TV RADIO MIRROR

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GARRY MOORE
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JOHN CONTE
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Pat Boone
Like getting one free!

4 for the price of 3

NOW—TIED IN ONE BEAUTY BUNDLE

4 cakes of pure, mild Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Any way you look at it—Personal Size Ivory's new Beauty Bundle is a beauty of a buy. Now—4 cakes all tied in one neat bundle—so handy . . . so thrifty. And how those dainty cakes of mildness pamper your skin! You see, the milder the beauty soap, the prettier your skin, and Ivory Soap is mild enough for a baby's skin. So for that fresh, radiant look, That Ivory Look, get your Beauty Bundle now.

THE BEAUTY BUNDLE IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY
Molly’s remark was intended as a bitter little joke. She’d had a miserable time at the dance . . . even the boy she invited was neglectful. Molly had no way of knowing that what she blurted out in jest was actually the truth. There’s no thermometer that registers when your breath offends . . . that’s why it pays to use Listerine regularly.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs
...Listerine kills germs by millions

Germs—which ferment the proteins always present in your mouth—are the most common cause of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can’t kill germs
...the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can’t kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That’s why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength every morning, every night, before every date!

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

... stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste
Millions of women can reassure you

Millions of women have used billions and billions and billions of Tampax since the day it was first invented by a doctor—over twenty years ago.

For every one of these women there was a “first time.” Many may have shared your doubts about the product; many may have thought Tampax® internal sanitary protection would be difficult to use.

Yet really the most delightful discovery to be made about Tampax is its simplicity. Inserting, changing, disposing take only seconds. Once you’ve passed that hurdle, you can relax and enjoy all the many, many advantages of Tampax.

It’s invisible in place. Unfelt in place. So made that the wearer’s hands need not touch it at any time. It prevents odor. Prevents chafing and irritation.

It’s convenient to carry, unembarrassing to buy (on display wherever drug products are sold)—and it comes in a choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit your individual needs.

Why deprive yourself of a product that so many women use, so many doctors approve of? Tampax is the better way! Try it and see! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
BRINGING UP BABY (RKO): Off on a larcical fling, with heiress Katherine Hepburn chasing shy scientist Cary Grant. A stray leopard (and Katie’s pretty legs) add to the happy confusion.


CANADIAN PACIFIC (20th): Forthright Western, actionful if not very thoughtful. Randolph Scott spearheads a railroad-building job, encouraged by Nancy Olson, opposed by Victor Jory.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia): Paul Muni’s forceful performance highlights the rugged story of Norse patriots’ aid in a British attack on Nazi-occupied Norway.

CONQUEST OF EVEREST (U.A.): Splendid British documentary on the triumph of Hillary and Tensing, showing the planning and teamwork leading to the mighty peak.

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

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (20th): Realistic, exciting saga of pioneers fighting Indians in upstate New York, during the Revolution. Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert are a courageous farm couple.


MR. AND MRS. SMITH (RKO): Robert Montgomery and the late Carole Lombard clown engagingly as hickering husband and wife who find their marriage wasn’t legal. Director Hitchcock proves adept at comedy.

PENNY SERENADE (Columbia): Honestly sentimental, beautifully done story of a marriage. To a series of “our songs,” Cary Grant and Irene Dunne court, marry, adopt and lose a child, courageously face the future together.

STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE (RKO): More serious than most of the Astaire-Rogers films, this nostalgic musical casts Fred and Ginger as the beloved dance team of World War I days.

SUSPICION (RKO): Alfred Hitchcock is in top form with this suave tale of suspense. An innocent bride, Joan Fontaine suspects that debonair Cary Grant has done murder—and plans to kill her.
The pride of Watseka, California, in a defiant gang who keeps the ladies heads in a whirl, and is one of the big reasons for the continuing high popularity of NBCTV's "Our Hit Parade." He's dancer/choreographer Tom Hansen, who smilingly refers to himself as "the veteran," which, from point of fact of service on the show, is also. It was during a wartime stint for Special Services that Tom and his fancy footwork received the plaudits that encouraged him to try for a show-business career. His first experience was gained in ensemble work on the stage of New York's Roxy Theater. The day before its New York opening, Tom was chosen to join the cast of "Kiss Me, Kate." Leaving the show in 1958, he teamed with Betty Hume for an agile terpsichorean session on TV's "Stop The Music." This happy pair was later reunited on The Big Payoff. In between, there were choreography and guest spots on Celebrity Time and, in the fall of 1951, the beginning of Tom's lengthy service on Your Hit Parade. Tom's busy schedule also includes choreography and appearances on TV spectaculars, book shows on other shows, and various commercial stints. The very eligible bachelor lives in a large, modern apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Also present is his latest hostess named "Claudia," a dog whose many talents — such as being able to handle his talents — does much stock during the summers, is presently being coached in acting, and is expected to grace the stage sooner or later. Tom Hansen helps to remove the oils that pimples form on skin. Oil in pores helps pimples grow and dwindle. So oily skin seems the root of all evil. Once oily skin are controlled by using: CLEANSERS. CLEANSER STAVES THEM. "FLOTS OUT" BLACKHEADS. CLEANSER's formulae containing medicating solutions and minimize blackheads form unexpectedly, so that "flots out of pimples or blackheads?" CLEANSER is guaranteed to work for you, even in druggists' or, or a quantity lot. Only 45c at all drug counters (economy size, 99c).

George Brent

For those who want to know about radio and television commercials, but new MUM Cream keeps working.

You've probably noticed when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts. New MUM Cream works a completely different way. It is the only deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. MUM keeps working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day — no matter how active your perspiration glands are. No wonder MUM is so dependable. Isn't that what you want? For information, please write to Mrs. W. H. Johnson, 201 East 42nd St., New York City. New MUM Cream as the product of PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO.
Roy Rogers likes the good earth and all God's children.

He's come a long way since his first days on an Ohio riverboat and his childhood on the small farm at Duck Run. But Roy Rogers hasn't changed. "Many times," smiles his wife, Dale Evans, "I've heard him say, 'I'll never understand how I've come so far—there are guys in Hollywood with more looks and more talent!' I'm prejudiced, so I don't think so. There certainly aren't many with more heart. His is big and warm as an oven—perhaps because he's known what it is to be bone-poor himself."

Raised on a rocky hillside farm, and in harness behind the old mare when he was seven, Roy knew what "struggle" meant before he could spell it. His father worked in an Ohio shoe factory, while Roy, his mother and three sisters worked on the farm—raising potatoes, corn and apples. Roy's still fond of apples: "You can do so many things with them... fry 'em, bake 'em, stew 'em."

When he was ten, Roy began calling square dances—he still knows a hundred old hill songs. If you catch him singing around the house, chances are it's one of those square-dance tunes or a nostalgic old-time ballad. "Roy is sentimental as an old 'hope chest,'" Dale says. "He still has his first guitar, that he bought for twenty dollars in a hock shop. He also has the old Dodge touring car that carried him and his family to California. The guitar is scratched and the strings are gone, the car's barely able to stand out in the yard, but Roy wouldn't part with either of them."

He's even more sentimental about his family. "There were times in the past," Dale recalls, "when we were away from our seven children, on tour, and they grew lonesome. So, last season, we took them with us. Roy's also had the children working with us on TV, to help keep us closer together."

"Roy spends a great deal of time with them. He can take on all seven, roughhousing on the floor, and not come up puffing. I've never seen anything like Roy for energy. Out coon hunting, he could outwalk an Olympic champion. On the other hand, he's just as long-winded on the phone as he is in the field! I don't know what they talk about, but he has some old..."
ends dull dry
"thirsty" hair

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.

A: What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair—make it oily—

Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery®

the new hairdressing in spray form

$1.25 and $1.89 both plus tax

Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
WHAT'S NEW FROM
By PETER ABBOTT

Go, Man! Go! The radical element in the Manhattan Pressley Fan Club is petitioning their idol to get a crew-cut. Might keep in mind that yesterday’s “Pressleys,” Sinatra and Crosby, are now baldish, and that brings up the question, “What will Elvis look like when he’s bald?” Close your eyes and think about it. And think about this handsome teen-age couple, the new singing sensation Tommy Sands taking Molly Bee to the movies. They’re a combination of opposites: Molly so outgoing and Tommy so shy. Good way to combine business with pleasure. June Wynnman makes a steady thing of Gale Smith, a big ace for one of her seasons. Buddies Art Linkletter & Bob Cummings take off for three weeks of Australasia, Europe: They’ve invested in a new process for growing rice and want to see their first crop. Emil Jannings’ looks are color porcelain creation and development of their own radio serials. The term is now considered derogatory in connotation—and has been charged to “daytime drama.” What they have in mind at the moment are three half-hour weekly TV shows. One titled, The Whiting Sisters, stars the sisters of the same name. Another, Meet McGraw, has Frank Lovejoy in the title role. A third program is Date With The Angels, starring wonderful, wonderful Betty White. Betty was recently chosen “most glamorous business woman of the year” by the Hollywood Business and Professional Women’s Club.


"I Get a Kick out of You!" This is an ear-awakening doorm ... The whole sale firing of the Hit Parade cast, effective June, came after a season of persistent rumors. Gisèle MacKenzie however, had given her notice long before that she would not be available for another season. She’s got a Broadway musical lined up for the fall. Robert Q. Lewis has been panting to do a movie for years, and may get the chance this summer ... Hugh O’Brien, Bob Wagner and Jeanne Carson, who live and work in Hollywood, met for the first time in New York City on Ed Sullivan’s show. Hugh was particularly nervous about singing on TV. Counseled June, Jeanne, "A lad shouldn’t be scared with such a handsome frame as yours ... " A revel, interviewing Bishop Sheen, suddenly sighed and said, "That beautiful cape of yours, Bishop—I was just thinking how magnificent it would look over my emerald green dress! " "You borrow it, " he told her with a twinkle, "anytime. ... " The McGuire Sisters are excited about their first appearance at the Cocoanut Grove next month. . . . Noted cultural advance: Next season will see the debut of a network kiddie-quiz show. This will be titled, A Penny For Your Thought. It will be a new time in cash give-away, a personal fantasy.

Three Blondes & Two Brunettes: The gal singing the best and any one of these gals is a beautiful bundle of excitement on a cold wax... Dorothy Colleen, take her first. A vocalist on Hit Parade, she must sing whatever is on the best-seller list, and so has nothing to work with. At least, she was able to get in on the polkas, waltzes, and she is great. But for Carol Douglas, who plays the teen-age role, she sings what she wants in a relaxed, knowing way. She’s a wearing, charming gal, backed not by Hubby Raymond Scott’s big band, but his, by the Toe-Jazz trio headed by guitarist Barney Kerns. Her style is new and wonderful. All others are Deana’s Peggy Lee and Jeri Lewis has been panting to do a movie for years, and may get the chance this summer... Hugh O’Brien, Bob Wagner and Jeanne Carson, who live and work in Hollywood, met for the first time in New York City on Ed Sullivan’s show. Hugh was particularly nervous about singing on TV. Counseled June, Jeanne, “A lad shouldn’t be scared with such a handsome frame as yours...” A revel, interviewing Bishop Sheen, suddenly sighed and said, “That beautiful cape of yours, Bishop—I was just thinking how magnificent it would look over my emerald green dress!” “You borrow it,” he told her with a twinkle, “anytime...” The McGuire Sisters are excited about their first appearance at the Cocoanut Grove next month... Noted cultural advance: Next season will see the debut of a network kiddie-quiz show. This will be titled, A Penny For Your Thought. It will be a new time in cash give-away, a personal fantasy.

CAUSTIC DIGESTION

Try my "natural" beauty secret
GLORIFY THE
Natural Color
OF YOUR HAIR

One of these products is just right for you!

Hastie Colorinse
Gives Color-Highlights
And Beautiful Sheen

Hastie Colorinse makes your entire hair color last... just add glorious new lustre, perfect without testing. And it’s so gentle... there is no dryness and split ends... only a vital new brilliance with lasting results! A blessing for all. No permanent stains. It transforms your natural hair color—addicts and conditions. A blessing of nature... and a blessing to you! Try it once and return for more... it improves your texture and adds bounce to dull hair. It strengthens and adds life to already healthy hair. It will give you the sheen and color you are naturally. Try it once and return for more... it improves your texture and adds bounce to dull hair. It strengthens and adds life to already healthy hair. It will give you the sheen and color you are naturally.

Hastie Colorinse
Gives Color-Highlights
And Beautiful Sheen

Try this new formula for your hair. It adds beautiful, rich color to your hair. It’s a permanent stain that penetrates and conditions. It’s so mild that you can use it on all types of hair. It’s easy to apply. It’s safe. It’s a blessing to your hair, it’s a blessing to you. Try it once and return for more... it improves your texture and adds bounce to dull hair. It strengthens and adds life to already healthy hair. It will give you the sheen and color you are naturally.

Hastie Colorint
adds color that lasts through 3 shampoos

Hastie Colorint adds endless color to your hair. It’s a permanent stain that penetrates and conditions. It’s so mild that you can use it on all types of hair. It’s easy to apply. It’s safe. It’s a blessing to your hair, it’s a blessing to you. Try it once and return for more... it improves your texture and adds bounce to dull hair. It strengthens and adds life to already healthy hair. It will give you the sheen and color you are naturally.

In-Cream Color Rinse
Colours and Conditions Gray and White Hair

In-Cream Color Rinse colors and conditions gray and white hair. It’s a permanent stain that penetrates and conditions. It’s so mild that you can use it on all types of hair. It’s easy to apply. It’s safe. It’s a blessing to your hair, it’s a blessing to you. Try it once and return for more... it improves your texture and adds bounce to dull hair. It strengthens and adds life to already healthy hair. It will give you the sheen and color you are naturally.

Mostra Lawrence Helm accepts our gold medal award from Lou Crosby.

The Browns have their cake—but Jim may soon eat it under a new name.

Stormy’s a gal’s best audience as Betty White prepares a new show.

Stars Tony Perkins and Tab Hunter Visit Peter Potter on Jake Box Jurry.

ACID INDIGESTION

Try my "natural" beauty secret
GLORIFY THE
Natural Color
OF YOUR HAIR

One of these products is just right for you!

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Command Performance

FAVORITE TV COMEDIAN

Red Skelton tackles his greatest role, with

God's gift of laughter—and the prayers of all the world
Behind the make-up and "Freddie the Freeloader's" tramp costume, there are tears as well as laughter. But Red Skelton—the man who "can fall the hardest and fastest" and still come up smiling—fights his biggest battle with courage and skill.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

He believes "The Boss Man" put him here on this earth for one purpose—to make laughter. This is his religion and this is his life. And this is what is sustaining Red Skelton today. This is how the show can go on...

And, today, all the laughter Red has made, the happiness he's spread, is coming back to him in an hour when he needs it most... and helping that show go on. Heartened by thousands of letters, wires and calls from those whose hope and faith so strengthen Red's own.

The lovable Hoosier redhead who, from childhood, has lived to make others laugh is today proving himself the greatest of clowns... in every meaning of that word. The sign on the door of his rehearsal studio at CBS Television City in Hollywood tells the story of that performance... and the strain of making laughter today. "Closed Set—Cast And Crew Only," it reads. Inside the studio, however well you know him—every word must be weighed. A word of sympathy or concern can turn that laughter into tears.

Tell him, "It's a funny show, Red," and his face lights up like a kid's with a red balloon. But what you feel in your heart—what you hope—what you (Continued on page 12)

The Red Skelton Show is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST, sponsored alternately by Johnson's Wax and Pet Milk.

Family holiday that made headlines: Red and Georgia (right), their children, Richard and Valentino, and Georgia's sister, Maxine Davis, boarding the plane which turned back almost before it left for Honolulu. Richard knows no fear, asked the stewardess excitedly, "Is it time for us to put on our life rafts?"
Command Performance

(Continued from page 11)
pray—goes unsaid. Today the line between comedy and tears is too fine. ..

Red Skelton and his wife Georgia have a homey letter from a

Red's latest offering...a picture of the "lucky" old brown hat that shapes into so many of the

characters you've met. He's chewing (constantly) his familiar cold cigar. Com-

bining that stick, elastic red hair into hiliar-

ious "do's." And making laughter is his job.

He falls on his face. He pantomimes. He ad libs, watching the faces of the crew

—sensitive to a chuckle or even a smile.

Celebrating the happy family...and warning to the job as the laughs begin to roll.

"Leave that line in—they laughed," he says to the director.

"What did you say, Red?"

"I don't know—but leave it in—"

And so the show goes on. ..

But when the show is over, when the curtain goes down and the studio is emptied and all the laughter is gone, "Freddie the Freeloader" takes off his bated

hat and his black tramp suit and and the clown face andRed Skelton, the father, goes home. Home

to another performance to be given—another

and still tougher show.

He's wrinkled, thin, and with Red's own quick grin. Home to make laughter for Richard Skelton

during the long treatment for leukemia. To play with the shiny new trains that

were cobbled up for him in the hospital when the first tests were made. Be-

ing careful never to show too much affection, or too much emotion, or too much concern.

And playing with the fabulous new trains, running them through towns and through tunnels and against a backdrop of city lights, a father watches the happy

face of a child, hangs onto his feet, and commits every look, every word and every little-boy grin to heart and memory.

Red and little Richard are the busiest engineers of the most extensive railway

system in all Bel Air. A kingdom of traveling make-believe to delight any make-believer.

An exciting maze of tracks that thread through the Geor-

gia's rooms, with tracks criss-crossing in dizzying

patterns on all sides.

By the hour, you'll find them there
together, engrossed in the operation—the big redhead and the small. It's an all-

important project when Red and Richard get into the make-believe with "Val-Richard Productions" on the side, and go shopping for some additional equipment for their railway lines. Or, on Saturdays, you may catch Red and Richard down on the beach at Malibu ..

scouting sandstone to decorate the little train tracks.

The shiny new trains, the elevated track, all the little make-believe towns, were waiting for Richard when he came home from U.C.L.A. Medical Center after the bad diagnosis had been made. His parents smiled for the first time in eight days, seeing an excited little boy's eyes light up when they took him upstairs to show him his "surprise." Still like a bad dream to them was another night when they'd driven home from the hospital in a state of shock and grief—unprepared for

what they had heard. ..

Richard had had a bad cold that kept hanging on. He'd lost some weight. And

there was a stubborn "cold sore" just inside his nose that wouldn't heal. In the course of a general check-up, their family physician took a blood count and sent it out to the University of California School of Medicine—where there are three laboratories that deal with children's blood diseases alone.

Hospital authorities asked Red and Georgia to bring Richard in for a day, to take a bone marrow test, which was the first intimation they had that anything serious was even suspected. And, in a matter of hours, the sad results were known. The Skelton's were told—as kindly as such truths can be told. Richard remained in the hospital for additional blood tests.

At the hospital, every precaution was taken to keep the diagnosis in confidence. In the whole department, only one doctor, one nurse and two assistants knew. No description of the case was ever put into writing, no directions for treatment.

Then—either through human error, or a breach of family trust—a television com-

mentator who knew them broke the news to the world ... and to Richard, who was watching the TV show with other chil-

dren in a hospital ward. He didn't know what the dreaded word meant, but older children with him explained—and, even

then, he couldn't really comprehend.

Overnight, a story which belonged right-

fully to three people—a father, a mother and a child—was shared by millions.

During the weeks and months to come, Red and Georgia Skelton were to show the world a rare kind of courage. Taking it spiritually and intelligently in stride. Resuming life as nearly normally as possible at home. And during the first few days, when the shock was overwhelming, their good friend of many years' standing, Father Edward J. Carney, flew out from Lawrence, Massachusetts, to be with them.

The priest, a strapping Irishman, six-

feet-four and with red hair, could be Red's brother—they're that much alike. They have a great sense of understanding ... and Father Carney and the Skelton's have faced tragedy together before. Enroute from Rome, a few years ago, their plane seemed fated to crash over the highest peak of the Alps. With two motors in the plane gone and the third

going, Red went to work making laughter for the twenty-four children of all nationalities aboard. Father Carney, put-

ting on a red nose, 

sawdust and be repaid by

the laughter is gone,

in

with Red's own quick grin. Home to make laughter for Richard Skelton during the long treatment for leukemia. To play with the shiny new trains that were cobbled up for him in the hospital when the first tests were made. Being careful never to show too much affection, or too much emotion, or too much concern.

And playing with the fabulous new trains, running them through towns and through tunnels and against a backdrop of city lights, a father watches the happy face of a child, hangs onto his feet, and commits every look, every word and every little-boy grin to heart and memory.

Red and little Richard are the busiest engineers of the most extensive railway system in all Bel Air. A kingdom of traveling make-believe to delight any make-believer. An exciting maze of tracks that thread through the Skelton home. Under the close supervision of Red and his lovely wife Georgia, a carpenter built special elevated tracks that slant to ground-level in Richard's room. There are auxiliary tracks in the sitting room between Red's and Georgia's rooms, with tracks criss-crossing in dizzying patterns on all sides.

By the hour, you'll find them there together, engrossed in the operation—the big redhead and the small. It's an all-important project when Red and Richard get into the make-believe with "Val-Richard Productions" on the side, and go shopping for some additional equipment for their railway lines. Or, on Saturdays, you may catch Red and Richard down on the beach at Malibu... scouting sandstone to decorate the little train tracks.

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Red plays Clem Kaddiddlehopper.

At home, there's a harder role.
What's New

(Continued from page 9)

assortment, titled "Dream Street," that includes the haunting poetry of "My Old Flame" and "Dancing on the Ceiling." And just as great is the remarkable Miss Southern. Jeri is a gal endeared to jazzmen and yet her virtue is a beautiful simplicity—no tricks, no echo chambers—just pure music on the line. She does it with things like "When Your Heart's on Fire" and "Someone to Watch Over Me." On the brunette side is Steve Allen's Eydie Gorme with a knock-out album. She mixes 'em up like an ace pitcher, running from moody to bellers. She gets swinging and soars, or goes to the other extreme and hugs a ballad with real passion. This is a fine showcase and its ABC-Paramount's disc, "Eydie Gorme." And last there is an item by M-G-M, "Joni Sings Victor Young & Frank Loesser." Young is songs like "Stella by Starlight" and "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance." Loesser is "Slow Boat to China" and "If I Were a Bell." And Joni is to the song world what MM is to the movies. The James girl puts into her voice what Marilyn puts into her walk. And, brother, that's quite enough.

Idly-Bits: When Pat Boone finishes his movie, he flies to London for a personal appearance. Four million bucks given away on top TV shows so far this season. Tab Hunter, whose first record sold over a million, recalls that he was so dubious about singing that he extracted the promise that his first master recording would be destroyed if he didn't like it. Don't know whether radio is here to stay, but Heater is. Gabe is celebrating his 25th anniversary on the air. Another husband-wife team to TV, Joan Caulfield and producer-husband Frank Ross ready to roll with new comedy series, Molly. This goes to NBC-TV next season. Marion Lorne, character actress who vowed the nation on Mr. Peepers, has feature role. Bob Hope got himself a $10-million deal with NBC and says he needs every cent of it. He says big names make big ratings and big names cost big money. Lana Turner cost him in the neighborhood of 50-grand, and that's a nice neighborhood. Hope says that this season he has been losing about $30,000 per show. His show cost that much more to produce than what he is paid. He says, "Everything costs too much—labor, guest stars, production, even me." And if your husband is griping about his income tax, ask him how he'd like to pay Presley's. Elvis grossed $3-million last year—and that doesn't count the Cadillacs. Incidentally, El traded in two of his Caddys for Lincoln's, out of deference to friend Ed Sullivan.

A Man By Any Other Name: Movie, TV and recording star James Brown is being pressured about a name change. Henry Willson, Hollywood manager, did it to Tab Hunter and Rip Torn, and thinks a name change would enhance plain Jim Brown. The idea is to adopt his TV moniker, Rip Masters, which Jim totes on Rin Tin Tin. Handsome Jim, who made his movie debut in "Going My Way" and has waxed a half-dozen best-sellers for M-G-M Records, is deliberating the name matter at the Sherman Oaks home he shares with his wife and daughters Beverly, 15, Carol, 12, and Barbara, 11. The daughters are by his first marriage. He married Betty Brown just eight years ago and brought the girls with him. Betty recalls, "The wedding was something. Jim was making..." (Continued on page 24)

By MARION WEAVER

TEST YOUR TV-RADIO I.Q.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. TV early bird
5. Trigger's master
8. Recent TV opera, "War and Peace" was this
12. Roberts, TV healer
13. Burrows
14. "Vamp" of silent era: Theda...
15. Chief topic of Bishop Sheen
17. Army's General Bradley
18. Singer Frankie.....
19. "... eye for ... eye"
20. He wrote "The Scarlet Letter" (init.)
21. Part of the foot
22. She's got a secret
23. They have it on Grand Ole Opry
28. Young -- Malone
29. 365 days (abbr.)
30. TV's Champagne Lady
32. ...her Knows Best
33. Nickname for sun
34. Cover for pot
35. TV prize
37. Junior's father
41. Otherwise
42. Undesirable or offensive
43. Gary is his to Bing
45. "... of the Affair"
46. Adams and Eve
47. Movie studio
51. TV's The Big --off
52. There were seven of them
53. Students' pet
54. "The -- Divorcee"

DOWN

1. She sings the top hits
2. "... You With It?"
3. "The Vagabond Lover"
4. Director of "Baby Doll"
5. Sadie Thompson's in this drama
6. Mitch Miller plays it
7. Japanese coin
8. Kind of wood
9. "Mrs. North"
10. Persia
11. Panelist on Life Begins
16. Song, "Just A .......
19. Motormen's Club (abbr.)
22. Sheep of North India
25. Dots and ....
26. Jack Benny's announcer
27. Tar Heel State (abbr.)
28. Make Room For -- dy
31. Mr. Ford from Tennessee
32. Evergreen trees
34. Bing's sportshirts are this
35. Dress Designer ---- Chapman
36. Author Van Dine's first initials
38. He "sees it now"
39. Girl in "The Last Days of Pompeii"
40. Wife of Peter Lind Hayes
41. TV's --Saxonia
44. Girl in Noah's Ark
48. Love -- Life
49. The Right --- Happiness
50. Video
51. "Mo and -- Kettle"

At 80
16. Song, "Just A .......
19. Motormen's Club (abbr.)
22. Sheep of North India
25. Dots and ....
26. Jack Benny's announcer
27. Tar Heel State (abbr.)
28. Make Room For -- dy
31. Mr. Ford from Tennessee
32. Evergreen trees
34. Bing's sportshirts are this
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48. Love -- Life
49. The Right --- Happiness
50. Video
51. "Mo and -- Kettle"

Answers to puzzle on page 86

TV
Lowell Thomas doesn’t simply report the news—he makes it

Arabia: In the land of Lawrence, Lowell Thomas visits his old friend, Sherif Hussein, the desert chieftain of Wadi Beihan.

FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR
Fifth Award for Lowell, who won our very first poll.

Voice of History

IN A ROUGH Colorado gold-mining camp, a doctor-schoolteacher put his young son through a strict course in elocution. But the boy, though he minded his vowels, was more interested in listening spellbound to the tales of the gold-seekers, or in looking bemused at the vista of mountains and wondering what lay beyond their horizon. Later, when the boy had found that beyond the mountains lay adventure, it was that early concern with clear and incisive speech which enabled him to tell his story to the world. The voice of Lowell Thomas has been heard by more of his fellow mortals than any other voice in history. With a record for the longest run of any type of program, his news broadcast goes into its twenty-seventh year at the same hour. His radio career began thirty-one years ago, appropriately enough on the occasion of a broadcast of man’s first flight around the world, for which he was official historian. The man who reports the news also makes news. He discovered Lawrence of Arabia and, in lectures, films and books, broke the story of the archeologist who became the mysterious sheik of the desert. With his son, Lowell, Jr., he crossed the Himalayas to visit the Forbidden City of Tibet and bring to light the story of the real-life Shangri-La. With adventure as his climate, Lowell finds that deserts and mountains are not the only places for discoveries. In so relatively tame a place as a laboratory, he “found” Cinerama and guided the cinema process to vivid production. Born April 6, 1892, Lowell has since been a gold miner, cowpuncher, college professor, newspaper and newsreel reporter, editor, historian, lecturer, world traveler, and author of more than forty books. Daredevil trails at three large ski developments are aptly named for Lowell Thomas, who continues to schuss down them and who is the man responsible for Arthur Godfrey’s introduction to skiing. “If you don’t abuse your position, you have an opportunity to do a vast amount of good,” Lowell sums up his career. “If you do abuse it, you soon find yourself talking to yourself.”

Lowell Thomas And The News, CBS Radio, M-F, 6:45 P.M. EST, is sponsored by United Motors Service, Division of General Motors, for Delco Batteries.
FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR
Showmanship and news judgment win Doug his fourth Award.

Douglas Edwards, dean of TV news commentators, is glad CBS wouldn't take "no" for an answer

Opportunity knocked for the first time when teen-age friends invited Douglas Edwards, then just turned fifteen, to join their Alabama radio station. Then opportunity knocked again, and with the persistence of a bill collector. Well-established as a CBS Radio newsman, Doug was asked to do a daily telecast. It was ten years ago, and video was in swaddling clothes. Doug demurred. CBS insisted. Doug continued to demur—and CBS rewrote his contract. Still, as insurance against the unknown medium, Doug continued to keep one foot in radio. Now known as dean of TV commentators, Doug covers, in person, such stories as the conventions and the Andrea Doria sinking, or calls in CBS newsmen from around the world. "I try to make the show believable and conversational," says Doug, and still give it punch and drama." The teamwork of his staff in New York and the newsmen in distant corners of the world gets full credit from Doug. . . . Though his face is familiar to millions, Doug retains his modesty. He likes to tell of the cab driver who enthused about the show. "Gee," said the cabbie, "I'd sure like to see the show." As Doug paid his fare, he explained that there was no regular audience, but that the cabbie could watch from the control booth. "Thanks," said the cabbie, earnestly. "Thanks very much, Mr. Gobel." . . . At home in Weston, Connecticut, Doug, his wife Sara, and their three children pay less attention to Doug's fame than to their menagerie: A thoroughbred gift horse, two cats to which Doug is allergic, a collie named Prince, and a cross between a French poodle and a German shepherd that is known as "the dog" or Alsace-Lorraine. Daughter Lynn, 15, nicknamed "Swayze" by her classmates, is interested in journalism. Says Doug, "I think good-looking women will eventually replace us men." Donna, 9, is "a complete little ham." Of Bobby, 11, Doug grins, "He looks exactly like me, but they say that on him it looks good." This family does things together. As Doug says, he's always part of a team. 

Douglas Edwards With The News is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 6:45 P.M. (7:15 on WCBS-TV), for Ronson Corp., Anacin, Aero Shave, Hazel Bishop. He is heard on Wendy Warren And The News, CBS Radio, M-F, 12 noon. (EST)
EVERYBODY LOVES DINAH

FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER
BEST PROGRAM ON TELEVISION

What's in a name? Dinah's is on ships, planes, flowers, a bridge in France, a beach on Long Island—and six big Awards!

Songstress Shore sells happiness—and all America is buying

A LUCKY FEW see the honey-blond hair, brown eyes and best-dressed figure in color. But more than a few million viewers consider themselves fortunate, even in black-and-white. Than Dinah Shore, they chorus, nothing is finer. This was a landslide opinion back in 1947, when Dinah won our first Award as favorite songstress on radio. When someone this good is seen as well as heard, she finds herself with a total of six such Awards, having struck it doubly rich this year with her first TV medals as favorite female singer and as star of the “best program on television,” The Chevy Show Starring Dinah Shore. . . . Hospitable as her native Tennessee, fresh as the ocean breezes that blow across her adopted California, Dinah simply projects happiness. Hers is the sort of effortless display of joy that is really a sharing of the happiness that fills her life as wife of George Montgomery and mother to “Missy” and Jody. But if Dinah's talent for joyful living is obvious, there was a time when her talent for song escaped many people. Her father, S. A. Shore, predicted his daughter Frances Rose would never become a singer. Her first singing teacher agreed to come to an amicable parting of the ways just two months after lessons had begun. When Nashville radio listeners grew so enthusiastic over her swinging delivery of the song, “Dinah,” she changed her name—but the new name was no magic password in New York. When Dinah sang for the Dorsey Brothers, they heard no call to greatness. When she auditioned for Benny Goodman, he never missed a bite out of his ham sandwich. Her first recordings, with Xavier Cugat, credited “vocal by Dinah Shaw.” When she joined Ben Bernie on a network radio show, the sponsor fired her as neither loud nor fast enough. Eddie Cantor promptly hired her, and that was the turning point. Dinah found herself smiling right at Dame Fortune, who, along with a coast-to-coast audience, began smiling right back.

The Chevy Show Starring Dinah Shore will be on NBC-TV, Fri., April 19, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST. The Dinah Shore Show is on NBC-TV, Thurs. at 7:30 P.M., for Chevrolet Dealers of America.
Mitch Miller is a bearded musical prophet with honor among both long-hairs and crew-cuts

By now, Mitch Miller is used to the dubious looks and the shaking of heads. "Crazy," people have muttered, then changed it to a bop term of approbation as an unorthodox Millerism proved again that to be a pace-setter you have to depart from the beaten path. As Director of Popular Artists and Repertoire with Columbia Records, Mitch is the man who matches singer and song, often in unexpected, jackpot combinations. As orchestra leader and oboist, he's been playing Bach since the age of six, is now a distinguished soloist. "My long-hair friends may not be psychologically adjusted to my financial success," grins Mitch, "but I've always felt you don't have to starve in music." As host on the hour-long Mitch Miller Show, the bearded prophet and profit-maker finds he's made a lot of friends along the way. High-priced "names" sing for little more than their supper on Mitch's radio round-table. Conversation, they prove, is still a lively art.

Personally as well as professionally, Mitch inspires the raised-eyebrow treatment. Fifteen years ago, when Mitch thought he was a good enough musician to be worthy of it, he grew a beard. Then Mitch took a rare edition of Lawrence of Arabia's book, opened it to an Augustus John illustration of an Arabian dignitary, Emir Feisal, and told a somewhat astonished barber to trim accol'dingly. About the same time, friends told Mitch he was crazy to live as far from New York as Stony Point, where the Millers had bought a 165-year-old farmhouse. As the move to suburbia spread, the same friends later paid many times what Mitch had, to commute from even further away. The house is filled with modern art treasures and with antiques, "but not the kind with curlicues," Mitch adds. Mitch first met wife Fran when both were students at the Eastman School of Music. Their children—Anny, 18, Margie, 12, and Mike, 10—are musical, too. The two youngest are the composers of "Song of the Sparrow," which was played on Studio One and then recorded by Mitch. "They just think of it as making up tunes," says Mitch, who's not prophesying a Miller musical dynasty. Composer Mike also plays the recorder, and therein lies a cue for other parents. Thumb-sucking is a traditional childhood problem. But when Mike wanted an oboe like dad's, Mitch handed him the simpler recorder, and the digit never went mouthwards. Once a do-it-yourselfer, Mitch has given up handiwork. "The best thing," he says, "is to loaf and play with the kids."

The Mitch Miller Show is heard each Sunday from 8:05 to 9:00 P.M. EST over CBS Radio.
SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

Big Jon Arthur and Sparkie go right on winning plaudits from children of all ages

When Jon Arthur thinks about his bushel of awards—including his fourth Award this year from TV Radio Mirror—a note of genuine embarrassment makes itself heard. “Don’t get me wrong,” he explains. “I’m truly grateful for the wonderful reception accorded No School Today. I just wish we had some company.” By “company” is meant competition, for Big Jon’s show status has changed from best nationwide children’s show on radio to best and only. In this regard, Jon’s firm idea of radio’s responsibility to children was recently put to an interesting test. Someone had pontificated that small-fry shows lacked “adult appeal,” and Jon thought he saw a way to blast that theory. “What,” asked he, “would you consider a satisfactory mail response?” “Five hundred letters,” was the reply. Jon then asked listeners for two thousand, and is currently plowing his way through the more than five thousand letters that resulted. Which is most of the reason why talk of switching to TV or other plans leaves Jon quite unmoved.

Many of Sparkie’s on-the-air adventures begin in the Arthur family. They live in a large, rambling Connecticut home, where Jon’s day includes everything from work on his programs to being with the children, keeping up with his photography hobby, and cleaning a rug on which “Eyelet,” a boxer dog, may have thoughtfully deposited generous bits of thoroughly-chewed paper towels. All in all, it’s the kind of warm family life that many listeners recognize—a top reason why Big Jon and No School Today are so popular, and will remain so in the successful seasons to come.

No School Today is on ABC Radio, Sat., 9 to 10:30 A.M. EST.

FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S PROGRAM
Eighth airwaves birthday—many happy returns to come!

Portrait of the happy Arthur family includes Rosalie, Lloyd, Debbie, Jon and baby Danny. They have fun together, and the children provide Jon with program ideas. Another contributor is prize boxer “Eyelet,” here eyeing one of Jon’s little pals.
MICKEY the Magnificent

As host on Walt Disney's
Mickey Mouse Club, the world's
favorite star triumphs again.

The rise to fame of Mickey Mouse is a case
of rags-to-riches, rodent-style. "Walt Disney
had been working to exhaustion on my first
film, 'Plane Crazy,'" reminisces Mickey. "In
those days I was poor as a church mouse.
Didn't even own a pair of shoes. When the
picture was finally previewed, I looked for
the nearest hole." The pint-sized performer
figured it would be a flop—but the public
thought otherwise. There followed the
celebrated "Steamboat Willie," and, later, "The
Lonesome Ghost," in which Mickey first
teamied with Donald Duck and Goofy. A high
point came when Mickey joined Leopold
Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony
Orchestra to do "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" in
"Fantasia." By October, 1955, Mickey had
been a star for twenty-seven years, had appeared
in more than 125 films, and had covered
with glory his creator, Walt Disney, who
publicly saluted him as "the little fellow who
made everything else possible." With a
background like this, his entry into TV was a
natural. And the staggering success of Mickey
Mouse Club is now a video legend. On-camera,
Mickey gets plenty of help from such
animated friends as Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto,
Jiminy Cricket and Mickey's longtime girl
friend, Minnie Mouse (they've been going
steady now for twenty-nine years!). But most
prominent are the Mouseketeers—a group of
seventeen youngsters, plus young-in-heart
Jimmie Dodd and Roy Williams, who inspire
mountains of fan mail each week. Says
"Uncle Walt": "They are regular American
kids. There isn't a show-off among them."

The show's format calls for four segments
per day, with a lively musical introduction
of the club's theme song, various production
numbers, brief pep talks by Jimmie Dodd plus
other specialties as connecting links. As
for the segments, they have included popular
serial stories like "The Hardy Boys" and "The
Further Adventures of Spin and Marty";
glimpses of youthful activity all around the
world on "Newsreel"; personalities like Donna
Atwood and Leo Carrillo on "Guest Star Day";
weekly visits with popular English puppet,
"Sooty"; highly entertaining literary
explorations with Jiminy Cricket; fun at the
circus; lots of happy musical numbers, and
all of the beloved Disney menagerie in
animated cartoons. The genius of Walt Disney
has been honored by twenty-six Oscars
and a roomful of other awards, trophies and
citations—to which is now added your TVRM
medal. Praise from every nation was perhaps
best expressed in a letter which is among
Walt's most cherished possessions. "Dear Walt
Disney," it read, "I love you very much."

Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club is seen on ABC-TV,
M-F, from 5 to 6 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM
"Come join in the fun," urges Mickey, an invitation
seconded by pals Walt Disney and Donald Duck.

Merry Mouseketeers—"regular American kids." From left to right,
front: Annette Funicello, Karen Pendleton, Cubby O'Brien, Sherry
Allen and Dennis Day. Second row: Charley Laney, Sharon Baird,
Darlene Gillespie and Jay Jay Solari. Third row: Tommy Cole,
Cheryl Holdridge, Larry Larsen, Doreen Tracey and Eileen Diamond.
Top row: Lonnie Burr, Margene Storey, Jimmie Dodd, Bobby Burgess.
As announcer of champions,
Mel Allen proves he's one, too

Yankee Stadium is Mel's "home." He's friend and fan to such players as Mickey Mantle, Triple Crown winner in '56.

Home away from the Yankees is in Bedford Village, where Mel relaxes with brother and co-worker Larry and parents.

FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER
FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Two Awards this year make it a lucky seven for Mel.

Though Mel Allen takes his sports seriously, the laughs still come. The laugh was on Mel when he covered the Vanderbilt Cup Auto Races from the air. On his first big-time sportscast and his first trip in a plane, Mel ad-libbed for fifty-two long minutes. He was up in the air, literally and figuratively, until they let Mel in on the big secret—the race had been called on account of rain! Still, Mel had proved himself, and sports assignments began coming his way. Starting his seventeenth year as the voice of the Yankees, Mel recalls one game when his favorite team opposed the St. Louis Browns. It was the first time that year that Mel had seen the Browns, who announced a pinch-hitter towards the end of the game. "Well, folks," laughed Mel, "I've just got to tell you. The guy I've had catching all game is now coming in to pinch-hit." Mel can laugh as he tells tales on himself. His reputation as an encyclopedia on sports is assured. Mel has "always majored in sports," but he's done just about everything in radio and TV, including broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic and of Truth Or Consequences, created by his former roommate, Ralph Edwards. Ralph has succumbed to matrimony, but Mel still clings to his bachelor status. "A couple of times, I thought I was a goner," Mel grins. More seriously, he explains, "I never hit in the same circles often enough, or maybe it's the proper circle." Mel is on the road for almost half the year. At home, there are night games, newsreels, his daily sports show, and Mel's inability to say no to worthwhile causes. "If people think enough of you to ask you," says Mel, "you do it." At least, if you're Mel Allen!

Mel Allen's Sports Report, on ABC Radio, M.F., 6:35 P.M. EST (WABC, N.Y., 6:50), for Allstate Insurance. He's "The Voice of the Yankees" on the Home of Champions network (WPIX and WINS, in N.Y.) for Ballantine Beer and Winston Cigarettes.
7306—It's easy to make a needle-painting—just follow our transfer and color-charts to make this woodland scene your next picture. Transfer 15 x 19 1/2 inches. Simple stitches. 25¢

7307—Swedish weaving—a handicraft favorite—is so easy and fascinating to do. Charts, directions for 2 baby motifs; 5 borders that can be used in variety of widths. 25¢

7086—A full-blooming flower is this beautiful apron—fashioned from remnants, in two shades of glowing color. Embroidery transfer, directions for “flower” apron, 16 inches long. 25¢

537—Old-Fashioned Bouquet is a fascinating quilt to make! Each patch takes but a small scrap of material—use many different fabrics to give it gay “flower” coloring. Charts, directions, pattern for patches. Yardages for single and double-bed sizes. 25¢

624—Elegant centerpieces for your table, “Swan” basket is simple crochet; pineapples alternating with shell stitch give the lovely feather-effect. Directions for 11-inch basket in heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly. 25¢

543—Let these filet doilies add a look of elegance to your home. Easy-to-follow charts make crocheting so simple. Lace stitch and K-stitch bring out the lovely design. Crochet directions, charts for 18- and 12-inch doilies, done in No. 50 cotton. 25¢

7194—Only two balls of No. 30 cotton for this popular pineapple design scarf in 28-inch length. Crochet it any length you need for your table. Crochet directions. 25¢

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.
Fighting to retain sanity, Tony Perkins relies on the faith of wife Norma Moore.

What's New
(Continued from page 13) a Marine picture and his hair was close-cropped. The rented wedding shoes were a size too small and he was running a small fever. But we got married anyway," Barbara, who is the most colorful of the Brown family, went around telling anyone for weeks, "I'm so excited about going to Daddy's wedding." At the church, Barbara, who prefers to be called "Wendy," was given a basket of gardenias. She was told to stand at the door and pass them out to the guests. Asked Wendy, and seriously, "How much do I charge for them?" The daughters are very close to Jim, for he is a handy homebody. He cooks for them, carpenters shelves for their rooms and grows their cabbages in the garden. He recently built a tennis court and has been giving them lessons. But, as fond of him as they are, the girls have never quite realized how important Daddy has become. Jim reports he was in a Los Angeles department store auto- graphing records when he looked up to find his irrepressible Wendy in line. "What are you doing here?" he asked. Said she, "Daddy, I just couldn't believe it when people told me you're famous, so I came to see for myself." She came, she saw—he conquered.

Come and Get It: If you want to live a little, check in with Victor's new album, "An Evening With Belafonte." Harry ranges from "Mary's Baby Child" thru "Danny Boy" and on to the rousing "The Saints Go Marching In," plus nine other ballads from England, Israel, Haiti and the West Indies. As panelist Betsy Palmer at work with another TV grad, Tony Perkins. Betsy and Tony co-star with Henry Fonda in an off-beat Western, "Tim Star." Tony plays a young hero who matures in the job. Betsy, as a young widow, helps him grow, but notes, "As much fun as it was working with Tony, I was really looking forward to my first Western because I love to ride. But they put me in long skirts and kept me on a buckboard." . . . Our Gal Sunday celebrates its tenth birthday. Vivacious Vi- vian Smolen, so exciting as Sunday, Lord Brithrope's wife, is still single. . . . Kate Smith is very busy. There was the Gleason show last month. On April 14, she works with Ed Sullivan and then has an hour of her own on Sunday evening, April 28, on ABC-TV. In the meantime, her mentor, Ted Collins, is feuding with M-G-M Records, who just released a new album of Kate's containing hit songs of past years. Ted complains that she would sound better in new hi-fi. A spokesman for M-G-M says, "Low-fi, hi-fi, we wouldn't have released the album if she sounded better. . . . We thought it would make a nice album for people who like Kate Smith. That's all." For the many who like Kate Smith, that's enough.

No Cuts Or Why-Quiz-Shows-Die: No one blames Mike Wallace for the weakened condition of The Big Surprise. The problem is with contestants. No guts, no glories, are made by contestants who cause excitement by going for the limit. Big Surprise's big prize is $100,000, but most of their contestants have stopped yearning around $25,000. Even dashing Errol Flynn called it quits when he got to that point. It's getting to be a very practical world on all quiz and audience-participation shows. Take the day Jack Bailey, of Queen For A Day, asked, "When you grow up, little lady, what do you want to be?" The answer was, abruptly and succinctly, "A rich old widow."
I dreamed I was an Outdoor Girl

*in my maidenform* bra

I'm the nicest sign of the times... openly admired by thousands! And the bra that makes all this possible is the new Maidenform Allegro*. Here's the pretty elastic bra with dreamy comfort built right in... it gives with you, goes with you every hour of the day. Always keeps you looking as glamorous and youthful as Allegro's easy-control elastic makes you feel. White dacron and acetate elastic satin. A, B, C cups 3.50; D cup 3.95

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MAIDENFORM BRA S.I. INC., NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
“Talk about comfort...”

... the new Kotex napkin with gentle Wondersoft covering won’t rub, won’t chafe, fits perfectly—gives you the instant and complete absorbency you need.

And the new Kotex belt has a special clasp that won’t "dig in" like metal. This self-locking clasp holds the napkin securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug—the edges won’t curl or twist.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.
TV Radio Mirror
Award Winners, 1956 - 57

Here are the champs, just as you viewers and listeners chose them in our tenth big nationwide poll.

Tenth Anniversary! But no "tin wedding" gifts for winners of TV Radio Mirror's Tenth Annual Awards, as chosen by our readers in the only nationwide poll of listeners and viewers. Every year, each lucky star and program receives a jeweler-designed gold medal. With this year's tally, some old favorites have a bracelet-ful! But new ideas, new schedules—and new voters, judging by the overflowing ballot boxes—have also scored some notable first-time victories.

Length is part of the new look. NBC Bandstand gave you two "live" hours of popular orchestras and entertainers weekday mornings—and you gave Bandstand a fanfare as your favorite music program on radio. With two full hours weekly on ABC-TV, counting his new Top Tunes And New Talent, Lawrence Welk won the TV music-emece title handily. And The Lawrence Welk Show itself, in its second season, polka-ed off with its second medal as your favorite musical program on television.

NBC Matinee Theater, with a sixty-minute play each day, was voted best in TV daytime drama after little more than a year on the air. (Two of its closest contenders were those first half-hour-daily newcomers, CBS-TV's As The World Turns and The Edge Of Night.) In night-

FAVORITE WOMEN'S TV PROGRAM
Home, just three years old on NBC-TV, wins its third annual gold medal in a row! Arlene Francis has been editor-in-chief from first edition, Hugh Downs is the only "permanent" male.

see following pages for more Award Winners
FAVORITE RADIO EVENING DRAMA
Page Gilman as Jack, and Bernice Berwin as Hazel, are two of the on-mike reasons why One Man's Family has been winning honors ever since Carlton E. Morse created the series 'way back in 1932.

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY PROGRAM
Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall, now in its third year on CBS, is a comparatively new venture for Freeman "Amos" Gosden and Charles "Andy" Correll. They've been a team for thirty years.

(Continued)
time TV drama, the hour-long Lux Video Theater triumphed, with Climax! and Playhouse 90 as chief runners-up.

In radio drama, listeners still loved old favorites in the familiar fifteen-minute format. Again this year, the night-time medal goes to One Man's Family at NBC—where Father Barbour (J. Anthony Smythe) now frets as fondly over his grandchildren as he did over his children, back in 1932. And The Romance Of Helen Trent wins daytime honors in competition with such long-established favorites as Ma Perkins—both series began in 1933, and both have been previous Award winners.

Viewers apparently meant it, when they told Gleason they thought he was The Greatest in a sixty-minute show—and "live." Missing from the Awards list last year, The Jackie Gleason Show came back strong to sweep in as your favorite TV comedy. Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall won in the radio category. Readers must have been writing CBS at the same time we were counting their votes, for Music Hall has since been expanded to some forty minutes a night, with an extra airing on Saturdays. Meanwhile, "The Kingfish" (Freeman Gosden) handled the Hall's turntables so well he was voted your favorite music emcee on radio!

Competition's always keen among the laughmakers, and they often take turns winning. As your favorite TV comedian, Red Skelton garners his sixth Award for program or personality, in either radio or television. Robert Q. Lewis now has a nicely assorted half-dozen, too—duplicating last year's medal as radio comedian, and adding a brand-new one in the evening-variety category, for his hour-long show on CBS Radio. Lucille Ball is one-up on them all, winning a seventh Award for I Love Lucy, as TV comedienne.

Fran Allison pulled a surprise out of the ballot box. She's won twice previously as a TV star, for Kukla, Fran And Ollie. This year, she gets her first medal as radio comedienne, for her "Aunt Fanny" characterization on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. Counting Fran's personal Awards, these two popular Chicago-originated programs now have a total of fifteen to date!

Walt Disney—a relative newcomer whose impact has been felt since his first telecast over ABC—garners a first medal this year,
FAVORITE RADIO RECORD PROGRAM
For 1956-57: The Martin Block Show, on the ABC network. Martin won his first Award from our readers as "favorite disc jockey" in 1948 when he was on a local station.

FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE
It’s no news by now that everybody loves Lucille Ball. She and husband Desi Arnaz and I Love Lucy have won a fistful of gold medals—as star, team, and/or program.

FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ PROGRAM
Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life! The quipmaster and his NBC cash-and-parry show have now hit the jackpot in every combination of categories on radio and TV.

FAVORITE TV WESTERN PROGRAM
Cheyenne, the adult Western produced by Warner Bros., starring Clint Walker in the title role over ABC-TV, out-drew some very big guns in hotly contested territory.
FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM


FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL PROGRAM

_NBC Bandstand_ was right on the beat—and "live"—every morning, with perennially popular Bert Parks [center] as host, and such tuneful, talented guests as Johnny Mercer [left] and Guy Lombardo.

(Continued)

with Mickey Mouse Club winning out over his own Disneyland and older favorites, as best children's show on TV. The corresponding radio Award goes to a four-time winner, "Big Jon" Arthur's beloved _No School Today_. In the women's program field, two champions have proved it can be a habit: _Home_ wins for the third time straight, on TV, and _Queen For A Day_ makes it five-in-a-row on radio.

In the mystery-adventure field, _Alfred Hitchcock Presents_ wins its first gold medal in the midst of its second season on CBS-TV, while _Gang Busters_—the long-running, pace-setting law enforcement program heard over Mutual—repeats its resounding success of last year. Jack Webb's _Dragnet_, a frequent winner in previous polls, provided their closest competition in both radio and TV.

TV Westerns have been steadily increasing in both quantity and quality, and the contest in this territory was a knockdown, drag-out battle. Radio-wise, _Gunsmoke_ had little difficulty roping in its third gold medal as favorite program, while William "Marshal Dillon" Conrad outdrew all comers as favorite star. But TV's _Gunsmoke_ and star James Arness, _Cheyenne_ and Clint Walker, Wyatt Earp and Hugh O'Brian, fought it out to the bitter end—with "veteran" Roy Rogers and his show making it a four-sided fight. The winners? It's a first gold medal for _Cheyenne_, as favorite program, a sixth Award for Roy, as favorite star.

It was a great year for the ladies, too, and not only in the feminine categories. There's no element of surprise in the fact that Loretta Young picked up her fourth successive Award as favorite TV actress, on her own night-time dramatic show, or that Jan Miner, star of daytime's _Hilltop House_, won the corresponding radio title—for the seventh consecutive time. It is news, however, that the girls walked off with some television titles which might easily have gone to the menfolk, or to more general programs—such as _CBS Radio Workshop_, the exciting, experimental drama program which did win this year's Award as the best new program on radio.

But look at these Awards won by the ladies in open competition: The Gale Storm Show, _Oh! Susanna_, won out as the best of all new TV programs. Pert little Jeannie Carson—(Continued on page 84)
FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS
Champion of champions—seven consecutive
gold medals!—Jan Miner, beloved Julie Nixon
of Hilltop House, now heard on NBC Radio.

FAVORITE RADIO WOMEN'S PROGRAM
Fifth Award—in as many years—for Mutual's
Queen For A Day, as emceed by Jack Bailey,
whose sympathies are as quick as his smile.

FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM
Newcomer: Alfred Hitchcock Presents—thrills and chills. It took
viewers only one full season to discover that the most "suspenseful"
director of Hollywood movies was equally effective on CBS-TV screens.
Flying to Europe Sullivan interviewed Ingrid Bergman on the "Anastasia" set, with Yul Brynner and Helen Hayes—then returned home to find the presentation of Bergman "nixed."

Ed's favorite haven is his Connecticut farm. It was while driving there he suffered that big auto accident last year.

FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM

The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Sunday, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Mercury-Lincoln Dealers.
Two more for Arthur Godfrey Time, three for his discoveries—the fabulous redhead's a "forty-niner" in the number of Awards voted by readers! The McGuire Sisters—Chris, Dot and Phyllis—now triumph as your favorite femme singers on radio, and can't thank him enough for the way he's worked with them to build up their careers.

FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM

COHEN

By MARTIN COHEN

ARThUR GODFREY says, "The fun is in new talent, fresh talent, in helping the young ones go up. Of course, when they get in the big money, then they can go out on their own. But, in the meantime, wonderful things happen to you when you're working with new people. Just watching the youngsters build and develop is a fine experience. You get to know their minds, the way of their hearts. The best ones turn out to be decent, hard-working, healthy people."

Arthur has done more to turn raw talent into bright stars than any other twenty men in radio or television. Example? Take the lithe and lovely McGuire Sisters. Their records sell by the millions. They receive royal pay for club appearances. In a dozen major cities, they have broken attendance records set by other entertainers. It is hard to remember that, when they first met Arthur, they were—as Phyllis says—"so awkward we didn't even know how to take a bow on stage. We'd never even seen an arrangement. Honest. We had been singing at the Van Cleef Hotel in Cincinnati before we came to New York. To Dot and Chris and me, singing had been a way to earn our living in a way we enjoyed. Nothing more. People kept asking why we didn't go to New York to audition for the big shows. Finally, we took the chance. We made Talent Scouts and, when Arthur Godfrey phoned several weeks later inviting us to appear regularly on..."
Grateful as he is for his gold medals and all the other wonderful things that have happened to him lately, Pat Boone finds his greatest joy with wife Shirley, daughters Cherry (who just can't stay in her crib when Daddy's around), baby Debbie and Linda.
the show, we were thrilled. As soon as we got
on the show, we began to realize how little we really
knew about professional work."

But Arthur was interested in more than the gals’
singing talent. As he says, "The intimacy of TV and radio,
especially TV these days, requires that performers be
either talented actors who play well-rehearsed
parts, or real-life personalities. Since my shows are
completely off-the-cuff, my people must be just that—
people. Real people. They must possess integrity
and intelligence. They must 'grow on you.'"

Pat Boone, youngest of Arthur’s discoveries, is just
twenty-two. But he has sold nearly seven million
records. He has signed a seven-year, million-dollar
contract with 20th Century-Fox to make at least one
motion picture a year. Pat may well become an
institution, the Sinatra or Crosby of the future. Yet
Pat’s career in the big time began only a year and a half
ago, when he began to guest regularly with
Arthur. Pat says, "I always have the feeling that the
things Arthur has done for me came from friendship and
genuine interest. When Arthur (Continued on page 80)

* * *

Arthur Godfrey’s *Time* is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11:30 A.M.,
and seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., under multiple sponsorship.
Arthur Godfrey’s *Talent Scouts* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., at 8:30
P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., The Toni Company, and
Paper-Mate Pens. The *Arthur Godfrey Show* is seen on CBS-TV, Wed.,
8 P.M., sponsored by Pillsbury Mills, Kellogg Co., Bristol-Myers
(Ban, Bufferin, and Ipana), and Chef Boy-Ar-Dee. (All EST)
FAVORITE TV MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES. FAVORITE TV MUSICAL PROGRAM

By FREDDA BALLING

Whether you're attending the country club cotillion, the junior-senior prom, the annual dinner dance given by your husband's trade association—or just going out because you love to dance—there's the age-old feminine problem: What to wear? Skipping over a host of advisers of both sexes and unlimited geography, one comes to the man who is, simultaneously, most qualified to give dress-for-dancing advice—and also courageous enough to speak up: Lawrence Welk of “Champagne Music” fame. Says Mr. Welk, “I'm proud to say that (Continued on page 74)

The Lawrence Welk Show, ABC-TV, Sat., 9 to 10 P.M., is sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent, ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30-10:30 P.M., is sponsored by both Dodge and Plymouth. On ABC Radio, Lawrence Welk and his band are heard Sat., at 10:05 P.M., and once a week on ABC's Dancing Party, M-F, 9 P.M., also at various times in different areas (see local papers; all times given here are EST).

“Champagne Music”

Pied piper Lawrence Welk lures a nation back to dancing ... and leads young musicians back to a gay tradition

By FREDDA BALLING

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Hal March wishes all the world the kind of happiness he has found with his wife, Candy, her two children, Steven and Missy—and the brand-new baby they expect some time this very month.

Just whimsical decor—home is no "house of cards" to Hal and Candy. He enjoys his records—and all the other things which success can buy. But "things" aren't important—Hal and Candy know life's true values.
the Man who Really Won

With all that The $64,000 Question has meant to both winners and viewers, it's Hal March who got the prize which can never be measured in money

By ED MEYERSON

Behind every TV program, there is an idea. In front of every program, facing the camera, there is a man. When the idea is good, and the man is good, you have a successful show. When the idea is as good as The $64,000 Question, and the man is as good as Hal March, you have a prodigious hit which sweeps audience ratings and wins many honors. But the key word is still "good." Hal March is just that—in the most old-fashioned, religious sense of the word. He cares about his fellow human beings. And, caring about them, he has found himself and his own niche in this world he loves.

From the show's inception, back in June, 1955, Hal has insisted that the contestants are the real stars of the show. As performers, however, they are amateurs. They don't know how to "put a wall around themselves" so their personal feelings don't show. And because they are so exposed, Hal feels protective towards them. He uses all of his professional technique—the result of nineteen years in every branch of show business—to make them look good, rather than himself. That is why contestants on The $64,000 Question sound more interesting, reveal more colorful personalities, and evoke more enthusiasm. Somehow, that agonizing decision—"Shall they take their winnings and quit, or go on to gamble on the next question?"—seems more earth-shaking with Hal in there rooting for those who must make the choice.

But selflessness is not (Continued on page 78)

The $64,000 Question, emceed by Hal March, is seen on CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.

FAVORITE TV QUIZMASTER • FAVORITE TV QUIZ PROGRAM

To Hal, the show's real stars are the quiz contestants—such mighty men as sea-wise explorer Peter Freuchen.
a Crown for the KINGFISH

FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Gosden's office holds prized mementoes of three decades: Bound copies of Amos 'N' Andy scripts, pictures of a fellow-golfer named Dwight D. Eisenhower, photos of Chicago, where the first beloved series began.

Freeman Gosden, of Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall, reaps new laurels for one of radio's most honored teams

By DEE PHILLIPS

Amos 'N' Andy—Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll—have been broadcast favorites for thirty years. On weekday evenings, the Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall still sounds the Angelus for millions of listeners to CBS Radio, as their friend, the Kingfish, casually emcees forty-five minutes of music and fun. But Gosden and Correll remain humble. "We've received a lot of awards and keys to the city, but—since the advent of television—not too many," admits Freeman Gosden, who is George "Kingfish" Stevens in person, as well as Amos. "I'm proud to know that people are still thinking of us. Competing with the quantity and quality of emcees on radio today, I'm very grateful."

"One award," he grins, "we've kept here in the office. I believe it's one of the few of its kind." It was dated March, 1938, commemorating Amos 'N' Andy's tenth anniversary in national coast-to-coast radio—and it's signed by both Lenox Lohr, then prexy of NBC, and Bill Paley, prexy of CBS.

Freeman's office looks more like a lovely study. On one wall are pictures of Bobby Jones, the Augusta National Golf Club, and one of President (Continued on page 93)
HUMOR with a Heart

As Fran Allison or "Aunt Fanny," here's one native wit who is also—and always—a lovable lady

By HELEN BOLSTAD

AUNT FANNY had come to town. In Charleston, West Virginia, children lined the streets and mothers held their hands tight to keep them from running headlong into the car. That night at the theater, a very young lady did escape parental supervision.

Miss Mildred Lucas, president of Promotional Enterprises, who had staged the show to introduce Aunt Fanny bread, tells the story: "The child had been eating an ice cream cone. She threw the cone and flung herself into Fran's arms. Before the mother could pry the child loose, Fran's face was smeared from sticky kisses, she had ice cream on her shoulders, and her evening gown was all spotted. But Fran was happy. She loves children as much as they love her. When she took her encore, she explained to the audience, 'I met a little friend.'"

In Milwaukee, it was the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage who broke ranks to greet her. In Chicago, youngsters thwarted a cop and caused a traffic jam. Fran had stalled her car at a traffic light. An angry police officer demanded her driver's license. Fran produced an outdated one. The new one was at home. During the ensuing discussion, a boy spotted her and yelled, "There's Franny." Children seemed to materialize from thin air. The cop shook his head. "Lady, I wouldn't dare give you a ticket. But please get going before you tie up the town."

If Fran Allison fails to win a lasting place as an American humorist, it will be because her charm outshadows her wit. Fans accept her as part of their daily lives. They love her too much to stop to evaluate her great talent.

If her small town stories fail to become an enduring part of (Continued on page 71)

Fran Allison is heard as Aunt Fanny on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, on ABC Radio, M-F, from 9 to 10 A.M. She's seen on Burr Tillstrom's Kukla, Fran And Ollie, ABC-TV, M-F, from 7 to 7:15 P.M. (All times EST)

FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE

Heard as "Aunt Fanny" on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club (above)—or seen co-starring with Kukla and Ollie on TV —Fran Allison just naturally has spontaneity and charm.

Kiss for a small admirer at St. Joseph's Orphanage in Milwaukee. 'Children know Fran's laugh is always kind.
I've Got A Secret stars Garry Moore as host, with some of TV's brightest "jurors" on its panel: Bill Cullen, Jayne Meadows, Henry Morgan, Faye Emerson. All five have no secrets from each other nor, seemingly, from their viewers. Closets, trunks—everything's opened and revealed to the camera!

Garry has just one "secret"—shared only by his audiences and fellow workers!—which many a star would still like to learn.

FAVORITE TV PANEL PROGRAM
By MARY TEMPLE

It's rather an odd paradox that I've Got A Secret keeps everyone's secrets safe except its own! By now, every viewer knows all sorts of things about everyone on the panel: Jayne Meadows, Bill Cullen, Faye Emerson, Henry Morgan. Most of all, they know that man-of-all-talents, moderator Garry Moore. The qualities and facets revealed, week by week and month by month, on the air.

The same goes for The Garry Moore Show, Garry's daytime television program. By now, everyone knows all sorts of things about the show's regulars: Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard Smith. Little foibles, big ambitions. Amusing things, interesting things, and sentimental things.

It's no secret to anyone any more, for instance, that Garry himself is a bit on the (Continued on page 76)

I've Got A Secret, CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M., is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds for Winston Cigarettes. The Garry Moore Show is seen on CBS-TV, M-Th, 10-10:30 A.M.—Fri., 10-11:30 A.M.—under multiple sponsorship. (All EST)

Garry never beats the drum for himself—except in an occasional jam session on The Garry Moore Show, with Howard Smith's "Barefoot Philharmonics": Ed Shaughnessy on drums; Herman "Trigger" Alpert, bass; Howard Smith, piano; Phil Olivella, clarinet; and Carl Kress, guitar.

Fancy costumes can't hide the good sportsmanship of Durward Kirby . . .

Or singing voices and charm of Denise Lor and Ken Carson.
FAVORITE HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM

Ozzie and Harriet agree that children are the most important ingredients of a happy marriage—particularly such fine sons as David and Ricky (right).
Ideally matched as they are, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson realize that happy marriages don’t “just happen”

By GORDON BUDGE

HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM—it’s an ideal description of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson. Eight times, they’ve been voted our readers’ favorites. But the story goes back much further in time. They’ve been a happily married team for more than twenty-one years—though, standing between her two athletic sons, twenty-year-old David and seventeen-year-old Ricky, Harriet still looks more like their sister than their mother! The youthful sparkle in her blue eyes is only a reflection of the happiness she and Ozzie have found in their life together. . . . the happiness they’ve found, not accidentally, but on purpose.

“To Ozzie and me,” says Harriet, “consideration of each other is one of the most important factors in making a marriage work. If people are considerate, look at life from the other fellow’s point of view, they are not apt to get into trouble. And being honest with each other is also part of the consideration. I think if you really value your marriage—or any relationship, for that matter—you’ll agree it’s something to be worked at. There’s no starting (Continued on page 82)

Harriet is glad the family can spend so much time together, from ice-box raiding to acting on the set.

They have individual interests, too. The boys, their car and studies. Ozz, his production duties, Harriet, her homemaking. But they never want to be apart very long—that’s how they first learned they were in love!
Today, possessions don't matter much to Bob—but he still gets a laugh out of his clown collection!

Happy Birthday,

ROBERT Q.

By GLADYS HALL

This month of April, Robert Q. Lewis celebrates a birthday. This month, relatives, friends and colleagues also join in wishing him a happy anniversary. For this month marks Bob's tenth year with CBS—both CBS Radio and CBS-TV—the most important decade he has spent on this laugh-hungry earth. What does a man think, how does he feel, when he is passing such a significant milestone?

"Ten years, ten working years, in the life of a man," says Bob, "is a period of growing up, of learning to survive. At the end of the decade, the time has come to ask yourself: Where am I? What am I? What have I got, in these ten crucial years, that is of value to myself? What have I given that is of value to others?"
It's a very grateful Mr. Lewis who counts up the blessings which ten years at CBS (radio and/or TV) have brought him.

Today, it's people that matter—fine folks like announcer Lee Vines, producer Bruno Zirato, Jr., singer Richard Hayes, musical director Ray Bloch, songbird Judy Johnson.

In short, what have I learned—and what am I going to do with it, in the years ahead?

"Such questions must be answered honestly. Where I am, professionally, is easy to answer: From 8 to 9 P.M., New York time, Monday through Friday, I am on CBS Radio—and from 11:05 A.M. to 12 noon, Saturday. With me on the evening show are singers Judy Johnson and Richard Hayes, Ray Bloch and his orchestra, our announcer, Lee Vines, and, of course, guests. What we try to do on the show is provide an hour of light, breezy entertainment, tuneful, laugh-ful, provocative, gay. To those who are not already among our listeners—to all those who have deserted radio for TV—I'd like to extend a hearty invitation: Come back to radio.

"Come back to radio, as I have done. Not altogether willingly at first, I must admit. (Continued on page 87)
One of life's greatest gifts to Art and his wife, Lois, is the opportunity to bring up their own five children: Robert, Sharon and Diane (in foreground), teenagers Jack and Dawn.

Art early learned to work, but not to worry. It was a big gamble for him, doing the San Francisco Fair way back when.

The small boy cowered in his seat in church, his blue eyes fixed on the floor. Out of the corner of his eyes, he had seen his foster father stop the minister of the church at the end of a Biblical quotation. "Brother," said his foster father, in his stentorian voice, while his well-meaning face beamed with good will, "I'm sure you'll want to know that you made a mistake in the text you just read. If you will just look at your text of Matthew 5:20 again, you'll see that you shouldn't have read: 'the righteousness of the scribes and the Pharisees.' You should not have used the article 'the' before the word 'Pharisees.'"

The Reverend John Fulton Linkletter, Art Linkletter's foster father, was always right on such matters. He knew his (Continued on page 72)
Even in the mammoth medium of television, NBC Matinee Theater is a giant. The statistics on this five-day-a-week, full-hour dramatic program, presented live and in color, would make a feast for the hungriest Univac. In one year, the program used 3,500 actors, presented 248 plays and worked through 1,750,000 pages of scripts. Not counting actors, it takes 275 men and women to produce the program in Hollywood. One of the most intriguing figures involved belongs to Mrs. Cleo Maletis of Portland, Oregon. The mother of three, she was named “Mrs. America of 1957.” Mrs. Maletis explained her proficiency at cooking, sewing and ironing as a result of her desire to make time to watch Matinee Theater.

As executive producer Albert McCleery has said: “The American housewife has been emancipated from a good many of her chores by modern electrical appliances and, if you give her good entertainment, she’ll find the time to watch it.” With creative rather than mechanical brains, McCleery and his staff have kept to night-time quality, even while going at an assembly-line pace. With original stories and stage, screen and literary adaptations, acted by top stars from both coasts, they provide viewers with the kind of entertainment that is the closest we have yet come to the concept of a “national theater.”

There are more directors and actors at the disposal of producer McCleery than are used by the Comedie Francaise, or the largest theater company in the world. Their audience is in the millions and, judging by the votes for the show and its host, it is growing every day.

As host and, from time to time, as star, John Conte is the Matinee idol. As a singer and actor, this handsome figure of a man has been basking in the footlights ever since he sang “Oh! Susanna,” in a grammar-school production and found the applause was irresistible. He studied at the Pasadena Playhouse, carried a spear in Katharine Cornell’s touring company of “Romeo and Juliet,” then went on radio as an announcer. Later, he starred in his own network musical series and was singing emcee of the Frank Morgan-Fanny Brice radio show. After service with the Armed Forces, he appeared on Broadway in musical comedies, some of which he also did as TV spectacles. Then a trip to Hollywood for a role in Climax! led to a featured part in the film “The Man With the Golden Arm,” and to his hosting chores on Matinee Theater. Returning to Hollywood, John brought a bride with him. Redheaded Ruth Harris of Atlanta was a long-time Conte fan. “I had had a crush on John Conte since I was in high school,” she admits. “I used to duck out of class for fifteen minutes every morning to turn on his singing show on the car radio.” Ruth, who takes over as hostess when John stars in a Matinee Theater play, also admits that she had to do the proposing. But John, even for an audience of one, answered on cue.

NBC Matinee Theater, with John Conte as host, is seen on NBC-TV, Monday to Friday, from 3 to 4 P.M. EST, in color and black-and-white.
Riding high, this crew won two gold medals, the first time 'round. Left to right: Arthur Hiller, Laurence Schwab, Walter Grauman, Lamont Johnson and Livia Granito, all directors; Eddie Allen, staging supervisor; June Leff, casting director; Darrell Ross, operations head; Boris Sagal, director; Winston O'Keefe, talent chief; William Moseley, executive assistant; Albert McCleery, executive producer, and John Conte, host.

Savrola starred Sarah Churchill, Lamont Johnson. Author: Sarah's dad.

Host John Conte and Maria Palmer in "Temptation for a King," the 100th play.

Classic drama "Wuthering Heights" paired Richard Boone, Peggy Webber.
"Honeymooners" Joyce Randolph, Audrey Meadows and Art Carney give solid backing to Jackie's inspirations.

With "The Honeymooners" now turning to musical comedy, Jackie obligingly belts out a song for maestro Ray Bloch.

Jackie's moods and movements are larger than life—to the delight of Jack Lescoulie and others on the show.
When things get toughest, Jackie jokes. Laughing staff includes such Gleason kingpins as (left to right) "Bullets" Durgom, Jack Hurdle, Jack Philbin, Stanley Poss, Frank Satenstein.

June Taylor knows his spirit of fun in rehearsal, his unfailing courtesy to her hard-working dancers.

You don't have to take Gleason's own word for it. Just ask the folks who work with Jackie—and love it!

By FRANCES KISH

WHEREVER Gleason is, there's excitement. It underscores the entire Jackie Gleason Show, runs through it like a charge of electricity. Crackles and sputters across the stage of CBS-TV Studio 50, down into the audience, out through the television screens across the country. The actors feel it, the crew feels it, and anyone who drops in at a Saturday afternoon rehearsal and is (Continued on page 90)

The Jackie Gleason Show is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, as co-sponsored by P. Lorillard Co. for Old Gold Cigarettes.
That's how Perry Como describes it, but it takes a lot of know-how to relax—and do a superlative job, too

By ALICE FRANCIS

All of us were happy with The Perry Como Show last year," a man who works with Perry was saying recently. "But we just didn't know then how good it could get. We have been even happier with it this year."

"Yes. And, while all those nice stories people write about Perry are true," a girl co-worker added, "still, they don't tell half enough. Perry has the kind of charm that is hard to put down on paper. He's easy. He's helpful to many people, without making a big deal of it. He's a very hard worker and a thinker, underneath that casual manner, but he never tries to impress you with any of it. It's—well, it's refreshing!"

"They always say he's relaxed. He is. So relaxed he could be poured on pancakes in the way someone put it. That made Perry laugh, and probably comes as close to describing his special kind of casualness as anything could. They say he's a really nice guy. He is. . . . That he really must believe there is enough of everything (Continued on page 79)

The Perry Como Show (both color and black-and-white) is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 8 to 9 P.M. EST, for Gold Seal Co., International Cellulose, Nexenza Chemical, Radio Corp. of America, Sperry & Hutchinson, and Sunbeam.

Perry loves everybody—especially children. Nothing makes him happier than a chance to showcase such promising youngsters as organist Glenn Derringer and singer Brenda Lee.

Grown-up guest stars—like popular Julius La Rosa, right—also know that they will always get all the best of it from Como and the "wonderful gang who help put on the show."
Loretta Young

Beauty to dazzle the eye . . .

Warmth to melt the heart . . .

Talent to enchant the mind . . .

By BUD GOODE

Loretta Young, who has just been voted your favorite TV dramatic actress for the fourth consecutive year, is a star among stars. Performing since she was four, she has starred in eighty-seven motion pictures—and, in four brief seasons on television, more than one hundred teleplays. And, in Loretta’s case, quality goes with quantity: She’s the only Hollywood performer to have earned the respect and admiration of both theatre and television audiences—Loretta has been an “Oscar” and an “Emmy.”

But Loretta is a creditable, and automatically shares the praise lavished on her, saying it is because she works with “as many to whom I owe so much.” Her memory of others’ helpfulness, her gratitude for lessons learned, is obvious. “Those who inspire her expressions of appreciation (Continued on page 52.)

The Loretta Young Show is seen on NBC-TV, Sat., 10 PM, EST; sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co., for Tide, Camay and Glades.

FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS
Lux Video Theater version of "One Sunday Afternoon" scrambled two famous show-business teams, casting Gordon MacRae and Mary Healy (Mrs. Hayes) as a married couple—Sheila Stevens (Mrs. MacRae) and Peter Lind Hayes, ditto!
The best of past and future combine
to make a very entertaining present

Drama in the grand tradition, in one of network broadcasting's oldest traditions... almost a quarter-century of "live" full-hour plays based on great motion-picture scenarios, enacted by the film colony's most brilliant stars...

It all began with Lux Radio Theater, which was already a long-established institution when this magazine's annual polls were inaugurated in 1947. Radio Theater proved its supremacy then by winning our first drama Award... and went on to set a record never equalled, on either radio or TV, by capturing readers' votes as evening-drama favorite for eight years—plus gold medals as "best program on the air" during its last two seasons.

Modern and streamlined, Lux Video Theater now carries on its older sister's best traditions, even to capturing your votes as favorite evening drama on TV! And—just as in radio days—movie stars afraid of the "new" medium (as they once feared the little black microphones and bare studios of the early 1930's) have felt happier and more secure, making their television debuts on Video Theater.

They know that, as in the past, there will be top scripts and direction, as well as the production values possible only to a major TV operation. They welcome the freshness of ideas, the willingness to experiment constructively... not only has many a Hollywood luminary re-created an Oscar-winning role, but there have also been many who got a chance to prove other talents in parts for which a "type-conscious" industry had never even tested them.

This season, the big news has been increased emphasis on "originals"... regular telecasts in both color and black-and-white... the addition of musicals to the previously all-dramatic line-up... and the signing of filmdom's "hottest" musical actor as both permanent host and frequent performer—the acquisition of Gordon MacRae in this capacity has been another forward step for both an ever improving program and a rapidly rising star.

"It's one of the most satisfying assignments I've ever undertaken," says Gordon. Judging by his enthusiasm, he might well become as permanent a part of the program's grand old tradition as announcer Ken Carpenter—whose association with Lux doings dates back deep in the history of Radio Theater itself!

Lux Video Theater is seen on NBC-TV (in both color and black-and-white), Thursday, from 10 to 11 P.M. EST, for Lux, Wisk, Pepsodent, Imperial Margarine and other Lever Brothers products.

FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA

As host, Gordon MacRae welcomes both actors and singers... such bright newcomers to film fame as 11-year-old Tim Hovey...

And all-time greats who helped make Hollywood history... such as the musical-movie team of Nelson Eddy—Jeanette MacDonald.
Bob Crosby's femme soloists, Joan O'Brien (left) and Carol Richards (right) are occasionally joined by his singing daughter, Cathy, when her school work permits.
They knew what you wanted

The Bob Crosby Show found the way
to offer song, human interest—and the
kind of relaxation which is just what
the doctors ordered for your happiness

By EUNICE FIELD

Success is a tree of many branches. It has
certainly been the great "money tree" for some.
But in the case of George Robert Crosby,
that king of Bobcats, it happens to be more than
just that. It has become a tree rooted in the
heart of a crucial public need. That need, born of
the fury of modern times, is for an easy, pleasant
art of relaxation. It would seem that the youngest
of the Crosby brothers has come up with the
perfect formula for that purpose.
Any afternoon, from Monday to Friday, Bob can
be seen over CBS-TV, singing, conducting his
band, dancing, interviewing guests, wisecracking,
pushing on props, doing commercials, acting as emcee
for his troupe of talented performers—and doing
it all with a smooth, suave, (Continued on page 84)

The Bob Crosby Show is seen over CBS-TV, Monday through
Friday, from 3:30 to 4 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.

Earl Grant got on-the-air audition—and won recording
contract!—when his U.S.C. classmate, Joan Southern,
acted as "Good Guy" and brought him to Bob's notice.

"Good Guy" Gene Sherman (next to Bob) introduced view-
ers to kindly German shepherd, Flash—"guide dog" for
Teddy, blind pet of the David Ledermans and son Duffy.
BRAVE New World

For Jeannie Carson, America's a wonderful place. But people are people everywhere, and she knows what—and whom—she likes!

Hey, Jeannie! brings the British-born Miss Carson to the heart of New York City, with Allen Jenkins as a friendly cabbie, and Jane Dulo as his sister. Real life has been just as much an adventure—and almost as comical—to Jeannie and her husband, Bill Redmond.

BEST NEW STAR ON TELEVISION
Jeannie's frank about her tastes, her moods, and herself.

JEANNIE CARSON burst into living rooms all over the country, via television, just a few short months ago. She was an instant success. Her big-eyed, lilting effervescence is the same in real or reel life. She is a gray-eyed, petite (five-foot-two), bright red-haired bundle of charming nervous energy. She is naturally outgoing... but deeply sensitive. She is acutely conscious of atmosphere... and colors. If something is wrong, she has an internal tizzy. "I get very jumpy-nervous. I drive everybody else mad by moving constantly."

Also, she explains solemnly, "I perch. I can perch on the very edge of a straight-back chair for hours."

She is happily married to Bill Redmond, an entertainer in his own right, who now is her associate producer, adviser and father confessor. He has a fascinating insight into his provocative little wife, and their mutual admiration society is a delight to behold. Both English born and bred, their humor speeds across a room in clipped quips.

"I should like," Jeannie says with a twinkle, "to say everything in one fell swoop. I hate hats, never wear 'em, except to protect my head, usually in the rain. I can't sit in the sun. I burn like mad and even come up with a rash under the skin. I prefer trousers. I'm a bug about comfort. I hate to dress up and, when I do, it's invariably a tailored rig. I will go to great lengths not to dress!"

"Ouch!" groaned her hep and handsome husband. "You have now alienated the dress and hat designers! You want to try for one more?"

"Ah, now really," the wide-eyed Jeannie protests, "the American woman has a beautiful mind of her own and she's not about to change her way of thinking because of what I do. As a (Continued on page 76)

Hey, Jeannie! is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, for Dash, Drene and Crest (Procter & Gamble) and Chesterfield Cigarettes.
**WILD Old West**

William Conrad and the creators of Gunsmoke turn an honest, probing searchlight on a highly dramatic but very real period in our history.

**FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR**

**FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN PROGRAM**

*Gunsmoke* stars Conrad as Marshal Dillon of Dodge City.

Western by classification, *Gunsmoke* is more truly a dramatic series which pays allegiance to the basic integrity of human beings in any period or place. It has that quality which producer-director Norman Macdonnell calls "honesty," and which star William Conrad calls "realism." As Conrad says of the character he portrays, "Matt Dillon is neither hero nor villain, but a human being. The best of us are sometimes ashamed of our thoughts, and there are times when the worst of us can be proud of our deeds. Matt Dillon is no different. He is a law-enforcement officer who doesn't like killing. He hates the (Continued on page 90)

*Gunsmoke* is heard twice on CBS Radio—Sun., 6:30 P.M., repeated Sat., 12:30 P.M.—both EST, sponsored by L&M Filter Cigarettes.

Realism is their watchword. Above, producer Norman Macdonnell with actors Howard McNear ("Doc"), Parley Baer (Chester) and Bill Conrad (Matt Dillon). Georgia Ellis as saloon-hostess Kitty—below, with Matt and Chester—has the only regularly featured feminine role.

Off-mike (left), Conrad's an outdoor man with many indoor hobbies—including his wife Junie's cooking!
BRAVE New World

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“Oh, now really,” the wide-eyed Jeannie protests, “the American woman has a beautiful mind of her own and she’s not about to change her way of thinking because of what I do. As a (Continued on page 76)
Helen woke early—too early. It was dawn: A rose-red dawn with innumerable tranquil sounds waking with the light. There was a breeze stirring the curtains of her room. It was a new day in which to start all over again. But Helen found herself wistfully comparing this with other dawns, when life had seemed quite simple... and what one should do quite clear... and when there were no complexities. In the first light of a brand-new day, one ought to be able to think very clearly and get everything quite straight.

For instance, Gil... but she exerted a mental effort. She would not think of him just yet. To love as she and Gil did, and yet be unable to surround themselves with that love so that nothing else mattered... She'd told Gil she'd marry him—as an assurance of the depth and permanence of her love. But Gil had been through too much that rasped his pride. He couldn't believe himself fortunate any longer. He couldn't believe the love she bore him was as deep or as great as she knew it to be. He tortured himself, like a man seeing heaven before him yet not daring to enter it, for fear it would vanish at his touch. And he tortured Helen, too. There were times when it seemed that, from sheer weariness, she would cease to try for the joy that she knew she and Gil could have together. But she knew it would be happiness to serve him in every possible way—that yachting accident, she suspected, had left effects he denied. And she could find a sort of mystic rapture in soothing even those dreadful moods when he did not believe in anything or anybody, not even himself. If only she and Gil...

But this was early morning, and to think about Gil in this fashion was a disheartening way to begin the day. She tried to fix her mind on something else. There was Kurt, for example—Kurt Bonine—and his niece Shari. Kurt was a hard man, but he found her attractive. He'd shown it. Not over-insistently, but at least he was not tormented by intangibles like Gil. Gil could not believe that the happiness he longed for could actually be. He'd feel he had done Helen a monstrous injury if she married him and later regretted it. He frantically feared she would. But Kurt...

Helen stirred uneasily. She did not want to think of Kurt and Gil together, again. She'd meant to think of Shari. And Shari could be thought of without any unease at all. Helen glanced at the clock. It was still very early. She would think about Shari for a little while—tenderly and perhaps a bit amused—and then meet the day with composure. Shari was only a little bit of a problem. A touching one, because she admired Helen so deeply. She had no mother and sought blindly for someone more mature to give her the affection she needed so desperately and the feeling of security she needed even more. She worshipped Helen. And when a girl like Shari, only seventeen, wholly and openly adores one, one wants to be very careful not to hurt her... Helen smiled a little as she thought of Shari. She almost stopped thinking of Gil altogether.

At breakfast, with Agatha, she cheerfully assured herself that this would be one day, when, with Gil away, she would draw back from the problem that was the greatest of many in her life. She would rest her mind and her feelings from the frustration of emotional stalemate. She would not let herself think anything about Gil—except that she loved him, and he loved her, and therefore it must all come out right in the end. But, over the second cup of coffee, Agatha said briskly, "You look well today, Helen. You look rested. It seems to be good for you for Gil to be away. The man practically battens on your suffering—and it seems to me that he thrives on his own."

"You know that's absurd," (Continued on page 86)
Love of Children

As Young Dr. Malone or youthful Mr. Becker, Sandy's innate sympathy is as big as his inborn talents

By FRANCESCA WILLIAMS

After nine years of being Young Dr. Malone on CBS Radio, Sandy Becker still finds his starring role absorbing. "Jerry Malone is a purposeful man, with great courage," Sandy says. "Afine doctor and a good person. Sensitive, kind, but uncompromising where his ideals are concerned. An exciting man to do."

That Sandy portrays this man so perfectly is evidenced by the overwhelming listener approval, but it may not be as well known that Sandy himself is something of the same sort of idealist. A purposeful young man, in a hurry to do many of the things he feels need doing. A man who is sensitive to (Continued on page 83)

Sandy and Ruth Becker's own brood includes Joyce, Curtis, and Annelle—reading upstairs—and that's Tanko, down in front. Below, Sandy shows his trio some fascinating dolls he brought back from his big good-will tour, visiting children of South America.
Gale Storm has a lot to sing about:

Oh! Susanna, her new show . . .

Susanna Jo, her first baby girl . . .

Baby Jo adds that extra feminine touch to Gale's previously all-male household, including husband Lee Bonnell, sons Peter (left), Phillip and Paul.

BEST NEW PROGRAM ON TELEVISION

Oh! Susanna showcases all of Gale's musical-comedy talents.

Most Happy Season

It's been a wonderful season for Gale Storm. A brand-new series: The Gale Storm Show, Oh! Susanna. A brand-new baby in the home Gale shares with husband Lee Bonnell: Susanna Jo! Baby Jo was born just last November, but she's already a miniature of her mother. When she wiggles, Gale exclaims, "Look, she's dancing!" When she gurgles, then she's "singing." When she laughs and wrinkles her nose, she obviously has mama's pixie personality. That dimple in her chin—and the way she winks at the boys (older brothers Phillip, Peter and Paul). . .

Talented daughter, like talented mother. In fact, the Award-winning new show, Oh! Susanna, was specifically tailored to fit Gale's many and varied talents. Viewers of My Little Margie never realized that, aside from her comic ability, Gale is also a singing-dancing sensation. But, in Oh! Susanna, situations are designed so that the musical routines are all a logical part of each week's story.

Meanwhile, as Susanna Pomeroy, social directress on the "S.S. Ocean Queen," (Continued on page 77)

The Gale Storm Show, Oh! Susanna, is seen on CBS-TV, Sat., at 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored alternately by Nescafe and Helene Curtis.
Humor With a Heart
(Continued from page 43)
American folklore, it is because they are literally written on air. That a script for Fran, is a few notes—jotted down while taxiing to the studio—is a loss to our literature of humor.

Spontaneously created, both her Aunt Fanny of Don McNeill’s Breakfast Club and her Fran, of Burr Tillstrom’s Kukla, Fran and Ollie, continue to be spontaneous creations. Burr, who originated “Kukla, Ollie and all the players,” has always dated their teaming with Fran back to a war-bond rally on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. As he tells it, “Ollie, never one to pass up a pretty girl, said, ‘Hello, cutie!’ Fran, never one to pass up a quick answer, said, ‘Hello, yourself.’ Because she accepted them as a child accepts them, she gave them reality. On a day-to-day basis, she is the Dorothy who went to Oz, the Alice in a modern Wonderland. But—most important to me—she has the imagination and the talent to join us in making up the story as we go along.

Aunt Fanny, too, sprang full-grown from Fran’s lively imagination. Fran, the busy young girl of all work in a small Iowa radio station, was rushing past a man-in-the-street broadcast. The announcer caught her arm. “Here’s Aunt Fanny,” he said. “Say something for the folks.” In developing the character of Aunt Fanny, since then, Fran has given her small-town spinster a third dimension. Her sharp observations concern today’s world. They become more searching because Aunt Fanny’s clothes, her colloquialisms and her viewpoint are those of a by-gone day.

She has a word for every occasion. Peering around a Breakfast Club audience, she inquired, “Mister McNeill, where is that lady that fell in the furnace?” Don McNeill pointed her out. “Well,” remarked Aunt Fanny, “I always said there’s no limit to what some folks will do to have a hot time in the old town tonight.”

Aunt Fanny’s stories often spring from the traditional “embarrassing moment.” A bake sale was coming up. Aunt Fanny, unfortunately, had borrowed her recipe for pineapple upside-down cake. She wouldn’t, for anything, ask for it back. She would, instead, buy cake mix and “take her recipe off the box.”

But the great aunt of all work in a small town has her troubles. Said Aunt Fanny, “That high water we had took the labels off of everything. But he said to me, he says, ‘Take my word for it. Fran, I can put my hand on anything in this store.’” Aunt Fanny did.

The cake weighed so much her arm was tired before she got it to the church. The auctioneer declined to put it on sale. Only then did Aunt Fanny discover that her cake mix was actually Mrs. Doolittle’s Handy Household Cement. The pineapple upside-down cake.

It is characteristic of Fran Allison’s philosophy for Aunt Fanny that every problem should produce a minor triumph. Aunt Fanny’s concrete cake, achieved a certain immortality, was the day the cornerstone was being laid. Jing! if they didn’t put my cake right inside! They did! And when they turned it over, it was pretty as you please, they used one of her handles and spelled out Welcome straight across the top.

It is with pleasure that TV Radio Mirror presents its Award as top airwave comedienne to the Breakfast Club’s Aunt Fanny, to Kukla, Fran and Ollie’s Fran—to Fran Allison, a true American humorist who is also a great lady.
Call it Faith

(Continued from page 50)

Bible from cover to cover, and could detect a mistake in a single word in the middle of a long sermon. Himself an evangelist, he knew that all ministers would be glad to have a slip of the tongue corrected, in quoting from the Good Book, and this was a service he often performed for others. His intense desire to discover, at eleven, that he was adopted, he was momentarily bewildered. He needed desperately to feel that he belonged to someone or something. "Wonderful as my foster parents were, there was something missing," the boy who adopted me, in their sixties by the time I was in my teens. My foster father was handicapped, too, by the fact that he had to legitimize it that I was an active in sports with me. We had no point of contact, outside our home.

Some of the youngsters Art knew were pretty wild. After all, the Linkletters moving about the country and the much too often for the family to establish any kind of roots. Not that Art was the Dead End kid! But he knew a lot of boys who were runaways or kids who were cast off by their families. He himself never stole. He'd been too much impressed by his father's reading of the Commandments. But he often felt adrift.

Just about that time, Art met David Bomberger, now general secretary of the Riverside YMCA. "I don't know what would have happened to me," Art says frankly. "I was young enough to understand my problems and to help me find an outlet for my energy." David became a sort of father away from home to young Art. He encouraged him, and supplied him with a Y group somewhat similar to various Boy Scout groups. Through David Bomberger and the Y, Art became interested in camping and physical education. Previously, he'd played basketball with various church leagues; now he learned to play the game better and more earnestly than ever. "Every child," he says, "feels that he wants to belong to a gang. Every kid has to belong to one, children are the greatest joiners. They want to earn recognition. They earn it either by belonging to a gang."

Art believes that those who say, "There are no bad children, only bad parents," may be right. Once he was at a cocktail party where all the guests seemed to be having a wonderful time. Art and his wife were enjoying themselves, too. But, with Art, it's almost automatic to talk about his five children, so he happened to mention casually what some of his youngsters had done. The man to whom he was speaking looked surprised. "You mean to say that, even when you're with Art, it's almost automatic to talk about the children of your foster father?" he said. "Sure," said Art.

"Well, I'll be damned. My kids are like wild horses. I never know from one hour to the next what they'll be doing or where they'll be going." Art's fellow guest was a man from a prominent social family, who had brought up his children with the help of nurses and tutors. "Are you a child, Art," Art observes. "To-day, as a carryover from childhood, I still don't worry--though I take steps to prevent things from going wrong. I don't feel that everything will come to me. To get an answer, I must look to myself. In those days, my foster father didn't necessarily think so. We didn't exactly live--we existed.

At one time Art Linkletter persuaded a professor with a Ph.D. degree in psychology to appear on one of his programs and announce that he had tested three thousand youngsters. Of course, the professor's own mother put her hand to the child's shoulder and told him, "My children won't obey me. What shall I do about it? You can't just keep scolding them."

"That's a terrible problem," said the psychologist, "and one that almost all parents face. We haven't come up with any scientific answer yet on how to get a child to do something."

"I hope you'll pardon me for giving an unscientific answer," said Art. "I'm no authority on bringing up children, but my wife and I are trying, as best we can, to raise our kids. But we've come to the conclusion that a child wants to know there is authority, with strengths and limits. If a child never knows how far he can push his parents, if he never feels any urge push them around--he has no feeling of being protected or watched over."

"There are no children who imagine that there's plenty of money in a family, it's a cinch to bring up children. Not so, says Art. "Children have a better chance of growing up well if they do not come from wealthy families. In many cases, money in life is work. But there is a big difference between work that's necessary and work that's invented, just to keep rich children busy." Art Linkletter, Art had to work. At eight, he had a newspaper route and mowed lawns. In his teens, he operated a switchboard at the Y, and acted as counselor at summer camps. Because of his foster father's complete absorption in spiritual matters, there were times when, if Art hadn't worked, he wouldn't have eaten.

"I try to duplicate such conditions in the lives of his children would be preposterous. Still, Art has taught his children respect for work by a carefully worked out system, allowances on the basis of their own earnings. As they helped their foster father's complete absorption in spiritual matters, there were times when, if Art hadn't worked, he wouldn't have eaten.

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"I think that the most important thing I've taught my children is the value of work. Work is a way of life. It brings companionship. It gives a man a big feeling of pride in a job he has done. My wife and I have always taught our children that work is a joy, just as a person is not ever a joy.

"I turn down business offers because when I've accepted them, I haven't had time to do the things I really want to do--to stay home with my family."

For instance, at Christmas time, each has his own Christmas tree, which he decorates himself. Then awards--in the form of small gifts--are given for the most original tree, the prettiest tree, and what- ever other categories Art and his wife can think of. The young Linkletters are brought up in an atmosphere of faith tempered with good humor. Art believes that children should be exposed to religion, but that it may sometimes be unwisely reinforced. He believes that they should be exposed to an inordinate amount of time at church, as he did during his boyhood. "If my parents had been musicians and insisted on my playing piano for four or five hours a day, I'd have rebelled against music as a child."

"Today, I believe that everyone should have the right to believe what he wants to believe. My children are given a chance to think out for themselves. They are also given every chance to be exposed to religion. Every Sunday, they go to church. Nothing would please me more than to find that the children had discovered a dedicated, imaginative, inspiring religious teacher."
“Personally, I am sure that there is a God. Members of different religions call Him by different names. I have traveled so much and met so many who thoroughly believe in their own religions, that I have great respect and tolerance for the beliefs of others. All the major religions boil down to half a dozen rules—the Golden Rule, in one form or another, being prominent among them. Whatever you do in life, whatever people come back to roost one way or another.”

Art believes that the Golden Rule really works in daily life—if you honestly try to live up to it. “Often,” he says, “individuals forget all about the Golden Rule when it comes to business. But it applies there just as much as anywhere else. You can’t ignore it just because you’re trying to make a buck.”

Art himself has the well-earned reputation of following the Golden Rule in business. Once, a hard-boiled attorney who had handled the legal affairs of many of the biggest stars in show business, said, “I’d rather do business with Art and John Guedel (Art’s partner-producer of People Are Funny and House Party) than with anyone else. Not because they’ll let you walk over them, for they won’t. But you also know that they’ll never try to take advantage of you—or anyone else.”

Offer Art a chance to do anything at which he’s had little or no previous experience but which might present a challenge, and he’ll grab it—and let you name the salary. Once, when he was twenty-three, holding down a desirable job as announce at KRGB in San Diego, and being groomed for an executive position, he left his well-paying, secure position to work with the Dallas Exposition. He knew that the new job couldn’t last more than six months.

“How much are you going to get?” his wife asked. Art shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know,” he said. “I didn’t ask. But I do know that this is a wonderful opportunity for work and learn.”

Later, when he was offered a job at the San Francisco Fair, he again accepted without knowing what the salary was. “Some people,” he said, “think of me as so mercenary and so sharp in business that they don’t believe I would do a thing like that. It’s true that, if I’m asked to work as an emcee, I’ll charge a stiff price, for I’ve been training for this kind of work for about twenty years, and know my value as an emcee. But if I’m offered a chance to do something new and challenging, I’ll do it, and not quibble about how much I’m paid. When I was offered a role on the G. E. Theater, I was glad to try it. When they asked me how much I wanted, I said, ‘Whatever you think I’m worth. I’m here to try something new and stretch my talent muscles.’

When the time came to give the children just little totts, Art taught his children that it isn’t ethical to try to get something for nothing, or to try to make money by wrangling an unfair monopoly for yourself. Art figure up children so as to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative? With five children, all of different temperaments, Art and Mrs. Linkletter discovered while the children were very young that each had to be handled differently.

“Some children have to be spanked frequently; some should never be spanked at all,” says Art. “In general, I believe that children should be brought up with loose discipline around by a good iron fence. Many mothers and fathers complain that the kids are very bad behavior, and I believe that it’s time to leave—and no arguments!”

Once, after Art had found that the new job couldn’t last more than about twenty years, and knew my value as an emcee. But if I’m offered a chance to do something new and challenging, I’ll do it, and not quibble about how much I’m paid. When I was offered a role on the G. E. Theater, I was glad to try it. When they asked me how much I wanted, I said, ‘Whatever you think I’m worth. I’m here to try something new and stretch my talent muscles.’

The Linkletter children know that their mother and dad want them to have fun. And they do. They’re camping in the summer, and on weekly bicycle safaris.

Art, with his wonderful ad-lib sense of humor, is apt to tell outlandish stories at such a time, at any place, including the dinner table. For years a pet Linkletter gag was to pretend that the youngest member of the family believed that a banana would appear on his plate whenever he pushed it. The maid would appear out of thin air. Actually, of course, Art had an electric buzzer under the table which he pushed at the same time he told the gag. The maid then worked the banana into the nose of the boy. (On account of Art’s age.)

Art has a little bit of madcap for bringing up children: Faith, humor, and love. His faith in his children goes so deep that he will say, “My marriage is a wonderful legal, and most of the time, I'm asked to have workers call for them, they ask ahead of time, and we call the program they'd like to have with us.

“We have cocktail or dinner parties, the kids are introduced to all our guests and are permitted to remain for about fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, they know it’s time to leave—and they do.

“Some parents tell me they just can’t understand how we can get the children to go to bed when they’re told to. This it the way we do it: We tell them, ‘We want you with us. If you want to watch The Red Skelton Show or the Tex McCrary Show, you can be with us watching the programs till the very last possible minute. Then, when we say it’s time to go to bed, you’ll know that it is—and no arguments.’

“The kids never argue about this. If, occasionally, there’s an exceptionally good program they’d like to stay up late to hear, they ask ahead of time, and we call a family friend who can watch the program if the children are too young to pretend that the program is worth staying up late for.”

I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program “My True Story”. It brings you frank stories about real people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you can identify some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

Tune in Every Morning to “MY TRUE STORY”
American Broadcasting Stations

“My experience may change your whole life.” Read “Chained By Fear” in the current issue of TRUE STORY Magazine, now at all newsstands.
"Champagne Music"

(Continued from page 39)

my dancing audiences always look as if they have just seen an unfamiliar ballet. The men are well-groomed and carry themselves with pride: the women move in an air of beauty. The most beautiful dancing among them is the ballroom dance—men with very full skirt, but without hoops—a hoop is likely to prove an embarrassment on a crowded floor. The bodice should be supported by a corset or strap, in order to permit complete freedom from self-consciousness or worry. The best color? White, I think, or any of the pastels. At Christmas time, red is delightful, but—year around, I dare say that, when in doubt, choose white.

It should be mentioned swiftly that this opinion is not likely to go unchallenged—not that they favor their father's musical style, but simply because it has been given by Mr. Welk. If you consider Elvis Presley the most controversial musical phenomenon of the age, you are due for a surprise. Mr. Welk's name, introduced into a musical discussion, may provoke everything from intemperate speech to the loud slamming of doors, as devotees of the champagnes find themselves victimized. The Hollywood Reporter is one of the beacons of show business, and Leo Gould is one of its most respected columnists. Recently, Mr. Gould wrote on the road is terrible, the TV and radio trend toward good bands is now evident... Those in the trade say Lawrence Welk started the whole business. A few days later, The Hollywood Reporter was in receipt of the following note, scrawled on a page torn from a school notebook: "Dear Sirs: You are nowhere—right beside L. Frank Baum. He is a corn merchant, and it seems to grow a lot higher than an elephant's eye. He plays hotel music—the long mirror and velvet chair kind—you might say he has aplit complex. Champagne—who needs it for it?"

Between these poles of opinion stands one of the most musically criticized and praised men of the 1950's. This somewhat puzzles the mild-mannered gentleman whose "Champagne Music" sparkles not only all over ABC Radio, but on the Saturday-night Lawrence Welk Show and the Welk's Western Tunes And New Talent, over ABC-TV.

His success is such that he can afford to be tolerant of the taunts of rock 'n rollers. His has been selected by the National Ballroom Operators of America as the nation's number-one dance band; for six consecutive years, he has played three to six evenings each week (depending upon the season and tour commitments) at Ocean Park's Aragon Ballroom; repeatedly, the readers of newspapers and magazines have voted his radio and/or TV shows as the best of the year. He has waxed more than 500 records, which sell slightly better than one million discs each year. The fall of 1956, the city of Santa Monica honored Mr. Welk and his bandsmen for their service with him to date, tendering them a parade, and a grand total of $500, as well as honorary discharge imminent, Jack approached the Champagne Music Makers through channels: He forwarded a tape recording of his mariachis, playing along with a brief biography and a photograph. Mr. Welk auditioned him at the Aragon Ballroom, an experiment that almost

the young minority who consider my music useful and are strongly in favor of giving it our time and attention—what that amount if he is an authentic professional, not merely a lazy guy who plays an instrument—and he can live a normal family life in a home of his own."

Normal family life is infinitely precious to Lawrence Welk. He was next-to-oldest in a family of four boys and four girls. His youth was spent in Strasburg, North Dakota. Each of the children had his chores to perform. All ten Welks were kept busy from dawn to dusk. But around the crackling fire on wintry nights, or the radio on hazy summer evenings, the family would gather to hear their father play his accordion. It was the only possession Ludwig Welk and his wife had become a stranger to his son. Lawrence Welk's musicians might not be tolerant of the taunts of the "opportunity" men, but without it?"

Rather wistfully, Lawrence Welk has pointed out his need for fresh faces: "You know, young man, there in the glass of bald heads is awfully hard on the eyes," he has said affectionately of his veteran music men. "But acquiring able young musicians is one of the most musically criticized and praised men of the 1950's. This somewhat puzzles the mild-mannered gentleman whose "Champagne Music" sparkles not only all over ABC Radio, but on the Saturday-night Lawrence Welk Show and the Welk's Western Tunes And New Talent, over ABC-TV.

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GET IN SHAPE FOR SUMMER!

Denise Lorr has effective diet and exercise advice for you in the June TV Radio Mirror on sale May 7

...the most difficult, has been the mostneglected of instruments for several years. I could understand that if you were a string man, but I can't use another trombonist."

"But tell me you, I'm good," reiterated the young man with a horn. "Furthermore, I've got to eat tomorrow.

On another occasion, Mr. Welk asked an applicant why he wanted to join the Champagne Music Makers, and the answer was: "Because I want to express myself. I feel that I have something important to say, musically, but I need a band of my own to give me the proper dramatic setting.

Another audition-seeker sauntered up to Mr. Welk and chimed, "Howdy, maestro. What's your going rate for musicians? If the price is right, I might join your band."

The entire career of the instrumental profession has changed so much in recent years that such a question drives Welk into as much of a frenzy as his longtime nursemaid, and natural gentleness will permit. "In the old days," he says—and he has known the old days for a long time, having seen changes taking place in music in the years since he was a young man—"if I could knock out four to five thousand dollars a year, and earning such an income meant leaving the band before the next one and falling on a catch-a-wink basis, eating in poutine taverns, shoveling a bus out of mud or snow as the seasons changed—but, worst of all, becoming a stranger to his family. Nowadays, a competent, hardworking musician can earn four times that amount if he is an authentic professional, not merely a lazy guy who plays an instrument—and he can live a normal family life in a home of his own.

Inescapably, music is—to Lawrence Welk—an expression of family cohesion. He grew up in the midst of such a philosophy, lived rather than expressed. Nowadays, his band is a bit complex. Champagne—who needs it?

Lawrence Welk's musicians share his attitude is indicated by the fact that their service with him to date totals, in aggregate, around 140 years. Greatest of these is the leadership of the first Music Maker aggregation. Jerry plays the Hammond organ and celeste along with the 8'8, and—like Mr. Welk—is a Dakotan (South instead of North, however).

Record for shortest length of service is held equally by Jack Imel (the sailor mariamba player--dancer who was added to the band in winter, in 1954) and Leston Sisters (added at Christmas time, 1955). Jack Imel started his career at four, when his brother taught him to take ten dancing. During his high-school days, he began to study xylophone. By the time he was ready to enlist in the Navy, to serve his obligatory military term, he had toured with Horace Heidt's band for many months. As a first-class musician with a Navy 3/c rating, Jack repeatedly won talent shows and served as a member of the USO. With honorable discharge imminent, Jack approached the Champagne Music Makers through channels: He forwarded a tape recording of his mariachis, playing along with a brief biography and a photograph. Mr. Welk auditioned him at the Aragon Ballroom, an experiment that almost
wrecked the joint. The fans—normally a restrained and calmly knowing group—went somewhat wild. So did the writers of tons of rapid fan mail. (Sorry, girls, but Jack is married and the father of two handsome youngsters—a girl and a boy—and number three will debut shortly.)

The Lennon Sisters' story adds another chapter to Welk family history. Dianne, now seventeen, is a fellow student of Lawrence Welk, Jr., at St. Monica's High School in Santa Monica. Dianne and her three sisters—Peggy, fifteen, Kathy, thirteen, and Janet, ten—have been singing practically from the cradle. Their father had been a member of the once well-known Lennon Brothers Quartet, and, as his children had come along (eight at this date, and number nine scheduled), he sang with his progeny, teaching them the facts of harmony in an informal way. Dianne had been seven and Peggy five when they discovered that—even without their father's aid—they could divide a song between them and double its effectiveness. Kathy's voice proved to be different in pitch and tone quality from that of her two older sisters, which added zest to the group, and Janet was discovered to have the knack of singing any one of four parts.

It was Larry who brought the Lennon Sisters to his father's attention, and their addition to the Champagne Music Makers' family adds sugar to a variety show whose life is spice—which is to say that the story of any member of the troupe would make an interesting chapter to Welk family history. Dianne, handsome youngsters—a girl and a boy—aged seventeen, is a fellow student of the band's comedy vocalist-trumpeter-trombonist, has trouble unless confronted by camera and mike. Repeatedly he is asked, "What are you wearing on your head, Rocky? A dead squirrel, maybe? Spanish moss? Or are you merely scared?"

Another fascinating fact about the Champagne men is that many of them tried other ways of life before admitting that the note of success, for them, had to be coaxed from a musical instrument. Johnny Klein, the terrific tympanist, was a schoolteacher; Norman Bailey, who doubles in trumpet and trombone, prepared himself to be a business statistician, but very nearly employed his talent permanently in the guided missile department of an aircraft plant; Jack Martin, sultan of the sax, was graduated from Ohio U., with every intention of becoming an advertising tycoon.

Lawrence Welk is glad that every member of his musical family gravitated, eventually, to him, and he turns an occasional eye upon the second generation being brought up by his musician men. That family touch again. However, it is well-known that musical ability is often handed down from parent to child. Lawrence Welk, as has been stated, has three youngsters; Alice Lon, the sparkling "Champagne Lady," has three sons. The rest of the band own a junior section totaling twenty-nine, with two more set to make an appearance soon.

Lawrence Welk, the pied piper of the champagne parade, should be able to provide the best in music for dancing feet and happy hearts for at least another generation!
**Brave New World**

(Continued from page 64)

matter of fact, I’ll try for another. I like and enjoy women generally, but the two types that throw me into right field are the overbearing career women and sophists. The sophists I’m good enough to ignore completely, but the overbearing career types throw me into a frightful fluster. I haven’t had time to make close women friends over here, and I miss that. I do like women,” she reiterated, looking pleadingly at Bill.

Bill smiled, and the sound of Jeanie trying to be careful with a subject. The feeling that Bill might be a sort of Svengali is abruptly amputated when Jeanie speaks up again suddenly.

“I like men, too,” she says, with the devil in her eyes. “I like them to dress casually—not overly, like blue jeans—and be on their brother type, easy and enjoyable to be around. I hate egomaniacs and ‘selling’ men. The ego stick through you about themselves and never know who they’re talking to in the process. They have an audience. The sellers, be they smooth or crude, are a certain breed of pitchman that turns me green. My favorite kind of man, of course, is that of casually. There’s a certain kind of self-effacement in these people. They are the kind that could be handsome, and she’s in a blue suit and conservative tie, splash a bit of spice on their jaws, and they’re ready. It’s not half bad.”

“That’s a woman,” Jeanie has a quick rejoinder. “You don’t have to dress up one, but the ladies will disappear into that labyrinthine lady’s wardrobe and make up. At 4:35, I am ready. At 4:47, the minute roar of Jeanie’s voice is dividing the dress, and she’s dash for the restaurant at nine P.M., and have work, and have fun. The kindness of fans means more to me than most—because it means I’ve been accepted in a country I love.”

**The Great Moore Mystery**

(Continued from page 45)

sentimental side. (His sign-off phrase, “Be kind to each other, won’t you?” is just part of it.) That’s a man who speaks like a night, family-man style, to Nell and they’re two types he’s very patient with, because he is that kind of a man. (Didn’t the panel of I’ve Got A Secret take revenge on him for tricks on them, by having him crated on the program one night, in a huge box, and sending him brother over to Birdland—where, undaunted, Garry promptly got on the drums and had a jam session with Count Basie and the boys?)

People have heard him talk about the fun of navigating a boat, and they know he’s boat-crazy and has recently turned in his yawl for a fine big sloop. They have watched him try to hide some of his feeling for Jimmy Durante when that beloved veteran appeared with Garry on the show last winter—the first time the two had ever been on the same program. They were a team on radio some ten years ago or more. (It was plain that here were two people who love each other very much and are not remotely ashamed of it.)

Who but Garry would have a heavy, old and locked trunk and had it brought on the set of his daytime show—and, without preliminaries, opened it before the TV cameras? To discover, to his own and everyone else’s amusement and amusement, that it held nothing but keys. Eighty thousand of them, by a later actual count, and of every size and type!

As for the panel of I’ve Got A Secret, everyone knows that, while Henry Morgan has a wry, rich sense of humor himself, he rarely smiles. That Faye Emerson is outspoken and has interesting opinions on a very wide variety of subjects.

“He must also be very ready to kill, look at my personalitiy. He must be very social, always concerned with the first flush of ‘Hearts and Flowers.’ She has an inquiring, curious mind. She’s easy to get along with, but when she says no, she means it. She will go out, but she resents having it taken from her.”

“I think that’s all of me,” Jeanie says thoughtfully, “except Bill and I love it.”

His feeling that there should be no forced heartiness with guests or audience (“We demonstrate our liking for people by being natural with them at all times,” he says). None enjoyed “inside” humor, funny as it may be on other programs (“But our audiences would think it out of character for us”). No talking down to the daytime audience (“How can you expect a woman to be less intelligent in the daytime when she looks at television than she is at night when she looks at it with her husband?”). No offensive lines on TV is a lot like being invited to visit friends at home.”

Above all, viewers know that Garry Moore is a man who has won TV Radio and Magazine Awards for himself, as well as for others, gives generously of his time, and that he will never accept them personally. Always he accepts on behalf of everyone on the shows, and seen and unseen workers who have contributed to winning.

Perhaps the biggest secret that has leaked out is that Garry himself is a singularly modest man who gives out loyalty and enthusiasm and always seems to get back, with dividends.
Most Happy Season

(Continued from page 70)

Gale is allowed to travel all over the world through One of Hal Roach Studios. Before Susanna, Gale never had been on board an ocean liner, and she says the only traveling she'd ever done was with her Little Morgie and Oh! Susanna, describes Gale with such phrases as: "Gay, bright, clean and fresh ... just like the baby sister with all the trimmings." Then she adds, "And she's one of the hardest-working girls in television."

Gale's working schedule is as well organized as her timetable. Five days a week, Monday through Friday, Gale is up at five. She dresses while I feed the baby," says husband Lee Bonnell. Then Gale feeds the baby while I dress. We leave the house at six, and I drive her sixteen miles to the studio. She's in make-up by six-thirty, and on the set by seven. Then I go home, see the boys off to school, and get to my office around 7:45 A.M. I pick up Gale at six P.M., we're home by seven, have dinner at half-past.

"We're trying to have the boys off to school, to get to my office around 7:45 A.M. I pick up Gale at six P.M., we're home by seven, have dinner at half-past. Sometimes we take them to the Wednesday-night meeting, too," he explains. "We long ago agreed that the dinner hour is the most important one to us and Gale and the children, no matter what. Here at the table, we give the boys an opportunity to talk about their day and discuss things of mutual family interest. It was at the dinner table, for instance, that we told them that we all enjoy her during this time. Then, at ten, Jol gets her bottle and all the kids are off to sleep. Saturdays, Gale practices a song or two, and we'd like to have the family be able to share together on weekdays,"

"From eight-thirty to nine-thirty, Gale studies her script for the next day—each night, she learns fifteen pages of dialogue. From then until ten, we're scheduled a playtime with baby Jo. Sometimes the boys are still up, so that we all enjoy her during this time. Then, at ten, Jo gets her bottle and all the kids are off to sleep. Saturdays, Gale practices a song or two, and we'd like to have the family be able to share together on weekdays," he explains. "We long ago agreed that the dinner hour is the most important one to us and Gale and the children, no matter what. Here at the table, we give the boys an opportunity to talk about their day and discuss things of mutual family interest. It was at the dinner table, for instance, that we told them that we all enjoy her during this time. Then, at ten, Jo gets her bottle and all the kids are off to sleep. Saturdays, Gale practices a song or two, and we'd like to have the family be able to share together on weekdays,"

Recently, the church program was turned over to the Operation Youth group. Because Phillip was to give the benediction and invocation, Gale and Lee were both there. The master of ceremonies, a handsome young man about the age of fourteen-year-old Phillip, called the meeting to order and said that "Ladies and gentlemen, we have some visitors with us tonight, and a celebrity ... I'd like to introduce Gale Storm." Gale took a bow and said, "Thank you,_colors added. "Most of you think of Gale Storm as a celebrity, but we just think of her as Phillip Bonnell's mother."

Gale couldn't have been more pleased. Even Gale herself, of the sparkling series which viewers have voted the best new program on television this season—ain't as important to Gale as being a successful mother. Certainly, if awards were given for devoted families, Gale Storm's would be a winner!
The Man Who Really Won

(Continued from page 41)

Hal March sits in the tremendous living room of his Manhattan apartment, holding a tiny baby in his hands—holding her up so they both could be held. One of the bitter worst of all his battles to laugh out loud. It never occurs to you that Melissa is not his own child, because it never occurs to Hal. Last year, when he married Tom Andrea's twin daughters, Melissa and Missy, Melissa was fourteen and Missy fourteen and a half. I'm as sensitive as a baby, he explained. It's the same with little child shall lead them.” And that’s how it started—Hal’s reminiscences about life and love and where a little child can lead. Throughout it all, though Melissa didn’t say a word, she certainly dominated the conversation. Blue-eyed and blond, she knew that she was loved—and she knew how to love in return. And it was all too easy to feel that this was the only thing that has taken Hal a lifetime of searching to learn.

“I’ve always been a curious and perceptive little girl. I’ve always been trying to explain why, perhaps, growing up has been a more painful business for him than for others. It wasn’t enough that he was born; he had to know why. And it was not enough merely to live; he had to figure out the true meaning of life. Even as a child, however, it was bad type-casting. He didn’t look the part of the introspective introvert. He was popular. He played sports. At high school, he made the football, basketball, and baseball teams, and was president of the student government. He was an amateur boxer, fighting twenty-five rounds in his home town of San Francisco.

Inwardly, however, he was as sensitive as a dreamy young kid taking long walks in the rain, all by himself, with five books under his arm. There were doubts and torments and the pain that comes of probing deep wounds. The same problems that a psychologist handles today, Hal tried to handle himself—philosophically.

“I am wrong,” he said, “and I want to change.” Even today, looking back on it, he insists that “it is the toughest thing in the world to do.”

And perhaps that explains why, at the age of twelve, he decided to be an actor. If you don’t like yourself as you are, it’s much easier to play being someone else than it is to change yourself. Besides, he had appeared in an operetta staged by his junior high school class, and it was moving to the stage, you doubted yourself—to have others applaud your efforts. It wasn’t all applause, however. It was a long struggle up from cheap night clubs to the big time. His first big comedy team of Sweeney And March—success was with a sustaining program on CBS—to featured comedian on the Perry Como Show. And then came television. He was Burns and Allen’s next door neighbor, Tom Andrea’s sidestick in The Soldiers, and Imogene Coca’s “husband” when she starred in her own show.

But, finally, he was on his own—master of ceremonies of The $64,000 Question. The show not only made television his life, but thirty-five, he was showered with a success so sudden and so overwhelming, it could have thrown another man. To Hal, however, success in show business—solved nothing.

“Life,” he’s always maintained, “is a man’s real career.” And he knew he was failing at that.

“Why don’t you get married?” people asked. He was thirty-two.

“My life isn’t sufficiently stabilized to make me a good husband,” he would reply, with characteristic candor. He was married to Melissa two years ago in San Francisco. She was wonderful and beautiful and secure. He didn’t mean “financial”—he meant “inner.”

“Before you can be happily married,” Hal explains, “you don’t have to understand your own particular needs, evolve your own philosophy of life.” And so he studied. He read the great books. It is significant that he started writing a long time before he was married. “It’s like eating in school. You learn to develop the six conflicting facets of one man’s character.

“I had the capacity for recognizing truth when I married. I knew the problem is learning to apply it to myself.” But truth is more than an abstraction, it’s a way of life. Hal felt he had to test each truth, emotion, idea in his life. He had to develop my philosophy of life.” And so he studied. He read the great books. It is significant that he started writing a long time before he was married. “It’s like eating in school. You learn to develop the six conflicting facets of one man’s character.

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“When you can’t change,” he recalls, “the problem is that you’re not mature.

“Candy and I have both been poor, he points out, "so we can appreciate success all the more. We’re aware that this is a wonderful apartment, and, sure, it’s nice to have things. But they aren’t important enough to bother them, and that’s why they don’t like it.”

A matter of fact, Hal recently proved his sense of values by paying out twenty thousand dollars to get out of a contract he had signed to appear in a Broadway show. He’d rather spend his evenings at home, with his family. He’s even given up his writing. “I’m a pretty happy guy,” he exhales. “I’m fulfilled. I don’t have to write to prove my maturity.”

But there’s another reason Hal is anxious to keep his evenings free. Some time this month, his first child will be born. And, though Candy claims that “men don’t even look at babies the first ten months,” Hal looks as though he’s about to prove her wrong. What’s more, if all goes well, they may even get married, because they’ve set their hearts on, hope to move to Scarsdale—just outside Manhattan.

“It’s a race with the stork!” Hal exclaims, and Candy merely smiles. “We could move in time, they would. Otherwise, they would wait until afterward the baby was born. All that was definite was—they would have a four-year-old son, instead of a modern apartment on upper Fifth Avenue. And, if Hal seems the more impatient to make the move, it’s because he doesn’t want to wait. This is the life he’s been searching for so long. He doesn’t want to waste another minute.
to go 'round, enough popularity for every­
body, enough opportunities, because that's
the way he lives. They couldn't be more
right. It shows in the way he never
pushes anyone else out of the way so he
can stay in front, the way he never
presses too hard for himself, the way
he never wants to take all the bows.

Good things are “catching,” according
to Perry's ideas—not just mumps and
measles and such. When the guests do
well and enjoy the show, then Perry gives
an even better than usual performance.
Everybody gets the grade-A treatment, not
only such established stars as Peggy Lee
and Johnnie Ray and Patti Page
and Julius La Rosa, but the less well known
toos.

Como gets a really big kick when he
has a talented youngster as a guest. Ten
year-old Brenda Lee, of Red Foley's
country-music shows—a singer who has
been compared to the Judy Garland of
the early days, and who has a sassy way
with both songs and the spoken word—
made a first appearance with Perry and
was invited back several times because of
the big response he got. Perry thinks
she is fabulous. Thirteen-year-old or
ganist Glenn Derringer has been on the
show a couple of times this year, and again
Perry couldn't have been more pleased
with the wonderful response. He has a
special spot in his heart for kids, any
how. “They give me my biggest kicks,” he
says. (His own are Ronnie, now seven
teen, ten-year-old David, and Terri, who
is nine.) “They, and my elderly fans—folks
around seventy and eighty who have been
listening to me for years.”

Perhaps one of the best examples of
Como informality happened during the
winter, when Guy Lombardo was a guest
on the show. A short time before his cue
to come on with Perry, Guy started down
from the dressing room, taking the back
stage elevator at the Ziegfeld Theater, from
which the show originates. Midway be
between floors the elevator stuck—and, in
due time, Perry was introducing a Lom
bardo who failed to appear on cue. Mitch
ell Ayres and the orchestra replayed the
entrance music, and Perry just stood
there, laughing a little to himself, while
frantic search parties were being organi
zied behind the scenes.

Those who had seen the rehearsal, or
knew the script, realized what was hap
pening, but for a moment the audience
thought Perry was merely enjoying one of
his more relaxed moments, on camera or
off. He was. He knew something had
gone wrong, but it didn't throw him.
“Mitch,” he called out to the orchestra
leader, “you'd better come on over here
and do this with me—and he went right
into the routine he had planned for Guy.

When you get him to talk about
himself at all, Perry merely says: “I like
to think I know what I'm doing. I have
been doing it long enough to know.” Which
is probably his modest way of saying that,
if he seems sure of himself, it's
no more than should be expected of any
pro who has worked at his job as hard
and as long as Perry has. That he doesn't
deserve to be where he is if he couldn't
sing the way people liked and do a good
job all the way through.

This is an attitude that goes a long
way toward explaining the winning of
awards. Perry would laugh that off.
“What attitude?” he would ask. “I'm
only having fun on this show. Just singing,
and being myself with wonderful guests
and a wonderful gang all down the line
who help me put on the show.”

Just Having Fun

(Continued from page 57)
Singing Your Way for June

PATTI PAGE
tennessee's own beloved troubadour

ERNIE FORD
Tennessee's own beloved troubadour

GUY MITCHELL
in full color and with all the facts

TOMMY SANDS
teen-age star in ten-age heaven

all in the JUNE Issue of TV RADIO MIRROR at your newsstand Mar. 7

Godfrey and His Star Wagon

(Continued from page 37)
asked me to do something a little better, or explained something to me, I didn't have the time. That's why Pat always has to do the job, he's an assistant student at Columbia University. He is a husband and the father of three girls. To be a TV, recording and movie star, as well as student, husband, and father, he has put in up to nineteen hours a day. But success never comes easy. And Pat's success is no exception to the rule. Neither is the McGuire's success. And Pat says, "One is hurt, and we know the best thing is to save time for the others."

Chris, oldest of the three, says, "When we first came to New York we weren't acti

ally ready for a real opportunity. That's why we are so indebted to Arthur. He not only gave us our first real break, but taught us—and put up with us while we learned. We didn't even know what to do with our arms when we were performing."

In the beginning, they worked so hard that Phyllis just wore out her voice and couldn't talk for nearly four weeks. They had to be reminded to smile. They saw their first written arrangement. Dot, who carries the low notes, recalls, "In those days, it took us two weeks to learn a new arrangement. Now we do it in two rehearsals. Oh, there certainly have been some changes made."

The girls were born in Middletown, Ohio. Their father, Asa McGuire, a handsome six-footer, was a steel worker. Three times in a row he had hoped for a boy baby, but instead, there were Chris, Dot and Phyllis. Their mother was an ordained minister who served as pastor of the First Church of God in Miamisburg, Ohio, until her retirement two years ago. "Our living room at home was like a hotel lobby," Chris recalls. "People were always visiting, and we always had games and dancing."

The girls began to sing as a trio for their own pleasure and then, by request, at church for weddings and funerals. They sang only sacred music and, between 1946 and 1956, traveled over the country appearing in revues, at camp meetings. We didn't think it was right to sing both popular and religious music. And we might never have begun singing ballads if we had been a part of the church-furniture for the nursery, kitchen, and living room. Regular and special contributions to the church—furniture for the nursery, ping-pong tables for the recreation room. Time for these and the other things that have paid for the house, the car, the new arrangement. Now we do it in two rehearsals."

"Arthur told us, in the beginning, that you can't take yourself for granted in this business. That you must constantly keep working and improving. He does it himself. He's always ready to try something new," says Chris. She continues, "He's helped us with so many..."
pational hazard for people in TV and radio. Pat Boone contends with it, too. He's been a busy boy, commuting from his New Jersey home to classes at Columbia and appearances on the radio, so the future looks just as busy, with his 20th Century-Fox film contract—and the long-term deal he recently signed with ABC-TV, to start sporting three-hour shows daily from 1:30 P.M. until midnight. He says, "The mistake I made was due to ignorance. I figured Atlantic City would be a forty or forty-five minute hop to New York. But, when I got to Atlantic City, I found there was no plane service and that it would be a three-hour drive. I had to leave Atlantic City at five in the morning to get to Manhattan by eight, and I started off and Arthur got talking about it with me. We were on the air and he asked me when I started at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City during the same week he was to appear on the Godfrey morning show. On the pier, he got me out of bed and we stood and talked some. I 1:30 P.M. He said, 'Well, you get through here at 11:30, so how are you going to drive in two hours?' Right then I picked up my telephone and called the airport. He told his pilot to fly me down that day and every day that week. He got me out of a pickle."

Things have happened mighty fast to Pat, although I could call his private life "fast." He doesn't smoke, drink or club around town. "Even if I wanted to, I couldn't. Besides, Cherry keeps putting on her middle-of-the-night show, and she wouldn't be doing it if I were there. But I'm serious about thinking about putting that lid on her crib. The other night something awful happened. We got back around 2:30 a.m. and I was thinking of making the best of four hours I had to sleep. So, the fourth time I tuckered her back in bed, I locked our own bedroom door. But I was hoping that, if she saw the door closed, she'd go back to her own bed. If she cried about finding the door closed, then I'd get up again. Well, my plan worked fine, I thought, until morning when I got up and unlocked the bedroom door. There she was, cuddled up against the door and asleep on the floor. Made me feel awful."

There's no telling where Pat Boone or the McGuire's will take it. The sky is their limit. But, perhaps, the ultimate goal in the life of an entertainer is the position Arthur finds himself in—when he can stand up against and smile with them. You can see the thread of this already in the McGuire's, when they sponsor a musical director—or in Pat Boone, when he talks about teaching. And what Pat has to say about creative teaching has something in common with Arthur's approach to his work as talent scout and talent developer.

"This business has its headaches," Arthur says. "It also has its rewards—wonderful rewards. I think the most important requisite for success in it is that you have to live, work generally. Individuals may get on your nerves and be temporarily discouraging, once in a while, but this profession of mine has taught me that most people are good, and I therefore love them." And he concludes, "I started with nothing, so it gives me great satisfaction to help others."

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It's Love, Not Luck

I join his mother and him. 'Besides,' he said, 'the lake where I am staying is bigger than yours.' As if that mattered!

"It's Love, Not Luck," Harriet points out. "Ozzie and I have always shared a number of common interests. By that, I mean we come from the same kind of family and social background. We're both used to having children, because it was just taken for granted. Before the boys were born, we did agree, though, that we would have a way of feeling that children, if you are lucky enough to have them, are certainly necessary for a complete life.

"Ozzie and I also agreed on some other 'fairly important details.' Like sports, for instance. Ours being an athletic household, I'm forced to say this. But it is here I draw the line, for Ozzie's and my sporting interests have never been the same. As a matter of fact, I'm 'agin' the necessity of a wife having to share her husband's athletic interest. Before we started on television, Ozzie played tennis. I'm interested in tennis, enjoy watching him, but never play myself. I used to be interested in ice-skating. He was not. He enjoyed watching me, but he didn't want to learn. The larger common interests are important. But I think everybody should be allowed freedom of expression in smaller individual interests."

"Mutual encouragement," Harriet adds, "is another thing that makes a marriage grow. It's a way of asking yourself the question, 'Do we bring out the best in one another?' Sometimes, both Ozzie and I were more interested in the appearance on television of our old shows than we were in the show itself. We have never let the other person feel it is not important. But nobody is proud of a 'door mat.' You have to keep your own integrity and self-respect. While, if you selfishly insist that children are your first concern for the other person, it will be hard for your marriage to fail. That is, if you are concerned with the other person first, it means love and more love—and, in television or real-life, love makes a happy marriage."

Harriet and Ozzie Nelson should know.

Loretta Young

(Continued from page 59)
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Another of Loretta's character traits is a certain determination and confidence, without which she would never have become the award-winning actress she is. This determination is apparently something she was born with, for it was made evident long before her first picture appearance at the age of four. She and her mother and sisters were visiting her Aunt Colleen. After following her aunt around the house for an hour, watching while she swept and polished, little Loretta (then Gretchen) suddenly offered the promise, "When I'm a star, Aunt Colleen, I'm going to buy you a new broom."

The one personality trait of Loretta's which more than any other makes her an award-winning actress is her sensitivity to the feeling of others. Psychologists call this "empathy." It is simply the ability to sense symbolically the feelings of those around you.
Love of Children

(Continued from page 68) the moods and needs of others, to those who are ill or unhappy, and especially to children. His own, and children everywhere.

Although Dr. Malone’s son David is already interning at the hospital, Sandy and Ruth Becker’s own brood are still youngsters. Joyce, their eldest, will be thirteen on her next birthday, which will automatically change her status to that of a teenager, but Curtis is only eight and Annelle is six. All three are roosters for their daddy’s programs, for Young Dr. Malone and for the group of children’s TV shows he does over Du Mont’s New York station, WABD. These include the early morning Sandy Becker Show, the evening Looney Tunes, and Bugs Bunny Theater. The kids like the way their daddy does commercials, too, and the way he plays host on some of the other programs they watch. In fact, they think he’s quite a fellow!

Sandy believes that shows for children should teach by making it fun to learn, and the ratings would prove he’s right. It’s also his belief that even the barrier of language cannot stand between someone who loves children and the children themselves. Last year, the Ideal Toy Company and Panagra Airlines sent them a toy. Sandy was brainwashed to see that these kinds of shelves and cabinets and tables and many household devices— Curb is the tool-bearer and helper. When Sandy goes through the engine of a sports car, the kind he’s crazy about, Curt peers, too. Joyce, fast developing into a good pianist, is a girl with definite personality. She has appeared on some of Sandy’s programs and has taken over for him several times when he had to be away, carrying on with poise and charm. She even did commercials usually handled by Sandy. “We seem to be developing a new family tradition,” he says proudly. “I had no show-business background, but it looks as though our branch of the family may turn out some performers, if the other kids show any of Joyce’s natural talent. Annelle may have it, too, but right now we want her to be just the wonderful, lovely little girl she is, enjoying her school and her friends and her dolls.”

It’s Young Dr. Malone that brings out the more serious side of Sandy’s nature, of course, while the kids’ shows are on the lighter side. As Young Dr. Malone, he becomes the thoughtful man he really is, trying to express the best of himself, with what amounts to a passion for truth and honesty, trying to live consistently in the face of life’s many problems. He admires the way David Lesan continues to write Jerry Malone’s story with depth and with interest, and the reality with which the actors do it.

It’s a highly congenial group that makes up this cast, including Joan Alexander as Tracey, Dr. Malone’s wife; Bill Lipton as Jerry’s young intern son; and Rosemary Rice as daughter Jill. Bob Readick and Elspeth Eric are Dr. and Mrs. Mason, and Bill Smith is Dr. Brown. A real friendship and admiration exists among them.

Sometimes Sandy is apt to talk about himself as quite an unspectacular sort of man, taking his job seriously, enjoying his family and his home, working at his hobbies, counting himself lucky to have these blessings. If he seems impatient at times to be doing more things, to be turning more of his dreams into realities, it is because he is one of those creative individuals who never seem to remain at the point where he stands.

At other times, he is more content to stand still for a while and get a perspective on life. To him, the most important things gradually come into focus, while the less important ones gradually slip away. How they always have, and they always will, for those who will stop a while and be still.

To see how the important things gradually come into focus, while the less important ones gradually slip away. How they always have, and they always will, for those who will stop a while and be still.
(Continued from page 66) Agatha!” Helen protested. “It’s my opinion,” said Agatha, “that you’re marrying Gil in a mood of asking yourself, and he knows it. And he doesn’t ask. But Gil is wrong! He thinks I’d be sacrificing myself if I married him—” “And I’d say,” said Agatha, “that he’s right.” “He needs,” said Helen, distressed, “to feel that he’s giving, not taking. Don’t you see? He gave up his independence to work for Kurt. That hurts his pride. He had that pride, and it hurt his pride that he was helpless for a while, and I think he suspects he isn’t over all the effects yet. I know he isn’t! So—it’s pride that makes him resent Kurt’s being attracted to me. If he weren’t the really fine person he is inside, it would tickle his vanity that I’d marry him rather than a multi-millionaire .... But, at that, Kurt hasn’t asked me to marry him. I don’t think he ever will.” “If I were inclined to bet,” said Agatha, “I’d make a small wager to the contrary. Shari—” “Shari’s a darling!” said Helen. “But it’s nonsense for her to scheme to bring Kurt and me together. I’m sure Kurt doesn’t approve. But about Gil—he loves me and I know it. It’s that he’s so terribly proud he wants to give me everything he can imagine me wanting. That’s the trouble! He can’t believe he can give me enough.” Agatha got up from the breakfast-table, carrying her cup. “There’s one thing,” she said drily, “that he makes no attempt to give you. Doesn’t the man know that a woman likes a little peace of mind sometimes? Then she said impulsively, “Forget it, Helen! I used a friend’s privilege to say I think you’re foolish. But what woman isn’t a fool about a man—or men? It’ll all come out somehow! And you’ve had one good night’s rest, anyhow. Don’t waste its effects by worrying. Take it easy. Stupid worry is apt to happen for the next day or two! No fusses about dinners, or corsets, or what you meant by saying this or that—She caught herself. She went out. Helen smiled at the room—sold its lips only. It was true that she’d slept more peacefully because she didn’t have Gil’s self-torturing doubts and suspicions and moods to anticipate today. She was sure, though, that those things would be dispelled by past events and past sufferings and past mistakes. They weren’t really Gil—just what had happened to him. But when he came back, that would be the same. It struck her with something like a shock that she felt tense at the thought of Gil’s return. It was because he could hurt her so much, and did. She doubted he suspected her, when he probed into what she’d meant by some unconcerned phrase, he suffered, too. But ... closed her mind resolutely against the idea that it was all hopeless. She said aloud, to herself, ”I’m going to think about Shari. I won’t think of anybody but Shari.” It was three in the afternoon when the phone rang. Her heart jumped, and then she remembered that it wouldn’t be Gil. He was away. It might very well be Shari. There were not many days when Shari did not find some excuse to see her, or at the very least to telephone. She went to answer it. It was Kurt Bonine’s secretary, Quentin, talking. “Mr. Bonine has asked me to try to locate his niece Shari. Has she, by any chance, been in touch with you?” “Why—no,” said Helen, startled. “I haven’t spoken to her today. Is anything the matter?” “I would say not,” said Quentin, as silkily as before. There was something unusual about his voice. Helen had an odd impression that he was raging inwardly, as though some obscure plan of his own had gone wrong. But there shouldn’t be any reason for him to rage about anything Shari did. ” Mr. Bonine is anxious to get in touch with her,” Quentin continued. “He seems quite pleased about something. I am sure that you will be pleased, too.” “Me pleased because Kurt—Mr. Bonine is pleased?” Helen was puzzled. “Just why do you say that?” “My dear Mrs. Trent!” said Quentin. There was nothing to put a finger on, but Helen felt that his voice expressed something close to Schroemming.” “Aren’t you pleased when Mr. Bonine is pleased with Gil Whitney? And when he’s pleased with Shari? I thought you were always pleased when Mr. Bonine is pleased?” As if he realized that he had gone too far in sarcasm he abruptly said, “Goodbye,” and hung up. Helen replaced the instrument. She was simply, blankly amazed. But it was probable that she was more affected by his secretary call her if he wanted to reach Shari. Only he wasn’t usually very solicitous about her. There had been only one time that he had written to her mother. But his own brother had married her, and she died when Shari was born. Then Shari’s father died afterward. Kurt had accepted responsibility for his niece, but he didn’t know to whom, if anywhere, within the past years, had he allowed her to make her home with him. Before that, she’d lived the year ’round at boarding schools and camps. But Cadora alone was only a cold home, though it was a vast rich pile of a mansion. Helen had dined there once, with Shari and Kurt. She winced at the memory of it. Poor Gil had been half-mad with jealousy then, even while he insisted that she go. He made her go, out of his seeming instinct to self-torture, because he believed Kurt was drawn to her as the first woman he’d looked at since Shari’s mother died. He made her go because he knew that Shari—young and sweet and terribly longed-deserved a warm family such as she’d never had. And Gil insisted—and raged—exactly because ... transparently, ingenuously, with a pathetic attempt at guile ... Shari was trying to bring about a romance between Helen, whom she worshipped, and the uncle who would not permit her to love him. That was another time when Quentin had seemed to come a little as a cover for rage. Now—The meaning of things suddenly struck home. Nothing happened to cause it. She continued to sit where she had sat to answer the phone. But abruptly she guessed. Everything. And she knew the guess was right. For some time past, now, Shari had been quoting her to Helen. She’d have quoted Helen to him, but because she didn’t love Gil—Kurt would be marvellously attractive ... rich and handsome and to feel sympathy for Shari. In all
Happy Birthday, Robert O.

(Continued from page 49)

But I'll tell you now that I couldn't be happier—despite the fact that what precipitated my return was not, as on the face of it, of a happy-making nature! Last year, I got fired at CBS. Fired, that is, from CBS-TV. Did I mind very much? I can't say. I had been on TV regularly, day by day, for six solid years, you can't take a thing like that lightly. For me, however, the shock was not so much by the facts of the telegram as by the fact that I saw it coming, had seen it coming for some time. And, moreover, had it coming! The ratings were going down. Whoever you may be, when the ratings go down, you go down with them—and sometimes out.

"The ratings were going down," Bob says with characteristic honesty, "because I had been on TV too long and too often. It was a case of 'familiarity breeds contempt.' Once people are used to seeing you, they take your presence for granted. They stop to think of it, most of us don't see our best and most intimate friends more than two or three times a week. If we should see them more than once a month, we would feel out of place. Friends and acquaintances alike, they've got to want to see you. If you satisate them, sooner or later—but inevitably—you will get the oh-network and they would be happy. Shari. Maybe Kurt in his fashion would be content. For herself there could never be happiness without Gil, and Gil would never let anybody be happy with him. But there might be peace in ceasing to strive for happiness.

"Mrs. Trent!" said Shari in the doorway, glowing and radiant and the very portrait of happiness. "I've got an announcement! The most wonderful news! Uncle Kurt—has given me a message to deliver to you, and—think you'll guess what it really means. . . ." Tears shone in her eyes. "I'm—so happy, and—maybe you'll think it's silly, but—"

She still had not passed the threshold. A uniformed youth appeared outside. He carried a yellow envelope in his hand. He marched up. "Mrs. Trent? Telegram. Sign here, please."

"Thank you," said Helen. She signed. She smiled at Shari, who trembled with a rejoicing that could only mean she was about to realize the uttermost longing of her heart—security in the love of those who belonged to her.

Helen opened the yellow envelope with fingers that had no feeling in them. As the paper tore, she felt as if she were tearing away the bonds of pain and anguish which bound her to Gil. "I'm sure," she said, "that anything which makes you so happy—"

"—it will make you happy too," said Shari, glowing. "It—it has to! You're the one! Then she stopped, startled and relieved.

"You're the one!"

Helen could not speak. The telegram was from Gil. He was in trouble. Deep trouble. He had been jolted out of his complacency, but the fact that he was in trouble was enough. Trembling, Helen said, "I'm sorry. I have bad news. I—have to go at once. At once! I can't listen to you now, Shari! Nothing matters but—"

She wrung her hands as she went swiftly for a hat and coat and money with which to go to once to Gil. Happiness? Unhappiness? What did happiness matter when she loved Gil and he needed her?...
steak and potatoes, for instance. And my housekeeper, Catherine Bolger, who has been with me for about seven years, makes the best Irish stew you ever ate.

I've recently bought a cooperative apartment, here in New York, and it's as different as possible from the place I vacated when I moved. Funny, how your taste in living changes over the years. Before I left it, the living room in the previous apartment—which I once thought so darden elegant, with its Empire and Regency pieces—began to remind me of a winch funeral parlor. I felt 'laid out,' when I sat in it. Now my whole place is contemporary. Livable. Tiled floors, with yellow rugs—some of the walls are yellow, others white. This temporary furniture is comfortable and big.

"Most of the totem poles I used to collect have been disposed of," Bob adds. "Of my various collections, the only one that remains outside from my books and records, of course—is my collection of Venetian clowns and clown paintings. Actually, I have now reached the point in life where there is so much I really want. And it's a lovely place to be. You're free. You can pick up and leave without a backward look—as I do, when I go to Europe once a year. If fire should suddenly break out and threaten my possessions, the only one I would risk a singed finger to save would be Roué, my poofle!

Perhaps what everything I've said boils down to is that I have now reached the goal which I so badly needed to reach as a child. I've said it a zillion times, but it's asthmatic. Couldn't play football or baseball. Couldn't join in any of the physical activities of the other kids. With the exception of acting, which I was webble, for all the notice they took of me. Then I hit on the one thing I could do and keep breathing—be funny. Whereupon the whole picture changed. Instead of my being ignomiously left behind, the teachers would say, 'Hey, let's bring him along. Even if he can't play tackle, he's good for laughs.' This was the beginning of my obsession to be in show business. I would still be good for laughs—I would continue to be recognized, 'accepted,' by my fellow human beings.

That's why, I have got in the past ten years that is of value, real value, to myself," Bob says simply. "Not that this goal is a stopping-place, by any means. One thing I'm rather proud of is that I've never lost faith in me all these years. People who have been kind, if I'd given them the chance to be. One of the most rewarding things that has happened to me is hearing that many of these same people said, 'Gad, how Bob has changed—working with him now, it's wonderful!' I'm a very grateful guy today. There are so many people to whom I owe so very much. Goodman Ace, who gave me my start in radio by writing my first show, The Robert Q. Lewis Little Show. After ten years of knowing him, Goody remains one of the nicest guys I've ever known. A gentleman named Bill Paley (head man of CBS), who has never lost faith in me all these years—not even when I got fired at CBS. Paley could have had to tell me to go. Instead, he listened to people around him. And to the ratings as they dropped. . . . I'm grateful to my agent, Ted Ashley, who has been with me as long as I've been in show business. A police boy at the William Morris agency when he was first assigned to handle me, Ted now has an outfit which is known as the Tiffany of the agencies. . . . I also owe a great deal to my literary agent, Lee Solters, who has been with me for nine of these uphill years. . . . And, of course, to my writers, Ray Allen, Harvey Bullock, in New York. . . ."

"And I am forever grateful," Bob emphasizes, "to Arthur Godfrey, who gave me the first real big break I ever had, when he—and Bill Paley—chose me to replace Hoagy Carmichael on his Sunday night show. 'The Grand Old Man of Radio' Peter Lind Hayes does now, and, later, on his hour-long Wednesday-night TV show. Which reminds me of an amusing bit. The first time I appeared on his show as a guest, before the show went on the air, the director said, "Take off the glasses, Bob. Can't wear glasses on TV. Yes, yes, I know you can't see without them, but don't worry—we'll take care of everything.'"

"The one thing I like to do on TV, and that's to show that I have a young talent. Godfrey is doing it, to some extent, on his Talent Scouts. But I would like to do it more so—give it more setting, more time, of a chance. If ever I stop performing, I won't get out of this business. I'll go into the active management and presentation of young talent. I think I'd like enough from this experience to be able to guide youngsters away from the pitfalls. And the heartaches. Some of them, anyway. What I've also learned during these years is that a man must be one of the people. Help them get up there, as others have helped me. Help them get up there, as others have helped me."

"In the meantime," Robert Q. sums up, "I'd like to continue with the radio shows for quite a time. I like this degree of frequency on the air. I'm very pleased with the response we're getting from our listening audience. To those of you who are not currently in our audience, I say again: Come back to radio!"
Command Performance

(Continued from page 12)
important that laughter is . . . how necessary that the show go on . . .

Tragedy comes to the great—please don't let hand, that you will lose me and pray for you in your hour of woe." And, "Please, Red—keep on making the laughter the world needs so."

There are letters to Richard offering him a Shkreli cricle. Letters like that of three little boys who live on a farm near Comanche, Oklahoma: "I don't know whether you know where Oklahoma is, but the first time I saw a horse was born—no matter what Texas says." . . . Telling about their animals and their chores and how much they like Richard's accent.

People of all faiths, Protestant, Christian Scientist, Jewish and Catholic, want Red to know they're praying for him. An industrialist in Chicago says, "My sympathy won't help—but there is power in prayer." A lady in Baltimore sends a little bag of dust: "I brought this back myself when I was in Rome for the Holy Year—please put it under your garments next to his heart." Another has written to nuns and priests all over the world, and Bishop Sheen, and to Rome and "Heaven." At Temple Knesseth Israel in Los Angeles, the congregation prayed for Richard's recovery, and an anonymous donor gave $1,000 to spur a fund for research.

Spiritual gifts and symbols of faith keep pouring in. Mezuzaahs, green scapulars, and St. Christopher medals.

Red, touched by tears by such an overwhelming display, was quick to say, from the first, "I want every letter answered—and I want to sign every one of them myself." In Georgia's opinion, "I'm sure anybody in their right mind would feel in our little son, to sit down and compose a letter, they deserve a personally signed reply."

In an hour when Red needs them most, they're all there. Offering hope and faith. Giving suggestions for diet and treatment. Offering to be blood donors, if need be. And there are letters from children enclosing subscriptions. Red made sure that this money was put to good use, for research and for the medical center.

For all the thousands who write, Red has a message: "The seconds, as they tick for our little son, to sit down and compose a letter, they deserve a personally signed reply."

"In an hour when Red needs them most, they're all there. Offering hope and faith. Giving suggestions for diet and treatment. Offering to be blood donors, if need be. And there are letters from children enclosing subscriptions. Red made sure that this money was put to good use, for research and for the medical center."

Throughout the country now, scores of "medical scouts" are anxiously passing along to Red Skelton any personal knowledge they have of the disease or that which he's heard. And even every suggestion, all the advice—every call, every letter, every wire—is carefully screened and passed on to the medical authorities at U.C.L.A. Medical Center, who in turn, pass it on to Red.

No lead is pursued—even unto the Ecuadorian jungles. Eddie "Rochester" Anderson called Red about a doctor in Ecuador, while in the hospital, he was the first known patient to receive a very productive treatment. Within minutes, the Skeltons were contacting the Consul of Ecuador in Los Angeles for further information and a plane was ordered to take the doctor back to the States. The hospital has already made arrangements to get in touch with him.

In the thousands who see the temple who know Richard very well. Red has often opened his shows with something his little son is supposed to have said or done. Last summer, when the Skeltons were flying to Hawaii to have a little vacation, and their plane lost an engine and had to come back, Red made headlines when he cracked: "Richard, I told you to quit fooling around those days."

"It wasn't until the plane was back over Salinas, California, that the Skeltons had known of any difficulty. Then, getting dressed to land, Richard had come up with some material on his own, asking the stewardess excitedly, 'Is it time for us to put on our life rafts?'"

He is a little boy without fear. His one worry about the airplane, was whether he would miss out joining the Cub Scouts. His sister, Valentina, is a Brownie, and Richard was supposed to join the Cub Scouts, and his father called Red. Being in the hospital was really messing up his schedule.

"Say, what about the Scouts?" he kept worrying. This was closest to his little-boy heart . . . and it was a proud little Cub Scout who later bought his uniform and wore it to meeting, that first time.

At the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, little Richard is being treated with the most effective of drugs and, as we've been told, is responding well. Doctors advise that he return to school and that a normal routine be observed. A hard thing, to have a child that's small, that's eight-year-old.Hard to watch, and yet not watch. To seem normal, and yet be so concerned. Hard to hide the anxiety, when Richard is discovered outside watering his garden, the Skeltons say.

And Georgia says, "Richard, put down that hose."

"Why?"

"Because—you'll get your feet wet," Mother says, trying to keep fear from her voice, as Richard goes about a little boy's important activities.

Hard to watch him putting together his toys, his towers, and to remember that his dream has always been to ride in one. Hard not to give him the whole world, and yet this would not be the normal thing to do.

"How old is he? How long has he had it?"

Made lovely in minutes with Marvel Nails — a new liquid preparation that hardens into long, glamorous finger nails. Now you can change broken, split, bitten nails into strong beautiful nails—stronger than your own nails. STOP NAIL BITING!

Marvel Nails, Dept. MW-5
5249 W. Harrison St.
Chicago 44, III.
unprepared for this phenomenon will find himself completely caught up in it. The big man with the cherubic face and the short brown hair-a great speaking part, and the difference becomes bellowing out upon the stage, kid­
ding the two Jacks (Phiblin, executive producer, and Hurdle, the producer), rib­bing "Bullet" Durango, his manager, roarin­g ridiculous lines, made up on the spot, to assistant producer Stanley Poss and direc­tor Frank Satenstein. He spied Audrey Meadows and shouts, "Hi, Aud," tosses off a few lines, and then decides to get a laugh from Ray Bloch and the orchestra, rehearsing at one side of the theater with coats off. Suddenly the whole place comes alive with a spontaneous exuberance, more furiously paced, and certainly madder, than any that finally hits the screen. Jackie may be rehearsing with a script still in hand in mid-afternoon, with broadcast time only a few hours away. When he fluffs a line and is prompted, he’ll say, a trifle apologetically, “Just wanted to see if anyone was paying atten­tion?” And when he’s on the way to a fine bit of business, perhaps inventing as he goes along—ad-libbing with hilarious re­sults, but always within the framework of what has been planned. Jack Lescouhe, the show’s announcer, says, “If you’re a good actor and you can control your own cast time, it could be opening night of a play after weeks on the road, Jackie is so sure of himself. And with only a few hours of rehearsal time behind him.” Because this is the season when the Jackie Gleason Show came back “live” after being filmed, everybody has had to think the new time spot. After pulling that, done live, it is “more coordinated and moves along as a unit, which has made it more fun to do.” For Art Carney, it has been “more exciting, more stimu­lating—although nothing around Jackie could get dull. There’s that charge in the man. The live show has given a chance to do things that couldn’t be done in the filmed shows. "It’s always there,” says Macdonnell, "is the only way to produce and direct live shows,” and that he would like to produce and direct for television, too. He even talks of a Broadway play, star­ring Bill Conrad and Jackie Gleason. They could do something that would point out the dozens of projects in which he is also interested, and for which he formed the Jackie Gleason Enterprises, the parent organization for them all. They have heard him say he wants to make a big, exciting movie, and perhaps produce and direct it. That he wants to produce “live” TV dramas (he starred in a couple on Studio One, for instance), and that he would like to produce and direct for television, too. The June Taylor Dancers, in perky pink and violet costumes, and the other glamorous­ly exciting beauties who adorn the show each day, have a great sense of humor during these rehearsals. They sit out in the theater auditorium, waiting their turn to go onstage and rehearse, and they gig­gle at the goings-on, laughing the loudest at Bill’s line, “I don’t know, but I think glue is the answer.” But there’s that flavor inherent in the show. Today, Bill....

Wild Old West

(Continued from page 65)

thought of bloodshed. He’s underpaid, never liked the job, but knows it has to be done. At times he’s wanted to quit—has quit. "We can’t get people to know the difference between right and wrong—recognizing that justice could be done by him, probably better than by anyone else available—he has always come back to his responsibility. Matt Dillon isn’t perfect, but he’s willing to try."

The title, "Gunsmoke," was originally created six years ago in the fertile brain of Harry Macdonnell, producer-director. Radio was in its heyday, and producer­director Norman Macdonnell and writer John Meston were busy doing Romance, Escape, and Suspense. Executives asked them to produce a new show to fill a network vacancy—and to go with the new title, "Gunsmoke." At that time, Meston and Macdonnell were toying with a great Western concept of their own. The bright young pair (Macdonnell had worked his way up from the CBS page staff) had tried a new show, "Jeff Spain,” about a product of the anthology series Macdonnell was producing, but the powers-that-be now insisted on Spain being bypassed and Gunsmoke produced instead. "It wasn’t the fault of the show," says Macdonnell, "but it became Gunsmoke so the intelligent esteem in which Gunsmoke is held."

By now, Bill Conrad has become so identified with Matt Dillon that it’s difficult to tell where the stubborn, justice-seeking marshal ends and the versatile actor begins. Conrad—born in Louisville, Ken­tucky, in 1920, but raised in Fullerton, California—is as much a hard-working product of the West as Dillon himself. Bill made his first radio announcement at Station KFOX in Long Beach, at fifteen, and, like a burro climbing a bluff, has doggedly worked his way up.

"The two men, Matt Dillon and Bill Conrad, in say Macdonnell, "are both story­tellers, and Macdonnell himself, one of the warmest people I’ve ever known, but he covers it up with a good deal of gruffness and, sometimes, bravado. He would rather die than let you know he’s a sentimentalist. Matt’s this way, too—he never shows sentimentality, except by indirectness."

“When you first look at Bill, wearing his garden blue-jeans and sporting a three­day growth of beard, he looks rugged—not exactly the picture of the Shake­spearean student he really is. Bill’s in­terests are as varied as a desert sunset. In fact, it’s Bill talking about Disney’s and "music, on the one hand, but isn’t above playing the latest Billy May record and saying, ’Isn’t that an interesting ar­rangement?’"

In the other hand,” Macdonnell points out, “Bill skis as swiftly as a bullet, hunts and fishes as a hobby. Given a few free minutes in the script, he’ll have Matt ride down into the old city and sell his self a mess of catfish—Matt loves catfish stew. But, while it’s true that Bill loves the simple pleasures, too, he himself is quite a gourmet. His wife, Junie, is the greatest cook in the world. Bill says she’s not a cook, she’s a chef. There’s no end to the number of delicious Swedish dishes Junie dreams up. I’m afraid Matt Dillon

Forever “The Greatest”
never had it so good!" From his grin, Norman Macdonnell is a gourmet, too.

Bill himself says, all-indisputably, "Hobby's, a hobby, a hobby, and nothing up in some subject, reading through a library bookshelf like a hungry ranch hand going through his chow. And chances are almost certain that every one of his easygoing sports-jacket pockets will have his well-thumbed magazine on boating, yachting, electronics or hi-fi. He's a bug on the new idea of binaural sounds, and has built his own hi-fi stereo and his own phono. He actually has Fibber McGee's original closet full of equipment," Bill grins. "The house looks like a combination sporting-goods store and cafe."

According to Macdonnell, Marshal Dillon has no hobbies, back in Dodge City. Matt's diversions are limited to an afternoon nap and a good book. He rarely takes a long walk. There is not much time for thinking. "I feel that I was born with the soul of a drifter, and I'll take it easy as long as I have to," Matt tells his wife. And he'll stay that way, without a care in the world. Bouncing through each day. The pleasures of life are enough. And in the end, he'll average it out over the years and have the satisfaction of knowing that Matt Dillon has ridden his way through life, and is ready to face the future, come what may."

The case of "Commando" Charles E. Kelly was a high point of this season's programs. Kelly, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner in World War II, got bogged down by continuous family illnesses. The money he won on Strike It Rich, to tide him over a rough time, was augmented by many offers from businessmen and from his fellow President Eisenhower, learning of his good fortune, wrote him a cheering telegram.

Warren says of Kelly: "Here was this solid citizen—man who has done much for his country and is deserving of everything good—who, through a series of unfortunate circumstances, needed only temporary help and encouragement. He didn't ask for sympathy, or help, he just wanted something so winning and so sincere about the man that literally hundreds of letters came to us, praising him."

In the show's view, most individuals who have been assisted in one way or another, Warren is greatly moved by those who take the time and trouble to come on the show to help groups of people. There are many, many individuals who are not only qualified for assistance, but also willing to help others. "It's a simple, honest person grubbing out an existence amongst a prairie people and on a rugged land which unwillingly gives up enough sustenance for man to keep body and soul together, yet one who makes an ordinary guy with normal faults and feelings. There are times when he's outwardly self-confident, but within himself he's never really sure. And, the one time he really became over-confident, he made the biggest mistake of his life—shooting and killing the wrong man."

An honest human being who sometimes makes mistakes. Basically, this is the character Macdonnell, Weston and Conrad have created for the radio public. Gunsmoke has taken its place in broadcasting history as one of the most successful of dramatic shows, primarily because this trio of master craftsmen realized that the Old West may have been wild and violent, but real people with real problems which everyone can recognize today.

Circle Without End

(Continued from page 17)

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Fifty Million People Can't Be Wrong

(Continued from page 30)

of the room's L. There is his desk with the gold typewriter—a tribute from the Springfield, Massachusetts post of Jewish War Veterans—that he uses to write his columns. A few of the leather chairs. Between the chairs stands a floor lamp, and the shade is made of color photographs of his wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren. When Ed talks to his reporters they all prop up on one of the chairs and prop his feet up on the ottoman. He speaks softly but intently.

'T've made a list of the high points of the past two years,' he says. 'Now let's start with the very first story, the one about Bergman being out of it. You know, he said, 'I thought I'd be out of it.' Ed says it was quiet a year.' On a memorandumsized piece of paper he has listed: Japan, Venezuela, Honolulu, Paris—Anastasia, Berlin, Ed's offices, Presley, Crosby 'live,' Phil Silvers shows.

'Japan, Honolulu, Venezuela, they were all new stops for me,' he says. 'You know, I've been traveling constantly ever since I got in vaudeville, and it's no novelty. Sometimes I get pretty tired of it, but the trips to Japan and Honolulu and Venezuela were different. I was in Venezuela, on my way to Hollywood, when I met Bob Mitchum and Rita Hayworth. That was my first time down there and I found it exciting. Getting over to Japan was a hell of a trip. He went over to do a story on Marlon Brando and the 'Teahouse of the August Moon' company.

On the basis of the foreign relations job Ed did in Japan, he should be appointed good-will ambassador by the State Department, according to two Japanese TV shows, started their careers in institutions, played on their golf courses and, along with Mrs. Sullivan, so ingratiated himself that he was front-page news. When he got back to the States and commented on the beauty and progress of the Japanese theater, the Tokyo papers front-paged him again.

'Through television was very interesting,' he adds. 'Outside the station itself they had five monitors on the street, and there were always crowds around them. Baseball on TV is very popular there. And we had a lull in our store for our stopover in Honolulu, too.' Ed pauses, studies the paper and purses his lips in a noiseless whistle. Then he says, 'I suppose you'll ask me if Japan was a lot more than the dramatic ones, the ones that made the headlines—Bergman and the auto crash and Presley. Let's take them in order.

Ed's genius for engaging the right artist at the right time is one of the reasons for his mighty success. When he heard 'that Ingrid Bergman would be making her first American film and that the film would be "Anastasia,"' which he'd seen as a Broadway play, he knew something great would come out of it. He thought of bringing Bergman to the show but he knew it would be a slow process. He knew that, at one time, the public had turned against her. Ed discussed this aspect with 20th Century-Fox.

'Their sales department told me that, if there were any controversy, the Church in Rome would make a statement exonerating Ingrid from blame. But, in the first place, the Church had no official feeling against her. It was, Christ, that was the whole thing. But, anyhow, there was a rumor that Bergman was being filmed. He interviewed the cast, including Helen Hayes and Yul Brynner, as well as Bergman. When Ed got back, he found himself in the frying pan.

"Let me tell you what really happened," he says. "One of the New York papers filed a story from Washington. It was one of those 'it is reported' stories. According to the paper, high authorities in the State Department had ordered Bergman man into the country because of moral turpitude laws. That story was front-paged and sent out over the wires to every newspaper in the country. In the next day, everyone said or heard of it. The following day, an official story came from Washington saying there was no truth to the rumor. There had never been any discussion of this in Washington or the heading of the country. Of course, as always happens, the first story got all the attention."

While Ed was in London, mail came in from a writer. He said, "Ed, you had some nine thousand letters and he was startled. The mail was approximately 8700 to 300 against Bergman's appearance."

"I asked Mr. Ed, 'What did you do about it?' Ed said, 'I figured the only way to get a representative opinion was to throw it open to the country. On the Sunday evening show, I asked people to write in and let me know whether they thought the movie should be allowed to come to the country. Of course, as always happens, all the letter sighted tremendously. Another 40,000 letters came in, at last count it was only nine-to-seven against her."

"No one had put in his dissenter opinions, anyway. I had no intention of backing out. Then the order came down from the brass, 'Miss Bergman is not to appear under any condition.'"

Ed smiles, but not happily, and says, "I was right, you know. Bergman as 'Anastasia' has won the Film Critics' Awards this year. And what about the people of this country and her reception? Let me quote from a newspaper, 'Not even at the height of her career here—before the Rosellini furor—was she ever greeted more cordially or with such genuine affection.' You see, I was right about the American people, about their being forgiving. But I think that, next to my accident, the Bergman story is the most one of anything that happened last year." Ed pauses and asks, "You want me to talk about the accident?"

On the morning of August 6, the country was shocked to hear that, just a few hours earlier, Ed's car had crashed head on into another at one-thirty in the morning. He had been driving from the Bridgeport Airport to his farm. With him were his son-in-law, Bob Precht, and his caretaker, Ralph Cacace. Ed was at the wheel and, whoa!—had a lot of bad hurt. And Mrs. Sullivan had her hands full with his brooding. "He would see the others with their bandages and stitches, and he would say, 'Now, if only I hadn't made that phone call, we would have been all home by thirteen.'"

"And Ed, after he had been sitting a little farther over, he wouldn't have slashed his face against the mirror." And Ed unrealistically thought he had got off lightly, considering the state of his face. After he had seen that he wouldn't miss a Sunday show. But it was six weeks before he got back to work.

"A friend of mine, a fellow who was driving the other car," Ed says. "His name is Joseph Palacme. He told me that he was out of the hospital and well and able to work again. He thanked all of us good people for helping him through it all. He said he appreciated that there had been neither bitterness nor retribution after the accident." Ed frowns and says, "I'm glad I wasn't in that crash, didn't you? Terrible. We were lucky to get out of it alive. I've been so thankful that none of us lost a limb or his eyesight or suffered any other permanently disabling injury." Ed sighs and adds, "You know the accident happened just before Presley's first appearance on the show. Well, I was flooded with letters and telegrams and cards and wire greetings. After Presley's appearance, a number of people wrote in angrily about Elvis. I hoped then, as I hope now, that I didn't hurt the same people. But this one or the other previous years was so solicitous to me. That would make me feel very bad."

The coup of the year in the entertainment business came about on the summer day in a locker room, when Ed Sullivan put aside his golf clubs to sign a contract for one of his TV shows. Elvis was guaranteed $50,000, the highest figure Ed has ever offered a performer. And Ed was so confident of his decision that he stated he would schedule Elvis appearances at approximately eight-week intervals.

Lot of people in the trade thought I was foolish," he says. "They thought that, in a couple of months, Elvis might be dead as a performer. The thinking was that I should run his three appearances close together to get my full value. And there were a lot of erroneous reports about the negotiations, as if I was getting him himself. Of the many stars I've known, I don't think I've met anyone who was or is more modest and likable than Elvis."

Ed was still convalescing from the accident when he saw his first appearance on the Sullivan show. But, the second time around, they met before the performance in Ed's office and talked.

"I'll tell you what I found out about the boy," Ed says. "While we were sitting there talking, I was struck by his sincerity and his deep religious convictions. The kid won me over right away. All the time we were told newspapermen were waiting down in the lobby, I thought I'd better go down with him. After all, he's only twenty-one, and I thought the reporters would chew him up. Well, I called two or three questions, and then he gave me the nod and he took over and I learned that he can take care of himself."

"Tell me, Ed, what do you contribute to juvenile delinquency," Elvis answered without hesitation. He said, "If I don't come to church and drive a truck. The Bible says, "As you sow, so shall ye reap." Well, I don't think that means if you're bad one day God is going to slap your hands and give back a day of bad hurt. It means to me that you're going to suffer for the rest of your life, and I wouldn't want that.""

Ed goes on, "Then there was a woman reporter who threw a loaded question at
him. I remember she started off by saying, "It must be terrible for you with all these kids on your neck. I feel sorry for what you must go through. Doesn't it make you angry when you find them writing on your cars with lipstick or tearing off a fender?" Elvis thought for a minute. "After all, they bought them for me," he said.

Ed's decision to present Presley wasn't without its aftermath of rough moments. He had letters and wires of protest from the clergy. Some newspaper critics were against him. But Ed says, "This is a good-mannered boy with a winning personality. He reminds me a little of Sergeant York. He was in the Army, and I put him stand and give autographs by the hundreds, and cheerfully. The day of the show, there were kids at the studio entrance from two in the afternoon until they ran us out of the building at night. All day long, he'd make trips to the window for a few minutes at a time and throw out handkerchiefs and pencils. He was in the window fifty times, if he was there once.

"Remember, I'm not saying what I've heard about him. I'm speaking of what I personally know."

Ed was right about Elvis and his popularity. It is now generally accepted that Elvis Presley is here to stay and has a permanent place in the American scene as a major artist."

Ed snaps the paper in his hand and goes on. "There were two other high spots in the year. We all got a big kick out of doing the show in Palm Springs. We had Mario Lewis and Johnny Ray and Ray Bloch and myself went to rehearsals with the rest of the cast and put in a full week learning the material. It was arranged by Phil's writer and producer, Nat Hiken. Hiken's a genius with comedy. It was a great experience to work with him. But, of course, that was the first time I ever worked as an actor and so I found it stimulating."

"And then," he adds, "another high moment in the season was having Bing Crosby on the show in person." This was another "first" for Ed. Bing has refused many times to sing "live" on TV. And Bing worked with the band on the Ford Fiftieth-Anniversary-Show, he was paid $50,000 for singing a couple of ballads on film—and he was in Paris at the time and they had to go over to make the film. When Bing came on Ed's show, it was to talk about his film with Grace Kelly, "High Society." Bing was to come on stage for the interview and then a film clip from the movie was to be used, with Bing singing.

"Bing and I are golf pals so that I can tell him just what's on my mind," says Ed. "I told him that I told Grace that we'd be doing on camera and I said to him, 'It's going to look silly. We'll be talking about the songs live on camera and then we'd show the film. It's going to look like we're singing a song. It doesn't make sense.' Bing said, 'You're right. It doesn't make sense. I'll sing the song myself.'"

It had accomplished what agents and network execs, producers and dozens of others had been trying to get Bing to do for ten years. Bing recalled how he rehearsed all set up so he could come right in, get it over with and go out. We didn't want to detain him a minute. Instead, he came in and rehearsed and then hung around all day kidding and chatting. It was wonderful.

After all, Bing is one of the greats in show business and it was a wonderful experience for Marlo and Johnny Wray and the others to get to talk to him.

Ed sits back and says, "Well, that's it. That's the year briefly. There were parts of it I wouldn't want to live over again. You know, that was the first time ever I've been really hurt in my life. Matter of fact, I didn't think something like that could happen to me, I guess it was a miracle that we got out of it as we did. And that's about the way I'm beginning to think of the TV show and its long run. You know, our studio is on 53rd Street. I'm beginning to think of the show as the Miracle on 53rd Street."
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