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TV RADIO MIRROR

APRIL, 1958

MIDWEST EDITION

VOL. 49, NO. 5

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Cover portrait of The Lennon Sisters courtesy of ABC-TV

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movies on TV

Showing this month

AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER (RKO): Touching domestic drama. When writer Victor Mature and wife Jean Simmons decide on divorce, regretful friends recall the couple's courtship and marriage.

BERLIN EXPRESS (RKO): Vigorous melodrama of Europe just after World War II. Set mostly on a Germany-bound train, the action involves American Robert Ryan, German scientist Paul Lukas and secretary Merle Oberon.

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO): Memorable acting by Katharine Hepburn and the late John Barrymore. As his daughter, she finds her happiness threatened by his fight with mental illness.

BOOMERANG (20th): Solid, excellently presented, fact-based. State's attorney Dana Andrews, convinced that Arthur Kennedy has been wrongly convicted of murder, campaigns to see justice done. Jane Wyatt is Dana's wife; Lee J. Cobb, police chief.

CLAUDIA (20th): Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young make an engaging pair as whimsical, childish wife and understanding husband, with Reginald Gardiner as a dashing neighbor. The fatal illness of her mother (Ina Claire) forces Dorothy to grow up.

I AM A FUGITIVE (Warners): Paul Muni gives one of his finest performances in the true story of a man who escapes a Southern chain gang and builds a new life, only to face a return to captivity.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (RKO): In a pleasingly sentimental fantasy, James Stewart is a "failure" who considers suicide, but is shown the value of his life. With Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore.

MOON IS DOWN, THE (20th): Strong, thoughtful close-up of Norway under Nazi occupation. Cedric Hardwicke is an intelligent yet ruthless German officer; Henry Travers, the quietly courageous mayor.

MORE THE MERRIER, THE (Columbia): Delightful comedy about Washington during the wartime shortage of housing and men. Government girl Jean Arthur rents part of her apartment to spirited old Charles Coburn, who takes in Joel McCrea as tenant.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE (20th): Handsome, lively Western of old Tombstone, with Wyatt Earp (Henry Fonda) and Doc Holliday (Victor Mature) confronting outlaws. Linda Darnell's a dance-hall gal.

ROYAL SCANDAL, A (20th): Saucy, sexy comedy casts Tallulah Bankhead as Russia's lusty Catherine the Great, eyeing young officer William Eythe. Vincent Price makes a suave French ambassador.

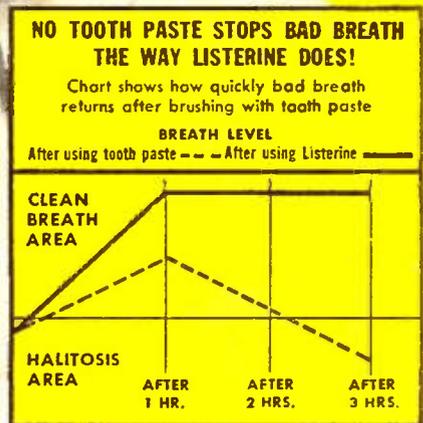
THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME (RKO): Model husband on TV, Robert Young effectively goes wrong in a well-made thriller. Rita Johnson is his rich, neglected wife; Susan Hayward, his luscious girl-friend.

VIGIL IN THE NIGHT (RKO): Serious study of the nursing profession shows that Carole Lombard could handle drama as well as farce. A dedicated nurse, she's loved by doctor Brian Aherne.

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Crosby Day at Pebble Beach



Playing of the 17th Annual Bing Crosby Golf Tournament was enlivened by the presence of Mrs. Bing. Here they are!



Kathy brings fashion, Bing the music to 17th Annual Crosby Golf Tournament.



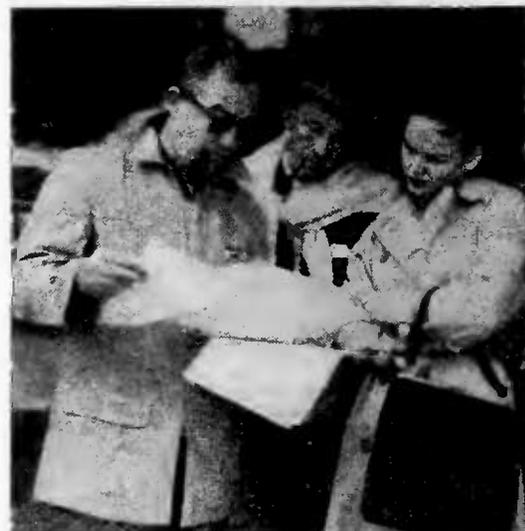
Lindsay and **Dennis Crosby** watch "amateurs" tee off with golf pros.



For "live" TV debut, **Kathy Grant Crosby** is made-up by **Bud Sweeney**.



Famed stars crowded the greens, but autograph fans wanted **Kathy**.



Producer Cecil Barker checks song and sport scores with the **Crosbys**.



Joining host Bing is John Daly, who flew from New York to emcee show—all of whose proceeds went to charities.



Women's angle on sports turns out to be fashion's curves. Breezes whipped less fitted costumes than "Miss Gold's."



Bing introduces "Straight Down the Middle," the Jimmy Van Heusen-Sammy Cahn song entry. Buddy Cole is at piano. Hear *The Ford Road Show Starring Bing Crosby*—CBS Radio, M-F, 7:20 A.M.; Sat., 5, 5:55 P.M.; Sun., 12:55, 2:55, 4:30, 5:55 P.M. EST.

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WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST



Hollywood's turning night-owl Walter Winchell into an early bird. On set of Paramount's "Kings Go Forth," he visits Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra.



Fisher and Sands dueted on TV. Eddie's proud of Debbie's work for Thaliens, but Tommy sees less and less of Mally Bee.



Debonair Dean Martin is a family man—and in a big way. From left to right, his home-grown fan club are Gail, Claudia, Deana, Gina (perched on mam Jeanne's lap), Ricci and Dina.

**For What's New On
The East Coast, See Page 12**

By BUD GOODE

Tommy Sands dueting less and less with singer Molly Bee and more with Connie Stevens. But everybody loves Tommy, whose "Sing Boy Sing" has 'em standing in lines. He made three high-school personal appearances in San Francisco recently and the kids, trying to keep him there, let the air out of his tires. Tommy spent an extra two and a half hours autographing, before press agent Mickey Freeman called a police car to race him to the second school.

Julie Van Zandt, one of *Zorro's* new leading ladies, has been dating Stuart Cramer, III, who is Jean Peters Hughes' ex. "But I don't want to get married," says Julie, "and I'm probably one of the few girls in town who feels that way." Certainly one of the few who would say "no" to rich Stu Cramer.

A gal who's said "yes" is Barbara Eden of *How To Marry A Millionaire*. On January 11, she wed Michael An-sara, "Cochise" of *Broken Arrow*. In TV

RADIO MIRROR's last story on Mike, he said he'd like to marry again, and added, "I will probably marry an actress." And Barbara, in an interview with the three lovelies of *How To Marry, Etc.*, was the only one who found actors eligible. Lori Nelson and Merry Anders turned up their pretty noses, but Barbara went so far as to admit, "I've met a couple of actors that I like."

Home before dark: Jack Linkletter, living with his new bride, Bobbie, in an apartment below the Sunset Strip, has found himself confused going home at night. Unconsciously, he has driven to his parents' Holmby Hills home, where he lived all of his 20 years. Meanwhile, back at the apartment, Jack has found the home cooking delicious. "Especially the fancy breakfasts," says he, "pancakes, eggs and sausages wrapped in bacon. Only thing wrong with it, I'm trying to reduce!"

New York, New York, it's a wonderful town to California-bred singer Alan Copeland. *Your Hit Parade* execs are

hoping to build a show around Alan soonest. Looks like a long time before Copeland sings "California, Here I Come."

Alice Lon excited over the news that oil has been discovered on the land adjoining her parents' Texas property. Alice has promised the Welk band a celebration trip to Texas if the oil gushes in. And Lawrence has teased Alice by saying, "How would you like to buy the band—every Texas oilman should have one."

Has success turned Jim Garner's head? Not a bit. He doesn't eat at swank Chasen's or Romanoff's—but when Jim and his family dine out they go to Studio City's little family-style DuPar's Restaurant. Last year, when Jim and his wife Lois were married, Jim's agent, Red Hershon, was best man. Recently, Jim returned the favor when he became best man at the El Rancho Vegas for Red's marriage to Esther Roberts, long-time secretary to Darryl F. Zanuck.



Three generations get into the act as son and dad (Danny) join Jerry Lewis.



Cheyenne's Clint Walker—who scoots off here with young Valerie and wife Lucille—yearns for a change of scene.

Casting: Molly Bee will be doing a Frank Sinatra show. . . . Peter Mamos goes to a running role as "Fuentes" in *Zorro*. . . . Pat Conway and his grandfather, Francis X. Bushman, will share roles in a future *Tombstone Territory*. . . . Look for Tommy Sands to star in a *Playhouse 90*. . . . Bill Bendix's daughter, Lorraine, will have a regular role on *Life Of Riley*.

Look for *Thin Man* format to change to a *Dragnet* type of documentary. Audiences apparently like their corpses dead, not laughing.

Night Owl Walter Winchell can be seen most every 7 A.M. on his Motion Picture Center set—even when he isn't shooting. Newspaperman Winchell has found TV production fascinating enough to get him out of bed at 6 A.M., the time he's used to turning in.

Horse laugh: Dinah Shore's husband, George Montgomery, bought a horse because he thought it would be good for the kids to become friendly with (Continued on page 79)

ADVICE ON
SKIN BLEMISHES
FROM

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

SHARON RIGGS, Senior, Eastmoore High School, Columbus, Ohio



Meet Sharon Riggs and a few of her young friends. Sharon is active and popular in school affairs, loves dancing and music. She is interested in modeling and photography. Sharon is going to Ohio State University in the fall. When you have so many things to do, so many places to go, don't let pimples spoil the fun . . .

Read what Sharon did: "Almost overnight, ugly blemishes appeared and ruined my complexion. I tried everything from cosmetics to so-called 'miracle' cures—but nothing seemed to work for me. Then I tried Clearasil and soon my skin was clear and smooth again."

Sharon Riggs

1272 Kenwick Rd., Columbus, Ohio

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Why Clearasil Works Fast: CLEARASIL's 'keratolytic' action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And CLEARASIL 'starves' pimples, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples.

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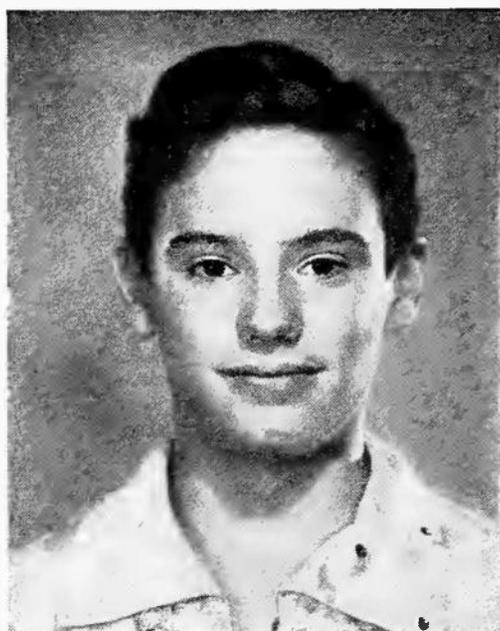
FACT 4: Nothing could be daintier than Tampax. So simple to insert, change, dispose of! Your fingers never need to touch it. And you never have carrying problems. *Think how much you could enjoy these benefits!*

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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women



Rex Thompson



Jo Van Fleet

Change of Perspective

I would like to know something about Mark Rydell, who plays Jeff Baker on As The World Turns.

D.C., Kailua, Hawaii

Mark Rydell is that rare actor who can really make the keyboard "sound" when a role calls for it. A Juilliard-trained pianist, New York-born Mark was playing the well-known jazz clubs, a few years back, when he suddenly realized that what he really wanted out of life was to act. As he explains it, "I hadn't started training early enough to hope I might be concert material, so all I could see ahead of me were those endless nights in smoke-filled rooms. It wasn't a very pretty perspective." . . . Mark went to the Neighborhood Playhouse, where he was taken in tow by Sanford Meisner. Before long, he was getting good reviews for his performance on Broadway in "Seagulls Over Sorrento" and for the film, "Crime in the Streets." He's also been in the off-Broadway hit, "Clerambard," and has an important running part as Jeff Baker in *As The World Turns*. . . . When there's time, Mark joins Meisner's Shakespeare Workshop, would love to do the classics professionally someday. At home in his large apartment overlooking the East River, bachelor Mark reads a great deal, has a special fondness for Thomas Wolfe.

An Actor's Life

Could you tell me something about Rex Thompson, who played the Prince on Show Of The Month's "Prince and the Pauper"?

R.K., Pasadena, Cal.

An accomplished actor at fourteen, handsome Rex Thompson makes his plans for

the future like any other teenager. On reaching his majority at 21, Rex wants to be . . . an actor! The New York-born boy began acting at seven. He hadn't been trained for the stage, but his actor dad, on his own intuition and the suggestion of a friend, took Rex to read for the producer of a projected Broadway musical. Rex ran away with the part of a runaway and, what's more, he's been steadily employed ever since. . . . He played the British boy in both Broadway and movie versions of "The King and I" and was Ty Power's son in "The Eddy Duchin Story." On TV, the youngster has played more dramatic roles than many a stage veteran—some 300 to date. They've ranged from the killer of his aunt on *Danger* to "David Copperfield" to the principal in "Great Expectations," for which he won the Yale University award as "outstanding juvenile actor." . . . Rex is unimpressed by all the awards that come his way. He lives with his parents and younger sister Victoria, 5, in New York, and goes to the Professional Children's School. For extras, Rex goes out for baseball and photography.

"Out of Character"

Would you please give me some information on Jo Van Fleet, who's seen on numerous TV dramas?

S.U., Springfield, Ill.

Academy Award winner Jo Van Fleet has been doing character parts since college days in Stockton, California. Jo explains that character parts are a greater challenge and simply "more fun." . . . Jo is now acclaimed as a foremost "method" actress. She was first encouraged by DeMarcus Brown at the College of the Pacific. He suggested she go East and try her luck on Broadway, but warned, "Don't count on getting to the top with less than

BOOTH



Ben Gazzara

ten years' experience." Jo gave herself three years in which to get at least a toe-hold on the boards or else quit and use her teaching certificate. Enrolling at Neighborhood Playhouse on a scholarship, she studied with Sanford Meisner and soon got her first "pro" experience in the road company of "Uncle Harry." . . . Within the prescribed decade, Jo had become one of Broadway's most heralded actresses, alternating her stage work with TV dramas. After winning both the Donaldson and the Antoinette Perry awards for her acting in "A Trip to Bountiful." Jo was tapped by Elia Kazan for the role of James Dean's mother in "East of Eden," for which she won her Oscar. She completed four more films and is now being seen on Broadway in the adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." . . . Married to dancer William Bales and mother of a nine-year-old son, Michael, Jo does a lot of commuting—between New York, Hollywood and Bennington College in Vermont, where Bill heads the Dance Department. "Out of character." Jo is a trim, good-looking blonde with a quick smile and forthright manner.

No Angry Young Man

Could you please give me some information about Ben Gazzara, who appeared on Playhouse 90?

D.K., Hingham, Mass.

It happens that Ben Gazzara is neither an "angry young man," a "Strange One." or a "Trouble Maker"—despite his usual roles. He is a young actor of talent who works hard at his craft and enters into no "deals" with producers that don't include such amenities, for example, as script approval. Ben says he has too much respect for the movies and TV to take just "anything that comes along." Among the ex-

cellent things he's done are the *Playhouse 90* production of "The Trouble Makers," under John Frankenheimer's direction, and "The Strange One," the movie version of the stage play. "End As a Man." . . . Born Biagio Gazzara, twenty-seven years ago, Ben was brought up in a tenement on New York's East Side. An actor at eleven for the Madison Square Boys' Club. Ben says he thought of this lapse from an admittedly tough existence as "more of a joke than anything else." Much later, after Ben had settled down to night classes at City College, he could recognize acting as the only career that would ever hold his interest. Having heard about the Drama Workshop at the New School, Ben applied, auditioned and got a scholarship, all in one day. Later on, at Actors' Studio, he worked on "End As a Man," which found a backer, went into production and had a Broadway run of four months. Ben was a hit, but he turned down a whole drawerful of tempting offers for work on two more Broadway "shockers," "Hatful of Rain" and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." . . . Five-foot-eleven and 165 pounds, Ben has black hair, hazel eyes, and a distinctive voice—described once as "a sort of cross between a purr and a growl"—which contrasts interestingly with a bright temperament. When in New York, Ben lives in a fourth-floor walk-up on the West Side, wants to save enough money to go to Europe where he, *quote*, "had a ball" last summer.

Calling All Fans

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

Official Basil Rathbone Fan Club, Doris deVasier, 1267 State, Bowling Green, Ky.

Patti's Partners (Patti Page), Rosemary Cahill, 119 East Main St., Macedon, N. Y.

Elvis Presley Fan Club, Irene Moodt, 336 East Walnut Ave., Painesville, Ohio.

Nomad, Junior-Grade

Would you please tell me something about Neil Wolfe? He co-stars as "Clint" on the Mickey Mouse Club series, "Clint and Mac."

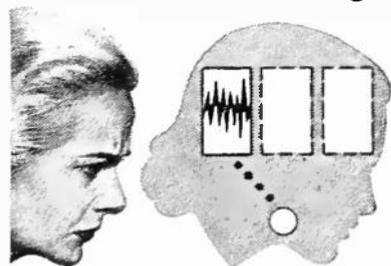
J.R.D., Wynnewood, Pa.

Young Neil Wolfe is a self-reliant sort, and that's a good thing! Periodically during his sixteen years, Neil has had to do without his parents. His dad is Colonel Yale Wolfe, who's seen service in practically every corner of the world. Neil has often gone along with the rest of the family. Sometimes, though, he has had to stay behind with relatives or in boarding schools. . . . But the latest separation can't be laid at the Army's door. The family was together in London when Neil was added to the Disney roster for the *Mickey Mouse Club* series, "Clint and Mac." Then his dad was transferred Stateside. That's when Neil decided to stay in London and do the Clint role. . . . Neil makes friends

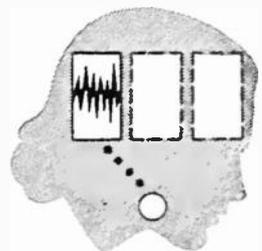
(Continued on page 81)

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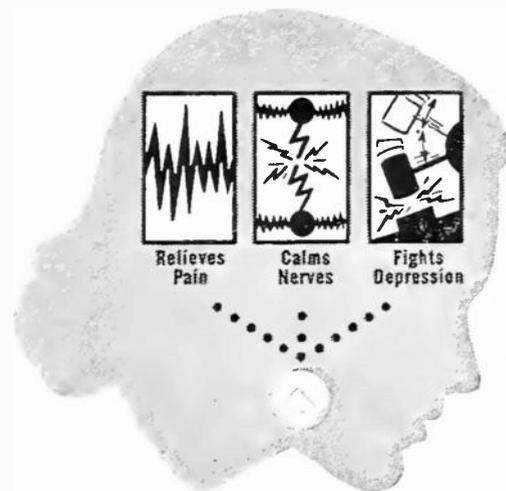
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the ingredients of ANACIN**

WHAT'S NEW ON THE EAST COAST



No time for dates, that's the blues Phyl (left) and Dot McGuire sing. Chris (right) is happily married.



Femcee Arlene Francis will move from daytime to night-time, as Hugh Downs did for *Jack Paar Show*.



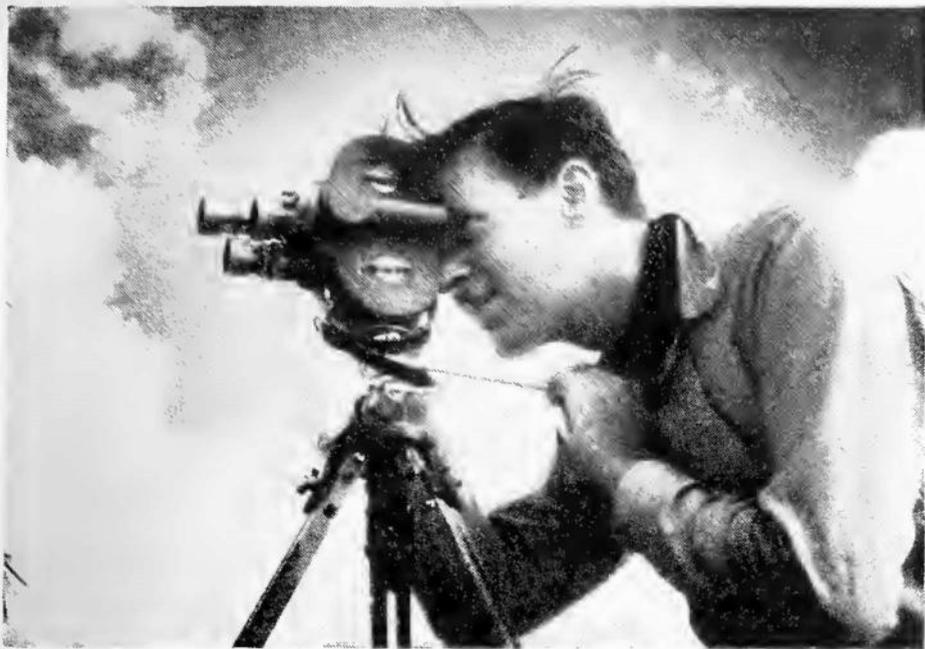
Rumors flew about a career for his wife. But Pat Boone explains the Shirley he'll TV-duet with is named Jones.

Sputterin' Sputniks: The big coup of next season, if a certain network swings it, will be securing services of Rosalind Russell for a TV spectacular. Until this moment, the behind-scenes maneuvering has been highly secret. . . . Former Miss America, Lee Meriwether, Garroway's ex-girl Friday turned TV actress, to marry actor Frank Aletter in June. . . . Jerry Lee Lewis has some seventy sport jackets. At least once a week he buys a new one. . . . High dramatic event of this month when Julie Harris makes rare TV appearance on *Hallmark* playhouse, March 24. She plays a deeply religious woman whose faith is shaken by death of brother and sweetheart during Irish rebellion. . . . In New York City, Sinatra's sponsor has requested that Frankie keep music at the maximum and dramatic shows to the minimum on his TV stanza. Extra special is the Slender Sender's new Capitol Album, "Come Fly With Me," a lyrical jaunt around the globe, with musical backing by Billy May. . . . After a year's separation, Jack Barry and his wife no closer to reconciliation. . . . Pat Boone tags the item as false that wife Shirley will record on her own. The news was criticized by some who figured she was about to ride in on his coat tails. Actually, Pat is against the idea and so is

Shirley. Although she has a good voice and experience (she's Red Foley's daughter), Shirley is kept quite busy at home with the kids, and confines her warbling to duets with Pat. Note, however, a happy melodic reunion on March 6, when Shirley Jones guests with Pat. . . . *U. S. Steel Hour* positively won't move to Hollywood. *Studio One's* transfer to the Coast hasn't been exactly a happy one. A Los Angeles columnist, so disgusted with quality of the Hollywood productions, headlined his pieces, "Studio One, Go Home!"

Star Bright: Judy Lewis, daughter of Loretta Young and producer Tom Lewis, landed her first firm acting contract after nearly a year of hard scratching about Manhattan. On NBC-TV's new *Kitty Foyle* show, she plays Molly Sharp, Kitty's roommate. Judy is five-six, a light brunette with green eyes and a happy resemblance to her famed mother. Says Judy, "I came down to New York right after Easter last year. Mother thought that I should be on my own. I had worked on production on her show for two years, but my secret ambition was to act." The only money she brought with her was what she'd saved from earnings. To make sav-

For What's New On The West Coast, See Page 8



Adventurer Quentin Keynes will narrate his *Bold Journeys*. The tall bachelor has been everywhere except down that marital aisle.



Elvis started it and Jerry Lee Lewis continues to prove it's clothes hounds who rock 'n' roll.



Quiz started her career. Now Tina Robin moves in the same circle as Tommy Sands.

ings stretch, she bunked in with girl friends and took odd jobs. Judy notes, "I don't say it hurts to be Loretta Young's daughter. It's wonderful to meet someone who says, 'I know your mother and love her.' Yet I still have to stand on my own feet. I don't get a job unless they think I can do it." It took her five months to land her first acting bit—a walk-on as a secretary for *Kraft Theater*. Then she did a commercial and a couple of little things on daytime serials. In the fall, her agent asked her to read for a Broadway show. He said, "They're looking for the Jayne Mansfield type." Judy said, "Who, me?" He said, "Go down, anyway." She got the part but the show folded out of town. She went to work in a publicity office, taking time off occasionally to read for new parts. "I was back in California for the holidays when the call came through from New York. What a wonderful Christmas gift." Her mother was pleased. Her advice, "Go ahead and act your heart out." Judy is completely enamored of her mother. "She gets prettier and prettier every day. She's unbelievable. I was away almost a year and got home to find her just as bouncy and young as ever. Some people think she must be sixty-nine. Actually, she is forty-five." Judy con-

cludes, "I used to ask mother, 'How can you enjoy acting, getting up at six-thirty in the morning?' Now that I'm doing it, I love it, too."

Quick Licks: CBS-TV's *Love Of Life* to half-hour, as *Hotel Cosmopolitan* collapses from low ratings. . . . Another victim, early April, *Court Of Last Resort*. . . . *Scott Island* star Barry Sullivan very attentive to ex-Miss Sweden, Gita Hall, model and actress, who's now using screen name Gita Hemingway. . . . Everly Brothers' new National Fan Club address: Box 216, Planetarium Station, New York 24, N. Y. . . . Hal March, who has three slippery slipped discs, doesn't chase off to the hospital anymore when he needs traction. He's installed traction equipment in his bedroom so he can suffer with all the comforts of home. . . . Hi-fi for low-guys: Decca has a dandy album for kids with twelve of the Lone Ranger's stories. . . . Another fine disc for youngsters is Bing Crosby's "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," a Golden Record LP with excellent, original music. . . . Liberace headed back for TV, but live. . . . Phyl and Dot, the unmarried McGuire Sisters, complain they have time for no more (Continued on page 88)

STARS in His Eyes

A real "fan," Bob McBride is pleased as popcorn to be hosting the movies on CKLW-TV



For Bob, every Sunday's an opening night as he hosts films that are making their first appearance on the home screens.



Theirs is a movie family. But Bob, Susan Lynn, Cindy and Carol Ann also enjoy games together and, below, music.



HORSE OPERAS may be a long and dusty ride from Stratford-on-Avon, but Bob McBride views it with equanimity. "Shakespeare's work may have been of a higher level than that of the average movie," Bob admits, "but, comparatively, he reached a very limited audience. Movies on TV reach the mass and not only entertain them, but increasingly help each of us to appreciate better drama." . . . Bob is host at the first-run-on-TV of M-G-M movies on *Command Performance*, seen Sunday, from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M., over Station CKLW-TV in Detroit. And Bob didn't have to be "commanded" or even asked twice. He's always been a movie fan. He's enthusiastic over what he terms "the very real contribution of TV and movies in bringing good drama to millions of Americans." Aside from that, Bob thinks movies are fun, and he passes along this mood as he introduces the films and makes his intermission comments on the actors and the action. . . . Robert J. McBride, Jr. claims he doesn't come from "a show-business family," although his mother, Zita Newell, was a featured vocalist for many years on WLS-Chicago and also was a member of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. Bob, having been graduated from a Washington, D. C. high school, majored in Political Science at Cornell University, then did graduate work at George Washington, American and Tulane Universities. . . . In 1946, he was Washington correspondent for some forty leading radio stations across the country, preparing news scripts for local announcers. Then, to audition a program idea, Bob recorded a sample script. After a series of flattering comments on his voice, Bob was emboldened to apply for a new position, as news editor of a Washington station. He was promptly hired. In recent years, Bob has switched from newscasting and commentating to master-of-ceremonies work. . . . All of this adds up to quite a career and, since Bob never did like math, it added up to romance, too. In trigonometry class at Cornell, Bob enlisted the aid of the pretty coed seated next to him. Cindy and Bob were married three years later, and the most important furnishing in their ranch home in suburban Bloomfield is a painting by Cindy's mother, Christine Martin, a well-known New York artist. The McBrides have two daughters, Susan Lynn, who's nine, and Carol Ann, whose arrival seven years ago at Easter won her the nickname, "Bunny." They like movies, too.



Conflict between Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman nears a finale.



To impress Doris and show up Gig Young, Clark turns to he-man talk.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on
your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

The Long, Hot Summer

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

In a striking movie based on a story by William Faulkner, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman make vivid on film the romantic emotions they felt in real life while they worked together. The excellent cast includes other players also well-known on the air waves: Orson Welles, as Joanne's domineering father; Anthony Franciosa, as her shiftless brother. Paul, a stranger newly arrived in the Southern town where this family lives, affects all three of them with his vitality.

Teacher's Pet

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

Except for one gay interlude when Doris Day mimics Mamie Van Doren's rendition of a rock 'n' roll number, the singing star sticks to straight comedy here. She teams with Clark Gable in a bright, intelligently written romp about a tough newspaperman and a lady instructor in journalism. With little schooling himself, Clark sneers at her profession, considering it useless. And he's sure he can defeat prof Gig Young, his supposed rival in a campaign to win Doris's affections.

Saddle the Wind

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

Julie London, too, steps out of the musical field, though this unusual Western does cast her as a singer, the beloved of John Cassavetes. With the same intensity he shows in TV dramas, John portrays a boy whose hot temper and ready gun worry older brother Robert Taylor. Bob has had his fill of gunplay and wants to be a peaceable rancher. But the situation is loaded with violence that finally explodes.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

Darby's Rangers (Warners): James Garner doffs the Western togs of *Maverick* to take the real-life role of Col. Darby, who headed a hard-hitting Ranger unit during World War II in North Africa and Italy.

Fort Dobbs (Warners): No change of scene for Clint Walker of *Cheyenne*. Fleeing a murder charge through Comanche territory, Clint protects Virginia Mayo and tries to outwit Brian Keith's machinations.

Sing Boy Sing (20th, CinemaScope): Vigorous film version of the TV music-drama that shot Tommy Sands to fame. He's at ease as the back-country singer whose life is altered as success comes too fast. Edmond O'Brien's his shrewd manager.

The Missouri Traveler (Buena Vista, Technicolor): In a homespun tale livened by comedy, Brandon de Wilde's a sturdy orphan befriended by newspaper owner Gary Merrill and rugged farmer Lee Marvin (of TV's *M Squad*).

Be exciting...
Color your Hair

SO EASILY—IN MINUTES



NESTLE COLORINSE

Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Rinses in—shampoos out! 12 exciting shades. 29¢



NESTLE COLORTINT

Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends in gray. Lasts through 3 shampoos. 10 beautiful shades. 29¢

.....
Nestle
COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

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



Andy's hobby is a frame-up. Romance? He says to me (left) he's biding his time.



RHYTHM ON THE ROCKS

By JOSH BRADY

IT ALL BEGAN in a small town in Iowa . . . Wall Lake, they call it. According to Andy Williams, it was a town of, for its size, many churches. So many, in fact, that the congregations were pretty well divided into small groups. And, at Andy's church, when it was decided they needed a choir, it was impossible to draw from the congregation. There wouldn't have been anybody left to sing to.

But Andy's mother and dad found the solution in a choir consisting of the Williams family. There were four sons, you know. And I guess that was the start of the Williams Brothers quartet.

As early as age seven, Andy Williams made his radio debut on a Des Moines station. And, from then on, it was a series of radio appearances that took the Williams Brothers pretty much around the country. This was climaxed with the unforgettable, sophisticated team of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers.

In recent years, Andy's folks moved to the San Fernando Valley and this is now home to Andy—who, by the way, is still single. And I might add, girls, that he is not immune, just biding his time. Age? I'd guess the middle-twenties and I'd be close. He has dark hair, a medium build and blue eyes.

Ironically, Andy's big break came through an audition that he wasn't eager to take. While he was in New York, a few years back, a friend advised Andy that a guy by the name of Steve Allen was going to start a late-night TV show out of New York and

wanted Andy to audition for a singing spot on it.

Well, Andy was anxious to go back to the West Coast—home, you know. And, anyhow, about that stage of the game, who was this guy Steve Allen? Thanks to the persistent friend who sensed this would become a pretty big, coast-to-coast show, Andy took the audition—and you know the rest. Andy was on the *Tonight* show from its inception until Steve Allen left it, and Andy skyrocketed to national fame along with Steverino.

Through the recording genius of Archie Bleyer of the Cadence label, Andy came up with some top sellers in the record field. His first big one was "Canadian Sunset." Then there were "Baby Doll," "Lips of Wine," and, the biggest of all, "I Like Your Kind of Love."

Two of the other Williams boys also are still in the business. Don has a vocal group on the West Coast, and Dick—whom you'll recall from his Tennessee Ernie appearances—records for Decca and is on the night-club circuit. Andy's one sister is married and is in charge of his fan club. (And, in case you are interested, the address is Jane Daniels at P. O. Box 3223, North Hollywood, California.)

G.A.C. has Andy's contract and he's pretty busy lately with his TV appearances. But Andy's big kicks come from the college dates. He says they're a great, appreciative, responsive audience. Last fall, he sang with Les Brown at the University of Wisconsin Home-

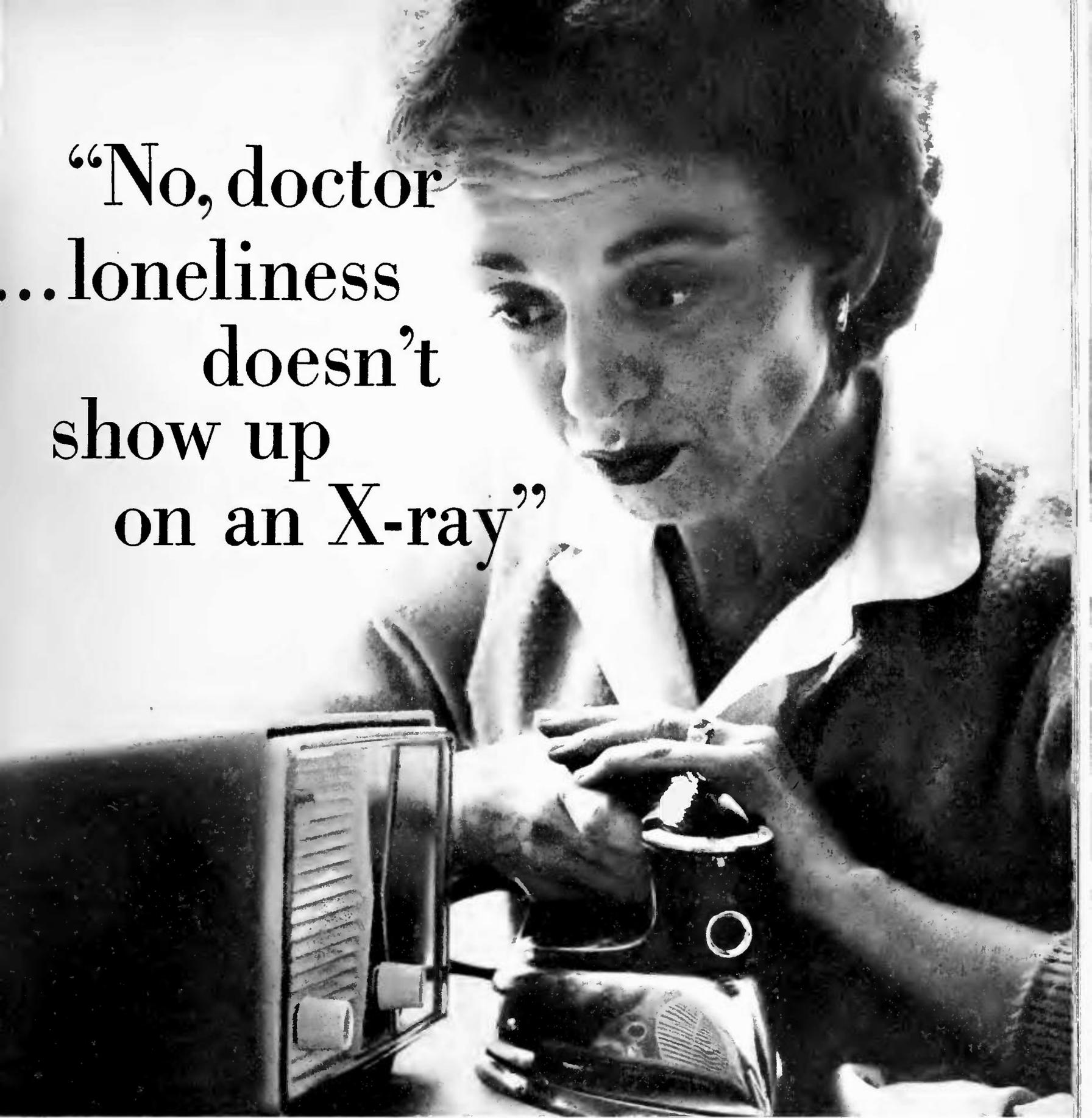
coming. Some 13,000 students were present. Now this writer deduces that half of that 13,000 must have been coeds. And Andy being single—well, I wonder if that isn't part of the reason he loves these college dates.

Hobbies? Andy loves to play tennis, works out at the New York Athletic Club, and is quite an art collector! One complete wall of his New York apartment is nothing but paintings. French impressionists and contemporary Italians are his favorites. And Andy can flip over a frame! He says he's gone so far as to have a picture-less frame hung on his wall, and he has a basement full of frames.

At this writing, Andy is concentrating on his latest single record, "Are You Sincere," making the rounds visiting deejays. However, being successful in the singles-record field isn't enough for Andy. He's going after the album-buying audience in a big way. His album, "Andy Williams Sings Rodgers and Hammerstein," is just out and is loaded with some real old favorites.

Andy says this type of singing comes easy, due to his background. It's the rock 'n' roll that he had to adapt himself to. In fact, Andy says it takes almost a dual personality to sing both—and, after listening to his latest album, you might be inclined to think there are two Andys. But there's only one. However, there is enough sincerity in this gentleman—who was raised as a salt-of-the-earth Midwesterner, where the corn grows tall—to make up for two.

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



“No, doctor
...loneliness
doesn't
show up
on an X-ray”

If the lady seems rather forthright in her criticism, it's because the doctor... Doctor Malone... is an old friend. He has long made a practice of sharing the everyday triumphs and tragedies of the medical profession with her. A flick of the radio switch brings Dr. Malone into her living room... and, of course, the doctor is not alone in this act of companionship. Such

Two golden hours a day... wonderful people share their lives with you on the

warm, inspiring, stimulating people as Ma Perkins... Wendy Warren... Nora Drake... would also like to visit with you in the quiet hours of the day as you go about your chores. You'll find them very real... their problems very much like those you might be called upon to face... their courage and understanding often a source of inspiration in your own life. Ask them in soon.

CBS RADIO NETWORK

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

the Miracle of the Lennon Sisters



Mealtimes, Bill Lennon summons his children in order of age: "Diane—Peggy—Kathy—Janet—Danny—Pat—Bill—Mimi—Joey. It's the same song my mother sang," he laughs, "but with different lyrics!" Oldest of his own "lyrics" is Diane, 18; youngest is baby Joey, in Mrs. Lennon's arms.

Faith made their family strong, in harmony through darkest times.. And faith—and harmony—led four little singers to fame with Lawrence Welk

By SARA HAMILTON

EVERY Monday and Saturday evening, in countless homes across America, TV dials are turned and a picture fades in on the Champagne Music of Lawrence Welk's orchestra. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," the maestro announces in affectionate tones, "the lovely little Lennon Sisters."

What follows is one of the miracles of show business—and an insoluble enigma to the Madison Avenue master-minds of the television world. . . . Four girls—blond Diane, 18; brunette Peggy, 16; brown-haired Kathy, 14; and little Janet, 11—open their

Continued →



Religion and music are both strong, natural forces in the daily life of maestro Lawrence Welk and his four young songbirds. Left to right here, the Lennon Sisters are Peggy, 16; Janet, 11; Diane, 18; and Kathy, 14.



Above, Bill and daughter Peggy show baby Joey his "birthday angel"—there's one for each little Lennon, all born in different months! Below, Janet teaches herself to play the family organ, as Kathy watches.



Singing comes just as instinctively to the Lennon Sisters as the desire to play the accordion came to Welk himself, when he was a farmboy back in the Dakotas. They've always loved to sing—particularly, in harmony.



the Miracle of the Lennon Sisters

(Continued)



Easter and Christmas have deep meaning for the devout Lennons. Even the youngest—Mimi, 2, and Joey—share Peggy's and Diane's joy in the glowing stories of the Nativity and the Resurrection.



Kathy shows how they all help each other. Above, she's been tending Joey for their mother (who's called "Sis" because she looks as young as her own daughters). Right, she's best friend and severest critic for Janet, busy writing a school composition.

mouths and give out with homegrown melodies delivered with unaffected verve. Naive and unspoiled, they simply stand there and sing. And listeners, up to their ears in cowboys, crime stories, sophistication and smouldering "new method" actors, pause to listen . . . and to wonder, perhaps, at the indefinable something that comes across from these four youngsters. A something that arrests attention and revives nostalgic memories of other times and other places. . . when the center of one's life was home—and the mainstay of one's existence, the family in that home.

In that respect, the Lennon Sisters are unique. Though singing professionally, by way of television, they are neither in nor of show business by temperament. They know no stars, make no theatrical contacts outside the small circle of Lawrence Welk's band, and know nothing of fame, fortune or Hollywood glamour.

"I've watched a lot of stars come up in this business," an executive told us, "from Perry Como to Patti Page. I've watched them change from uncertain beginners to sleek professionals in voice, in style, in manner, in person. But, in the two years I've followed this group of young girls called the Lennon Sisters, I've never been able to detect one small step away from their first natural reactions.

"They just stand there, week after week—sweet-faced girls—and sing, eyes glowing, heads bobbing exactly as if they were second on the bill at the high-school show. It's wonderful. And even more amazing (Continued on page 83)

The Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV, Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent*, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by both Dodge and Plymouth. Other Welk programs are heard over the American Broadcasting Network; check local newspapers.





With three girls in their teens, the phone is always busy. Peggy has receivership at the moment, but Kathy's next in line (unless a call for Diane beats her to it).



Mimi couldn't keep out of the chocolate on a freshly-frosted cake, so Kathy does the job over, while Peggy shows Mimi how to get her extra licks—out of the bowl



Diane helps Lillie May Smiley prepare family dinner. The Lennons consume an average of 91 quarts of milk a week, 28 loaves of bread—other edibles in proportion!



Father Bill not only rehearses his girls for the Welk shows, but teaches all his children little songs. Janet and Danny watch as Mimi learns an old favorite of Dad's.



Help Your Husband Live Longer

A score of wise, wifely cues from a Garry Moore Show "Brainstorm"—husband-tested on the star himself!



Despite Garry's and Durward Kirby's an-air smiles, there's tension in all work—and tension is the mortal enemy of man.

By ELIZABETH BALL

NOT SO LONG AGO, on his CBS-TV daytime show, Garry Moore held a Brainstorming session on the timely topic, "What Wives Can Do to Help Their Husbands Live Longer." And the mail poured in! Most of it was from wives who couldn't have agreed more with the "how to" suggestions—171 of them in twenty minutes!—contributed by the Brainstorming panel. But many a man also wrote that, if wives really took these tips, today's husbands would probably live to be modern Methuselahs. To quote one plaintive male: "The idea, for instance, of sneaking a love note into your husband's pocket in the morning—what a pick-up *that* would be!"

There were a very few slightly less ecstatic letters from wives who expressed annoyance with "the general attitude toward the question." As one lady explained, "I consider my husband as an equal and not as a pet Pomeranian to be packed in cotton wool. Furthermore, most of the suggestions seemed to be: 'Never let him get older than six!' For heaven's sake, what can you do with a six-year-old man?" Still and all, we women don't want to have to do without sixty-year-old men, either—as many widows are obliged to do, according to statistics. So what, short of coddling him into infantilism, should a loving wife do to help her husband live longer? *(Continued on page 76)*

The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, Mon. thru Thurs., 10 to 10:30 A.M.—Fri., 10 to 11:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. Garry also stars on *I've Got A Secret*, on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes. (All times are EST)



Women adore Garry, but his wife's never jealous. She has better ways of proving that she loves him.



Dog named Sam, boat named *Red Wing*, help Garry get the relaxation recommended for all husbands.



Jayne and Steve Introduce Young William Christopher

*An intimate story of the Allen family,
written especially for everybody who
loves babies—and isn't that everybody?*

By GLADYS HALL



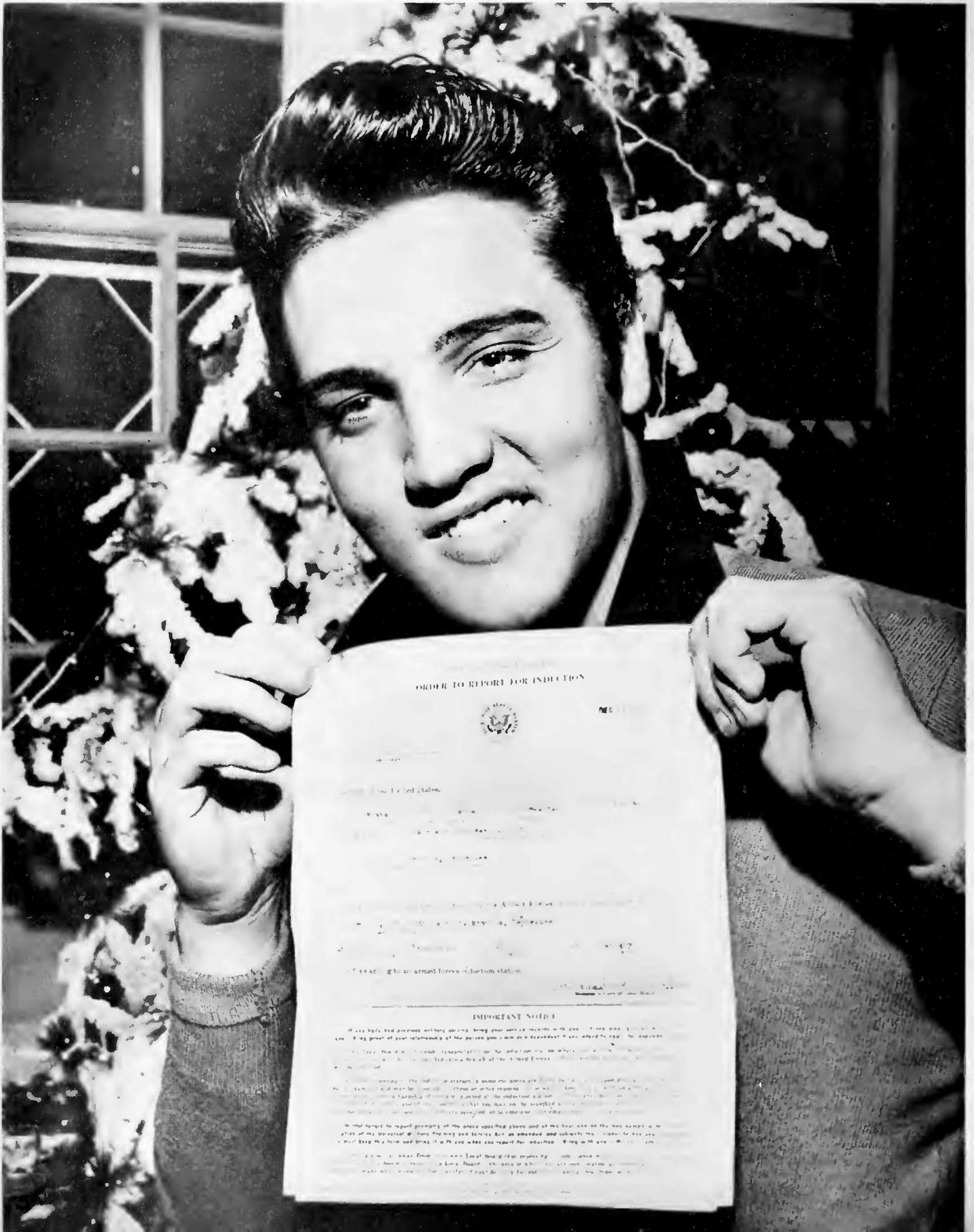
THOUGH only four months old this March 16, William Christopher Allen has already brought such joy to his family that only a poet (such as his proud father, Steve Allen) or a dedicated mother (such as lovely Jayne Meadows) could find words glowing enough to describe it. A happiness so great that young Billy—christened William for Steve's father and Christopher because, Jayne twinkles, "his mother loves the name!"—seemed aware of it himself, almost from the moment he weighed in at the hospital, a husky eight-and-a-half pounds. Even that first week, his dark blue eyes were so alert that the (Continued on page 86)

Rejoicing in Billy's birth, Steve and Jayne Meadows Allen discovered that a whole world shared their happiness. Family, friends, fans, associates on *The Steve Allen Show* and *I've Got A Secret*—all joined in the chorus of congratulations. No telling yet whether William Christopher will take up show business, but he's already getting plenty of music from dad!

The Steve Allen Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son, Greyhound Corp., U. S. Time Corp. Jayne Meadows is a regular panelist on *I've Got A Secret*, seen on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Winston Cigarettes.



Will Army Service Make or



Break PRESLEY as a Performer?



Fame began for Elvis in Memphis, with first discs released by Sam Phillips (above), of Sun Records.



Fortune followed, as his parents, Vernon Dewey Phillips and Gladys rejoiced over million-sale discs.



Fan mail poured in, requests for common performances—but not yet any greetings from Uncle Sam.



Next come TV. His appearance on late Dorsey Brothers' show caused riots—in person and in the press.



Fervor of fans, on p. o. fours, called for police protection—and movie-makers took note of Elvis.



Even as he arrived in Hollywood—fall, '56—he expected draft notice. (It came in Dec., 1957.)

The fantastic career of Elvis is to be interrupted, just when the singer was growing in stature as a movie actor.

Will fickle teenagers drop him flat?

Or will added maturity on his return gain him a new, bigger audience?

By KATHLEEN POST

PROPHECY FOR 1960: Elvis Presley will come out of the Army shorn of his locks but with his crown still firmly set on his head. This is not an easy prophecy to make. While military service has helped a number of entertainers, such as Eddie Fisher and Vic Damone, it has been the kiss of death for many others. The shadows of Bill Lawrence and Dick Contino must no doubt haunt the thoughts these days of the greatest teen-age idol of them all.

What does Elvis himself say?

On his first day in Hollywood, in September, 1956, young Presley told me, "I'll probably be drafted soon. Well, why shouldn't I be? I'm a normal, healthy and able American." More than a year later, on the day he received his draft notice, Elvis said quietly and in a

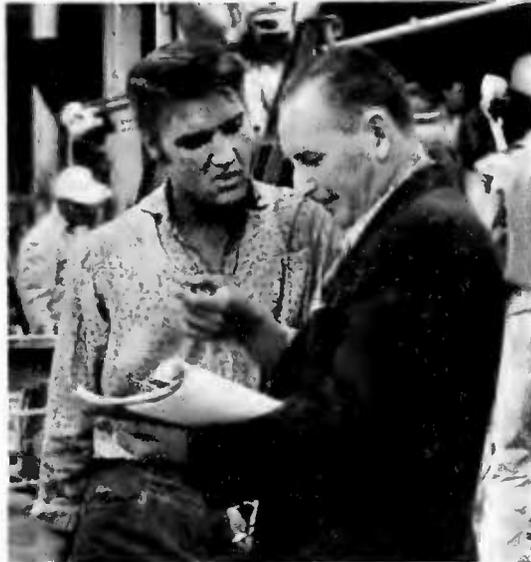
Continued →

Will Army Service Make or Break PRESLEY as a Performer?

(Continued)



Elvis at 20th Century-Fox with producer David Weisbart, Colonel Tom Parker, cousin Gene Smith.



First film, for 20th, was "Love Me Tender." Dialogue director Ben Wright coached spoken word.



Money talked, too. Initial paycheck from studio told Elvis good news—of security for his family.



Capt. Leonard Glick gave Elvis Army physical exam Jan. 4, 1957. He said "Okay"—and so did Elvis.



Induction, however, was still more than a year away—actual date unknown. When it came, would it mean the end of the kind of adulation which marked "Elvis Presley Day" in Tupelo, Miss., where the fabulous singer was born?

tone entirely devoid of vanity, "I'm kinda proud. Daddy told me to be a good soldier. That I aim to do. The future? It'll have to take care of itself for a couple of years. . . ."

These are brave words. It has been said, however, that if Elvis were to ask Bill Lawrence—who got the call seven years ago—he would not feel quite so brave. Bill's career, up to Army service, had been meteoric. He won a *Talent Scouts* contest in September, 1948, and was taken on as a regular with *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends*. His popularity, for a while, exceeded his wildest hopes. Night-club dates and recordings came

swiftly. Fame and fortune seemed assured. Then, in 1951, Bill marched away to serve his country. Two years later, the dark-haired singer marched home to find Julius La Rosa, a Navy veteran, anchored in his spot. Time had marched on. Bill Lawrence's experience was limited. He lacked a shrewd manager. His bank-roll was frighteningly slim. Bill has found the going rough ever since.

Could this happen to Elvis? Not likely.

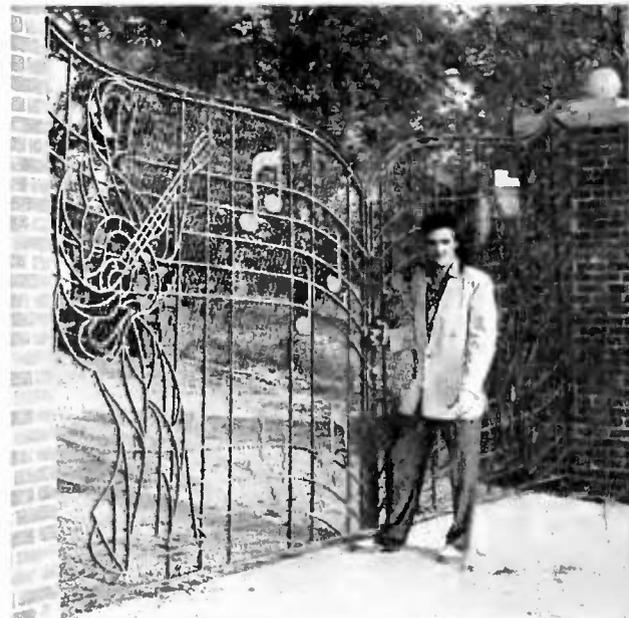
The Memphis rock 'n' roller has had the advantage of experience in every phase of show business. Even two years away from mikes (Continued on page 64)



Fan club presidents proved devotion at preview of Presley's "Loving You," Hal Wallis production for Paramount. Leaving such fame behind, Elvis gives his own reasons why it's "the other fellows who make the biggest sacrifices."



Love interest in earlier movie, M-G-M's "Jailhouse Rock," was talented Judy Tyler—whose life was ended in a tragic car crash.



Elvis smiles as he says goodbye—for a while—to "the home that music built" for him in Memphis.



RCA Victor executives (such as Steve Sholes, left) hope Elvis can still record when "on leave."

Steve Dunne's

For Steve Dunne there's no superstitious fear of that fateful number. Too many good things have happened to him on the 13th—including being born and *Truth Or Consequences*



Zany stunt, apple-eating blindfolded, is engineered on *Truth Or Consequences* evening show by Steve. Model Lisa Smith and Jim Chadwick cooperate for laughs.



Steve and Vivian take a keen interest in their children's studies. Chris, now twelve, is studying piano and uses Steve's gift of tape-recorder as a check on progress. Neither Chris nor Steve, Jr., is being pushed in direction of show business, will choose own careers.



Vivian, Steve's wife, is enthusiastic artist, values his opinion of her work. The Dunne family, including 13-year-old pet Dinah, are close-knit group, share many interests. At far right, daughter Chris and her dad have kitchen gabfest.



LUCKY NUMBER 13



The informal Dunnes line up for formal portrait. Left to right: Dad Steve, Steve, Jr., Vivian—who's known as "Nin"—and teen-age daughter Christine.

By **GORDON BUDGE**

HANDSOME Steve Dunne, the new night-time emcee on the Ralph Edwards NBC-TV *Truth Or Consequences* show, stepped off the New York to Hollywood plane one night last December, with very little idea of what motion picture or TV show he'd be doing next.

Though a cake-and-crumb existence is a Hollywood occupational hazard, there are still a few brave Hollywoodians who thrive on the insecurity. Steve Dunne is one. "Fat and lazy is one thing I don't want to be," he

says in defense of the life of the free-lance actor. "When you get soft," he continues, "too sure of yourself, that's when your world explodes in your face. Competition keeps you sharp."

Steve has always been willing to meet life as an adventure. His motto is: "Do the best you can with what you have and leave the rest to luck." But luck comes last, for he's not superstitious—though he admits to thinking there is some magic in the two words, (*Continued on page 85*)

Truth Or Consequences, emceed by Steve Dunne, is seen on NBC-TV, Fri., 7:30 P.M. EST—West Coast, Wed., 7 P.M. PST—for Bayer Aspirin, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, others. (Daytime version, emceed by Bob Barker, is seen on NBC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 11:30 A.M. EST).

She Started a Heat Wave

The temperature rises on *Monitor* when Georgia's Tedi Thurman lends her sultry voice to the weather

By BETTY ETTER



"Missy" may rule the Pork Avenue roost which Tedi shares with an ex-Follies stor—but the girls' two telephones don't ring constantly just for the poodle!

AND WE'LL NEED a little Italian parsley." The words were matter-of-fact, those of any girl ordering groceries. But the voice, even without benefit of microphone or the special emphasis she reserves for the public, was a caress. A caress that made the grocer search out his choicest vegetables—just as Texas millionaires, catching the invitation in her tones through their loudspeakers, take pen in hand to propose marriage. Tedi Thurman herself, the lithe red-haired (Continued on page 62)

Monitor is heard on NBC Radio—Fri., 8:00 to 9:55 P.M., Sat., 8:45 A.M.-midnight; Sun., 10:30 A.M.-midnight—EST. Tedi occasionally appears on *The Jack Paar Show*, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, between 11:15 P.M. and 1 A.M. EST (check local papers).

Radio's Miss Monitor first dozzled TV, in person, on *Tonight*—now called *The Jack Paar Show*, in honor of its stor (seen below, fronting o typical line-up).



Tedi's seductive droll fits cozily among the varied accents heard regularly on *Monitor*: Reading from the left—Fronk Gollop, "Melody Girl" (Lorna Lynn), Dove Gorrowoy, "Miss Monitor" (Tedi), and Ben Grouer.



She isn't "the girl next door," either on or off the air. Tedi's born to wear sheath styles—but more high-fashion than "sexy."





Dream Girl from Canada

Wayward winds lured Gisele MacKenzie to fame beyond imagining . . . and wayward winds still bring new visions

By EUNICE FIELD



Canada's songbird is proud of the four very young "boy-friends" who accompany her on *The Gisele MacKenzie Show*.



Gisele herself began in her early teens—not singing, but playing with a string quartet in Toronto.



Music has always been the heart of her family, who play a variety of instruments. Gathered together for memorable *This Is Your Life* presentation: Gisele and her parents—Dr. and Mrs. La Fleche of Winnipeg—brothers and sisters Georges and Janine (left), Huguette and Jacques (right).

SHE WAS the kind of sturdy little dreamer everybody loves to fool. Even her father, dignified and scholarly doctor of Winnipeg, once sent her to a neighbor for "a cup of fresh steam." One day, she was pressing her bit of nose against the window. "What makes the wind turn?" she wondered aloud. Her sister Huguette broke into a giggle. "Oh, Gisele, you're so funny!" And Mama La Fleche chuckled, too. "There's a string that turns the wind, my little treasure—and, if you run out and search, maybe you'll find it."

The little dreamer has grown up. She has stormed the heights of show business. Rated one of the most brilliant singing stars in television, she has also shown an engaging gift for comedy that enhances her career. Successful, popular, with a quaint style of beauty all her own, she seems almost a symbol of distinction and contentment. Yet, somewhere deep inside Gisele MacKenzie, that gullible little dreamer is still searching—still seeking "the string that turns the wind" . . . It

Continued →





One of the key figures in Gisele's career has been Bob Shuttleworth—who heard her sing for servicemen during war, gave her her first "pop" job, became her manager.

Dream Girl from Canada

(Continued)

is a charming puzzle. A girl, molded by the traditions of her family and people, rebels against them . . . and yet tries desperately to cling to them, after all.

The La Fleche family (MacKenzie was her paternal grandmother's name, which she took to avoid being billed as Gisele La Fleche—"the perfect name for a stripteaser") are a close-knit group in the French-Canadian manner. They keep in touch with one another. When the singing star comes home for a visit, there is a merry-go-round of calls among the uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces and in-laws. Spending Christmas Eve together is a family custom that Gisele goes to great trouble to observe. It is the occasion when Mama bakes a fancy chicken pie with wine, mushrooms and peas. This is a favorite dish of Gisele's and has become a La Fleche tradition, too.

Spending summer vacations at St. Laurette on Lake Manitoba is another custom. The family has a cottage there and, about a year ago, Dr. La Fleche, remarking on the growth of the resort area, said, "I hope someone we know buys the lot next to us." Gisele, home for a few days, clapped her hands. "How about me?" Immediately, her cottage became a family project. The men built it and the women did the furnishing, their most recent offering being a pair of handsome barrel chairs. Gisele will be unable to see the place until the summer of 1958, because of schedules for her NBC-TV show and guest appearances. On her last trip to Canada, during the Christmas holidays, her cottage was isolated by twelve feet of snow and (Continued on page 59)

The Gisele MacKenzie Show is seen on NBC-TV, Saturday, from 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, under the alternating sponsorship of Scott Paper Company and Schick, Incorporated.

Doctor father and former concert-star mother no longer regret that Gisele gave up classical music. She's "making people happy—a precious talent."



"Mam'selle" in 1953, on French-Canadian visit. Below, today's star of all America, with Jack Benny, who urged her on to fame, and Ralph Edwards of *This Is Your Life*.





Gisele still dreams, still wonders what's "out there" beyond the wind. But she also lives each present shining moment to the full—her big show on NBC-TV, her homes (both rented) in California and New York, her two long-haired dachshunds (with their appropriately "long-haired" names).







Model husband: Adam Kennedy dotes on wife and baby son, Regan. He and Barbara met in New York, when both were posing for magazine illustrations (above, left).



Artist: The Hoosier farmboy still paints—though perhaps not as intensively as when critics called him "the outstanding American artist in Paris" (above, at right).



THE SPIRIT OF ADAM

Kennedy of *The Californians* has a pioneer's heart, the soul of an artist—and a versatility all his own

By FREDDA BALLING



Actor: With "Vigilante leader" Sean McClory, he co-stars in *The Californians*, vivid re-creation of early San Francisco days, as seen over NBC-TV.

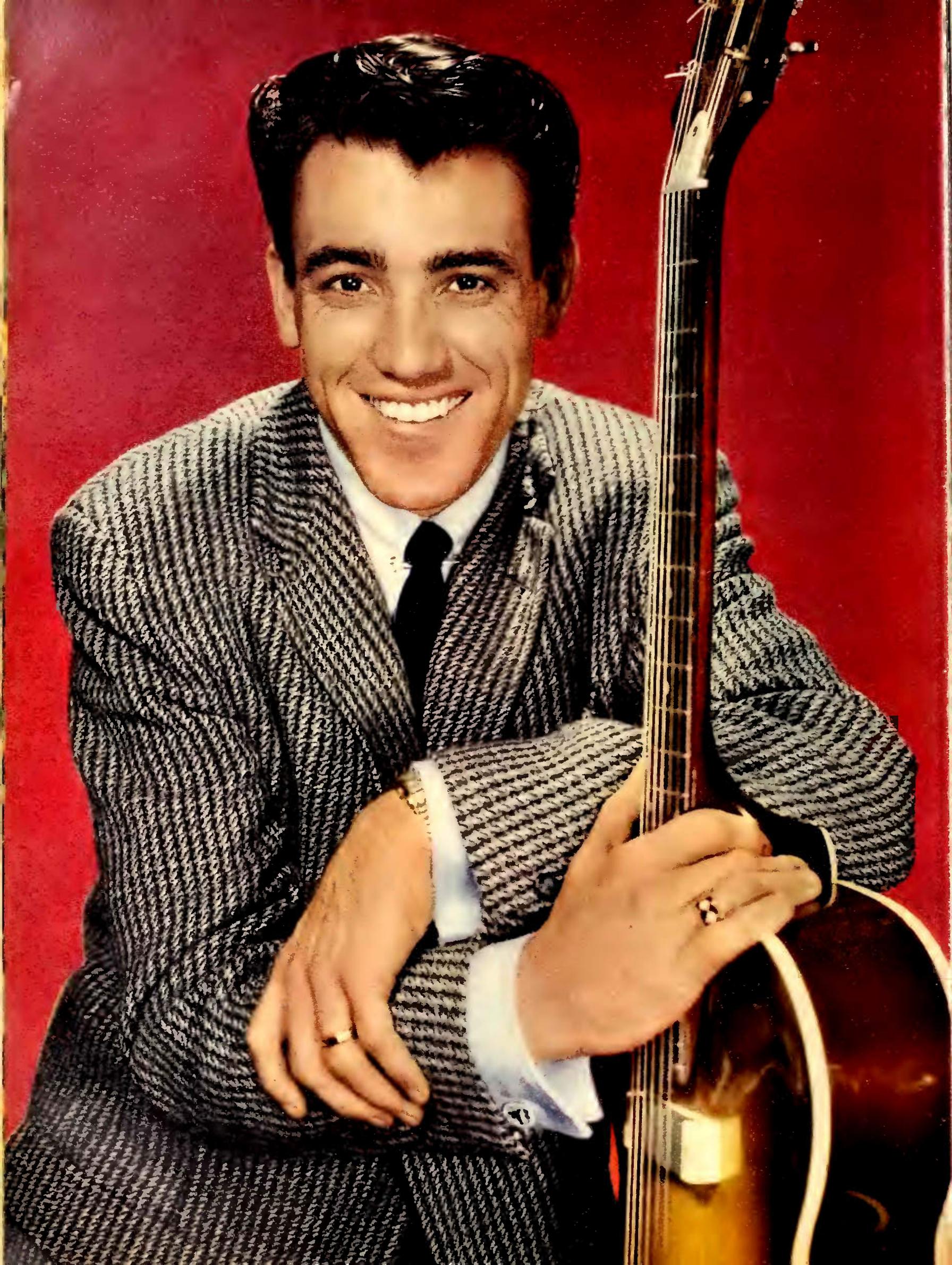
ADAM KENNEDY, star of NBC-TV's *The Californians*, is six-feet-three, weighs 190 pounds, has light sorrel hair, eyes as blue as a prairie sky, and the casual manner of a man at ease in his environment—or anyone's environment. He was born on a farm near Lafayette, Indiana, the son of a Swedish mother and an Irish father. The Nordic blood is explicit in his square jawline, his height, and his tranquility. The Irish blood manifests itself in thick black eyelashes, a swift sense of humor, and an uncompromising independence of spirit.

Like any Hoosier, he is proud of his Indiana-farm background. "About the best thing that can happen to a youngster is to grow up on a farm—at least for the first seven years of his life, as I did. It gives one

a sense of basic values, a feeling for the seasons, and a hard knowledge of what it takes to bring a crop to market. It inculcates a love and an understanding of animals."

Adam, who talks easily and well with the Irish ability to conjure up a full scene with a few words and a gesture, tells of his own childhood pet, a lamb named Sambo. As time went by, the lamb became a heavy-footed, broad-beamed ram. Though his spirit remained lean and swift, he could no longer roam at will. Inevitably, Sambo was left outside gates through which he couldn't squeeze, beyond fences he couldn't leap. "In the telling," says Adam, "it's just a barnyard incident of minor importance—except that the situation determined me to (Continued on page 82)

The Californians is seen on NBC-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Singer Sewing Machine Co. and Thomas J. Lipton, Inc.



What's Wrong with Being Married?

"Experts" say it's the kiss of death to young singers. Jimmie Rodgers says it's not only sweeter than wine but responsible for his success!



Wedding in early '57, at Camas, Wash., was a great personal triumph. Before year was out, nearby cities of Vancouver and Portland—as well as their own home town—could hail Jimmie's professional triumph, too.



"Honeycomb" was Jimmie's first big hit. Now, it's also the name of the poodle in wife Colleen's arms.

By HELEN BOLSTAD

MARRIAGE, say the glib guys around the music business, is sudden death for the beginning singer who seeks to become a star: "The kids who buy the records want their boy singers romantic and eligible." Songs, too, have reflected the trend: "You gotta get 'teen-age' or 'school' into the title if you want a hit," the self-elected experts advise. Yet one new singer has just kicked all this advice into a cocked hat and produced several of the biggest hits of the past year. Jimmie Rodgers not only is married, he scored his hits with songs which tell of happy marriage. Moreover, he says he'd probably still be singing with a home-town barber shop quartet if it hadn't been for his wife! They've been married just (Continued on page 71)



Jimmie's family celebrated a happy homecoming when he returned to Vancouver (Wash.) to sing in popular Frontier Room. Left to right—brother Archie, Jr.; parents, Mrs. and Mr. Rodgers; Colleen and Jimmie.



Portland's top deejays welcomed the skyrocketing star, got inside story of his new hit recording for Roulette, "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine." At the left, Bob McCarl; at the right, Bob Liddel and Ross Woodward.



Jimsey might have been a dancer, but was "lazy" about developing her early talent. Now, she'd love to do musical comedy, seriously practices singing as her mother listens.

Acting has always been the big thing, of course—even during teen-age retirement. With her career again in full swing, Jimsey and Mrs. Somers look forward to busy days.





Her career began with stardom, as child in the first TV drama, NBC's "The Miracle of Alsace Lorraine."

Stage beckoned next, with varied roles in such Broadway productions as "Violet," with Harvey Stephens.

Top stars like Ralph Bellamy were her "fathers" on radio, where she played many parts—until her teens.

COMEBACK—at 21

*A star at 7, a "has-been" at 13,
Jimsey Somers has good reason to
be grateful to radio's Dr. Gentry*

By **FRANCES KISH**

IN 1943, Jimsey Somers—a seven-year-old actress with perky black pigtails, big blue-green eyes and an utterly beguiling smile—made her debut as the star of NBC's first dramatized television production. A Christmas play called "The Miracle of Alsace Lorraine," it performed a few unexpected miracles itself. The audience response was terrific for those early days of television. It was repeated a number of times, and it started the little girl on an exciting series of experiences that sometimes seemed too thrilling to be happening . . . (Continued on page 69)

Jimsey Somers is heard in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, produced and directed by Himan Brown, on NBC Radio, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST.

Today—after youthful tragedy and time out for school—Jimsey is poised and ready for a new, more mature success, studying her role as Carol in *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*.

Here her distinguished "mother" is Madeleine Carroll, as Dr. Ann Gentry herself. Paul McGrath—as family friend—is a former "father" of Jimsey's from earlier radio days.



The seven Corcoran children are best described as terrific, spectacular a



Providence, says Mrs. Corcoran. "Don't tell me there's no such thing." It was at work, she insists, when Donna won the first role in the family, in "Angels in the Outfield." Here, in rear row, Noreen, 14; Donna, now 16; Dad William H.; and Bill, Jr., 18. In front, Kevin, 8; Hugh, 10; Kerry, 5; Mom; and Brian, 6.



Proving Shirley was hypnotized, Professor Spurney got her to eat an onion—as though it were an apple!



Under hypnosis, she was told in advance that she'd like Bob. Kissing his hand was part of the proof.



Dates were their own idea, however—though program paid for such choices as opera opening and dinner at Lucey's.

By MAURINE REMENIH

UNIVAC, the mechanical-brain miracle of the twentieth century, has a few old-fashioned Cupid's arrows tucked away 'midst the millions of punched cards in its filing cabinets. And it appears that Univac's arrows—with an assist from Art Linkletter and the *People Are Funny* television show—have hit their mark.

Shirley Saunders and Bob Kardell made their fifth appearance together on *People Are Funny* on December 27, and walked off with \$20,000 in prize money. What was even more exciting to them was the fact that they took the hint from Univac, and fell in love. After their very first encounter on the show, they started dating. After their third appearance, they became engaged. They have promised a "spring wedding" to family and friends, and it's entirely possible that Art Linkletter will be best man (*Continued on page 73*)

People Are Funny is seen on NBC-TV, Saturday, at 7:30 P.M., and heard on NBC Radio, Wednesday, at 8:05 P.M. Art Linkletter's *House Party* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon.-Fri., at 2:30 P.M., and heard on CBS Radio, Mon.-Fri., at 3 P.M. (All times EST)



Biggest test, of course, was meeting the folks. But smiles of their families—Lloyd Kardell (behind piano), Mrs. and Mr. John Saunders, and Mrs. Kardell (at right)—bespoke parental approval during holiday get-together.





Whitman even has the solution to crayon on the walls!

CBS Radio's ace Man Around The House gives you a capsule round-up on the questions listeners most frequently ask

By **ROGER C. WHITMAN**

YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT, characteristic plagues strike the long-suffering do-it-yourselfer around the house, almost as regularly as the onset of clothes moths and the income tax. Here are the answers to the questions most often received from my listeners.

1. *When the weather warms up, why do the water pipes in the basement start to sweat and drip and form puddles on the basement floor?*

Condensation is the villain. Warm, humid air strikes the cold pipe, condenses into water. Cover the pipes with asbestos pipe covering, or insulating tape. It wraps around the pipe, insulating it from the warm air. A perfectly good home-made method is to wrap burlap (even newspapers) around the pipe, securing with wire.

2. *What can I do to keep table and bureau drawers from sticking?*

Warm, moist air penetrates the fibres of the unfinished wood in the slides of the drawers (usually, only the front of a drawer is varnished or painted). The wood swells, causing the drawers to stick. Cover the slides of the drawers with paraffin. It will help them slide easily. Even better, give all the drawer surfaces, and the places where they slide, too, a coat of shellac to seal out moisture.

3. *Why does one of my closets have a musty odor?*

It's located over a crawl space. Nothing is preventing dampness from the ground in the crawl space from working upward through the floor of the closet and settling there. Closet doors are usually kept closed and there's no circulation of air. Cover the underside of the floor over the crawl space with batts of insulation which also has a vapor-proof barrier of aluminum foil. This

10 Peskiest



Practical advice from a practical man with a workshop—

will stop rising dampness from working through the floor. If you also cover the ground with sheets of polyethylene plastic sheeting, it will keep dampness from working out of the ground.

4. *What can I do about ants crawling on the floor, in summer, especially?*

I've found that spreading a liquid self-polishing wax (called Freewax) over the floors, door sills, and window sills and porch takes care of the problem. This wax, which dries in 20 minutes after spreading, not only gives a nice gloss, but contains an insecticide which kills any little crawler. I'd like to add that this Freewax is government-tested, and does not contain enough concentration of insecticide to harm children or pets.

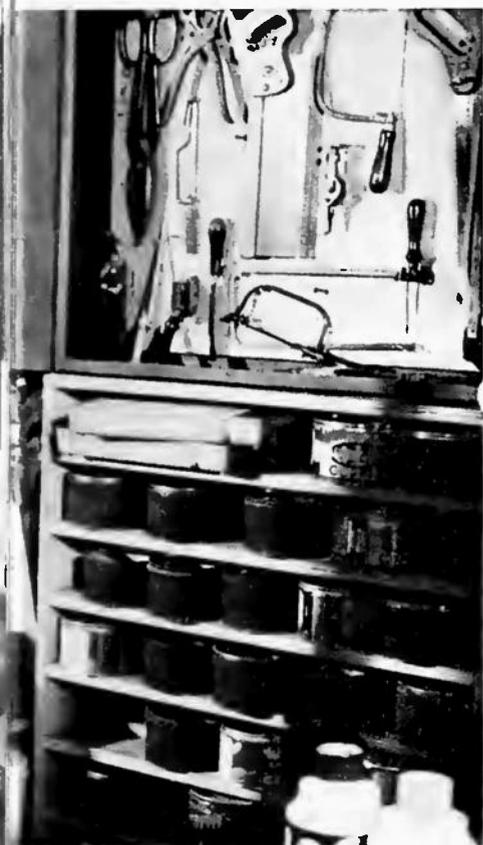
5. *My young son, aged four, got hold of a crayon and drew designs on my nice wallpaper. How can I remove it?*

The cure is to cover the crayon marks with a thick paste made of powdered whiting or other absorbent powder and cigarette-lighter fluid, and let it dry. The lighter fluid acts like a solvent to loosen the greasy crayon from the wallpaper, and the powdered whiting serves as a blotter to draw it out. When the paste is dry, brush it off with a soft brush. Sometimes, it will be necessary to repeat this treatment.

6. *A cigarette apparently fell unnoticed off an ash tray and burned its entire length on the top of a table. How can the charring be removed?*

This requires careful manipulation of a small, sharp knife blade—even a razor blade. All the charring must be carefully scraped away. If you reach bare wood before the charring is removed, then you paint the same

Household Problems



and full know-how for using it.

Lucky Mrs. Whitman can count on his repairs—closet to cellar, metal or wood.

color stain on the wood to match the rest. When the stain has dried, you painstakingly apply one thin coat of varnish after another (using a small artist's brush) until you build the level of the repair up to the level of the rest of the table top. Between the coats of varnish, when each has dried, you should lightly sandpaper before putting on the next one. When the repaired place is level again, give the whole table top a good polishing, and you'll never know the accident occurred.

7. *A glass left a white ring on a varnished table. Is there any way to remove this mark?*

This requires considerable time and patience, plus a few drops of camphorated oil or turpentine, and a small piece of felt. Saturate a small piece of felt with the oil and gently rub over the stain, following the grain of the wood as much as possible. If the stain is stubborn, a little fine abrasive, such as powdered rottenstone, or even some cigar ash, can be added to help things along. Main thing is, don't rub too hard, and don't run out of patience.

8. *How can I fix a small leak in a pipe?*

A temporary patch can be made with friction tape. Or you can clamp a small piece of garden hose tightly over the leak. For a permanent repair, use plastic steel (Devcon). When mixed with the special catalyst which comes with it, this pulverized steel-in-plastic will mend just about anything, and hardens actually into steel itself. Since it's unaffected by water, you can apply it to any leak, even though there's water dribbling out.

9. *How can I take the shakiness out of an antique chair? The rungs have become loosened in their holes in the chair legs.*

Scrape off all the old glue you can . . . both from the ends of the rungs and inside the holes. Then put new glue in the rung hole and over the rung end. Then take a small piece of old nylon stocking and push it in the rung hole with the end of the rung, which will make the joint even tighter. When the glue dries, trim off the excess nylon with a razor blade. While the glue is setting, brace the rungs in the holes by tightly-wrapped cord or furniture clamps.

10. *How can I keep my windows from steaming up, from the time we turn on the furnace in the fall and through the rest of the heating season?*

This is one of the penalties of modern efficient insulating. Warm, damp air trapped within the house can't escape through cracks. The warm house air lands on cold window panes and walls and condenses. Result: Steamy windows. Best answer is thorough ventilation whenever possible, use of de-humidifiers, opening bathroom windows after hot showers, installing of kitchen and laundry ventilating fans.

All these problems, as somewhat sketchily outlined above, are among the commonest which beset home owners—judging by your letters to *Man Around The House*. There are many, many others among the dilemmas facing everyone who has to cope with keeping his own castle in order. But don't be discouraged, fellow home owners! You're in a boat shared by millions of others. And, to the best of our abilities, Dan Peterson and I will try to help you keep things shipshape "around the house."

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For Helen O'Connell,
it's business as usual,
and even more
prettiness than usual—
while she awaits
the birth of her baby



Below, a last-minute touch-up before the show. At right, Helen relaxes in tapered slacks, yellow felt top.



For an evening out, a paisley blue-green duster tops emerald green silk-satin "Empire" waistline dress.

Pretty Enough for Two

By HARRIET SEGMAN

LOVELY Helen O'Connell, always delectable to look at, added a *plus* to her prettiness while she awaited the birth of her fourth child. Seen daily as Dave Garroway's "girl Friday" on *Today* (NBC-TV), Helen worked until the last possible moment, and looked more and more enchanting as the months rolled by. "How do you do it?" we asked. Said Helen: "If you can just be a little extra-fussy it helps, because your figure isn't at its best." When we photographed her in the second half of her pregnancy, Helen had gained only 2½ pounds—"I gain most during the final weeks," she said. She never eats between meals, follows doctor's diet advice, walks a great deal, stays as active as ever. For *Today*, she is due at the studio between 5 and 6 A.M.—a schedule that hardly encourages excess pounds, even if Helen were so inclined. She is generally in bed around 8:30 P.M., as soon as her three daughters (nine, ten and thirteen years old) are tucked in. It's lights out by 10 o'clock. After each pregnancy, she does the prescribed exercises faithfully, returns almost immediately to her normal figure. She prefers two-piece maternity styles—

"at least you look slim from the hips down." Always meticulous about skin care, Helen is even more so while she's "waiting." To offset the drying effect of TV make-up, she cream-cleanses, applies moisture lotion at bedtime, uses mild skin freshener occasionally. After showering, she smooths hand and body lotion on arms and legs, which tend to be particularly dry, finishes with a refreshing spray of lily-of-the-valley cologne or some other delicate scent. "Blondes somehow do better with light fragrance" is her scent-iment. In make-up, she chooses colorless cream base, and face powder to match her fair skin tone. Lipstick is clear, light red, worn with the same shade of polish. She applies a top sealer coat at home several times a week between professional manicures to protect polish. "I always feel so good during my pregnancies," she sparkles. "Just before a baby, I have the yen to clean everything, do closets and drawers, redecorate the whole house—I want everything perfect." And perfection is what she manages to achieve in all these things, as well as in her standards of personal beauty—standards that are pretty enough for two.

Helen and Garroway on *Today*. She chooses maternity clothes with an "early-morning TV look" in mind.



Teens are a Time for Fun



And Dick Clark provides it, with music, on American Bandstand—because he knows other wonderful things about teenagers, too

By MARTIN COHEN

RUSSIA may have its sputniks, but ABC-TV has the *American Bandstand*, featuring such unusual do-it-yourself choreography as the stroll, calypso, chicken, Panama, the slop and the bop. In a few months, this program has blasted into the rare atmosphere reserved only for top-rated shows. "What's

Continued →



Records are Dick's hobby. He has about 15,000, has been collecting since his early teens, is now very high on hi-fi.



Barbara was his high-school sweetheart—but they put aside dreams of marriage until both of them had finished college.



Married in June, 1952, the young Clarks' proudest possession is their son, Dickie, born in January, 1957. They knew hard times, early in their marriage—but, says Barbara, "Dick promised he would make it up to me, and he did!"

Dick Clark emcees *American Bandstand*, as seen on ABC-TV, Monday through Friday, 3 to 3:30 P.M. and 4 to 5 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship. (See local papers for time of Saturday-night telecast of *American Bandstand*, on ABC-TV.)

Teens are a Time for Fun

(Continued)



Bandstand suits Dick perfectly, not only because he loves music, but because he knows teen-age heartaches. "It isn't always easy sailing," he stresses. "Why spoil their fun?"



Dick Clark and producer Tony Mammarella are pleased that half of their ABC-TV audience is "grown-up"—but admit they're still most fond of their "young adults."

our secret formula?" echoes Dick Clark, space pilot of ABC's fast-spinning satellite. "I don't know. We use recorded music. Anyone can get records. There's a lot of unrehearsed dancing by teenagers, and that's no secret. So there's just me, about forty records and a hundred and fifty kids doing what comes naturally. That's all."

Ratings indicate the show is the hottest thing in daytime programming, but there are other signs, too. In one Pennsylvania town, the police suddenly realized their teenagers had vanished in late afternoons. Worried, they finally began a house-to-house search, only to discover the kids were at home watching *Bandstand*. In Texas, a station dared to drop the show—but, within a week, audience pressure brought it back.

The mail comes in by the ton (for one dance contest, there were almost a million votes). By bus and train, teenagers travel into Philadelphia, where the show originates on weekdays (Saturday evenings, it comes from New York). A rather sophisticated nineteen-year-old, Sal Mineo, pictures himself as an enthusiastic fan. "My sister and I pick up new steps watching the show," he says. "Dick Clark has become the Pied Piper of the teen-age set."

Richard Clark, although twenty-eight, could pass for a teenager himself. He's five-nine and weighs one-fifty-five. He's very handsome, with brown eyes, brown hair and boyish features. He smiles easily and seems easygoing, but his looks are deceiving. He's really (Continued on next page)



a rather serious guy. His friends tell you this. So does his wife, Barbara. And Dick himself shows it in the way he reacts to criticism of teenagers.

"Why do they pick on the kids?" he asks. "You see a newspaper and it screams, 'Teenager Smashes Car.' Now, when an adult gets into trouble, does the paper read, 'Middle-ager In Car Wreck'? It doesn't. So, as a result of those 'teenage headlines,' we forget that ninety-eight percent of the kids are okay. I think that's a better percentage than you'd find for the adult population."

Dick Clark lives in a duplex apartment, in Philadelphia, with his wife and baby. He works so hard—some eighty hours a week—that he and his wife have been out to see just one movie in the past year. He is neat, intelligent and forthrightly honest. If all the P.T.A. committees in the country were to look for a man fit to work with youngsters, they couldn't find one who better exemplifies the virtues of American life. Yet Dick is not so old that he cannot identify with teenagers and their ideas and problems.

"It wasn't always smooth sailing when I was a teenager," he recalls. "When I went into high school, I was self-conscious and frightened. I was a skinny, gawky kid. For the first year-and-a-half, I literally crept around the school."

Dick was born November 30, 1929, in Bronxville, New York. He was raised in Mount Vernon, where he attended public schools. "When I was a kid, we lived in a six-storey apartment building on an old estate. There were about thirty acres of wilderness around us, and this was just fine for boys. We had our tree shacks and games in the woods. We had the convenience of apartment living and the benefits of country life. Dad was in the cosmetic business in New York, and he always said we were living there 'temporarily.' It was 'temporary' for twenty-six years."

There were only two children in the family. Dick's brother, Bradley, was five years his senior and greatly influenced Dick's early life. "We were quite different. He was quiet, a big guy and very athletic. Brad was a wonderful individual. When I got into high school, I tried to follow his interest in sports. I went out for track, swimming and football. I was too small for football. I weighed a hundred and thirty-three pounds and made about the ninth team. I was so far down the line that when they passed out uniforms all I got was an old helmet."

Dick was going nowhere fast and feeling miserable. It was a family tragedy that put him on his feet. During Dick's sophomore year, his brother, then a fighter pilot, was killed on a voluntary mission over the Battle of the Bulge. Says Dick, "I can't begin to tell you how the family suffered, and I suddenly realized that my problems were mighty insignificant. I saw that it wasn't right to live the way I'd been going on. I began to open up more. I made friends. I began to enjoy people and the things around me."

He made the swimming team. He excelled in dramatics and became president of the dramatic society. The school, as a whole, so took to the new Dick Clark that he was elected president of the student body at A. B. Davis High School in Mt. Vernon.

"If I ever amount to anything," says Dick, "much of the credit goes to my parents. They are wonderful. So far back as I can remember, they gave me a sense of responsibility by showing confidence in me. There was an incident when I was twelve that started it. I asked my mother for a dime to buy an ice-cream stick. She told me to get it out of her purse, but I took an extra dime

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for a friend." Dick smiles and continues. "Somehow, she found out and let me know, but she didn't raise the roof. To the contrary, she said that, in the future, there would be money in the drawer and I was to take it as I needed. That's the way it went through high school. In college, they gave me a checking account. Because of their confidence, I never abused my privilege. As a matter of fact, in college, I worked as a Fuller Brush salesman, a hash-slinger and at other odd jobs to help pay for extras."

The girl Dick married, Barbara Mallery, was his high-school sweetheart. When they first began to date, she was fourteen and Dick was fifteen. Barbara, a lovely gal with blue eyes and brown hair, recalls that the early years of their romance were less than ideal: "We were going together for about ten months. I was a sophomore and Dick was a junior. Well, there were parental objections to our going steady. Bob and I had a long, serious talk and tried to convince ourselves that we were both missing too much in not dating others, so we broke up. That was an evening in May and, after he went home, I had a wonderful cry. I cried for seven days. We didn't date again until October, when Dick invited me to the circus at Madison Square Garden. After that, we gave in to the inevitable and began going together again."

It was five years later that they married. Neither ever considered getting married until they finished school. Dick stresses this because, so often now, teenagers come to him and ask his advice about quitting school. "Even after I graduated from Syracuse University," Dick says, "we put off our marriage for another year. I believed then, as I do now, that a man must have a job and a little savings before he gets married. And Bobbie had another year to go before she got her degree."

Barbara explains: "My father died when I was a youngster, and Mother had to work. I knew it was important that a woman be qualified to hold a job, in case of an emergency, or just to help out her husband." And, during the first two years of their marriage, Barbara taught second-grade in Philadelphia.

They were married June 29, 1952, in Salisbury, Maryland, where Barbara's mother makes her home. Dick was then working in Philadelphia and couldn't get away to make any of the arrangements. Barbara bought the ring and made reservations for the honeymoon. "He promised he would make it up to me, and he did. About a year-and-a-half later, he took me on a second honeymoon to New Orleans. And, when the baby was born, he surprised me with a second wedding ring."

They have been happily married almost six years, but there are things about having a radio-TV performer as a husband which make marital life a little difficult. Most of these years, Dick has had to work nights. Even now, though *Bandstand* is on weekday afternoons, Dick is making personal appearances at night. Saturday, of course, he is in New York with the evening version of *Bandstand*. On most days, he sleeps to the last minute, leaving for his office about ten A.M. He seldom gets home before midnight.

"Usually," says Barbara, "he wakes me, when he comes in, to ask if I've let the dog out." With the dog, a dachshund named "Looie," the family numbers four. Their baby, Dickie, was born January 9, 1957. They live comfortably in a three-bedroom apartment in Drexel Hills, a suburb of Philadelphia. Their living room is furnished in modern, and the dining room in American colonial. The

carpeting and most of the upholstering is in various shades of gray. Barbara calls the walls "battleship gray."

"Now let me explain that," Dick says. "I had left the choice of wall colors to Bobbie. I should have known better. I remember, before we were married, she once wrote me a romantic-type letter in which she referred to my wonderful blue eyes. The sentiment was very nice—except that my eyes are brown. So, anyway, two days before we moved into our apartment, I went over to take a look and found the walls were kind of a 'fun-house blue' with rose-colored doors. I couldn't take it. With my brother-in-law, I repainted the walls gray."

Among Dick's fondest possessions is his high-fidelity set. He has a collection of 15,000 records. His tastes are broad and include everything but opera. He particularly likes jazz, if it is not too progressive. He has been collecting records since he was in his early teens.

Remorsefully, he notes: "I had about six hundred 78's that were really collectors' items. But Bobbie did the moving and, when I got into the new apartment at two in the morning, the first thing I checked on were the 78's. They weren't there." Barbara remembers: "He woke me and I had to explain that I'd left them behind. Well, Dick hadn't played them in years, so I thought he didn't want them. You have to understand that Dick is a 'saver.' For example, we have a six-year collection of old *Life* magazines. His grandmother has ten or fifteen preceding years that she's been keeping for him."

At home, Dick is a very informal guy. He relishes wearing slacks and a sports shirt, because most of the time he must be in a tie and dress shirt. "When we go out to visit," Barbara says, "the first thing I hear from him is: 'I guess this means I have to get dressed up.'" But Sundays he relaxes. He gives Barbara a break by getting up with Dickie. Says Dick, "We have a ball. The kid doesn't say much yet, but he's an expert at ripping books and magazines. Don't get me wrong. He's a good baby. I just think he takes after Bobbie and resents my saving things!"

Dick has two hobbies besides his record collection. He likes to garden and he likes to cook. In spring, he is out in the back yard with a spade. He has planted a willow tree and honeysuckle bushes. "During the war," he explains, "Dad and I had a victory garden. That got me on the green-thumb kick." And sometimes he must satisfy a subconscious urge to cook. "I'm not much of a cook. But last summer, I turned out some good bread. It was a hot night with nothing to do, and I saw this recipe in a magazine. I had to borrow ingredients from neighbors. When I got started, I found that it took a couple of hours for the bread to rise. Well, it was about one-thirty in the morning that I had two loaves baked, but the neighbors had waited up. The bread was good—what I tasted of it. I don't know why I do this cooking bit, although it does seem to be some kind of a tradition with the men in my family. They always go out to the kitchen on holidays to help. I think they just get in the way."

This is kidding, for Dick doesn't belittle his father. His father, Richard A. Clark, is station manager of WRUN in upper New York state. Dick says, "I think I told you that Dad was in the cosmetic business most of his life. He went into radio mostly because of me, because of my interest. You see, I'd made up my mind that I wanted to be in radio when I was a kid. It was about the time my parents took me to a studio to see a Durante-Moore broadcast. Well, when I got to Syracuse University, I auditioned

for the campus station. During high school, I had done imitations of a radio announcer and so I did an imitation at the audition and got the job. During summers, Dad let me work in the mail room at his station. At college, I worked part-time on WOLF in Syracuse. When I was graduated, I spent a year at WKTV in Utica, before I went to Philadelphia. I've been with WFIL since 1952."

Dick has worked on many shows, but *Bandstand* fits him like a cozy glove. His great interest in music is important—and so is his sensitivity. As he says, "I learned from being self-conscious and shy that there are a lot of people around who have the same feeling."

Many of the teenagers on *Bandstand* are club members. They know Dick well. Their attitude toward Dick is a healthy one, a feeling of fellowship, rather than a superficial idolization.

Sometimes, they come to Dick with personal problems. A girl may ask whether she should dye her hair. Dick says, "I tell her to talk that over with her mother." Once in a while, it is a serious problem. A youngster told Dick that she was quitting school because her mother complained so about her grades. That was not lightly passed off. Dick and producer Tony Mammarella took the girl back to the office and spent considerable time going deeply into the matter. The girl continued at school, brought up her grades, and everyone was happy.

"I'm sure teenagers are a problem to parents, but that's what parents are for," Dick says. "I was a problem to mine. There are those times when you know you've failed them. My grades in high school weren't bad, but they weren't good enough to get me into Yale, where Dad wanted me to go. My first year in Syracuse, I had excellent grades and knew then that I could have done better in high school if I had worked at it."

"And there are other ways we disappoint our parents. I remember the time I had the family car until three or four in the morning. I wasn't getting into any kind of trouble. I took it on myself to drive someone a long way home. Well, when I got back, I found my parents both waiting at the door. All they said was, 'We're awfully glad to see you.' But I knew from their faces how much I'd worried them. It seemed to me that I'd disillusioned them in that I didn't have the foresight to call them."

Dick is gratified that *Bandstand* gives so much pleasure to teenagers. "These are the kids' best years. Pretty soon they will be on jobs and tied up with family responsibilities. These are their days for fun. If I were to offer them a philosophy, it would be to live as fully as possible, but just remember that those around you, friends and parents, are sensitive, too, and nothing should be gained at their expense."

A revealing fact about *Bandstand's* Trendex rating is that it indicates half of the many millions watching the show are adults. "We are pleased that adults enjoy watching us," Dick says, "but, even more, it means that the adult population is beginning to see for itself that the music and dancing of teenagers is good, clean fun. The people who started this bugaboo about rock 'n' roll being immoral did the country a disservice. I know these kids intimately. Most of them are already thinking about the job they will get when school is over. The girls want to work until the 'right guy' comes along, and then have a family. These kids are just as straight and honest as any generation. We should feel nothing but pride about our teen-age population. Why spoil their fun?"

Dream Girl From Canada

(Continued from page 36)

plans to take her there had to be abandoned. She was busy with rehearsals, when the good doctor christened the cornerstone with a bottle of ginger ale.

Of all her family traditions, perhaps the most striking is music. It is the one in which she was most thoroughly steeped—and, ironically, it is the one against which she finally rebelled, shattering a family dream hallowed by many years. Mama La Fleche is the former Marietta Manseau, a professional singer and pianist—although she retired after marriage, she has been the official organist for Winnipeg's Sacred Heart Catholic Church for some twenty-two years. Papa Le Fleche is an adept violinist and enjoys dropping his scalpel for an hour of relaxation with the bow. Their children are all musical, and so are the grandchildren. In addition to the piano, Gisele's younger brother Jacques plays the flute, while Georges alternates between cello and bass fiddle. Huguette, three years older than Gisele, and Janine, three years younger, are both accomplished pianists.

But of the immediate La Fleche family, only Gisele and Georges—an announcer on a Montreal TV station—have gone into show business. Huguette, now Mrs. Paul Lord, and Janine, Mrs. Hector Moreau, are happy homemakers, with children of their own. Jacques is studying with the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface.

Family concerts were as much a custom of Gisele's home as eating together or saying the Rosary together. Gathering around the piano to sing "Le Fiacre" in chorus is one of Gisele's earliest and fondest memories. She herself was scarcely more than two when she startled her parents by climbing up on the piano bench and playing a recognizable tune by ear. She got to be so clever at this that Huguette, who was already studying piano, would answer all requests by saying, "Ask my little sister—she can play all the songs." Gisele also vocalized at the drop of a hat and at the top of her lungs. She sang less noisily (and it is to be hoped more reverently) at the 8:30 Mass in the Sacred Heart school.

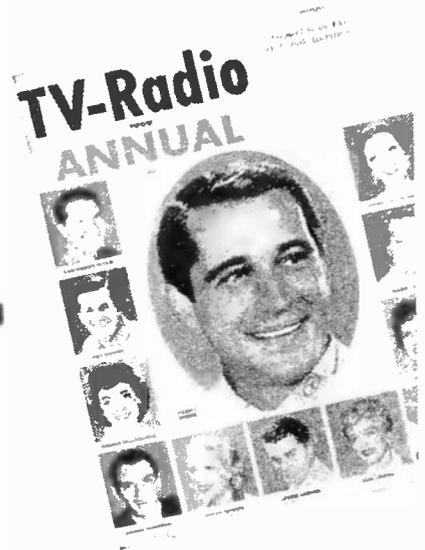
From the very start, however, there was a tacit understanding between Papa and Mama La Fleche that *Trésor* ("Treasure") would focus her talents on the violin. Who knows, Papa would muse—perhaps, with God's grace, our little one will take her place with the great ones of the concert stage.

They might have been less enchanted with this vision, had they realized that their *Trésor* often seemed bored with her exercises. She had begun taking lessons at the age of eight, and her teacher, Mrs. Florence Goulden, gave glowing reports of progress and of the child's perfect pitch. But, all too often, Gisele drifted from the music stand to the window, looking and listening wistfully. Outside, she could hear children at their play . . . and the wind turned and turned mysteriously, beckoning her out into the world. . . .

Had the family not been absorbed in classical and folk music, they might have guessed that their little prodigy was more of an entertainer than a virtuoso. She never had to be asked. She was always out on the floor at parties, reciting, singing, dancing and playing until she had to be restrained. She was just a toddler when sister Huguette was to appear in a school pageant. The family, of course, turned out *en masse*. Sucking lustily at a milk bottle, little Gisele trailed her sister out upon the stage, fell into a basket, and literally broke



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up everything—both audience and scene. “Music was something we took for granted—like the snows of Canada and our Catholic faith,” Gisele recalls. “I loved sports. I yearned to become a pro ball-player. I had a pony, and the proudest moment of my childhood was when I was elected stable boy by the other kids. The saddest moment was when I was forced to drop physical education—and even sewing—so that I could practice an hour in the morning and take a lesson or practice again in the afternoon. It was bad enough about my height—I sprouted up very fast, and it made me stand out like a sore thumb. But, when the kids started pointing to me and hollering, ‘Lady Fiddle Scratcher’—well, I nearly blew my stack.”

And so the rebellion began. She got into the habit of slipping off for a game of softball whenever the chance came, then rushing home to put in an hour of practice. No one was any the wiser—until she broke the third finger of her bow hand. At this point, Mama and Papa said, “Marie Louise Marguerite Gisele La Fleche, no more ball. You will play the violin and no nonsense.” She played, progressed, and did her best to like it. “I may have had the talent but not the passion for it,” she allows.

Oddly enough, she does not regret the lost hours of childhood. “I take my philosophy from my father,” she meditates. “He once told me that all life is a compromise. Everything extra you get is a plus you didn’t expect. Happiness comes from wanting what you get, not merely getting what you want. Papa also told me not to laugh at folk who go looking for the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. They may not find the gold, but they will probably discover other things of value as they search. It’s a philosophy I come by naturally, I guess.” Her voice is somber, as she admits, “It’s the deepest sorrow of my life that I haven’t always wanted the things he wanted for me.”

At one phase in her formative years, she yearned to be a doctor just like him. He was her hero. Rain or storm, he answered the call of the sick. Several times, she coaxed him into letting her come along. She nursed stray cats and injured birds. She stood at her music stand and dreamed of the thrilling operations she would perform.

Then all at once, she was eleven. She was very romantic now. She devoured novels. The magic of words transported her into exotic lands. She would memorize her finger exercises quickly, then put a book on the stand and fiddle away mechanically while she tingled to some scene of love and derring-do. One afternoon, she got so absorbed in a story that she forgot to keep fiddling. Mama La Fleche marched in, threw up her hands and laid down the law. Thereafter, Mama would “frisk” her before she began to practice. Smiling tenderly, Gisele recalls: “I nicknamed her ‘The Sergeant’ and that she was, bless her soul.”

At twelve, Gisele fulfilled her parents’ dearest wish. She gave her first professional recital at a banquet in the Hotel Royal Alexandra of Winnipeg. A thunderous ovation was her reward. And she fell “wildly in love” with her accompanist!

Her sense of humor at this period was far more rudimentary than her violin technique. She was full of practical jokes. One summer evening, a priest came to visit friends. Gisele tiptoed into the guest room and scattered dried peas under the bed-sheet. Telling of this, Mama La Fleche still moans, “Although he never complained, I’m sure the good padre got up many times to pray for his back and her soul.”

Suddenly, Gisele was fourteen, and her

father exclaimed: “*Qui l’aurait cru! Allez au Conservatoire, cher Trésor!* (“Who’d have believed it? On to the Conservatory, dear Treasure!”) Mama touched her eyes with a handkerchief: “Imagine, our little girl a thousand miles away in Toronto—at the Royal Conservatory of Music—studying to become a great violinist.” And, at the station, a last few words of counsel from both: “Make your confession regularly and do not abandon our old customs for newfangled ways. Goodbye, happy little Gisele. . . .”

Her room at the Conservatory faced a brick wall—the better to fight distractions. No use staring through the window. She placed the beautiful Ceruti under her chin. It was three thousand dollars worth of violin that had taken her family years of scrimping to afford. Sadly she played “Le Fiacre,” the melody so intimately linked with family and home. For months, she refused to unpack her trunk: “I wanted to be ready in case anyone came to fetch me.”

She was sawing away with fierce intensity one day, glaring at the brick wall beyond her window. A thought struck her. What was behind that wall? She lowered her violin, possessed by a need to know. What had her father said? Seek

father in Godfrey Ridout, her teacher of harmony. “His advice and interest carried me over many a rough moment.” She began to win scholarships, enough to pay most of her expenses for five of her six years there. Slyly, she had also started to experiment with lipstick.

Out in the broad world, a war was raging. Gisele surged with patriotism. “I wanted to do my part—if only I could have fought in the front lines! But I was just a young girl.” She inquired around, clinging to her credo that in the search may be found unsuspected answers. She found one. Entertainers were needed. Gisele gave several violin recitals throughout Canada. She was also invited to play at Army and Navy canteens—but, sensing the need of her audiences for light distractions, she put the violin aside in favor of singing.

She had a naturally smooth, vibrant contralto that did wonders for a pop tune, and her audiences responded eagerly. In 1945, she went to the Toronto Naval Barracks to perform for men just back from the war. A lieutenant came up to say, “You have a fine voice and a lot of stage presence.” He was Bob Shuttleworth, who was to help to fan the flames of her rebellion against the La Fleche dream of having a famous virtuoso in the family.

A year after their meeting, Gisele heard that Bob was managing a dance band. She promptly applied for a spot as violinist. Bob remembered her. “Listen,” he said, “a gal fiddler has only one place to go—Spitalny’s band. I’ll hire you, but only as a singer.”

Fearful of the pain she might cause her family, Gisele went back to the Conservatory. All her loyalties demanded that she stick to the violin; all the tug of her heart was in the other direction. She knew she was at the crossroads. She decided to give pop singing a try and see where it would lead her. By day, she struggled with the intricacies of a sonata. By night, she sang the fleeting, fashionable tunes.

Backed by Shuttleworth’s band, she would close her eyes “to blot out the accusing faces of my family that seemed to glare at me from all sides.” She was stimulated by the applause that rolled her way. She was also tempted. Her letters home were a mixture of evasions and almost frantic expressions of love. “It was strange, how the more I drifted away from them, the more I loved them and wanted them to love me.” If only they didn’t expect so much of her! If only they wouldn’t think she was betraying them!

A turning point was bound to come. Suddenly it did. Gisele went shopping—and returned to find her lovely violin stolen. Then came the worst ordeal of her life. She had to call her parents and tell them. They rallied behind her at once and offered to raise the money for another instrument. Her tongue heavy with the awful word, she mustered her courage and gasped, “No . . .”

The rebellion was complete. Nudged on by Bob, she auditioned for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. For the next four years, she was featured on various radio shows: *Meet Gisele*, *London By Lamplight*, *The Girl Next Door*. Bob became her personal manager. Reviewers started calling her “Canada’s First Lady of Song.”

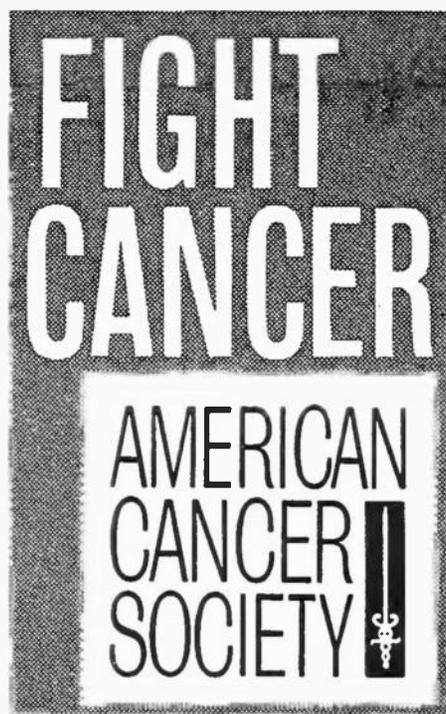
America was taking notice of her now. She made appearances with Edgar Bergen and Morton Downey. The Andrews Sisters were leaving Bob Crosby’s *Club 15* show, and he was seeking a replacement. Gisele landed the job and, in 1951, became an excited and exciting part of this popular American variety show. During the next year-and-a-half, she also co-starred

and, in the seeking, you will find many unexpected things. She went out to investigate. It was a home for crippled children. During the next six years of study, seldom a day passed that she failed to pop in on the kiddies—not to play the violin—but to sing, dance and cut funny capers.

However she may have felt, the Conservatory was pleased with her. Kathleen Parlow, her teacher, a violinist of renown in her own right, predicted a brilliant career for her if she gave all of herself to the mastery of the instrument.

Gisele was fifteen now and almost at her full height of five-foot-six. A childhood fancy for clothes was paying off; she looked mature and chic. Young men, and sometimes older men, began to give her some attention. She was flattered, and frightened, too. “But,” she is quick to add, twinkling, “don’t get the idea I wasn’t susceptible! I was at prayers with Mrs. Parlow in St. Basil’s Church when a tall, handsome lad came in. I took one look and fell off the prayer board. Mrs. Parlow thought I’d fainted.”

At school she found a substitute for her



with Mario Lanza on his radio program. Then came another big break. Bob Crosby took his *Club 15* to Las Vegas to play an engagement at the Sahara Hotel. Jack Benny dropped in to catch the act. Gisele was singing up a storm, and Benny sat spellbound. He had come as a friendly gesture to Bob. Instead, he had stumbled on a new performer of the first magnitude. "Once again," says Gisele, "the adage of 'Seek and ye shall find' came true—with me on the receiving end." Benny asked her to do a stint with him at the Curran Theater in San Francisco—where, among other didos, they worked up a comical violin duet that rocked their audience with glee.

It was Benny who learned that *Your Hit Parade* was looking for a singer. He put Gisele on his last show of the season and the strategy worked. The spot on *Hit Parade* was hers and, for the next four years, she was a standout, even among such gifted entertainers as Dorothy Collins, Snooky Lanson, and Russell Arms.

She was now very much of the great world, and the wind was carrying her along. She made guest appearances with Benny; she accompanied herself at the piano and sang an assortment of tunes, from nostalgic French-Canadian *Habitant* chansons to Tin Pan Alley's latest rhythm pieces. She found time to wax a number of weekly programs on which she was "the whole shebang . . . singer, pianist, announcer and deejay."

These waxings were airmailed to Toronto, and there launched over the Dominion's kilocycles. A letter arrived from the family. It said simply, "You are making people happy. That's a precious talent. Be proud of it as we are of you." A terrible burden seemed to fall away. Gisele sat down "and bawled like a baby."

The past winter has seen Gisele at the

crest of her success. Her first "very own big-league TV show" won rave reviews and a huge following that claims she is the equal of Dinah Shore, Patti Page and Rosemary Clooney. She has also leaped into another category. Coached by Jack Benny, the executive producer of her show, she has learned how to throw away a line that tickles or to pause and wait for the instant of maximum suspense before delivering a punch line that rolls them in the aisles.

On October 23, 1957, *This Is Your Life* presented her story. Ever her good friend and counselor, Jack Benny escorted her to NBC-TV's Burbank studio on the pretext of introducing her to the sponsors of her show. At the entrance, they were halted by two Canadian Mounties who, according to plan, snatched her from the protesting comedian and whisked her into the studio, which had been staged as a replica of the La Fleche living room. Once more, to the strains of "Le Fiacre," Gisele found herself at home.

There in the old accustomed places sat her father, mother, sisters, brothers—her family! The emotional impact on the bewildered girl was clearly visible to millions of viewers. "How I survived that shock I'll never know," she admits. "I may have strayed from the fold, but my heart is tied to them as if on a rubber leash. The farther I go, the tighter is their hold on me. I suppose I'm a dreadful contradiction."

There is nothing dreadful about lively and lovable Gisele, but a contradiction she most certainly is. Surrounded by attractive admirers, men who have been drawn to her from all walks of life, she has remained unmarried—and, as she cheerfully puts it, "un-engaged." Easily moved to the verge of tears by affectionate memories of home, she lives in a rented

house on a hill overlooking Hollywood. A witty, sparkling and companionable girl, her dearest playmates and confidants are two longhaired dachshunds, Wolfgang and Brunnhilde—significantly, the names are longhaired, too. Her hobbies are equally contradictory: Cooking and perfumes. Much as she loves fiction, she will toss aside the latest novel for the latest cookbook. She loves to blend three or four known perfumes to get an original scent. "People miles away can find my place in the dark just by deep breathing."

Credulous and generous to a fault, she has shown the hard horse sense to protect herself with a personal manager, a business manager, a top agency (Music Corporation of America) and a boss (Benny) whose miserliness may be only a gimmick for garnering laughs but whose business brain has never been questioned in real life. A violinist of genuine flair, she candidly confesses, "I go to no concerts. I never practice the violin. And I feel no loss at having given it up." An avid movie and TV fan—"I'll watch anything that flickers"—she is fondest of simple fairytales.

At a sophisticated party in New York some time ago, her hostess caught her off by herself staring out of a window at the arresting tapestry of lights along the city's skyline. "Gisele, dear, when are you going to settle down, marry, start a little family . . . ?"

"When, I can't say. But I'm looking."

Her hostess brushed this aside, "I shouldn't think you'd have far to look."

"But I like to look. You never know what you'll find."

"And are you looking for it now—out there?" the lady scoffed.

Gisele MacKenzie, suave, mature, radiant with achievement, pressed her nose against the glass. "Yes," she smiled enigmatically. "Out there—always . . ."

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She Started a Heat Wave

(Continued from page 32)

beauty of *Monitor* who has parlayed the usually commonplace weather reports into a burgeoning career with her sultry, come-hither voice, couldn't be more surprised.

"Down home," she drawls, "I talked like everyone else." And when she arrived in New York a few years ago from her native Georgia, she took such a ribbing because of her Southern accent that she signed up for voice lessons to rid herself, once and for all, of the cornpone and chitlin's that kept creeping into her talk.

What came out, and comes out now over the airwaves, is a warm, intimate voice which sounds like a 1958 version of Mae West's classic invitation to "Come up and see me some time."

And when Tedi interlards the day's temperatures with such bits of philosophy as, "Girls, if you get cold feet, you'll never have any fun"—or advises her listeners that it's going to be "a very, very dry weekend and I'll start as soon as the olives arrive"—the results are both hilarious and devastating.

Tedi laughs about her network sex appeal, thinks it's all gay and fun. But she's serious about it, too. So serious that—since June, 1955, when she went on the air with *Monitor*—she hasn't missed a weekend, come rain, snow or laryngitis. A cold, she says, just makes her voice huskier—and sexier.

For two years, "Miss Monitor," as NBC promptly dubbed her, was only a voice. The face that had made her a *Vogue* cover-girl and the figure that had made her a successful fashion model were hidden behind a microphone. But last July, when Jack Paar took over as the star of *Tonight*, Tedi became a weather girl on TV, too, and now can often be seen, sequined sheath and all, doling out the temperature in the come-hither voice already so familiar on radio.

It's a funny thing. In radio and television, where the well-scrubbed girl-next-door, the wholesome wife and mother are the rule, Tedi has achieved success by the simple method of peddling sex appeal. In real life, she's none of these things, either. Unmarried, she is the girl-next-door only to the people who happen to live in apartments near hers. And neither they, nor the elevator operators, the door-men, or the messengers who trudge in with flowers practically every day, have ever seen her done up in a little gingham frock, with or without ruffles.

Tedi is a sheath-type girl, both on and off camera and mike. And she's just the girl for whom the sheath was invented. Tall (she's five-foot-seven-plus without the high heels she always wears) and a slick 120 pounds, she's more the high-fashion model in appearance than the Mansfield type. For personal appearances, she wears "a cocktail dress, but not awfully low—I haven't got the equipment for it." (She measures 34-24-35 in the vital areas.)

Though she looks as non-domestic as she sounds, Tedi can cook, and likes to—"though not all the time, not three meals a day," she adds honestly. She gets her own breakfast (scarcely a taxing chore, since it consists only of coffee and fruit juice) and can be talked into whipping up dinner now and then for a favored swain. A *bouillabaisse* ("really, it's more of an Italian fish dish, with tomato sauce and wine") is her specialty, and she also admits to turning out a tasty spaghetti. "I must have had an Italian grandmother somewhere back," says this product of the Old South.

But by no stretch of the imagination could "Miss Monitor" be tagged as the domestic type. Neither is she a shining example of the theory that years of hard work and struggle are essential to success, American style. Tedi slid into radio and television as easily as she slithers into one of her sequined sheaths, and with just as devastating results.

Born on the right side of the tracks, or what passes for tracks in Midville, Georgia—population 900-plus—Tedi wanted to study painting, and she didn't have to scrub floors, work at the local drive-in, or even baby-sit, to finance her studies. Her father, owner of the local Ford agency and president of the local bank, was an easy touch for the youngest of his four children. Once out of high school, Tedi had no trouble selling him and her mother on the idea of sending her to the Atlanta Art Institute. From there, she went on to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., to continue her studies.

It was there, when fellow students began to show more interest in her as a model than her instructors did in her painting, that Tedi decided to shed her paint-smear frock and see what else the big world had to offer.

"I wanted to come to New York," she says, "and I figured being a model was the quickest way to earn some money." So, with Daddy shaking his head in dismay and disapproval, Miss Theodora Thurman arrived in New York, registered at the Conover agency—where her name was promptly shortened to its present Tedi—and within six weeks was posing for color pictures, one of which landed on the cover of *Vogue*.

Tedi did fine as a fashion model, with her regular features, her height, and her slenderness ("I weighed 107 or 108 then, no matter what I ate"). And her rusty-red hair and wide-set blue eyes made her a natural for color pictures.

And then she tossed it all in the ashcan and took off for Paris. ("I don't know—I just wanted to see the place," she explains in her breathless way.) She had planned to stay two months, but she loved Paris and, naturally, vice versa. With her customary good luck—and her *Vogue* contacts—she began work almost immediately, posing in Dior's creations in the most fashionable settings in Paris. "I was there six months," she says, "and I worked almost every day."

A fashion model learns many things.



Tedi nixes gingham, garbs herself mannequin-slim for every occasion.

Never as interested in clothes as many models, Tedi learned that for her, with her spectacular hair, conservative styles and colors are best. Today, her personal wardrobe is made up almost entirely of simple sheaths in monotonous—grays, blacks, whites, beiges, and lots of blue.

She looked, in 1950, on her return from Paris, like a highly polished product of New York's East Side—well dressed, well groomed, poised. But when she opened her mouth, everyone laughed. Neither Washington nor New York nor Paris had been able to separate Tedi from her Southern drawl.

She decided to do something about it and, as usual, she did the right thing. She went to Claudia Franck, a well-known voice coach, to learn to speak Yankee. And, because Miss Franck is a drama as well as a voice coach, Tedi found herself learning something about acting—though, up to that time, she had never given a thought to a career in show business.

Tedi had been studying seriously for several months, and had advanced to the point where she could say "R," when Miss Franck—who has a finger in many facets of the entertainment world—heard that Columbia Pictures was looking for a "new face." A screen test later, Tedi was offered a seven-year contract and, though she turned it down, she was hooked.

"That was three or four years ago," she says, "and I began going around to TV studios looking for work—any kind of work." She found some. There was a *Frontiers Of Faith* film for television, in which she played Helen of Troy. There was a promotion film for *Today*.

"When Stokowski announced that he was looking for a jew's-harp player, I dug up a jew's-harp and applied," she says. "I could play it all right—I'd learned as a kid—but I didn't get the job. But I did get a few spots on TV as a jew's-harp soloist after that.

"I was trying anything," she explains, "and then this *Monitor* thing came along. I thought it might last a few weeks." She had no idea a brand-new career was opening up for her.

Neither had the show's executive producer, Al Capstaff, nor Mike Zeamer, who had noticed her on the *Today* promotion and had touted her for the job. But it turned out that the new sound in weather, with Tedi's Southern voice coddling each degree-Fahrenheit, was one of the most popular features of the show. Fan mail from panting males began to pour in—and Tedi hastily stopped her voice lessons, lest she lose her now-precious accent.

Since she added the *Tonight* assignment last summer, and listeners began getting a look at her physical attributes, Tedi's fame has spread even further. She's called upon by NBC for all sorts of official and semi-official chores. She's raised the temperatures at network conventions and anniversary celebrations. She flew to Hollywood last spring to film a trailer for the Dean Martin movie, "10,000 Bedrooms."

She is constantly being offered commercials—and just as frequently being imitated. She is working on recordings, has an album of songs and talk on the way. The voice and delivery of Tedi Thurman are rapidly becoming as well known as those of Jack Webb in *Dragnet*.

Meanwhile, back at the plantation, the rest of the closely-knit Thurmans are gradually recovering from the shock of Tedi's entrance into show business. They still wonder what made her do it, but her mother admits there are certain advantages: "Well, I know you weren't sick,"

she will write, after hearing Tedi's voice on *Monitor*, "even if we haven't heard from you this week."

Her two brothers, both in business with Thurman père, and their wives are regular listeners, and up in Monticello, Georgia, where her grandfather was a judge and where her married sister now lives, the show has a steady audience, too. Add her six (seven, any day now) young nieces and nephews, assorted uncles, aunts, cousins and more distant kin, and *Monitor* gets a built-in boost, rating-wise.

In New York, it's pretty much a dream life that Tedi is living these days. She works only three days a week—perhaps two and a half would be more accurate—including her appearances on *Tonight*. On Saturdays and Sundays, she puts in some fourteen hours a day on *Monitor*, though much of this time is spent waiting around.

The rest of Tedi's time is her own. She's free to sleep late, shop, putter around the apartment, answer her fan mail, and carry on an active social life—though, as she says, working weekends handicaps her socially: "In summer, everyone else can go away. In winter, that's when all the parties are."

Life is seldom dull, however, in the comfortable four-room apartment on Park Avenue, where she lives with Peggy Fears, ex-Follies star and ex-Broadway producer. Their living room is good-sized, furnished comfortably. Waiting to be hung is a Tedi Thurman original—a sketch of Peggy. "I don't have much time for painting now," says Tedi apologetically.

In the kitchen, large by apartment-house standards, there is Annabelle, who comes in daily to clean and cook.

And all over is Missy, Peggy's gray poodle, who turns up her well-bred nose at all but the choicest guests. "We used to have a penthouse," says Tedi, "but Missy didn't like it, so we moved down nearer the street."

The telephones ring constantly in the two bedrooms. Tedi has friends in show business and out. Almost nightly, she has a dinner date—not all with the same man, though a brain surgeon is her current favorite. "I met a psychiatrist last summer, but I was afraid all the time that he was reading my mind. I figure a brain surgeon can't do anything short of cutting a hole in my head."

And, of course, there are the long-distance admirers. Most of the mail is from men, but there's some from women and children, too. Many of the letters are from home-town boosters who want their cities mentioned in Tedi's rundown of weather conditions—or who don't! ("Please don't ever say we're having cloudy weather.")

Obviously, some people do take Tedi's weather reports seriously, though so off-beat is her presentation of them that, when she began appearing on *Tonight*, Jack Paar made a great point of the fact that they were real, accurate reports. And a great many people take Tedi seriously—or would like to. Most of the people who write her ask for pictures, and these Tedi dispatches personally, just as she answers the letters which have any genuine question—short of a marriage proposal.

It's not that Tedi's adverse to marrying. She doesn't even have terribly rigid qualifications for a husband. "Intelligence" is the first thing she mentions when asked what qualities she wants in a spouse. But . . . she thinks it would be nice to know the guy, too, and it's doubtful if an acquaintance by postcard, or even Western Union, will be enough. Right now, though she's reached her late twenties, she's in no hurry. She's having too much fun enjoying her new fame as the heat wave of the airwaves.

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| 50. Diana Lynn | 174. Rita Gam | 237. Dana Wynter | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis |
| 51. Doris Day | 175. Charlton Heston | 239. Judy Busch | 267. Ferlin Huskey |
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T
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Will Army Service Make or Break Presley as a Performer?

(Continued from page 28)

and sound-stages would hardly rust those agile hips or drain the voltage from that flexible voice. Elvis has recorded dozens of songs, ranging from novelties such as "Hound Dog," through ballads like "Love Me Tender," to spirituals on the order of "Peace in the Valley." Where Lawrence had never appeared in a film, Elvis just finished starring in his fourth—"King Creole," for Hal Wallis, to be released by Paramount Pictures—and each has nudged him a notch higher in the public esteem.

He is secure in the knowledge that he has two of the shrewdest managers in the history of entertainment, Colonel Tom Parker and Tom Diskin, watching hawk-eyed over his interests in his absence. They will maintain and try to expand his enormous fan-club service while he's GI-ing it. Publicity pictures of Elvis in uniform will probably replace the old ones on Young America's walls. And there is always the chance that he will be mustered by the Army into singing chores for the benefit of soldiers and patriotic functions.

But, moan the alarmists, look at accordion player Dick Contino. Contino requested a deferment from his draft board. Adverse comment resulted. It is said that the request may have influenced his professional popularity. What about Elvis? He has made the same request. Is the case parallel? Let us examine Contino's situation. Contino never expressed any desire to go into service. Elvis has. Contino was surrounded by personal obligations. He was supporting a number of relatives. Whether because of these responsibilities or not, the fact is that Contino tried for military exemption. Public opinion of this act was adverse.

Dick did finally serve his full term as a GI. His service concluded, he has been trying, in the past two years, to regain his former high orbit in show business. That he has not been conspicuously successful may be seen from his filing of a voluntary bankruptcy petition. It lists his debts at \$51,983 and limits his assets to the accordion and a few personal belongings.

So sad a fate is not likely for Elvis. Though he did ask for a temporary deferment, even the most raucous members of the anti-Presley brigade admitted it was done at Paramount's insistence, not his own. Elvis had already announced his pride and pleasure in being called up, when the studio moved into the scene. A pre-production investment of over \$350,000 would go down the drain unless Elvis, for whom the picture had been tailored, could star.

Not only that, but more than one hundred people would be thrown out of work until a new young star could be found and the script rewritten to fit this replacement. "I can tell you this," Tom Diskin informed me. "Only those in close contact with the boy know the mental anguish he passed through while making up his mind. Asking for deferment was perhaps the hardest thing Elvis has ever had to do."

The studio had been good to him, and Elvis had a heavy sense of responsibility toward everyone connected with the film. He asked for the deferment, and the draft board granted it promptly and with sympathy for his predicament. He got no bad publicity. People understood.

In contrast with this concern for the studio, Elvis has shown little worry over the financial losses he himself will sustain while in service. It adds up to a fabulous figure. He will lose over half-a-million dollars in 1958, from movie deals alone. He was committed to 20th Century-Fox for a picture at \$200,000, and an M-G-M film would have given him \$250,000 plus fifty percent of the profits.

What he will lose in the way of personal appearances and other career promotions, Diskin and Parker dare not venture a guess. Ray Anthony had offered Elvis a flat \$500,000 for a month of one-night stands with the band, only five days prior to his draft notice. Elvis had been averaging \$10,000, after taxes, for each single personal appearance. Probably no entertainer in history has given up more money to enter the service of his country.

Yet all is far from being dark. In spite of these losses, Elvis will emerge as a mighty rich civilian. Under his contract with RCA Victor, he will receive \$1,000 a week for the next ten years, even if he never cuts another record! And, Cadillacs or no, Elvis has not thrown his money around foolishly. His dad, who handles his financial affairs, has socked a large part of his earnings into Government bonds, which will gather interest while he is in uniform. Unlike Lawrence and Contino, Elvis will have a massive bank-roll working for him when he hits the comeback trail.

Answering one of his fans who showered him with tearful wails about the future, Elvis said, "Think a second about all the other fellows. They make the biggest sacrifices, because what they give up or lose is *all they've got*. The worst that could happen to me is that I'll have to live off my savings for a while when I get back. No, quit wailing. America gave me more than I can ever pay back—but I'm going to sure enough have a try at it."

Still looking at the optimistic side, there are such cases as Eddie Fisher, Vic Damone and Charlie Applewhite, among others. Eddie has no hesitation in saying, "I never sang so much, or loved it as well, since I left the service. Sometimes I did twenty-four numbers at one show for the GIs. Homesick soldiers are the greatest audience in the world. They appreciate what you're trying to do, and they're not shy about letting you know it."

During his stint in the service, Eddie's recordings and appearances for Uncle Sam had the effect of building his following. The day he donned mufti and stepped back on the stage of the Paramount Theater in New York, the howling acclaim of the crowd caused him to gasp, "It's just as if I'd never been away!" Other enter-

tainers have testified to the same thrilling experience.

While Elvis knows this, he will go no further than voicing a hopeful "I wouldn't even take a long guess on what the Army might do for my career . . . but, either way, it won't make me feel any different about serving. We're hoping, natch, that it turns out like it did for Eddie or Vic Damone. If it turns out the other way—well, nobody's going to hear me complain."

RCA Victor hopes that Elvis will be allowed to cut new records while in service. Bob Yorke, the firm's West Coast manager, pointed out that after the release of "Don't" and its flip side, "I Beg of You," there was no backlog of Presley recordings. Aside from the eleven waxings of the tunes from "King Creole," there is nothing left.

"If Elvis can manage weekend passes to any one of the four recording centers (Nashville, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York), we'll be able to cut sides while he's in service," said Yorke hopefully. "After all, both Fisher and Damone did it. Figuring Elvis could spend twelve hours at a studio, we might be able to get four good sides. We wouldn't want to put out anything inferior, just to keep his name before the public, and Elvis feels this way, too."

In evaluating Elvis' chances for survival as a top-flight entertainer, it must be borne in mind that he enters the Army at the peak of his career. A tapering-off period was bound to occur sooner or later, whether he went into service or not. While he is away, some of his fans may desert. But this might be true even if he remained a civilian. Other young singers may spring up while he is gone, to say nothing of the present crop who will continue to appeal. This competition would also loom before Elvis, in any case.

Even more important than his career is what military service will do for Elvis as a person. He has been so busy whirling through the country, singing up a storm and reaping the golden harvest, that he's had almost no time to think, study, mature. Aside from his associates, his main contacts have been with fans, and with other entertainers. In the Army, he will meet the widest variety of personality and character. He will not have the wisdom of Parker and Diskin to go before him like a shield.

Elvis will have to face all sorts of experiences head-on and make his own on-the-spot decisions. He will either be destroyed by the harsh realities he must meet, or he will mature and grow stronger than ever on them. Nothing is certain, of course—except that he will be two years older, two years wiser, and two years clearer in his understanding of life, the world and himself. He will have learned the most rewarding lesson of all: To make personal sacrifices for a cause greater than himself.

I—as a writer who, because of many interview sessions, feel a friendliness for the boy—have no fear of going out on a limb and predicting that Elvis Presley will survive and mature as an artist. I was one of the very first reporters to interview him when he came to Hollywood. I have talked to him many times since. I have had the opportunity to watch him work under pressure. From everything I've seen of him, from all I know, I say that his good sense, courage and humility will keep his talents sharp, and that he will return to the limelight more eager than ever to communicate with the tremendous ranks of his well-wishers.

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May issue of TV RADIO MIRROR on sale April 3

It Just Comes Naturally

TV's "most Western Western"
—that's what Tris Coffin and
Kelo Henderson call "26 Men"



Praise from a man who'd been one of the "26" meant more to Vera and Tris Coffin than critical acclaim.



Lois has a trio of acting Hendersons to cheer for—Kelo and young Eric and Lars.



Visiting New York's WABC-TV, Tris and Kelo saw Roller Derby.

TURN AROUND, said the old timer, a weatherbeaten chap who'd ridden with the Arizona Rangers when, only fifty years ago, they patrolled the West's last frontier. Tris Coffin obediently turned. "By God," the veteran shouted, "I'd have thought you really were old Tom Rynning." A grin lit up under Tris's silver-grey mustache. All the effort they'd put into research through old newspapers and government files had paid off. *26 Men*, the ABC Film Syndication series in which he plays Captain Tom Rynning, looked authentic even to a man who'd actually been one of the twenty-six men—never more and often less—who brought law and order to the Arizona territory. . . . Kelo Henderson, who co-stars as Ranger Clint Travis, has another theory as to why the series is so popular. "We're the most Western Western on TV," he explains. Almost everybody working on it was born and/or raised in the West. Producer Russell Hayden is a Californian who's best remembered for his role as "Lucky" in the "Hopalong Cassidy" films. Tris was born in Mammoth, Utah. Kelo was born on a ranch in Pueblo, Colorado. . . . A veteran of more than 300 films—both "Westerns" and "Easterns"—Tris started early. Son of an actress and relative of the famous poet of the same name, Tris was nine when he debuted by

filling in for an ailing juvenile in a road company starring Ethel Barrymore. His adult career included radio announcing in Boston and Chicago, before movie companies invited him back West. With homes in both Santa Monica and Phoenix, Tris and his wife Vera Duke, a former fashion model, have been adopted by two cats, Titus Andronicus and Mike. They recently acquired a buckskin colt, who was seen in *26 Men* as the Rangers' mascot, "Mr. 27." . . . Kelo was ranching in California and, he grins, "acting was the furthest thing from my mind." One day, he visited a friend who worked at Republic studios. Friend introduced him to a casting director who introduced him to an agent who introduced him to a contract. Kelo studied with a drama coach for six months, went on his first interview—and was signed as Ranger Travis. Kelo has always taught his two sons trick riding and shooting. Eric, 8, who's been on the Red Skelton show, has been tagged "America's youngest gunman." Lars, 9, plays "Jamie" in "Saddle the Wind," with Julie London and Robert Taylor. Here, the coincidence is curious, for Tris was first brought to Hollywood because of his resemblance to Taylor. Tris stayed and starred, just as Kelo and his boys are planning to do. To them it just comes naturally.

HE PULLS NO PUNCHES



For frank answers to probing questions, there are rewards. Jack surrounds Jimmy Durante with Chez Paree Adorables.



He sings, she dances, but there's little, if any, musical background as Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse visit Jack.

IF IMITATION is the sincerest form of flattery, then Jack Eigen is highly flattered. These days, radio and television may be knee-deep in interviews-in-depth. But Jack was there first, and his "hot seat," whereon have perched 'most everybody worth a headline, is now practically an antique.

Jack Eigen arrived in Chicago in 1951, bringing with him a ready-made reputation as radio's "original nightclub deejay." The epithet referred to the show he began in 1947, from the lounge of New York City's Copacabana. The shelter he found in the Windy City was at the Chez Paree, where Jack broadcasts his program over Station WMAQ, six nights a week, from 11:15 to 1:30 A.M. The radio program is picked up in some 39 states and Canada, and Jack is a television regular in Chicago, too, with a Saturday-night colorcast over WNBQ.

Although Jack pulls no punches, celebrities never have to be coaxed onto his programs. They're anxious to trade words with him, although this may not be

*Jack Eigen's questions
on WMAQ and WNBQ are socko—but
celebrities take it on the chin*



Jack's hobby haven is the kitchen of the Eigens' Chicago apartment. An amateur chef, his specialty is exotic salads.

courage so much as an awareness of Jack's tremendous audience. Jack gives his guests all the time they want to answer questions or to elaborate on any point raised during the interview. Said Ralph Edwards, "I have been interviewed many times, but I had never *really* been interviewed until I was interviewed by Jack Eigen."

A native of Brooklyn, Jack was still in his teens when he began to byline a column of celebrity interviews for a New York newspaper. As a columnist, he was interviewed himself, over a New York radio station. Then and there, Jack decided that microphones were his medium. He launched his own radio show of Broadway and Hollywood chatter over New York's WMCA in 1937.

By that time, Jack was no longer a bachelor about town. He'd been married for two years, to the former Dorothy Jeffers, an Olympic swimming champion who was dancing in a Broadway revue when they met. Jack and Dorothy now live in an apartment on Chicago's near north side. Their four-year-old daughter Jacque-



At four, Jacqueline has proclaimed plans to follow Jack and Dorothy into show business. At home, a clue to their mood is in the name of their Bedlington terrier—"Happy."



line already has announced her show-business intentions and attends modeling school.

Jack Eigen has his eccentricities. He's superstitious and will knock on wood or throw salt over his shoulder at the hint of a provocation. Nor has Jack ever flown. Says he, "I've never been in that much of a hurry that I've had to fly, and besides," he adds, "even pigeons who have flown all their lives crash into walls." Another Eigen specialty is a wardrobe that even he calls "flashy." Color-set owners have a chance to test every color in the spectrum when Jack's on-camera in a sports coat.

Occasionally referred to as a disc jockey, Jack spins few records. Most of the two-and-a-quarter hours of the *Chez Paree* show each night are given over to interviews and chatter. When, a few years ago, Chicago was engulfed in a heavy blizzard, there was no one in the *Chez Paree* lounge. But Jack needed no musical interludes. With just his engineer to talk to, he never ran out of words. After all, Lake Michigan doesn't run out of water, does it?

HOLIDAY HOTEL



College mates, Merry and Bill Ettinger decided quickly that children were their favorite people.



Nancy—with Bill, "Danger" and "Tinker Bell"—resembles Merry. The twins, below, look like dad.



Hubert the clumsy clown, alias John Churchill, checks in at the desk. Mr. Bill makes sure the slapstick carries some sense, too.

There's room—and fun—for everybody as Merry and Bill Ettinger raise the roof on KOLN-TV

NEITHER Hilton nor Statler has ever built a hotel quite like the one Merry and Bill Ettinger preside over at Station KOLN-TV in Lincoln, Nebraska. Its doors are open every Saturday at noon, when imagination peoples the *Holiday Hotel*. Children are the hosts' favorite people and, from the pre-school to the soda-fountain set, they look in—and learn. "We train as we entertain," is the Ettingers' theory. . . . Each week, there's a talent search among all age groups and a jam session for the pre- and early teens. Slinky, the puppet detective, solves a mystery with the help of his Private Eye Club. John Churchill, the floor manager at KOLN-TV, is on hand in the guise of Peppo the Great, the strongest man in Lincoln-land, or as Hubert, the clumsy clown. One of the favorite features is "Doodle Scroodles," pictures—with appropriate stories—which Mr. Bill creates from a line drawn by one of the children. . . . The Ettingers have been devoted to the younger set ever since they first met at Iowa State College. "Merry" was then Avis Easton, a Child Development major from Lohrville, Iowa. From Glen Ellyn, Illinois, Bill was working for a degree in Education. With so many common interests, they became a professional, and private, team. . . . At home, there are children, too. Nancy, who's seven, looks like Merry. The one-year-old twins, Jimmy and Jolie, resemble Bill—"chubby and bald," he explains. Merry favors contemporary furniture, while Bill likes such contemporary dances as the rumba and cha-cha. The twins love TV. They make a dive for the set, each grabs a dial, and they tune in for outer space. . . . Even with a home and three children to manage, Merry is Bill's partner in a number of activities aside from their TV show. They are the owners and directors of a retail children's store, of the Harmony House and Merry Manor nursery schools, and of a dancing school. . . . How do just two people manage to accomplish so much? "It's easy," says Bill. "All you need is a pretty and efficient wife, plus a staff of eighteen top-notch people who have one thing in mind: Serving parents who care." "That," explains Merry, "is the slogan for all our activities." At *Holiday Hotel*, they more than live up to it—with no reservations and no room for doubt.

Comeback—at 21

(Continued from page 43)

although there were frustrations along the way, and, once, near-tragedy.

By 1949, grown up to thirteen, Jimsey was a veteran of radio and TV and, among many other roles, was in a children's radio series called *Let's Pretend*, which readers of TV RADIO MIRROR voted their favorite children's program. The award was announced in the April 1949 issue, illustrated with a color photograph of Jimsey, still pigtailed and smiling happily . . . a smile which those who loved her tried hard to remember when, that summer, a serious accident sent Jimsey to a hospital for a month—and resulted in her withdrawal from show business for the next five years.

Now, at twenty-one, playing Carol Gentry in NBC Radio's *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*, which stars Madeleine Carroll, Jimsey can talk quite objectively about the accident . . . about the wonderful things that have been happening since. And about the way she felt when, at eighteen, she thought of herself as "a has-been actress."

Jimsey was born Jocelyn Gay Somers in New York City on July 4, 1936. She was such a smiling, happy baby that the family nicknamed her "Smiling Jim," which soon got shortened to "Jimsey." Jimsey seems to fit the five-foot-two, ninety-nine-pound lass with the laughing eyes, and the name sticks.

When Jimsey did "The Miracle of Alsace Lorraine" at the age of seven (with a French accent, more or less!), no one thought any big career was involved. An agent felt she would be good for the part, she got it, and she did so well that other things just happened as a result. She became one of the small angels in the original Broadway production of "Carousel" starring John Raitt and Jan Clayton. ("I didn't have much to do but bounce around and dance a little. In those days, I was supposed to be somewhat of a dancing prodigy, but this proves that even a so-called prodigy cannot be lazy about developing a talent—and I was.")

She was in a number of plays. With Walter Huston in "Apple of His Eye," in which Tom Ewell played her father and Mary Wickes her mother. In radio and television, with so many famous actors playing her "father" that she can remember only some of them: Charles Boyer, John Forsythe, Robert Mitchum, John Newland, Fredric March, Don Ameche, David Niven, Cornel Wilde. And famous "mothers," such as Helen Hayes and Ingrid Bergman.

"Jimsey had a heart in those days as big as a hotel," says her petite mother, Doris Somers. "She loved all the people she worked with and she had the usual childish crushes on the movie stars. She still thinks people have a lot of goodness." Jimsey had to cling close to that belief, the tragic summer when she was thirteen, and during the dark months following. All one week, she had been rehearsing for a play, "Mr. Lincoln's Whiskers," in which she was to star. On the weekend, her mother decided that a hard-working girl ought to get out to the country and have a few days of fun and fresh air. A care-free Jimsey was on her bike, riding around the neighborhood, when a ten-ton truck suddenly came out of a driveway.

"All day long," she recalls, "my mother had to look at that bright red truck which had run me down—parked in front of the house—while the doctors were deciding how seriously I was hurt. It must have been the most horrible sight to her. I had no idea I had a fractured skull and con-

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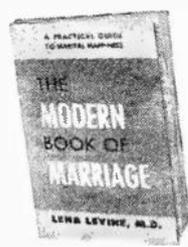
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cussion, and kept insisting I was going on the show. I got quite hysterical about it. When I asked the doctor how long I would be in the hospital and he said at least three weeks, I couldn't believe it.

"Now, of course, I know how very lucky I was. Even then, once I was resigned to the doctor's verdict, I didn't let myself think about the accident. Mother was making a decision to keep me away from acting for a while and to have me concentrate on going to school and living the life of an ordinary schoolgirl. I couldn't understand that at first. I had loved being an actress and I adored all those grown-up people who were always so wonderful to me."

At the fashionable Brearley School in New York, professional acting during school years was frowned upon. But the drama classes were taught by that fine actress, Mildred Dunnock, well known on stage, screen, radio and television. Miss Dunnock frequently appeared on *Theater Guild On The Air*, and Jimsey was allowed to do that one program occasionally. Mostly, Jimsey settled down to being interested in the schoolgirl's routine of books, boys and dates . . . except that she kept telling herself all this was good, but someday she would be a professional actress again . . . after she had been graduated from Brearley.

Her first return to television was completely non-professional. Igor Cassini had a show on which he presented five of the prettiest New York debutantes, and Jimsey was chosen to be one of them. She was eighteen, her pigtails now changed to a well-groomed mass of waving hair, worn in a long bob, but the blue-green eyes alive with the same sparkling smile. "I was jumping for joy, as if I had never before been on television! Of course, I hadn't been, for five years, and no one even knew it was part of my past. On the show, Earl Wrightson sang a song to me."

Later, she was named "Miss Canned Corn," appearing on Dave Garroway's show. It wasn't quite as ridiculous as it seemed—she helped the government move some surplus corn, performing a patriotic service and having a lot of fun at the same time. Garroway discovered she was near-sighted and, to tease her, made her read the whole long script from cue cards. "This ended in a discussion of myopia, and I enjoyed it." (For the benefit of other near-sighted girls, she likes to point out that myopia makes a girl look more intently at the person who is talking to her, and this is very flattering—especially if the person happens to be male.)

Then John Newland, who had played her father on a show before her accident, recommended her to one of his fellow directors on *Robert Montgomery Presents*. She did the usual reading for the part, got it, played a home-town sweetheart. It was exciting to be doing her first dramatic role as an adult. "It was just wonderful to be accepted at last as a mature actress."

Somewhere during this period, she went back to being a bobby-soxer for one evening, on *The Perry Como Show*. Richard Egan was Perry's guest and Jimsey was supposed to be getting his autograph and ignoring Perry, asking Perry his name and squealing over Richard's every glance. She was a little outraged at this casting, but made what for her was a supreme sacrifice: She put her hair up in a ponytail—which was almost like going back to pigtails.

Offers of dramatic parts began to come more frequently. Running roles in daytime dramatic serials. She played a maid in *Edge Of Night*, fending off her employer's advances . . . a long way from being somebody's small daughter, and from por-

traying a bobby-soxer! In fact, Leon Janney, who played the employer, was one of Jimsey's ex-"fathers" from earlier days.

The chance to become Carol Gentry came shortly before the show went on the air in January, 1957. Working in this show has been a big turning-point for Jimsey. "It has given me the confidence I needed as an actress making a comeback. It is such a beautiful part. Carol Gentry is a college freshman, the most intelligent young person I have ever done. Each time my mother listens to the show, she tells me afterward how true to life the story is, how she enjoys the scenes between Madeleine Carroll and me, because in the script we re-live just about everything I have lived through with my own mother. The growing pains, the youthful problems, the joys.

"Our producer-director is Hi Brown, who is just wonderful, and everyone in the cast is so good. Madeleine Carroll is so lovely and such a regular person, yet always such a lady. Jackie Grimes plays my brother. In real life, I have no brothers, but my sister Patricia is quite beautiful and talented, and as blond as I am dark."

There had been some heartaches attached to being a child actress . . . including one which made a wound so deep that it is just now beginning to heal. Jimsey was still very little, doing a stage show in Baltimore in which she played a child who had a tantrum all through the first act. It was a difficult thing for her to do and she left the stage quite tired—to be confronted by an interviewer from an important newspaper. "I suppose my usual easy flow of words was gone and I was a great deal more quiet than usual and too sleepy to care about any impression I might be making. I suppose I also thought any adult would understand how I felt. But, next morning, the paper came out with a big headline on a three-column story: 'Offstage and On She Is a Brat!' When my mother and I got into a taxi, the driver turned around and asked, 'Hey, isn't that the brat?' It was awful. Now, I can paste the clipping in my scrapbook . . . but I never could before."

When Jimsey was still only seven, a famous magazine photographer was sent to photograph her. He took pictures with her hair dampened to make it curlier and stream around her face and shoulders. "He wanted me to be a pint-size Camille and I can hear him yet, wailing, 'But it's no use. She hasn't suffered!' I thought I had suffered as much as the usual seven-year-old, but he didn't want to go on with the photographing. It was very amusing, even to a child. But most writers and photographers have been very kind to me."

With her mother and sister, Jimsey lives in an apartment on New York's East Side. It is all feminine and lovely, but the most striking feature is the kitchen, decorated and furnished like a second living room—dining room, with only one wall holding

the usual kitchen paraphernalia. The room is painted charcoal gray, scrolled in white. A round table has a light-colored top, and around it are four gold chairs with cushioned seats. A narrow black breakfast table is decorated with red cabbage roses and green leaves, and under it slide two little red leather benches. There are paintings on the wall, in white antiqued frames. There's also a small fancy side table, holding a decorative lamp.

As an adult now, looking back upon her twenty-one years, Jimsey feels they have been well balanced. She wouldn't give up her life as a child performer, the interesting people she met who treated her as their professional equal. She thinks it was good for her to get used to being with adults of all kinds and to feeling at ease with them. But she is grateful that she had a chance to live that other life . . . that she saw both sides and was happy with both. The school life and the friends she made. The college weekends she was invited to. The dates with boys who belong to that life, and the dates with boys who belong to her life in show business.

"Mother says I still talk as if marriage were for everyone but me," Jimsey smiles, "although she certainly is in no hurry to have me marry. All my contemporaries are either engaged or married, and I suppose I might be, if it weren't for my wanting to continue as an actress. I suspect I might marry an actor . . . for all my talk about not wanting to, and for all the things I have been told about a conflict of interests between two married people who are pursuing acting careers.

"I must admit that I have always liked a certain sweetness in people, in men as well as in girls, and I still look for that quality. The tough he-men types are for someone else, not for me. I adore going out to parties, and I love to dance, especially if my date is a good dancer. I like short formals, striking colors but not extreme styles, prefer solid colors to prints. I love clothes in general, but hate to shop for them. There are so many other ways in which I want to spend my time."

The other ways include voice lessons from Vera Murray Covert, who has taught many stars. Jimsey sang on the stage as a child, now wants to sing again. She loves to ride, gets too little opportunity these days. Her idea of enjoying a free afternoon is having lunch with a couple of her friends and ending up in a movie, rather than prowling through shops.

You wonder why she hasn't made a movie herself, discover she did make one when she was a little girl, "Portrait of Jenny": "I played Jenny as a small child, but it was finally decided that Jennifer Jones, the star, would play herself as a child. So that dreadful thing that all actors have nightmares about happened to me. I became the face on the cutting-room floor, my part completely scissored out. And I'd made the scenes with Ethel Barrymore! I loved it so much I would have done it for nothing.

"I still would, but don't tell anyone that. I still can't believe I am getting paid for something that is so much fun. Hard work, yes. Plenty of hard work. With the insecurity every actor feels. Even stars never seem quite to get over that. But such a party always! Such a delightfully topsy-turvy world.

"The most fun of all, of course, has been the acceptance of me as an adult actress in adult parts. It has been a long time from 'The Miracle of Alsace Lorraine' to *The Affairs Of Dr. Gentry*."

A long time from a child-actress—to a has-been at eighteen—to a comeback at twenty-one. That's the youthful saga of Jimsey Somers.

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What's Wrong With Being Married?

(Continued from page 41)

a short time, but already they have known tragedy and triumph, fun and frustration . . .

It started in Camas, Washington, a pleasant town of 5,000 population, located near Portland, Oregon, and not far from Vancouver, Washington. There, James Rodgers was born September 18, 1933, the second son of Archie and Mary Elizabeth Rodgers. Both parents work in the Crown Zellerbach paper mill, his father as a machinist, his mother as an operator in the bag factory.

They are a happy family. "Almost every weekend," says Jimmie, "we'd all go camping at Government Springs. My mother is as much at home cooking over an open fire in front of a tent as she is in her own kitchen." His father and his older brother, Archie, Jr., taught him to hunt, fish and be self-reliant. "I got to that age where I thought I knew it all and took a short cut through Lost Creek Canyon. The rocks were so slippery I fell backward into the falls. I had a devil of a time getting myself out of there and catching up with them. I had to fish the rest of the day soaking wet."

There was music, too, in their comfortable big white house. "My mother taught me to play piano. I've sung with choirs and choruses as long as I can remember." Jimmie had a perfect ear for music and an unusually high soprano voice which changed late—a fact which precipitated the next chapter in Jimmie's life.

"At Vancouver Clark college," he recalls, "I wanted to major in music, but I was right in the middle of that voice change when I ran into one of those teachers who said that, no matter what I did, I'd never be a singer." He rolls all the frustration of that period into a tight little sentence. "I just wasn't getting along."

Friends of draft age were going into service. Jimmie quit school, enlisted in the Air Force. The time was March, 1952. Both the family hunting and the family music proved important in his military career. His skill with firearms brought an assignment to Armament Training School at Lowry Air Force Base at Denver and a transfer to James Connolly base, Waco, Texas, where, for eleven months, he was an instructor before being sent to Korea.

There, the lad who had said, "I'll never sing again," changed his mind. "I met this GI slogging through the mud with a guitar strapped to his back. He was being

rotated home and couldn't take it with him. I paid him ten dollars for it." Jimmie taught himself to play. "I just tune the guitar to an E chord, lay my fingers across the strings, and chord with my thumb. The method I use even today would startle a guy like Chet Atkins and make a classicist like Segovia head for the hills."

Beginner though he was, it sounded good in the desolate reaches of Korea. "We didn't get much entertainment up where we were. When a couple of pals of mine, Arthur Case and Bob Crosleys, found out I could sing, they practically turned into my managers. They would promise I'd be in some spot and see to it I got there." His repertoire was limited, but he found he had a whole set of new music teachers. "I'd sing all the songs I knew. Then the guys would sit around and think of songs they'd sung back home and I'd try to learn them."

There was moaning at the base when Jimmie gave his precious guitar to a Korean houseboy and was sent back to Sewart Air Force base, near Nashville, Tennessee. The fact that Nashville is the country-and-Western music capital of the nation had nothing to do with the assignment: "That was strictly Army. I had put in for West Coast duty, so naturally they sent me as far away from home as I could get."

For seven months Jimmie didn't sing. He did listen to records. "I tried to find folk songs. I liked Burl Ives' 'Blue Tail Fly' best. I like any song that tells a story." Loneliness has ever been the goad of the ballad singer. "I was just walking around in town one day when I saw this guitar in a hock-shop window. I didn't quite know why I did it, but I went in and paid twenty-five dollars for it."

It lay unused under his bunk. "The guys usually would have their record-players going. I didn't want to interfere." Again, a friend learned his secret. Staff Sgt. Herbert L. Brown and Jimmie often worked together on the firing range. "Out there alone, we'd be busy repairing and, absent-mindedly, I'd start to sing." Brown also found out about the guitar. "After that, when we were in the office, we'd lock the door during noon hour and I'd sound off. A civilian employee, Mr. Adams, would sit in. They were the ones who pushed me into this big Air Force talent contest."

Jimmie sang "Jezebel" and won. He placed second in the finals at Langley Air Force base in Virginia, and joined the

package show which for four months toured Air Force bases. The experience gave Jimmie both show-business seasoning and great encouragement. "I realized that other people, beyond my close friends, wanted to hear me." The long-remembered denunciation by the college music teacher began to fade away. "I thought again that maybe I could sing."

He tried it in Nashville. "In Printers' Alley there was a little club called The Unique. When the entertainer took a break, I asked if I could borrow his guitar. I had a ball." He also had a Saturday-night job. The owners, Bob and Bobbie Green, paid him ten dollars to sing an hour of folk songs. It was a welcome addition to his \$100-a-month Air Force pay, but the friendship they offered was even more important. Jimmie spent Sundays at their home. It was the Greens who found his song, "Honeycomb," for him. "They got this Georgie Shaw record. He sang it country-and-Western style. I'll bet we played it twenty times to copy down the words. Then I worked it over into folk-style."

His discharge in March, 1956, brought a let-down feeling. "It was great to be home with my folks, but I wanted to sing, and no one except my parents and my brother seemed to think I could. I spent two months, knocking my brains out, trying to get a booking. Each night, I'd go to some place that had a band and offer to sing for free."

His first break came at The Sand Bar at Seaside, Oregon, where a hillbilly band was on stand. "There was a piano, but no one to play it. It was killing me, so I went up and offered. They thought it would be 'unprofessional' to let me try, but finally agreed to let me do one number. They hired me, and I worked with them for three months before I struck out as a single. Of course, everyone said I'd never make it, but I had a special reason of my own. I knew I just had to."

Jimmie's "special reason" was a tall, beautiful blonde named Colleen McClatchey . . . plus as hectic and tragic a series of events as any young man ever faced.

When Jimmie had left for Korea, Colleen was a leggy adolescent with a streamer of blond hair, and blue eyes too big for her heart-shaped face. Like Jimmie's parents, her father had worked in the paper mill. Her mother ran a dry-cleaning store. Colleen, when she finished Camas High School, went to work as a dentist's assistant and spent her Sundays as a volunteer worker at the Veterans' Hospital.

The volunteer work produced unexpected opportunity. War hero and screen star Audie Murphy, doing a show at the hospital, met her and recommended her for a screen test. Universal-International brought her to Hollywood, coached her for seven months in dancing, riding, modeling. She had small parts in Jose Ferrer's "The Great Man," in Rock Hudson's "Written on the Wind," and a larger one in Mickey Rooney's "Francis and the Haunted House." Her role in an Eddy Arnold musical short had been so brief that Jimmie, seeing the film in Nashville, hadn't even recognized her.

But studio officials had seen her promise and, as part of her training, sent her back to Camas on what Jimmie calls "a combination vacation, promotional tour and a chance to say thank-you to all the people at home who had helped her."

Her arrival was duly noted in print and on the air. Noting it, Jimmie decided he needed to have a jacket cleaned. Luck was with him. Colleen happened to be at



Colleen and Jimmie have shared everything from "a pizza and a bottle of wine" to pleasant hours answering fan mail.

her mother's store. Jimmie was quick to ask if she had the evening free. He calls their meeting "the longest coffee date on record." He told her about the Air Force. She told him about Hollywood. "We had so much to talk about we just drove and drove. At midnight, we realized how far away we were and phoned our folks to say we'd be late getting home. We didn't want them to worry about accidents."

Perhaps it was a premonition. The next time that Jimmie, back home between engagements, phoned, Colleen's younger brother answered with a curt, "She isn't here." A bit deflated, Jimmie, together with his brother, drove over to see their cousin, Bob Rodgers. "Then my mother phoned. She had just heard the news. Colleen had been in an auto accident and was in the hospital in Long View. No one knew how badly she was hurt."

The accident was similar to the one which killed James Dean. A driver, trying to see a sign on a foggy night had pulled his car directly across the road. Rounding a curve, the car in which Colleen was riding hit it head-on. Thrown against the dashboard, her face was smashed and she suffered spinal and internal injuries. Plastic surgery and other operations continued more than a year.

Frightened, discouraged, disfigured, Colleen shunned the public which so recently had acclaimed her beauty. Jimmie was one of the few persons she would consent to see. With master understatement, he dismisses the part he played in her recovery: "I'd try to cheer her up. I'd take her for drives and show her places where we had hunted and fished."

Already he was in love. "It was sure a funny courtship. For six months she had to wear a face mask. I couldn't even kiss her." But he could dream of a happier future and work to make it happen. His first booking as a single was a test of courage as well as talent. "It was the Elks' club at Wenatchee, Washington. There was a mistake. They thought I was a band. They wanted music to dance to. I begged them to let me try to play it."

For five hours a night, he held the stage alone. "I played things like 'Greensleeves' and 'Danny Boy' to a rock 'n' roll beat." The strings of the guitar tore his hands. He had trouble concealing the blood from the cash customers. He still carries scars from that engagement.

In the summer of 1956, he had a brief flurry of success, appeared on Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* and won—but New York did not open its doors. He returned to Camas, glad for a booking at the Fort Cafe in Vancouver. He played a total of seventeen weeks . . . for people were hearing about Jimmie Rodgers and liking his way with a song—the professionals, as well as the public. Chuck Miller, who had had a hit with his Mercury recording of "House of Blue Lights," was working across the street. Dropping in to hear Jimmie, he became advisor and friend and was later to play a definitive role in Jimmie's career.

As the engagement lengthened, Jimmie gained confidence he might be able to support a wife. In a burst of enthusiasm, he bought an engagement ring and began thinking of romantic settings in which he might propose. "But it didn't happen that way," he says. "We were driving home from Portland. It was a beautiful October day, we had the top down and everything seemed just right. I just suddenly blurted out, 'Will you marry me?' And, when Colleen said yes, I was so happy I slipped the ring on her finger at the next stop sign."

There their plans stalled. Colleen's medical bills continued to be appalling. There had been no insurance settlement.

Her health, of necessity, came ahead of hopes for a home. . . . Or so they thought until they spent a day with newly-wed friends. Victor Perry, another entertainer at the club, and Mae Williams had been married just three weeks when Vic said, "You kids are so in love you're miserable. Why don't you get married?"

Jimmie answered by turning out his pockets. His total evident wealth was two thin dimes. "I've got five dollars in the bank," he added. Vic had a quick answer. "I'll buy your license."

Jimmie says, "That was our first marriage, by a judge, on January 4, 1957. We intended to keep it secret, but Vic stood right up and announced it from the stage. We had to rush to the telephone to call our folks, for fear they'd hear it from someone else."

Their second became a community affair. Says Jimmie, "It was Easter Sunday and so many people wanted to come that our own church—the Christian Church—was too small. We had to borrow the Methodist Church, but our own minister performed the service."

In between the two ceremonies, much had happened. Soon after the first one, they drove to Hollywood, rented a little house and moved in the furnishings which Colleen still had there. Their hopes were high, for Chuck Miller gave them a practical assist by paying Jimmie's way to New York to audition for record companies. The trip nearly broke Jimmie's heart. He did manage to get a hearing at the newly-organized Roulette Records and left a tape of "Honeycomb" before his money ran out. He was glad to return to California and the club bookings and TV guest shots which Art Whiting, Miller's agent, was able to get for him.

Financially, they were scraping the bottom. "I'd hate to tell you," says Jimmie, "how many times we had to gather up all the Coke bottles in the house and turn them in for refund." But they had their love, and some of the fervor which Jimmie later put into the lines of his first hit, "Honeycomb," had its origin then.

"Colleen was wonderful," he says. "She never complained. She could make a celebration out of a pizza pie and a bottle of wine. And, when I didn't have clothes to wear on a club date, she solved the problem by giving me her two turtle-necked sweaters. Then she took a pair of my black slacks, sewed silk braid down the side seams and made them look like Tuxedo trousers."

One small defeat was also a victory. Colleen applied for a modeling job and was turned down. "They thought she was too pretty . . . people would look at her instead of in the clothes she was supposed to be showing. After all the plastic surgery, that made us feel good. But I didn't want her to try to work. It was too soon after another major operation. I just made up my mind I had to make it. I couldn't let the failure of that New York trip lick me."

He had no idea that he already was the subject of one of the biggest manhunts of the record industry. Roulette was trying to find Jimmie Rodgers. He had arrived at their offices just at the time the new company was getting underway. Artists-and-repertoire chiefs Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore had had to shoulder aside carpenters, electricians, movers, to see him. When, a few days later, they were ready to set up a recording session, Jimmie had vanished.

It was three months before they caught up with him. When, by long distance, they asked him to come to New York, Jimmie's answer was succinct. "I can't. I'm broke." An advance of three hundred dollars took care of that problem. A

booking on the Arthur Godfrey show promised to provide some more ready cash. Colleen and Jimmie drove to New York. "But, right from the start, we just got into tangles," says Jimmie.

They had no idea how much gear they had required for their cross-country trip, nor how loosely it was packed until they parked the car at a waterfront garage and took a taxi to the hotel. A street was being tarred, they couldn't enter. The taxi dumped them a quarter of a block away from the entrance, right at the corner of Times Square. Leaving Colleen to guard their possessions, Jimmie registered and found a bellhop. At the door, the latter looked at the distance—and the quantity—and announced, "No sir, boss, I ain't goin' down there. People would laugh at me. You carry it yourself."

Their departure was equally troublesome. "We discovered we had twenty cents to last us two days," says Jimmie. "We got so worried we couldn't sleep. But, in the little shopping spree we'd had, we had gone into an art store and bought a couple of those numbered canvasses they have for amateurs. We sat up all night, trying to teach ourselves to paint. Lucky for us, my check for the Godfrey show was ready a day early. I had to walk across town to get it."

Only the recording session went right. Jimmie says, "Colleen sat on a stool in the corner, tears rolling down her face, she was so happy. I sang directly to her, and somehow I had a feeling . . ."

Hugo and Luigi shared it and insisted on a detailed itinerary for the Rodgers' trip back. When they reached Palisade, Nebraska, where they visited Colleen's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald McClatchey, the call came. Roulette had rushed through a pressing of the record, made a test release and, in the phrase of the music business, "it broke wide open." They wanted Jimmie to meet Roulette executive Joe Kolsky in Chicago.

"That's a trip I'll never forget," says Jimmie. "I decided to take Colleen home to Camas and we took off in an awful storm. A tornado tore up the road just ahead of us, and I never drove through such wind, rain and hail."

Chicago held the final tribulation. Jimmie says, "I had ten dollars in my pocket. The hotel clerk who tried to phone Mr. Kolsky reported he wasn't in. I didn't dare register. I sat in the lobby until two A.M., checking every half-hour. Then they discovered they had been ringing the wrong room. When I did wake Mr. Kolsky and get him to the phone, he roared at me, 'Where the hell have you been?'"

Not only Roulette but the part of America that loves a good ballad knows where Jimmie has been since that night. "Honeycomb" turned gold, with a million-copy sale within three months after its release. "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" duplicated. His album, "Jimmie Rodgers," has had the fastest sale of any Roulette album. He has been on network television shows, appeared in theaters and clubs. When he played Vancouver, everyone turned out to give Jimmie and Colleen a triumphal welcome. Twentieth Century-Fox recently signed him to sing the title song of "The Long Hot Summer."

It has been an adventure to pale the events recounted in any true-love ballad which Jimmie has ever sung. But the happy ending is there, too, the "good life" predicted in "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine," after working hand in hand. They have a new home in Hollywood, but Jimmie emphasizes it's on a modest scale. "We know what we want, and we're saving up for it. The one thing that will make everything perfect for us. We're looking toward the time we can have a family."

hypnotized. All that remained was the recollection of a pleasantly detached period which left her oddly refreshed.

But when the phone rang the following Wednesday evening, and a strange young man with a mellow baritone voice introduced himself and proceeded to ask for a date, she accepted—although she was somewhat horrified to find herself doing so. She had always had a strong dislike for blind dates, and here she was, calmly accepting an invitation from a complete stranger! That first date never did come off, however. The *People Are Funny* staff had cooked up a new scheme for introducing the two.

On the show the following week, Shirley was introduced again. This time, to prove she was hypnotized, she was given a huge onion, was told it was an apple, and that she might eat it. She bit into it, and chomped away with obvious delight. (This still amazes Shirley. She had been warned about the stunt before the program, just in case she had a dangerous allergy to onions. She hadn't, but she abhors onions in any form, and was highly dubious that anything could make her eat one.)

While still under hypnosis, Shirley was told that she would be taken into the studio audience and introduced to three young men. One of them would be the stranger who had called earlier in the week. Upon recognizing this voice, Professor Spurney told her, she would immediately kiss Bob. Then Shirley was brought back to full consciousness.

Down in the studio audience, Linkletter introduced her first to one and then to another attractive young man. She responded politely to the introductions, but nothing happened. Then he introduced her to Bob. Shirley started to giggle. Art asked why—and, in a most embarrassed fashion, Shirley confessed, "I can't explain it, I feel like kissing him. That's not like me!"

Art urged that she do whatever she felt like doing, but Shirley staunchly refused, saying, "It would be very rude. I've just been eating onions!" (This, Professor Spurney explains, demonstrates what hypnotists have always known—that no one, under hypnosis, can be forced to do anything against his or her moral beliefs or behavior training.)

Subsequently, however, Shirley was induced to kiss Bob's hand. At that moment,

she recalled instantly another post-hypnotic suggestion. Shirley had watched Linkletter place a \$1,000-bill in his coat pocket, and had been told that—if she recalled this *before* kissing Bob—it would be hers. In any event, she was told, she would remember it immediately upon kissing Bob. That she did—but too late to claim the money!

Having finally met, Shirley and Bob started on their way toward their ultimate \$20,000 prize by playing Linkletter's word game. And, after the show, Bob took Shirley dancing at Memory Lane, his favorite cafe near his home on Los Angeles' south side. There were more dates, during the next couple of weeks, though Bob and Shirley weren't having much luck with the word game on the show.

By the time they made their third appearance on *People Are Funny*, their luck had changed—in more ways than one. The word they picked was the \$5,000 word, all right. But, by this time, it didn't really make much difference. The money had become purely secondary. They'd discovered they were in love.

Their appearance the fourth week showed it. They picked only the \$1,000 word that night, but there was something more important on Bob's mind, after the show. Again, he took Shirley to Memory Lane to dance, this being, as he explained it, the "anniversary" of their meeting and first date, just a month before. Over a late supper, Bob proposed. Shirley accepted. But they both decided to wait "a while"—to make sure they weren't being influenced by the glamour and excitement of the show. To see, actually, if they were still in love after they once more became just plain Shirley Saunders and Bob Kardell, instead of "the Univac Couple."

Then, being a pair of very practical-minded young people, they decided to do some boning up before the fifth, final, and most important of their *People Are Funny* appearances. Of course, Shirley's parents claim all the "homework" they engaged in that last week was a poorly veneered excuse to be together every single evening, as they sat with the unabridged dictionary, and a copy of a word-puzzle-solving book a friend had loaned Shirley! They explored every possible combination of five-letter words they could contrive. Happily, among the combinations they found was one involving the word CARES. Although they had disagreed mildly on their choices

in previous weeks, both Bob and Shirley agreed heartily that, if those letters happened to come up in the final game, *this* would surely be the winning word.

So what happened? When Art Linkletter rolled out the word-game rack the night of their final show, standing there as bold as anything were the letters RECAS. It didn't take much deliberation for Bob and Shirley to make CARES out of that. When Link asked why they'd picked that particular word—when it could have been ACRES, RACES, SCARE, or even the French SACRE—they grinned and explained, "It just seems appropriate, in our case." It was both appropriate and right—to the tune of \$20,000!

The fact that this introduction "took" has more than vindicated Univac for its earlier goof. In fact, each member of the *People Are Funny* gang is apt to glow a bit when speaking of the Saunders-Kardell romance. "We didn't set this thing up as any super, mechanical matrimonial bureau," Linkletter explains. "But—if even one happy marriage does result from it—naturally, we'll feel satisfied."

Shirley laughs when she remembers the "hard time" Link gave her, for a few weeks before the Christmas holidays. He would teasingly remind her that other Univac romances had fallen by the way because of "in-law interference." This was a particularly sensitive point with Shirley—because she hadn't met her future in-laws until just before the holidays. It's a big hurdle for any prospective bride, but any fears Shirley might have had on that score were groundless. The Kardells came from Detroit to Los Angeles to spend Christmas with Bob and their married daughter, Mrs. Mary Louise Ennis. There were family clambakes at the Kardells', and at the Saunders'. And everybody liked everybody else, very much indeed.

Yes, Univac had sorted its cards right this time. Checking out their backgrounds, it seems almost inevitable that Shirley and Bob would fall in love if they ever met—which probably never would have happened, if it hadn't been for Univac. Although they live in the same city, it's a very "spread-out" metropolis indeed, and they live at practically opposite ends of it. Their paths might never have crossed.

But there they were, on the same stage, and the time was right. They both came from Protestant homes in approximately the same income bracket. They both had approximately the same educational advantages (with Bob having the slight edge education-wise, just as the marriage counsellors recommend.) They both were interested in swimming, in horseback riding, in classical music and in simple quiet types of entertainment.

The two even have in common a Midwest origin, and a fairly recent transplanting to Southern California.

Shirley was born in Dayton, Ohio—but points out that she lived there only six weeks. The family moved to Cleveland, where Shirley grew up, attending Mayfair and Prospect grammar schools, and Wilbur Wright Junior High school. She was also active in the Cleveland Playhouse and, after the Saunders family moved to California in 1945, Shirley attended Hollywood Professional school. She explains that this was not so much because she had ambitions to become an actress, as because of the fact that the school had its classes arranged so that only half-day attendance was necessary. Thus Shirley could accept modeling jobs during the remainder of the day.

She attended Valley Junior College, later helped run an employment office. When her folks were house-hunting, Shir-

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ley went along to look at houses with them, and became intrigued by the real-estate business. But she knew there was more to it than just showing a prospective purchaser through an attractive house, so she enrolled in evening classes at the adult school held in North Hollywood High. Thus she was able to pass her examination for a license in real-estate sales. For the past two-and-a-half years, Shirley has sold houses, big and little, for a firm operating in the San Fernando valley.

The Saunders family lives in a pleasant ranch-style home in a quiet neighborhood in North Hollywood. Mr. Saunders is a chief inspector in electronics at a big aircraft plant, and Mrs. Saunders is a traffic inspector with Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. Shirley has a younger sister, Karen, 14, who has had almost as big a thrill out of the whole Univac adventure as has Shirley.

Bob Kardell was born in St. Louis, Missouri, where his family lived until he was nine years old. He attended Mark Twain grammar school there, then the family moved to Dallas, Texas, where Bob went to Mt. Auburn grammar school for a year—before still another move took the Kardells to San Francisco. In the Bay city, Bob attended Presidio Junior High, George Washington High, and the University of California at Berkeley for two years. For a while, he took a job with the National Carloading Corporation, the firm his father serves as a vice-president.

Then, in 1952, Bob was called into the Army. For eleven months, he was stationed at Camp Luis Obispo, then later transferred to Camp Gordon, Georgia, with the Signal Corps. Out of the service and back in Los Angeles, where his parents had moved while he was in uniform, Bob decided that his father's trucking business was not for him. He started looking around for something else, ended up at Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company, where, for more than two years now, he has been in the long-distance sales department (and where he never had the remotest opportunity of meeting Shirley's mother, among all the company's thousands of employees).

He has been making his home in a bachelor apartment not far from his sister's home. That way, he's able to spend a lot of time with Mary Louise and her husband, their young son and baby daughter. (Bob's parents were transferred to Detroit last year.)

If Shirley and Bob needed anything to prove theirs was the "real thing," the holidays did it. There was a merry, mad Christmas Eve party at the Ennis home. Bob gave Shirley a big bottle of her favorite perfume—it's his favorite, too. And then he gave her a huge parcel, which turned out to be that wonderfully corny routine of a box within a box within a box, etcetera—the innermost box held a gorgeous diamond ring. When Shirley protested that Bob had already given her one engagement ring, he explained patiently that the first one "wasn't good enough."

Liking Bob's folks so much, and having them like her, convinced Shirley that any possible final obstacle to their marriage had melted away. The elder Kardells, eager not to miss any of the excitement, hinted that it might be nice if the knot were tied before their holiday visit ended. But Shirley and Bob stuck to their plan for a spring wedding, and promised to give Bob's folks ample notice, so they could return to Los Angeles for the ceremony.

Somebody once said, "The course of true love never runs smooth." But that was before true love began getting a helpful assist from that twentieth-century Cupid known as Univac, on Art Linkletter's *People Are Funny!*



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Help Your Husband Live Longer

(Continued from page 23)

No one seems better qualified to answer the question than a husband who is—after eighteen years of marriage (and as many years on the air)—in the pink of condition, happy of heart, and one of the most important, successful and beloved personalities in his highly competitive field. A man, moreover, who was a contributing Brainstormer on his own panel. Why not ask Garry Moore himself to tell us what, precisely, his wife does to help him live longer—and like it.

Taking his ease in the sway-backed rocking chair he uses in his office, the better to relax between shows, rehearsals and conferences, Garry remarked with a twinkle that rocking—"which lulls the brain as well as the body"—is one way of living longer that the Brainstormers had overlooked. Then, his expression sobering, "It's no news that we're living in a fairly tense world, and anything that tends to reduce tension, however slightly, adds to life expectancy.

"Actually, the primary question is not what wives can do to help their husbands live longer, but *Why do men die sooner?* I think it's fear. Fear of the job, largely. Fear of the competition. Fear, too, of the combustible world in which we live. People nowadays go about frightened. Fear induces tension. And tension can kill.

"Although steeplejacks and circus aerialists and those who ply similarly precarious trades may well disagree, television is one of the more intense ways of making a living. And, appearances to the contrary," Garry said, "I am tense. I tense up every time that little red light in the studio warns that we are about to go on the air. I never face a microphone on my morning show, or on *I've Got A Secret*, but what my stomach muscles contract. I'm not an actor, but, if I really appear as relaxed on television as I'm told I do, that is acting! My wife says I remind her of a duck—very calm and placid on the surface and paddling like mad underneath.

"Many of us today are like ducks. Too many of us. Clearly, then, to relieve tension is what wives can do—indeed, must do, if they want their husbands to live longer. As to ways and means of relieving tension, I have on my desk an edited list of the suggestions contributed by the members of our Brainstorming panel, and I doubt that wives can do better than fol-

low some of them, as my wife does—in fact, has always done.

"Sneak a love note into his pocket in the morning, for instance, was one of the ideas I contributed, but it was prompted by the fact that my wife has done this. Not every morning, mind you, but it does happen now and then. And, when it does, I appreciate it very much. To put your hand in your pocket during a crowded day and find a love note from your wife, it's a release from tension!

"Say 'I love you' with a big kiss in the morning. That, my dear Watson, is fairly elementary!

"Give your husband a long farewell kiss in the morning. That I get!

"Write 'I love you' on the mirror in lipstick. This my wife did on one occasion. Just one. How did I react? I was very pleased. If she did it every day, however, I'd think she was besotted! None of these things can you do too often. Their value is in their novelty.

"As novelties, they have their own value, for relationships can get pedestrian, if you allow them to. A husband knows that his wife is going to be there when he gets home. A wife knows that her husband is going to come home on the six-fifteen train. And so they tend, as time passes, not to be as thrilled about each other as once they were. These 'little' things, such as the note in the pocket, keep love alive.

"Flatter him—compliment him on his appearance, his thoughtfulness—once a day. I go along with this, except that I don't believe in flattery as such. Flattery implies a lack of sincerity. Nor do I think you can put things like paying compliments on a schedule. Off schedule, though, I will suddenly look at my wife and say aloud, 'I am very lucky, I married a real good girl!' And sometimes, somewhere, anywhere, Nell will look at me and the look tells me, without benefit of words, that she is thinking she's kind of lucky, too. But not, if you follow me, once a day. Here, the value is in the spontaneity with which the compliment is paid, the act of thoughtfulness tendered.

"Let your husband out alone one night a week. My wife has to!" Garry laughed. "I've got a secret, Wednesday nights. After the show, it's too late to go home, so the cast and the production staff and I go around the corner to a neighborhood cafe, have a few laughs, unwind—after which I spend the night in town.

"Get him to dress in a more youthful way. When he looks younger, he will act younger. This is something my wife is not obliged to 'get' me to do," he grinned. "For there's no doubt that, of my own free will and volition, I dress younger than my forty-two years. The bow ties, you know. The sports jackets. The crew cut. Whether dressing younger makes you look younger, I don't rightly know. But it does make you feel younger. And the younger you feel and act, the longer you're likely to live.

"Have something interesting and amusing to say to him when he comes home at night, even if you have to look it up in a book. This, for my wife, is doing what comes naturally. She always has something of interest to say at the dinner table perhaps something she has read, or something about someone she met in a supermarket. Furthermore, you can't fail to have something interesting or amusing to talk about, when you have two teen-age sons in the house, both of them actively engaged in a couple of dozen of enterprises. But, no fooling, having something bright and interesting to talk about with your husband when he comes home is definitely recommended procedure. A man who has been out all day, exchanging ideas with people, would find a wife with no ideas pretty dull going. Boredom is, in a negative way, a form of tension.

"Never have an argument after nine P.M. Now, this is another of those things you can't schedule. As a means of living longer, it is probably a therapeutic idea. But let's be realistic. Tempers don't rise by the clock!

"Don't complain verbally. put all your complaints in writing, keep a 'nag sheet.' With this suggestion," said Garry (known as The Gentle), "I violently disagree. I could swear my wife has never kept—or thought of keeping—a 'nag sheet.' But, if ever she loses her mind and does, I will burn said sheet when it's presented to me!

"If you don't like the way something is going, don't gripe about it—either verbally or in writing. Get in and do something about it, if you can. If you can't, you just must realize that no one is perfect, that there are going to be things you don't like about people and you have to measure these against the things you do like about them. If a disgruntled husband or wife would simply think, 'This is the way he (or she) is'—and let it go at that—a considerable amount of unnecessary tension would be dissolved, and both husband and wife would live longer.

"Feed your husband a good breakfast in the morning, with a cheery smile. This my wife does," Garry smiled contentedly. "She does indeed! Every morning, I get a large orange juice, coffee, bacon and scrambled eggs—with a pleasantly unscrambled cheery smile.

"Make sure he takes his vacation when the time comes—and not at home. During the summer, I have six weeks off and usually my vacation is broken up in this equitable fashion: Three of the six weeks, Nell and the boys and I cruise around on our boat. The other three weeks, Nell and I spend in some small hotel, in some isolated spot—a very relaxing deal, sort of 'world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

"A wife should increase her husband's allowance as he gets older. This suggestion, as proposed by one of our Brainstormers, was kindly meant, no doubt. But I gravely doubt," said Garry, "that a husband on allowance from his wife would ever get any older. Nor do I believe that a wife should be put on allow-

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ance. Some husbands won't agree with this, but my wife and I have always had a joint bank account. The boys get allowances, but Nell and I dip into the joint fund as we see fit, without either one consulting the other as to how much, or for what, or why. Only if or when there is a major expenditure, do we sit down together and talk it over.

"Don't be jealous of his secretary or women associates; don't be jealous of anyone. Except for the fact that, in my line of work, you live in a goldfish bowl, with little chance of getting away with anything, I should think it would be quite simple for the wife of a man in the personality business to fall into jealousy. Fortunately, I don't have that problem—or, rather, my wife doesn't. I suppose what it actually comes down to is that a wife either trusts her husband or she doesn't. If need be, however, a husband in this personality business can allay the pangs of jealousy—and thereby prolong his own life—by means of having the performer 'disappear' between shows. As I do. Between performances, there is no 'Garry Moore.'

"Like his friends. Even if you don't, pretend you do. We haven't the problem implicit in this suggestion, either. But, if we had, I'd solve it by the reminder that in every marriage there should be three separate areas, one marked 'His,' one marked 'Hers,' and one marked 'Ours.' If a husband has some friends his wife doesn't like, she shouldn't expect him not to see them anymore. And, of course, vice versa. Let them keep these particular friends in their own areas—the wife at home, perhaps; the husband at his club or wherever—and get together with friends of whom they are mutually fond, in the area marked 'Ours.' As for pretending you like people when you don't," said Garry, (who doesn't pretend, even on the air), "that's no good.

"Don't be envious of your neighbors. Don't push him to keep up with the Joneses. My wife isn't, and doesn't. Wives shouldn't. People today push themselves too hard. We all tend to be too competitive, and on too many levels. The man with the fifty-foot boat finds himself envying the man with the seventy-five foot boat. The woman with a cloth coat envies Mrs. Jones, who has a mink. I realize that I am luckier than most men and, for that reason, there is nothing in the whole world, of a material nature, that I want. But, if there were, I'd still fall back on the idea of not wanting too much. The less you want, materially, the longer you'll live.

"Never let him fully retire from business or business activities. I don't intend—and I hope I am never obliged—to 'fully retire' from the personality business. But, come spring, I am retiring from the morning show. Yes, one of my reasons for doing so is that, with a less crowded schedule, I may live longer. But the primary reason is that, after ten years, just about all I can do within the format of the morning show has been done.

"Accordingly, I now have a choice to make: Either I can go on doing the same thing for the next ten years, or I can spend the next ten years exploring different facets of television. I have chosen to go exploring. In so doing, I may very well work harder than I have ever done. But there will be a change of pace, and change is stimulating. And stimulation is better for the health than stagnation.

"See that he has an annual or semi-annual check-up. This I've been doing for the past five years and, speaking from the far side of forty, I recommend it thoroughly.

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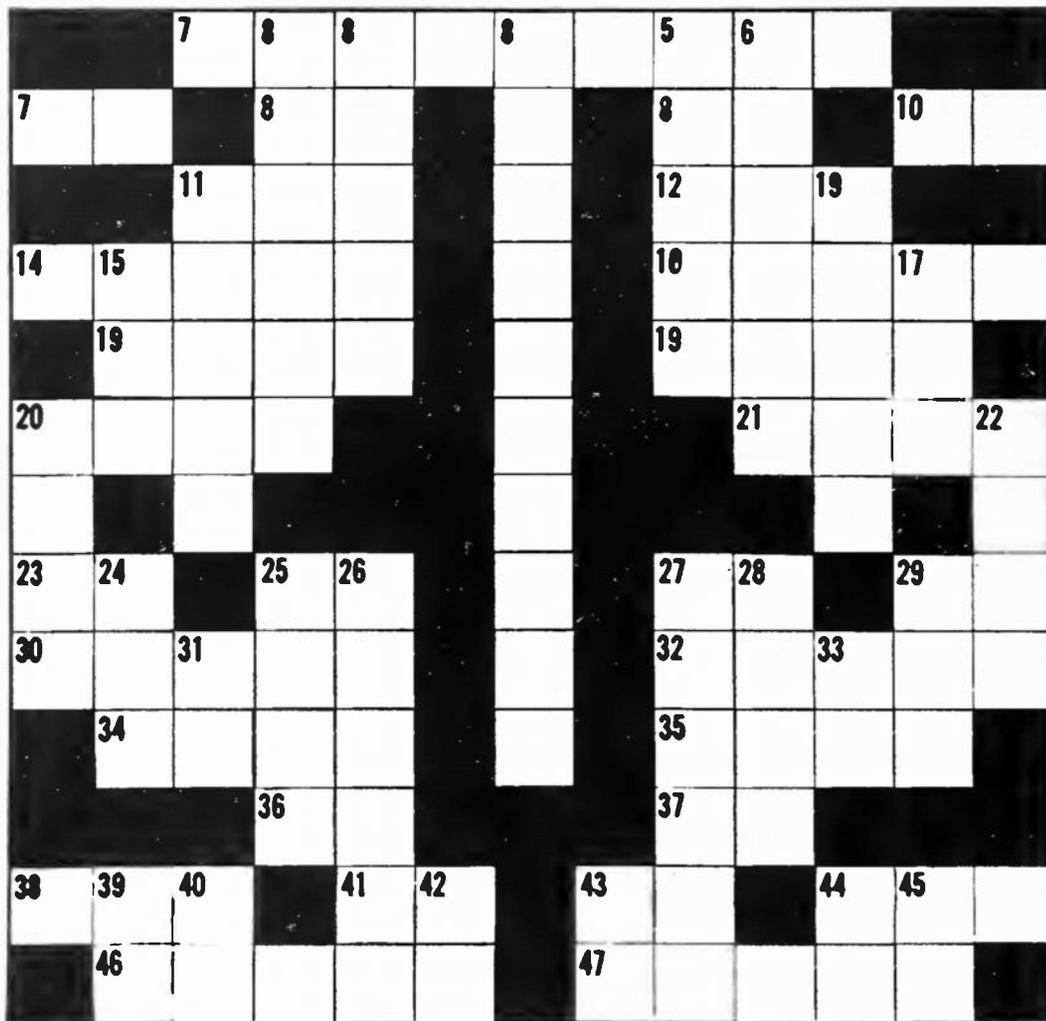
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- 8. Eye -- New York
- 9. "There's -- Business Like Show Business"
- 10. Tonight's star (init.)
- 11. Small insect
- 12. Brother of George Gershwin
- 14. Famous jockey
- 16. Jahn's ---- Wife
- 18. Composer ---- Stravinsky
- 19. ---- Caward
- 20. Partent
- 21. ---- That Tune
- 23. Young -- Malone
- 25. Exclamation
- 27. Susie's girl friend
- 29. This -- Yaur Life
- 30. Sweet stuff
- 32. Land of Lallabrigido
- 34. Product of grain
- 35. Commercials da this
- 36. --! Susanna
- 37. "-- an Old Caw-Hand"
- 38. He Marches an
- 41. International argonization (abbr.)
- 43. "--, the poor Indian"
- 44. Cathy Crasby's dod
- 46. Smoll dankey
- 47. Wroth

DOWN

- 2. Mork Saber's hame
- 3. Come in
- 4. Radia with pictures
- 5. Put this in a stew
- 6. Rolph Kromden's pal
- 11. Betty White is one
- 13. In front
- 15. Point ta shaat
- 17. Shade tree
- 20. Term used in gambling
- 22. ---- Aces
- 24. Colypsa drink
- 25. Ring around an angel's head
- 26. TV's Talent Scout
- 27. Sense of sight
- 28. Seporate article
- 29. Breakfast Club state (abbr.)
- 31. Gearge Burns' wife (init.)
- 33. Champagne Lady (init.)
- 39. The alphabet begins
- 40. --Ann Simms
- 42. "-- Time for Sergeants"
- 43. The Hayride stote (abbr.)
- 44. It Could -- You
- 45. Evongelist (init.)

walking, get out more. Well, I have a puppy—a Springer spaniel named Sam. Not, however, for therapeutic reasons. Just for the love of him.

"Do his shopping for him, so as to eliminate the nasty little errands he may not like to do. My wife must certainly eliminate the 'nasty little errands,' since I am never obliged to run them. She does the marketing, all of it. She shops for the boys, although—now that Mason is seventeen and Garry, Jr., fourteen—they have their own ideas about what they want and where to find it.

"She also buys all my bow ties for me. And, frequently, in a sports shop, she'll see a sweater she knows I'll like, or a sports jacket, and get it for me. If I am going to send a present to a friend, however, or flowers," said Garry with a show of pride, "I do my own shopping. If I didn't care, some of the personal feeling would go out of it. And I shop for my wife now and then, too—buy her a dress, on my own, or see something I think she'd like in a shop window and send or take it home.

"Generally speaking, however, I must admit I'm not much help around the house. I can't cook. I can't repair the plumbing. I'm all thumbs with a hammer and nails. I lack the 'green thumb' when it comes to making the garden grow. I don't like to go out and mow the lawn. I'd rather go into town, do an extra show and get the money to pay someone to do the jobs that I—to understate the matter!—am no good at. It's one way of helping myself to live longer, and to like it.

"Helping her husband to live longer shouldn't, in fact, be entirely up to the wife. There is such a thing as a wife treating her husband like a not-very-bright child, and that's pretty silly. Husbands should have some know-how themselves. In winter time, for instance, I have been known to go to bed at seven P.M. on a Friday night and not get up again, except for meals, until Monday morning. With a pile of books on my bed table and a TV set within eye range, I hibernate.

"I think that everything in life is habit," Garry summed up. "I think happiness is a habit. And to acquire the habit of happiness is definitely a way of helping yourself to live quite a bit longer. Basically, I think I'm pretty happy. I have my moments when I begin to 'dog it,' get into the slumps—then habit, which is the strongest thing in the world, takes over and the sun comes out again.

"How to acquire the habit of happiness? Don't push too much, don't want too much, as we've already said. Don't gripe. Don't be one of the 'little murderers.' The fellow who comes up and kills you with a bullet is electrocuted or put away for life. The 'little murderer' who kills with small unkindnesses—a row with a salesgirl in a store, the lack of civility to a waiter or a cabdriver, even the pat on the back withheld from someone who needed it—isn't punished by the law. But all the thoughtlessnesses kill you a little bit. All the unkindnesses wound your pride of self. This doesn't make for happiness.

"I once knew a man who conceived the idea of asking everyone he knew to send three 'thank-you-grams' each day—to someone, let's say, who had written something nice about you, someone who said an encouraging word when you needed it most, anyone to whom you have reason to be grateful. Looking for people to thank, instead of for people to gripe about, is a way of acquiring the habit of happiness—perhaps as sure a way as any.

"These are the means, at any rate, by which my wife helps me," Garry smiled, "and I help myself to live longer. And do you know? I have a hunch I may be going to make it!"

WHAT'S NEW ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from page 9)



At surprise party for Sinatra: Nat Cole, Dean Martin, Art Linkletter.



Maverick's Jim Garner returns favor as best man for Red Herschons.

animals at an early age. Had to put the horse somewhere, of course, so he had to find a barn; and a barn needed an acre of land, at least. The friendly horse ended up as a 26-acre investment in Chatsworth. Cost? \$75,000.

Sentimental Frank Sinatra celebrated a birthday while working on the "Kings Go Forth" set. Nobody in the crew tipped Frankie Boy to the surprise party planned for him until the end of the day. Then, at 6 P.M., the set fell apart as dozens of signs suddenly appeared advertising "Happy Birthday," "Frankie's Joint" and "Big Party Inside." The party started sanely enough, but then a toy water gun appeared and a water fight ensued with Frank in the lead. Dave White, Frankie's stand-in, poured a quart of ink into a painter's spray gun to retaliate and the party took off from there. Wow!

After-hours wife: Recently, Jan Sterling made a *Suspicion* with her husband, Paul Douglas. Says Jan, "This was the first and last time we will work together. Can you imagine," she continues, "any other husband having his own wife for a secretary? That's the feeling I had while doing the show. Since Paul is a bigger name than I am, I was constantly being treated as a wife, not a star. And the crew was scared of *him*, not me. I must say I didn't enjoy the experience at all. I couldn't wait to get him home."

Home sweet home: Betty Furness and her eleven-year-old daughter have moved into TV producer Harriet Parsons's Benedict Canyon house. *Studio One's* favorite salesgal is enjoying California's most beautiful winter in years and is thankful her daughter hasn't had to unpack her galoshes or earmuffs. . . . John Forsythe has taken the Jo Stafford-Paul Weston Bel-Air home. . . . And Guy Williams and wife, expecting in May, are looking for a 40-foot ketch to summer on.

Twosomes: Nina Foch, separated from her husband last October, together at the Huntington Hartford Theater with *Wagon Train's* Bob Horton. . . . Tiny fifteen-year-old Annette Funicello sharing a malt with a 210-lb. footballer from North Hollywood High. . . . Molly Bee happy with Dwayne

Hickman. . . Dale Robertson seeing first wife, Jackie, again.

Vacationing: Art and Lois Linkletter to the Caribbean—Port au Prince and Virgin Islands—for two weeks. Art's book, "Children Say The Darndest Things," published by Prentice-Hall, is number two non-fiction best-seller for the year. Says Art, "The kids gave it to me, so I'm giving it back to the kids." The royalties go into his children's trust fund.

Big Clint Walker, independent and strong-willed, stalked off Warners' *Cheyenne* set one day recently. Reason? He's tired of playing TV's *Cheyenne* and wants to do some movies. King-sized Walker's biggest movie to date is "The Ten Commandments" . . . as one of Pharaoh's bodyguards.

Did you know that Ann Jeffreys, star of *Love That Jill*, wishes she were a dress designer? . . . Art Baker has had naturally silver hair since he was twenty-one? . . . Cary Grant's reappearance in old movies on TV have doubled his fan mail? . . . Adam Kennedy designs greeting cards for business, not pleasure? . . . Asta, *Thin Man's* dog, is insured with the Animal Insurance Co. of America for \$5,000?

The heart of Hollywood: The Thali-ans, an organization of young Hollywood people, under direction of this year's president, Debbie Reynolds, announced that \$50,000 was raised at their Annual Ball for emotionally disturbed children. The Thali-ans are especially grateful for the encouragement and help from shoeman Harry Karl, and this year made him their first honorary member. . . . The heart of Hollywood remembered: Some years ago, Frankie Laine and his pianist-accompanist, the late Carl Fisher, heard about Helen Macy, a young girl hospitalized with splenic anemia. Hoping to raise her spirits, they visited her hospital bedside. While there, the two men helped promote enough blood, which, doctors said, saved her life. Twelve years later, Frank received an invitation to Helen's wedding. "The happiest invitation I've ever received," said Frank. The song he dedicated to Helen that night? "I Believe." That's Hollywood for you—and the folks who remember it.

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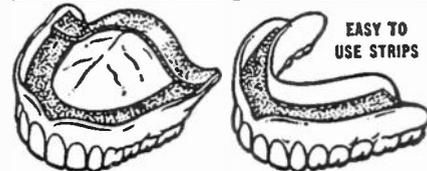
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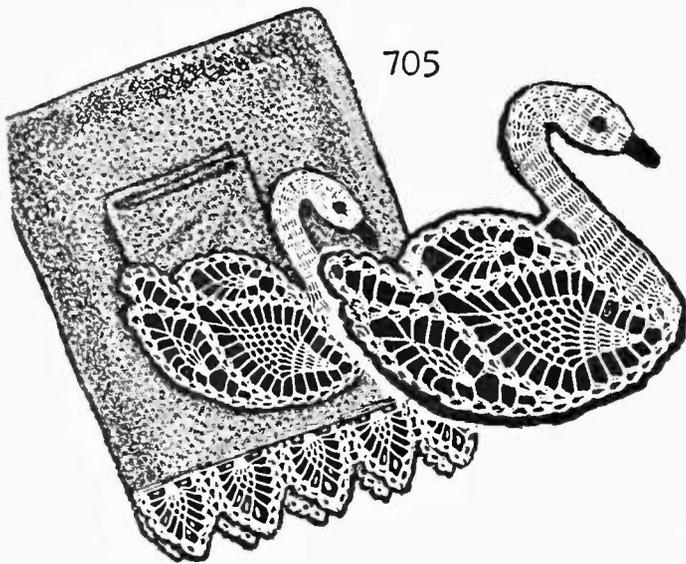
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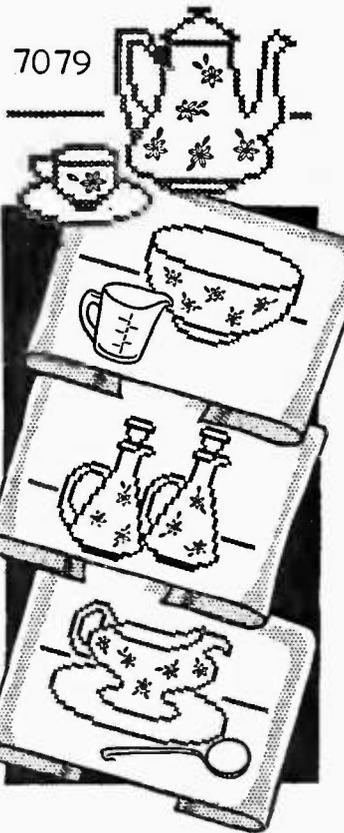
Special Offer! Free 35¢ package of Tri-Dent Brushless Denture Cleaner. Send only 10¢ for postage and handling. Offer expires Apr. 30, 1958. Plasti-Liner, Inc., Dept. V8, 1075 Main St., Buffalo 9, N. Y.

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



705



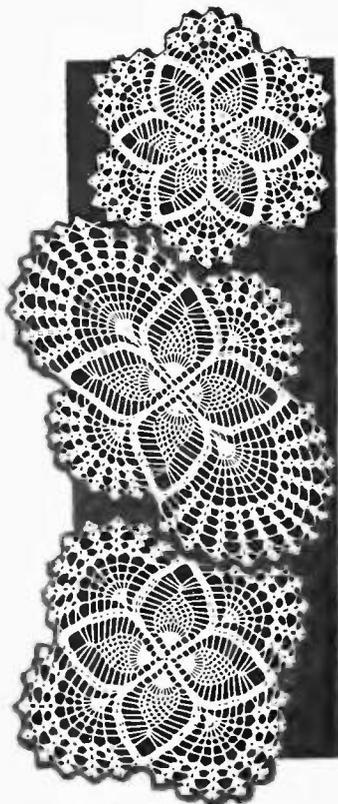
7079

705—Graceful swan is really a handy 7½-inch pocket to hold a face-cloth. Finish towel with edging to match. Crochet directions in mercerized string. For smaller towels, use No. 30 cotton. 25¢

7079—Easy embroidery for kitchen towels, curtains, cloths. Use for quick-to-make gifts. Six motifs 5 x 7 inches; color suggestions, directions. 25¢

622—Let these lordly peacocks display their vivid colors on your favorite linens. Easy, fascinating embroidery. Transfer of 8 peacocks 5x6½ to 6x11¼ inches. 25¢

7373—Stunning chair-set in your favorite pineapple design. Crochet directions for chair-back 12½x16 inches; arm-rest 8x12 inches. Use for buffet, too. 25¢



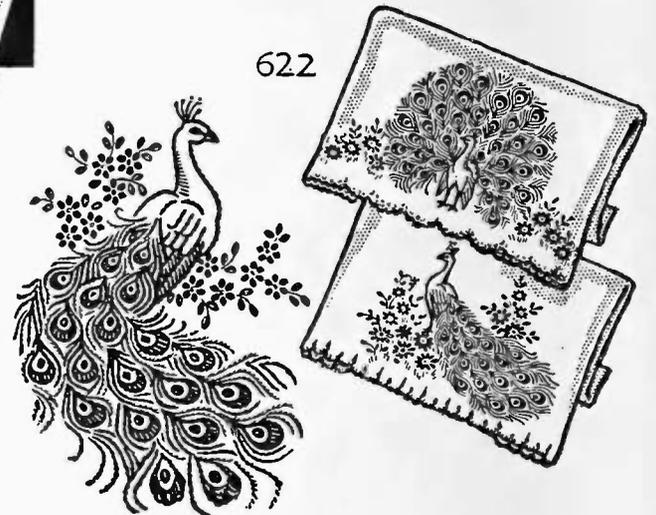
7019

7019—Takes only a day to make each of these dainty little doilies. Crochet directions for 9-inch round, 9-inch square and 9½x14 oval doily in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

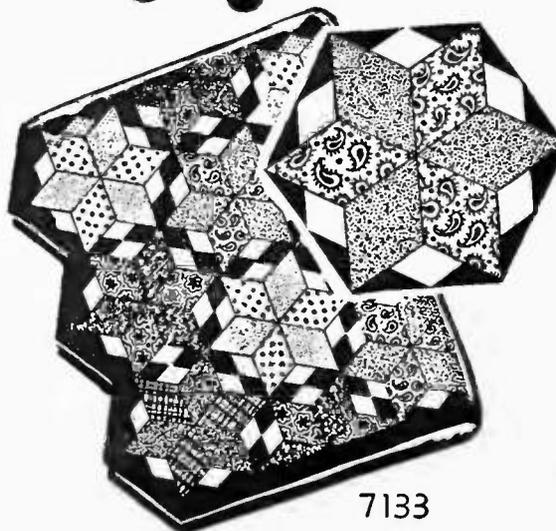


7126

7126—Cool pinafore for hot summer days. Make it of huck; trim with gay huck weaving. Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 included. Pattern, directions for pinafore, chart for weaving. 25¢

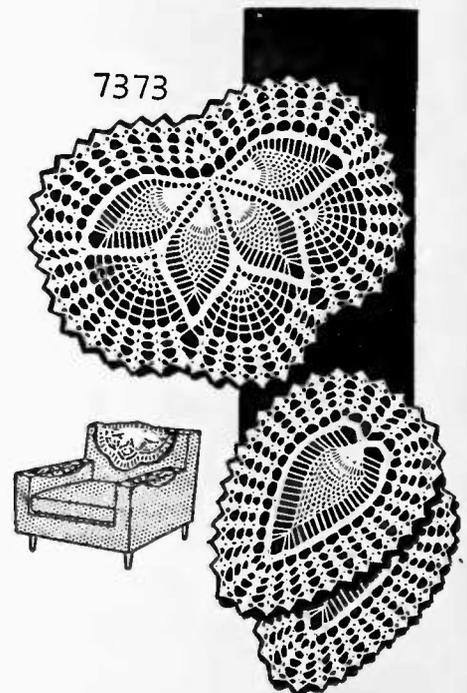


622



7133

7133—Each block is a star in two shades of one color—perfect for those scraps you've been saving. Chart, directions, pattern of 3 patches. Yardages for single, double beds. 25¢



7373

INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 11)



Twin Tones—Jim and John Cunningham—are doubles in looks and in talent.

tract and their first recording session. . . . Just seventeen now, the boys were taught tap-dancing by their mother when they were eight. Both play in their high-school band—Jim on trombone and John on guitar—and both play piano. They wrote their own first record hits, "Jo-Ann" and "My Dear." But before any song goes to wax, it's submitted to popular referendum. Jim and John call on all the teenagers in the neighborhood for their comments, criticisms and final judgment. . . . Five-foot-seven and blond-haired, the Twin Tones appeared at Alan Freed's recent rock 'n' roll show at New York's Paramount Theater, and have been on *American Bandstand* twice and are being considered for a movie contract. . . . Identical in hobbies, too, the boys like to tinker with car motors, listen to jazz, and conduct their own band. They take a big interest in their clothes, which, for rock 'n' roll performers, are "Ivy-League conservative."

Danny Boy

I would like to know about Danny Richards, Jr., whom I've seen on many TV programs. K.H., San Francisco, Calif.

He'll be sixteen on April 3, but Danny Richards, Jr., is an old timer in show business. His father, now a Hollywood actor's agent, is himself a second-generation vaudeville performer. At age three, Danny toddled on stage in his father's footsteps, debuting in a take-off of New York's late Mayor LaGuardia. . . . With a flair for mimicry and a rare, retentive memory, Danny needed only parental coaching to add the professional polish. By the time he was six, he was ready to debut on TV on Milton Berle's show. Since then, Danny has appeared with most of the top comics, including Eddie Cantor, with whom he signed a year's contract in 1953. He's also appeared with Ann Sothern and Joan Caulfield in their television series. He was a regular cast member, as Willie Toops, with Fibber McGee and Molly and played his first dramatic role on the radio version of *Dagnet*. He's made eight movies and was June Havoc's nephew on *Willy*. On TV, the boy who was born in a trunk in Philadelphia has also been seen on most of the series and playhouses.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to *Information Booth*, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether it concerns radio or TV. Sorry, no personal answers.

easily, loves the new life of filming, doesn't mind his somewhat nomadic existence. One thing bothers him: "The Disney studios wanted to know my home town," he confides. "But what could I answer? I was born in New York City, but have lived in Fort Bliss, Fort Leavenworth, West Point, Norfolk, Washington, D. C., and now London." Neil thought it over and then: "I've decided to settle for Arlington," he brightened. "At least we've got a house there."

What's in an Age?

In the January issue of TV RADIO MIRROR, you stated that Jerry Lee Lewis was born in 1935. But, when he came to Cleveland to appear on Bill Randle's show, Jerry Lee gave his age as 21. Which age is correct? L.R., Cleveland, Ohio

In the story on Jerry Lee, we listed his birth date as September 29, 1935. You're right, L.R.! That makes him 22 years old, as of now. However, he was making his first deejay rounds during the summer of 1957 and so, at the time of the Bill Randle appearance, was probably still 21. Right again, thee, we, and Jerry Lee!

Talent Twosome

Please print some information on The Twin Tones. B.P., Stevensville, Va.

Identical in looks—and talent, too—Jim and John Cunningham cashed in on both by indulging in a typical teen-age pastime. They went shopping for records in a neighborhood store near their home in Hicksville, Long Island. It happened that Ed Heller, A&R man for RCA Victor, sighted them and was so struck by their good looks that he inquired if they had voices to match. In a matter of weeks, the twins—now The Twin Tones—had a con-

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The Spirit of Adam

(Continued from page 39)

find out what I was, and to run with my own kind."

At that time there was, apparently, no indication that Adam himself might be unique, a member of a species able to adapt to a life of infinite variety. He went through high school doing the usual things—playing football (end), basketball (forward), and running the hundred-yard dash in slightly less than ten seconds. Secretly, he wrote poetry. Openly, he started an art career by supplying cartoons to the school paper. Some of his best ideas occurred to him as, working for a packing house after school hours and on Saturdays, he hauled sides of beef around town on the handlebars of his bicycle.

He also made plans. He intended to go to college and, someday, to study art in Europe. On the face of things, a farm boy who cherished such intentions—in the depths of the Depression years—might have been considered unrealistic. However, Kennedy was a super-realist, with the powerful weapon of conviction. Expressing the same belief today, he says, "You can have anything you want and you can do anything you want, provided you know *what* you want, and you are willing to work without giving up. Dreams do come true, but not at once. Not instantly."

The first hurdle, naturally, was getting into college. A scholarship, he concluded, would turn that trick. Investigation revealed that a bloc of ten art scholarships were available, and that these were coveted by some four hundred students scattered throughout the U.S. Sifting was accomplished by a series of competitive examinations.

Kennedy wound up at De Pauw University with one of the scholarships (valid for three years), and only a few minor financial problems, such as stretching scholarship funds over tuition, room, board, books, and campus activities. If you know of an honest way to earn cash while maintaining a B-plus average, rest assured he has already made use of it.

When his first scholarship lapsed, he entered a second competition and won a Journalism scholarship to carry him through his senior year. By that time, he was selling cartoons to *Esquire* and *Coronet*, he was editor of the college year book, he worked on "The Boulder," he was president of his social fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, and he was president of his honorary journalism society, Sigma Delta Chi.

Having been graduated *cum laude* and

having excelled at all the lively arts while in college, Kennedy naturally joined an advertising agency. It never occurred to him that big, good-looking, articulate men with a knack at the drawing board usually end as actors (a theorem well proved by John and Lionel Barrymore and Gary Cooper). Although Adam had dabbled in college drama and had served as baritone, tunesmith and lyricist for a college quartet known favorably as "The Dream Weavers," he had no secret vision of himself as a performer. What he still had in mind was art study in Europe, and what he intended was to accumulate enough capital to make that possible.

He reported to the Grant Agency in Chicago in September. Six months later, he had become an account executive. At the end of a year, he was the assistant chairman of a Grant brainstorming group dubbed the Central Creative Committee. Between sessions, Adam worked on many top accounts, and also—although he hopes to keep this knowledge from his son as long as possible—was active in creating and showcasing the singing commercial.

At the end of three years, Adam strode into the president's office one morning, and asked to resign. Mr. Grant wanted to know what for. He pointed out that Adam was doing well, his future was rosy, he had an authentic talent for the advertising business—and was entitled to a raise in salary. Why should Adam give up a promising career?

Adam, vaguely remembering the theme of a long-ago motion picture entitled "Holiday," answered that he wanted to paint while he was a young man and would be permitted a young artist's right to experiment, to find himself.

At that particular time in history, The Friends Service Committee was forwarding cattle to distressed European nations to help to rebuild war-ravaged farm economies. Each twelve cows had to be nurse-mailed during the ocean voyage. Adam, planning his departure from the business world and seeking the best possible deal for an itinerant painter, was offered a cow-jockey job on the *Edam* of the Holland-America Line. Quickly, he accepted.

It took thirteen days to cross the Atlantic, and as the freighter neared Antwerp, a thoroughly cowed Adam Kennedy swore never to drink another glass of milk, never to spread another pat of butter, never to spoon another mound of ice cream.

He and a fellow bovine valet were stand-

ing at the rail, as the ship lumbered upstream toward the docks. Visibility was zero-zero because of a milky fog. "It was like traveling into limbo. One was stricken with the sense of being separated from time and space. As human beings will, at such moments, this French fellow and I began to exchange frank confidences."

The Frenchman wanted to know why Adam, obviously a successful young American, should have given up his promising job and familiar environment for a trip into the unknown. Adam tried to explain about Americans: "We believe that we must never lose sight of the importance of frontiers, if we are to advance. For the most part, physical frontiers have vanished, so we have to seek out borders of a more subtle nature. Taking up life in a strange country is a form of assaulting a frontier. I want to discover whether I'm man enough to meet the challenge, to accommodate, and to accomplish something—some work—that will satisfy the demands I intend to make upon myself."

"Then come with me to Paris," the Frenchman said. "It is as subtle a frontier as you will find."

At that moment, the wall of fog was penetrated by the bow of the ship, and the deck was abruptly bedazzled by summer sunlight. No potential artist-writer-actor could have failed to respond to the drama of the unheralded moment, to the sudden warmth, the new azure of the water, the laughter of picnickers waving from the river's grassy banks. "This is a day to remember," said Adam. "August 25, 1949."

In Paris, he went directly to the student quarter, turned a corner onto Rue Vavin, rang a bell, made his wishes known to the pension manager, and rented a room on the seventh floor, his own answer to "Seventh Heaven." There he lived for four years, and there at least twenty of his canvases are still stored—because Adam intends to return to Paris one day.

That fall of 1949, Adam settled down to paint, working twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day. By 1951, he had attracted enough critical acclaim to be named "the outstanding American artist in Paris." Ultimately, he exhibited in more than twenty European cities. There was only one catch: Adam doesn't paint pleasant landscapes that people buy at fancy prices to hang above their fireplaces. Of his own work, he says, "I like to take a recognizable subject and treat it with great latitude."

At about the time Adam began to worry about where his next loaf of French bread was coming from, he ran into an American friend who suggested that Adam try out for a part in "Liliom," which was to be produced at The American Club. He tried out and—to his astonishment—won the lead.

At the end of the play's highly successful run, Adam told himself, "Acting provides an interesting experience."

Almost before he had removed his greasepaint, Adam was suggested, by another American friend, for a small role in the Norwegian picture, "Forced Landing," which was later seen in the U.S. in art theaters. He wound up in the picture's second lead. His next ad-lib step on an ad-lib career was to accept an invitation to tour Sweden (together with a pair of professional photographers and a beautiful model) in behalf of a Swedish touring company equivalent to America's Greyhound Bus Lines. In a luxuriously fitted, private station wagon, the quartet drove from resort to resort, filming thirty-minute documentaries.

Back in Paris, after a travel-poster sum-

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 78

ACROSS

1. Elections
7. G.M.
9. On
10. P.M.
11. Ant
12. Ira
14. Sande
16. Other
18. Igor
19. Noel
20. Omen
21. Name
23. Dr.
25. Ha
27. Vi
29. Is
30. Sugar
32. Italy
34. Malt
35. Sell
36. Oh
37. I'm
38. Hal
41. U.N.
43. Lo
44. Bob
46. Burro
47. Anger

DOWN

2. London
3. Enter
4. Television
5. Onion
6. Norton
11. Angel
13. Ahead
15. Aim
17. Elm
20. Odds
22. Easy
24. Rum
25. Halo
26. Arthur
27. Vision
28. Item
29. Ill.
31. G.A.
33. A.L.
39. AB
40. Lu
42. No
43. La.
44. Be
45. O.R.

mer, Adam worked in five additional pictures—having decided that acting was a means to the end of being able to paint without yearning to eat canvas, tubes, brushes and palette knife. One of the five pictures, incidentally, was the Kirk Douglas starrer, "Act of Love." Yet there came a morning when Adam Kennedy was awakened by the drizzling of the Paris rain on the steep Paris roofs. Shivering a little, he put on a robe and strolled to his dormer window, from which he could see the gray light of the Seine winding past the timeless stones of Notre Dame.

In eighteen hours, he thought, I could be in New York. Of course, I would spend only a few weeks, then I'd come back here. I could leave most of my things. . . . After all, he had a French film contract to make twenty-six pictures, but he was technically free because of a script-approval clause. So. . . .

New York was incredible after four years in Paris. He strolled into a drug store and couldn't believe his eyes: Stuffed toys, cosmetics, fountain pens, nylons. He ordered a hamburger, a malted milk, and a wedge of apple pie topped with ice cream. In four days, he saw six Broadway shows, including matinees. He ascended to the top of the Empire State Building, and rode a hansom cab through Central Park.

Furthermore, he was instantly successful as a model posing for photographic illustrations of magazine stories. He had just begun to think that he would soon have enough capital accumulated to justify his return to Paris, when the inevitable happened.

Adam strolled into a photographer's studio on assignment one morning, was told that he would be working with a model new to him—a beautiful girl named Barbara Curley—and that the story-point to be illustrated required that he knock Miss Curley flat.

"Before I beat you up," he said courteously to the blue-eyed blonde with the enchanting smile, "will you agree to have dinner with me tonight?"

They had dinner together, and Adam realized that it would be a long time before he returned to Paris. First, he had to go to Hollywood to report for "The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell." Then he had to return to New York to see Barbara. Back to Hollywood for "Men in War,"

"Tension at Table Rock," "Bail Out at 43,000," and "Walk Tall." Back to New York. Meanwhile, in the TV field, he appeared in *Studio One*, *Gunsmoke*, *Big Town*, *Crossroads*, *Schlitz Playhouse*, *Men Of Annapolis*, *Navy Log*, *Zane Grey Theater*.

By Thanksgiving, 1956, Adam and Barbara had decided that they really should get married and save thousands of dollars in telephone tolls and trans-continental air fares. But where should the ceremony take place? Barbara's family were in New York; Adam's were in Indiana. "It's a beginning for us, so I'd like to have the wedding celebrated in some city where neither of us has ever been," Barbara said.

They discussed possible cities, the romantic, the beautiful, the storied. The field narrowed to New Orleans and San Francisco. So they met in San Francisco on the morning of December 1, 1956, and were married in the chapel at Grace Cathedral.

They hope to be able to return to San Francisco for every anniversary hereafter, having missed a proper celebration of their first because they had to keep an eye on their son, Regan, who was born October 21, 1957.

When, earlier that same summer, TV producer Robert Sisk was looking for the prototype of *The Californians'* newspaper reporter and Vigilante operative, Dion Patrick, he said, "We need a two-fisted, Irish-blooded adventurer who has knocked around, has tested himself, knows people and situations—and, as a result, has steadied into an authentic good guy having both physical and moral courage, a constructive viewpoint, and a comfortable combination of wit and wisdom. Offhand, the only fellow I can think of who fits the bill is an actor named Adam Kennedy."

One of the men on Sisk's staff asked, "Is Adam Kennedy his real name?"

"No," said producer Sisk. "Seems that, when he went to sign up with Equity, he gave his name as Jack Kennedy. There was another Jack Kennedy, and to try to use the name 'John Kennedy' would present some real problems. So our man said, 'Well, why not start at the beginning? Just put me down as 'Adam Kennedy.'"

"Let's get that guy. He sounds good," agreed the Sisk staff.

So they did, and he was.

The Miracle of the Lennon Sisters

(Continued from page 20)

when you realize they still have no special key, read no music, play no instrument, employ no arranger, use no vocal coach. TV's most renowned amateurs, singing their hearts out to a listening world. These kids have something."

What they have, of course, is harmony—not only in song, but in heart. A harmony born of contentment in home, in family and each other. A visit to the Lennon home in the "unfashionable" suburb of Venice—actually, a continuation of Culver City—reveals this truth. The large, old-fashioned, two-storey, white frame house, on its corner lot, is a replica of thousands of such homes in towns all over America. And, the instant one steps inside, one knows this is not just a house, but a home. A real home.

From upstairs, the sound of small boys' voices mingles with the hum of vacuum cleaner in the dining room. The tantalizing odor of roast lamb seeps in from the kitchen. A baby coos contentedly in his playpen. A three-year-old girl attempts A-above-high-C, for no apparent reason . . . and the tiny black-eyed woman in her

red kitchen apron, who has greeted us at the door, is ready with apologies.

"It's been one of those days," Mrs. Lennon smiles, her black curls bobbing. But, right off, you know this young and pretty mother of the four Lennon Sisters isn't really disturbed. For "one of those days" at the Lennon home is one of those days in every happy home where children play, kitchen odors tantalize and happiness is a twenty-four-hour habit.

With guests arriving within the hour for dinner—and a downpour of rain imprisoning the four smaller children indoors—there still prevailed an aura of peace and contentment. The Lennons and their brood of nine . . . plus Mrs. Lennon's mother as a frequent helping-out guest, and with Lillie May Smiley to clean up ("Do put her name in your story," Mrs. Lennon begged) . . . the Lennons know and practice love and contentment in just being together. They know peace and they know security—a security over and above the success of one small family group. They had it before the girls sang professionally, and they'll have it as long as a Lennon family exists.



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For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

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T
V
R

They found these gifts in faith . . . or, rather, they have always known them—through a faith that requires no protestations nor public avowals. It's just there in everything they do, say and are. It's in their gestures, their expressions, their quiet voices. A family united, a family inseparable. Devoted Catholics, they rejoice in their religion, but make no special to-do over it. It's as much a part of them as their hands and feet. It's basic, explains Mrs. Lennon (herself a convert), an underlying force among them, but never thought of nor dreamed of as a prop, a showcase or a thing apart.

The girls "make a visit" to their nearby parish church, usually alone, as naturally as some teenagers trek to the local ice-cream parlor. There is nothing goody-goody in their devotional exercises. They, too, love ice-cream parlors and school dances and dates and fun. But, always and foremost, the center of activity and the greatest source of pleasure is the home. Mr. and Mrs. Lennon have always made it that—in good times and bad.

And there have been bad times. In fact, it's only in the past few years that the family moved to today's six-bedroom home from a small two-bedroom house in which the four girls shared one bedroom and the three boys, the other—with bunks lining every wall. Downstairs, Mr. and Mrs. Lennon slept on the pull-out couch, with the baby nearby (there was always a baby and still is) . . . and sometimes, Mrs. Lennon recalls, they had to sit out the girls' school-chums' visits before they could go to bed.

"I loved that home," Mrs. Lennon says, looking back to the fun and the children there together. "I really hated to leave it."

It was there, however, that they suffered a tragic heartache, when little Mary, just sixteen months old, slipped out into the street—and was instantly killed by a passing car. "I'll never forget the goodness of people at that time," Mrs. Lennon told us. "Not only members of our parish, but people I've never met brought gifts of love and even money to help us through."

Faith in God's love came to the rescue of the stricken parents and, when their Monsignor suggested a rarely-offered "Mass of the Angels," they sat through its comforting beauty with renewed faith.

Remembering still earlier times, Mrs. Lennon recalls the joyous feeling when their first boy arrived. "Bill loved the four girls, but he's always been an outdoor man and I knew he missed having a son. The night Danny was born, I'd been given an anesthetic of some sort and, awakening in the middle of the night, I rang for the nurse. 'Did I have another girl?' I asked. 'You had a boy, Mrs. Lennon,' she answered.

"I couldn't believe it. I lay there, hoping she was right. Finally, I rang again. 'I told you, Mrs. Lennon,' the nurse scolded, 'you had a boy. Now go to sleep.'"

Today, there are four boys in the Lennon family . . . Danny, 8; Pat, 6; Billie, 3; and little Joey, not quite a year old.

Nineteen years ago, when the Lennons were married, Bill gave up singing as a quartet member—with his three brothers—to accept something more stable. He found it as a Douglas Aircraft worker at thirty-eight dollars a week, and they managed, even when the family began to grow. When war broke out, Mr. Lennon was raised to the job of supervisor, but the long hours and endless responsibilities were too much. Bill Lennon finally collapsed.

"It was a desperate, but never a hopeless situation," Mrs. Lennon says. "Just when we needed it most, Bill found something special at hand—to sing at a wedding or referee a wrestling match, perhaps—and God provided."

A job as a clerk in a sporting goods shop was found too confining and, when the opportunity came up to deliver Pepsi-Cola cases to various stores in the city, Bill grabbed it . . . and later he exchanged it for a milkman's route that grew into a well-paying job as a wholesale division manager for the Edgemont Dairy Farms. Then with the established success of the four older girls, it was decided that Bill should give up his job to become their full-time manager. "I simply couldn't leave my smaller children at home to be with the girls," Mrs. Lennon says, "so Bill took over."

Today, Mr. Lennon, a handsome young man in his early forties, arranges the girls' schedules, drives them to and from rehearsals and broadcasts, on all errands connected with their program. He accompanies his girls on all tours—their own personal appearances and those with the band—which, incidentally, to a man, assume a proprietary air with the girls, fussing and looking after them as their very own.

After the school homework is completed, rehearsals are held in the trailer, permanently parked in the Lennon backyard, with Mr. Lennon presiding. A choice of songs is made from records the girls have listened to, with each one free to make her own suggestion—or, on occasion, to follow a cue made by the show's producer, Ed Sobel.

TV RADIO MIRROR MAY AWARDS ISSUE

at your newsstand April 3

The songs finally decided upon, the girls listen to the medley from a record-player while Diane passes around typed copies of the lyrics. Mr. Lennon then raises his pitchpipe to strike the note, and the girls sing with no accompanying instrument or music whatsoever. Suggestions for "arrangement" of the number may come from Mr. Lennon or any of the girls, including Janet. A line that suits Diane's clear voice, or one that's within Peggy's or Kathy's range, is just naturally given to them, while a line with a certain freshness or cuteness goes to Janet.

After an hour or two of rehearsals, a tape recording is made and sent to the band. And, early on Tuesday evening, a final rehearsal is held with the girls and the band together. On Saturday and Monday, the show goes on . . . and a new week with new songs lies ahead.

It is no surprise to the Lennons that the girls take to vocalizing as lambs to green pastures. "Both Mr. Lennon and I sang to them as babies," Mrs. Lennon says, "and they'd sing right back, rocking to and fro in their little rocking chairs." But when the discovery was made that five-year-old Kathy could actually harmonize, the excitement began.

"Come over and hear their three-part harmony," the Lennons telephoned their friends, who gathered 'round to hear Diane, then 8½, Peggy, 7, and little Kathy. Then, when Janet was old enough to stand still, she joined her sisters, singing at church doings and school plays. The Lennon Sisters were on their way.

There had been some talk of a radio or TV show, but Mrs. Lennon protested. "Oh, no, the girls will only sing with Lawrence Welk. We'll wait for that." Today, she laughs, "I had no idea why I said that. I had never seen Mr. Welk, except on television, had never met him. And yet, I somehow just knew."

It was little surprise then, to Mrs. Lennon, at the turn of fate when Diane—

then a junior at Santa Monica High School—reported that Lawrence Welk, Jr. was in her class. And no surprise when, after a date with Diane, Lawrence delivered her to the Elks Club to join her sisters in a singing engagement. Young Welk, who had no previous inkling of Diane's talent, promptly reported the ability of the Lennon Sisters to his father—who, in turn, paid no attention, despite his son's insistence.

It was still no surprise to Mrs. Lennon when Welk, Jr. later telephoned her excitedly to bring the girls over. His dad, confined to his room with a cold, had agreed to listen. The result you know Mr. Welk, Sr., invited the girls to perform on a special show for the Cardinal and to join his own TV Christmas show. They've been regular performers ever since and recently signed new contracts, approved by the courts, that will keep them regular performers on the Welk show for some time to come.

The girls, while resembling each other in features, are unlike in disposition, given at times to mild flare-ups and personal disagreements but never a real quarrel. Their first move, upon entering the house, is toward baby Joey or little Mimi, to admire—and to help, if need be. In the mornings before school, the girls help the younger children to wash and dress, to fix their own breakfast, if something special is desired. After making their beds and straightening their rooms, they're off for the day.

Fame, as Hollywood knows it, is as foreign to the girls as caviar to the Congo. They express no desire for material possessions, their own cars, or even an allowance. Their work as performers is never discussed outside. Once, when a teacher complimented Janet on her TV appearance before the school class, Janet rushed home in tears. "Before all those people," she wept. "They'll think I'm different or something."

They dress more simply than the average teenager, in plain blouses and skirts. And, while the studio looks after their hair and camera makeup, the girls must provide their own clothes. This problem the girls solved themselves right off, by soliciting neighborhood stores. Only Henshey's Department store, in nearby Santa Monica, agreed to supply them with four dresses alike (eight dresses a week) returnable after the show—in exchange for a TV credit, "Clothes by Henshey's." Today, of course, every shop in Southern California would be only too happy to dress the Lennon Sisters, but they remain faithful to Henshey's.

The three older girls date, but seldom away from home. Boys usually arrive in bunches on a Sunday afternoon to play football out back with Mr. Lennon or look at television in the living room—and, in the early evening, go home.

To the Lennon girls, their own home is the center of their universe, made so by the love and wisdom of their parents. "I have no patience with parents who raise their children by books on child psychology," Mrs. Lennon says. "All my children ever needed was love, and we gave it to them. Today, they're happy and contented."

"God made me a parent and my first duty is to Him. I do what I think is right, according to His word, and my children seldom question my decisions. Common sense and plenty of love are the greatest factors in child raising today. I know, because I gave mine all the love I had in my heart."

Which is probably why, when the four girls radiate their happiness in song before a TV camera, a troubled world pauses to listen . . . catching a message of faith, of family love, happiness and contentment.

Steve Dunne's Lucky Number 13

(Continued from page 31)

"Hard Work." At least, they've magic for him.

Steve couldn't very well be superstitious and work on *Truth Or Consequences*. Why? "The show returned to night-time TV on Friday, December 13," Steve points out. "I was born January 13, 1918. Producer Ralph Edwards was born June 13, 1913. And to top it, the contracts for the evening show were signed for thirteen weeks. People were saying we'd surely have bad luck."

Everybody should have Steve's bad luck—he'd no sooner walked into his living room from the airport that day, early last December, than Ralph Edwards called.

"How would you like to do the emcee chores on a new night-time version of *Truth Or Consequences*?" he asked.

"Love it," said Steve, thinking it would be months before the show began.

"Good," said Ralph, "we begin next week."

A second phone call came from Steve's old employers, the Cigarillo manufacturers, who wanted him to do three new filmed commercials. Another call came from the Lux people asking him about some added announcing chores on the Rosemary Clooney show. A fourth call was from director Mervyn LeRoy, who wanted Steve to appear in a leading role with Jean Simmons and Dan O'Herlihy in the big new M-G-M picture, "Home Before Dark." To top off all this good fortune, the next morning's mail brought a manuscript from producer Albert McCleery of *Matinee Theater*. In all honesty to Mr. McCleery, for whom Steve had worked many times before, he had to turn down the starring role because he simply wouldn't have time to do an honest job.

And doing an honest job is important to Steve. It is, in fact, one of the main reasons for his selection by producer Edwards. "If there is one absolute requirement of a good *Truth Or Consequences* emcee," says Ralph, "it is that he express himself honestly and from his heart. Steve does this automatically."

"In addition to this," continues Ralph, "Steve brings twenty years of craftsmanship to *Truth Or Consequences* which he earned in front of motion picture and television cameras. We knew we couldn't beat that combination."

Steve's selection for *Truth Or Consequences* happened so fast that Steve didn't have time to write his dad in Massachusetts to tell him to watch the first show. The Dunne family is as Irish as stew and sentimental from the word "go." In spite of the fact that Steve and his dad are separated by 3,000 miles, they are still as close as two heartbeats. Steve no sooner came on the air with the first show than a neighbor rang his dad's phone to advise him of Steve's appearance. Steve's father ran across the street to his own brother's TV set to see the last twenty-five minutes of the show. Later, Steve's uncle wrote to him to say that when Steve closed his first show with, "Goodnight, Dad," his father stood up saying in his best Irish brogue, "Sure, and it's a good night to you."

Born Francis Michael Dunne in Northampton, Mass., the eldest of six children, Steve has always known the meaning of hard work. His mother died when Steve was five, and Steve remembers that his father had a difficult time handling his young family. "But we were always a close-knit family," says Steve, "and Dad liked to take us kids to the movies *en masse*. No matter whether it was a comedy

or a drama, we'd all come out crying." Steve has worked all his life. At thirteen, he spent Sundays soda-cleaning empty beer barrels in the basement of a nearby tavern. Later, he worked his way through the University of Alabama with a series of odd jobs, living on banana sandwiches which his roommate said were filling. "I can remember going two days on one sandwich," he recalls. "Can't face a banana today."

After a number of varied jobs (typist for an electric company at \$19.25 per week; secretarial work in the U.S. Government Department of Entomology at \$22.00 per week), Steve started at the University of Alabama as part-time assistant to Dr. Ronald Ramsdale, head of the Psychology Department, who managed to secure some scholarship funds for Steve in return for work as a typist for the University.

Then, one day, Steve started a radio course at the University which changed his whole life. The owner of the local radio station, WJID, in Tuscaloosa heard him, thought he had a nice voice, and hired him as an announcer at \$5.00 per week plus all the clothes he could wear from a local sponsor.

Steve and his wife Vivian, whom he calls 'Nin,' were married two years after they met at a high-school dance in Holyoke, Mass. "I couldn't dance step one," says Steve, "but a friend of mine dragged me off to the dance where I was introduced to Nin. She was wonderful—no matter how many mistakes I made on the dance floor, she covered up for me."

Two years later, Steve came home from school to a staff announcer's job at Station WTAG in Worcester, Mass., and he and Nin were married. "I like to say I married a girl with money," he laughs. "Two days before our wedding, Nin won a \$1,000 doorprize at a church bazaar." The honeymoon took them to New York City where Steve later joined Station WOR, and in 1942, Steve, Jr., was born. Very shortly thereafter, Steve branched out into dramatic radio acting. Steve's dark good looks, athletic six-foot-one-inch frame and Irish blue eyes were soon spotted by Hollywood talent scouts, and when Steve, Jr., was two years old, the family moved to Hollywood. Steve's first picture was "Doll Face" with Perry Como. Steve laughs, "You can now see it on TV."

A daughter (Christine, born in 1946), and a score of motion pictures later found Steve well ensconced in the wilds of Hollywood. But Steve, Nin, Steve, Jr., and Chris are very down-to-earth, and, with the exception of a few luxuries, their home differs little from that of any other hard-working family across the country.

In Nin's eyes, for example, Steve is the world's finest father and husband. She gave him an award to prove it—her "Osme," a statue combination of both "Oscar" and "Emmy" on which Nin had inscribed, "My permanent award to the best actor, father, husband of this or any other year—Christmas, 1953."

Steve's children are his hobbies. He is wrapped up in their interests, and follows his son's athletic career, for example, as if Steve, Jr., were Babe Ruth. "Who needs the Big League," is Steve's opinion, "when you've got an all-star second baseman at home?"

When his son was much younger, Steve brought home to little Stevie a football with all the Los Angeles Rams' signatures on it and also a bat with the autographs of the Cleveland Indians. "They are still hanging on his wall," says Steve. "He used to charge the kids a dime apiece to look

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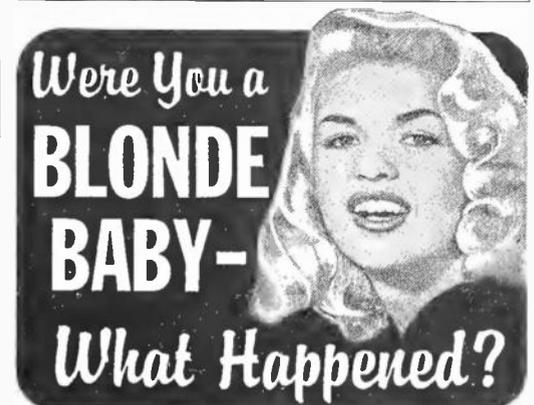
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at them, wouldn't think of using them in a game."

Stevie, by the way, is now six feet tall. "Steve will probably stop growing somewhere around six-feet-four inches," says Steve proudly. Then he grouches, "We can't get in the boys' department anymore—for the privilege of walking across the aisle to the men's department for the same pair of shoes, it now costs me seven dollars more." But Steve Junior's long reach is an asset. Last season he was voted All-Star second baseman from the West Los Angeles Little League area. "He goes to the Pony League next," says his dad proudly, "and could be he'll sign with the Los Angeles Dodgers sometime in 1960."

The question of careers for the children comes up frequently in the Dunne household. Both Steve and Vivian are interested in helping the children in any line of work they might find interesting, including show business.

"We bought the kids a tape recorder for Christmas," says Steve, "to let them hear themselves talk. Chris, who is taking piano lessons, can listen to her own practicing. It's better psychology to let the tape recorder point out her mistakes than to have Mother or Dad offer advice.

"As for careers, the kids don't know what they want to do. Steve is interested in the professions one week, show business the next. He came in from bowling the other day and with a great deal of aplomb used the tape recorder to give us an exhibition of his bowling match. He has an announcer's deep voice and handles himself with assurance.

"I suggested to him that he might want

to think of announcing as a career. He shrugged his shoulders as if to say, 'Who needs it?' I said, 'Don't be so blasé—you know, Dad started as an announcer.'

"'Yeah,' he said, 'but it's too insecure.' "Thinking of the ten cents per he charged his playmates for a peek at that autographed baseball, and the ten dollar bills he manages to get out of me every so often, I think he might easily end up as Secretary of the Treasury."

The Dunnes live in a modest Cape Cod house in Brentwood which Steve describes as "very much like a train—we've kept adding on." Thinking of the children first, he points out that the streets are flat so they can ride their bikes and the neighborhood's a wonderful place for them to grow in.

Recently the Dunnes have added onto the house a new kitchen-family room with built-in barbecue, fireplace, paneled walls stained an elegant shade of dusty grey-green. A bar divides the dining-cooking areas. And there's a horizontal built-in refrigerator which, says Steve proudly, "I helped install."

The new kitchen is now the busiest room in the house. It's the room Steve heads for when he comes in from work, where he makes his favorite peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Steve, Jr., and Chris do their homework there. And, as a family, the Dunnes chat around the table about teen-age problems, or play Monopoly or Scrabble.

The Dunne back yard features a small swimming pool—"I like to feel both sides when I swim," says Steve. There is also a rose garden which Steve and the once-

a-week gardener pamper. Also an orange tree bearing two nearly ripe oranges which Steve is watching jealously.

Inside, the house is Early American comfortable. The living room has a large fireplace, which Steve and his brother Jim faced with used brick on a summer afternoon. Proud of his prowess as a mason, Steve says the job took only six hours, then adds with a shrug of the shoulders, "If we could do it, guess anybody else could, too."

Steve and Vivian love the quiet home life and the joy of their family. They are not night clubbers, prefer a few close friends at home. Weekends and holidays, the family will alternately visit Vivian's mother, who lives nearby, or have her over to their house. They also frequently visit Steve's brother Jim, who is married to Nin's sister Dorothy.

"Mother comes in," says Vivian, "and though she's been in Hollywood for years, she'll say, 'Let's go somewhere we can see some movie stars.' When I point to Steve she gives me an 'Oh, really!' look as if to say, 'Since when is my daughter married to a movie star.'"

But after the years of hard work, Steve is content. With his family around him, Steve is happy with the security twenty years of hard work has brought him. "When I see my first movie now, playing on TV," he laughs, "I begin to think I really have arrived!"

"Arrived" is the word. And millions of un-superstitious viewers of the evening *Truth Or Consequences* trust the next thirteen weeks will stretch to thirteen years. Knock wood!

Jayne and Steve Introduce Young William Christopher

(Continued from page 24)
nurses wondered what such a tiny baby could be *thinking*. "They warned us," Jayne laughs with affectionate pride, "that our son would always be a jump ahead of us!" The expression in Billy's eyes is exactly like his father's, and so is his clean-cut sensitive mouth. He has his mother's fair skin and red-gold hair—but his cunning nose hasn't quite made up its mind whether to be Meadows or Allen.

All in all, master William Christopher Allen is exactly the baby his parents always wanted, his mother's fondest dream come true. "When I saw him for the first time," says Jayne, "I took one look and thought: *I knew he would look like this. This is the face I've visualized all my life. How uncanny, how strange*, I thought, *but how wonderful that God should send me just what I dreamed of.* . . .

"The face Steve wanted, too, whether he visualized it or not. As I was coming out of the anesthetic, the first thing I saw was a brown plaid jacket, on the other side of the plasma thing through which they were giving me a blood transfusion. In the familiar plaid jacket was Steve—and the first thing I heard, seeming to come from far away, was Steve's voice saying, 'We have a little boy, Jaynie-bird.' And then my voice whispering, 'Have you seen him?' And Steve answering—not in a whisper, but in a sort of ringing voice—'Just now. And I never saw a more beautiful baby. As I stood there looking at him through the glass window, all I could think was: *That beautiful little thing is mine.*'

"It's strange, too," Jayne marvels, "that Billy should have come to us a year, almost to the day, after the loss of our first baby . . . a loss the very sorrow of which gives special meaning to our present happiness. Ever since Steve and I were married, my dream has been of the baby I wanted so

much to have—and, in the depression following the loss of our first baby, feared I might never have. A dream Steve shared, and neither of us could care less whether it be boy or girl.

"During both of my pregnancies, however, members of the family and our friends—even acquaintances who know Steve already has three sons—kept telling me, 'Jayne, you must hold a good thought for a girl.' During this pregnancy," Jayne smiles, "everyone practically decided for me that, come November, I would have a little girl. Of course, it occurred to me that, having three boys, Steve might now be hoping for a daughter. On the other hand, I'd reflect, he understands boys and loves them—he couldn't love anyone more than he loves those three boys of his—so I concluded that either sex would be equally welcome.

"And oh, I was so right! The week before the baby came, Steve kept teasing me, 'Hurry up and go to the hospital. I want some fat little thing to cuddle.' If you'd heard him say it, you would have realized that 'some fat little thing' was the only imperative, whether boy or girl. It was also reported to me that, when I had obliged by going to the hospital and Steve—doing the pacing-the-floor, expectant-father bit—was duly informed that he had a son, he said, 'What do you know? Got another boy!' And burst out laughing.

"It's all been so happy, right from the beginning," says Jayne. "I never had a day of morning sickness. I never had a girdle on, from one end of the nine months to the other—no backache, not a twinge, hence no need of support. I wasn't on any special diet, didn't need one. In fact, I'm slimmer now than I was before my pregnancy.

"As we do every year, we had Steve's boys with us last summer, and rented a

large house on the water. And, although I didn't play football with them this year, I did go swimming and sailing and fishing. In the evenings, we'd sit around and play games and records. But, mostly, we talked—and mostly about the new little brother or sister the boys were soon to have. We wanted them to feel they were sharing the experience of the baby's coming to us. We wanted them to feel—well, *family* about it—and they do.

"When autumn came and finally it was time for me to go to the hospital, it's an understatement to say that I was happy. No, I wasn't alarmed when my doctor told me there would have to be a Caesarean. I just wanted to have my baby as safely as possible. And labor had stopped. Even if it had been possible to induce it again—and it wasn't—the baby would not have lived—the cord was wound twice around his neck.

"Yes, I suppose it was a bit rugged," Jayne shrugs, then adds in a singing voice, "but the baby was born safe and sound and beautiful. And, almost as soon as his birth was announced, we realized the truth of the saying, 'Everybody loves a baby!' The cards we received—more than a thousand of them, that one week I was in the hospital—and at least a hundred telegrams. All the mothers who were in the hospital sent cards. And a Chinese mother sent me an egg, which is the way the Chinese announce the birth of a baby.

"My sister Audrey flew up from Washington, D.C., where she lives, to see her nephew the day after he was born. When my mother came, she declared that Billy looked exactly like me as a baby. We sent Steve's mother a picture of him, and she declared that he looked exactly like Steve when Steve was three months old. The way the baby looks," Jayne laughs, "depends on whose family is looking at him!"

"And there were literally hundreds of gifts. Lovely handmade booties and bibs and sweaters and caps—even a white wool robe—from fans. Everybody in Steve's outfit sent beautiful presents. And everybody on *Secret*, too. Garry and his wife Nell, Faye Emerson, Bill and Ann Cullen, Henry Morgan, Bill Todman and Mark Goodson—the producers of *I've Got A Secret*. Gifts, too, of course, from the new 'Aunt' Audrey and such close friends as Arlene Francis.

"Just one week before Billy was born," Jayne recalls with a chuckle, "Arlene celebrated Jayne Meadows Day on her morning show over NBC-TV, and there I was bigger than life—and coast-to-coast! During the week after Billy was born, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Jack Paar, Garry Moore and, of course, Steve Allen mentioned him on their shows, which inspired Henry Morgan to crack: 'William Christopher has the highest Trendex of any baby on television.'

"Henry also informed us, rather plaintively, that he couldn't get any service anywhere around town. 'Call up for groceries,' he said, 'and, before you can say pound-of-butter, they're asking you, 'What's Jayne Meadows' baby like?' In restaurants, it's the same deal—service held up while the waiters get the lowdown on the Allen baby.' Audrey told us of somewhat similar experiences. Instead of 'Hi, Alice!'—which is the way she's been greeted ever since her first appearance on *The Jackie Gleason Show*—everybody was hailing her with 'Hi, Aunt Audrey, how's the baby?'

"We're trying to be very un-theatrical about the way we raise our son," Jayne says, "so it's just as well that he was totally unconscious of the limelight in which he was bathed, those first weeks after his appearance in this world."

Exactly one week after Billy's birth (which took place November 16 at 10:25 A.M.), Jayne brought him home from the hospital. "They wanted me to stay two-and-a-half weeks," she remembers, "but I had to get home. I had to be with my baby. Having him brought to me at four-hour intervals—I was nursing him, because I wanted to—was not enough.

"I came home on a Saturday, and that night Steve flew out to California to be with the boys, so there wouldn't be any jealousy. He spent Christmas with the boys, too. I wanted it that way. After all, Christmas is for children, the day for their father to be with them. Whereas Billy, at five weeks of age, wouldn't have known whether his daddy was with him or not, Steve, Jr., Brian and David—who are, respectively, thirteen, ten and seven—would know that he was there.

"Nothing is definite, as yet," Jayne adds, "it is still in the talking stage—but, a year from now, we just may move to California. Steve wants to be near the boys. He also wants not to leave the baby when he makes frequent trips to the Coast, as he must. In another year, too, the baby will need more space. Meanwhile, we'll stay here in the apartment which was Steve's first and is now home to both of us.

"As a matter of fact," she admits, "it made it easier to have Steve away, those first few days after I came home. Miss Nicholson, a thoroughly experienced baby nurse, came home with me. But, even so, there was considerable settling-in to be done. Steve's den to be converted into a nursery. Gifts to be sorted. Thank-you letters to write. And the times when Miss Nicholson is 'off' and I am 'on!'

"I've really surprised myself, though, by the way I've taken so naturally to the bathing and changing, feeding and burping. Miss Nicholson says I am the most

frustrated mother she's ever seen—or I would never have caught on so quickly. She says I act as though I've had ten children! Steve has the paternal instinct to a marked degree, too. The emotion is so strong, he gets a pain in his chest when he thinks of the baby. And so do I . . .

"I always knew I would adore and worship my baby," Jayne breathes, "but I never really knew it would be like this. Never knew I could be completely disinterested in clothes and career, or take a you-can-have-all-the-mink-coats-and-good-roles attitude. Never would have dreamed that I'd turn down the chance to play opposite Melvyn Douglas in 'Waltz of the Toreadors,' on Broadway. Or that I would ever in this world turn down the opportunity of doing the female lead in the Theater Guild production, 'Tunnel of Love.' Never imagined that I wouldn't want to go anywhere—as I don't, now that I have my baby.

"I did go to Cuba with Steve, for one week this winter, when he did his show there—because he wanted me to be with him. This summer, Steve is going to Europe by boat, with the two older boys, and the plan is that I'm to fly over, two weeks later, with David. Steve and the older boys plan to be gone about four weeks, and David and I, two weeks. But I rather suspect," Jayne laughs, "that it will turn out to be David and Billy and I who will fly over together! I don't want to go anywhere without the baby."

Jayne intends to continue with *I've Got A Secret*. "There isn't any reason, really, for me to give it up," she explains. "Miss Nicholson goes to church on Wednesday nights, but Steve has always stayed home that night to watch the show. The only change now is that he isn't sitting here alone—he has a little friend on his lap! Billy is already quite a veteran TV viewer. When he was only a day old, he watched his daddy on television. Every time he came in to be nursed, we'd listen to all the TV shows.

"And he loves jazz—just as his daddy does. I dance with him around the living room, while Steve makes the beat with his hands and I make the same tempo—like a bongo beat—on the baby's back. Billy couldn't be happier about the whole thing! Steve is bent on his being raised with music. Tries everything on him—plays the piano, anything and everything from opera to jazz. Puts on records. Turns on the radio. Music plays here from morning to night. Saturate him with music, the best of all kinds, and he'll grow up with natural appreciation, Steve says.

"As to what we want Billy to be when he grows up," Jayne muses, "first of all, we want him to be happy within himself—and, after that, anything his heart desires. The only clue he's given us so far is that, when he posed for magazine pictures a week ago, he couldn't have behaved better. He was a real 'pro'—until we took him out of the limelight, back to the nursery, and then he let out such a squawk as you've never heard in your life!

"Miss Nicholson, who has taken care of babies by the dozen, tells us that our William Christopher is going to be *somebody*," Jayne quotes fondly. "She thinks perhaps he'll be the man who will go to the moon. When she said that, I was reminded of my very first date with Steve. He took me to the Planetarium. 'Other men may take you to night clubs,' he said, 'but I take you to the moon.' And so he did.

"We've been so happy, and now we're happier than ever before. I never thought that Steve and I could love each other more—but, because of the baby, we do," says Jayne Meadows Allen.



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What's New on the East Coast



Baby made three Feddersons who've gotten into *The Millionaire's* act.

(Continued from page 13)
than two or three dates a month. Phyl asks, "So how can you catch a man?" . . . Big tears being shed for Eve Arden's show that sinks end of this month. Just didn't catch on. But she has firm contract with CBS and should be back again with something new.

Dr. Livingston, Jr., I Presume: A handsome, six-foot-two bachelor scores twice this month on ABC-TV's *Bold Journey*. Quentin Keynes, adventurer, narrates two exciting episodes from his travels on March 3 and again on March 24. There will be a third in late spring, which sets some kind of record for a man in his mid-twenties. Quent says, "My father calls me the gray sheep of the family because my three brothers have stability. They are, respectively, a doctor, banker and scientist." His father is a noted British surgeon and literary critic. "Dad established some kind of record. In one week at Yale University, he lectured on the thymus gland and poetry." Quent, himself, quit school at sixteen. "This shocks people," he says. "They think I should be a scientist but I travel out of curiosity and bring back pictures of what interests me." No matter how unscientific, he has had several spreads in the *National Geographic* and was once flown from New York City to Scotland to show a twenty-minute film to anthropologists. He does lectures and TV to gain money for more explorations. This summer he will travel the Zambesi River. On women, he says, "I'm afraid marriage would tie me down. A woman would have to put up with a lot on these expeditions. She'd not necessarily have to be brawny, but she couldn't be the willowy model type. You see, I've got a bad back and she'd have to carry her own bags."

Stop & Go: One of those heartbreakers who stars in a TV Western is hassling with his producer. The star wants to marry in June and producer fears those letters from female fans

may stop. . . . Walt Disney's TV earnings for last year: Simply \$8,810,571 and no cents. . . . Pint-sized beauty Tina Robin, who won \$30,000 on quiz, *Hold That Note*, now booming in own right as singer. She got big hand on Sullivan show last month. She's been promised a guest shot with Pat Boone this spring and Jerry Lewis caught her on his Muscular Dystrophy telethon and booked her for his next show. . . . June Lockhart, who has had such great success on TV dramas this season, has filed suit for divorce. Husband's a medic. . . . Arlene Francis certainly not happy about demise of her morning show, but with strain brought on from heavy schedule and her broken leg, the chore was not easy. NBC now setting up an evening package for her of the audience-participation type. . . . Something that we always knew: Statistics on the quiz *Do You Trust Your Wife?* indicate wives are right more often than husbands. To date, the gals have scored 82 percent correctly while guys were only 58 percent right.

Luckily Lovely: Behind the scenes of *The Millionaire* series there is a cute story. The lovely brunette who has had silent-bits or walk-ons in every show is Tido Fedderson, wife of the producer. Tido says, "It was Don's idea that I show my face in the pilot film for good luck, and now I've been on one hundred and eleven shows." She has come on as a nurse, prostitute, model, saleslady and nun. "The time I played the nun, I left the studio for a luncheon date with Don. I was in costume and, not thinking, I got into my pink Thunderbird and lit a cigarette. I stopped traffic until I suddenly realized what it was all about. Imagine, a nun smoking and driving a Thunderbird!" Tido and Don have been married 22 years and have five children, from age 19 years down to age eight months. (The youngest was type-cast as a baby in one show.) Tido, mostly a housewife, puts in just one day a week at the studio. She gets \$21.43 for a walk-on, but if someone talks to her or there is special business, she gets \$59 for a silent bit. "I've never cashed a check. Instead, I set up a separate bank account. My very first. On the second anniversary of *Millionaire*, I drew a big chunk out to buy Don a watch." Tido, never a professional actress, gets a lot of criticism from her stage-struck children. "You never know what to expect from them. The day I was made up as a prostitute, I worked late and went home in costume, hair fuzzed up and a beauty mark on my cheek. My five-year-old asked, 'What do you think you're dressed up like?' I asked, 'What do you think?' He said, 'I don't know but it's not like a lady.'"

Cool Cookies: Jack Paar doing fabulously but, inversely, he gets more for a guest shot than he draws weekly on his late-night show. . . . Ed Sullivan



Handsome Terry O'Sullivan is back in his *Search For Tomorrow* role.

will fly in James Carroll, Lord Mayor of Dublin, for his special St. Patrick's Day program on March 16. . . . For love of money you couldn't get Godfrey to make a personal appearance, but he comes for free if he can speak on national defense. . . . That model Tommy Leonetti's dating identified as Robbi Palmer, former Miss Ohio. . . . Patti Page has plans for the summer. She will make a movie, playing a straight dramatic role. . . . Terry O'Sullivan is back, by popular demand, in his role as Arthur Tate on *Search For Tomorrow*. . . . This month in Baltimore, Westinghouse is conducting its second annual Conference on Local Public Service Programming. Out of last year's efforts came the fine educational feature, *Adventures In Numbers And Space*. And the Westinghouse stations in Boston and Baltimore together obtained the first U.S. motion pictures of Sputnik. . . . Beautifully trim Bonnie Prudden, slimming expert on *Today*, actually has daughters thirteen and eighteen. Next to Garroway, Bonnie gets most mail on show. . . . Incidental intelligence: In England, the *Bilko* series is a tremendous hit, but \$64,000 *Question* flopped out.

The Great Truce: Perhaps the most startling news about "Oscar Night," March 26, is that the sponsor was asked not to come. Movie people will pick up the entire half-million tab. In fact, they've spent \$23,000 buying up local station-break time, all for the sake of purity. One of the advantages to Hollywood producer Jerry Wald, who will produce the TV show, is that stars like Gable and Danny Kaye—who have refused to appear on prior telecasts because of the commercialization—will show up this year. The entire NBC-TV network will carry the program and for one night the movie and TV industries declare a truce. In fact, local film theaters will urge moviegoers to stay home that night and watch TV, believe it or not.



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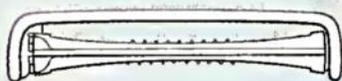
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