainer. That means doing, being on the move. He has been handicapped but not stopped—and hardly slowed down at all. On the farm, he has continued to ride, swim and hunt. And, in the studio, it's the same way. He just can't sit by on the bench and play coach all the time. And, in spite of his hip, he's a great athlete, a natural athlete and a natural dancer.

The night he did the tightwire act on TV was the first time in his life he'd ever tried it. What happened was that the circus man who had been hired to do the stunt began griping about the equipment. Arthur said, "I'll probably do the act myself tonight." (Continued on page 88)

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Everyone thought he was only kidding. That night he walked the full length of the wire and, when the gang kidded him afterwards, he just shrugged. He hadn't practiced. There was no explanation. He just had the feeling he could manage it.

And there was the time a champion archer came on the show and gave Arthur a few lessons in making like Robin Hood. At the end of the session, they had an impromptu contest and Arthur actually out-pointed the champ.

The gang, of course, has come to accept his natural ability as an athlete and dancer . . . but they'll never get used to watching him take physical punishment.

"The average person wouldn't wiggle his toe if he knew it was going to rack his body with pain, but Arthur's going to do what he wants in spite of it. He's got guts."

Recently, he decided it would be a good idea for housewives to learn a little self-defense, with so many dangerous characters on the streets. Arthur has had Army

personnel come in occasionally to teach judo . . . and Arthur insists upon taking part in the demonstration.

"Dancing was too strenuous and so was riding the bicycle, but judo is okay. How about that?"

How are you going to explain it? It's one of those peculiar, contradictory things. Here's Arthur with that big grin and bright red hair—he's been called mischievous, a kind of Peck's bad boy. He has a reputation as a kiddier, a debunker, as a good-hearted and cheerful cuss who keeps millions of people happy. There's hardly a handful of people who have any idea of the kind of suffering he takes. The Godfrey man is an iron man and even he can't kid his way out of it.

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**A Man Called Peter**

(Continued from page 54)

like the proverbial glove.

"I think of Ames as being basically a strong character," says Hobbs of this other man in whose shoes he stands, five times a week, on television. "A man who has not yet settled his problems as well as he might, because he is not completely at home in his surroundings. He came from a poor family and married into wealth and prestige and position, becoming the head of a business. His wife formed the link between his two worlds and, when she died, that link was weakened. Without her, he is no longer completely at home in his own home, nor completely at home with his own children. He is going through that transition period which many men find difficult to face, the period when they no longer have the help of a sympathetic wife.

"In addition, Ames has another grave problem. He has to cope with his wife's sister, Pauline, to whom he had been engaged before he realized it was the younger sister he really loved. Outwardly, Pauline has forgiven their elopement, but he cannot be sure of her inner feelings. He knows only that there is something hidden, something baffling, which is hurting his relationship with the children."

Peter Hobbs gets that slightly stern look as he goes on to explain the problems of Peter Ames. "As any father would, Ames realizes how much his growing daughters miss their mother, and with what desperation his adolescent son Jerry must be trying to find a substitute for a mother's love and understanding. He can see why the children began to lean on Pauline's strength—because in his own unhappiness he, too, had allowed himself to lean a little, failing to realize that strength of the kind Pauline has to offer can easily turn into complete domination. This is something he has yet to learn.

"I like playing this man, because his problems come close to many lives. What is happening to him could happen in some measure to any other man. It's part of the human drama, re-enacted on TV, with all the impact that medium gives it."

Hobbs seems to have won the part of Ames because everyone concerned with the show had a clear-cut idea of the man who could best portray that character. When he walked in, everyone said, "Here's Peter Ames." Actually, it wasn't quite that simple. He knew *The Secret Storm's* director, having worked with her husband in summer stock. After inter-

viewing many actors, she remembered him, asked him to audition—and that was it. But he himself had some misgivings about doing a running part on television, with new situations and new lines to be learned each day. It turned out to be fairly easy for him, because of his long years of training in summer stock, on the stage, in radio and TV. "I figured, too, that it might take a while to get inside the character, and that turned out to be easier than I thought. Suddenly, I began understanding exactly how Ames was feeling and thinking and how he came under Pauline's domination, in spite of not being a weak person. Incidentally, Pauline is played by Haila Stoddard, an actress of great talent and fine theatrical background, with a marvelous sense of humor, and with not one trace of villainy in her make-up."

Jada Rowland, the child who plays the eight-year-old Amy Ames on the program, is Peter Hobbs' particular pet . . . partly because she is an unusual child . . . and partly because she reminds him of his own little girls—twelve-year-old Ann; six-year-old Jennifer; and five-year-old Nancy.

"Jada has all the charm of the lovely woman she will one day be," Peter says of her. "Yet she is a thoroughly normal little girl, who beats me at tick-tack-toe whenever we have a rehearsal break and who has to admit I can beat her at jacks. We tease each other, but we have a wonderful relationship. Already, she acts like a seasoned trouper. If she makes a mistake, she goes right ahead and handles the situation perfectly. Sometimes, I can hardly believe she is still just a small girl, with a child's innocence and simplicity, because she has such an instinctive flair for saying and doing the right thing. I believe there are great things ahead for her."

Peter's own twelve-year-old daughter Ann isn't at all sure she wants to act. In fact, he says, Ann isn't thinking much about it at all. Nor do Jennifer and Nancy show any definite inclination to follow in their daddy's footsteps. "They have seen some of the difficult side of show business—at least, Ann has. She remembers when there weren't enough jobs and Daddy wasn't making much money. She realizes this can be a hard life, although satisfying to the one who loves it so much that he can do no other thing. Ann may someday feel that way herself. But, right now, I think she would react as Haila Stoddard's little girl did when she had a chance

recently to play a role in a Broadway musical. 'I'll do it,' she told her mother, 'but I really don't want to be away from my school and the other children.' It's a healthy attitude, and it proved that the stage simply wasn't the biggest thing in the world to her, stacked up against her classes and her schoolmates, so it was no disappointment when plans got changed."

Peter Hobbs himself could just as easily have become a doctor, or an engineer, as an actor. He has a decided interest in everything medical, a heritage from his doctor-father who was one of the first to specialize in the use of the X-ray. In fact, Peter was born in France after the end of World War I, while his father was serving as a roentgenologist with a volunteer medical unit at the base hospital at Etretat. Peter was hardly two when his father died in a flu epidemic, but he grew up poring over the doctor's notebooks and fascinated by the little X-ray pictures which documented the case histories, cherishing the blurred baby memory of the big man with strong, gentle hands.

Peter's engineering aptitude was something discovered during his own service in World War II, when the Army test showed he was good at handling tools and had decided engineering ingenuity. He might have subsequently ended up as a bridge-builder, since there are now some twenty medium-size bridges in the Tennessee area which were constructed under his supervision when he was squad sergeant in a combat engineers training group. He still is handy with tools and, even now, can set up a kitchen or bathroom, including all the plumbing—as he did in his own house.

"I guess I chose acting because I lived in the atmosphere when I was growing up," is his own explanation. "My mother was always interested in the theater. She acted, she coached others, and she always coached me whenever I had a part in a school or community play, or had to do any public speaking. At our house, many people came and went to whom acting was life itself. At Christmas time, in particular, friends from the world of the theater would gather at little parties in our home and I would hover close to them, drinking in the fascinating things they talked about, the audiences they had played to, the triumphs and the trials, and the great-name stars they seemed to know so well.

"My mother became drama consultant to the National Recreation Association, working with playground planning and entertainment. At nine, I played in a children's production of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' put on by the fifth graders of Friends' Seminary, in New York, where I was a pupil, and my mother was responsible for all of this. It was small wonder that, by the time I was ready for college, I was working with a group called the Surry Players, a sort of cooperative summer venture at Elsworth, Maine. Not as an actor, however. With amazing brushness, I had taken on the job of electrician, learning to cope with the lighting switchboard and the other technical details. I filled in as an actor by undertaking some of the smaller roles, along with my other duties, and managed to earn my five dollars a week, plus room and board!"

Peter continued to do summer stock during his college vacations and has returned to it time and time again. But, after his Army service, there was some doubt whether he would use his brain and his strong hands to make things people needed, or let his face and body and voice portray some man other than Peter Hobbs. There was still a pull toward medicine, too, especially since he had been able to visit his birthplace, Etretat, and talk to some of those who remembered his

doctor-father's heroism in that first World War which had devastated their country.

The theater won out, and Peter came back to Broadway plays ("Joan of Lorraine," with Ingrid Bergman, and "Clutterbuck," replacing Tom Helmore, its star), to a tour with Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday," and to pioneer in the first big nighttime TV dramatic programs—such as *Philco Playhouse*, *Schlitz Playhouse Of Stars*, *Studio One*, *Suspense*, *Danger*—many of which he appeared in again and again.

When *The Secret Storm* came along, however, he had to forego many of these other opportunities. It has its own compensations—such as fan mail, especially from teenagers. He has kept one note from a girl the age of his Susan. "I think you are *very handsome*," she wrote.

"I take the letter out and look at it on days when I get a little depressed about myself and need some bucking up," he laughs.

Women write warning notes about Pauline. "You get angry with her, and rightly, and then you wind up apologizing to her," one woman scolded by mail. "Can't you see it's that sense of guilt you have, because you married her sister and you think you let Pauline down? You don't owe her a thing, because you're just lucky you had sense enough to elope with the right girl. Now, Peter, stand up to that woman," she finished.

Many letters, some from men, warn him of the pitfalls Pauline is planning. When the idea was first developed that Peter and the children would go to live in Pauline's house, a male viewer wrote, "Please don't move into that woman's house. I did a similar thing a few years ago and I can tell you it's a great mistake."

So far, there have been no proposals of marriage—that is, not out-and-out ones. There have been what might be construed by a vainer man as gentle hints. But Peter Hobbs' plans already include a wife, and many joys ahead to be shared. There is painting, in which she has been interested for some time and is now interesting him. The first thing he did was to ask: "How do you start with these things?" then, without waiting, he promptly did a very creditable oil painting of a room. They both like to watch television. Both like Western movies—in fact, Peter goes so far as to want to act in one. He has made several films, some of them for commercial and industrial use, some for the Army Signal Corps, and at least one semi-documentary—"Lost Boundaries"—in which he began with a good part that gradually got cut down as the picture became over-long.

Both love the theater, although Peter's connection with the stage now is only as stand-by for John Forsythe in the current Broadway success, "The Teahouse of the August Moon." This means that, every Saturday morning, he does a complete rehearsal with the Broadway cast, to be ready in the event Mr. Forsythe should one day be unable to appear. It leaves only Sunday as his one day of complete freedom. "We go to church, and we try to be outdoors if the weather is good. Once in a while, I break away and play baseball, but that's not possible often. There are too many things to be done."

Things like mending a leaking faucet or installing a new sink. Or hanging around a lab somewhere, watching a doctor furrow his brow as he studies an X-ray picture. Remembering how small a margin lay between his own choice of any one of three careers. And feeling satisfied to be Peter Hobbs, actor, who plays Peter Ames on television and only wishes that this other Peter's life could be turning out as happily as his own.

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## Another Woman's Heart

(Continued from page 48)

"Meg married very young, for money rather than love, hoping that love would come later. It never did. Her marriage is ended. And she is still seeking, still mistaking counterfeit emotions for the real thing, and still letting them take control of her life."

Yet, to this girl who plays her, Meg Harper is not an unsympathetic character, although she must often seem so to viewers who watch her quarrels with Vanessa and who note her defiant: "You live your life, Van, and I'll live mine"—and the way she seems to fight off happiness every time it comes close enough for her to grasp it.

"I think I understand many things about Meg," Jean continued. "I think I see why she resists every opportunity for love and happiness, why she demands her own way, mistaken though it may be. What she is actually doing is trying to get even with life for what it has done to her, for all the tragedies she has been through, for all the sorrow and humiliation—without realizing she herself is responsible for most of this.

"The reasons for her feud with Vanessa go back to their childhood, as such things often do. Van was always gentle and good and kind. Meg was the spunky and the willful sister, the difficult child to rear. Their parents favored Van. She seemed to get all the breaks from life. All this bred competition and jealousy in Meg's heart.

"Now that the father is dead, some of this resentment has left Meg, but she still wonders if her mother really cares for her as she does for Van. She still feels bitter because her little boy always turns to his Aunt Van, instead of to her, in trouble—knowing, of course, that her indifference toward Beany during his early years has brought this about. And she still identifies her problems with Barrowsville, the town in which they live, never stopping to analyze that it forms only the background.

"It's because I know these things that I get such a kick out of playing her, all the good and all the bad, all mixed up together. If only she weren't such a completely emotional woman. If only she would sometimes let her head rule her feelings. And if only she wouldn't go on side-stepping every chance for love and happiness!"

Jean herself, a stunning five-foot-seven-inch blonde with blue-gray eyes, has no idea of side-stepping either. She's single ("So far, my life has been really exciting and glamorous, but that's not enough."), so in some future plans there are a husband and home and children. Like Meg, she has a sister close to her own age (a vivid brunette beauty), with whom she might have felt in competition—if either had ever let that happen.

"We came to New York together to study, when Evelyn was seventeen and I was eighteen. I had worked for a year in the office of a war plant in our home town of Wilmington, Delaware, waiting for Evelyn to finish high school, because our parents wouldn't let me go away alone. Wisely, I realize now. They were more than sympathetic to our plan, and they were particularly pleased with me for having enough ambition to make something of myself. But I know now it was hard to see us leave them so young. It had been in my mind, however, a long time."

Jean really can't remember when being an actress, and going to New York, wasn't in her mind. She was always in school plays, church pageants, community theater presentations. She had a summer at the famous Hedgerow Theater in Pennsylvania, just outside Philadelphia, when she

was sixteen. It was her first professional experience and that really set the seal on her career.

In New York, the girls both went to modeling school, a choice Jean thinks was foolish for her, since her heart was really in dramatics. Evelyn was entirely happy about modeling, however.

"My sister made her success fast, and in two years she was in demand for magazine covers. I was relieved of my first modeling job because the girl who had had it before me came back.

"I escaped to summer stock, and I loved every minute of it. It was a start along the road I wanted to travel."

Right here is where Jean might have become a little envious of her sister, as Meg is of Vanessa. "Remembering my own experience, it is easier for me to understand Meg's feelings. I, too, was unhappy for a while, contrasting what Evelyn was accomplishing with the little I had seemed able to do. But I was never envious of Evelyn's success, and that's the difference between Meg and me. I was content to go on in my own way, hoping that someday things would work out for me, glad that my sister was doing so well.

"There never has been any competition between us of any kind. Not about work, or success, or men. Evelyn has done some acting (we both made some pictures, one of mine being 'Port of New York,' with Yul Brynner). But she loves modeling, and I chose to stay with acting. As I say, I had it all mapped out years ahead.

"Evelyn and I have the same idea about clothes. I have to restrain myself from spending too much on clothes now. I buy a few good things each season, mostly on the conservative side—except that I simply love sensational cocktail dresses and, in summer, I lose my head completely and wear lots of gay, bright colors, especially shades of blue. I recognize, too, that my high-arched feet can carry the high heels I love, and I can't resist really stunning earrings."

There was a period, however, when Jean was forced by necessity to resist the lovely clothes she was beginning to want. Theatrical jobs were scarce, funds were low, and her father suggested she return home and take a business course. "You're still young enough to go back to acting, or to try something like this. You can still make your choice later on," he advised her.

Back home, studying shorthand and typing, it didn't seem so bad, until a friend told her about local auditions for a scholarship to the Irvine Studio for the Theater in New York. Jean entered, and won. This became the real turning point. After that, she gave no more thought to offices and typewriters.

"The scholarship took me to New York once more. It taught me many things I needed to know. It gave me some new friends in the theater. I did summer stock again, I went on tour in a Shubert musical, 'My Romance.' I did more stock-company roles, and I even got some remarkably good reviews when the plays didn't. I was acquiring assurance. And I was learning a great deal more about being an actress."

About this time, an appearance on a television program, *Hollywood Screen Test*, brought Jean to the notice of motion picture producer Bryan Foy, who offered her a Hollywood screen test. "I flew out to the West Coast and took the test, but someone else got the part. It was disappointing, but I loved the trip. I fell in love with California, and keep going back to spend some time there—whenever I can.

"When I got back to New York there were some other opportunities—in the touring company of 'Death of a Salesman,' in radio, in more summer stock. I wanted to get into television but, except for a few modeling jobs on TV programs, there seemed to be nothing happening for me."

Then the call came for her to audition for the role of Meg Harper. Jean remembers every detail of that day in mid-summer of 1951, when they outlined the part to her. "Immediately, I knew this was it. This was my role. This was perfect for me."

"From the beginning, all the lines came naturally. I was interested in this girl. I could put myself in her place, understand how she felt, how she would react to certain situations that might come up day after day. I even had the right kind of husky voice for Meg, in contrast to the kind of voice a girl like Vanessa would have."

"Peggy McCay was cast as Van soon after I got my part. We met for the first time at a rehearsal, and I noticed her soft brown eyes, her gentle manner, how pretty she was—and then what a good actress—as we started to work together. There couldn't be a nicer girl, and we get along wonderfully well."

Dennis Parnell, who plays Beany on the program, was also in the first day's script and Jean was astounded at this eight-year-old's ability to memorize and to play difficult scenes without any previous acting experience. "He's terrific," she says. "We have an interesting relationship, apart from the show, and I only wish that Beany and Meg could have as fine a one! We sometimes try to break each other up

in the middle of a scene. Dennis has such command of himself, however, that absolutely nothing throws him, and I must add that I am careful not to push our luck too far. Once in a while, during rehearsals, I will give him one of my 'Meg looks' if he starts to tease, and he'll say, 'Oh no, don't give me that!' Our producer, Richard Dunn, our director, Larry Auerbach—in fact, the entire *Love Of Life* cast and crew—are simply wonderful to work with, and I enjoy every minute of it."

People who pass Jean on her way to work in the early morning, hurrying along in a businesslike fashion through the few blocks separating her small apartment and the CBS studio from which the program is broadcast, might fail to recognize in this pleasant-looking, simply dressed girl that other imperious and glamorous woman, Meg Harper. But watching Jean make an entrance at a night spot some evening (with an attractive male escort, of course)—seeing her beautifully gowned, her make-up flawless, her longish blonde bob glistening (it's touched up lighter for television because it has grown quite brown during the years)—she becomes Meg-plus, the "plus" being her own graciousness added to Meg's proud bearing.

Some people have even compared Jean to Joan Crawford ("I saw her once in a Hollywood restaurant and thought there was some resemblance between us," she says). Others compare her to Bette Davis. ("Hers are the type of roles I have always wanted to play.") Jean, however, is satisfied to be herself, playing an exciting girl named Meg Harper, and living the interesting and exciting life of Jean McBride.

## Don't Gamble with Happiness

(Continued from page 51)

eye, isn't exactly a tintype of what a "heavy" or "villain" is popularly supposed to be. Physically, no one could be more unlike Humphrey Bogart, or Jack Palance, than Byron. He's a handsome young man . . . age 28, a slim six-foot-one in height, with gray-blue eyes, sensitive mouth, fine hands, close-clipped dark blond hair. He looks, in fact, exactly like what he is . . . a gentleman born (in Charlotte, North Carolina) and bred. His manners, being courtly, match his appearance. In his dedication to the art of acting, he is reminiscent of Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift, who are his favorite actors. Under his own smooth but casual tailoring, however, are the biceps and muscles of a young Hercules. He weighs in at 180 pounds.

Because his role of gambler Elliott in *Portia* is one of his happy experiences, Byron likes to talk about it:

"A friend of mine, Bert Brazier, who used to be in radio and TV before he went into insurance," Byron said, "is also a friend of Bev Smith, the producer of *Portia*. It was Bert who recommended me to Bev—as also, and on the same day, did Monique Jones of MCA, who are my agents. It was Monique, in fact, who sent me over to CBS to read for the part of Walter Manning, now played by Donald Woods. I went over and read—adequately, I hope—for the role of Manning and for that of Morgan Elliott. I was told 'We will let you know' . . . a phrase which can be—as all actors know—the kiss of death."

"A few days later, however, Lloyd Gross, who directs *Portia*, called to say they wanted me to read again, the next day, for the part of Manning with the stipulation that—if they could not get Donald Woods for the role—I could have it. I

did and, at the end of that reading, Bev said—making with the thumbs-down gesture—'He's too young for the part of Manning.' Then, before I had time to feel a pang, 'I'd like to sign him, now,' Bev said, 'for the role of Morgan Elliott.' And sign me he did, there and then. I'm happy about that, too. In my opinion—which may be colored by the bang I get out of playing Elliott—it's the best male role in the show. And the most colorful.

"As a plus to my enthusiasm for the part, it was originally planned to use Elliott on the show for about two months, then kill him off. But the response was so good . . . and Mona Kent, who writes *Portia*, likes Elliott so much . . . it was decided by all concerned that to kill him off would be detrimental to the show. With the result that, as of this moment," Byron smiled, "Morgan Elliott is very much alive!"

Oddly—considering that he gives heart and soul and all of his time to his chosen profession—being an actor was not Byron's first choice in terms of a career. In high school, he never did any dramatics, considering them "sissified." But he went in, in a big way, for sports—football, tennis, baseball, swimming—which undoubtedly accounts for the 180 muscular pounds.

"I was going to be a doctor," Byron told me. "There are a lot of doctors in my family and I was looking forward to being one of them. In addition, the idea of entering medicine interested me because I was—and am—something of a health nut anyhow. Yogurt, you know," he laughed, "and all that. I never eat between meals. Don't smoke. Seldom, if ever, take a drink, in fact. I can't enjoy anything, however pleasant, if it's over-indulged."

"As I began to grow up, however, my second choice was to be a radio announcer . . . since I figured I'd get to watch base-



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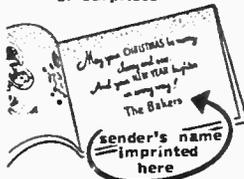
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ball, see all those games, maybe meet Red Barber, Mel Allen, my childhood heroes." The war, in an inverse way, helped Byron become what he is today. Like all fellows of his age, he was inducted into the Army right after high school. After he was discharged, he wanted to stay in Europe, where he had served most of his time with the 260th Combat Engineers.

"So I started working with the Armed Forces Radio Service and with the Voice of America," Byron said, "announcing news and narrating. I liked it. And I loved Europe. As a boy, I always knew I would go to Europe, would live in Austria, in Vienna—and this, happily, is what I did. For two and a half years, off and on, I studied Freudian psychology at the University of Vienna, English literature and American history at the university in Shrivensham, England. Between courses, I used to broadcast quite a bit . . . the Salzburg Festivals, for instance, news events and so on."

In Europe, too, in dreamy Vienna, Byron fell in love. And became engaged to an American girl. The story has its comic as well as romantic aspects.

"With Iris Gabriel—who was so active in working for Wendell Willkie's One World—as chaperone," said Byron, "the girl and I motored from Vienna to Rome, by way of Berne, Geneva, Milan, Florence, Capri and other beauty spots. Iris left us in Rome, from which my fiancée and I were to return to Vienna the next day. But the next day I was taken violently ill with—of all unlovely ailments for a young man in love—yellow jaundice! We nevertheless started out, with her at the wheel and me stretched out on the back seat under wraps. En route, we stopped at a service station where, while we were having the tank filled, the tires checked, I went into the men's room. When I came out, my fiancée was gone! Girl, car and all, gone!

"I hadn't a lira in my pocket, since she was taking charge of my wallet for me. I had no means, therefore, of getting back to Rome, let alone on to Vienna. Nor even the wherewithal to make a phone call. I didn't speak a word of Italian. In that small hill town, near Florence, no one, I could be sure, spoke a word of English. The worst thing in the world for anyone with jaundice is to get wrought-up, excited. The 'worst thing' was sure happening to me when, about an hour later, the car reappeared, with my fiancée at the wheel. Busy with getting the car serviced, she hadn't realized I'd left it . . . so, immediately the job was done, she'd climbed in, stepped on the gas and was off!

"A can of orange juice may have been responsible for saving my sanity, if not my life . . . for, some fifty miles away, one of the tins fell off the back seat, making a clatter. She called back, suggesting I'd better pick it up. No answer. She called again. No answer. She looked back, thought the blanket roll suspiciously flat, investigated, and—stepped on the gas again!

"I think I was in love with her," Byron said, reflectively, "even though it somehow didn't last for either of us. . . . No, the Episode of the Missing Roadster had nothing to do with it. Who knows what has to do with love, either its coming or its going? She's now happily married, has two children and lives in Jersey. I've never been married. I hope to be . . . but to whom—and when—is, as of now, something written in my lucky stars!"

Upon his return to the States, Byron's plan was to go down to Charlotte, North Carolina, where a TV job as newscaster, announcer—"that sort of thing"—awaited him.

Byron never got down to Charlotte. "What happened was," he said, "that my

manager sent me to Warner Brothers here in New York, to see about testing for a movie role, and they sent me to Joe Abeles, a theatrical photographer—and the best—to have some pictures made. And Joe sent me to Maynard Morris at MCA. Among the MCA clients Maynard handles are Gregory Peck, Gene Tierney, a string of fame-names."

At MCA, young Mr. Sanders, still damp behind the ears in terms of experience, played it pretty smart.

"You get in to see a big agent once through contact or influence," Byron said, "but you may very well never get in to see him again . . . so the trick is not to let your golden moment pass you by. Before I went in, therefore, I memorized a five-minute thing, a scene from 'The Moon Is Blue,' so that when Maynard said 'Like to have you read for me sometime'—the typical brush-off—I quickly said, 'Why not now?' And I did. MCA signed me, and I've been working with them ever since.

"In the two years I've been in New York, I've been acting on television, have understudied on Broadway and done quite a bit of summer stock. My TV credits include *Danger*, *Robert Montgomery Presents*, *Hall Of Fame*, *Kraft Theater*, *Big Story*, and others. I've also done miscellaneous off-Broadway parts—very off-Broadway, indeed," Byron laughed, "such as scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet' and the part Montgomery Clift played in the Paramount film, 'The Heiress,' both of which I did at Finch College, in New York City. It tied me up for a month and the pay was \$50 for 'The Heiress,' an additional \$20 for 'Romeo and Juliet'!

"The money didn't matter," Byron said. "Concerning money, my attitude is that you should concentrate on doing the job . . . and, if you're any good at all, the money will follow. If a part offers me nothing, I want—I'll admit—more money. If a part challenges me, and I can learn something from it, I'll take less. Much less. Such as the role in 'The Heiress,' a very difficult and intricate one. And, of course, Romeo.

But even though, until *Portia Faces Life*, the parts I played were neither consistent, very well paying—nor, in some instances, satisfying—I was happy doing them. This brings me to happiness, which is our 'theme song' . . . what it is, and why I have it. Among the reasons—and there are more than one—is that you find so many prejudices and bigotries in life and one of the few places you can find purity of thought is in the arts. As a doctor, I would have been dedicated to the saving of human life. As an actor, I am dedicated to the interpreting of life. Dedication to whatever you may be doing is, in my opinion, the only real and lasting happiness.

"Happiness is actually an attitude of mind, you know, rather than a series of happy experiences. In some people there is a tendency to see the black side of everything; in others, a tendency to see the bright and sunny side, even when their special sun is not shining!

"I know that happiness is an attitude, from personal experience. As for instance, before I came to New York, with every job I ever had, people commended me, patted me on the back, and always wanted me to stay. In New York, I've been rebuffed, rebuked and rejected: I wasn't 'the type.' Didn't have 'enough experience.' At first, I took it personally. But not for long. You can't be that way, I soon realized, in this business. You can't be that way, period. What makes people unhappy is not losing faith in the world, and in others, but losing faith in themselves. The minute you lose faith in yourself, you're an unhappy person. If you have faith in yourself, it is impossible to be unhappy.

"I have that faith in spite of the fact that I fail now and then in the parts I play.

"Once, for example, I was doing the part of a young boxer on TV. In the love scene I played with the girl, it was the almost unanimous opinion, after the telecast, that the scene just didn't come off. Analyzing why it hadn't, we came to the conclusion that I'd played the emotion as written in the script . . . rather than focusing on the girl—and the situation—and letting the emotion happen.

"You actually learn more from a failure than from a success . . . because, after a failure, you probe. That's why success is built on failures—'Success is founded,' some wise man is quoted as saying, 'on a million failures.'

"And so, although I certainly do not court failures in my work," Byron laughed, "they do not make me unhappy or diminish my faith in myself. I take them simply as lessons learned, as stepping stones to eventual success.

"I'm now studying the drama with dramatic coach Herbert Berghof, a well-established actor who also teaches. Most of the credit for getting me on the right track in acting is his . . . such as, for instance, how *not* to play an emotion. How *not* to be a rubber stamp of a character. For instance, I try not to make Morgan Elliott just a tintype of what a villain should be. Instead, my attitude is that what I am doing as Morgan Elliott is entirely right; that I have a legitimate business here—outside the law, perhaps, but just ever so slightly. . . . My most successful things," Byron added, "have been young villains. Off-beat casting, seems like, but there it is. What Freud would have to say about this, I think I know, but," Byron laughed, after whispering in my ear, "don't quote me!"

"Happiness is also to be found, of course, in the things you like to do and to have . . . in your way of life and how well your life fits you, so to speak.

"Mine fits me," Byron laughed again, "as if custom-made for me. I have what I think is an attractive and rather unusual apartment here in New York. One side of the long living room is covered, floor to ceiling, with books. Most of them have

been read, too! The other side is covered with a collection of records, including every major symphony, complete. And almost every opera. Also a large number of the major ballet works. Chamber music. And a chronological collection of popular music from 1917 on. . . .

"In my leisure time, playing records, adding to my collection with care, and reading give me a lot of pleasure.

"Occasionally, during the summer, I go to Jones Beach, spend the day in the sun and the water. I'm usually casual about dating . . . two or three times a week, perhaps, then not again for two months—and rarely on Saturday nights. I have a genuine allergy to public places on Saturday nights, or any time during the weekend.

"Now and then, I have people in. Leslie and Monica Boyer Neilson. Bert Brazier and his wife. Jack Cassidy and his wife, Evelyn Ward. If I'm entertaining at supper, I do the cooking. I like to cook . . . started cooking in order to cut down the expense—also the nuisance value—of eating in restaurants.

"But I'm happiest of all when I'm working. When a performer is working, he's creating. I also have a prodding desire to get established in this profession of my second choice—which has become my first and only choice. But whether in radio, TV or the movies doesn't much matter. Once I am established, the legitimate stage is my goal . . . as it is the goal, I think, of every actor.

"In the meantime, I'm learning. And learning is happiness—the kind that grows. I'm learning that, when you're given a part to play, you say, 'I know what I want,' and go about pursuing that . . . and, when you do, what you've been given to say in the part, the lines in the script, take care of themselves.

"I'm learning that a writer and a director give you the foundation and the framework . . . but that you, the actor, *have to put the light in the house.*

"You also, I think, have to put the light in the house in which you live. In your private life, I mean. When you do, you are happy. You are as completely happy—" Byron said, and sincerely meant it—"as I am."

## The Girl Who Gave Away \$3,000,000!

(Continued from page 52)

house, is of modern design, striking and distinctive. Together, mistress and house make quite a picture.

"And, of course, Jan makes it a talking picture," her engineer-husband, Bill Dunlop, teases. "Jan is loaded with brains and always has new ideas—good ones, too."

Jan, no engineer, had as much to do with the building and planning of the house as Bill did. It is a work of art, created with loving imagination and skill. Once started, neither Bill nor Jan would compromise. The walls, for example, are nineteen inches thick, made of such imperishable materials as marble, quarry stone and eternal cypress.

"Maybe it sounds crazy to build a house to last forever," Jan says, "but not to us. I know I got the feeling for it, living in Europe and visiting homes of both rich and poor which had stood for centuries."

To them, the house is a symbol of a way and kind of life, of honesty, of faith, of nature. They were discussing homes before they were even engaged.

Bill Dunlop, who towers a foot over Jan, recalls his feelings the first time he met Janice.

"It was love at first sight," he says, "but

it was like falling in love with the Hope diamond. I never thought she could be mine."

The odd part of it was that Jan, too, says her attraction to Bill was instantaneous. She had no idea of what he was thinking of her.

"She was a glamorous gal with brains," Bill says, "and this I never expected to have. One or the other, brains or beauty, but not both."

To this day, Bill remains quite impressed with Jan's many talents. He notes that she is an accomplished actress, excellent artist and sculptor. In planning the house, she drew up the complete diagrams for the electrical wiring—and, during the building, one plumber quit because she knew more about plumbing than he did!

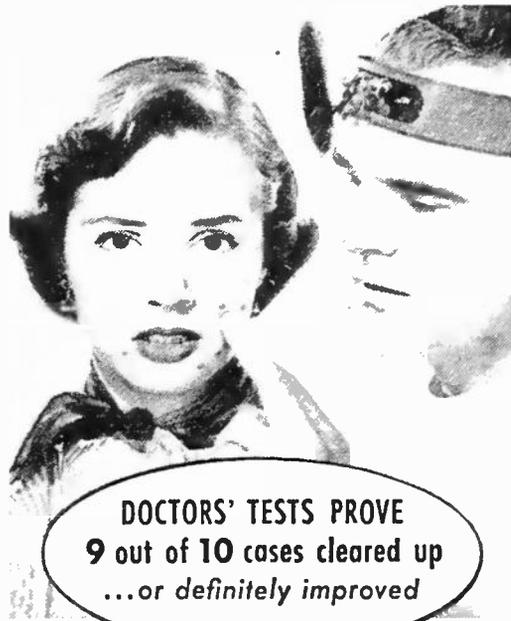
"She knows so much and is so wise that I think she must be at least five or six hundred years old," says Bill.

Jan, however, has a birth certificate to prove she was born in this century in the City of New York. Her parents moved South shortly after her birth, and the early years of her life were spent in Sebring, Florida. She was eight and a half when the family moved back North and, very shortly thereafter, she became a profes-

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sional actress by pure accident. "It was a Sunday afternoon, and my mother had tickets to several radio shows," Jan recalls. "We got to one studio too early and sat down to watch the rehearsal, then some actors came over and said hello." They were intrigued by the cute little girl and her big Southern accent. "I told them I wanted to be an actress," Jan recalls, "but what little girl doesn't?" A small miracle happened that afternoon. A child actress, who had been hired for her Southern dialect, didn't show up. There was Jan, with her very ripe and very authentic accent. They tried her in the part and she did so well that she went on the air that very afternoon. That was the beginning of a busy career which has continued from that day.

There is probably no radio and TV serial and dramatic show in which Jan hasn't played. Her earliest starring role was as *Little Orphan Annie*. She entered Professional Children's School. Her I.Q. was in the "genius class," and she was graduated from high school before she was fourteen. She was moving so fast that, in 1946—before she had even reached legal voting age—she "retired." "The retirement came about as a result of a conflict," she says.

At that time, Jan was doing ten to thirteen different shows a day. Matter of fact, she was doing *Hilltop House* even then, in the part of Jean Adair. The conflict, however, was between *Light Of The World* and *Aunt Jenny*. The former was on from 2:00 to 2:15 P.M., originating from NBC at Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street. The latter began at 2:15 P.M., in CBS studios on Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street. Janice had two and three-quarter minutes to get from the NBC to the CBS studios. The horizontal distance was approximately four city blocks, and the vertical distance some twenty floors.

"I had elevators waiting for me," Jan remembers. "I couldn't take a cab, though, for they always get tied up in traffic—so I ran, and I think I set some kind of a record!"

Jan at the time was engaged in the lead of an *Aunt Jenny* story which ran four months and so she was running, week after week. One cold day, she made the sprint in a driving rain. The next morning, she had a strep throat and a 104° temperature. She continued to work until they sent around an ambulance and took her to a hospital. The doctor told her to take a real vacation.

"I went to Europe for three months," she says, "and I stayed two and a half years."

She fell in love with the Continent. Art had been one of her chief interests for years, so she found herself spending whole weeks in art galleries. She was engrossed in the study of European architecture and archaeology. She was stimulated by European culture. It took two and a half years for radio producers to lure her home and then she came of her own accord.

"I was simply homesick," she says. She was followed back by an Englishman who had fallen in love with her. That was how she met Bill Dunlop, for both Bill and Jack—her English admirer—were expert bridge players.

"I went to a bridge club to watch Jack play, and Bill was among the onlookers. We had mutual friends and were introduced. We were both in love immediately, but we didn't have a date for weeks."

"I thought Jack was her sole interest," Bill explains. Finally, he decided to take a chance and phone anyway. "I was startled at how easily the date was made."

It wasn't so easy thereafter, for the competition between Jack and Bill was rather fierce.

"It wasn't funny then," Janice says, "only now, when you look back on it."

Both men, as national experts in bridge, were teaching her how to play. When you teach, you must criticize mistakes. However, if Jack would correct Jan, Bill would take her side and vice versa.

"It was idiotic," she says. "Bridge is a science, a question of mathematics. A mistake is a mistake and, if it hadn't been for me, they would have been in agreement."

Soon Bill and Jan found they were talking about architecture in general and then about houses in particular. Jan told about the kind of homes she'd admired in Europe. Bill, as a construction engineer, had traveled all over the world, including the tropic and arctic regions. They had, although traveling separately, come to the same conclusion. They wanted a home built in a kind of wilderness, to be part of the natural environment and to have the kind of permanence that was to be found in a European home.

"That's the tip-off," Jan says. "When a boy and girl begin to discuss houses, you can be sure that subconsciously they are thinking of marriage."

"So I did something rather obvious," Bill says. "I gave Jan my right arm."

Almost literally, he did. Bill had been sculpturing in wood as a hobby, so, along with an engagement ring, he gave Jan a carving of his right hand. That was in the summer of 1950, and they began spending weekends studying the countryside for a likely place to build a home. By November, when they married, Bill and Jan thought they had found the site.

"There was a brook, and a rise for the house, and so many trees that it took us nearly two hours to go fifteen hundred feet—the distance from the road to our rise."

They bought nineteen-and-a-half acres and went back to their New York apartment to make their plans. They decided it would be built of natural materials. The colors would be deep, natural fall colors. It would not be ornate, but simple and beautiful in its simplicity.

"Then Bill actually made a five-foot model of the house, and he made figures of the two of us to scale," she says. "It was a good idea, for we found things that would be too low for Bill and also places where we could allow for storage space and so forth."

Shortly after their marriage, they learned that there had been a slight miscalculation made by the realtor who sold them their twenty acres. The land did not include all of the top of the rise where they planned to build the house. As a matter of fact, the way the property was divided, two different people would own slices of their living room.

"The first owner sold us the property immediately," Jan says. "The second was a hold-out."

He was a chicken farmer and he wasn't interested in selling, for he liked to hunt and therefore didn't intend to part with a foot of his land.

"You can hunt right up to our back door," Jan told him.

He still wouldn't give in. She and Bill called on him frequently and tried to get friendly with him, his wife, his dogs and his chickens, but they couldn't break him down.

"One day, we needed a dog on *Break The Bank* and so I called up the farmer. He was delighted at the idea of going to the telecast and having his dog on the show. He had so much fun that night that he agreed afterwards to sell us the acre we needed so badly."

In April of 1951, five months after they were married, Bill and Jan drove out to their property. There was a pile of boards

on the side of the road that Bill had ordered from the lumberyard. They carried the lumber back to the rise and, by the end of the day, Bill had erected a hut, eight by eight feet. They moved in two cots and, from that day until their first bedroom was finished in November, they lived in the hut.

During those nine months, Jan and Bill were usually up at four-thirty A.M. to get out the house plans and get materials organized for the workmen. Jan and Bill were their own foremen, and there was no type of physical labor they didn't take part in: the cutting of marble, laying of rocks and joining, masonry in the fireplace, carpentry, electrical wiring, plumbing, impregnating of lumber, landscaping, and a million other things.

"Many days, we didn't have our first meal until nine-thirty at night," Bill says. "That, of course, was cooked over an open fire."

Jan continued her radio work and video work.

"The gowns I wear on *Break The Bank* are designed by Frank Perullo of David Hart, and I've always been so proud of them," she says. "But, you know, I used to get in and out of them under the trees for there wasn't any room to dress in the hut. Matter of fact, our only mirror was hung on an oak."

On many a chilly night, she suffered from goose pimples for the sake of an evening gown on TV, but she seldom bothered to dress for radio shows. She went into the city in denims and moccasins, looking a little wild.

In November of that year, they moved into their new house. It wasn't finished. The windows had no glass and there was sawdust all over the floor.

"But it was wonderful," Jan says. "It was a really great feeling."

In the past year, the house has really been finished and it is quite an achievement.

The home is completely hidden from the macadam country road. Visitors turn off through a stone gate, cut through some trees—and stop for an instant. Over at the left is a half-acre of vegetable garden which Jan attends herself. To the right is a swimming pool, and at the top of the landscaped rise is the handsome, modern house.

"The brook runs into the pool," Jan says. "We had it dug in one day, and I sat on this back hoe from eight A.M. until six P.M. so we would get a nice free-form rather than an uninspired rectangular pool."

The pool is seventy-one feet long and fifty feet wide at its most distant points. Bill and Jan cemented the bottom and covered it with dead white sand imported from the Borax basin. They have laid stones along the side of the pool for beach chairs and a table.

"Now look up at the house," says Jan.

The house is about two hundred feet away, at the top of the slope. All the terracing was done by Bill, including the rock-sided banks made of boulders.

The pillars on the terrace of the house are hand-hewn, long-leaf yellow pines. The cement floor is studded with cross-sections of the trunks of trees that were cleared to build the house. On the side porch is a huge charcoal barbecue. There are tables and chairs made of hickory and redwood.

The living room is 30 x 32 feet. The fireplace is 16 x 11 feet—so large that the house was built around it. The stones are all different and come from quarries all over the country. Jan herself fitted and directed the placing of the stones in the hearth as she did on the outside walls of the home.

The floor is quartered oak of random widths, pegged rather than nailed. The beams which stretch across the living room ceiling actually hold up the house. The ceiling in the living room, as well as that in the kitchen, is made of asbestos shot on with a spray. It makes an electro-static surface which repels grease and dust, besides being fireproof and soundproof.

The furniture is dark, lustrous chestnut, and even the dining chairs are so heavy that it takes a man to lift them. The room is spacious, of course, and two curved sofas face the picture window which looks down the rise to the pool.

"Now let me show you where I make Bill his six-and-a-half-inch-high popovers," Jan says. "The kitchen combines the best features of new and old. That means a lot of space as well as convenience."

It is big and square, with the never-get-dirty ceiling and walls of plastic which wash easily. There is counter space on all four sides of the kitchen, with the automatic dishwasher—and everything else that is automatic and electric—built right into the cabinets. There is a breakfast nook and, opposite that, the deep freezer.

The oak-panelled bedroom has huge closets with sliding doors and a tremendous bed for Bill's extra length. On the opposite side of the house is a corresponding room which is their studio. Bill sculpts there, and Jan paints and works in ceramics. Across from the studio is a small guest room.

"There are five doors to the house," Jan says, "but I don't know which is front or back."

Even the bathroom has received permanent treatment. It has copper-colored Carrera glass panelling made to last many lifetimes.

There are many other unusual and distinctive details in the home that Bill and Jan built: the electro-statically treated shades made of translucent plastic, the ceilings decorated so that they seem three-dimensional, the wide expanses of glass which bring the outside environment into the house, the handsomely grained furniture.

Some of it may sound extravagant, but it really isn't—for there is nothing in the house of transitory value. Everything can be used over and over again," Jan says. "We 'broke our bank' building, and actually put every cent into the house, since we don't buy clothes, sport cars, or boats, and we don't go out to night clubs." Jan grins and adds, "I couldn't honestly recommend to friends that they build their own home, after our own experience, because it gets rather gruelling and punishing at times. Sometimes I think maybe we've given this house the best years of our lives. But maybe that's why we love it so much. It's a new house, and yet we've already accumulated what seems like a lifetime of memories about it."

They look down the slope and remember the artificial swamp created by a rain before the culverts were in and how two trucks and bulldozers sank and Bill had to unload marble piece by piece. And Bill can remember Jan coming back from a telecast in a tulle evening gown and wearing gold slippers. So she wouldn't ruin her clothes, he had to carry her across the swamp and up to the little hut. There is hardly a stone or board in the house that doesn't mean something to them. And right by the side porch is the first valentine Bill gave Jan in their "eternal house." It is a flower garden about twenty feet long, shaped by rocks into the figure of a heart.

"That's practically an eternal valentine," Bill says. "Those rocks should stay there forever, as long as no one moves them."

"I'm not going to move them," says Jan.

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# Singing Her Way to Stardom

(Continued from page 39)

of her other shows. Her schedule goes like this: Monday, she rehearses three or four hours for her Tuesday-night show. Tuesday morning, she rehearses again from ten to twelve—when she goes on in *The Big Payoff*—then rehearses until show-time Tuesday night. On Wednesday, she gets to the studio at noon and, after the show, she goes over the songs for next week's *Big Payoff*. After that, she rehearses for her Thursday-night show. Thursday, she repeats Tuesday's schedule. Then, starting Friday afternoon at about four o'clock, she has a free weekend until Monday morning. In between times—at home, at night—she studies lyrics and dialogue.

"Dates and beaux?" Betty Ann laughs. "I have a beau you might consider 'steady.' Fortunately, he's in TV, so he understands how important rehearsals and studying are. We see each other on weekends, of course. And occasionally during the week. But if he were a nine-to-five stock broker or something, I know he'd get discouraged."

Betty Ann is also fortunate in having all the details of her home life solved for her. She and her mother, attractive Mrs. Mabel Grove, share an apartment in New York's Beekman Place section. Her mother cooks, takes care of the apartment, even walks Betty Ann's beloved dachshund Cyrano. "If it weren't for Mother, I don't think I could manage," the green-eyed singer says. "Why, I haven't even time to go shopping, much less marketing or anything like that."

To a lot of people, New York would seem like the last place in the world to spend the summer. But Betty Ann loves it then. "New York is a wonderful town when everyone is away," she claims. "Restaurants aren't crowded, taxis are easy to get, and I lead an air-conditioned life. I go from an air-conditioned bedroom to an air-conditioned restaurant and from there to an air-cooled studio. I'm probably more comfortable than my friends who are in the country. I don't mind it at all."

The air-conditioner in her bedroom is brand-new this year. And the room itself has been transformed from a bedroom into a sitting room. Betty Ann, who really likes to do things around the house, redecorated it herself. She separated the Hollywood twin beds, covered them with black quilted throws, made huge shocking-pink felt cushions, removed the carpeting and put black and white matting on the floor. "It looks dreamy, and I do all my entertaining there now."

Betty Ann and her mother have an ideal relationship. They each have their own group of friends, they each lead their own lives. But there is a great bond between them, and Betty Ann is always delighted when Mother will join her daughter's friends for an evening. Mrs. Grove has disproved the theory that New York is an unfriendly town. "Mother is so neighborly she has met most of the people in our building," says Betty Ann.

Mrs. Grove really acts as a sort of secretary for her busy daughter. The load of fan mail, the crowded appointment calendar, the cueing of dialogue are all duties she has taken on since she came to live with her daughter. Because Mrs. Grove had been a secretary in Boston, she brings a business-like touch to things. But she has an advantage which few secretaries have—for, when Betty Ann gets tense from working too hard, Mrs. Grove just picks up and goes to Boston for a visit. "It does us both good to be separated occasionally," she says wisely. "After

all, Betty Ann isn't a little girl any more. She's a big girl doing a big job, and she deserves to be treated as an adult—even by her own mother."

Betty Ann grew up with the fixed notion that she was going to be a dancer. She studied taps and high kicks, the sort of thing which Mitzi Mayfair and Eleanor Powell had done so well. For thirteen years, she was taught by a woman who still visits with Betty Ann when she comes to New York.

Now the trend has turned toward ballet and modern dancing, so Betty Ann is taking a refresher course—in addition to all the other things on her schedule. Of course, these days, it is her singing which is most important, and her dancing is incidental. But it is typical that she wants to do everything as well as she possibly can. She may do just a few steps in a production number, but she wants them to be right.

Although the little redhead's singing has been her passport to fame and top TV programs, she never expected to sing professionally. She always had sung, even as a tiny child, and she started her career singing with a "society orchestra" in Boston, and even did some night-club solos after that. But it wasn't until she hit Broadway that she took formal singing lessons.

Every youngster with an ounce of talent dreams of being "discovered." It was a scout for *Toast Of The Town* who made that dream come true for Betty Ann. Hearing her sing in a Boston hotel, the talent scout arranged for an audition with Ed Sullivan. That was the beginning. She came to New York and stayed here. In less than a year, she was "going steady" with TV.

Her first break came in the *Gulf Road Show*. Then—*Stop The Music*, with Bert Parks, which went on for three years. Incidentally, Betty Ann thinks Bert is just about tops. "He can do anything," she says. "I'd like to see him do his own musical show some time. He's loaded with talent." In this show, Betty Ann discovered she had a flair for comedy and used to love to dress up in comic costumes and mug her way through a song. "It was several years later, when I worked with Red Buttons and other top comics, that I realized my comedy technique wasn't quite as good as I had thought it was. I adore comedy parts and patter songs. But good comedy is an art you only learn by experience."

Although she loves comedy and gimmick-y songs, Betty Ann is delighted to be singing ballads and other romantic songs this summer. She believes that the audience gets to know you better when they see you in a serious mood. "Comedy songs don't let them see the real you," she explains.

Betty Ann's career in TV has been—to quote her—always two steps up and a half one back. "I've never had a meteoric rise," she says, smiling. "I've done big shows and little ones. And I don't mind at all, so long as I keep working. I have learned something from every job and every part I have had. Television has been awfully good to me, and I guess I'd rather work in it than any other medium." She has had her fling at the stage, too, for she took over Lisa Kirk's part in the Broadway production of "Kiss Me Kate." The theater interests her but, as she herself puts it, "My first love is TV."

Unlike a number of other TV stars, she likes to watch television. In the living room she shares with her mother is an enormous TV set. "I couldn't move that

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into my air-conditioned sitting room," she explains. "It would take ten men to carry it!" But she spends a lot of her spare time watching other performers, studying their timing, their techniques. "That's the way you learn," she says.

Down on Forty-seventh Street, where the theater is located in which *The Big Payoff* is produced, everyone seems to know Betty Ann as she walks along the street to and from the show. Shopkeepers come to the door and say "Hello, Betty," the newsdealer on the corner knows her. The atmosphere is that of a small town where everyone is acquainted with everybody else. An odd thing to find in the heart of Times Square, and a tribute to the wide-eyed candor and freshness of this girl who takes success in her stride.

"But it's fun to have people recognize you," she exclaims. "I never get tired of having someone rush up and say, 'Are you Betty Ann Grove?'" Maybe I will someday, when and if I ever get to be a really big star. But, right now, I'm just grateful."

What are this talent-packed dynamo's hopes and aspirations? "Well," she laughs engagingly, "right now, I'm too busy to see much beyond the present. I want to take things step by step and, when I get to the top, I want to be able to stay there because I have years of experience behind me. Look at Lucille Ball, Martha Raye, Jane Froman—they didn't shoot up overnight. They learned their business so that,

when the big breaks came, they knew how to use them."

It's hard to see anyone as pretty as Betty Ann and not wonder about marriage. And she's as honest about this as she is about everything else. "Of course I want to get married," she explains, "but I want to go on singing and acting, too. So I hope I will meet someone who will understand that. Because I believe it is possible to combine marriage and a career successfully."

But, right now, it isn't marriage she's worrying about. It's how she's going to find time to wash her hair twice a week during her heavy summer schedule. "And, believe me," she laughs, "if I don't do it twice a week, it looks as though I had on a stringy wig!" Betty Ann wears her red hair in a soft becoming "page boy" which curls under naturally. But she's still thrilled to death at the fact that, on Thursday, when she does the Jane Froman show, she has her very own hair-dresser.

"It's utterly fabulous," she cries. "Every other show I've worked on, I've crowded in with the rest of the kids to have my make-up and my hair done. I'm so impressed with having my hair done specially that I guess I'll have to hurry up and become a really big star."

If this talented girl keeps on working with the same enthusiasm and verve she has shown to date—it won't be long now, Betty Ann!

## The World on a String

(Continued from page 57)

the night to go to work."

When Cora Burlar, actress, married Bil Baird, puppeteer, sixteen years ago, she had only a faint idea of the kind of life she had joined. Instead of hunting for a cute country cottage or a comfortable apartment, husband Bil advertised for something as big as a gymnasium, located in Manhattan. They settled for a pair of stables with rooms overhead which, years before, had housed a coachman and his family. Prior to the arrival of the Bairds and their innocent puppets, the stables had been used as an alky cutting plant by gangster Dutch Schultz. And, before the living quarters could be made livable, eleven telephone installations—tools of the bookies—had to be ripped out of the walls.

"To get the story straight, though," says Bil, "you must note that Cora and I were brought together through sin."

They met in 1937. Both were taking part in the play, "The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus," an Orson Welles production. Bil had created seven puppets representing the Seven Deadly Sins, and Cora was the actress assigned to be the voice of several of the sins. Out of this "evil" conglomeration came love and a successful marriage.

"When we married, I still had determined to continue my career as an actress," says Cora. "A few months later, I was begging Bil to let me join his crew."

She hadn't allowed for the fascination of Bil's work. The former habitation of the underworld had been converted into a dazzling fairyland. She watched her imaginative husband and his crew designing and making puppets, creating skits. True, they worked long hours, but it was all gravy, all fun. They even had a jam session when they took their daily coffee break.

"Acting began to look pretty dull," Cora says, "so I asked if I couldn't pull a couple of strings. After all, the boss man was my husband."

The boss man said no. The boss man,

then and now, takes his marionettes seriously. Puppetry is an art, and Bil Baird is the foremost puppeteer of our day. His career began at the age of seven in Nebraska when his father, a chemical engineer, made Bil a puppet. Bil's enthusiasm never flagged from that day. He carried it with him through the University of Iowa, the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, a junket around Europe, and a period on the staff of the master puppeteer, Tony Sarg. So Bil was not too keen about his wife stringing along—with no experience—but he didn't reckon on the persuasive power of a young bride.

"He was taking a new show to Philadelphia. I didn't like the idea of our being separated while he was there, and told him so," Cora recalls. "Bil said that, if I could learn to manipulate a marionette in three weeks, I could go along."

She nearly broke her back practicing with the marionette and, miraculously, made so much progress that she satisfied her perfectionist husband.

"Of course, it takes several years for a performer to become polished," Bil says, "but we let Cora join the club."

So, each morning, husband and wife slid down the bannister together into the workshop. A puppeteer, Cora learned, is a master of many trades: He must be an artist and designer to create new puppets; a wood carver, carpenter and machinist to make them; a writer, choreographer and musician to prepare skits; and an actor and performer to present the final product.

It would be wrong to intimate Cora was a complete neophyte. She was an accomplished actress and a dancer at the time. Her theatrical experience served her well and, in addition, she became choreographer for the group. And she proved to be a master of the culinary art.

The proof came out on their first Christmas as man and wife. It began when she and Bil sat down to address greeting cards and Cora inscribed on each card, "Open house, Christmas Day."

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"Are you kidding?" Bil asked, measuring the stack of cards with his eye. "Are you really asking everyone?"

"Most of them won't come," she said. "Most people stay home on Christmas."

But eighty-five showed up, and Cora proved her versatility by serving them all adequately. It was a fair initiation to what she could expect whenever they entertained thereafter. Today, they seldom have a party that doesn't wind up with three sittings, in spite of a large dining table. They may invite only a half-dozen friends, but word gets around that the Bairds are taking an evening off and their telepathic friends swarm in.

Their apartment is just about as fascinating as their workshop. Bil describes it as "an accumulation of living." Hanging from the ceilings, nailed to the walls, packed in corners and stuffed on shelves is an assortment of antiques, puppets, paintings, mobiles, masks, records, books, musical instruments—anything that has ever caught their fancy. Everything in one long room—which has been divided into living and dining areas—has been made by the Bairds. Such homemade items include chairs and sofas, a sea chest, a breakfront and a bass viol—just about everything but the organ and piano.

"We built all the furniture the first year we were married," Cora says. "It was supposed to be temporary."

"See those two nails sticking out of the bookcase," Bil notes. "For sixteen years, I've meant to counter-sink them."

An independent survey made by Cora recently showed sixty-five different musical instruments, all equally beloved by Bil. He plays them all. Some he has made himself. Some came from Cuba and Africa and Europe. He has a bagpipe given to him on a birthday by four friends, one of them Burl Ives. Bil favors the accordion and guitar and a pet piccolo which he carries in his pocket wherever he goes.

Among the assorted collection of everything is handsome two-year-old Peter. As you would expect, Peter is quite pleased at the variety of mechanisms, materials and shapes at his disposal.

"Amazingly, he has broken nothing of consequence," Cora says, "and, considering all the hazards, he has suffered nothing worse than one bloody lip."

The Bairds have taken Pete with them when they toured, and employ a baby sitter only when they are at work. As a result, his hours correspond to an adult's. He goes to sleep at nine and gets up about nine-thirty. Prior to the Bairds embarking on *The Morning Show*, he had breakfast with his parents. Now he meets them for lunch when he returns from the park.

His nursery is a small room with a table top set on blocks so that it can grow up with him. Toys are methodically scattered just as Pete likes them. There is a set of blocks which Bil made for him. On the wall is a sketch of an elephant by Tony Sarg. There is also a crayoned drawing of star puppet Charlemane, the lion, one of the winning drawings in a contest conducted for children.

"We had twelve thousand entries," Cora says, "and Bil has saved every one."

"I suppose one day I'll throw them out," Bil says. "Right now I don't have the heart, considering all the work the kids put into them."

"After the contest," Cora notes, "Bil walked around muttering, 'And we have only five hundred prizes to give out.' He was broken up because there wasn't a prize for every child."

While the Bairds' work on *The Morning Show* is for adults, they have many young fans, just as they had many adult enthusiasts when they did a program for children. And, although the skits are

usually humorous, Bil's respect for the dignity of man always dominates the show.

"You need a villain," Cora says, "but we have to watch Bil. After a while, he begins to make the villain three-dimensional and our Frankenstein monster goes sweet."

Bil and Cora encourage each other to criticize their individual work. They can do this, for they live in close harmony. They are so closely keyed to the same interests, in the home and their profession, that they are sometimes a little startled at the unintentional telepathy they practice. Bil may be thinking hard about a tune he wants to use, and suddenly Cora begins to sing it. Or Cora will stand at the head of the stairs on the verge of asking Bil to run upstairs for a minute. Bil is at least seventy-five feet away, separated by a thick wall and ceiling. Before Cora gets the words out of her mouth, Bil is shouting, "I'll be up in a minute."

While they enjoy privacy in thought transmission, Cora has found that they share almost everything else with the marionettes—including clothes.

"That was another novel twist in becoming the wife of a puppeteer," Cora says. "I learned that when I bought a new dress, Bil was more interested in the fabric than one normally expects of a husband."

The reason was that the puppets eventually inherit all of the Bairds' clothes. In their more stringent days, it was a matter of pure economy to purchase a garment with an eye to its future use.

"Recently, Bil was unable to find the exact cloth he needed to dress a kind of glamour-puss puppet," she tells. "Then I was caught in the workshop in a brand-new blouse." She grins and adds, "It was a case of literally giving the puppet the shirt off my back."

The Baird marionettes have played in "The Ziegfeld Follies" and "Flahooley," in the country's top night clubs, at Radio City Music Hall and the Roxy Theater, on more than a thousand TV programs—including many appearances on *Your Show Of Shows* and Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town*. Over the years, Bil has created a thousand different puppets, hundreds of which are stored away for future use. Additional characters are constantly being invented for *The Morning Show*.

"But the only really different thing about working on *The Morning Show* is the milkman hours," Bil says.

In the past, they seldom got to bed before two in the morning. Bil likes to read and also has hobbies. Only late at night has he had time for these interests.

"I remember when he began delving into astronomy," Cora says. "We were working in a night club, the Ruban Bleu. We didn't get home until four in the morning, and then Bil began making with the stars."

Cora admits she found this a little exasperating. But now, surprisingly, they have adjusted easily to rising at a time when once they were just retiring. Both swear that they haul out of bed in good humor. Cora gets up a few minutes earlier to get breakfast going. They are conversational at the table. They enjoy the drive to the studio, since the streets are nearly deserted. After the show, they stay on until noon rehearsing for the following day's program. They go back to the workshop to put in another five hours' work. They have dinner with little Pete and go to bed shortly after he does.

"It's a big day when you start that early in the morning," Bil says, "but I'd be lying if I said it was getting us down."

"The truth is we have so much fun," Cora adds, "that sometimes I think we are cheating."

As the man says, they've got the world on a string.

# How Lucky Can You Get?

(Continued from page 74)

vacation in Europe, but never hoped to get there this year, or next, or even the next! I can still hardly believe that I have feasted on the most fabulous spaghetti in a funny little café in Rome, breakfasted on heavenly croissants in the early morning hubbub of Paris, found the best chicken pilaff and Hungarian goulash in, of all places, London.

To begin at the beginning, I am a professional model and except for one flight to Puerto Rico to do a modeling job and a vacation trip to Nassau, I had never before been out of my native United States. I am twenty-two, have been married to a wonderful man for two years, and am a housewife as well as career girl. As I say, a trip to Europe was just some extra-special thing to be thought about in some extra-special future.

The whole thing happened so fast. Hundreds of photographs of models had been looked over, before Eunice and I were picked to be interviewed by the various people concerned with the filmed commercials for Spray Net. When the head of the model agency telephoned to say some people wanted to see me, she was more excited than I was. "They are considering taking a couple of girls to Europe," she said. "It would be a wonderful opportunity, so I hope you get it."

Even after I kept the appointment, I wasn't terribly excited. Eunice and I went together and, while they seemed to like us, nothing definite was said.

The interview had been on a Thursday. On Friday I was notified I had been chosen. So was Eunice. We were to leave for London, Rome and Paris the following weekend, to be gone about three weeks.

I rushed around madly. Had passport pictures taken, filled out blanks, had a doctor jab my arm with vaccine. Got my foreign driving licenses through the Automobile Association. All the time feeling a little sad about leaving Jack for three long weeks, although he was happy I was getting the wonderful chance and was being very sweet about the whole thing.

I sorted through my wardrobe, decided what to take, what needed freshening, what should be mended. Luckily, clothes weren't too much of a problem, because a model has to have a complete basic wardrobe in pretty good condition, even if she isn't contemplating a sudden trip to Europe any more than a tour of the moon. I was given a list of the scenes to be shot, to govern me in choosing the proper outfits. I had read enough about European travel to know that too much luggage is a nuisance for everyone concerned, so I studied my needs carefully and packed suits and blouses and skirts and sweaters, a formal, a warm all-purpose topcoat, and the minimum of underthings (in nylon, of course).

We were scheduled to leave Saturday afternoon at five, but through some mistake were told the flight had been postponed until next morning. Just before five, a call came saying the plane was on the runway and they would hold it if I came at once. This was impossible, as I was miles away from New York in our suburban apartment, getting ready to have dinner with Jack, and feeling sort of glad I wasn't going that night, after all! I think I was already getting a little homesick. Next morning, at eight, it happened. There, at the airport, was the great double-deck Stratocruiser. And only five of us to board it, the five who had been mistakenly told that the trip of the night before was postponed. What a thrill it was—like traveling in a private plane. There

were more crew than passengers.

We had luncheon with the captain. We learned many things about these huge transoceanic planes because we had the run of the plane and everyone had time to talk to us and to explain its workings. There are no words to describe the feeling of flying far out across an ocean, in a little universe of our own making, up there between sky and sea, chasing clouds, winging into the rising sun as we approached the coast.

We landed uneventfully and got to London around five in the morning. Eunice and I had cat-napped on the plane, so we took to our beds for a few hours but were up and out by eleven. It was a "bank holiday" in London, so we couldn't work—and who wanted to? The day was gorgeous, the streets and parks were thronged with people, and we could hardly wait to see and do everything. At the Tower of London, we had our first introduction to English pomp and ceremony, as we watched the guards in their brilliant regalia. (As the days went on, I began to "feel" the history of these wonderful English people and to understand better why they cling so staunchly to their tradition and customs.)

If all this sounds serious, we really weren't, except about our work. Looking back now, it seems to me that we laughed our way through London, Rome and Paris. Eunice is full of fun and has a simply terrific personality. The people from the advertising agency—Earle Ludgin and Company, of Chicago—who were taking care of everything, were wonderful. Wherever we went, in all three cities, technicians and others who were working on the films were waiting, often with wives or sisters or mothers, to tell us where to get the best shopping bargains, to take us to exciting little out-of-the-way restaurants to do everything they could to make our trip even more thrilling and gayer.

Although we couldn't work all the time, due to the vagaries of the weather, we always had to be prepared, so if the sun should come out we wouldn't lose the day. Consequently, our work and our sight-seeing were spread out over the week, which made it even more fun. The day I was filmed at the Tower of London, however, hardly comes under that heading. It was decided to get a certain view that is used on one of the famous series of postcards. The postcard picture had been taken from the top of a building across the way. So, nothing daunted, we took ours from the same spot, with me practically hanging off the roof. Seeing me in the film, you could hardly know that I was so precariously perched on the edge of a six-story building—with no hand rail, and the wind whipping by at twenty-five miles an hour—I hope I don't look as scared as I felt for a few minutes!

The day I drove past Buckingham Palace I was a little scared, too, since it was the first time I had driven British-fashion on what, in our country, would be the wrong side of the road. (And now I find that scene has been cut from the film.) When we shot a scene in Piccadilly Circus, such crowds gathered that we had to pretend we were through and partially pack up our things, and then sneak back later to finish. The Londoners are great fans, but such polite ones. Even polite fans, however, can get in the way of the cameras.

Speaking of politeness, I shall never forget the policeman who stopped us one day during London's heaviest rush-hour traffic. Our driver had turned around at an intersection, and for a moment had tied everything up. Unlike New York, no

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impatient horns began to blast our ears from behind. Unlike New York, the bobby in the middle of the street merely said, "I say there. Are you with us?"  
After six days in London, in which we crammed in practically everything that could be seen or done and managed to finish the film that showed me doing them, we flew on to Rome. Rome, the unforgettable. The city of St. Peter's, and of the Colosseum. (Which I first saw by night and which filled me with an awe that is still with me. I recommend to all newcomers to Rome that they stand as I did, in the dark, the sky overhead filled with mystery, and all around you the feeling that the centuries are rolling back. After that, you can return and see the Colosseum by day.)

The first things that struck me about Rome, by daylight, were the flower stands, the way we came upon lovely little fountains quite unexpectedly whenever we turned a corner—and the motor scooters. What fun they were! We rode them all over the city.

I think we saw more of Rome in a week than most tourists do in a month. Sometimes, while Eunice was working, I went shopping and sightseeing without her. We always had lunch at the same little café because, no matter what other place anyone suggested, we always decided that the spaghetti and pizza there were the best we had ever eaten, and what more could anyone ask? (I paid for all this by having to diet when I got home.)

It was in Rome that I saw Audrey Hepburn in "Roman Holiday," and "The Robe," both pictures dubbed in Italian, and a more perfect atmosphere for viewing them I can't imagine. And it was in Rome that I had an experience I shall never forget.

The Pope, who had been very ill, was making one of his rare appearances on his balcony, and as I stood with the waiting crowd I felt the great wave of excitement preceding his appearance and then the indescribable hush that came over the scene as we realized he was about to appear. I saw him very clearly as he came out and blessed the crowds below, stretching out as far as the eye could see, and I was touched by their reverence and affection.

There is something else about Rome I shall never forget, either, because this was such an amusing thing. It was our week-long effort to get buttered toast for our breakfast. The waiter would seem to understand the few words of Italian we had picked up. He would assure us each day that now, at last, he understood and tomorrow everything would be quite perfect. Tomorrow, however, the toast would again arrive unbuttered. Finally, on our last morning, with a great flourish and a great grin, he brought us a plate of beautifully browned and buttered toast, proud that at last he had understood this utterly strange request.

We left Rome reluctantly, hoping to go to Paris by train so we could see some of the countryside. We had been delayed a

little by the weather, which had been rather cloudy, so there wasn't time, but we forgot our disappointment when we flew over the Alps and I felt as if I could reach down and touch their peaks.

Paris, of course, was something quite special, very different from either London or Rome. I couldn't believe I was really walking its streets. We did the things all tourists do. We lunched at the Eiffel Tower restaurant, strolled through Montmartre and along the Seine, were sketched by an artist, marvelled at Notre Dame Cathedral, wandered through the beautiful avenues, the shops, the buildings, the parks, sat at the sidewalk cafés, saw some of the night life, visited the famous museums and galleries. Many of these things are recorded in the television film I made there.

It was in Paris that I rode a bicycle through the Place de la Concorde, weaving through the mad traffic during the rush hour, following the camera car. At the time, I wasn't at all sure I would ever survive to see it recorded on television. Everything you have ever read about Paris traffic and Parisian drivers is true!

Thinking back now, it seems to me that Parisian women are more like New York women in dress than the women of Rome or London. English women wear beautiful tweeds. The women in Rome are unutterably chic in their stunningly detailed suits and striking tailored outfits. But the Parisiennes dress with the greatest individuality, following nobody's pattern except their own. In Paris, as in New York, you see women in suits, in dresses, in slacks. Women who drape their scarves in ways to suit their own taste, who wear their hair as it suits them, and who probably dress only to suit the man in their lives and care little what anyone else does, beyond following the general trend of style.

All these are afterthoughts, however. I wasn't thinking them as we began the flight home, coming down only at Shannon Airport before heading into the long stretch to New York. I had a few mementos of my trip—two new charms for my bracelet, one the Eiffel Tower, the other the Dome of St. Peter's—and the lovely yellow wool coat I had bought on a shopping spree in Paris. I had some kid gloves, some of my favorite Paris perfume, and the presents I had been collecting for my family—my mother and father and sister. And a fine cashmere sweater for Jack.

I had wonderful memories, and a little sadness about leaving these foreign cities, mixed with my gladness at coming home. I thought about all the places I had not seen—the smaller cities and towns and the tiny villages, the open country. The people I didn't get a chance to know as well as I wanted to. And I vowed that someday I would go back and see it all.

Go back, did I say? When here I am, hardly believing that I was ever there the first time. Hardly believing that it ever could have happened to me, Joan Murray, who used to dream that someday she would go to Europe!

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# Home Comes First

(Continued from page 60)

"I accepted," says Betty. "I thought he was cute with his 'Hi, you-alls.' We went to the beach. On our way back to my parents' home in San Bernardino, we passed a roadside vegetable stand. Ernie stopped and bought some corn. I didn't know it was his favorite food. Nor did I know he expected me to cook it for him for dinner.

"The sad fact was that I didn't know how to cook! At my parents' home, he handed me the corn, saying, 'How about cooking up some dinner with this?' The corn was fresh and hard as a rock. I figured it'd take at least an hour to get it soft enough to eat!

"I politely went back into the kitchen and made some pot-rattling sounds. After a few seconds, I came out saying, 'You've only got another two hours on your pass. It looks like dinner'll take too long to prepare. Let's get some Chinese food on our way back to the base.' Poor Ford had that stricken 'but-I-love-corn' look on his face. However, he was too much of a gentleman to say no."

As a flying cadet at Victorville, Ernie was a spare-time rancher. He made friends with a near-by farmer and spent all of his free hours on the ranch, looking after the stock and tending the horses. But when he and Betty started courting, he began spending his free time at her parents' home in San Bernardino. "My folks fell in love with him," says Betty, "and he with them—because they let him sit around all day, eating!"

Ernie and Betty were married on September 18, 1942, in the San Bernardino Methodist Church. Still a cadet, Ernie borrowed \$150 from his farmer friend for the wedding. They settled near the air base in Victorville. A week after their marriage, Betty had the family down for dinner. "I cooked spaghetti," she says, "because Ford told me it was easy to prepare. It was. There were ten people for dinner—and I cooked a pound of spaghetti for each person! I didn't have enough pots to put it in! But we did have enough spaghetti for the whole air base! We girls have to learn these things."

As a young married couple, the Fords had housing problems. Their first place in Carlsbad, New Mexico—where Ernie was sent as an instructor, after receiving his commission—was a converted chicken coop. Later, they moved to a floating barge tied up in the near-by river. Says Ernie, "The barge had been a floating drive-in. It was a hot dog stand which catered to summer boaters.

"The first day I came back from the base, our house had a ten-degree list to starboard. Each night, before we went to bed, we had to bail her out and start the pumps. But we slept like babies—rocked by the gentle waves of the passing boats!

"Later, we lived in a motor court. Man, that was a palace, compared to the chicken coop and the barge. We ended up in a four-room house. During the housing shortage, that was really living!"

In November, 1945, Ernie received his discharge and he and Betty went to Bristol, Tennessee, where they visited for several months with his family. "Then, in February, 1946, we bought a '41 Plymouth," says Ernie, "and headed for California. I'd never been there before my Army hitch. After seeing California for the first time, I knew it was the place for me. With all that sunshine, I figured we could raise a whopping family!"

Ernie and Betty bought a house in San Bernardino on a G. I. loan, and he landed a job there as a combination disc jockey-

announcer at the local radio station. Shortly after that, Station KXLA in Pasadena offered him a better salary, and he and Betty moved to near-by Alhambra. Says Ernie about the KXLA job, "Boy, for a pea-picker from Tennessee, I was really comin' up in the world!"

KXLA was Ernie's big break. While there, he met Cliffie Stone. Ernie had never sung before but, when Cliffie heard Ernie's announcing voice, he signed him for his own Saturday-night program of Western music and persuaded Ernie to try his hand at singing. That's how "Tennessee" Ernie was born.

Ernie's first record for Capitol in 1950 was "Anticipation Blues"—an appropriate title, for Betty was then expecting their first baby. Ernie was on the road with the *Grand Ole Opry*, when Lee Gillette of Capitol called to tell him the news. Says Betty, "Lee called Ford in Nashville, where the *Grand Ole Opry* was playing. He told him he was the proud father of a baby boy. But, because the baby was early, Ford didn't believe him. He thought Lee was just telling him that as a gag, so he'd do a good job on the program. But, when the telegrams started raining down on him, he knew for sure he was a daddy!

"We were both home in California," says Betty, "when the second baby arrived. I had my babies real quick. Though this caught Ford away from home, the first time, it was great for me. The second time—for Brion's birth—Ford was at the hospital. He was downstairs in the waiting room when I called him on the hospital intercom system and told him he'd had another baby boy. He heard the baby bawl this time, so he knew for sure that it was no gag.

"We were married seven years," says Betty, "before our children were born. For us, I think, it was a good thing. Newlyweds have so many adjustments to make. As Ford says, 'Newlyweds must learn to gee and haw together.'"

After Buck and Brion were born, Betty and Ernie started looking for a family-type home. They looked for over a year. There was one spot, Friendly Hills, near Whittier, through which they drove at least once a week. True to its name, there were green hills covered with orange trees. And it was only thirty-minutes' driving-time from Hollywood, where Ernie now worked.

As the settlement developed, they watched every house go up. At the end of one year, they found a house which fulfilled their family-type dream. It was built like a ranch house; there was nearly an acre of land; and there was a gully in back which looked like a stream. They bought it as soon as it was finished, thinking that here was the place—"just temporary, mind you"—which would substitute for their dream ranch.

With Ernie's new television show on NBC-TV, his records, guest appearances, and his own CBS Radio show, you can be sure their dream ranch is not in the too-distant future. Today, when young Buck asks, "Daddy, when we goin'ta get the ranch, an' horses, an' things like that?" Daddy gets a faraway look in his eye.

Ranch means "family" to Ernie. Thinking of his own early childhood, he says, "Son, it won't be long now. Just as soon's we get a few more potatoes in the cellar. . . ."

And, with the dream in his eye, you can bet the family ranch is just over the hill. For Tennessee Ernie Ford, *home always comes first!*

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# Laughter to Share

(Continued from page 37)

every joke.

"The reason I like to have these heart-to-heart talks with the troops," he would say, "is that I want the officers to realize that we're all in the same boat—only I'm tired of doing all the rowing . . . Colonel Smith here tonight is a great friend of mine. There isn't anything he wouldn't do for me that I wouldn't do for him. And that's the way it's been for the past five years—we haven't done a damn thing for each other."

He was "Peck's Bad Boy," saying out loud—in front of the officers themselves—the things other G.I.'s could only dream of saying. He referred to the brass as "Scout Masters" and "Air Raid Wardens." He would squelch a noisy lieutenant with the remark: "A man with your I.Q. should have a low voice, too."

Jack wasn't trying to be insulting; he was merely trying to make the men laugh. If he talked about officers, it was because that was all the men out there knew—officers and homesickness. And, by giving vent to the gripes and groans the G.I.'s could never express themselves, he was making them laugh. What's more, the officers were laughing, as well.

"There's no rule," Jack found out, "that says a general can't be as lonely and unhappy as a pfc. I like to make the general laugh, too, even if he has to laugh at himself."

It was in New Caledonia, at a field hospital within sound of enemy guns, that a war correspondent saw the little troupe perform. He was so delighted with Jack's ability to make even this audience of sick and wounded men roar with laughter, that he wrote it up for a national magazine. Another break, for that's how the folks back home first learned of Jack Paar, the most popular entertainer in the Pacific.

"I have a hunch," the correspondent wrote, "that Jack is going to do pretty well in the land of the free. He's got more style than any six emcees I can name off-hand. He's been out there for two years getting himself washed in the blood and adding edge and temper to his humor, the kind of touch he never could have developed back home in Buffalo. He's got all that on the ball, but best of all he talks a language ten million other men have learned to talk in the past five years. And if some smart producer doesn't heed my words and grab him off in a hurry, I think

I'll take a piece of the guy myself."

Apparently, in 1946, Hollywood was filled with "smart producers." For, when Jack received his discharge, every studio offered him a contract—sight unseen. The article that had made him famous had not included any pictures. But there was a description: "He plays himself, straight . . . Paar's face, of course, is imperturbable. It's a good-looking baby face, and the rest of it is not in the least amused by what the mouth is saying. . . . He describes himself as an aging Donald O'Connor."

Actually, his civilian friends assured him, he didn't look like Donald O'Connor at all, but more like Robert Montgomery. A few of his better friends, however, insisted that he looked like Alan Ladd.

Jack can still remember the day he first presented himself at a Hollywood studio. He had spent his allotment check on a new blue suit. And then, because his mirror had revealed that he really did look like Alan Ladd—a little—he had invested in one of those dramatic trench coats. He can still see that studio executive, holding up his hands to frame his vision, as though studying Jack through the lens of a camera. Slowly, he looked the new threat to Alan Ladd up and down, then solemnly announced his verdict.

"Kay Kyser," he said, "but with warmth!"

"What a comedown!" Jack laughs. But that was only the beginning.

Signed to a Hollywood contract, he bought Marion a G.I.'s dream of what a postwar home should be. After all, they could afford it. By the time their daughter Randy was born, Jack had been at the studio for three years. Every week, he drew a handsome paycheck. Only—he never did a day's work. He went to a rival studio, signed a one-year contract, drew a weekly paycheck—but here, too, he never made a picture. Producers only thought of Jack as a war comic, and war pictures, they explained, were a drug on the market.

By the time war pictures were box-office again, Hollywood had forgotten that Jack had even been in the Army. He went to still another studio. The production chief said he looked too boyish for the roles they had at the time. The president of the same studio said he looked too old.

But, even during this highly compensated period of unemployment, Jack had

three good breaks. In 1947, he was Jack Benny's summer replacement on radio. He was signed for eighteen weeks, then Lucky Strike picked him up for an additional thirty-one. In 1950, he took over the radio program, *Take It Or Leave It*. And, finally—he appeared in a movie! He played Marilyn Monroe's boy friend in the film, "Love Nest."

Then followed a period of unemployment without compensation—one and a half years of it!

"I don't want to sound sad or maudlin about it," Jack says, "but it was tough, going. My money went. I lost my home—everything."

That's when he thought he was through at thirty-four. As it turned out, he was merely through with Hollywood.

"I found out," Jack admits it readily, "I'm not a great actor. I'm just a talker."

But as "just a talker," he had entertained the toughest audience in the world—the lonely, battle-weary G.I.'s of World War II. In hospitals and jungles, beaches and air strips, he had panicked over a million men on a ten-thousand mile circuit of the Pacific. He would come out on an improvised stage, calmly smoking a pipe. Casually, he would walk up to the mike. And suddenly, the stage would become his private parlor and the audience a bunch of old friends he had invited over to share a few laughs. It wasn't just talk. It was speaking the same lingo, being one of them, saying the things they could never express themselves.

Maybe the biggest break of all was the time in Hollywood when he couldn't get a break. Maybe he wasn't Robert Montgomery, maybe he wasn't Alan Ladd, but he was the one person in the world who could have done what Jack Paar did in the Army—"play himself, straight."

He had a hunch that TV might be something like that—a private parlor where he could ask over a bunch of friends to share a few laughs. His mission would still be "morale in the field," for his own troubles had made him realize how much the world needs the balance of laughter—in peacetime as in war. As a comic, he didn't mean to throw any pies about it. He didn't intend to squirt seltzer bottles. He just wanted to be himself—an average, normal guy—talking to all the other average, normal guys who switched on their TV sets, hoping to get a much needed laugh. He knew their lingo. He knew how to talk about the simple things, the true things that really make up life.

Jack went to New York. He told his story to CBS, and they shared his hunch, signing him to an exclusive long-term contract. He starred in their audience-participation show, *Bank On The Stars*. Last summer, he replaced Godfrey in his Friday-morning TV show and Robert Q. Lewis in his afternoon show. And today, at thirty-five, the man who was through at thirty-four is star of his own *Jack Paar Show*.

When he walks down the street these days, people often turn to stare, trying to place him. He looks so familiar, but no—it couldn't be that Jack Paar who's on TV—not with those conservative clothes, not with that businesslike briefcase. He stops in a novelty shop to buy a surprise for his daughter, he runs to catch the commuting train so he won't keep his wife waiting with dinner. No, it couldn't be Alan Ladd. He doesn't have a trench coat.

If Jack Paar looks so familiar these days, maybe it's because he looks so much like ourselves . . . because he is like us, knows what we want to laugh about—and why.



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