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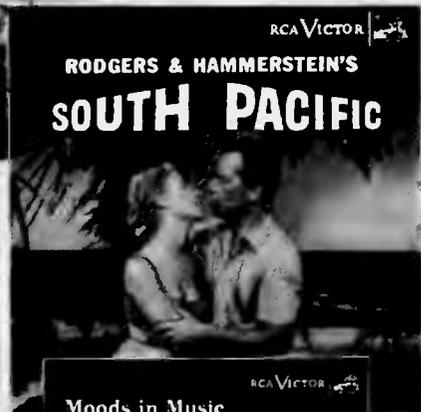
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PEOPLE ON THE AIR

What's New on the East Coast.....	by Peter Abbott	4
What's New on the West Coast.....	by Bud Goode	6
How to Avoid TV Repair Frauds.....	by Harold Baron	19
Larry Dean Sings Out.....	by Martin Cohen	20
Sweet As Sugar Candy (Dianne Lennon).....	by Eunice Field	22
Why Milton Berle's Coming Back to TV.....	by Herbert Kamm	26
It's All in Fun (Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy)....	by Alice Francis	28
Tough-Talking Softie (Groucho Marx).....	by Eden Marx	30
Maverick Trail to Romance (Jack Kelly).....	by Margaret Waite	44
Ralph Edwards' Reunions.....	by Fredda Balling	48
Smorgasbord in Season (recipes by Alice Frost).....		50
TNT Boy From Texas (Jimmy Dean).....		52
The Wonderful World of Walter O'Keefe.....	by Diane Isola	56

FEATURES IN FULL COLOR

<i>The Texan</i> Takes it Easy (Rory Calhoun).....	by Peer J. Oppenheimer	34
A Wedding Ring for Teacher (Joan Hotchkis).....	by Paul Denis	36
Love Isn't a Sometime Thing (Ronnie Burns).....	by Nancy Anderson	40
"Today Is Ours" (Patricia Benoit).....	by Frances Kish	42

YOUR LOCAL STATION

"I Just Love Living" (Rozell Fabiani of WRBL-TV).....	8
The Record Players: She's Got a Right to Sing!....	by Bud Connell 12
Just a Perfect Friendship (Ken Collins and Larry Kane of KXYZ)....	14
Tea and Tigers (John Bentley of <i>African Patrol</i>).....	17
A Heart That Wants a Home (Jack Turner of WSAF-TV).....	60
Mother Is a Minstrel (Bash Kennett of <i>Sing Hi—Sing Lo</i>).....	62

YOUR SPECIAL SERVICES

TV RADIO MIRROR Goes to the Movies.....	10
Information Booth.....	13
New Patterns for You (smart wardrobe suggestions).....	16
Beauty: She Can Do a Thing With Her Hair (Shari Lewis)	
by Harriet Segman	58
New Designs for Living (Needlecraft and transfer patterns).....	82

Cover portrait of Dianne Lennon and Larry Dean courtesy of ABC-TV

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WHAT'S NEW

ON THE EAST COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Here's Marjorie Lord "before." The "after" is a new chemise hairdo, cut over the protests of TV spouse Danny Thomas. Her real-life groom approves.



Meet my folks, said Patti Page, but Charles needed UNIVAC to count 'em.

Danger, Keep Out: TV producers are acting offish about Jerry Lee Lewis. . . . Tommy Leonetti will not return to *Your Hit Parade*. Dorothy Collins, after a year's absence, returns. Oldtimer Johnny Desmond will be a new face in the show's lineup. . . . Cheesecake a-plenty on CBS-TV, September 6. That's the night of "Miss America" telecast. . . . Former "Miss America," Bess Myerson, planning a quiet Mexican divorce after many attempts at reconciliation. . . . **Recession Note:** Robert Q. Lewis will pass up his annual European vacation. . . . Research outfit in New Jersey reports a recent survey shows that Sinatra-Boone-Como fans make B or better in their high-school courses. So, if you want to score in Latin, grab up Pat's new Dot album, "Stardust," really a lovely collection of love songs which establish Pat as the best balladeer since Crosby. Or solve your trigonometry with Victor's new album, "Como's Gold Records," which includes all of Perry's best-sellers. Better get both if you want straight A's. . . . Victor Borge switches to NBC this season. . . . **Too Late, Too Little Dept.:** Charles Van Doren, winner of \$120,000, now has a tax deduction, baby Elizabeth, presented by his wife, the former Geraldine Ann Bernstein. . . . To each his own: Garroway relaxes by thumbing through a dictionary. . . . It's a woman's world: Kathryn Murray refused a summer show, said a fall slot or nothing, and so she gets a half-hour in NBC-TV's fall schedule. . . . The new *Donna Reed Show* is being described as a kind of "mother knows best." . . . And fact, not fiction: A tobacco sponsor is having his announcer hypnotized before filming cig commercials. Now, how sincere can you get?



Rugged Ed Murrow, the newsman who wins the most awards and smokes the most cigarettes, has a mad on.



Republican Alan Bunce plays Democrat Al Smith, with Henry Jones as Louis Howe, Ralph Bellamy as F.D.R.

Bunce with a Bounce: Celebrating his twentieth year in radio is Alan Bunce, famed as Albert in the *Ethel And Albert* series, and still playing Peg Lynch's "husband," five days a week on CBS Radio's *The Couple Next Door*. Alan recalls, "I was the first *Young Dr. Malone*. My third child, Virginia, was born during that period, so they decided to call Dr. Malone's new baby by the same name. Both girls are nicknamed 'Jill.' Jerry Malone's Jill is still in the dramatic series, and mine is now a young lady of seventeen who served as an apprentice this past summer at the Westport Playhouse." He has two sons, both in overseas service. Besides radio and TV, Alan is playing Gov. Alfred E. Smith in the Broadway production, "Sunrise at Campobello," starring Ralph Bellamy as F.D.R. This is Broadway's biggest dramatic success, with an assured long run before translation into a movie. Backstage, Alan responded to several questions. Is his schedule rough? "No. Neither radio nor stage requires preparation and I love both. I've been Peg's radio husband about fourteen years—ever since Richard Widmark left the part of Albert for Hollywood—and it's so much fun. Peg Lynch, who not only plays the wife but writes the whole show, is a genius in creating domestic comedy. Well, everyone knows that." How does he feel as a Republican playing Al Smith? "Well, I'm not party-bound. Sure, some of my Democratic friends call me a reactionary. But, up in Stamford, where I live, they know me as an ardent Roosevelt man and call me an abandoned liberal. Anyway, the play is about a guy—not about politics—with great human values, and every night we have dozens of (Continued on page 15)



Handsome Richard Crenna's tan is "the real McCoy." He gets it on sun-and-surf holidays with daughter Seanna, co-star Kathy Nolan, and his wife Renni.

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

WHAT'S NEW

ON THE WEST COAST

By BUD GOODE



Ernie Ford vacationed in Islands, while Molly Bee kept tabs on Darryl.



Crew's in, but "Mardi Gras" stars got liberty only after shearing by studio barbers. L. to r.: Richard Sargent, Gary Crosby, Pat Boone, Tommy Sands.



On leave from *Bob Cummings Show*, Ann B. Davis rode 20,000 miles.

YOU SAY "grandfather" and Art Linkletter grunts. Art certainly doesn't look like a granddad, and chances are he'll still be going strong twenty years from now, at which time he'll probably be Hollywood's youngest looking great-grandfather. . . . Son Jack Linkletter writes from New York that the worst is over and that he and wife Bobbie are having a ball seeing all the shows, getting grand treatment from the Easterners. No matter what happens to *Haggis Baggis* this fall, Jack will definitely return to Hollywood to finish his senior year at U.S.C. and for Bobbie to have her baby. . . . Speaking of fall shows, we're still betting *Cheyenne's* Clint Walker, newcomer Ty Hardin, and *Sugarfoot's* Will Hutchins will be seen together next season. *Maverick's* Jim Garner is showing Ty the ropes. He introduced him to his business agent, and takes Ty golfing with him every Sunday. Ty is grateful enough to let Jim beat him every third game.

Speaking of being grateful, plans are being made for all of the Mouseketeers—

whose contracts were dropped by Walt Disney—to do a local Hollywood TV show of their own, slotted opposite the network *Mickey Mouse Club*.

Tommy Sands looks great with his new "crew" haircut. Tommy, Pat Boone and Gary Crosby were all sheared for their roles in 20th's "Mardi Gras." The boys sing four trios in the picture. In one, Pat and Tommy are supposed to hoist ex-footballer Gary onto a top bunk. But Gary, who came out of the Army with added muscles, wouldn't budge. . . . Rumor says Gary will have his own show on ABC, *à la* Dick Clark. . . . Meanwhile, back at the estate, Pat Boone has had to ring his 100-foot-high balconies with chicken wire, so the kids won't fall off.

Speaking of high places, pert new actress Judi Meredith and a handful of friends, accompanied by a married chaperone, are taking sleeping bags on a hike along the John Muir Trail, which stretches from Canada to California on the top of the Sierra Nevada range. Judi says, "It may take us fifteen years, but we intend to get over the trail,

little by little, during each vacation."

Alfred Hitchcock and his wife have taken their sports cars to their Northern California ranch, where Hitch is spending his summer relaxing—and making wine. Hitch, a connoisseur, admits he only uses his wine for cooking.

Did you know . . . Hugh Beaumont, who stars as Ward Cleaver in *Leave It To Beaver*, is a licensed Methodist minister. . . . *Fury's* Peter Graves is big Jim Arness's brother. . . . Will Hutchins' favorite color is blue. When he and his mother had their house painted recently, Will wanted it blue, naturally. But his mother wouldn't have it. So they compromised and Will has the only house in Hollywood today with a blue chimney and blue mailbox.

Hollywood Hero: Tennessee Ernie Ford is a big man in the eyes of his two young assistants, Jim Loakes and Ken Thompson. Ernie, on vacation at the Hawaiian Village in Hawaii, is picking up their tabs, too, for a six-week stay. Ernie has just finished setting up a scholarship for agricultural students at Fresno State. And, next season, *à la* Godfrey, he will do several shows from his California ranch.

Have Car, Will Travel: Ann B.

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



Grateful for his success, *Maverick's* Jim Garner—here on *This Is Your Life*, with daughters Kimberly, Greta, and wife Lois—is helping another newcomer.

Davis, Schultzy on *The Bob Cummings Show*, started out to do a two-week summer-stock appearance in Chicago. Emmy-winner Annie was so successful that the show was moved from Chicago to Indianapolis to Philadelphia. Driving her own sports car, Ann's two-week stint turned into a 20,000-mile tour.

Molly Bee and Darryl Hickman made a pact to see each other no matter where the other was appearing. So Darryl hopped over to catch Molly's act at a Houston night club and then, the very next day, Molly flew over to see Darryl in a summer-stock appearance at La Jolla, California.

Alice Lon is spending a quiet summer in Hollywood, while her three little Indians are visiting their grandparents in Kilgore, Texas. Alice says the peace and quiet are lovely—but, every once in a while, she'd enjoy hearing just one little war whoop. . . . There was a dark spot on Myron Floren's vacation this year—we should say "spots," for his children came down with measles. . . . Pete Fountain saw spots of his own—on the speckled trout he caught at Shell Beach, Louisiana.

Hugh O'Brian, back from a working

vacation, refurbishing his new hilltop home. At present, he has nothing in it except a stove and a bed.

Rusty Draper says they called young Hollywood hopefuls "starlets" in the old days, but nowadays they just call them "one of the Bob Cummings girls." Incidentally, CBS is thinking of making Rusty's night-time radio strip into a daytime strip and then giving it the "simulcast" treatment (meaning TV, too).

No Greater Love: From their first appearance, the Lennon Sisters had a favorite fan family, the Casons, from Portland, Oregon. After two years of encouragement, the Casons are finally moving—lock, stock and barrel—to Venice, California, where they'll become nearly-next-door-neighbors to the girls. Sis Lennon, the girls' mother, is "expecting." The baby, which will be the tenth, is due the first week in February but, should it arrive a few days early, Sis points out the family will have a birthday in every month of the year.

Ever since her accident last year, Kathy Nolan has been having headaches and hearing bells ringing—might be the romancing (Continued on page 11)

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Color your Hair

SO EASILY—IN MINUTES



NESTLE COLORINSE

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NESTLE COLORTINT

Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 beautiful shades. 29¢

Nestle

COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

"I Just Love Living"



Her neighborly deeds are no longer a surprise. But Rozell herself was caught unawares at an on-the-air birthday party.



For commercials, Rozell often gets an impish assist from Bill Autry, son of WRBL-TV's production director.

IN COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, there's a lively lady who roams as freely and as far as did the famed discoverer. Rozell Fair Fabiani has decided that almost anything under the sun is fair topic for her "women's interest" show. In a typical week, on *At Home With Rozell*—seen weekdays at 9:30 A.M. over Station WRBL-TV—the lineup might include flower arrangements; instructions on how to prepare a complete Chinese dinner at home; demonstrations on food-freezing or gardening; a visit from the Fort Benning chorus; a lecture-demonstration by the Health Department; and an interview on a school of speech.

Most of Rozell's traveling is in the realm of imagination. Last November, though, she logged many thousands of actual miles, going as far as Germany to help her neighbors. When Rozell learned that the U.S. Army's Third Infantry Division was shipping out from Fort Benning to Germany, she did a series of programs designed to answer the Army wives' questions on their new home. When she started, Rozell knew as little as her audience. By the time she'd finished, she'd so impressed the Defense Department that they invited her to prepare a film on life in Columbus, for the Tenth Division which would return from Germany to replace the Third. They flew the film to Germany, then sent Rozell along, too, to accompany it with talks and to take films for completion of her "course" on Germany for the wives about to be shipped there.

That's the happy feeling that goes out over the WRBL-TV beams and makes viewers feel so at home with Rozell



What goes into "women's interest"? Everything, says Rozell.

Rozell's living-room set at WRBL-TV has long been a "home away from home" for her viewers and her television guests. She even redecorates it each year, just as she's constantly on the lookout for new decorating touches for her real home. That one is Early American in style, and she shares it with her mother and her son Don, who was graduated from high school this year.

Cleveland, Tennessee, was Rozell's first home. She and Don came to Columbus to live eleven years ago. Soon after, Rozell was walking down 13th Avenue, past a big building which was nearing completion. She decided that might be a nice place to work and applied for a job. It was WRBL's new building and she was hired for the only job open—receptionist. Rozell had her foot in the door and she quickly moved ahead to the copy department. Next, she began doing some of the commercials on the air, eventually becoming head of that department. Finally, in 1954, she premiered her own show.

"There's some doubt about the quality," says Rozell of the poetry she writes, "but I had one published!" She enjoys interior decorating, record collecting, dress designing, flower arranging, and good books and magazines. She's a Sunday-school teacher at the Church of Christ and she's president of the local chapter of American Women in Radio and Television. "I like to do so many things," she says, "I hardly know which you would call a hobby. But I suppose I'm best at cooking. I love people and I love my work. Fact is, I just love living."



Rozell looks at her job as one of helping women feel "at home." To do it, she flew all the way to Germany!



So many things she loves, but Rozell says she's "best at cooking." Sharing records with son Don is fun, too.





As a grown-up Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney finds few changes when he re-visits Carvel.

*TV favorites on
your theater screen*



Well-cast as the wife of a film producer, Donna Reed and her husband, Stewart Granger, are startled to meet a very lively "corpse" at a party.

TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

The Naked and the Dead

WARNERS; WARNERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

This adaptation of Norman Mailer's tough-talking best-seller makes a two-and-a-half hour attempt to match the record length of the novel itself. The result is a slam-bang action epic of a Marine combat landing in the Pacific. The bitter fighting makes men of some of the members of the platoon, reveals the weaknesses of others. Raymond Massey is the cynical general, Aldo Ray is the tough, efficient sergeant, and Cliff Robertson is the lieutenant who dares to taunt a general. Joey Bishop, the comic guest of so many TV shows, plays a brief, poignant role.

The Whole Truth

COLUMBIA

About to launch her own television show, Donna Reed scores in this film version of an ingenious tale that was a sensation on TV and also on Broadway. Donna plays

the wife of a film producer—and she really is one in private life. Her husband here is Stewart Granger, a handsome fellow who returns to her after a brief affair with his fiery leading lady. But then the lady love turns up murdered—or does she? Therein lies the mystery, with George Sanders arriving suavely on the scene as a bogus detective.

Andy Hardy Comes Home

M-G-M

The slang and the music are different from the days when Judge Hardy's boy was a symbol of the American teenager. But the things the Judge taught his son about loyalty and honesty are still true. As Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney has a chance to prove them true when he runs up against a crooked real-estate dealer. Fay Holden and Cecilia Parker re-create their roles as Andy's mother and sister and such former girlfriends as Judy Garland, Lana Turner

and Esther Williams are seen on film clips from the old series. Joey Forman is Andy's pal and, as Andy Jr., there's Mickey's own son, Teddy Rooney.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Matchmaker (Paramount, VistaVision): In a skylarking trip to the age of innocence, Shirley Booth is a sly marriage broker trying to find mates for Paul Ford (Bilko's colonel), Shirley MacLaine, Tony Perkins—and herself.

Rock-a-Bye Baby (Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor): An occasionally risqué but well-intended comedy stars Jerry Lewis as a sweet-natured dope who baby-sits for his movie star idol.

The Fiend Who Walked the West (20th, CinemaScope, De Luxe Color): TV's Wyatt Earp, Hugh O'Brian, plays a wrong gun in this fast, violent Western.

(Continued from page 7)

she's been getting from young Nick Adams. . . . Wayde Preston and his actress wife Carol Ohmart divorcing, she to make a second go at her career and he into twelve more Colt .45's. . . . Phyllis Avery and Pete Sabiston romance on and off and on again. . . . Lola Albright, divorced from Jack Carson and one of the co-stars on NBC-TV's *Pete Gunn* show, is gunning for Bill Bradley. . . . Cathy Crosby proud to be living "away" from home with a new gal friend. . . . Rick and David Nelson will be doing a Western movie together in which they'll play—that's right, brothers. They are going to plunk their earnings into a ranch—Rick already has a horse. . . . Danny Thomas gave up his summer vacation to raise money for his St. Jude Hospital. At present, building the hospital has been snagged by legal problems, which is so depressing, in view of the fact that it's such a worthwhile affair.

For years, Bob Hope has sponsored Johnny Grant, a local Hollywood deejay and comic. Not many people know it, but generous Bob has given Johnny access to his gag files, the kind of comic wealth money couldn't buy. Today, on Johnny's jaunts from Korea to Alaska and back again, he's known as "the poor man's Bob Hope." But bouncing Bob always has the topper. The last time in Alaska, he said they greeted him as "the rich man's Johnny Grant." Until late July, Bob had wanted to do a show from Jordan. Oil that's changed now. Oops, sorry, Bob.

Look for John Raitt to do his first nightclub date at the Mapes in Reno, October 2. On September 18, he'll be a



Alaskan nip made "Rich Man's Grant," Bob Hope, yearn for warmer climes.

guest on the *Ray Bolger Show*, on which Raitt will dance, Ray will sing.

No matter what, Milton Berle will do four shows away from Hollywood next season. . . . In spite of the fact that John Payne's *Restless Gun* is among the top-rated, he feels that 1960 will see the demise of many Westerns, and is already preparing a pilot for his own replacement! That's show business.



Jack and his bride Bobbie play the waiting game—with chess set and indispensable instruction book. Come winter, they'll make dad Art Linkletter a granddad.



Clearasil Personality of the Month

SANDY MC NEAL, High School Junior, Bay Village, Ohio, says:

"When blemishes appeared I was embarrassed and broken-hearted. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. I thank Clearasil for the wonderful relief it gave, and the nice, clear complexion I have now."

Sandy Mc Neal

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

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

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



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



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



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

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

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

At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

T
V
R

THE RECORD PLAYERS

This month's deejay columnist, Bud Connell of WNOE, tries the Cinderella shoe on Roberta Sherwood—and it fits!



The applause was deafening. Deejay Bud Connell was surprised to find that he was leading the ovation for Roberta Sherwood. He'd only come to be "shown."

She's Got a Right to Sing!

By BUD CONNELL

ONE EVENING during Roberta Sherwood's recent engagement at the Roosevelt's fabled Blue Room in New Orleans, I sat as far away as one could get from the stage, overlooking a monstrous room, with no table or chair unoccupied. My objective was to observe reactions—to see if people really were "spellbound" during her performance . . . to see if they actually did applaud, applaud, and applaud, as I had so frequently read in her club-date reviews. I soon gave up the idea. My attention kept trailing back to Roberta Sherwood. And during the practically deafening applause, I discovered my own was the loudest.

In whatever medium she is operating, when she graces you with her very special talent, you know Roberta Sherwood is belting out that blues or knocking out that rocker for you—and nobody but you! There's something in every song for everyone and Roberta Sherwood can deliver it . . . to one or one million.

T
V
R In the past 26 months, her success has grown in a fantastic way. Columnist Walter Winchell started the fire-

works shortly after he walked into the Silver Slipper, a Miami night-spot where Roberta Sherwood was performing. Winchell liked Sherwood and said so, syndicated. Public response soon placed Roberta Sherwood right where she belonged all along—among the top music greats—beside Tony Martin, Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra. Just a few short weeks after Winchell's broadcast, Roberta Sherwood was appearing at New York's Copacabana. Endless encores and a standing ovation from the entire crowd were instrumental in her receipt of one of show-business's most coveted awards, the Copa Bonnet.

You really have to have done something before Edward R. Murrow wants to speak *Person To Person*. Well, she did something and Ed did something about it. Recently, Ralph Edwards said, "This Is Your Life, Roberta Sherwood" and the whole nation heard and saw it. Her *This Is Your Life* bracelet, which she wears always, commemorates the occasion with a charm for every major occurrence in her life and career, from crib to Copa. Roberta's first TV spot with Tennessee Ernie

drew his top fan mail for any one-week period, 155,000 letters . . . honest count.

Look for Roberta Sherwood on the *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show* (bless his pea-pickin' heart) the first of Fall. She's scheduled for four appearances, cymbal and all, with Ol' Ern and the Top Twenty between then and Christmas.

One of Roberta Sherwood's teen-age sons said, "Mother, you should do a rock 'n' roll!" That was the seed of what can be a new hit single blooming on Decca. Ask for "Blue Moon of Kentucky"—that's the side WNOE picks. Also, look for a new Decca album titled "Country Music for City People." I think you'll really go for that. Roberta's earlier albums contain the finest material ever penned and are performed with that incomparable feeling and fire of Sherwood styling. Still available are the albums "Introducing Roberta Sherwood," "Show Stoppers," and "I Gotta Right to Sing." She sure has.

That's it from New Orleans! Until you flip these pages and find my by-line again, live it up.

Bud Connell is heard via WNOE in New Orleans, on *Top Fifty Show*, each Monday through Saturday, from 3 to 6 P.M.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Buskin to Boot

I would like some information on Pat McVey, seen in Boots And Saddles—The Story Of The Fifth Cavalry.
C.N., Port Blakely, Wash.

Many's the attorney who turns in his briefcase at the stagedoor for a ten-night run behind the footlights. But Pat McVey was two years into a good law practice in his native state of Indiana when he chucked it all to carry a spear in "Julius Caesar." . . . Born on St. Patrick's Day ("How lucky can you get?"), Pat grew up in Fort Wayne where he starred in football and basketball at North Side High. After receiving his LL.B. from Indiana University and passing the state bar exam, he returned to practice in Fort Wayne. But the amateur theater beckoned. When his high-school dramatics teacher urged him to join a local theater group, Pat set aside his law books for the buskin—for good. Enjoying local successes, Pat headed West to join Pasadena Playhouse. To support himself during the runs of some 50 productions, Pat worked at Lockheed Aircraft, and became a social worker, for a time. He made one movie, "Sergeant York," before joining the Army and serving as an Infantry sergeant. Following his discharge, Pat returned to Hollywood and was seen in a number of experimental TV dramas. On Broadway, he appeared in "Crime and Punishment" and "Detective Story." He's best known to television audiences, of course, for his role as the crusading Steve Wilson in *Big Town*. . . . Pat feels very much at ease in his new characterization of the hardbitten commanding officer in *Boots And Saddles*. However, when asked to describe his current series, he was brief and to the point: "No women," said Pat, who is himself a happily married man. His wife is the former Courteen Landis, actress, and niece of the late baseball czar, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

Comeback . . . At 17

Please print some facts and a picture of Lori Nelson, one of the stars of How To Marry A Millionaire.
G.K., Seattle, Wash.

There aren't many child stars who get started on their careers at two and a half and "retire" at seven. But "Little Miss" Christine Dixie Kay Nelson, daughter of a movie technician, was just 30 months old when, as Santa Fe's "Shirley Temple," she trouped with a USO company entertaining Uncle Sam's soldiers stationed around New Mexico. At five, she was named "Little Miss America." Two years after that, she played a stage lead, became a famous model, was screen-tested, and then, abruptly, "retired." Lori had contracted a



Pat McVey

Work and Co., Impresarios

Please give us some background on singer Chuck Berry, who wrote "Johnny B. Goode."

W.L. and J.C., Bismarck, N.D.



Chuck Berry

These earnest days, Lady Luck is losing prestige while Mr. Hard Work tots up the stars to his credit. Twenty-seven years old, vocalist Chuck Berry is a star who admits to some breaks, but it was the years of preparation and struggle that gave him the edge. St. Louis-born in 1931, Charles Edward Berry grew up in a musical home that boasted choir-singer parents and two talented sisters, Lucy and Thelma. . . . Chuck was encouraged by his Sumner High music teacher and joined the glee club as a bass. In a junior-class revue, Chuck warbled to the backing of a student-guitarist and was so impressed with the instrument that he decided to learn. He bought a second-hand guitar for four dollars, and a set of home-study books. Soon, Chuck got his start as an entertainer, working house parties and church socials. Days off, he helped his dad in his carpentry shop. . . . In 1952, Chuck formed his own combo, playing several clubs in and around St. Louis. Then, vacationing in the Windy City, he looked up Muddy Waters, and discussed the possibilities of making a record with him. Muddy could only advise, "Chuck, go see Leonard Chess." It was a good lead. Within two weeks, Chuck had signed a record pact with the Chess brothers. "Maybellene" was his first hit, and it brought him the major circuit—the Dick Clark show, the touring rock 'n' roll groups. . . . Tough critics of Chuck's, but his best boosters, too, are his wife, Themetta, and their two daughters—Ingrid, 7, and Melody, 5. "Themetta has been a real inspiration," says Chuck, "you know, the woman behind a man's success." Since his follow-up hits, "School Days" and "Johnny B. Goode," this busy young man hopes to be able to relax and travel some with his family—and his gun and cameras.

(Continued on page 18)



Lori Nelson

rare blood infection and had a bout with rheumatic fever. . . . Fighting her way back to good health, Lori studied acting assiduously during high-school days at Canoga High in Los Angeles. She appeared in several plays and won a score of beauty contests. On her seventeenth birthday, she signed a long-term contract with Universal-International. Having attained star billing, with a role opposite Tony Curtis in "The All-American," Lori began to fear being typed as an ingenue. She asked for and obtained her release, and, on a free-lance basis, made six films in one year, including Liberace's "Sincerely Yours." Her most recent films include "Untamed Youth" and "Gambling Man." . . . Five feet three and a half, Lori weighs 108 pounds, has blue eyes, and hair the color of champagne. She's single, but is learning all about *How To Marry A Millionaire*.



Ken Collins, left, had good advice for his friend Larry, above. Away from his turntable, Ken turns into a cartoonist and an idea man.



Larry Kane is a show-wise veteran at twenty-two. Stars such as The Diamonds are happy to appear at his Teen Hop.



Just a Perfect Friendship

One deejay helped another

... until both Ken Collins and Larry Kane were at the KXYZ mike

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE—that's an old tenet of friendship. Ken Collins and Larry Kane have carried it so far as to divvy up between themselves a good part of the radio day at KXYZ in Houston. Ken mans the mike and turntables from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. Larry follows right on his heels from 2 to 6 P.M.

Ken was already an established deejay when a mutual friend introduced him to Larry. The meeting had been arranged so that Ken might give Larry some advice on how to break into radio. It was good advice, Larry vows, and it worked. Acting on it, Larry had become one of Houston's top radio personalities by the time he joined Ken under the KXYZ banner last year.

Ken is twenty-five, Larry's twenty-two, and the pair of deejays add up to two of Houston's busiest young men. Each Sunday, Larry runs a Teen Hop at the Houston Executive Club. Between 350 and 400 youngsters turn up each week to join in the terpsichorean fun and to meet their favorite record stars in-person. On a typical Sunday, Fats Domino might be up on the bandstand with Larry, or, another week, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme might be doing a newlywed duet. They're happy to appear, for Larry is show-wise.

His sure sense of what's right in pop music has led him to become Jimmy Duncan's manager. Jimmy is the Houston composer whose song, "My Special Angel," recently sold more than two and a half million copies.

That's the number of requests, it sometimes seems to Ken Collins, that he gets asking him to make personal appearances. Ken says "yes" to as many as he can, and has emceed and helped to put on a variety show for just about every high school in the area. Off mike and at the office, Ken still revolves faster than a turntable. In addition to being a deejay, he's promotion manager for KXYZ and this means writing publicity stories, making up ads, creating contests and handling other assorted chores. It would be a full-time job for most men, but Ken takes it in his stride.

A talented cartoonist, it's also Ken who wields the pen on much of the art that appears in KXYZ's newspaper ads. It was one of Ken's many ideas for a deejay newspaper column to provide behind-the-scenes glimpses into the radio and record world. The fruit of this is Larry Kane's "Mr. Music" column, appearing every Tuesday in the *Houston Press*. It seems this pair of deejays are hand in helping hand.

(Continued from page 5)

Republicans crying their eyes out." Which medium is his preference? "I've done some twenty-five Broadway shows and over 10,000 broadcasts and telecasts. As an actor, I've found them all exciting and take them as they come. But, as a medium, it reminds me of my grandma picking fresh peas just before dinner. To me, radio is like canned peas, TV like frozen peas. And the theater is always garden-fresh."

You'll Be Seeing Them: Strap on your six-shooters again. There will be twenty-two bang-bangs on network TV this season, six more than last. . . . Como lazes back on Saturday nights, beginning September 13, with only one format change. This season he will scratch his left ear. . . . You can expect Dr. Joyce Brothers, \$64,000 *Question* winner, to be talking commercials at you. She's signed up with Candy Jones Conover. . . . Industry eyeballs will fix on the new Gleason show to determine whether comedy is due for a comeback. . . . Garry Moore, selling cornflakes and nail polish, will go in for a big-star policy when his night-time variety premieres September 30. . . . Shirley Temple, having done many fairy tales, is turning to the Bible for new story material. . . . The fine Du Pont series returns September 21 with TV adaptation of comedy hit, "Harvey." Show will have a "no-musical" policy this season. . . . Ed Murrow more than a little annoyed at CBS since his *See It Now* has been cancelled. Always possibility he may go to NBC. They'd love to have him and he can name his own programs. . . . A little unhappy with his contract, Phil Silvers wants more gold. . . . The big news is in daytime programming, with ABC-TV scooping NBC and CBS. One agency alone, Young and Rubicam, is committed to more than \$13-million for ABC-TV's coffer with a line-up of big sponsors. The new programming be-

gins October 15 and will include Liberace, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, Freddy Martin, and a couple of new audience-participation shows.

To Chemise or Not Chemise: Marjorie Lord, "year-old" bride on the *Danny Thomas Show* and a "two-month-old" bride in real life, stopped off in Sardi's after a six-week honeymoon abroad. "On Danny's show, I'm supposed to be the perfect wife," she said, "but I don't know exactly what that means." She turned to bridegroom, producer Hartford Hale, "Do you know?" Grinning, he said, "I'd rather read about it after you explain it." Sipping her lemonade, the reddish-blond shrugged and noted that the fun on the show had been equal to the work. "The big headache is producer Sheldon Leonard's. He's always scrounging around for new story ideas." One came out of fan letters. "We were having coffee—Danny, his wife Rosemary, Sheldon and myself. They mentioned a letter complaining that Danny was always shouting. Rosemary said, 'He always shouts. It's only to people he doesn't like that he talks quietly. If he stopped shouting, I'd think he didn't love me.' So Sheldon said, 'There's an idea for a script.' and we used it." Marjorie, very pretty in a chemise dress with hair to match, said, "Danny hasn't seen my new haircut. Last season he disapproved the chemise hairstyle. I couldn't cut my hair. Now it is a *fait accompli*. Of course, they could put me in a wig until my hair grows back, but I'm going to fight for the new hairdo." She sipped her lemonade grimly. "Well, we'll see." Dial in the first show, October 6, to see who wins.

Anybody Here Seen Keely: Louis Prima and Keely Smith backed out of Milton Berle's show. Main reason was that, as entertainment personalities, they objected to being relegated to a position as just a musical supplement. Prima claims he didn't know he would be expected to wield the stick for the studio orchestra and, as everyone knows, "sticks and batons can break my bones." But Dinah Shore is already after Prima and wife Keely and they've had other offers, so you will have several opportunities to catch their tremendous act. . . . *The Verdict Is Yours*, a big hit, has an unusual audition. The actors and actresses are briefed on a case and then the producer puts them into a witness chair and cross-examines them. And it's all ad-lib. . . . Ventriloquist Jimmy Nelson hoping to sell a show he calls *Mahogany Panel*. Jimmy's moderator and all the panelists are dummies. . . . Happy days on Dot's "Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* Silver Jubilee," an album celebrating Don's twenty-five years on the air and featuring personalities on his show. . . . It was written in young Jack Linkletter's contract that he had to spend a couple of months in Manhattan—just the hot, humid ones—but, if *Haggis Baggis* continues, it may move to Cali-



Which twin has the wig? It's Donald O'Connor. Keely Smith is "for real."

fornia on September 15. . . . Right around the corner is 3-D TV. It will function as a fourth network with Dimensional Picture Corp. lining up independent stations. First stations expected to join are WOR-TV in New York and KHJ-TV in Los Angeles. Programming will include first-run pictures, Westerns, etc., and the idea is the picture on your set will be made compatible with a simple, inexpensive mask.

Who Shot My Dog? Handsome, amiable Richard Crenna ambled into town. As Luke in *The Real McCoys*, he's always in coveralls. As Walter in the constantly rerunning *Our Miss Brooks*, he's always in a sweater. He notes, "If I wear a tie and jacket, it's seldom anyone recognizes me. Besides I'm a blond and they all expect me to be dark." Dick's career began at eleven, when he borrowed five nickels from his mother. First nickel was to phone about an audition and the others were for bus fare. He got a job in radio and began earning \$8,000 a year. "My parents never pushed me. It was all my own idea and they banked all of my earnings for me. At sixteen, I insisted they let me pay for my own clothes." Never in movies, he's been in hundreds of TV and radio shows, including *Gunsmoke*, *Johnny Dollar*, *Whispering Streets*, a long run in *Date With Judy* and a sixteen-year run (1942-58) as Bronco Thompson in *The Great Gildersleeve*. He began playing *Our Miss Brooks'* Walter at 19. When it went on TV, he was 25. "I thought I was too old to play a high-school kid and they tested everyone else first. Finally, I made the test with the understanding that, if I didn't like myself as a teenager, I wouldn't do it, but it turned out all right." Now he's got another long run on his hands in *The Real McCoys*. He says, "It gets to be a grind with six days a week of filming, but so long as there are lots of laughs on the set, we get humor in the show. Director Hy Averbach may come in and say, 'Today I feel like Fellini,' and we rehearse the show in Italian dialect. Or he makes like Otto Preminger and we do it in broad (Continued on page 16)



Once a teacher, Jacquelyn McKeever is now the apple of Sullivan's eye.

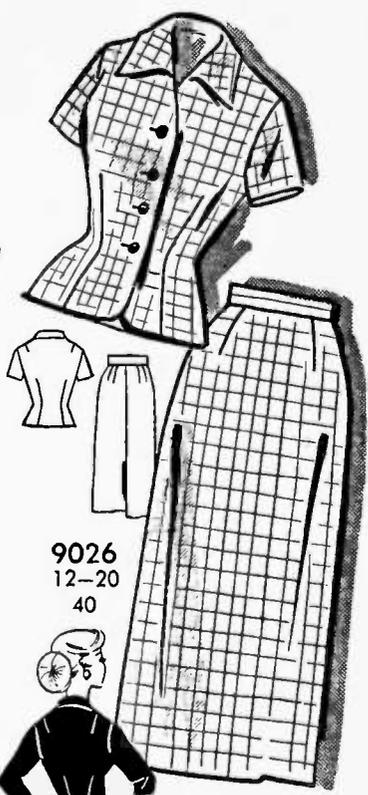
New Patterns for You

4560—Squared armholes and neat hip pockets give this dress distinction. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 4 yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

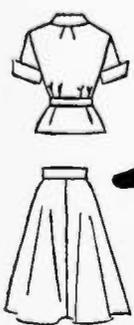
9026—Practical two-piece outfit, to mix with your other separates, is pretty in checked wool or winter cotton. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 takes 3 5/8 yards 35-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

9328—This classic style is good for any season. Neat for office, school, or general gadding-about. Printed Pattern in Half Sizes 14 1/2-26 1/2. Size 16 1/2 takes 4 1/4 yards 39-inch fabric. *State size.* 35¢

4560
12-20, 40



9026
12-20
40



9328 14 1/2-26 1/2



*Each
One Yard
35"*
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ONE SIZE MEDIUM

4855—Jiffy-cut apron pattern—with each apron complete on one piece of tissue. Pin to fabric, cut all parts at once. Three styles are included and each takes 1 yard 35-inch fabric. Printed Pattern in Misses' Medium Size only, 35¢

WHAT'S NEW—EAST

(Continued from page 15)

German until it's time for the take." Walter Brennan has a line reserved for fatigue and tension. "When things get rough, Walter gets a dour expression on his face, stares hard at all of us, then snarls, 'Which one of you no-goods shot my dog?' That's always good for a laugh."

Co-Star Yourself: Most unusual do-it-yourself project has been created by Roulette Records and it is called "Co-Star, The Record Acting Games." Stars act out scenes from plays, pictures and novels, allowing blank space for you (well, why not?) to read back. It can be done for fun at parties or in all seriousness as an aid in studying drama. For only \$3.98, you can co-star with Basil Rathbone, Arlene Dahl, Vincent Price, Tallulah, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Don Ameche—or, if you want straight teen-age appeal, with Jimmie Rodgers. . . . And speaking of stars, *U.S. Steel Hour* has contracted Helen Hayes, her son Jim MacArthur, Eli Wallach and Burl Ives for the new season. All for individual shows. . . . Patti Page took her husband Charles O'Curran to Oklahoma to meet her seven sisters, three sisters-in-law and only UNIVAC knows how many nephews and nieces. Patti, one of the few singers to survive last season, returns weekly on ABC-TV beginning September 24. Her second show, October 1, will be pre-empted for the first of the two Bing Crosby spectaculars, although she will join his star line-up. . . . CBS is broadcasting Giant football games. . . . Budget-conscious NBC is cutting operatic specials to three this season. . . . Old Soldiers Never Die: In October, *The Original Amateur Hour*, with Ted Mack, moves to CBS-TV at 5:30 on Sundays. It has now played every network, plus some that no longer exist. . . . And who needs oil wells? Goodson-Todman sold *What's My Line?* to CBS for \$1,240,000, with an additional \$800,000 to come if the show survives another five years.

Buttering Toast of the Town: For the first time, Presley is topped in fees. Ed Sullivan notes he's paying Canada's Wayne and Shuster more than he paid Elvis. (Elvis got \$50,000 for three appearances.) Next date for the comedy duo is September 21. . . . On September 14, Ed unveils something special, the talents of 24-year-old Jacquelyn McKeever, who grew up in Catasauqua, Pennsylvania, and until two years ago was a schoolteacher. Jackie was teaching music in New Jersey and commuting to Manhattan to study concert piano. No ambitions, no dreams of show business. While Jackie was a student at a summer music workshop, the director of a neighboring playhouse heard her sing, talked her into joining his chorus. Next summer, she returned to sing ingenue roles in "Oklahoma!" and other musicals. This past Broadway season, she held a lead in "Oh, Captain," starring Tony Randall. She's no longer a teacher but a shooting star with two movie offers and TV awaiting her free evenings. She says, "I don't think I could ever teach again. This life is so exciting, a whirlwind." As musical supervisor for 1,500 children, she recalls, "It was kind of grim. The paper work, I mean. I enjoyed the children. I used to play jazz piano to get them interested in music." Her attitude toward marriage has changed. "If I had continued teaching, I'd be married by now. Probably out of boredom, if nothing else. Now there is so much to do and I hardly have time to date, let alone fall in love." On Ed's show, Jacquelyn will sing two love songs.

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

TEA AND TIGERS



John, alias "Bwana Choka Sana," traces a safari for his son Roger.

*The climate is Californian,
the accent's British, as John Bentley and son
find an unusual home on African Patrol*



Roger shares John's interests in the out-of-doors and in electrical tinkering. And, with one *African Patrol* episode to his credit, he even may follow in his dad's acting footsteps.

THERE'S big game in East Africa, but, on the safari in question, John Bentley was simply house-hunting. The handsome six-footer was starting the fourth of the starring roles he's played with an African locale. With this one—the lead role of Inspector Paul Derek in the Gross-Krasne syndicated series, *African Patrol*—John decided to settle in Nairobi. He was sending to Sussex, England, for Roger, his tow-headed, thirteen-year-old son. "I miss him, darn it," he said. "And, besides, there's riding and fishing and wild animals enough around Nairobi to please any active youngster." . . . As to the house itself, John made his demands reasonable. Property costs and rentals are as high in Nairobi as they are in Beverly Hills, where this "Americanized Englishman" owns his "second home." "It needn't be a mansion," said John. "It can be mud and wattle, like the native huts. But if it has the Kenya charm and a large fireplace, it will do us fine." Eventually, the Bentleys found a comfortable place, engaged a cook and a houseboy and settled down. "They fit into Africa like a Kenya stream fits into its valley," says hunter Alan Tarlton, who also appears in the series. . . . Father and son insist they haven't had a day's illness since they made Nairobi their home. In fact, John has learned to relax so completely and to sleep so soundly that the natives have taken to calling him "Bwana Choka Sana" (Mr. Always Tired), a title which carries a great deal of prestige in the area. The tempo and tradition here are those of John's native England. The weather, he says, is that of Southern California, "with the possible exception of two months of monsoon rain here and smog over there." . . . Young Roger, who wants to become an actor, appears in one episode of *African Patrol*. John felt this would be a good opportunity for the boy to see the hard work behind the glamour. "If he wants to act," he says, "Roger will have to make it on his own and to learn to appreciate it." In the meantime, Roger has an excellent school system to attend. And John, as an actor who made his professional debut at sixteen, more than appreciates the natural opportunities for realism. "In some films, the actor looks off, points and then shouts, 'Look out!' Then they undercut a piece of stock film of some animal charging. In our series," he says, "you see the animal and the actor and it is for real."



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COLOR HAIR RINSE



INFORMATION BOOTH

(Continued from page 13)

Calling All Fans

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

Hugh O'Brian Friend Club, Joan Rice, 11 Elyar Terrace, Middletown, N.J.

Official David Janssen Fan Club, Millie Vilmer, 3800 Edgerton Road, Brecksville, Ohio.

Everly Brothers Fan Club, Carol Sommer, 65-52 160th Street, Flushing 65, N.Y.

We would like to note a correction on the Mark Rydell club listed in our May issue: The club is in care of Miss Lynn Matusow, at 1100 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N.Y. We are sorry if this misprint has caused our readers inconvenience, and hope prospective joiners of Mark's club have not been discouraged.

Artist . . . in Greasepaint

I would like to see a write-up on Lee Marvin, currently in the series, M Squad. B.J., Raleigh, N.C.

Just ten years ago, actor Lee Marvin was a plumber's assistant. He never got his license. Sent out to a summer-theater encampment on a job, Lee heard that one of the bit actors had been taken ill. The director, having noticed Marvin's fine speaking voice and natural projection, offered him the job. Lee caught on fast, and by the season's end, landed a lead. . . . Back in New York that fall, Lee worked in TV and off-Broadway drama, and then spent a year on the road. In 1950, he went to Hollywood, where he got all the TV and movie work he could handle. . . . New York-born, Lee careered through eleven public schools, until the firm discipline of a Florida military academy gave his energies a new direction. He was graduated with top military and academic honors, and enlisted in the Marines. Wounded on Saipan in 1944, Lee spent 13 months in the hospital before his discharge, and then, with no definite goal in mind, just took the jobs as they came. "I disinfected chicken houses all over Delaware," says Lee, who then tried plumbing. . . . As co-producer and star of the top-rated *M Squad*, Lee finds the schedule tough but satisfying. Fond of sports cars, hunting and fishing, he figures he could do without the first if he ever gets to vacation in Tahiti with wife Betty and their four children. "I'd like to take it easy," says Lee, who dabbles in oils, ". . . do the Gauguin bit with the paints and brushes."

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.

HOW TO AVOID TV REPAIR FRAUDS

Have you been mystified

by the high cost of repair

jobs to your TV set?

Here are some ways to avoid

getting gypped next time

By HAROLD BARON

WHEN YOU'RE READY to watch your favorite program on television and the set suddenly goes on the blink, you're ripe for playing sucker to one of the unscrupulous TV repair rackets—if you don't learn the facts about them. For, at that moment, good judgment often flies out the window and, in a frantic effort to get speedy service or a bargain job, you can be victimized by one of the most costly gypps peddled today.

In New York City alone, the State Attorney General recently charged a single repair firm with defrauding its customers of more than one million dollars in the past five years. So you can imagine what vast sums television set owners waste each year in phony repairs—even though most service firms are honest.

To help guard against the bad practices of the relatively few service dealers who damage the entire industry, there are some simple facts you must learn. They can help you avoid an operator who makes a business of taking advantage of customers and filching dollars from your pockets in false repair bills.

How does he operate? Why can this happen? How can you protect yourself?

According to Victor H. Nyborg, president of the Association of Better Business Bureaus, the thousands of complaints about poor television service rank among the most frequent that come in each year. "As we get more and more gadgets in our homes," he says, "we become hopelessly dependent on repairmen."

Twelve years ago, when television was in its infancy, there were 18,000 technicians engaged in servicing. Today, according to RCA, we have approximately 150,000 technicians whose job it is to service and maintain 45,000,000 television sets so their owners won't miss their favorite programs.

One wit has remarked that—with the possible exception of a wife—the TV set is the most complicated gadget in any home. No question that TV is the greatest entertainment miracle in the world—when it works well. But its mechanism is so complex that, when it breaks down, we are at the mercy of repairmen who may be either experts or gyp artists.

Your television set has about 2,000 different parts and, if you've seen the underside, you know it includes an intricate arrangement of colored wires and solder connections. Added to this are twenty or more electron tubes. There are three or four times as many parts as in a radio, and all must function perfectly to give a clear picture and good sound.

Do you think, with a home-repair booklet, you can repair this maze? Generally speaking you'd only disturb the delicate balance of your set as soon as you began to tinker with its innards—then finally surrender it to a serviceman. Such amateur fiddling has its dangers, too, because of electrical shock or picture-tube explosion. (Even an old, cast-off picture tube can be dangerous and should never be kept around the house.)

A couple of common-sense tips can help you insure expert and honest service. For example, a conscientious repairman almost always (*Continued on page 59*)



Larry Dean Sings Out

With Dianne Lennon on the Welk shows, it's a romantic duet to music. With his beautiful wife, it's a romantic duet for real



Strictly for TV, Dianne Lennon, Larry Dean and Larry Hooper put their heads together, thinking up new ways to enhance romantic values of the Lennon-Dean love songs.

By MARTIN COHEN

ALL THE EXCITEMENT about young Larry Dean, featured vocalist with Lawrence Welk, is easy to understand. Larry, with his hazel eyes and curly brown hair, is the kind of lad who makes many gals sigh and feel far out—a romantic concept enhanced by the duets he sings with Dianne Lennon. Dianne's father, Bill Lennon, gives Larry a wink when they meet, and says, "Looks like we got a big romance brewing here." Larry winks back with a grin—for he knows, as Bill does, that it can never be. Larry explains, "Most of my fan letters suggest that Dianne and I should hurry up and get engaged. I answer every one of the letters and tell them that I already have a family. The funny part of it (Continued on page 75)

At home, Larry's heart belongs to his wife Alice and their two boys, young David and baby Mark. Iowa-born Larry wed Kentucky-born Alice in New Orleans—at 18.



Checks from "the boss" spell financial security—but, more than that, working with Lawrence Welk has meant a permanent home for the much-traveled Larry Deans.



Sweet as Sugar Candy

Dianne of the fabulous Lennon Sisters looks at the world with sense and sensibility . . . and loves it all

By EUNICE FIELD

MANY ARE THE LOVES of Dianne Lennon—and yet she is not in love. At eighteen, when most girls are in a romantic dither, searching for “the man of their dreams,” the eldest of the singing Lennon Sisters has taken a straight, hard look at the real everyday world and found it good. Dianne “DeDe” Lennon, sweet-voiced, blue-eyed and utterly feminine, may not be in love with love, but she most certainly is in love with life.

Perhaps the greatest love in DeDe’s life is her family—the fun, security and

Continued →

Dancing and singing make gay “work” for the young Lençons on the Lawrence Welk shows. Above, square-dance practice with Myron Floren, maestro Welk, kid sister Janet and bearded Pete Fountain—just before dress rehearsal—catches Dianne with hair still in pins. Below, she runs through one of the romantic duets with Larry Dean which are often featured on the TV programs.

Welk’s proud of his talented quartet: Peggy, 17; Dianne, 18; Kathy, 14; and Janet, 11. There are more little Lençons at home—four younger brothers and a baby sister. “DeDe” (Dianne) adores them all, has always preferred familiar places and faces, even on dates. Dick Gass (facing page) attended same school and church, but has only seven brothers and sisters compared with her eight!





"Jim's beach" (so-called after a Lennon uncle) is one of DeDe's favorite spots. She often swam there with sister Kathy and Dick Gass. Below, with Dick, on one of last "civvy" dates—he's in the Army now.



excitement of having lots of brothers and sisters. "I'm not saying that brothers and sisters are always perfect little angels," she says. "They can be pesty, mischievous and a problem. But they can also fill your life with hundreds of interesting experiences that will always be with you to warm your heart, no matter what happens. From the parents down, each member of the family relies on the others, and all of them feel needed and useful. Nobody ever feels left out of things, lonely or lost. I can't imagine anything more wonderful than being part of a big family."

DeDe's immediate family consists of father Bill; mother Isabelle (everybody calls her "Sis"); Peggy, 17; Kathy, 14; Janet, 11; Danny, 8; Patrick, 6; Billy, 4; Mimi, 3; and baby Joey, one. It is DeDe's proud boast that she has diapered and helped raise every one of the happy brood since Janet. "I'm just piling up experience," she twinkles. "I expect someday to outdo my parents by at least a couple of babies, and I want to be ready."

DeDe also has a love for familiar places. To some people, Venice is the name of a far-off romantic place in Italy. To many Californians, it is just another small town near the Pacific Ocean, an hour's drive from the heart of Hollywood. But, to DeDe, it is not (Continued on page 68)

Sweet as Sugar Candy

(Continued)



When Dick visited DeDe at rehearsal, they couldn't resist the danceable music. They love classical jazz, like nothing better than hearing Pete Fountain play.



1914 Dodge was used as "prop" on a Welk show. (One of DeDe's best-loved memories is of the little Lennons pooling their pennies to buy gasoline for "Daddy's vacation.")



They both think "glamour" is a big deal. Hairdresser Althea Cole takes job more seriously for TV, though DeDe's fresh charm needs little help for the cameras.



Still saving money? Two straws for one soda is strictly a rib, though Dick and DeDe both prefer quiet-type dates — movies, church socials, even baby-sitting for friends.

Lawrence Welk's Dodge Dancing Party, on ABC-TV, Sat., from 9 to 10 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent* is seen on ABC-TV, Mon., from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the Plymouth Dealers of America. His "Champagne Music Makers" are heard on various programs over ABC Radio, including *The Lawrence Welk Army Show*; see local papers.



“Mr. Television” speaks out about why he’s resuming his love affair with the viewers of America

WHY BERLE'S COMING BACK TO

TV

By HERBERT KAMM

AT NINE O'CLOCK, New York time, Wednesday night, October 8, a "prodigal son" will smile his Bugs Bunny smile into a television camera and resume a cross-country romance that went on the rocks two years ago. You'll recognize him the instant the magic of electronics flashes his famous physiognomy on your home screen. Milton Berle . . . Mr. Television . . . Uncle Miltie . . . will be launching a "comeback" after a widely chronicled estrangement from his beloved video public.

Except for a few special appearances—notably a dramatic performance on *Kraft Theater*, the Emmy Awards show, and a fill-in for Red Skelton—Berle has been in a TV blackout since June, 1956. Now, with NBC providing prime time and full color facilities, he stands poised to bid for weekly welcome into American homes again with a half-hour variety show he promises will be smooth, slick, and properly silly.

In many ways, Berle's rapprochement with television is a curious one. He needs money like Bardot needs falsies. He could kiss TV goodbye forever, and still collect an annual bundle under (Continued on page 70)

The Milton Berle Show will be seen on NBC-TV, Wednesdays, 9 P.M. EDT, beginning on October 8, under the sponsorship of Kraft Foods.



Television missed Uncle Miltie, but perhaps never realized how much, until he literally stole the show as an emcee at this year's Emmy Awards Dinner (above with Dave Garraway). Such occasional glimpses aren't enough—far either audiences or Milton Berle himself.

Milton gives many reasons for being willing to face the weekly battle again, but most important is his devoted wife Ruth. Many TV stars are cheering, too—including Jan Murray, who gave the Berles a big welcome-back party (with cake) in New York.





IT'S ALL IN FUN

Busiest couple in show business, Peter Lind Hayes

and Mary Healy still find time to enjoy home and family

By ALICE FRANCIS

THERE'S an English Tudor house in New Rochelle, New York, described by its occupants as a "put your feet up wherever you want to" home. A roomy, rambling, inviting house which seemed almost too big when they moved into it, a few years back. Somehow now, the walls have shrunk, since the owners have added to their interests, their possessions and their pets. These last include, at the moment, a parakeet and a Java bird and the real boss of the place, a French poodle aptly named "Pierre." Among the other occupants are nine-year-old Peter Michael, known as Mike, seven-year-old Cathy Lynn, and their parents, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy.

Peter and Mary are the husband and wife team who romp through ten minutes of song, sense and nonsense on CBS Radio every weekday at five minutes after noon. On both radio and television, for four and a half years, they substituted for Arthur Godfrey on his morning shows, whenever he was away. (At least, Peter was the official substitute and Mary was always on hand. "I had so much fun on the show, no one could keep me away," she says.)

This season, in addition to radio and TV, Peter and Mary starred in their first Broadway play together—a hit show with the incredible title of "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?"—which opened in New York at the Martin Beck Theater last March 3. Neither Peter nor Mary is a stranger to Broadway, but, until this year, they had been together in every other medium except the legitimate (Continued on page 74)

CBS Radio's *Peter And Mary Show* is heard M-F, 12:05 P.M. EDT, for A.E. Staley Manufacturing Co.



Outside their suburban home, Peter and Mary play together on the nearby golf course. Inside, they have all the tools of their trade—from music to recorders—for building and bettering their professional partnership.



Their children shun press cameras, but the pet birds and "Pierre," the poodle, are natural hams. The Hayes-Healy boat, *Queen Mary II*, is not only a hobby but mighty handy for commuting to busy New York schedule.



Tough-talking Softie



If there are sharper cracks to be made, let Groucho sharpen them up.

But, back home at the hacienda, Marx is putty in the hands of his two favorite girls



Despite the ironic leer, Groucho's a loving father and considerate husband. Daughter Melinda has him helping with homework (even math), and wife Eden—as the camera proves—has him eating out of her hand.

By EDEN MARX
as told to Maxine Arnold

WHEN I MET HIM, I had been laughing for a long time at the man I was to marry. I hadn't seen all his movies, but to me—along with many others—Groucho Marx meant an amorous mustache punctuated by a cigar. An undiluted wit who waggled his eyebrows and walked in a lope, usually stalking some glamorous game across the screen. He was also conducting a mad game-of-knowledge of sorts on radio. I loved his uninhibited humor and I seldom missed a show.

So I was already his fan, when I wandered on a sound stage at RKO studios several years ago and met the "men" I'm married to now. . . .

My sister and I had come to Hollywood for a career then. I was doing some modeling and I'd done a few bits in motion pictures, nothing memorable. My sister was working at RKO in "A Girl in Every Port," starring Marie Wilson and Groucho. I met him when I visited her on the set, we started dating . . . and a career became of diminishing importance to me. The odds for happiness were with him.

Ours was a very quiet wedding, which was the way we both wanted it. We took Groucho's daughter, Melinda, to Sun Valley, Idaho, ostensibly for a vacation, and we were married at the Lodge there. As I remember, it was a surprise to the press, but I'd been going with Groucho for four years then—so it wasn't a surprise to me. My reaction was "Ah-h-h, at last." I considered it more in the nature of a victory.

The years we've spent together since have in no way altered that opinion. The Groucho I know now,

Continued ▶



Their poodles, says Eden, are "embarrassingly mad about him," though he professes complete disdain—possibly because they insist on being clowns, too. On the other hand, he encourages Melinda's talents—just so long as she doesn't don a mustache.



Tough-talking Softie

(Continued)



Because Edén studied art, Groucho left the interior decorating to her—except for his own room. He thinks hers is wild, with its king-sized circular bed. Edén hardly knows what to think of his, with its "electrifying" bed which sits up and does tricks.



Modern styling doesn't free him from old California



The Best Of Groucho is seen on NBC-TV, Thursdays, 8 P.M., through September 18, sponsored by the De Soto—Plymouth Dealers of America and The Toni Company. Beginning September 25, *Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life* will be seen on NBC-TV, Thursdays, 10 P.M., sponsored by Toni and Lever Brothers. The radio version of Groucho's popular quiz program is heard over NBC, Mondays, 8:05 P.M. (All times EDT)

the homemaker, the husband, the father—and the wit—is deeply intelligent, warm, sensitive . . . with a heart as uninhibited as his humor. As he's pointed out to me, there aren't many old-fashioned husbands left today who will build a woman a new \$200,000 home . . . just because she wants a sunken bathtub. Which, he estimates, makes ours the most expensive bathtub since the Roman Empire.

It's true that the whole idea of building our new Modern home in the hills off Sunset started because I'd admired a sunken tub I'd seen in Groucho's brother's home. They dig them like pools, and the second floor of the two-storey house we were living in then offered a problem.

Groucho likes the cleanswept lines of Modern, and he'd gotten a little tired of the rambling old Mediterranean-style house we had, which was so big and so—Beverly. He was, however, a little heartbroken when he had to leave the beautiful avocado trees and fruit trees he'd raised there. When my hus-



"Economy" takes on new meaning in the Marx household. Groucho built \$200,000 home around Eden's sunken tub—now she only takes showers in it. He teaches Melinda to save on clothes by letting down the hems—then buys her a dozen dresses!

custom—cleaning pool. (He prefers leaves on trees.)

band talks to a contestant on *You Bet Your Life* about trouble with his avocado trees, he knows what he's talking about. Groucho is a little in love with trees, really. He's a very active Sunday-gardener and spends a lot of time pruning the young kumquat and lemon trees at our new home now.

The house, however, was something else. He loves it as much as I do, but, throughout most of the whole operation, Groucho was an interested but detached bystander. He didn't want to have anything to do with it, really, except pay the bills—for which, by then, there was no alternative.

Architect Wallace Neff, who'd built homes for all the Marx brothers, planned our nine-room Modern home just for us, with a barroom that doubles for a guest room. I've studied art and I do some painting, and Groucho was more than agreeable to leaving the interior decorating to me. He was always standing by to approve the final results, but—like many men—he wanted no (Continued on page 65)



Tough-talking Softie

(Continued)



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The TEXAN Takes It Easy

Rory Calhoun has learned a lot from his TV work . . . his wife Lita . . . and most of all, their tiny daughter



Californian by birth, Texan by TV-adoption, Rory has enough energy—and projects—for two men. Suddenly, he realized how little time he allowed himself for his home and lovely wife Lita (above and on opposite page).



Little as she is, it was Rory's and Lita's own living doll, Cindy Frances, who taught him how to relax. Now he has the time—and patience—to sit still, holding a pet kitten, and to cheer on a wee rider of a hobby-horse.



Rory's not only active before the cameras, as *The Texan*—he's also at the reins as co-producer of the TV series.

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

WHEN Rory Calhoun sat down behind his executive desk, it was neatly arrayed with a half-dozen scripts, several pads of paper and two dozen freshly sharpened pencils. As he has done frequently since he started to work on his new TV series, *The Texan*—in which he stars and which he co-produces with his agent and Desilu—Rory had put aside three Sunday afternoon hours to work through the following week's schedule.

He had just finished his first notation, when Cindy Frances Calhoun, his eighteen-month-old daughter, pushed open the heavy door leading into the den and toddled up to her father's desk. "Help . . . Daddy . . ." she cooed coaxingly. Rory looked down with a smile. "You want me to help you with anything, honey?"

"No, Daddy. I help . . ." (Continued on page 71)

Rory stars in *The Texan*, as seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 8:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co. for Viceroy Cigarettes.





a Wedding Ring for Teacher

Joan Hotchkis, TV's Myra Lake of The Secret Storm, won a golden dividend when she solved a conflict in her own career and heart



The Secret Storm: Thoughts of possible re-marriage for her widowed father (played by star Peter Hobbes) lead Susan Ames (Mary Fosskett) to the coolest of greetings for Myra (Joan). Off-TV, romance gets a warmer welcome from Joan and Robert Foster, a director-producer—wed just this June.

By
PAUL DENIS

SOME PEOPLE would call it fate. Others might say it's just coincidence. The fact remains: This year, Joan Hotchkis is a schoolteacher on TV—lovely Myra Lake of *The Secret Storm*. Just four years ago, Joan was indeed teaching little children in New York City—with a secret storm brewing in her heart. In the years between, Joan has found peace of mind—and a happiness she had never even imagined. . . .

She had been so tired, that spring day of 1954, as she walked home from the Boardman School. It was not, she assured herself, that she didn't adore the youngsters. She just felt exhausted. But she brightened as she met Sheila Pinkham, who had been her fellow student at Smith College, majoring in drama while Joan herself was majoring in psychology.



"I'm going to my acting class," Sheila told her cheerfully. "Why don't you come along?"

So . . . Joan went with Sheila, sat watching the class of budding actors and actresses taught by Alexander Kirkland. She liked what she saw and heard, asked if she could drop in again. Soon, she enrolled in the class . . . for fun. But it wasn't long before Kirkland told her she was really good, that she was burying her talents in the teaching field. And then the great personal conflict began.

Since Joan left Smith, she had been studying, teaching and doing field work among the less fortunate in slum districts. She loved it, yet she was tired and restless. But—after her weekly class in acting—she felt lively and happy. She began to suspect that she was in teaching, not because it was the right career for her, but because

Continued →



a Wedding Ring for Teacher

(Continued.)

it was "the right thing to do" . . . that, deep down in her heart, writing and acting were the only things she really enjoyed doing.

When vacation time came around, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Hotchkis of Los Angeles, invited her along to Europe. Her dad, United States representative to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, was on his way to Geneva. Joan went with them as far as Paris, stayed there a few weeks, then went to Scotland to see her relatives. All during her trip—and on the voyage home—she considered the problem. Wondering about her future, she looked back to the past . . . to her childhood and the large ranch at Long Beach, California, which had been in the family four generations.

Born September 21, 1932, Joan had been brought up in a household where weighty subjects were daily conversation. Her father, insurance executive and civic leader, was also senior adviser to Ambassador Lodge at the U.N. Her mother had once played Juliet—at Miss Ransom's School for Girls—but no one in Joan's household ever thought of acting as a career.

Joan recalled how happy she had been, at the Huntington School in San Marino, because of her activities in dramatics. At Polytechnical Elementary School, she had taken cultural courses. At Westridge School for Girls, in Pasadena, she had taken part in plays and had been class valedictorian. Indeed, she had gone on to Smith because she'd heard it offered fine drama courses.

Once there, however, she had denied her heart and had majored in psychology . . . because it was the only subject she liked, besides drama. Looking back, she realized she had lacked confidence in her artistic yearnings: "So I had chosen a field, social work and teaching, where I knew I could efface myself."

She had been a fine student, on the dean's honor list. But she had been withdrawn, reserved, and painfully thin. She had only one date during her freshman year. She never (Continued on page 80)



Back in California for her wedding, Joan revisits scenes of her childhood, particularly her grandmother's Long Beach home, which has been in the family four generations. Below, with "Maggie," one of the ranch's exhibition Shire horses.



Show biz had no part in her early life. Now it's a common bond between Joan and Bob (right, after their wedding). Bob became interested in drama in his school days (Boston U. and Harvard). Joan went from Smith College to further studies in social work—and teaching!—before finding her real career.

Joan Hotchkis is Myra Lake in *The Secret Storm*, as seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Laboratories and others.





Joan has always liked to cook, was delighted to learn that Bob not only enjoys good food, but is quite a chef himself.



Home blends new items with older ones from "bachelor" days. Joan began collecting art with her first TV money.

Outstanding feature of their New York apartment is the second-storey terrace, which reminds Joan of California architecture.





Love Isn't a Sometime Thing

Thinking of marriage, Ronnie Burns is guided by a mighty fine example: George and Gracie—in person

By NANCY ANDERSON

HUMMING ABSENTLY, Ronnie Burns reached for a towel and dabbed the final traces of lather from his cheek. He was feeling good tonight, relaxed and hungry after a day in his boat, and looking forward to his date for the evening. They'd go to dinner somewhere, at a quiet place with good food. Then they'd go to his sister's to baby-sit with the nieces and watch television. He hummed another snatch of melody and reached for the comb.

"The girl that I marry" . . . suddenly Ronnie broke off humming in the middle of a bar. *Why*, he wondered, *was he singing that particular song?* It was good, sure . . . one of the loveliest from the lovely score of "Annie Get Your Gun." But did it have a deeper significance—for him? Maybe, subconsciously, he was thinking of getting married. Ronnie gave his brown hair a lick with the comb and tried to analyze his emotions. No, he decided, he didn't have a definite girl in mind just now. He liked too many of them too well. But he certainly did want to (Continued on page 63)

The George Burns And Gracie Allen Show, CBS-TV, Mon., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Carnation Milk and General Mills.



Ronnie's parents prove his theory: "A couple should work as hard to guarantee their marriage as to earn a living." Though she's only now retiring from the long hours of show business, Gracie's always been a full-time wife and mother.



Two young "pras"—Ronnie, and Rick Nelson—talk shop on McCadden lat (George Burns' TV producing firm).



As baby-sitter for sister Sandy's little Lissa and Lori, Rannie adds an extra—he teaches 'em to swim!



At Scribner's Drive-in, with deejay Lash Lazarr, the new disc star autographs "Kinda Cute" far fans.



"TODAY IS OURS"

Patricia Benoit—actress, wife and mother—lives the title of her new daytime drama both on and off TV



Mama, visiting from Fort Worth, finds Pat successfully combining motherhood and career. She and the boys, baby Nicky and Jerry, were happily neutral about changing Pat's hair style—but Pat's husband and co-workers had very definite ideas.

By FRANCES KISH

ENTERING through the long hall of Patricia Benoit's New York apartment, you pass a variety of objects. First, a man's bicycle. This belongs to Peter Swift, man of the house. In private life, Pat is Mrs. Swift, and Peter uses the bike to get back and forth through crowded city traffic to his job with a magazine.

A little farther on is a tricycle, belonging to three-year-old Jerry (short for Jeremy). Parked beyond that is a baby carriage, the property of Nicky (short for Nicholas), not yet a year old. A stroller and a kiddie-cart stand at rakish angles. A rocking horse has just been abandoned, but the gallant steed still quivers from its young master's brisk cantering down some road of his imagination.

It's a big apartment, described by Pat as "undistinguished, but a place that's a mixture of things the children can't hurt and everyone can live with comfortably and feel at home." Done mostly in beiges and browns, with enough touches of bright color to attract the eye.

On television, Pat Benoit (pronounced Ben-wah) is feminine star of the NBC-TV daytime drama, *Today Is Ours*. (Continued on page 67)



On TV, as Laura in *Today Is Ours*, Pat has a much more serious problem—helping her son Nick (played by Peter Lazer) adjust to the fact that his divorced father, Karl Manning (Patrick O'Neal), is now married to another woman, Leslie (Joyce Lear).

MAVERICK

TRAIL TO ROMANCE

*Jack Kelly (alias "Brother Bart")
believed in traveling alone . . . till
he met Donna and discovered that
life's greatest journey is made by two*

By **MARGARET WAITE**

MAVERICK is not only the title of ABC-TV's popular adventure series, and the last name of its brother-heroes, Bret (James Garner) and Bart (Jack Kelly). It's a time-honored Western term for an unbranded calf, a roving man without family ties—anything which wanders off the beaten path or balks at being roped into the herd. And, romance-wise, Jack "Brother Bart" Kelly was following a maverick trail indeed . . . until that night in a little Arizona town. . . .

Jack Kelly held his Donna close, there in the clear moonlight. They had traveled all day through the hot and dusty desert. The only way they'd known they

Continued ▶



Brothers Bart and Bret, played by Jack Kelly and James Garner, are roving-eye bachelors on *Maverick*. Off stage (and on opposite page), there's a pretty Mrs. Kelly—nee Donna Lee Hickey, better known to fans as May Wynn.



Jack calls her "Donna." They've been inseparable since their marriage, and even write scripts together. Jack's also busy working on a fountain outside their bedroom window because "Donna thought it would be romantic."





Jack believes in serenading his fair lady, Donna, even after he's won her.



Always a pot of coffee going in the Kellys.

MAVERICK TRAIL TO ROMANCE

(Continued)

had finally reached their destination was the sign, "Quartzite, Arizona—Let's Be Friends: Let's Get Married." It was a proud announcement, a debonair suggestion. But around Jack and Donna were only a half-dozen stores, a few rather dilapidated buildings—one of them a wedding chapel—and then vast expanses of sand . . . sand . . . and more sand.

They had already awakened the justice of the peace, and followed his instructions along a dirt road three miles down the pike until they reached a ranch house where a sleepy-eyed woman had provided a marriage license. Now they were back again at the J.P.'s, standing in the middle of a desperately lonely night. Donna was wearing black because it was the best thing she had to travel in, and there were no flowers . . . the trip had been too long and hot for them to last, and no florist was open now in Quartzite.

Suddenly overcome with the shabbiness of the whole procedure, Jack said, "Honey, this is meant to be a sacred ceremony. Are you sure you want to go through with it in this kind of unrealistic setting?"

Donna looked him squarely in the eye. "No."

Kelly's jaw dropped—but only for a moment. Donna's gay laugh rang out, and they were in each other's arms,

laughing and crying over the sure, secret knowledge that no material things could ever come between them and their love. The wondrously clear desert night was full of stars. "There will never be anything ugly in the world for us," Donna told him, "as long as we look up. We can always rise above the things around us, so long as there are stars above us."

And so they were married, bringing together two of Ireland's oldest and proudest clans. . . .

Jack Kelly and Donna Hickey (May Wynn of TV and screen fame) had known each other for a long time. They had worked together in two pictures, "The Violent Men" and "They Rode West," but had never become a Hollywood twosome. Somehow, however, Donna remained in Jack's mind and he remained in hers.

Today, he is able to recall specifically on just what occasions he saw her at public functions, whom she was with, and what she was wearing. She, too, kept the big, goodlooking Irishman fresh in her mind . . . so that one day, some five years after their first meeting, when she was on the Warner lot and learned that Jack was working there, she asked Solly Baiano, the casting director, if she might go on the set and visit him. "It's quite a walk," Solly pointed out to her. (Continued on page 78)



kitchen—"Hickey" hopes they also have a snack for poodles.



Jack cuts up his own firewood, and he himself has made most of the improvements around the honeymoon cottage, just big enough for two. No longer footloose, he explains: "I'm a home-stayer, course-charter, a follow-througher!"



There's usually a game going, too. Jack and Donna have 'em in progress all over the house, from chess to Chinese checkers. The Kellys are making up for lost time now—all those dates they missed, in the first years after they met.





Always a pot of coffee going in the Kelly

MAVERICK TRAIL TO ROMANCE

(Continued)

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Jack Kelly co-stars in *Maverick*, ABC-TV, Sun., 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EDT, for Kaiser Industries, Kaiser Aluminum, and The Drackett Co.

Ralph Edwards' Reunions

Millions thrill to these dramatic moments on his great shows.

Few know the enormous work, the uncounted hopes and fears, each one involved



Reunion within a reunion, on *This Is Your Life*, was a single project accomplished by Edwards' amazing staff. That memorable night, Ralph not only brought together the four Keyser brothers and their mother—lost to each other for years—he also reunited Roy Keyser with his six children, separated during guerrilla days in the Philippines.



Daughters regained: Above, with Ralph on *This Is Your Life*, Emma Jo Wengert, wrongly imprisoned for murder, is welcomed by the parents who had believed her dead. Below, with Bill Leyden on *It Could Be You*, Hannelora greets her mother after rescue from behind Iron Curtain.



Father's day, as Bill reunites Milan Senic with the baby girl "lost" during war. "My daughter, my tall daughter," said Milan, unable to believe his eyes.

By FREDDA BALLING

IF THIS were a TV drama, the story might open in the small living room of a modest Los Angeles home, with the camera slowly moving closer to a woman who huddles in one corner of the sofa, crying as she studies the photograph of a golden-haired little girl. A tall man enters, takes her in his arms and says soothingly, "Now, Elvie, it won't do any good to sit here like this, night after night. Everybody is doing everything possible to rescue Hannelora." Leaning against her husband's strength, the woman can only answer in a muffled voice, "I will never see her again—my baby with the blue, blue eyes."

Drama, yes. And TV had a hand in the story's subsequent development. But this was not television "theater," with professional performers. These were real people, facing a personal tragedy. Months later, all across America, viewers of *It Could Be You* were to rejoice in the happy ending which TV wrought for a grieving mother.

This is how the story began, over in Germany, where Elvira married Horst Liebke just after the war. In 1950, their daughter Hannelora was born. Because Horst Liebke's family lived in East Germany, Elvira followed her husband behind the Iron Curtain. Only then (*Continued on page 72*)

It Could Be You, emceed by Bill Leyden, is seen regularly on NBC-TV, Mon. through Fri., 12:30 P.M. EDT, under multiple sponsorship—and also as summer replacement for Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* (returning Sept. 24), on NBC-TV, Wed., at 10 P.M., sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

Smorgasbord in Season



**Be it hot or cold, Alice Frost
of The Second Mrs. Burton has just
the answer for a tempting buffet**

MEATBALLS

Makes 10-12 servings

Combine:

2 pounds lean beef, ground	2 teaspoons salt
1 pound lean pork, ground	3/4 teaspoon black pepper
1/2 pound veal, ground	2 eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons chopped parsley	

Mix well. Then combine:

1 cup grated white-bread crumbs	1 cup milk
------------------------------------	------------

Let stand until thickened. In meantime, cook in skillet:

1 onion, chopped	3 tablespoons butter
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Add to meat with soaked crumbs and stir with long-handled fork until mixed. Continue adding milk until as much as possible has been absorbed. The more this mixture is stirred, the greater the volume and the lighter the meatballs become. Set aside in a cool place for an hour. Then dust hands with flour, shape mixture into small balls and fry slowly in butter or margarine until brown. Remove from skillet with slotted spoon and keep warm, covered in a serving dish over very low heat. If desired, serve with a gravy made by thickening slightly the fat left in the skillet and adding broth or water to desired consistency. Season to taste.

QUICK PEA SOUP

Makes 8 servings.

Heat three cans condensed pea soup, diluted according to directions, with finely cut cooked ham.

OPEN-FACE SANDWICHES

Alice suggests planning 3 or 4 to a person. Use thin slices of dark or light bread, well buttered, for each of the following open-face sandwiches:

- Mix small pieces of cold lobster and asparagus with mayonnaise. Spread on small lettuce leaf atop buttered bread. Garnish with an asparagus tip.
- Slice a hard cooked egg, "fan out" slices across bread. On this, place a thin slice of tomato and 2 or 3 anchovy filets. Top with a bit of watercress.
- Spread thin ribbon of scrambled eggs (delicious, even cold) diagonally across slices of fresh smoked salmon. Garnish center with finely chopped chives.
- On one-half, place overlapped slices of hard cooked eggs. On other half, overlap slices of tomato. Down center, overlap about four finely sliced onion rings (not slices). Garnish center with watercress.
- Cut slices of liver paté and top with thin slices of pickled cucumber. Garnish center with a few cubes or small bits of jellied consomme.
- Cover bread with slices of roast pork. Decorate with pickled cucumber and sliced beets.
- Use slices of cooked beef. Decorate with chopped pickle at one end, fresh shredded horseradish at the other—slice of tomato in center.

Imagination will suggest other combinations (such as shrimp salad) and variations of the garnishes mentioned above. And don't forget cheese, good and sharp! Either sliced on sandwiches or—if there's room on your table—separate plates of the various distinctively Scandinavian cheeses, to be cut at will by your guests.



Alice (Marcia Archer in *The Second Mrs. Burton*) treats her radio family: Dwight Weist (brother Stan Burton) and Larry Haines (Marcia's husband Lew).

DAUGHTER of a Swedish Lutheran minister in Minnesota, Alice Frost is truly a fair-haired Scandinavian. Today, she's best known as Marcia Burton Archer, sister-in-law of *The Second Mrs. Burton*. But there's a Nordic nip, not only in her own name, but in her early long-run roles as the distaff side of radio's *Mr. And Mrs. North* and "Aunt Trina" of TV's *Mama*. . . . On Broadway and CBS Radio, Alice's versatility covers an international range of roles, including heavy drama. In private life, her taste tends toward the light and spicy Scandinavian when it comes to food. That means "smorgasbord," a word which can cover as many courses as a state banquet or be as simple as a family picnic. The only essentials: Both hot and cold dishes, seafood and meat, a variety of cheeses—all served buffet style, come-and-get-it. . . . Alice's husband, Willson Tuttle, is an advertising man, and entertaining must be fitted into a busy schedule indeed—particularly since Bill's work often calls him to the Coast. For small gatherings of friends and fellow cast-members from *The Second Mrs. Burton*, Alice has found a simplified smorgasbord invaluable . . . open-face sandwiches provide the necessary variety without a multiplicity of plates, meatballs are a warm and filling main dish, and your choice of soup can be served hot or cold, depending on the weather. Any way you dish it up, smorgasbord is always in season—and always satisfying to both eye and palate.

Alice is Marcia Burton Archer in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, as heard on CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 2:15 P.M. EDT.

TNT Boy from TEXAS

Jimmy Dean has it made—as a TV host with the most. Here's the picture story of his career



Boyhood days in Plainview, Texas. Dean family was deeply religious, regularly sang hymns together. Here Jimmy and brother Dan (left) are on their way to church.



Jimmy's mother was a mail-order-taught piano player, taught Jimmy to play when he was about ten. He later picked up the accordion, guitar and fiddle, kept on singing.



Air Corps, 1946. Jimmy wrote on back of picture, "On left, Payne. That fellow at right, I don't know, but if his ears were a little longer, he'd pass for a donkey, yes, sir."



Wedding day for Jimmy Dean and Sue Wittauer, the pretty girl who came to a Washington night club with friends, met Dean and shortly married him. Jimmy had always been shy, says he was never really in love until he met Sue.

IN LATE JUNE of 1957, *Variety*, the bible of show biz, filed a prophetic bit of copy about Jimmy Dean. "Dean is a potential piece of entertainment TNT—he can explode into a top name at just about any time." The explosion came with a bang almost exactly one year later, when the CBS network signed Jimmy to a long-term exclusive contract—then plunged into active plans for his Monday-through-Friday daytime show on CBS-TV, now being planned as a general variety divertissement for viewers who yearn for relaxation in the early afternoon.

Just turned twenty-nine, Jimmy takes this remarkable career jump with a charming "gee-whiz" attitude. Asked point-blank *why* he figured the CBS people considered him as a potentially hot TV host and performer, he said, "Gosh! I never thought about it." Jimmy himself is the first to admit that, though he records as a singer for Columbia Records, his voice is no super-smash and, while he plays piano and accordion, plus some fiddle and guitar, he never expects to be a really top-notch instrumentalist. One thing Jimmy Dean does have, in double-barrel volume, and that's a relaxed, natural charm. This quality of niceness is comparable to Garry Moore's "lovable" quality. Both men are capable, seemingly with no effort at all, of projecting *character* out



Texas-born singer Jimmy Dean records pop songs as well as country-and-Western and religious music. His latest on Columbia label is "You Should See Tennessee, Mam'selle," with "School of Love" on the flip side, backed by Ray Ellis band.

Continued →



Broadcasting from WMAL, Washington, D.C., Dean and his troupe of country-and-Western singers and instrumentalists began to build an audience with good-humored, folksy tunes, sparked to something out of the ordinary by Dean's own grass-roots wit. Nationwide success came with coast-to-coast show on CBS-TV.



Not the least of Dean's accomplishments is his wish to showcase new talent. Here, in the early days of show on WMAL, Dean shoots the breeze with Elvis, then a little-known touring singer from Memphis. Dean has also featured George Hamilton IV, many others.

TNT Boy from TEXAS

(Continued)



The land-based Jimmy Dean show took to the water again last June to stage a special razzle-dazzle show, featuring champion water-ski performers from Tommy Bartlett's Cypress Gardens, Florida troupe. Jimmy's a natural athlete, had no trouble keeping up a running fire of commentary with portable mike, while skiing at top speed behind power boat.

of the TV screen and making the viewer say, "I like that man." To an objective observer, Jimmy Dean is indeed—because of this golden natural asset—a package of entertainment TNT.

Jimmy Dean's life started out on a farm near Plainview, Texas, with a music-loving family whose greatest pleasure was to sing hymns together. His mother had learned (via a correspondence course) to play the piano, and hiked Jimmy onto the piano stool when he was about ten to learn piano, too. A natural music talent soon emerged, and Jimmy mastered piano, accordion, guitar, and fiddle—meantime singing up a storm with gospel tunes and the region's country and Western songs. In 1946, when he was 18, Jimmy joined the Air Corps, spent part of his service days at Bolling Field. While there, he and some Army buddies formed a combo and played local spots for \$5 a night, plus tips. After discharge in 1949, Jimmy and his friends moved into Washington and tried to make a go of it as performers. Some pretty grim days followed, until the group was spotted by Connie B. Gay, country-and-Western impresario, and signed for several tours out of the country to entertain American troops. Gay also



Dean has boundless energy, will tackle any kind of location broadcast under off-beat conditions. When the Navy held an International Naval Review in June, 1957, Dean and his troupe went to Norfolk, performed all week for seamen of seventeen nations.



At Boy Scout Jamboree early in June, 1958, Dean was honored and touched to receive citation from the Scouts. Jimmy felt a special warmth about the occasion, since he had never been a Scout in boyhood—Dean family finances had made it impossible to afford even moderate cost of the Boy Scout suit.

booked the group frequently on *Town And Country Jamboree*. A kinescope of their performance was shown to CBS executives by Gay, and the group was signed to do an early-morning spot out of Washington on the network. At this point a miracle occurred. The show began to draw 25,000 letters each week from avid viewers, and the CBS network found itself topping the NBC competition, *Today*, on the ratings. Somewhat confounded by their own success, CBS decided to see whether the Dean group would succeed in a night-time spot. During June, 1957, Dean's show went on Saturday nights as a summer replacement. When September came around, the network switched the successful Dean show to an hour-long Saturday spot, with Jimmy lending his easy, relaxed talent to the hosting duties. Ad-lib humorous "talk" was the keynote of Jimmy's show, backed with a talented group of singers and instrumentalists. Now Jimmy's no longer a "country boy," but soon to be a full-time star, throughout the workday week, in a new variety format beamed coast-to-coast over the CBS-TV network. Our TNT boy from Texas has really struck it big in big-time television!



On hand for family gathering at edge of the Potomac after water-ski show were Jimmy's wife Sue, daughter Connie, 4, and son Gory, 7. The Deons are a close-knit family, lived in Arlington, Va., near Washington, until Jimmy's new show commitment in New York City brought them north to an apartment-based life near the Big Town in early fall of '58.



The Wonderful World of WALTER O'KEEFE

*After twenty-six years in radio, the host of
Nightline finds himself more active, more devout,
more content, than he has ever been before*



Letters mean a great deal to Walter, bring him very close to his listeners.

By DIANE ISOLA

IT WAS a beautiful spring day in Pasadena, and Walter O'Keefe was thinking how glad he was to be living in California, when a phone call jarred his reverie. "Walter," said the voice at the other end, "we're going to put on a new radio show. We want you to host it."

"Not so fast," Walter chuckled. "Tell me something about the show." As he listened, he became interested. "Fine," he said. And then came the drawback: The show would emanate from New York, four days a week. That would mean moving from Pasadena, his home ever since the boys were small lads. It would mean that he couldn't see his two sons as frequently. He thought about it for a long time before deciding.

But, now, after a year and a half of hosting NBC Radio's popular *Nightline*, Walter's qualms have melted in a satisfying new life filled with exciting (Continued on page 77)



Walter loves both radio and *Nightline*, which leave his days free for such projects as writing a book about humorous incidents in his career. He feels this program's the best of all, enjoys the interviews—and the stimulating conferences with its feature editor Doreen Chu and producer Peter Lassally.



Walter O'Keefe is host of *Nightline*, NBC Radio's "open line to the world," heard on Mon. and Wed., 8:30 to 10 P.M., Tues. and Thurs., 8:05 to 10 P.M. (All times are EDT)



Above, Shari, as she is known to the children who would rather lase a lollipop than miss her program. Ta form fluffy bang, tap hair is cut in layers twa inches lang. For braided ponytail, hair is first secured with rubber band, which Shari then hides by wrapping a tendril af hair around it. Tail is braided loosely, then pinned against head to keep it from flapping. "I have a panytail, too," confides puppet Charley Horse.



Raw material for Shari Lewis's repetaire af hairstyles is one and a half feet af glowing red hair. "Shari's curly hair has all the vitality she has," says stylist Enrico Carusa. "Yau can handle it like a lavely fabric, with endless passibilities far styling. Those girls whase hair lacks this body and spring can get the same results with a gaad permanent wave."



Above, Carusa puts finishing touch ta a style with lang hair swept ta one side and coiled over ear. "I have ta brush my hair ta comb it," says Shari, "sa fartunately it gets lats af brushing." Below, modeling high-fashion bandeau hairda, Shari says, "I consider this purely experimental." Says Caruso, "Ta me, this represents an elegant evening out." "Shucks," camments puppet Hush Puppy ta Shari, "I think you're just putting on the dag."

She Can do a Thing with Her Hair

By HARRIET SEGMAN

SHARI LEWIS, television star and recording artist, is five feet tall, 97 pounds, and owner of eighteen inches of magnificent red hair. Seen Monday through Friday on *Hi, Mom* and Saturdays on *Shariland* (WRCA-TV), she fascinates an enormous audience of children with her songs, games and personality puppets who never run out of words, thanks to Shari's gift for ventriloquism. Away from her wide-eyed small-fry admirers, many of whom consider Shari in her Alice-in-Wonderland-type hairdo the prettiest lady they have ever seen (next to Mommy, of course), Shari can twirl her brilliant tresses into a bouquet of more sophisticated styles. Results are enchanting to older audiences, including her recently-acquired husband. Here, with the aid of hair stylist Enrico Caruso, Shari shows some of the ways she can wear her lovely locks. Also present, some of her puppet creations, who have their own opinions of Shari's hairdos.



How to Avoid TV Repair Frauds

(Continued from page 19)

will ask you to describe the trouble that prompted your call. He will take off the back cover of the cabinet and connect the receiver to a wall outlet with a special plug and cord he brings along. He will check certain tubes on a tester, depending on the nature of the trouble, or substitute other tubes from his own supply.

If he fails to do these things, or if he just fiddles with the knobs and promptly announces that the set has a complicated ailment and must be taken to the shop—get on your guard. Most likely he never intended to service the set in your home.

If a TV repairman shows up without a kit of tools and a supply of replacement tubes, the same warning applies. In an extensive survey, General Electric found that seven out of every ten TV sets can be repaired in the home, often just by replacing defective tubes.

By dealing with unscrupulous repairmen you may lose not only dollars, but perhaps the set itself! About thirty customers of one service outfit told the Better Business Bureau they had been waiting a week to nine months to have their sets returned. Inquiries always brought the same story—the manager was out, or was waiting for a part. Finally, when he'd sold enough of the sets that belonged to other people, the operator just locked his doors and disappeared. He may be pulling the same trick today in a new stand.

How does the fraudulent operator jack up the cost of simple repairs? Here's the way that the Better Business Bureau of Oakland, California, found out. Four new television sets were put out of operation by some simple means, such as blowing a fuse or tube, and each part was marked for identification. Each set was placed in the home of a shopper, who then called suspected service companies and told them what the trouble was—sound but no picture, neither sound nor picture, etc. The servicemen who responded were allowed to do whatever they thought necessary. The sets were examined by an expert.

One set prepared for checking had a single tube disabled, resulting in no picture but good sound. Instead of making a simple replacement, the serviceman claimed he had to take the set to the shop. Back it came with a bill for \$30.25—when it could have been put into good working order for \$5.10, without removing it from the house. In this investigation of unethical repair shops, the excess charges ranged from \$2.10 for replacing a good tube unnecessarily, to more complicated billing for unnecessary repairs amounting to \$25.15 overcharge.

If you let a serviceman of questionable reputation remove your set, you give him clear sailing to sock you with a big bill. One TV set owner got a verbal estimate of \$17.00 for servicing—but, when the set came back, she was billed for \$154.00.

Hugh R. Jackson, president of the Better Business Bureau of New York, reported recently that local firms were advertising "free" estimates. Once the repairman arrived, however, he claimed he couldn't make an on-the-spot estimate and offered to take the set into the shop. Then came trouble. Once out of the homes, some sets were repaired without the owner's consent and they were dunned with outrageously high bills. Or, if the sets were not repaired, the firm refused to return them unless the owner paid the bill for transportation to and from the shop.

Another group of gullible set owners were victimized by repair gyps who finally were caught and given nine-month jail terms. The pattern of complaints was

similar. Sets were pulled into the shop after a low estimate was rendered. Customers were then given a much higher charge, usually including a new "picture" tube. Without full payment in cash at the door, customers couldn't get their sets. Even then, the "repaired" sets broke down again. In cases where "repairs" were not made, charges for pick-up, inspection and return were billed, with the sets often in worse condition when returned than when taken out. Both of the men engaged in this racket used aliases and had police records elsewhere. When released, perhaps they will move on to your town.

A crooked repairman doesn't have to pull in your set to cheat you. The most common angle he uses is also the most simple. If one tube is defective, he may replace two or three. Some will put in tubes from other customers' sets or bogus reprocessed tubes that are not new. Tube testers can be manipulated by dial settings so that good tubes show up on an indicator as bad or weak.

Another gyp antic is to remove some perfectly functioning part of a TV set and replace it with a defective part which may last only a few weeks. This not only increases the cheater's stock of parts, but brings in the customer again in a few weeks for more repairs.

Honest repairmen are not without their problems. One of them, after fixing a set, was called back with the complaint that the TV set "sounded like a sizzling steak." He opened up the mechanism, turned it on, and saw fire flying from the high-voltage power supply. When he probed further, he pulled out a well-done electrocuted mouse.

More serious is the problem of a service charge, at which some customers balk. "The customer who tries to get something for nothing usually gets hooked," says the head of a Chicago firm. A service charge is the minimum fee to cover expense of sending a repairman to your home, the time he takes to get there, examine your set, use his skill to find out what's wrong, and the labor to fix it in your home with a fair amount of time. Naturally, this charge varies according to locality, though in some areas it is five dollars.

With this in mind, look with suspicion on any "free" offer or any gimmicks that are too good to be true. The TV repairman needs greater technical and electronic knowledge than a radio expert. He must acquire and maintain expensive equipment costing between \$3,000 and \$10,000. Obviously, then, firms who offer free estimates, or charge only a dollar for a service call, must make up their costs by collecting exorbitant fees or using substandard parts.

A customer in Cleveland found that the advertised "99¢" TV set inspection charge was suddenly transformed into ninety-nine dollars. One quick look at the set, and the serviceman took it to his shop saying it needed eight or nine dollars worth of repairs. Sorry, she was told later, the set needs ninety-nine dollars' worth of repairs! After she paid a three-dollar charge to have the set returned, another shop estimated the repair at \$21. She was luckier than customers of a fraudulent firm in San Francisco. They had to pay a dollar a day storage charge—or, after ten days, the sets were sold!

Why do so many customers fall for swindler outfits? "Nine out of ten times, it turns out, the customer is so anxious to get his set repaired quickly that he hires TV service without taking the most rudimentary precautions," says George Young, head of the Cincinnati Better Business Bureau.

Too often, the gyps make a lot of noise

and attract many customers because it's so easy for them to make wild promises if they don't expect to keep them.

Some cities, like Detroit, require TV repairmen to get a city license and carry identification cards. Before city licensing, attempts to prosecute servicemen who made fictitious charges or replaced parts unnecessarily had failed. It was difficult or impossible to show criminal intent. Under the new ordinance, however, incompetent or dishonest repairmen can have their licenses revoked. If they continue to practice, they can be prosecuted for violating the ordinance.

In other cities, the repairmen themselves have organized into associations which "police" repair service and weed out racketeers. Any member who violates the code of fair practice forfeits his membership and is exposed as a sharp dealer.

Ideally, perhaps, the manufacturer should operate his own service organization. The only manufacturer which does this is RCA.

Just as most people have a family doctor, it's a good idea to patronize one neighborhood service technician who will see that you get full TV enjoyment. Before you call him, however, there are some obvious steps to check.

Try moving your antenna around, and make sure the antenna wire is firmly connected to the terminals; test your outlet by plugging in a lamp; tune in to all the channels to check on whether every station is affected. If the set is completely dead, check to see if your set is plugged in. (Sounds silly? Well, some owners have felt even sillier when the repairmen found that's what was wrong!)

Unlike reputable firms, dishonest outfits make no attempt to build constant trade. They just want to hit you hard for your money and run. Clifford A. Strauss, manager of the Miami Beach Better Business Bureau, says, "Choose your TV repairman as you would your doctor or lawyer." The recommendation of satisfied friends is important.

To help you avoid worry and loss of money, there are some simple rules you can follow:

1. Get the name of a reliable service organization before trouble starts and you want help in a hurry. The firm can give you evidence of satisfactory servicing done in your neighborhood, and you can check their reputation with your local Better Business Bureau.

2. Steer clear of fantastic bargains. Often, the wilder the promise, the smaller the value you receive. Beware of outfits advertising low flat-rate charges per call because they'll be sure to make up their losses some way or another—often in defective or substandard parts.

3. Get those glowing promises in writing. A responsible repairman won't object to giving you a written estimate of costs before doing a job, and itemizing his charges afterwards. With the itemized bill, it is wise to get a ninety-day guarantee for the specific repair (except replacement of tubes, which can fail at any time).

4. Ask to have bad parts returned to you with an itemized bill. Because you need these to prosecute, the swindler is wary about letting you have this kind of evidence in hand.

You can find a good service organization to take care of your television set at a reasonable price. With foresight, and by not being penny-wise and TV-foolish, you can keep your television set in working order and help push the swindlers out of business.

a Heart that wants a Home



Railroads—their lonely whistles, their endless tracks—provide themes for the songs Jack and Dixie sing.

IN HIS SONGS, there's a harkening back to the men who built that first railroad in Haleyville, the small Alabama town where Jack Turner was born and raised. Jack's songs tell of the warmth and despair, the hope and the sorrow of these strong and robust men, each with a bit of "Paul Bunyan" in him. Jack's own father was one of them, so this country-music balladeer well knows whereof he sings and writes. There's a ring of truth in the music as Jack plays and sings the songs of Hank Williams, the haunting-voiced singer whose mother saw her late son's qualities in Jack and gave the young singer help and encouragement. There's the same raw-boned truth in the songs Jack himself has written—"Walking a Chalk Line," "Model-T Baby," and the two most recent ones he's recorded for M-G-M Records: "Shake My

Hand—Meet Mr. Blues" and "Got a Heart That Wants a Home."

Jack Turner himself is a heart that wants a home—and has found one. Its foundations are the programs he does for Station WSFA-TV in Montgomery. *The Jack Turner Show* is seen Tuesday and Thursday at 5 P.M. With the women and young folk watching, Jack sings, plays guitar and willingly gives young talent a chance to be heard. His daughter Dixie, now thirteen, joins him on many of the songs. To illustrate some music or to caricature one of his celebrity guests, Jack walks up to the drawing board and proves that the hand that strums the guitar can wield chalk or charcoal with equal skill. The menfolk get a chance to see what their families have been raving about when Jack stars on *Alabama Jubilee*,



Jubilee's gang are, left to right, announcer Curt Blair, fiddler Ray Smith, bass man Ray Howard, singer Betty Howard, emcee and singer Jack Turner, guitarists James Porter and Les Hill Jr., pianist Jimmy Kendricks.

The gladness he knows . . .
 the sadness he's known . . .
 Jack Turner of WSAF-TV
 puts them both in his songs



Alabama's favorites went coast-to-coast when all the Turner family—wife Lorene, Tommie, James, Dixie, Jack—visited Arlene Francis (center) on *Home*.

seen at an all-family hour, on Friday night at 7 P.M.

As to Jack's actual home, it's a white Cape Cod house that grew as the Turner family grew, with Jack and wife Lorene doing all the paneling, tiling and finishing themselves. The first to require one of those upstairs rooms was Tommie Jacqueline, now 15 and planning on becoming an airline stewardess. Charlotte Dixilyn, or Dixie, takes after her dad in both art and music. James Ralph, nine, is all-boy, with a keen interest in fishing, hunting and soap-box derbies.

The entire family shared applause last year when they appeared with Arlene Francis on *Home*. The past dozen months or so, in fact, have been truly exciting ones for Jack. Aside from his coast-to-coast appearance, he was honored right in his own home town, when the Haleyville

High School Alumni Association named him "Alumnus of the Year." Jack's art talent was recognized, too, when the Air University at Maxwell, Alabama, where he's employed as a commercial artist, promoted Jack to the academic rank of Assistant in Graphic Arts.

Versatile Jack started early down the trail that led to his current recognition and popularity. He was just six when he made his debut, winning a blue ribbon for singing "Hickory Dickory Dock." A year later, he traded an oversized sweater for his first guitar. At age nine, he wrote his first song, "An Empty Bonnet," in memory of his great-grandmother. From then on, it was clear that his heart would find its home anywhere that Jack Turner could find music and folks who wanted to listen to it. And these he finds everywhere.



Two minds with many, many thoughts, Bash and producer Kay Rawlings share music—and recipes.



MOTHER IS A MINSTREL

*From San Francisco to
the National Educational TV network,
Bash Kennett sings hi, sings lo*



For a twentieth-century minstrel and her three girls—Carol, Celie, Katie—life runs on a time-table.

ASKED about folk music, Louis “Satchmo” Armstrong once snorted: “I don’t know any music but folk music. I never heard a horse sing!” But Bash Kennett, a San Francisco wife and mother, begs gently to differ and, more strictly speaking, calls “folk music” the largely anonymous, often unwritten body of song that is handed down from parent to child through the ages. “A vibrant living mirror of humanity,” she says. . . . Bash is a twentieth-century link with the tradition of the folk balladeer. Unlike her forerunners, she needn’t stroll from place to place to find an audience. Bash (from her family name of Bashford) and producer Kay Rawlings originated *Sing Hi—Sing Lo* on Station KQED in San Francisco. Thanks to the Educational Television and Radio Center in Ann Arbor, the program is seen across the country over stations of the National Educational Television network. . . . The program is a series of fifteen-minute films using song and dance to tell of the people, events and customs of American history. Its star, in the tradition of minstrels, grew up making music. She turned “pro” after she’d been drafted to sing for her daughter’s nursery-school class.

Soon, the lady and her guitar were appearing for family groups, P.T.A., service clubs, scout troupes and hospitals. After a single appearance on a TV amateur show, she was handed a contract. . . . Though her songs are of yesteryear, the time she devotes to them has propelled Bash, her doctor-husband and their three daughters into what Bash calls “deep-freeze living,” with extensive lists and card files of household hints, recipes and time schedules. “The children have had to assume new personal responsibilities,” she says thoughtfully, “but they seem to welcome this.” Celie, 8, takes the bus to the dentist when mother isn’t available to drive her. Katie, 13, and Carol, 10, often shop for their own clothes. . . . With the three Kennett girls and the three children of producer Kay Rawlings, the two families often vacation at the Kennetts’ mountain retreat, 9,000 feet up in the Sierras. While fathers and offspring ski, the two women work on the program. Their conversations mingle program and family ideas. If, in the midst of a domestic-business conference, Kay asks Bash for the nutmeg, the talented well-organized Bash sings out, “Look in the spice shelf under N.”

Love Isn't a Sometime Thing

(Continued from page 41)

get married one day . . . one day not too far ahead . . . just as soon as he was sure some particular girl was the only one for him.

Fondly, he thought of his mother and father. Boy, if he could be one-half so happy! Theirs was marriage at its best. Even their differences seemed to bring them together. Ronnie had often heard his father say that their independent interests only added spice to the interests they shared.

"Always be careful of couples who are constantly together," his father had joked one day. "The reason they are always together is they don't trust each other out of sight." Ronnie had had the feeling that George wasn't entirely joking.

Ronnie's thoughts reverted to himself. *The girl that he'd marry—what would she be like?* He mentally catalogued the girls he knew and liked best. What were they like? What did they have in common? In recent weeks, he'd dated starlets and stenographers, students and socialites, and a young executive who operated her own business. All were lots of fun to be with, interested in Ronnie's favorite pastimes, sailing, swimming, dancing, and watching sports-car races. Some were brainy; some weren't. Some were prettier than others.

"Say, Ronnie," George Burns poked his head around the bathroom door, interrupting the reverie, "looks like you're going out tonight. Could you tell me where you'll be? I may want to get in touch with you later on, to discuss tomorrow's schedule."

"Oh, sure, sure, Dad." Ronnie motioned George in. "I'm going out to dinner right away, then I'll be at Sandy's watching the girls. Sis has to go to some meeting or another until about eleven-thirty."

"Fine, son." George started to move away, but something in Ronnie's expression stopped him. "Is something the matter?" he asked. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Well, yes . . . I guess there is. Just now, while I was shaving, Dad, I started thinking about the girl I'd marry . . . someday . . . and I'd like to ask you: What do you think she'll be like?"

George Burns's first impulse was to laugh, but Ronnie was obviously dead serious about this. He was pondering the most important choice he'd ever make, the choice of a wife, and George was flattered to have been consulted. "Ronnie," he said, after some hesitation, "I can't tell you what kind of girl you'll marry. But I hope it will be a girl with whom you've fought a few rounds. A good fight's a healthy sign.

"Here's how it is: I can't really get sore at anybody I don't love. If a person means nothing to you, you can't care enough about her opinion to hate her. See? Gracie and I have an agreement about our differences. We bury them with nothing to mark the grave. Then we can't dig them up."

George tapped the ashes from his cigar. "Did I ever tell you, Ronnie, about my first big fight with Gracie? It came close to being our last. We were playing Hertig and Seeman's theater on 125th Street in New York, doing a Sunday 'concert' when it happened.

"I'd just closed a deal, and I thought it would put us on top of the world. I'd just gotten us booked into Cosmos Theater in Washington for \$450 a week—a whale of a lot more than we'd ever made before—and I thought Gracie would be tickled pink. So I beat on her dressing room

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| 86. Farley Granger | 224. Shirley Jones | 276. Jack Kelly | 300. Paul Anka |
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| 94. Mario Lanza | 227. Tany Perkins | 278. Annette Funicello | 302. Edd Byrnes |
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| 117. Terry Moore | 231. Don Murray | | |
| 121. Tony Curtis | 233. Pat Wayne | | |
| 127. Piper Laurie | 234. Carroll Baker | | |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 235. Anita Ekberg | | |
| 135. Jeff Chandler | 236. Corey Allen | | |
| 136. Rock Hudson | 239. Judy Busch | | |
| 139. Debra Paget | 240. Paget Page | | |
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| 143. Pier Angeli | 244. Buddy Merrill | | |
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| 147. Tab Hunter | 246. Jim Arness | | |
| 148. Robert Wagner | 247. Sanford Clark | | |
| 149. Russ Tamblyn | 248. Vera Miles | | |
| 150. Jeff Hunter | 249. John Saxon | | |
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door, proud and happy as could be, and told her the news. And, Ronnie, what do you think she said?

"She said through the door, 'Call them back and cancel it!'

"Well, I thought she'd gone crazy. At first I couldn't believe my ears. Then I began to boil. 'Gracie,' I yelled. 'Did you hear what I said? *Four hundred and fifty dollars a week*. Besides, a verbal agreement is binding, and I said we'd play the engagement.'

"I won't play it,' was all Gracie would say.

"But we're heading the bill.'

"That's worse,' Gracie answered. 'Then everybody would know we were there.'

"I was burned up. Who, I asked myself, does this dame think she is, turning down a \$450 booking without even giving a reason? Okay. I didn't need her. I'd break up the act.

"I looked at her waiting for me to go on—tiny, straight, foot-tapping—and I wasn't sure whether I wanted to shake her or kiss her. But I didn't have time to decide just then, because they were playing our entrance music. As we went on, I told her, 'Well, I got out of the date.' She didn't answer, and then we were in the middle of our act, experiencing the thrill that comes when you know an audience likes you. The crowd loved us. Because of that, when we came off, we didn't mention splitting the act.

"Instead, Gracie smiled at me and said, 'You were great.' Right then, instead of deciding I'd forgive her, I began hoping she'd forgive me. But she went on, 'I'm sorry about the Cosmos Theater. It's a small-time place that does five shows a day . . . I played it once. But that's not the trouble. My sister Hazel's husband is in the diplomatic service in Washington . . . he's just getting started . . . and it might be embarrassing for Hazel if we were billed there just now. Now please don't think this has anything to do with the act. It's a good act . . . the audience loved us, didn't they?'

"I was so choked up, I could hardly answer. 'Gracie,' I said, 'a minute ago I told myself, *I don't need her. I don't need her at all*. But you can't go by what I say. I'm a terrible liar.'

"And, son, you can't imagine how happy I was when she said, 'I can't get along without you, either.' It was right after that that we married."

George, Ronnie noted, had the special look in his eyes he always got when he talked about Gracie.

"And now, boy," his father concluded, "your mother's waiting for me. I'm sorry I can't tell you more about the girl you'll marry. Just remember, love isn't a sometime thing. . . . a jet takeoff for a fast let-down. When you meet the right girl, your affection for her will always be as near as your next breath."

"You know," Ronnie says, talking over his father's advice at a luncheon interview, "I don't think many successes are a matter of luck . . . and this applies to marriages as well as to business, school activities, or anything else. I'm convinced that intelligence and effort are important to successful marriage, and my mother and father illustrate what I mean.

"Oh, sure, people laugh when I mention Mother and intelligence in the same breath. Somebody's always asking, 'Is your mother really like that?'—referring, of course, to her personality on the show. And the answer is an unqualified *no*. Mother is a very intelligent woman who's been able to manage a home, rear a family, and be a comedienne at the same time.

"She's one of the hardest workers I've ever known, too. She may not enjoy retirement as much as she imagines she will, but she deserves a chance to try it. All

the time she's been on television, she's worked almost seven days a week. When she hasn't been at the studio, she's been answering mail, rehearsing lines, having dresses fitted or giving interviews.

"Anyway, my point is this: Mother and Dad worked together as a team in vaudeville for a long time before they got married. They were successful, because they learned ways to avoid friction and to bring out each other's best. They had to. And they've applied these same techniques to their marriage. Naturally, you've got to have love, but I don't believe love alone is always enough. It can be killed through carelessness."

Ronnie looks around the restaurant, crowded with Hollywood notables, then confides, "I'll tell you something: Lately, I've been dating a girl who operates a dress shop. She and her sister own the place and have built it up from a small start. A girl with a background like that should make some fellow a fine wife. She's learned through experience to be tactful and efficient. Every day, she has to solve all kinds of problems."

Ronnie motions for another cup of coffee, as he continues: "If every couple would work as hard at guaranteeing their marriage as they do at earning a living, I believe we'd cut down the divorce statistics. I'm not saying that I'll marry a career girl. But I do think a business or professional background gives a bride an advantage. Talk about courses in human relations as a preparation for marriage! Nothing teaches more about human relations than holding down a job."

Suddenly, Ronnie's self-assurance strikes him as funny. "Rules," he laughs. "I must sound pretty stuffy. I honestly do believe in the principles I've discussed, but I know there's an exception to every rule.

"Sometimes there is such a thing as love at first sight. It happens. Some people can marry after they've known each other twenty-four hours, and be happy forever. Still, a man ought to look for more than beauty when he's playing for keeps. But," he amends thoughtfully, "it's hard to know another person just through dates. Nobody is completely natural with a date. At least I'm not. I'm always hoping that I'm making a good impression. If I were married, I'd let down sometimes."

That young Ronnie has a clear-headed attitude toward marriage isn't surprising. This, like his attitudes in many areas, is a strong indication of the George Burns influence. George is recognized by the entertainment industry as one of its straightest-thinking members, and in business matters Gracie relies entirely on his judgment. Reversing the coin, George trusts his wife's artistic instincts in matters of showmanship.

But even if Ronnie had never met George Burns, he'd still play it cool with Cupid—because Ronnie is naturally a very bright boy. He's so smart that his publicist makes no effort to steer his interviews. With the press, Ronnie is strictly on his own, picking up questions and answering

them articulately and without assistance.

Right now, Ronnie realizes he's a young man in the middle and he's coolly assessing his chances for further success. "I know," he says, "that I'm at a critical point in my career. I can't kid myself that I'm a teenager. Let's face it. I'm twenty-three years old, the wrong age to sweep the high-school seniors off their feet. Most of my fans, if mail's any indication, are about thirteen years old or younger. Some haven't even started to school.

"On the other hand, I'm not the right age to play the housewife's delight. I've got no illusions about pushing Rock Hudson. When it comes to recording, I'm in the middle again. I can't do one of those 'I Wrote Your Name on the Blackboard' songs. That's for Rick Nelson or Tommy Sands. Nor can I do the standard ballads. I'll leave that field to Perry Como. But what do I leave for myself?

"Frankly, my first recording was specially written material, and I expect my next will be the same. There've been so many jokes about Dad's singing that I wondered what he'd say about mine. However, he was pleased—complimentary, actually—and has encouraged me to try again." (It seems likely that Ronnie will get a chance to do just that—on the new George Burns variety show scheduled for Friday nights over NBC-TV, beginning early in October.)

Ronnie became an actor more or less as a sideline. He thinks that, with a little more experience, he'd like producing and directing. "I started working around the studio when I was seventeen years old," he explains, "doing odd jobs in the cutting room. I got so interested in cutting and editing that I gave up my ambition to be an architect and decided to make film editing a career.

"Pretty soon, though, I got interested in cameras and made a point of learning all I could about them. In fact, practically everything about producing a show interested me—except acting. I was so busy behind the camera, I never thought about working on the other side of it.

"It was Dad who suggested acting. He and Mother were going to New York and, while they were away, he urged me to study at the Pasadena Playhouse. I got a lead in 'Picnic,' Mother and Dad saw a performance, and thought I was good enough to join their television cast.

"You know, working with them in television has been a revelation. I never realized how well-known they were until I joined the show and began to make personal appearances with them. When I was growing up I knew, naturally, that 'Burns and Allen' was a comedy team on radio and in movies, but it didn't make much impression on me. Mother didn't go to work until after I left for school in the mornings, and she got home shortly after I did in the afternoons. Dad came and went just like any other father with a job.

"After I joined the television company, I really began to appreciate my parents as performers. In fact, I appreciated my father so much I'm trying to be like him. I want to develop his versatility . . . be a producer and director, as well as an actor.

"But if I can duplicate his success in only one field," Ronnie concludes, "I know which one I'd choose. I hope I can do half as well as he did when I pick a wife.

"Right now, I couldn't begin to describe the girl that I'll marry . . . maybe I haven't met her yet. But she'll be more than just an emotional device—somebody to love a lot today and very little tomorrow. There's a song in 'Porgy and Bess' . . . 'A Woman is a Sometime Thing.' Well, that's not the kind of wife I want. I want love to be a full-time thing. In that respect, I guess, I'm George Burns's boy . . . a chip off the old block."

Forecast:

Art Ford and Alan Freed predict The Big Sound for 1959! Just one of many "exclusives" in the feature-packed issue with Bill Cullen on cover—November

TV RADIO MIRROR

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Tough-Talking Softie

(Continued from page 33)

part of the decisions. He agrees that the living room turned out rather well. I love old, mellowed wood. We had large heavy coffee tables made of antiqued wood and used them, with a few other Provincial pieces, to warm the Modern. I'd ordered a big walk-in fireplace—and they really gave it to us. It's made of a black flint-like obsidian rock, walk-in and wall-to-wall. At first, I thought I'd created a big black monster, but it goes beautifully with the beige furnishings and the terrazzo floors and the different textures of wood in the completed living room.

We both like Melinda's room, which is done in dusty pink and red, a cute combination for an eleven-year-old. However, Groucho is very amused by my room—and probably with reason. Since I'd done some of the house sort of Provincially, I thought I'd just have fun with my room. I did it in white and gold, with a king-sized circular bed. The big white-marble sunken bath is circular, too, with gold fixtures. He thinks it's a crazy room and, in a way, it is—particularly since I don't even use the sunken tub. Luckily, I put a shower over the tub, so at least it gets wet. And, as I've pointed out to him, the whole motivation isn't lost—there's a certain luxurious feeling about even standing in a sunken bathtub.

Throughout all of this, my husband was an amiable if amused observer—until we got to Groucho's room, and then he stopped me. I was a little disappointed that he wouldn't let me finish decorating it, but he's satisfied with the way it is now. He wouldn't give up his old desk for a new one. And he saw no logic in the cobalt blue quilted bedspread I wanted to have

made to go with the blue carpeting. "Why?" he said. "No one ever sees it." And there was also to be considered the matter of taking it off and on. As it developed, Groucho was right. Any bedspread would be taking quite a beating.

His only contribution to the entire decor—other than the picture of himself in a Giants baseball uniform he wanted hung in the den—is the contour bed Groucho personally picked out for his room. His brother Gummo had one, and Groucho was fascinated by it. Electrically operated, it has a lever to make the back go up, and another lever to make the front go up—with the right choreographer, his bed will do just about anything. We have a television set in almost every room in the house, but Groucho's favorite way of watching TV is to fold himself into a knee position in his electric bed. Here he can pull levers and push remote buttons and change position and channel at will.

We always watch *You Bet Your Life* at home, and Melinda and I are an enrapt audience. So, as a matter of fact, is Groucho. "Boy, that was a good one," he'll snarl sarcastically, at some crack he doesn't like. Then again, he laughs at himself—at the joke—if he thinks it's pretty good.

In my own opinion, Groucho's one of a kind. I don't think anyone else has his particular kind of wit. And, contrary to the popular opinion of comedians, he's just about as amusing at home as he is on TV. Comedians seem to be constantly pictured as men who are addicted to melancholia and to worrying themselves into oblivion. I've read where my husband has always been a worrier, too. But when I've read this, it's like reading about some-

body else—I don't know that man at all. This must have been another man and another era . . . not the man I'm living with now.

He's done *You Bet Your Life* so long on radio and television now, it's fairly easy for him, and having an answer for anything that happens—anywhere—is never a strain. Any contestant on the show who asks for an answer—whether through nervousness or bravery—has my whole sympathy. I never match words with him at home. Not with jokes, certainly. That would be pretty lethal. I just amuse him by being a woman—which is the safest way.

Groucho himself doesn't go around the house making jokes all the time. But he has a wonderful sense of humor, and when the occasion warrants—or when it doesn't—he can be a very amusing man. Even when something untoward happens—the little emergencies in day-to-day living—I can count on Groucho to lighten it some way.

Once Groucho and Melinda and I got lost in the desert late at night, and it could have been pretty grim. We were looking for a new guest ranch where we'd planned to stay. For a man who's so well organized generally, my husband's *terrible* at directions in a car. Finally we drove into a sand bank—dead-end. We'd been driving for hours, we were exhausted, dirty and disheveled. It was very late at night and—wherever you turned—sand up to there.

For a minute, nobody said anything. We just sat there looking at one another. Melinda had been eating an ice-cream cone from the last stop. Some of it had lodged over her lip and sand had gotten into it.



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Her father broke the silence and got us back on the road. "Melinda, if you want to go into show business, that's all right with me," he said. "But now—you're growing a *mustache*."

His sense of humor is helpful, I'm sure, in tolerating two little clowns we have at home. Two poodles. "Dreamboat" and "De Soto," who alternately amuse and aggravate him. Groucho doesn't mind the noise of children, but he does mind the noise of dogs. I'm sure he would never have a dog if he were single, but he's very good with ours anyway. He takes them for walks in the hills, and they're embarrassingly mad about him.

I named one of them after one of his sponsors—which, in these days of television, can be a nebulous thing. It could affect a dog's whole personality—never knowing his own name. Before last season ended, my husband and the network and advertising agency were huddled about a new bankroller to co-sponsor with Toni products. One night when Groucho came home, I caught him eyeing De Soto concernedly. "Who ever heard of a poodle called Lever Brothers?" he said.

As if dogs weren't enough, we now have a photogenic alley cat, named "Flower," that we picked up while we were playing summer stock. At the farm where the cast stayed, near the theater, they had two little kittens they were raising for "ratters." Flower was so pretty she didn't seem like a ratter, and I felt she was destined for better things in life. Groucho's first reaction to this was, "another animal!" But Flower attached herself to me and followed me around like a dog, never leaving my side. Which Groucho thought was so unusual, he decided, "Well—I guess we'll have to take her home."

We brought Flower back in the plane with us, and for a while she behaved perfectly. But now, it turns out, she really is a ratter. The hills around our new home abound with wild things, and Flower's always bringing in a dead gopher or something. Furthermore, the whole operation is now becoming mechanized. If she gets a gopher that's too big for her to carry up the hill, she meows—and "Dreamboat," who's her friend, will rush down and pick it up and carry it on up for her. We're finding them all over the place now. As my husband says, "If this keeps up, we're going to have to get that cat a deep-freeze."

Humor is a precious ingredient in any marriage, and I'm glad my husband brings his home. But Groucho has many facets that are equally interesting—and challenging. He's a stimulating man and mind to live with. A serious intellectual and an avid reader, he makes you stay alert and keep conversant in just about any field. He loves good classical music, and it's going constantly in his own room at home. He prefers the old composers rather than the modern. Composers like Beethoven and Chopin, because he favors music with a melody.

The melody, the heart—the truth—is always all-important to Groucho. He has no patience with pretense or phoniness, and a pretender is always a natural target for him. His closest friends are men whose minds and hearts and abilities my husband respects very much. Most of them are writers—Nunnally Johnson, Goodman Ace, Norman Krasna, to name a few—whom he's known for many years.

I don't think there's a single comedian Groucho dislikes. But he particularly likes Sid Caesar, Jack Benny, George Jessel. He thinks Red Skelton's a great clown. And, of course, he loved Fred Allen.

About the only interest we don't share is baseball. Groucho is mad about baseball and I don't like it at all. However,

his allegiance has been put to a strain since the Dodgers came to L.A. Groucho's been in love with the Giants for years, but he feels it's unpatriotic not to root for the home team. Since the Giants and the Dodgers came West, he's been talking about moving to San Francisco, as the only conscientious solution to the whole thing.

Neither of us likes to play cards. We don't like to go to a night club unless we're sure there's a good comic and a good show. We both like to stay home, and usually we do. We read. Or I paint, if I'm in the mood. And, if he has time, Groucho plays his beloved guitar. He plays very well. Spanish music, Bach, the classics—the Segovia type of thing. Recently, however, he says he hasn't enough time to practice . . . because of helping Melinda with her homework. And Groucho is complaining—because the homework's getting harder all the time. Math, particularly.

Her father's passion for getting to the core of things boomeranged on him recently when a reporter pinned Melinda about the homework, asking whether there was ever any problem her father couldn't solve. "Well, not usually," she said. Then she added, conscientiously. "Sometimes he gets mixed up, though."

Melinda is a lovely, well-mannered little girl, and there's a wonderful tender father-daughter relationship. Groucho is very proud of her, and justifiably so. She wants to go into show business, and her father and I think she has the talent for it. She sings and dances very well. But Groucho always emphasizes that she must work very hard and look like a real pro. The only time I've ever seen her father nervous on television, is when Melinda is performing on his show. If she's going to dance, the choreographer works with her on the routines. But her father's usually somewhere on the sidelines, too, saying, "Smile more," or, "Use your arms more"—giving her little touches of the know-how he's gotten through the years.

Groucho's careful to see that she gets the right amount of discipline, and that she remains unspoiled. Melinda hates milk, so, at home, it's, "Drink your milk—or no television." He watches her report card and, if she gets a bad one (math excepted), he will lecture her. She has an allowance of two dollars a week, and she has her own chores to do.

He's particularly concerned about Melinda growing up with the right sense of values. She has to have the hems taken out of her skirts, for instance, and knows she must get the full wear out of them. "I don't want her to get used to having too much," he will say anxiously.

When we went to New York, not long ago, we asked Melinda what she wanted us to bring her. "A white party dress—no sleeves and tailored," she said. The day Groucho could go shopping, I was going to a matinee and couldn't go along. "Did you find anything?" I asked, that evening, when he came in. "Well—yes," he said. Then they started bringing the boxes in. Groucho came home with twelve dresses for her. He'd picked them all out personally and they were darling. When we got home, we gave Melinda the white dress first, then he surprised her by bringing out a new dress for *eleven days thereafter*—and I don't know which of us had more fun.

He has his eccentricities, too—but anyone who has talent like Groucho's, his quick mind, is apt to be a little eccentric and this makes him even more interesting. He built me a beautiful home around a sunken marble bathtub . . . but Groucho goes around the house methodically turning off any light that isn't being used. He will buy me a new car . . . but he weighs

the time down to the last second in the parking meters on the street. He just doesn't like waste—which goes back to leaner years, when he had to worry about the bills.

He's a thoughtful, generous husband who never forgets any of the special days. Recently, however, Groucho's been giving me stocks for Christmas or my birthday or our anniversary, and this just wasn't my idea of a gift at all. What could you do with stocks? You put them in the bank, and you didn't get any pleasure out of them, except maybe a quarterly dividend. I thought it was just plain dull. Then I began watching the market, and, one day, it wasn't as dull as I'd thought. I looked on the financial page and somebody was taking my "present" back to the store! The stock was dropping, and fast. I was on the phone in a flash, finding Groucho. "What happened to it?" I said. "Should I sell—*quick*, tell me." Since then, he's been giving me half-present and half-stock.

On the other hand, he doesn't wait for special days to send me flowers with cute little notes attached. And, when they're in season, he brings me armfuls of lilacs.

He's sensitive and warm and outwardly affectionate, but not stickily so. Nor publicly. When I'm asked why I fell in love with Groucho, or what I most admire about him, these are difficult things for me to say. They're too personal. And I'm sure Groucho feels much the same way. Inescapably cornered by somebody recently, who wanted to know what he most admired about me, Groucho finally came up with. "Well—she's quiet."

But this was rare praise indeed to me. Before we were married, he'd gone on record saying his ideal wife would be a girl who talked like George S. Kaufman and looked like Marilyn Monroe. And now, my most shining attribute—I'm quiet!

I'm sure Groucho wouldn't object to my having a career of my own now, if it didn't interfere with our home life. But in this, too, I find it more fun working with him. We worked together in "The Story of Mankind" at Warner Bros., not long ago, and it was real fun. Groucho played Peter Minuit, and I played an Indian girl. He bought Manhattan Island—and, for a few extra beads, I went with the deal.

For the past two seasons, we've been working in summer stock together in "Time for Elizabeth," a comedy my husband and Norman Krasna wrote. The first year, I played a secretary. This last season, I started auditioning early for a better part. Bob Dwan, who's directed Groucho's *You Bet Your Life* for twelve years, directs the play. My husband left the casting up to him, with something like, "Let Eden read—but—" It was understood, if I didn't turn out right, I wouldn't get the part. But the part was a girl who becomes enamored with Groucho . . . and I loved playing it in summer stock.

It's strenuous work, trouping like that. Groucho's on stage the whole play, and there's only one week to rehearse. But he loves spending his summer vacations from weekly television going back to the old boards, and the laughter, the applause—of people who are paying to get in—is a welcome challenge.

When Groucho talks about what he's going to do when he retires, it sounds like a whole new career. A play on Broadway, touring with stock, writing a show. . . . He will never retire. Of this, I'm sure. And he shouldn't. Humor like his isn't too expendable.

At the moment, Groucho's writing his autobiography. And it will be an experience for me . . . just to read the chapters I've shared.

"Today Is Ours"

(Continued from page 43)

As Laura Manning, assistant principal of Central High School in the town of Bolton, she is a divorcée whose ex-husband, Karl Manning, is married to Leslie. Leslie is the kind of woman who is never sure what she wants and never wants what she finally gets. Laura and Karl have a pre-teen son, and Laura has tried hard to establish a good relationship between her child, who lives with her, and his father, who lives in New York City with his new wife.

There are several other men whose lives touch Laura's, some of them romantically, all of them closely. Adam Holt, the high-school principal; wealthy businessman Chester Crowley, a potentially dangerous enemy who nevertheless is haunted by Laura's charm and poise and integrity; Glenn Turner, a brilliant architect.

Pat herself is still fondly remembered by TV viewers as the school nurse, Nancy Remington, who married Wally Cox in *Mr. Peepers*, the comedy series of a few years back. Except for Pat's connection with a school in both that story and this one, any similarity between the two parts is strictly coincidental. Pat has fond memories of working with Wally, of the way everyone on the show enjoyed every minute of it, and of the lift it gave to her acting career. She didn't think of her part as a "comedy role" but rather as a foil for Wally's own gentle kind of humor, and is amazed that there are producers who type her as a comedienne.

As Laura Manning, she is usually on *Today Is Ours* three times a week, giving her four days at home with the family. She can walk the sunny paths in Central Park and play ball with Jerry under the wide shade of old trees, help him guide his toy sailboat from one end of the big boat pond to the other. She can ride the carousel with Nicky, holding him safe as the brightly carved horse jogs up and down. They can go to the zoo, with Daddy in tow to buy balloons which bob along with every vagrant breeze and pinwheels which flash color with every move of a small boy's hand.

Last summer, in his spare time, Peter was building a cottage a few miles north of the city. Pat helped with such small chores as painting the trim—and Jerry left hand prints in the fresh paint and cement. But the place was ship-shape before the summer was over, and is all ready for next year's vacations.

Jerry looks like his father, except that his big round eyes are brown instead of the blue of Peter's eyes. ("That bright blue was the first thing I noticed about my husband when we met," says Pat.) Peter is six-two and slender, and Jerry is built like him, in miniature. They're both a little shy, and quiet. The baby looks only like himself at the moment, a fat, bouncing, good-humored little boy.

Pat is five-feet-six, with straight dark hair and brown eyes which shine with a healthy zest for living. There was a great hullabaloo about whether or not she should have her hair cut short before beginning her role as Laura Manning last June 30. Peter thought the bun she wore—cute and feminine in person—might make her look a mite severe on screen, although the little errant locks that fall across her forehead always seem to belie any such effect. The show producer thought her so perfect for the part that he was fearful of any change in her appearance. Pat, herself, didn't care much either way—except for a woman's natural longing to "do something different" about her hair every so often. But, for a while,



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to cut or not to cut was a very big question.

When Pat and Peter first met—through friends who thought they *should*—Peter had never seen her on television. He had never seen her perform anywhere. “He looked at the next *Peepers* broadcast after he met me,” Pat laughs, “but, if he was terribly impressed, he didn’t tell me. Now he is always interested in everything I do, and much more nervous than I am on opening nights, whether I’m in a play or on TV.”

They were married three months after they met, in 1953, during a week when the show didn’t require her to appear. It was a simple ceremony in the living room of a small white suburban house, with a lovely garden bathed in sunlight.

About a month after *Mr. Peepers* went off the air, Jeremy was born. (“It was good timing,” Pat comments.) When Jerry grew big enough to be left with a competent nurse, Pat went into the Broadway play, “Time Limit,” and, when that run ended, into another Broadway play, “The Middle of the Night,” opposite Edward G. Robinson. (“Once more, my timing was excellent. I was pregnant with Nicky during the run of the Robinson play, which closed at just about the time I started to show it and would have had to leave the cast, anyhow.”)

Pat was born Patricia Benoit, in Fort Worth, Texas, on February 21, 1927, went to Paschal High School there, then to Texas State College for Women in Denton—until she decided that becoming an actress was more important to her than finishing her academic education. For no good reason that she can figure out, ex-

cept that she always studied what was then called “elocution,” was in all the school plays, and had once earned a medal for reciting the Gettysburg Address.

“When I was a small child,” she recalls. “I couldn’t decide whether to be a blues singer or a teacher. I can’t sing, and I don’t think I would make a very good teacher, so it’s probably lucky I outgrew both ambitions!”

In her late teens, she went to New York to study for two years at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. After graduation, she played in summer stock in Maine, went back to New York for additional study, and was “discovered” by a talent agent’s secretary in an off-Broadway production of “The Young and the Fair.”

This led, at twenty-one, to her first Broadway play, “Glad Tidings,” in which she was stage daughter to Signe Hasso and Melvyn Douglas. Early in 1952, she was back on Broadway playing opposite Sidney Blackmer in “The Brass Ring”—in the same theater where she had won rave reviews in that first Broadway play. Gradually, then, she began to get bids from television—daytime programs and many of the big night-time dramatic shows. It was after producer Fred Coe was so impressed by just two appearances she made on the *Mr. Peepers* show that he signed her for the regular role of the school nurse.

Pat’s only sister lives in New York, is a free-lance fashion artist, married, has a small boy. Their parents still live in Fort Worth. Pat is happy when they can see her shows: “They’re such good critics, in a completely unprofessional way. They

have the typical audience reaction I want to get. I’m afraid that my husband is not a very good critic. Not that he lacks critical judgment, but he hesitates to find any fault in me! We both love to go to plays and, of course, we’re TV fans.”

Pat admits she is a good cook—“and I shine as a picker-upper, a necessity in a household with two small boys. Peter is handy around the house, an excellent dish-dryer. To the outside world, my husband may seem a little reserved, but he has a grand sense of humor and is wonderful with the children.

“In the beginning, I had some reservations about combining marriage and a career. I think every professional woman does. A mother wants to be at home to play with the children, to see that they get their meals and naps on time, to soothe their hurts. She doesn’t want to miss one happy moment of their growing up.

“A regular afternoon television show works out well for me in every way. Jerry walks over to the TV set, stands close to the screen, waves and calls, ‘Hi, Mommy.’ I get home in plenty of time to romp with the boys, give them their supper, tuck them in bed, and have my evenings with Peter. Of course, he has to cue me and sit by while I learn lines, but we’re *together*. Television is so much better for me, right now, than a stage play would be.

“As in a stage play, you get to know the people you work with regularly on a TV show. You get to know them all and to like them very much. I must say I lead a satisfying dual life—being Laura Manning on television and Pat Benoit Swift at home.”

Sweet as Sugar Candy

(Continued from page 24)

so much a place as a symbol of quiet good living with a magic all its own. She has no desire to explore life elsewhere, or on her own.

“I was born and raised in Venice,” she says. “I can remember a thousand happy hours spent there. I don’t just mean the ocean—not that it isn’t fun to have the biggest free swimming pool in the world nearby, since I love to swim and sun-bathe. But I’m talking about Venice as a neighborly town, a family town. When I take a walk, almost every street has a meaning for me, every house is a sort of landmark. I can think of some game I played there, some friend I used to visit.

“You know,” she adds, “we’ve never been rich. Up till three years ago, there were nine of us living in a two-bedroom house. We four girls slept in one bedroom, the three boys in the other, and Mommy and Daddy occupied the living room. And I mean every word of it when I say we might have been crowded but we were *glad* to be so close to one another. Now that we live in a six-bedroom house, we have more privacy, but we still hold on to the old companionship and sharing.”

DeDe tends to hoard her little treasure of memories, and even the sad or troubled ones are invested with magic as she recalls them. They were *shared*—that’s what’s important, she insists. One such event was the family vacation of five years ago. There were six young Lennons at the time, and they thought of nothing but Daddy’s upcoming week off from his milk-delivery job. It was agreed that seven glorious days would be spent at the beach, lazing around in the sun. Daddy’s vacation was marked in red on the kitchen calendar and, as Sis crossed off each day, the whole group would gather ’round and cheer.

Then the bad news came. In spite of all their efforts, Bill and Sis Lennon had been unable to raise enough money to pay for gasoline to Idlewild’s beach and the various extras which were an absolute minimum for the holiday. After telling the family, Bill and Sis went to visit friends, hoping to forget their problem for a while.

“We kids had a conference of our own,” DeDe recalls. “We scoured the house, emptying our piggy banks, searching for forgotten coins under chair cushions, empty bottles, used magazines—anything and everything that might be turned into cash. When our hunt was over, we had squeezed fifteen dollars out of nowhere. It wasn’t much, but it did for our needs, and we made the most of it. No millionaire’s kids ever had such a wonderful vacation. Daddy and Mommy and the two youngest kids slept in a tent—and the rest of us in borrowed sleeping bags, right out under the stars. I pray that I’ll have many more such memories.”

A witty priest once told DeDe: “One good love not only deserves another but usually leads to others. The same is true of bad loves.” It is the key perhaps to Dianne’s remarkably mature attitude toward such teen-age concerns as dating, going steady, picking a husband and planning for her future. Her love of familiar places is linked to a preference for familiar faces—her family, her old school chums, people she works with.

Although she has gone to parties and dances with a variety of boys since she was fifteen, her choice in dates has narrowed down of late. It usually falls upon Dick Gass—who, happily enough, is also a favorite with her parents. A graduate of St. Monica’s high school (also DeDe’s alma mater) and presently a GI, twenty-one-year-old Dick seems to share Dianne’s love of simple pleasures and practical

ideals. Both are mature for their ages.

While neither believes in “going steady,” serious understanding is always possible, in the course of time, between two youngsters who have so much in common. They attend the same church, move in the same circles, come from similar backgrounds, are children of large families. “I’ve got him beat though, on that score,” laughs DeDe. “There are nine in my family, and he’s only the eldest of eight.”

DeDe feels she knew Dick long before she met him. Her eight-year-old brother had a crush on Dick’s little sister, Peggy. And she herself was dating Dick’s younger brother, Michael, when she and Dick “discovered” each other. Soon Dick was flying into the Lennon home, making for the kitchen and calling to the black-eyed mother of the brood, “Hi, Sis—how about one of your chocolate cakes?” And Sis would promptly whip up the batter.

“It reached the point,” says DeDe, “when we would kid Mommy about it. Daddy would say, ‘Why don’t you invite Dick over so we can get us a nice homemade chocolate cake?’”

To many in the Hollywood younger set, Dianne’s and Dick’s idea of an enjoyable date might seem tame, even corny. To them, going on the town doesn’t mean the Mocambo or some other Sunset Strip nitery. It might mean an hour at a miniature-golf course, dancing at a church social, or a cowboy film and an after-movie hot dog and Coke at a drive-in. It might also mean baby-sitting with little Michael, son of their good friends Bonnie and Charlie Trowbridge.

Since they are both devotees of classical jazz, especially New Orleans style, DeDe and Dick will make an occasional jaunt to hear Pete Fountain play at his Wednesday-night jam sessions. Their taste in singers is also similar—Perry Como, Patti

Page, Nat "King" Cole, and Rosemary Clooney (who is Dianne's special favorite because "she's not only a good singer but such a devoted mother as well").

"I like to date Dick," explains DeDe, "because he makes the decisions, and they're usually the ones I'd have made. I like a boy to take the initiative and plan the evening. I guess I'm just not the bossy type. If I don't like the way a boy acts on a date, I don't quarrel with him. I just say 'no' the next time he calls."

Before young Gass quit his cable-splicer job with the telephone company and joined the Army, he and Dianne saw a great deal of each other, and his first leave found Dick as much at the Lennon home as in his own. Admittedly, they enjoy each other's company, but both insist there is no definite understanding, and they are quite free to date others. As for love, Dianne will only commit herself to this smiling evasion: "Of course, I love Dick. I love all my friends and he's just about the best friend any girl ever had."

It goes without saying, that among these friends is Lawrence Welk Jr. Young Larry—who is gaining a reputation in show business as talent scout—is another ex-school chum regarded fondly by DeDe as "one of the family." It was Larry who called his dad's attention to the Lennon Sisters after hearing them perform at an Elks Club benefit. (He was also instrumental in getting an audition for clarinetist Pete Fountain.)

DeDe and Larry usually spend their evenings together at jazz concerts—and days have found them, on occasion, at Hollywood Turf Club in Inglewood, just a few short miles from the Lennon home. Too young to place bets, they nevertheless enjoy the clean ocean breezes and the sight of the slender, high-strung animals as they prance proudly by.

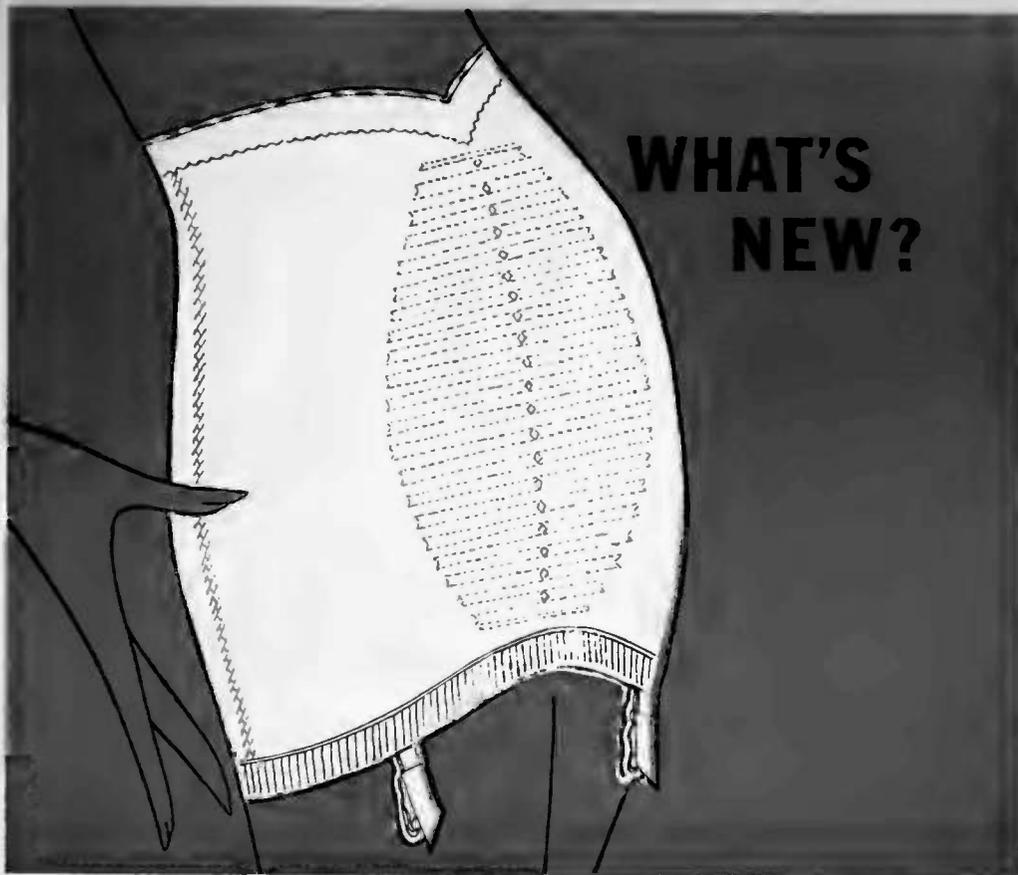
Neither college nor career are key words in DeDe's lexicon of love. She has no compelling urge to set the world on fire as a maker of money, a doer of spectacular deeds, or a singer of incomparable renown. She is far more preoccupied with such concerns as the type of man who would be a dependable husband and father for her children, the kind of house that would bring her future family the greatest contentment, the various skills to be mastered before she can measure up to her mother as a homemaker.

Is she likely to become a bride in the near future? "I don't think so," she says candidly. "As far as I know, I've never been in love and haven't met the man yet. But I guess love just happens—you can't set a deadline on it and say you're going to be married at a certain age. Not if you want to be really sure, that is."

Dianne does feel, however, that being the eldest child has given her definite advantages. "The responsibility has been wonderful for me. Of course, being the eldest has given me some privileges, too. I think, too, that being the eldest has given me the opportunity to learn early the importance of a good family life, and to see that it is something that has to be worked at."

Altogether, Dianne Lennon—in spite of the glamour attached to her as one of "the singing Lennon Sisters"—presents a charming picture of the old-fashioned American girl who finds romance and beauty in familiar things and everyday chores. Perhaps this is exactly what sparks her intense love of life and the real world.

In her own words, "Mommy and Daddy taught us that the more love you get, the more you have to give—and the more you give, the more love you have." Then, with a sudden turn of slang that marks her as one of the moderns, after all: "I'll buy that. I dig that okay."



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Why Berle's Coming Back to TV

(Continued from page 27)

his long-term pact with the NBC net. Further, going back to a weekly stint means a return to the rat-race which wore him down once before. Miltie well remembers the November day in 1954 when he collapsed in Lindy's Restaurant and was carted off suffering from what his doctor described as a combination of fatigue, tension and indigestion.

And it means running the risk of having fickle viewers give him the business again, by the simple mechanism of twisting their dials.

But, whatever else he may be, Miltie is a colossal "ham," and that's the answer. He stripped off the wrapping in a recent interview and talked at length—candidly, seriously—about the stuff that propels him and has made him one of the truly towering personalities in all show business.

"I've been called a lot of things in my forty-five years in show business," he began, "and at least one of them is true: I'm a ham. I like to be on. I like to get in the act. I'm never happier than when I'm making people laugh. And what better way is there to reach people than by television, the biggest medium of all, week after week?"

"When a comedian works, he should work consistently. I haven't completely put aside the idea of doing drama. But, after all, comedy has been my racket since I was five years old—and, unless somebody goofed at the Hall of Records, I celebrated my fiftieth birthday on July 12.

"Overexposure or no overexposure," Berle went on, fingering a long Havana cigar, "I'm convinced that one of the biggest mistakes a TV comedian can make is not to go on week after week. The audience simply is not going to sit around and wait for you to come back while you're playing hard to get.

"The way to handle overexposure, as I see it—and I've had a little experience—is to work a couple of seasons, then take a year off. But, while you're on, be on every week."

Berle insisted that, anemic ratings or no, he didn't go off TV because he had to, after eight consecutive seasons. "I went off on my own accord. I had been on too long. As a matter of fact, I wanted to quit for a year or so, after the third season, but I had a contract to fulfill and the sponsor was happy. Besides, despite what some of the ratings said, there were a few

people around the country who had gotten kind of used to me every week.

"Still, I wanted out. For one thing, there was—let's face it—that matter of overexposure. It affects not only the public, but the performer and his material, as well. For another, I was tired. Between June 8, 1948, my first show on TV, and June 7, 1956, my last in the regular series, I put on 366 one-hour programs. They all had one thing in common: They were tough.

But the rewards were there, too. Aside from the stuff that buys groceries, the title of "Mr. Television" is one Berle wears with great pride. He was the fellow who brought the big-time to TV, the first in the history of show business to play to an audience of 20,000,000 people week after week, thirty-nine weeks a year.

One of his telecasts had the greatest percentage of viewers to watch any show, and almost half of them were children—Uncle Miltie's "nieces and nephews." Just about every award TV had to offer came Berle's way. Add these up, and you realize what riches there are in being a ham.

"Of all of them," said Berle, "the most precious is the audience . . . people of every shade watching you across the length and breadth of this wonderful land . . . bringing excitement and fun and laughter into their lives . . . feeling like a giant miracle man because you can do this for them.

"You'd have to be out of your head to tell yourself, 'I don't need this. I can live without it.' Maybe you can—but who wants to?"

Few entertainers have as keen an insight into audience psychology as Berle. "There's no such thing as one television audience," he said. "It's hundreds, thousands of audiences who are watching you at one time. A joke that's funny in New York could be a bomb someplace else, but knowing that makes a better performer out of you.

"You play enough vaudeville—big towns, small towns—and you discover there's a lot of Americans in America. Vaudeville was a great teacher. Everything I ever learned, playing split weeks and one-night stands, came in handy on TV.

"You learn that you can reach them even though you can't see them. You play in a theater, or a club, you're playing to faces, people. They're smiling or sneering

. . . they're laughing or they're bored. You can tell if they're with you or not.

"The studio audience in TV is helpful, but it's not the same. I tried to move them as close as I could, but there's a wall between you—wires, cables, equipment, technicians. You're performing to those unblinking, cold eyes of the cameras.

"So you begin to think in terms of the people who are there in their homes, and you do get through. You realize that, in every home where they're watching you, every person has a front-row-center seat, right in the parlor. Every performance is a personal appearance in somebody's house. Put them all together, and you find that, on just one television show, you play to more people than all the audiences of your life in vaudeville. How else can you get a bigger kick?"

Since his return to a regular show was announced, Berle frequently has been asked if his style—once compounded of ridiculous costumes and pie-in-the-face, and later soft-pedaled to situation comedy—would be tailored anew. Now, he provided the answer.

"As a comedian, I'm not any different today than I ever was. In my early years in television, they called me an emcee. Then they called me a host and said I was 'interrupting.' On account of my pace, my flippant style and the personality I convey to the viewer, what I did was magnified ten times more than if anyone else did it.

"In the two years that I've been away," Berle said, "I've had time to reflect and think. But *change*? After spending practically all of your life in this hectic business, you just don't get up one morning, make a Boy Scout sign and announce, 'I've changed.' You don't do it gradually, either.

"Remember, too, that I haven't been in retirement. I have many other things to occupy me, and my world didn't collapse when I went off the air. I didn't sit around and pine and eat myself up. I've been busy in night clubs, I do songs and albums, and I've been asked to direct as well as appear in Broadway shows. I have my business interests, and I'm also collaborating with a friend, John Roeburt, on a novel. So television isn't the be-all and end-all for me. But, as I've said, entertaining is my racket, and I'd be crazy to say I want to do without TV."

Of the new series, Berle said: "We've got a tight, crisp show set to go. I say modestly that I think the audiences are going to like it. Hal Kantor heads up my team of comedy writers, and we'll also have Hal Goodman and Larry Kline. Naturally, you can't create as much tumult in a half-hour as we used to in an hour, but we expect everybody—especially the viewers—will have a ball."

Berle doesn't think of his new show in terms of a "comeback," because the word implies he went into limbo completely. It is, nonetheless, a poignant juncture in his career, and he will face it without the person who was his "partner from the beginning, through everything I did"—his mother. The beloved Sandra Berle died four years ago.

But in her place will be the woman who has had, in the four and a half years they've been married, an equally important impact on his life. People close to them say that Ruth Berle has helped make Milton a better man than ever.

"I don't call her Ruth," says Berle. "I call her Root, because she's always in there rooting for me. I've got a heck of a gal who loves me, believes in me and wants to see me well, physically and mentally.

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The Texan Takes It Easy

(Continued from page 34)

"Oh, I see," Rory said seriously, as he lifted her up and put her on his lap. Before he had a chance to find out what she wanted to do, she had done it. With one swoop, she had cleared the table of all loose papers, pushed over the pencil container and spilled paper-clips all over the floor.

"You are a great help, young lady," Rory laughed as he gently put her down on her feet again. "I'll make a deal with you. You let me clean up this mess by myself, and then I'll come out and play with you. All right?"

She nodded her head and toddled off. True to his promise, Rory followed her a few moments later. He played with his daughter for the rest of the afternoon, leaving his work to be done after she had gone to bed.

For an average father, this may not seem unusual. For Rory, it was an entirely different way of life, shown him by none other than Cindy Frances herself.

Rory has always been driven by a restless ambition which dates back to his eighth year—when he learned abruptly what it meant to be destitute. He had gone along to the Santa Cruz pier to watch his stepfather, a jack-of-all-trades by inclination and a deep-sea diver by necessity for the past few weeks, submerge into forty feet of water to drive pilings into the muddy ocean bottom.

Fifteen minutes later, the uneasy silence of the spectators was pierced by the frantic cry of one of the crew. "The air line is broken. Pull 'im up!" While Rory watched, numb with fear, two men feverishly wound up the winches. Unconscious when his diver's mask was pulled off his face, Rory's stepfather was rushed to the emergency hospital, where his life hung in the balance for twenty-four hours.

In spite of lungs filled with water, severe shock and complete exhaustion, he pulled through. But he was unable to go back to work for almost three months—while the family finances dwindled down to nothing, and Rory went to work to help his mother get over the difficult months till her husband was fully recovered. Rory mowed lawns, ran errands, delivered newspapers, did a variety of odd jobs that paid him from twenty-five to fifty cents an hour. At an age when most boys were out playing, Rory had already become aware of what it meant to live a hand-to-mouth existence.

Rory grew into a curious mixture of a man who could be charming, soft-hearted, extremely affable, on the one hand—and almost unbelievably eager and determined, on the other. In particular, his adolescent years and early manhood were characterized by his constant willingness to take chances if it promised monetary rewards.

Quitting high school after his junior year, Rory would tackle any job that promised good pay. He worked as cow-puncher, hardrock miner, crane operator, forest-fire fighter and lumberjack—everything except for deep-sea diving and test piloting, the only occupations no insurance company will underwrite. Rory's experiences show why. . . .

To transport the wet lumber from the log pond by the mill to the top of the mountain for stacking and drying, a tramway had been constructed atop a man-made trestle. Like most of his fellow workers, Rory would ride up on the logs whenever he was heading for the storage place.

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One afternoon, he'd just reached the halfway point when the steel cable snapped. The heavy log on which he was balancing tore backwards, racing straight for the mill. The foreman blew the run-away whistle as men scattered away from the tramway.

Frozen with fear, Rory hung onto the log as it shot downward. It would have meant certain death for him—if he hadn't been thrown clear when the log hit a curve a couple of seconds before it smashed through the mill, shattering everything in its wake. Rory ended up in the pond, battered and bruised, but alive.

The day he was released from the hospital, he went back to work.

Rory got his start in show business after he happened to meet Sue Ladd, Alan's wife, who at the time headed her own actors' agency. Sue got him a six-month contract at 20th Century-Fox which resulted in a few bit parts before his option was dropped. David O. Selznick promptly put him under a contract, and gave him the big build-up. Rory might have been with Mr. Selznick a lot longer if he hadn't shown his independence. . . .

One morning Rory received instructions to meet "DOS" at eleven-thirty, in his office. Rory was there on time. But Mr. Selznick was in a meeting and Rory had to wait. After half an hour, he became restless. After one hour, his impatience showed. After an hour and a half, he threatened to leave—and, after two hours, he left, muttering, "I don't give a hang if I never do another picture!"

He didn't, for Mr. Selznick. But then 20th Century-Fox took him back and, before he was at the studio a year, his fan mail had increased to second on the lot. But he didn't like being tied down and eventually asked for and got his release—to start his own, independent company with his agent, Vic Orsatti. They called it "Rorvic".

But doing well professionally wasn't enough for Rory. He kept worrying how

long his career would last, how long movies would do well, what might happen to television today, tomorrow, in ten years. And so he got involved in so many other enterprises, from carpet cleaning to ranching, that he had less and less time for his wife Lita, whom he married ten years ago. . . .

Rory first saw Lita Baron on a hot summer evening eleven years ago, in Santa Cruz, when she was a featured singer with Xavier Cugat and his band. Another year went by before he had a chance to make her acquaintance. By then, he had moved to Hollywood, with a freshly signed studio contract in his pocket. When he found out that Lita was leading her own band at the Mocambo, he bribed the headwaiter into giving him the best table in the club—and flirted with Lita from the moment he sat down. This got him nowhere. Turned down but not discouraged, Rory was back as soon as he could borrow enough money from a couple of pals to order a magnum of champagne. Again he plunked himself down in the best "Diamond Jim" Brady fashion and ordered the headwaiter to bring Lita over.

Ordinarily, she would again have turned him down flat, but curiosity got the better of her, and so she joined him. They were married three months later, on August 29, 1948, at Santa Barbara's Episcopal Church.

Lita wanted Rory to be successful because he wanted it that way, and she did her share, and more, to help him. A few years ago, for instance, Rory was convinced that, if he turned his Ojai property into a guest ranch, they'd "have it made." Since there weren't sufficient accommodations at the ranch for a lot of guests, and they had to charge less than other establishments till they were better known, Rory and Lita did their own work—with all the cooking and cleaning falling on her shoulders. She did it without hesitation.

Lita never complained when Rory

worked late, tossed and turned in his sleep at night as he worried about a new project, or at times cut down her household expenses to the bare minimum if the money was needed more desperately in a new venture.

At least, not till after Cindy was born. . . .

One evening, when Cindy was a year old, Lita changed Rory's habits with one remark: "Cindy took her first step today. I'm sorry you couldn't have been here to see it."

Rory looked up from his dinner. "Why didn't you call me at the studio and try to get in touch with me?"

"Would you have dropped everything and come home?"

He hesitated. "I suppose not."

"Why not?"

Rory had a lot of good reasons, but suddenly they no longer seemed valid. He began to realize that there were things more important than the financial kind of security for which he had been striving all these years.

The more he thought about it, the more he realized what he had missed, what he was missing, what he might miss in the future. And, one morning he told his wife he was going to get rid of every one of his enterprises except Rorvic.

Whereas, a year ago, Rory had little time for anything but business, he now finds time to mend broken toys, to take his family for rides, to have vacations. . . .

Once, just once, did he nearly slip back into his old habits. When Lita told him they were expecting a second child in December, Rory once again started to worry about trust funds and college educations and clothes and not being able to provide for them as he wanted to do.

Lita smiled. "Have you done so badly these last six months?" And Rory couldn't help admitting he'd done better than ever, in spite of—or maybe because—he had finally learned to take it easy. Thanks to a little imp named Cindy Frances.

Ralph Edwards' Reunions

(Continued from page 49)

did she learn what she had never been able to believe from the written reports: What it was like to live in the shadow of the Russian Bear. Her husband became an officer in the Communist police force, and in all respects lived up to Communist doctrine. Elvira grew daily more frightened. A Christian, she recognized Communism for what it was: A religion of godlessness.

She was determined that her young daughter should not be taken into a state school, should not grow up to be exploited as a Soviet woman. She planned carefully. At last, she was able to escape to West Germany with Hannelora.

She divorced her husband. Eventually she met, fell in love with and married Sergeant Stuart Mount, of the U. S. Army Air Force. "I began to like you," she told her new husband, "when I saw how much Hannelora was drawn to you. You are like natural father and daughter."

But when Sergeant Mount, upon being rotated, made arrangements to return to the United States, he learned that he could not take Hannelora along until he had formally adopted her. That would take time. Meanwhile, orders were orders. The Mounts returned to California, leaving Hannelora with her grandparents.

The next word Elvira and Stuart received was that Hannelora's natural father had kidnapped her and taken her to East Germany. Seven thousand physical miles—and twice that many miles of red tape—separated Elvira and her daughter.

At that point, the case was brought to the attention of the Ralph Edwards organization. Why the Ralph Edwards organization? The statistics tell the story: During the past two years, 657 reunions have been arranged by the four Ralph Edwards shows: *This Is Your Life*, emceed by Ralph himself, the daytime *Truth Or Consequences* (emceed by Bob Barker), the evening *Truth Or Consequences* (Steve Dunne) and *It Could Be You* (Bill Leyden).

In that two-year period, 10,504 long-distance telephone calls have been placed, 104 of them overseas. A staff of twelve members, six of whom are researchers, is maintained and, in addition, there are secret part-time operatives based in all the world's population centers.

Between five and six thousand letters are received each week. Each letter is read and acknowledged in some way. After the reading process, each letter is categorized: "Compliments," "Suggestions," "Fan Requests," "Criticism" and "Reunions."

Some of the reunions have been staged swiftly, without hitch. Some have required a month of careful investigation and preparation. Some have taken six months to a year. All of the negotiations, for many reasons, must be kept top secret.

If all the planning, the hope, the headaches and the secrets combine effectively, there comes a magical moment on one of the shows such as that set up when Sergeant Mount persuaded Elvira to visit *It Could Be You*. He told her that he had

been given two tickets by the Air Force Public Relations office, so why not attend? They had always enjoyed it on TV.

That day, as usual, Bill Leyden picked out several women in the audience and talked about their lives. Then he spotted Elvira Mount. Calling her by name and asking her to accompany him to the stage, he told the audience of her heartbreaking separation from her daughter and her long crusade to reclaim her child. "Would you like to talk with Hannelora on the telephone?" he asked Elvira.

She was stunned. It couldn't be true. To speak to her little girl . . . to hear the sound of her voice over the endless miles. . . . She clutched the telephone and tried to find her voice. "Hannelora?" she whispered. And then, in German, she poured out a flood of loving words.

"Mama . . . Mama . . ." the answering voice faded out.

"It's a poor connection," Bill Leyden cut in swiftly, "but perhaps we don't need the telephone." A backstage curtain shot up. There stood a shy but smiling eight-year-old girl, slowly turning the wishing ring on her finger.

"Hannelora!" screamed Elvira Mount, rushing forward in a surge of bliss and tears. After nineteen months of Edwards' staff work and worry, hope and frustration, mother and daughter were locked in one another's arms.

Another highly dramatic reunion was that between a grown daughter and her parents. Like many a girl before her, she

had left home to find adventure. Through a series of innocent mistakes, she found herself involved in murder. She was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a long prison term. At last her plight was brought before the Court of Last Resort. She was cleared of complicity and given her freedom, after having served seven years in prison. On *This Is Your Life*, she was reunited with the parents who had heard nothing from their daughter during all those years, because she had vowed never to bring disgrace upon them. They had thought her dead.

Another poignant story was that of Stanka Senic. Her mother died in childbirth, and her father was conscripted into the Yugoslavian army when Stanka was two. Stanka was given into the care of an aunt who lived in Senta, Yugoslavia. For a few months, Stanka received regular letters from her daddy; sometimes there were packages. Then the letters were more widely spaced, as the fighting increased. Then silence. Stanka was too young to understand war, but she understood death. It was everywhere.

One midnight, Stanka's aunt bundled her up and placed her in a cart with what household possessions could be collected quickly, and set out for Montenegro, where Stanka had an uncle. In the uncle's house, there were other refugees who had brought with them the refugees' normal burden of confusion, desperation, illness and sorrow. A family conference decided that Stanka's aunt and her husband must flee further from the Communists, and speed was so vital that they dared not burden themselves with a child. Stanka was left with her uncle.

The Communists came. There was firing in the streets. Men were pulled from their shops and from their fields and shot. Among them was Stanka's uncle. Friends of the martyred man spirited Stanka from the house under cover of darkness and cared for her until she could be returned—human contraband—to another aunt.

Because inexplicable change had been a part of Stanka's experience since babyhood, she was not too overwhelmed one day to find herself talking—via transoceanic telephone, through an interpreter—to a stranger in Hollywood who said her father was living and he wanted her to come to the States. She was still in a sleep-walker's daze when she boarded an SAS airliner bound for California.

To go back through the years, Stanka's father had been wounded in action and had been picked up by the German Red Cross. At war's end, Milan Senic, believing—from reports of scattered relatives—that his daughter was dead, had made arrangements to move to the U.S. He was working in Long Beach, California, when he received a letter reporting that his daughter, then seventeen, was alive, well, and living with an aunt in Senta.

Frantically, he started proceedings to bring his daughter to this country. Weeks went by, months, a year, two years. Communications were censored, bureaucracy stymied every move. The U.S. State Department got in touch with the Ralph Edwards organization. In essence, its message was: *Here's one for you. Private enterprise is needed to solve a problem beyond the realm of diplomacy.*

That is how it happened that Milan Senic, called to the stage of *It Could Be You*, came face to face with the beautiful child he had not seen for sixteen years. He could say only, "My daughter—so tall—my tall daughter," and hold her to his heart.

Sometimes the Edwards staff finds a story within a story. One day they received a poignant letter from the wife of a man who had, somewhere in the world, three brothers. Possibly a mother. The mother



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had been widowed when the four boys were very small; ill at the time of her bereavement, she had been unable to hold her family together. Three of the boys had been adopted and one had grown up in an orphanage.

Could Ralph Edwards, the letter asked, locate the three sons whose whereabouts were unknown and bring them together for a reunion with their mother and the brother whose wife was the writer? Investigation quickly turned up the missing mother and three brothers, and indicated that a further reunion was possible. One of the brothers, Roy Keyser, had joined the Army at an early age, had been stationed in the Philippines and had married a Filipina. Six children had been born.

After the war, when the Communist Huks became a scourge, Roy Keyser decided to move his family to the U.S. Wisely, he decided to make sure of work and housing before bringing his wife and six youngsters to a new life. He had been gone only a few days when his wife was killed in a Huk raid. He was frantically trying to make arrangements to rescue his six children when the Edwards organization stepped into the picture. The reunion expanded to a gathering of the clan: Mrs. Keyser was reunited with her four sons; her son was reunited with his four sons and two daughters.

Has the Edwards staff become blasé? Do moments of dramatic intensity leave them unmoved? The answer is no. Everyone, bursts into tears at the moment of reunion.

Of course, there is as much laughter as tears backstage. One mother, reunited with her long-lost son, shook hands vigorously and wanted to know if he would get Ralph Edwards' autograph for her. Another woman, arriving by air for a surprise appearance, had no luggage except a capacious handbag. However, once safe in her

hotel room, she began to peel. She was wearing her entire wardrobe—two coats, four dresses, and ample underpinnings. Arrival pictures interpreted her as an ample matron weighing at least two hundred pounds.

Secrecy, of course, is the great rule, the great bugaboo, the source of both delight and consternation. Even Ralph Edwards himself sometimes falls victim to his own law of silence. For instance—because Steve Dunne always said "Goodnight Dad," at the close of his *Truth Or Consequences* show—staffers decided to fly Mr. William Dunne of Northampton, Massachusetts, to Hollywood some night, so that he could answer Steve's salutation.

Old-master-of-surprises Ralph was not in on this particular secret. He happened to overhear a page tell a production staffer, "Steve's father is here." A few moments later, just being friendly, he asked Steve, "Is your father visiting out here?" Fortunately, Steve was so busy with last-minute preparations that he just thought he was being ribbed.

Zip went the program. The production staff drew up their fingers across their throats ten seconds early to indicate time was up. "We're a little late tonight," said Steve, "so goodnight, folks. Goodnight Dad."

"Goodnight, son," responded a familiar voice from the rear. Steve almost fainted when he spotted his father.

Incidentally, the only reunion-ist who has fainted on any of the shows was not one of those surprised, but a surpriser. She had instigated the reunion and had been in constant touch with the Edwards staff throughout the arrangements. Yet she swooned at the denouement.

Afterward, she said, "It was the impact of the moment that did it. These reunions are to adults what a filled stocking is to a child: Proof that there is a Santa Claus."

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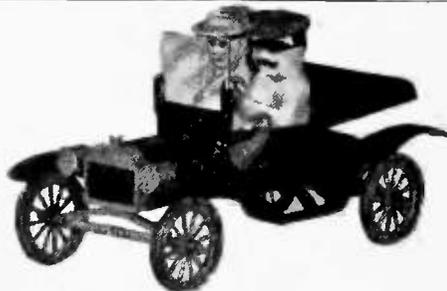
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It's All in Fun

(Continued from page 29)

stage—radio, television, a motion picture and innumerable night clubs. Their play completes the cycle.

Now, this October, they are adding a daytime telecast over ABC-TV, *The Peter Lind Hayes Show*. When you ask Mary how she can manage six evening performances and two matinees a week, plus two Monday-through-Friday air shows—along with running a house and spending a lot of time with the family—she says: "It isn't easy, but it's fun. I suppose the real answer is that I am blessed with good health and good help. Dorothy Gadson runs the house and the children and us, and does a great job."

"Sometimes I wonder if Mary has bitten off more scenery than she can chew," her husband has been heard to comment. "But, so far, she's been doing a job of everything."

Mary explains it this way: "I have never been terribly ambitious, but I enjoy everything I do. Keeping house for Peter and the children, working with Peter, sharing all the hundred and one things that have to be done every week. For a lazy Southern girl, it's a busy life."

A close family friend said recently, "Mary always has time to do everything for the kids that other mothers do and everything for Peter that other wives do. She never seems to be overtired or overworked or irritable. We all wonder how she does it. Maybe it's because theirs is a household in which humor has the upper hand and in which man and wife are partners."

"When it comes to any business arrangements, that's usually Peter's department. When it comes to writing checks and handling correspondence, Mary takes over. She was a secretary before she went into show business," the friend noted.

She learned to write Gregg in New Orleans, her home city, and was a secretary for Fox Film Exchange when a talent scout saw her and noted that this five-foot-four blonde with the big brown eyes and the stunning figure was much too beautiful not to be in movies herself.

The children and Mary were born under the sign of Aries, her birthday being April 14, Mike's April 9, Cathy's March 26. "Peter is the different one," Mary said. "He was born June 25, which puts him under the sign of Cancer. People born under that sign are often called 'moon children.' I think 'moon child' is the perfect description for Peter. He never wants to settle down and get to bed."

Being born under such a sign of the zodiac may explain some of Peter Lind Hayes' lovely lunacy. In a profession where a certain amount of zany-ness pays off, Peter has evolved his own brilliant brand. He writes enormous amounts of satirical and topical material for their night-club acts. He has the lyrics of several popular songs to his credit, among them "Soldiers With Wings," and—one special favorite of Mary's—a lovely ballad called "Lilac Chiffon."

His current Broadway role in "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?" casts him as chemistry prof David Williams, who lies to his wife, Ann, played by Mary. It, too, is a rather zany kind of thing and right up Peter's alley. The lie—a small white one concerning another woman—soon develops into an international crisis. The children saw the play before it opened on Broadway.

Mike is interested in electronics. "Other small children banged their toys apart," Peter observes, "but Mike dissected them carefully and deliberately, then just as

carefully tried to put them together again. What's more, he generally succeeded."

Mary looks meaningfully at her husband. "Yes, and Mike can still put things together better than anyone else in the house."

"Mike wants to go to the moon," his father continues, unperturbed. "That trip doesn't scare him at all—but he doesn't like to go out on our boat."

"Oh, yes, he does," Mike's mother hastens to correct. "He likes it now—he just had to get used to it. Cathy," Mary adds, "wants to be a ballerina and a mama."

"She doesn't know they don't always go hand in hand, and we haven't told her," Cathy's father remarks. "It's up to the children if they want to get into show business, but Mike will go through college before he makes final plans."

"The children put on their own plays," he explains. "Fabulous shows. Mike is writer and producer, as well as actor. Cathy is all actress. Mike tries desperately to dance. Cathy knows a beat when she hears it, but Mike is always out of sync. If you ain't got it, you just ain't got it," Peter laughs.

"He'll get it," Mary assures him. "He's the production genius of the Mike-Cathy partnership right now."

While Mary became an actress almost by chance, Peter was born to show business. He was on a stage even before he was Mike's age, a handsome youngster with bright blue eyes and light brown hair. He was born Joseph Conrad Lind, and his mother was a vaudeville and night-club headliner known professionally as Grace Hayes. When Paramount Pictures signed him to a contract, the studio christened him "Lind Hayes." Then they found there was a "Linda Hayes" at another studio, so they rechristened him "Peter Lind."

At sixteen, when he joined his mother's vaudeville act (which he helped to write), and she introduced him from the stage of the Palace Theater in New York as her son, Peter Lind, the whole thing became just too confusing. In desperation, they decided on "Peter Lind Hayes."

Mary, whose Hollywood career started when the talent scout sent her photograph to 20th Century-Fox, had been singing in a hotel night club at the same time she was pounding a typewriter during the day. Put under contract to the film company, after a screen test, she appeared in a number of films. So did Peter—but not with Mary.

The two first met when newspaper and radio columnist Jimmy Fidler took a group of young stars on a theater tour. "We were thrown together for eight weeks," says Peter, "and it happened." They eloped to Yuma, Arizona, on December 19, 1940, six days before they had planned a more formal wedding for Christmas Day.

"Practical-minded people that we are," Mary says, "we took the wedding invitations along with us on our honeymoon. We got a little hand-stamping machine, marked the word void across each invitation, wrote Merry Christmas on them and mailed them out as our first married Christmas card."

In the summer of 1942, Peter enlisted in the Army Air Force and was soon assigned to Special Services in the South Pacific, eventually appearing in the Air Force movie "Winged Victory." While he was away, Mary did a number of Broadway plays, including the Orson Welles musical production of "Around the World in 80 Days." After Peter was discharged from the Army, on Christmas Day, 1945, he went back to work in the top night clubs,

did guest shots on TV and radio, and made another Hollywood movie.

All the time Peter was away, they had both decided that long separations were not for them, so they began to work together as much as possible. In 1949, after successfully co-emceeing *The Stork Club* on television, they had a run in their own TV show, *Star Of The Family*. Peter wrote material for their joint night-club appearances.

The Hayes-Healy daily radio show includes everything from fast-moving skits to pop-tune duets. Both do devastating impressions of other stars. In the middle of a commercial, Mary may lapse into her best Bette Davis accent and manner, or Peter may do a line or two from his famous punchdrunk fighter bit. Peter invariably breaks Mary up at some point in every show and she giggles helplessly.

They loved substituting for Godfrey and neither can say enough nice things about him. "In four years of subbing for Arthur," Peter notes, "I had only three meetings with him, because he was always away when I came on. But he made everything easy."

"I loved the show," Mary adds. "Of course, there was no pressure on me. It was Peter who had to keep the ball bouncing. I just came out and sang a song and butted into the commercials here and there—I'm a housewife, and when I like a product I can't help saying so."

Larry Dean Sings Out

(Continued from page 21)

is that, when they write back, they don't seem to be upset." Nor is Larry's wife upset. Alice Dean is a head-turning, five-seven blonde with blue-green eyes. "She's not the jealous type," says Larry. "And, when it comes to show business, she's my best critic. Al watches the show and, if she thinks I'm not making a big play for Dianne, she gets after me!"

When Larry joined the Welk aggregation two years ago, he was just two months short of being twenty. Dianne was sixteen. "I lived in Santa Monica then, the Lennon family were living in nearby Venice," Larry recalls, "and I'd often pick up the girls and drive them into rehearsal. Well, they're such sweet kids you can't say anything too nice about them. But I had a wife and baby. To me, the Lennon Sisters were like daughters, if you'll pardon the expression. So, when Lawrence hit on the idea of Dianne and me singing duets and asked for a display of romance, it was kind of tough. Both Lawrence and the producer, Ed Sobol, had to get after us because we were cold on the camera. Considering the kind of fan letters Dianne and I get now, I think we must be doing a better job of displaying affection!"

The Lennon Sisters can't hitch a ride with Larry now, since he and Alice moved into a new house at Canoga Park. Their home is Early American style, and partly furnished with the contemporary furniture they brought from their apartment. "We're going to take our time furnishing," Larry says. "The next big item I'd like to buy is a piano. I'd like the children to take lessons when they get a little older. Music lessons never hurt anyone. I might even take some myself."

Larry has two children: David, two-and-a-half, and Mark, born last October. Alice is twenty-one. Larry himself observed his twenty-second birthday on June fourth.

"The year Alice and I met and married, I thought at first she was about twenty-

When they did the Godfrey show, last summer, they commuted on their boat, the *Queen Mary II*, which they keep tied up in Long Island Sound, three minutes' ride from their house. It's a thirty-foot cabin cruiser that sleeps four people.

In summer, when they're not working on the boat, you can find them on the golf course. Their house is situated practically at the third hole. Peter is a topnotch golfer. Mary breaks around 100.

In spite of the fact that the Hayes-Healy work-and-play partnership seems fantastically harmonious, their studio mail sometimes includes indignant letters. "Why do you mistreat Mary?" a viewer will query. "Why don't you stand up to Peter?" another will write.

"How can I explain to these people," Peter asked, "that the shows we do would be dull indeed if there weren't some of this give-and-take? It's all in fun. Anyhow, I've always thought that, when people are too loving in public, they probably fight in private."

"It's just that Peter can't stand letting things get dull," says Mary. "He always breaks the monotony by throwing in ad libs or doing something a little bit different. Before things get stale, he invents a few extra laughs."

Those extra laughs are probably one of the big reasons for the Hayes-Healy success. And laughter goes hand-in-hand with love.

two. She's the mature, serious kind. Exactly like me," Larry grins. "I don't say that's the best way to be, necessarily, but that's the way we are. Sometimes, when I look at teenagers today, I wonder if we haven't missed a lot of fun."

Larry, a Yankee, was born Larry Dean Bauer in Iowa. Alice Fant, a Rebel, was born in Kentucky and moved to New Orleans when she was fourteen. "Alice is bright and a very good talker," Larry says, "but sometimes she yaks in a lickety-split tempo. With her Southern accent, I have to listen close. I've pretty much learned her language, although it's hard to resist teasing her once in a while."

Most of their fun is in planning and setting up the new house. "I don't do any housework or cooking," Larry says, "but I can take over the kids. I get a superior rating for the diapers I put on. They never fall off." Larry, who learned carpentry from his father and can do anything around the house, from installing plumbing to building in a wall-oven, smiles as he says, "Alice can't even drive a nail straight. But she's a wonderful mother and a great cook. We have a lot in common, including our love for music. Frankly, we're happy to be together. You see, the first eighteen months of our marriage I was on the road with Jan Garber. Well, one of the things I'm most grateful to Lawrence Welk for was that he made it possible for me to get off the road."

Larry Dean's story is full of surprises, but not all a matter of luck. Behind the surface good-humor is a young man of unusual character. He has been making tough decisions for himself since he was sixteen—when he decided he would leave home to become a vocalist.

"Neither of my parents supported my ambition," he explains. "It's easy to understand why. We lived in Bridgewater, Iowa. It was a very small town with a population under three hundred. I wouldn't trade my childhood there for anything, but it had one big disadvantage for me. There was no one teaching music. You couldn't

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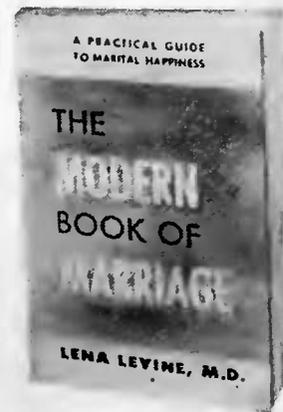
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learn any instrument unless you commuted twenty-six miles—and no one ever did. Although I entered singing contests and had some luck, including a state prize, I couldn't read music. It didn't make sense to my parents that I should go into a profession I knew nothing about.

"Dad is a carpenter and so were his father and grandfather. He wanted me to follow in their footsteps. I was making eighty dollars a week as a carpenter's helper when I was offered forty to go on the road and sing with Ray Palmer's band. You can see why Dad was opposed to a singing career. Besides this, I was an only child, and Mother wasn't joyful about my leaving home at the age of sixteen. But I made my decision and stuck with it."

After the tour, Larry felt he ought to learn something more about music. He went to Minneapolis, where he roomed with an aunt. To meet his tuition at a music school, he clerked in a store, worked in a foundry and taught ballroom dancing. Weekends, he jobbed with local bands. After eight months, he found he was putting so much time in the business of making a living that he had very little time for music. Exhausted, he went home.

But Larry Dean could no more stay at home and carpenter than Como could stay in his barber shop and snip hair. Larry again overruled his parents and went back to Minneapolis for another try. This time, he immediately got a singing job with a band led by Jules Herman, who had formerly played lead trumpet with Lawrence Welk. "Herman's orchestra played the prom circuit and such places as the Surf Room and Chicago's Aragon Ballroom. I sang with him four months.

"Then I was offered a contract to stay on at the Aragon at seventy-five a week. I was seventeen and I said, 'Not enough money.' They said, 'If you don't sign, you're fired.' So I said, 'Well, I'm fired.' I went out and auditioned for Jimmy Palmer and got ninety a week. There was more to it than that—because, if I hadn't signed with Jimmy, I wouldn't have met my wife."

Jimmy Palmer's orchestra headed for New Orleans, where Larry was introduced to Alice. "The moment I saw those big blue eyes and her stunning figure, I liked. That was at the Blue Room at the Roosevelt Hotel, where we were working. Alice had come in during the late afternoon with some friends, including her mother, for a fancy sundae. I was invited over to their table."

In less than six months, they married. Alice was seventeen; Larry, eighteen. "I've been asked if we weren't too young to marry," he says. "A good question. Well, I felt this way: I'd been making my own way since I left home. I was completely independent and—by this time—I was working for Jan Garber and making good money. I'd been working with adults and singing for adults.

"The tough part of it," he says, "was being on the road. Alice was soon pregnant and had to stay in New Orleans at her mother's apartment. That was far from an ideal situation for a newly-married couple. When the baby was born, I was in Kentucky with Garber's band. Jan gave me permission to leave right away for New Orleans and I was with Alice the following morning. But then it was back to one-nighters again. After a while, I decided to get in touch with Lawrence Welk again."

As Larry explains, "When I was seventeen, Jules Herman had recommended me to Lawrence. He wrote back that I was too young to sing at the Aragon Ballroom out on the Coast. Now I reminded him of that earlier correspondence. He answered that he had heard my recordings with

Garber and was still interested in me and would like to have me audition. Well, I explained that, as head of a family, I couldn't give up my job with Garber to gamble on an audition. Lawrence was very understanding. He told me that I had a job with him and to come on out."

The Deans moved into an apartment where they lived for nearly two years. It was just this past spring that they bought the new house—a great personal triumph.

Larry adds: "That's one of the great things about the Welk organization. It's like a second family. We all stick together. I wouldn't think twice about calling up one of them to come over and help me move some furniture, for instance. And they've been so helpful musically. As I said, I didn't have much musical education, so I don't read music so well."

Usually, Larry is off work Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday. On those days, he is at home in swimming trunks, working about the back yard or doing some carpentry. Often he relieves Alice with the kids. "I enjoy them. David doesn't know many words but he's beginning to sing."

Larry acknowledges that he and Alice have been lucky to achieve so much at their ages. But, aside from hard work, they have had moments of trial. "David was born with a heart condition," he recalls. "It doesn't affect his activities right now, but we have to be watchful. Alice was very ill during her second pregnancy, and the second baby came a month early. I had to work that day—actually, we were doing a television show when Mark was born. The nurse had promised she would phone the moment something happened.

"Well, just before I was to go on and sing, the stage manager signalled me to call the hospital right away. I couldn't. I had to go on camera, and I guess that was about the toughest number I ever had to do, because I had no way of knowing the number, I rushed to the phone. I had sung 'Bernardine,' and I remember someone called out, 'If it's a boy, call him Bernard Dean.'"

It was a boy, and the nurse reported both mother and baby were fine. It wasn't until the following day that a complication set in with the baby's breathing. "He was on the critical list for about six days," Larry says, "and stayed in the hospital for a total of twenty-six. But Mark's just fine now, and so is Alice."

Larry is very proud of his wife. "She has her hands full at home, but she's usually up and waiting for me when I get back from the ballroom—and that's about two in the morning. She makes a snack for me and we sit around and talk or watch television. The rough part for her is that she likes to get out. She likes to dance. She likes people. Well, I have people and dancing at work—but we do get out to musicals and the good movies."

The way Larry's career is building, he may have even less time at home with the family. This past spring, he made his first recording as a single, with "Ponytail" for Brunswick Records. The platter did very well, which means more records and record promotion. Plus that, he has been paged for his first leading role in a movie musical.

Although Larry's career is rocketing, he is far from being satisfied with himself. "I know I've gone a long way for my age. But I know, too, I should be able to do more than I can now. I'm planning on taking tap and dramatic lessons. And I want to learn more about music. In a sense, you might say I'm an anxious guy. It seems to me that I have to keep proving myself." Then he grins and adds, "I'm the serious type—but not seriously unhappy. If it makes sense, you might say I'm happily serious."

The Wonderful World of Walter O'Keefe

(Continued from page 57)

promises for the future. For many reasons, Walter enjoys doing *Nightline* even more than the prize-winning quiz, *Double Or Nothing*, which starred Walter as emcee and quizmaster for six years. Of course, a prime reason for liking his new stint is the same reason why he had fun with the quizzier: It gives him an opportunity to express humor—a compulsive desire in him ever since he remembers.

"I became an entertainer at five," he says. Then, with a fast wink and quick smile, "Not actually—but, in my mind and heart, I did. I was five when I first heard my father telling jokes and singing. He was in advertising, but also was the best amateur entertainer at the parish socials in Hartford, Connecticut. I thought he was great. I pictured myself doing the same thing."

Walter's parents, who came to Connecticut from Ireland, started Walter on singing lessons—but strictly forbade him to tell jokes. However, Walter's desire had a way of spurting into action intermittently. "Not when my folks were around," Walter is quick to add, shaking his head and smiling as he recalls incidents in his childhood. "Like the time I was visiting relatives in Worcester. I entered an amateur contest at the local theater. I intended only to sing 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary.' I finished the song and, without a thought, began telling the jokes I had heard from my father. I won first prize and a write-up in the local paper. Soon afterwards, I was sailing to England with my uncle, who was a priest at Hampton Court. They were having a concert on the ship and my uncle asked me to sing. This time, I forgot the words of the song and just went into the jokes routine. I was only twelve, mind you."

In college, this flair for inciting laughter helped him to pay his way through Notre Dame. The late famous football coach Knute Rockne, in whose home Walter lived during his freshman year, was very much in demand as a public speaker at banquets. Rock frequently asked the committee to have Walter along, too, for entertainment before the speechmaking. Word spread that Walter was a good entertainer, and his "bookings" at all types of events increased.

After college, Walter went into newspaper and outdoor advertising work. "I didn't permit myself to think of show business as a full-time career," he explains. "The thought of my becoming a 'strolling player' horrified my mother. The average person had that kind of attitude toward show people in those days. Then, too, I was the oldest of four children. I felt it was my responsibility to get into something stable and secure."

But, two years after college, a shattering experience put a stop to the road of life Walter had taken. Polio struck him. He was an invalid for ten months. It was then he decided that, if he could ever walk again, he would give full vent to his desire to perform. And, soon after he was back on his feet, he experienced the thrill of seeing the billing: "Walter O'Keefe, Songs, Jokes and Nifty Sayings."

However, important as imparting laughter to others is to Walter, the comedian is not the only facet of the versatile veteran performer. Underlying the comic is a deeply religious person. It isn't something he can talk about easily, but it is well expressed in a poem he wrote, not long ago, which begins, "The Lord is showing me how to live, *Just one day at a time.*" It concludes with the plea:

"May every day be a work of art, In which I may play a humble part, I pray for an understanding heart . . ."

Upon reading the poem, a newspaper friend of Walter's insisted on putting it in the column she writes for one of the wire services. Since then it has been reprinted in numerous publications. Walter's own comment is: "It may not prove me to be a poet, but it does say what I want of life—an 'understanding heart.' All of us, the whole world needs more religion. The world would be in better shape. I don't think religion would solve all the world problems, but it would help a lot."

In this pursuit of an "understanding heart," Walter feels he's aided by all the listeners of *Nightline* who write to him. They write about everything—their problems, their hopes, their aims. A letter which impressed him more than usual was a recent one from the wife of a man who had just finished writing a book about his experiences as a Russian prisoner in Siberia. She wanted Walter's advice on getting the book published. He kept thinking about the letter throughout the broadcast. Afterward, he decided he just couldn't wait to write. He telephoned the woman in Chicago.

"I learned that she and her husband came to this country from Poland, after he was released by the Reds," Walter recalls. "He worked as an accountant and spent nights and weekends writing this book. It made me feel very humble, picturing this man. He had gone through so much. Now, he could be spending his free time enjoying life, forgetting the terrible experiences he had suffered. Instead, here he was giving every available moment he could to putting it on paper so the world could know. I couldn't get over it. Naturally, I'll do my best to get it in the hands of publishers."

Walter explains that listeners express their friendship in many other ways. They send him letters of praise, thanks and comfort, when the occasions arise. "Their loyalty is very touching," he says. "I was amazed at the letters I received from them when I underwent surgery last year. They're very thoughtful . . . tender."

Walter also feels that the show itself—with its interest in exploring such important problems of the world as atomic energy, sputniks, education and Communist infiltration of nations, as well as providing entertainment—has helped widen his own perspective of life. Again, in talking about this, Walter becomes very serious. His bright brown eyes widen, he emphasizes the words, his usual fast-talking tempo becomes firmer. "I don't pretend to be an authority on any of these subjects, but I'm learning. I'm taking an interest in all these important problems and read a great deal about them. We've all got to. If we don't . . . well, we've seen how we were outdone in sputniks. That's only an inkling of the disaster we'll face."

This interest in world affairs has aroused in Walter a stronger urge to travel. His enthusiasm over his recent six-week trip throughout Europe is topped by his plan for next year: "The next one is going to be around the world. And in a jet plane, I hope. I don't think there's any part of the world I don't want to see. I've been thinking of Homer's 'Iliad' lately. Remember? 'Wise in the way of cities and men.' That's the way I feel. What are cities but men? The more—and different—kinds of them you understand, the better you understand yourself."

Just as the humorous Walter can be

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traced to his father, the soul-searching Walter can be traced to the influence of his uncle, the priest. "I adored him," Walter says. "During his trip here to visit his sister, my mother, he took a fancy to me. He thought it would be a good idea for me to study in England for a few years. I was thrilled. But I was there only a short time when World War I broke. I sailed back to Connecticut and entered St. Thomas seminary to study for the priesthood. You know how it is when you're a kid. You want to be like the person you admire. I think I was also confusing the pulpit with the stage. After a time, I realized this was not my call."

Walter will tell you that faith became firmly entrenched in his heart after he was struck with polio: "You do a lot of thinking at a time like that, a lot of soul-searching, a lot of praying."

Today, Walter shows no visible physical effect from the illness, with the exception of a very slight limp when he walks fast or goes up stairs. He's filled with energy, which he channels in other projects, in addition to his nightly show.

"I am working on a few other things," he admits. "That's another reason why a show such as *Nightline* is such a beauty. Your days are free. I'm doing some writing—a book. It's about humorous incidents during my career. I've always wanted to do more writing."

Walter wrote his own comedy material during his early days in radio and, for a time, a newspaper column for one of the press syndicates. He has also been writing songs, on and off, since he first entered show business. His most successful song was his revised version of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

"Bing Crosby brought the song to my attention in 1930," Walter reminisces. "I sang it for a year in Barney Gallant's night club. I rewrote the song and polished it in May, 1931, when I went into the Broadway revue, 'The Third Little Show,' with Beatrice Lillie. I was kind of surprised that it was my version which became a hit."

Walter has also attempted writing a musical comedy. "I call it an attempt because it sure was a flop. It was called 'Sweet Kitty Bellairs,' and was made into a movie with Walter Pidgeon. I doubt that anyone saw it; it was that bad." Hesitating a moment, as though he were wondering the wisdom of divulging his plan, he continues, "I never wrote another one after that. But now I'm preparing to write one for the stage. It's taken me a very long time to muster up the courage after that failure, but I have."

Obviously, Walter's full and varied career has all indications of continuing full and varied. He started in vaudeville in

the twenties but didn't like the long, arduous work it demanded—sometimes as many as six shows a day. Deciding to switch to night clubs, he aimed for the celebrated one run by Texas Guinan. "I was a real nervy kid, but then you had to be. Just like now, it wasn't easy to break into show business. I sent Tex a post card telling her how lucky she would be in getting me while I was still inexpensive. I got the job."

While playing in the famous club, Walter caught the attention of columnists Walter Winchell and the late Mark Hellinger. Their frequent praises of the comedian resulted in an offer to star in another well-known New York Club, Barney Gallant's on Third Street.

"I met the famous and infamous there," Walter recalls. "But I didn't really like night-club work, either. I left Barney's for the Broadway show and, from there, went into radio. I guess you'd say that's for me. I've been in radio now for twenty-six years."

The entertainer's first radio stint was that of pilot host for the *Lucky Strike Magic Carpet*. Some of the others that followed include *Camel Caravan*; *Town Hall* (following Fred Allen as emcee); regular guest appearances on *The Rudy Vallee Show*. He moved from the East to the West Coast when one of his two sons needed a change of climate to relieve an asthmatic condition. Walter also had a slight case, but it was more than the California sun which cured him. "After an injection the doctor gave me one day, I became deathly ill, going through the weirdest sensations. I quickly phoned the doctor. He came and gave me another injection to counteract whatever it was he had given me in the first place. I finally was all right. After that, I never knew another asthma symptom."

Walter's older son, Michael, 23, is married and recently became the father of his first child, Claudia Diane. "That makes me a grandfather," Walter beams, his brown eyes lighting up. His younger son, Anthony, 20, is an architecture major at the University of Southern California. Both are a continent away from their father.

"I still don't like being away from the boys," Walter says. "But trips to the West Coast can be made quickly. And I find I'm falling in love with New York all over again. My apartment overlooks Central Park, and I always did think that's a beautiful place. I'm happy with my show. And I'm getting around to doing things I've wanted to do for a long time. I'm productive—not wasting time anymore. I'm maturing, my perspective's broadening. I'm contented and enjoying life."

Maverick Trail to Romance

(Continued from page 46)

"I don't mind long walks," Donna replied. So she found her way to Stage Nineteen . . . and there was Kelly, looking as handsome and dashing as her memory of him, in his period costume for the "Kings Row" teleseries then being made at Warner Bros.

Fortunately for romance, they had a mutual friend, Pat Hardy (now Mrs. Richard Egan), who perceived at once that these two were destined for each other and nursed the friendship along through adversity and perversity.

Jack was studiously resisting involvement. He knew he was strongly attracted to this girl with the Irish eyes and the Irish wit. But, throughout all the years of romancing his way through bachelor-

hood, he had determined not to marry unless he had close to a million dollars. He was now just some nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand short of his goal.

So, as match-maker, Pat often found the going rough. The routine went something like this: Pat would spend long hours convincing Jack that he should call Donna for a date. Then, when she finally got him to agree, she would contact Donna: "Jack Kelly is going to call you this evening for a date. Now, when he calls, you accept."

In the interim though, Jack's courage would leave him—or his perversity would return. No call would be made. Pat, then, would go to work on him again. This time, her efforts would be successful

—up to a point. Donna, still smarting from the previous call that was not made, would refuse to answer the telephone.

Pat once more got to work on her little comedy of errors, pacified Kelly, got him to call again, got Donna to answer the phone this time—and, at long last, the Kelly and Hickey clans came to a meeting point.

Their first date was at a Hollywood night spot called Quo Vadis. Their tenth date was also at Quo Vadis, and most of the interim dates. On their eleventh date, Donna said suddenly, "Kelly, I love you."

"I couldn't believe I'd said it," she tells now, in retrospect. "I looked around to see if it was somebody else who had spoken."

Actually, Donna had been building up a synthetic courtship for many weeks. She had been in the midst of breaking off another romance. Each time the man would call, she would say, "I'm sorry; I'm going out with Kelly." Just using his name in this way was perhaps an indication of her subconscious wish . . . when she suddenly said "Kelly, I love you," she was merely putting it into words.

At any rate, the die was now cast, and Donna Lee Hickey and Jack Kelly became engaged. And, in a very short time, marriage was on the immediate agenda.

They talked about it for three days and three nights. "I somehow couldn't express myself without saying 'I love you,'" Donna admits.

"Kelly said he didn't have any money, and I said 'Who needs money?' On Friday, he phoned a friend of his to find out how you get married in Mexico. The friend couldn't recommend Mexico; he said we'd have to go through a long chain-of-command and get permission from the Consul General. He said Quartzite was a better deal.

"We then talked for several more hours on whether we should have a big church wedding. We started making out our list—and, when it got as high as six hundred people, we threw the list away, gassed up the car and took off for Quartzite."

Quartzite merchants are ready at all times to serve the public in their chief industry, which happens to be marriage. Although Donna and Jack arrived in the dead of night, they found a little jewelry store that just happened to be open, and the proprietor pounded out a ring to order, while they waited. It cost seventy-five dollars, which left Jack just twenty-five from the original hundred he took with him to be married on. ("I later had to borrow another hundred from Donna," Jack admits. "I told her 'I didn't bring my checkbook.' She could have pointed out that one can always borrow blank checks and fill in the name of the bank. But she didn't. We'd only been married ten minutes.")

As it happened, the Kellys were married again, a month later, in the church of their faith. Donna wore biege satin, this time out, instead of the serviceable black suit. And she carried flowers.

But this seemed no more binding or sacred to them than their first ceremony, in the desert night of Quartzite. It was there they made a solemn pact with each other. "I don't think we can amount to much, separately," Kelly told her. "But there's tremendous magic in what we can amount to together, as a team. I don't think we should ever be parted, for fear the spell might be broken."

This marriage pact was put to a powerful test some four months later. The pair had had no honeymoon. Donna had a steady job on the *Noah's Ark* TV program. Jack had made a picture in Mexico before the marriage, and the producer needed him to return for additional dia-

logue. There was nothing in his contract that required him to return, so—with Donna still working and their pact to avoid separation in force—he consistently refused all calls from Mexico City.

This went on for four months.

At last, in desperation, the producer got through to him with a last-ditch plea. "If you'll come to Mexico City, I'll treat you and your wife to a two weeks' honeymoon in Acapulco, all expenses paid."

Fortune's sun shone brightly on the Kellys; Donna had just completed her series, and everything was favorable for the trip.

"I worked for two hours in Mexico City," Jack tells, "and then we proceeded on down to Acapulco for the most fantastic honeymoon anyone could ever dream of. We were set up in a magnificent suite in Ted Stauffer's hotel, and right away we made the acquaintance of three fabulous millionaires and their families. There were twenty-six children among them; two of the families had ten each, and the other had six.

"We sailed in their yachts, we went deep-sea fishing, we lolled on the white beaches under the blue, blue sky, and we sat up all night drinking champagne. One week of our honeymoon vacation went by like a dream.

"Then, at 2 A.M. one morning, I got a call to return to Hollywood at once. There was a job waiting for me in one of the *Gunsmoke* episodes. We still had one more week to go on our fabulous free vacation. Our friends were making fun plans for every day of it. They liked me, and they were crazy about Donna. (Everybody flips for this doll.)

"But, after all, a job was a job. There was a plane out at five in the morning for Mexico City, and we started getting ready. We had to pack by candlelight, because they turn the power off in the middle of the night in Mexico. We managed to make it to Mexico City, only to find out that there was a shortage of space on the Los Angeles plane.

"I was ready to blow the job right then and there, and go back to Acapulco, but the ticket agent told me he was working hard on our reservations, and finally I heard my name over the public address system: 'We have one ticket for Señor Kelly.' One ticket. *Uno*. "That isn't good enough," I told the ticket agent. "We have to have two tickets."

"But perhaps we can get the Señora on the next plane, I thenk."

"Oh, so you thenk so!"

"We had a very painful interlude. Now, for the first time, our wedding pact was being put to the test. Maybe it was silly to interpret this pact as applying when a job and home 'economics' were literally at stake.

"We came to a tearful agreement, and then set about to transact our quick, bitter business. I gave her all my cash, handfuls of Mexican and American money, my credit cards and all my other credentials. There was no way of being sure just when she could get space for Los Angeles. The whole Mexico City airport was aware of our predicament by this time. Everyone was looking at us sorrowfully as we kissed our farewell and I dashed onto the plane just before they rolled away the steps.

"But I took one fatal look back, and I saw Donna's shoulders heaving. This was too much. 'Bring the ladder back,' I hollered. "Take my bags off the plane. The deal is off."

"Everybody burst into smiles, the airport was happy again. 'Take Señor Kelly's bags off,' the gateman shouted to the porter, with a broad grin. The porter whistled happily.

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crying with joy. His glasses were all wet. My glasses were all wet, too. 'Oh, Meester Kelly,' he said, 'I'm so happy you finally decided not to go.' (Very romantic people, these Mexicans.)

"We got out of Mexico City together, the next day, and still were in time for my TV role. And we renewed our vow to never, never allow ourselves to be tempted to separate again. This is a motivating factor in our happiness. If a plane crashes, or a train wrecks, or a ship sinks, we will be together. Whatever happens to one of us will happen to both.

"This has worked a hardship, financial and career-wise, more than once. Donna has lost four pictures—in Europe, in Puerto Rico, Mexico and Hawaii—plus a television series in Europe. And, since signing for the role of Bart in the *Maverick* series at Warner Bros., I've run into endless difficulties—obligations for personal appearances and business trips which I steadfastly refuse unless my wife can go along."

For the Kellys, this formula seems to work. They are completely united in work, play, plans, projects, opinions and dreams. Kelly has been back east to meet the Hickey clan—more than seventy-five "wild Irishmen" to become acquainted with in two days. He has met the wonderful grandmother and the wonderful godmother, both steeped in the traditions of show business. The mother, the brother, and the countless uncles, aunts and cousins.

Donna, too, has officially joined the Kelly clan. She has become a warm friend of Jack's widowed mother, his two actress sisters, Nancy and Karolee, and his brother Bill.

The Kellys live in a picturesque farmhouse that hugs a cliff on one of the hills of Hollywood. The rooms all flow in together, and are filled with the implements of their joint projects, and souvenirs and symbols of their life together. Two unusual oil paintings dominate the living room. They bought them in a junk shop for \$1.50 apiece; then spent over ninety dollars having them cleaned and framed. "These are our Old Masters," says Kelly.

There are also assorted paintings of clowns and of horses.

Everywhere about are souvenirs of their travels. There is a carved man with delicate hands, bought in Honk Kong because Donna likes delicately carved hands. And there is the bolo knife, brought from the Orient as a gift for a friend, but rejected by him because it looked "too murderous." On every nook and cranny there are curious objects of all sorts that have significance only to the Kellys. And everywhere, on shelf and on chair, there are books, books and more books.

There is a den with a low, round table which is always cluttered. It generally contains half-filled coffee cups, a half-played game of Chinese checkers, and reams and reams of typing paper. For the Kellys collaborate on writing projects of all sorts, chiefly television scripts. Their creative efforts dovetail beautifully. Donna does research and collaborates on the plotting, and each is an excellent critic of the other's ideas.

Their relationship to each other is completely and constantly warm and intimate. She is the only person Jack ever permitted to call him "Kelly." He calls her "The Big M" or "Kukie." He says "I had to marry her before I knew her well enough to call her Donna." (Curiously, intimacy of address, in Hollywood, is reserved for certain very close relationships. Pier Angeli is always Annamarie to her family and friends. Bill Holden's wife is only Ardis to intimates, never Brenda Marshall.) Kelly always hated the name "May Wynn" because it wasn't real. So she was "The Big M" until marriage gave him the right to call her Donna.

They have been married close to two years now, and their happiness together is a pleasure to behold. Kelly admits that Donna is the turning point in his life. "I used to be a fence-walker," he says. "Now I am no longer a fence-walker. I'm a home-stayer, a course-charter and a follow-througher."

The "maverick" days are over—except on TV.

A Wedding Ring for Teacher

(Continued from page 38)

did anything extracurricular; she had virtually no social life; she was always burying her nose in a book: "I had a very severe case of growing pains. I was in a blue adolescent mood much of the time. I studied as a means of escape."

After receiving her B.A. degree in psychology at Smith, she had gone to New York for more courses at Columbia University. She earned her M.A. in Education at the Bank Street College of Education and became a teacher. But she had been an unhappy teacher. The atmosphere oppressed her, made her tense. She had become more and more withdrawn. . . .

Now, on shipboard, she debated with herself. Teaching provided financial security; acting was precarious. She suspected her friends and relatives would be shocked if she became an actress, but she knew that she had been trying so hard not to be one, because that was what she had always wanted to be! The conflict between what she felt was expected of her . . . and what she yearned to do . . . was devastating.

By the time Joan arrived in New York, she had come to a decision. She told her parents that she was quitting teaching, and wanted to become an actress. To her amazement and delight, they did not oppose her. After they had left, she faced the problems of a new career realistically.

She would give herself a year, she decided, and then look back. Until then, she would look only forward.

Because Kirkland was no longer giving his classes, she searched for another teacher, finally found one who "made real sense," Don Richardson. "He taught me acting," she says now. She discovered that she had tremendous changes to make. "I had to get my reflexes out of my mind and into my emotions. I had been trained never to act before thinking. I had an intellectual's approach. Now, as an actress, I had to learn how to react spontaneously. With Don's help, I made the transition from the more cerebral approach of a teacher-social worker to the emotional personality of an actress."

As she absorbed acting technique, she began to look for jobs. She bought copies of *Show Business* and *Ross Reports* and started knocking on the door of each of the some four hundred agencies they listed. She took them in order, alphabetically. (She should have organized her job-hunting geographically, but she didn't know better.)

She stopped smoking, to conserve her voice, and added weight. Then she dieted like mad. She moved out of the apartment she had shared with other girls, and moved into her own room-and-a-half apartment in the Yorkville district of New York. She abandoned her drab,

teacher-type clothes, began to see life in brighter colors.

There was a new spring in her step. No longer was she "tight inside." Now she smiled, and felt confident. She found she didn't need books for escape anymore. She cooked for herself, and for friends. She had more dates, too.

She got her first TV job when she auditioned for *Lamp Unto My Feet*. The date of the performance was January 16, 1955—and, with her first paycheck, she joined the actors' union, AFTRA. She was now, officially, a professional actress.

The following month, Joan wandered into Olga Lee's office, and admitted she had had only a single TV job. Miss Lee liked her at once, and said, "I have a strong hunch you will make it." With Miss Lee as her agent, she started to get work . . . as resident leading woman at the Cincinnati Playhouse; the lead opposite Robert Horton in "The Rainmaker," at the Player's Ring in Hollywood; as Stella in "A Streetcar Named Desire," in Detroit; TV commercials; roles in off-Broadway shows.

Encouraged, Joan moved into an "actressy-type" apartment in midtown, in an old greystone building. Here she cooked her fat-free meals and went through her daily floor exercises. She saved her TV dollars and bought paintings she admired in the midtown art galleries.

Her big TV break came when director Gloria Monty was seeking a new "romantic lead" for *The Secret Storm*. Flipping through *Player's Guide*, looking for a friend, Miss Monty came to Joan's picture—and stopped. "This is the girl I want!" she exclaimed, and called Joan's agent. Joan auditioned for the role and won it—in August, 1957—with a contract clause permitting her to accept Broadway roles as they came along. For Joan, life became more secure and relaxed than it had ever been. The only thing missing for perfect happiness was The Man. . . .

He came along as a Christmas present, when Joan was signed for a TV commercial handled by the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. The agency director, Robert Foster, phoned Joan to ask her to come over for a talk, but she was busy and her first words to him were: "Impossible!" However, they met later in the *Beat The Clock* studio, at rehearsal, and Joan had a chance to note that Mr. Foster was thirty-ish, a handsome six-footer, with blue eyes and blond hair.

Joan did the commercial, but felt she had been terrible. She told Mr. Foster so, and he tried to cheer her up. "Let me take you out to eat," he said. So he took her to dinner, and then to see a stage play.

She found she liked him enough to invite him over to her apartment for dinner. Then she asked Haila Stoddard, of *The Secret Storm*, for a good recipe. Haila, a marvelous cook, gave her a wonderful recipe for short ribs with dry red wine.

Joan prepared the dinner lovingly . . . though she rather expected that Bob, like all men, would gobble it up without really tasting it. "But Bob surprised me. A wonderful cook himself—as I later found out—he was so appreciative, and I was delighted!"

When Bob talked about some of his friends' small children, she was even more delighted: "He was so perceptive, had such warmth, insight and understanding for children, that I knew he was a most unusual man. I said to myself, *This is the man I would marry if he asked me . . . I think I'll give this one year and see what happens.*"

After dinner, Joan hurried to a party, and Bob hurried to another party. But Joan knew she had fallen in love.

A few weeks later—on Friday, February

28—Bob insisted that she join him right after her TV show for a trip to suburban Riverdale, where Bob had his bachelor apartment. She thought perhaps he wanted to introduce her to friends and relatives—but, when they got there, he took her to an ancient bridge over the New York Central railroad tracks.

Joan still had on her TV makeup and, because it was a damp day, she was wearing a plastic rain helmet and a baggy tweed dress. From the bridge, they could barely glimpse the Harlem River, but they could hear the soft echoing of the fog horns of small river craft. Then Bob said, "Joan Hotchkis, I want to love you, help you, and be your closest friend as long as you live. Will you marry me?"

Being a director-producer, Bob had planned the entire scene so carefully. But he had been foiled by the dastardly weather. He had wanted the stars to be out in their full splendor, the moon to be full and brilliant. Instead, the night was misty and damp. Of course, he had not rehearsed Joan in her lines, but he had confidence she could ad-lib an appropriate answer.

Genuinely startled at the proposal, Joan didn't know what to say except "Yes." Then she burst into tears—ruining her mascara.

For a week, Joan refused to share her secret with anyone. "I wanted the idea to be mine completely for a while. After a week, I phoned my parents. When Dad answered, I said, 'I don't know how to tell you . . . but I'm engaged!' He exclaimed, 'Joanie! Let me call Mother!' Then Mother came to the phone and she half-laughed and half-cried."

She and Bob flew to Los Angeles over Easter Sunday weekend. Bob stayed at the Hotchkis home. Joan's married brothers (Preston and John) and her married sister (Katherine) came over, and everybody just sat around and enjoyed the happy talk.

Joan was given a two-week leave from *The Secret Storm* and flew with Bob to San Gabriel, where they were married, June 7, at the Episcopal Church. Five-foot-five, 125 pounds, with hazel eyes and brown hair, Joan upheld the tradition of the radiant bride, in a full-skirted white gown of French design and a fingertip veil attached to a garland of white roses.

Bob's mother flew in from Hollywood, Florida, and his aunt came in from San Diego. Joan's parents, brothers, sister and relatives crowded the church, as Joan and Bob said "I do." Then everybody went to the reception in the lovely garden of her parents' home—where Joan took a last look at "Joanie's room" and told Dad she was happy he was converting it into a den of his own.

Bob and Joan then flew back to New York, for a week's honeymoon at Bob's cottage at Fire Island, followed by a hurried moving into their new two-rooms-with-terrace in a remodeled mansion which had once belonged to Alexander Graham Bell.

Joan brought along her Victorian wicker chair and sofa set, her paintings, and a rocking chair she once bought from the Salvation Army. Bob brought his modern wicker chairs and other modern items.

When Joan moved her belongings into their new apartment, she discarded a huge batch of books on teaching techniques, psychiatry and social service work. Not that she's giving up her life as a school-teacher—at least on TV—but the action is symbolic of the great decision she reached, when she went through her own secret storm. "From now on," says Joan Hotchkis Foster, "I am an actress and wife . . . finally . . . and forever!"



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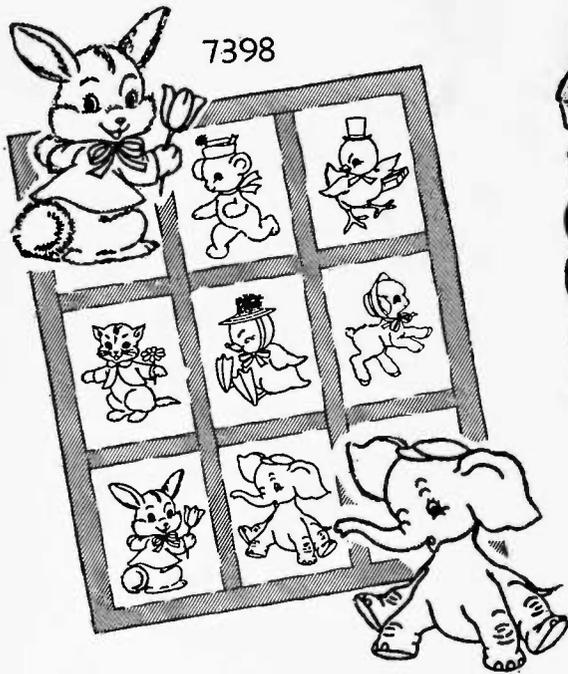
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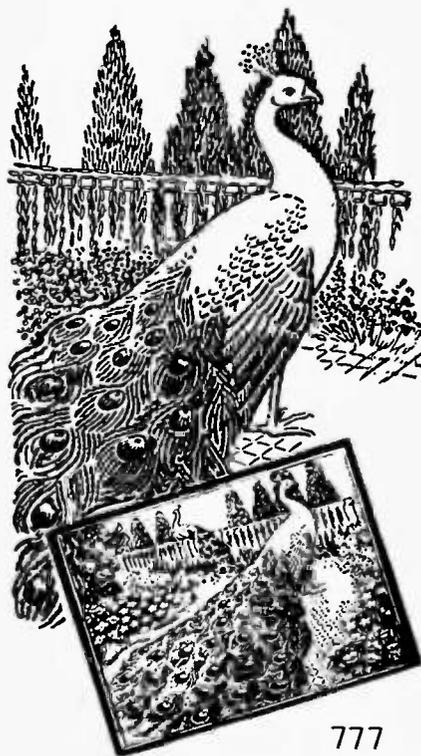
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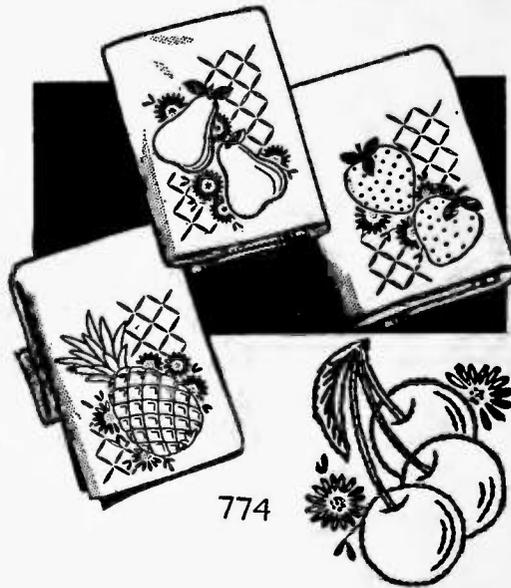
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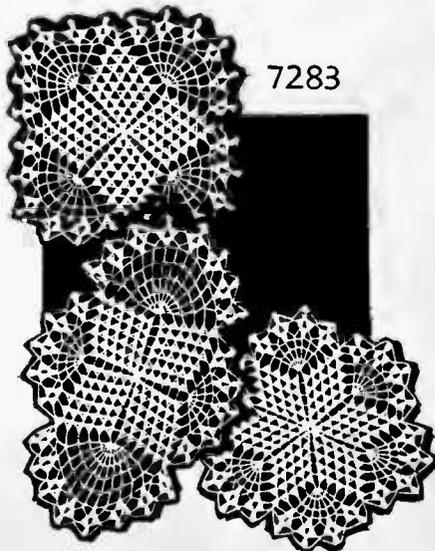


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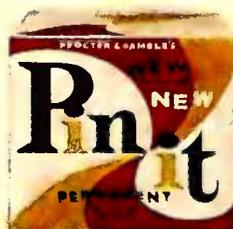
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