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# TV RADIO MIRROR

MAY, 1958

VOL. 49, NO. 6

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.  
EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch Office, 321 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago, 221 North LaSalle Street, and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the United States, its possessions, and Canada, one year \$3.00; two years \$5.00; three years \$7.00. All other countries, \$5.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old, as well as your new address. Write to TV Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS: All manuscripts will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.  
FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.  
RE-ENTERED as Second-Class Matter, June 28, 1954, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1958 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos los derechos reservados según la Convención Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.  
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# movies on TV

Showing this month

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

**BERLIN CORRESPONDENT (RKO):** Mild World War II thriller casts Dana Andrews as an American newsman who makes like Superman in Nazi Germany, fooling the Gestapo, rescuing sweetie Virginia Gilmore.

**COURT MARTIAL (Kingsley International):** Tense English drama centers on officer David Niven's trial for theft. Selfish wife Margaret Leighton betrays him; a woman-soldier friend stands by him.

**DARK CORNER, THE (RKO):** Tough, smartly made mystery. Private eye Mark Stevens finds himself framed for murder. Lucille Ball is Mark's flip, loving secretary; Bill Bendix, his shadow. Clifton Webb hires Mark to trail a faithless wife.

**HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT, THE (Warners):** You've heard Jack Benny's wry comments on this comedy of his. See for yourself, as he dreams he's an angel, assigned to blow the Last Trump, dooming the earth. Alexis Smith plays opposite.

**INTERMEZZO (U.A.):** Touching romance-with-music stars the young Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard, as a pianist and a violinist, whose illicit love is brief but lyrical.

**JANE EYRE (20th):** Elegantly moody version of the classic novel, with Orson Welles as the strange master of the household where shy Joan Fontaine reports as governess. Peggy Ann Garner and Margaret O'Brien, then children, score.

**NIGHT IN CASABLANCA, A (U.A.):** Choice Marx Brothers gags brighten a wild romp in wartime North Africa. Hotel-man Groucho battles Nazi spies; Chico runs a taxi service; Harpo's a valet.

**ROMEO AND JULIET (U.A.):** Splendid film version of Shakespeare's great love story. Susan Shentall makes a fresh and youthful Juliet, with Laurence Harvey as her beloved, member of the clan that's feuding with hers in old Verona.

**SAHARA (Columbia):** Vigorous war-action story. Humphrey Bogart and other crewmen of an American tank pick up Allied soldiers and two Axis prisoners. The motley group fights desert thirst as Nazi troops come closer. With J. Carrol Naish.

**SINBAD THE SAILOR (RKO):** Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., swashbuckles gaily as the "Arabian Nights" adventurer, hunting treasure also coveted by lush Maureen O'Hara and a flock of fancy-dress bad guys.

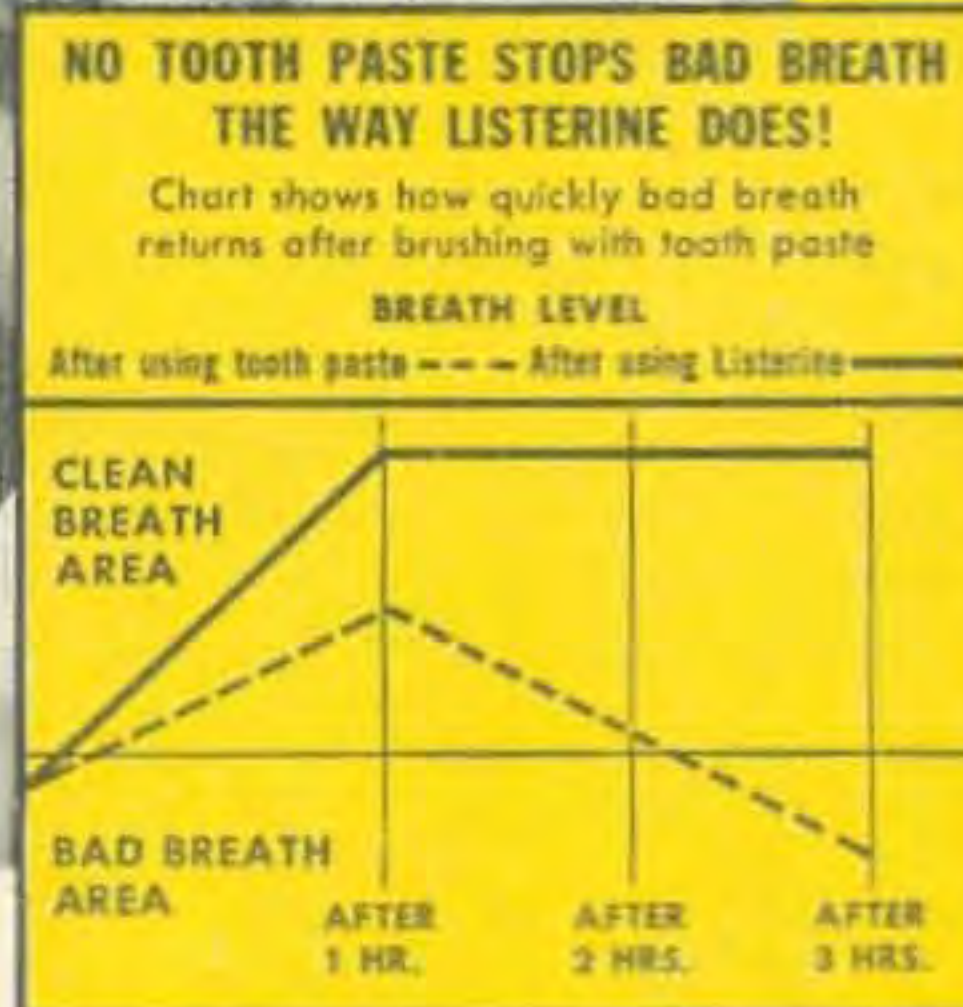
**TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE (RKO):** Handsome comedy-drama of mid-19th Century days casts Edward Arnold as financier Jim Fisk; Frances Farmer, the show girl he loves; Cary Grant, the man *she* loves.

**YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (Columbia):** Happy, warm-hearted Oscar-winner. Lionel Barrymore heads a wonderfully wacky family that includes Spring Byington and Jean Arthur, who yearns for conservatively raised James Stewart.

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# WHAT'S NEW

## FROM COAST TO COAST

By PETER ABBOTT



Mam'selle says *oui*—in Las Vegas wedding of Gisele MacKenzie and Bob Shuttleworth.



Art and Lois Linkletter vacation at Caribe Hilton Hotel in San Juan.



Dance doll June Taylor keeps such stars as Patti Page on their toes.

**Rockin' & Feudin':** Expect announcement shortly that Garry Moore will do a night-time variety show next fall on CBS. . . . Similar deal for Jack Paar cooking over at the other network. In meantime, Jack's biggest headache seems to be helping his ad-libbing guests to keep it clean. . . . Vince Sardi figures he may as well close up his famous restaurant Saturday evenings. The overflow from the Dick Clark show has jammed 44th Street so that customers can't get in. In the studio itself, it's a mad ball. There are nine policemen and seventeen ushers to keep control. Every one of the ushers has asked for a transfer, for not a Saturday goes by that they don't rush down to the locker room for aspirin and bandages. Which is one way of observing that Dick Clark is one of the hottest young men in TV today. . . . Gracie Allen definitely retiring from TV, which busts up the famed comedy team. . . . Pat Conway says that when he marries it will probably be a Japanese gal. Explains Pat, "They're more submissive." . . . Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin shook hands and made up, but still too cool to even think of the idea of working together again. . . . Big success on New York City's WABD is TV version of Bingo, so you can be expecting same soon in other cities. . . . Dinah's hubby, George Montgomery, signed by NBC to star in Western series, *Cimarron City*, a fall entry. . . . A little gal with big eyes, after meeting Guy Madison, told her father, "I wish he came in different sizes."

**Taylor-Made Maid:** Fabulous gal is June Taylor, Patti Page's choreographer. Eighteen years ago she had a \$2,500 weekly contract as a dancer, then she collapsed with tuberculosis. She regained her health but never strength enough to dance again, and

so turned to choreography. She became famous for her work on the Gleason show. This season she has worked with Patti Page. (Says June, "Patti is not a dancer but she's naturally graceful and she has such lovely shoulders and back.") June is also Kathryn Murray's personal choreographer. ("Kathryn will not take lessons from husband Arthur and that's that.") For years, thousands of ambitious dancers wrote June asking for advice. June says, "Finally, I decided to open a school of my own." Last year, the June Taylor School of Dance became a reality. Not only did youngsters come, but also actors and singers such as Nina Foch, Dorothy Collins, Jill Corey, Tommy Leonetti, Teresa Brewer. "It's so important that a singer be able to handle himself gracefully in front of a camera," June says. "Take Tommy Leonetti. Never misses his weekly session. If TV rehearsal keeps him away one day, he comes on the next." For June, the real thrill is in working with youngsters, in making their talents match their aspirations. Sometimes her job goes a little further. There was the letter she had from a mother in Virginia who reported her daughter had left home six weeks earlier for a dancing career. The mother had not heard from the girl and was frantic. But she reasoned that her daughter would certainly try to audition for June Taylor, and she was right. The mother wrote June and June wrote back that the girl had auditioned, although she hadn't qualified. And June notes, "I got a promise from the girl that she would, in the future, keep in touch with her home."

**Love & Stuff:** Phyllis Kirk (Mrs. Thin Man) is bending straws with comedian Mort Sahl. . . . Polly Bergen is renewed to June but Gisele MacKenzie's show got the heave-ho. No





Caesar's off to conquer England "live." Pal Carl Reiner has royalties, too—on his novel.



For the stork's fourth visit, Shirley and Pat Boone were ready with a boy's name. But the bundle was pink and the name is Laura.

blues for Gisele, though, not after manager Bob Shuttleworth changed the Mam'selle to Mrs. on February 24, in a surprise wedding at Las Vegas. . . . Caesar and Imogene Coca go to London for two months this summer to do their comedy over BBC. Says Imogene, "I spent five days in London once and loved it, so I'd go back again for nothing." . . . That sack dress Dorothy Collins is wearing serves double-duty. She and hubby Raymond Scott are expecting again. . . . No psychiatrist has ever explained how broken homes affect dogs, but Rudd Weatherwax, owner and trainer of Lassie, is being sued for divorce by the missus. . . . On April 17, Teresa Brewer guests with Pat Boone, which should make for cute dialogue on babies. Both have become parents for the fourth time in January, and each has four daughters. Because Pat had been certain he would get a boy this time, he and wife Shirley were unprepared with a girl's name. Took them four days to decide on Laura. They had been ready to name their first male Michael. Odd thing is that Teresa named her fourth daughter Michele. . . .

**Seasick on TV:** A season ago, Paul Burke starred in *Noah's Ark*, the Jack Webb production. That foundered last spring due to low ratings. This season, Paul had a secondary role on *Scott Island*, serving as Barry Sullivan's sidekick. Now *Scott Island* has been inundated and Paul Burke returns to NBC-TV on May 18th—starring again in re-runs of *Noah's Ark*.

**The Art of Linkletter:** One of the best ad-lib men in TV, Art Linkletter admits, "The only thing I'm not prepared for are the eccentrics." He recalls the time he was interviewing a child and a woman jumped up on the stage and said, "You're ruining

this child's life." Momentarily confused, Art led her off camera. Backstage, she explained she wasn't the child's mother and was only concerned because "Art has hypnotized me so that I can't make a lot of money!" Art's worst experience was early in his career, when he was doing a man-on-the-street interview at the Dallas Fair in 1936. "It was raining and the only man we could find was drunk—and we didn't know that until I started to talk to him. I said, 'What is your name, sir?' and he said, 'What the hell do you want to know for?' I said, 'Watch your language, we're on the air.' He said, 'Okay, ask me any damned thing you like.' I said, 'You've got to stop swearing.' He says, 'Oh, so you don't like me,' and took a swing at me." Art recalls, "What could I do? I gave the mike to the engineer and escorted our man-on-the-street to an alley."

**\$\$\$ & Ermine:** Panelist Kitty Carlisle treated herself to a couple of special little items: A terry-cloth bathrobe lined with ermine and a trenchcoat lined with mink. Whenever it's wet, Kitty is unquestionably the world's best-dressed woman. . . . Danny Kaye turned down a flat \$100,000 fee for a TV appearance. . . . Speaking of money, Dinah Shore paid a half-million for her new home. . . . And they thought there might be audience animosity if it were known how much Victor Borge got for his annual TV spec. Now it can be told. It was a cool quarter of a million dollars. . . . The quiz-whiz Charles Van Doren will be parents about June. . . . While Dave Garroway calls his new baby Junior, the tot is actually named David Cunningham Garroway VIII. . . . Tommy Sands, though ever respectful to his mother, is, nevertheless, setting up his own bachelor diggings. . . . Facile Carl

Reiner, Caesar's aide, has just had published his first novel, titled "Enter Laughing."

**Wrapping It Up:** CBS trying to entice Eve Arden into a TV version of "My Sister Eileen." For the moment, however, she will do nothing but enjoy spring fever. . . . When the *Garry Moore Show* closes shop, Denise Lor begins a nation-wide night-club tour. . . . Rick Nelson, who once stood on telephone books to read his lines, is now taller than poppa, momma and brother David. . . . Jack Benny has already had his show renewed for next year. Makes fifteenth year of sponsorship by American Tobacco Company. . . . Red Buttons stars in "Hansel and Gretel" on April 27. . . .

**Long-distance Romance:** Judy Lewis (Loretta Young's daughter) in N.Y.C. and Joe Tinney, a Ziv producer, in Hollywood. . . . A medal to Mrs. Jack Narz. Alone, she drove their four youngsters cross-country in a station wagon in mid-winter. . . . Ed Wynn making TV pilot film, "My Old Man," in which he plays a grandfather. In meantime, Ed says he would like to do a TV Western. . . . Patrice Munsel refuses to be photographed in the kitchen. Says, "Why? I'm never there." A high-fashion gal, she lives in a 50-room house which she shares with husband, two children and a fabulous wardrobe. "I have my hands full with the house and family and television, so why kid about cooking, which I don't do?" Her two youngsters, ages of four and two, are named Heidi and Rhett, but Rhett's nickname is Cokie, which caused a small explosion in the Midwest when his name was misprinted as "Cookie." Wrote in a former Munsel fan, "I will never listen, watch or read about you again. Any mother who calls a boy 'Cookie' should be shot."



# KING of CLOWNS

*All show business salutes Red Skelton for bringing laughter  
to a world where even a smile can be a blessing*

By MAXINE ARNOLD

**T**HE REDHEAD lay in stillness and shadow, in a world far removed from sight of smiles or sound of laughter . . . the smiles that had warmed him, the laughter that had fed Red Skelton from childhood and made him forget—almost—the hunger and cold into which he was born. Let others want to set the world on fire. The kid from Vincennes, Indiana, only asked to see it smile—to help it smile. . . .

His clown-father had died before he was born, and "Mur," his mother, had struggled just to keep her Irish brood alive. But young Richard had known the odds were on his side: He was going to follow in his father's footsteps, be an even bigger clown. As he grew older, he knew the reason why: To make laughter was why he was born. Red Skelton believed with all his heart this was why "The Boss Man" had put him here. His one worry, his one fear, had always been whether he could do the job expected of him. . . .

Now, Red was the king of clowns. He'd climbed the ladder on laughs—from the sawdust of a circus to medicine shows, to burlesque and vaudeville, to movies and TV. Screwing his rubbery face into any shape to win a smile. Taking thousands of falls, rewarded by the happy faces he saw when he picked himself up. Any stage was sacred—if laughter were there. Laughter . . . to him, the sweetest music this side of paradise.

Now, across America, telecasts told a shocked nation the news: Red Skelton lay near death. His daughter, Valentina, had gone into her father's bedroom and found him stricken on the floor. His wife, Georgia, had summoned help. His physician had pronounced him near death from a cardiac-asthmatic attack. Red had been rushed, unconscious, from the Skeltons' twenty-seven-room hilltop mansion in Bel-Air to St. John's Hospital . . . there, he was fighting it out.

His public was shocked. It couldn't be true. A clown never dies. Soon, across America, the people poured out their hearts in print, in letters and wires. Sending him strength in their hope and affection for him. And lo, the greats of comedy led all the rest. From Hollywood and Las Vegas, from Broadway and Miami, from across the seas, comedians—many of whom had shared Red's climb to fame in earlier days—sent wires and called. Paying homage to the clown of clowns.

They can tell you, the men who've made a lifelong business of creating laughter, what made Red Skelton today's greatest television clown. You start with class . . . as the beloved Jimmy Durante phrased it, "Even if I didn't know Red, I would hafta say this. If anybody asks who's the greatest clown in the business—well, then, you'd hafta say Skelton." Says Ed Wynn, who pioneered television comedy coast-to-coast, "He's our greatest living 'oral' clown. He's a great pantomimist, this man. Chaplin, who's a great pantomimist, was orally

very bad. He never made a good talking picture. But Red can talk—and pantomime, too."

"What can I say about Red that could add to his stature as a clown?" asks Danny Thomas. "I think he's one of the greatest who ever lived, no question about it. His great, *great* inherent desire is to make his fellow-man happy. Red's a dedicated man, dedicated to the art of making people laugh." Mickey Rooney agrees, saying: "A lot of people make people laugh for various reasons, but Red actually makes them laugh because he *enjoys* it, enjoys watching it, hearing it."

Red, the dedicated clown who can't wait to get out on that stage and make the happy music. "That's the secret," Durante says. "Red really loves it. Once you get out there—well, I suppose we're all alike. Sometimes you go out with the worst material, but you make the best of it—and try to better it. You love it out there, and you can't wait to get out there."

To stay "out there," to be invited weekly into millions of homes by people of every age and avocation, that makes a comedian, too. "Red's had that background," Bob Hope emphasizes. "I think it's very important in our business. There's so much you have to know about selling a show. You not only have to edit it and help write it, but be able to sell it. It takes a lot of background and experience to handle that." Bob, who came to television from tabloid burlesque, vaudeville, radio, musical comedy and motion pictures, points out: "Red's had this experience, too."

These two men met, prophetically enough, in a bank. Bob was doing radio and musical comedy, playing in "The Ziegfeld Follies" on Broadway—"and one day I met Red at the bank in New York's Paramount Building." Hope was standing in line, when Red came up and surprised him with: "Boy! Am I glad to see you—you're my idol!" As Bob recalls, "Red was doing all right himself—he must have been. He was in the bank!"

Ed Wynn remembers a night when he was starring on Broadway and Red came backstage to see him: "He asked for an autographed picture—which is still in his home now. Red was packing them in then, on the stage at the Paramount. He was a terrific hit."

For all his own success, Red was the devout fan of the Hopes, Durantes and Wynns—of any who had the special magic to spread cheer. To him, those who made laughter were God's chosen people—to make life less cold and hungry. That night backstage, he reminded Wynn of another meeting, years before, when the Broadway comedian had brought laughter to him. . . .

There had been little laughter in the old white house in Vincennes, after Red's father died. As Red has said, "My earliest recollections are of my mother desperately trying to keep four kids fed." (Continued on page 9)





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# information booth



Carole Bennett



Robert Culp



Donald Gray

## Vaulting Success

*Would you please write something about Robert Culp, who plays Hoby Gilman in CBS-TV's Trackdown?*

J.K., Green Bay, Wis.

He was a regular Tarzan as a small boy in Berkeley, California, but when he was chosen for the Hoby Gilman role in *Trackdown*, Robert Culp had to relearn all his athletic skills. The reason? It's a six-year story. Bob was a drama major and track star at University of Washington when he won a national intercollegiate prize for "most promising young actor." In New York to try his luck, he studied and made the rounds of producers' offices, days, worked nights at the Chase Manhattan Bank. Not a sedentary life, to be sure, but one unsuited to heavy workouts at pole-vaulting or riding. The young actor soon made his mark in several off-Broadway productions—"A Clearing in the Wood" with Kim Stanley, "He Who Gets Slapped" and "Diary of a Scoundrel"—and in television dramas for *U.S. Steel Hour*, *Alcoa* and *Zane Grey Theater*. When he got the chance to do *Trackdown*, Bob made sure he allowed two weeks beforehand to brush up his riding. . . . Twenty-eight this coming August, Robert stands six-foot-one and weighs 180 pounds. He's an accomplished guitarist, reads widely, writes plays, likes Mexican food, and makes his producer uneasy with his motorcycling.

## Trouper at Three

*I'd like to see a photo and some information on Carole Bennett, who sang on ABN's Herb "Oscar" Anderson Show.*

A. J. E., Lincoln, Ill.

For song, an impromptu "Loch Lomond"—for "stage," standing room on a Lexington Avenue bus—for audience, the passengers whose bus fare was their admission. Three-year-old Carole Bennett, "star" of the show, was costumed to fit the weather: Long scarf, leggings, mittens and cap. Having determined her career, she had just gone out "on the road" to get some experience. . . . A few years later, Carole elected some formal instruction. She started piano and voice lessons, studied at Manhattan's High School of Performing Arts, even took up trombone, only to sell it—with some relief—after six months, for summer camp money. Next came a summer of musical comedy and a year at Ohio's Antioch College. . . . Back in New York, manager Ray Shaw arranged for her to go on *Talent Scouts*. The eighteen-year-old broke the applause meter, she was such a hit, and went on to do seven straight weeks on *Chance Of A Lifetime*. . . . Carole's work schedule is demanding, but the ambitious miss runs a close race scholastically, too, with singer Pat Boone. She finds time for a full schedule of courses at Hunter College, a weekly acting class with Uta Hagen and disc-cutting for Hilton.

## Tea and Criminology

*Please write something about Donald Gray, who plays Mark Saber on Saber Of London.*

M. F., Logan, Iowa

The handsome British war hero found himself in a bit of a predicament: Out of a job, bounced off the B. B. C.—his voice had too much sex appeal. Home Program listeners of the husband variety had complained one after another how the announcer's voice was "stealing my wife's affections." For the first time in broadcasting history, a matinee idol was banished for being electronically seductive. . . . Donald Gray was born some 43 years ago on his father's ostrich farm in South Africa. Like Mark Saber, he was educated at Cambridge, but he joined a repertory company after taking his degree. With the outbreak of war in 1939, Don volunteered and worked his way up the ranks to major. While leading an advance in the Battle of Normandy, he was badly wounded. His left arm was amputated, but Don was determined to resume his career. He went back to repertory and West End productions. From there, it was British television for dramatic roles, the ill-fated announcing chores and, finally, the *Saber* series, which were made to order for a man like Don—strong and active, but with an intellectual side, as well. . . . A former Olympic boxer, Don is still an eager sportsman. He plays tennis, swims, rides, hunts and, for the *Saber* role, became expert in judo. With his wife and two-year-old daughter, he lives near Ascot on the Thames in a traditional country-cottage type home, complete with thatched roof and fireplace. TV production schedules being what they are, the actor finds he must study most weekends, but he's sociable about it: He invites the *Saber Of London* cast out to his place to rehearse, chat and drink tea.

## Calling All Fans

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

*Polly Bergen Fan Club* (Brooklyn chapter), c/o N. Tranchina, 2229 West 8th St., Brooklyn 23, N. Y.

*Official David Janssen Fan Club*, c/o Joan Wise, 1996 W. 3rd St., Cleveland, O.

*Mark Rydell Fan Club*, c/o Lynn Matasow, 11 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.

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



## KING of CLOWNS

(Continued from page 6)

Before he was ten, he was earning two dollars a week as a movie usher, sold newspapers, racked balls in a pool hall, dismantled crates in a department store, to help feed the family.

One day, a famous stage clown came to Vincennes in his own special train. Ed Wynn was taking his Broadway production on the road for one-night stands.

That night, an hour before curtain time, Wynn was going into the theater to prepare for the evening's performance, when he noticed the little red-headed newspaper boy out in front. "A kid like you—you ought to be home," Wynn told him.

"I won't go home until I sell all my papers," said Red.

"Well, how many do you have? I'll take them," said Wynn. "Now, what do you do with your money?" he asked, as he watched the kid carefully pocketing it.

"I go home," the boy said, but couldn't resist adding, "I wish I had enough money—there's a big star in town tonight, a comedian named Ed Wynn. . ."

"Would you like to see him?" Ed asked.

"I sure would," the kid said. "But—"

"Well, I know the manager. I'll get you a ticket," Wynn offered. And he left a ticket at the box office, in an envelope addressed: "For the Newsboy in Front of the Theater."

He'd forgotten about the incident—until Red reminded him, years later. As Wynn says, "You know, you don't expect a newsboy to become Red Skelton later on!"

When a medicine show played Vincennes, Red passed around the bottles of elixir and made himself generally useful. One day, he took a dive carrying the bottles—and heard the magic sound. Looking up into laughing faces, he kept on falling for them.

He took a job with the same circus where his father had gained fame. As he has said, "I knew Emmett Kelly and Felix Adler. They were wonderful . . . I learned a lot about pantomime, watching them." And he learned that a good clown "had to be able to hold the whole audience's attention in three rings, while props were being moved for other acts, the animals were brought in, or the trapeze artists warmed up."

No matter what the stage . . . so long as Red heard that sacred sound—laughter. He worked in minstrel shows. At fifteen, he was billed as "Burlesque's Youngest Comedy Star" and worked in clown make-up. And, in 1931, he was "The Clown Prince of the Walkathons." As one of the rotating emcees, in spats and a high silk hat, Red would work five hours straight, keeping the audience amused while the "walkers" circled the floor.

He pantomimed, squirted seltzer at the audience, did a one-man baseball routine and a dying-duck dance, and he took fall after fall. He held bathing beauty contests and emceed variety shows. And among the acts he introduced was a new singer-fellow, a "comer"—young Danny Thomas.

"I worked a couple of nights at the same walkathon in Detroit," Danny recalls. "I did jokes and sang—mostly, I sang. Red was emceeding it all, and he was so funny. He was hysterical. I saw him later at the Fox Theater in Detroit, and I tell you never in my life have I seen an audience so completely convulsed as they were when Red did his doughnut-dunking act and his Guzzler's Gin routine."

At the time, Danny was working "for about two dollars a night at beer gardens in Detroit." He didn't really know Red

very well: "I was just an admirer from afar," he grins. Years later, in Hollywood—where both were under contract to M-G-M, and Red was a famed clown on radio—when Red was asked about his favorite comedian, he was quick to say: "There's a new radio comedian coming up, a guy named Danny Thomas. The kid's got a lot of heart. . ."

Heart, Skelton always had, Jimmy Durante points out. Plus an inspired timing for pantomime. It was the Guzzler's Gin routine that impressed Durante, the first time he saw Red perform. "I'd just closed in a New York show and was on my way West," he recalls. "I stopped in Pittsburgh to entertain at a show for the Variety Club. Red was there, doin' his drunk act and fallin' into the orchestra pit—and he was killin' the audience."

It was the same story when Red played a theater in Washington, D. C. They laughed so hard he was invited to emcee the President's Birthday Ball for the March of Dimes and to attend a luncheon for the stars at the White House. Now, the President, diplomats, senators were his audience and the nation's capitol his stage. For six years, Red emceed the entertainment at the balls. And, in 1940, one of the stars was Mickey Rooney—who immediately wired his studio about Red Skelton.

Red was so great. He broke up the show," Mickey remembers now. "I told Louis B. Mayer I thought Red ought to be brought out to M-G-M." The Mick—no minor clown himself—had been impressed "just by Red's great over-all sense of comedy, his innate sense of timing and pantomime. Red didn't think it would ever happen, actually—getting a movie offer—and he's never forgotten it. He's one of the nice people, the really nice people, in the business."

In the way of life—and the business of laughter—Mickey Rooney was to guest-star on the toughest show Red Skelton had to perform, some years later . . . when the world first learned that his beloved son, little Richard Skelton, was gravely ill. That was when Mick played a double performance—one for the audience, another doing funny routines off-camera for Red . . . cheering up the clown and helping the show to go on. . .

With movies and television, Red Skelton's stage had become the whole world and its living rooms. Red was in seventh heaven. Making laughter . . . his religion, his reason for living. "I know I'm doing what I was supposed to do," he would say. And he virtually knocked himself out, doing it. Once, years before, in vaudeville, a reviewer commented on the young comedian who "was doing everything but committing suicide" to win laughter from audiences.

This proved just as true in television. The clown held them . . . in all three rings at once. Holding his own, in a feverish medium that separates the men from the boys—and from the guns and giveaways. Keeping his weekly show, as comic after comic bit the dust, victims of the little men who take the public's pulse with Geiger counters which pick up hoofbeats more clearly than guffaws. This year, winning his seventh and eighth TV RADIO MIRROR Awards—for both favorite TV comedian and best comedy program on television.

Meanwhile, the redhead remained the greatest audience another comedian could have. The clown, ever looking up to laughter.

Today, Ed Wynn is amassing new laurels and prestige (Continued on page 73)

# No Douche Protects Like Zonitors Women Find

Gynecologist reports on new,  
easy, more positive method  
of Feminine Hygiene —  
provides continuous protection

New York, N. Y. (Special) At last, science has developed a method of feminine hygiene a woman can use with confidence because it gives the germicidal protection of an antiseptic douche—but does it immediately and for a prolonged period—as no douche can. So quick and easy, this new method depends on remarkable vaginal suppositories, called Zonitors.



### Works Instantly For Hours!

Once inserted, Zonitors dissolve gradually, coating tissues with a protective film which lasts for hours—and are ready to work instantly. Zonitors guard against—destroy odors completely, too—helping to maintain a high degree of comfort, convenience, safety and personal daintiness not possible with douches.

Zonitors' amazing effectiveness is due to one of the most potent antiseptic principles ever developed—the discovery of a prominent surgeon and chemist.

### Doctor's Discovery — Hospital Proved!

Zonitors were thoroughly tested in a large Eastern hospital. The supervising gynecologist pronounced them unusually effective, yet safe and non-irritating. They are now available without prescription in local drugstores.

Zonitors are greaseless and stainless—cost little for 12 dainty, snow white vaginal suppositories, individually packed to carry conveniently in a purse.

### MAIL COUPON NOW!

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.  
Dept. TV-5

Please send me trial supply of Zonitors and new booklet giving complete intimate facts (mailed in plain wrapper) I enclose 10¢ to cover handling

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Offer good only in the U.S.





## INSIDE THE LAW

*Indictment spells  
out the living drama  
behind the crime,  
written and acted with  
the heartbeat of truth*

### FAVORITE RADIO ONCE-A-WEEK DRAMA

*Indictment* has both authenticity and warmth, in dealing with human beings in search of justice. Cast for typical script includes—from left to right—Ruby Dee, William Redfield, Frederick O'Neal, Rosemary Rice, Nat Polen.

**T**HE OFFICE of the District Attorney in New York is quiet on Sunday afternoon, but up on East Fifty-Second Street, in CBS Radio's Studio 23, the cause of justice is being served via *Indictment*, the weekly radio series which presents cases like those in the D. A.'s files.

Each week, distinguished-looking actor Nat Polen, a few threads of gray in his rust-red hair, becomes Ed McCormick, assistant district attorney on the show, and investigates the case of a man or woman accused of homicide, arson, dope-peddling, or some lesser crime. The suspect is interrogated, the evidence heard, a decision made—just as it all happens in real life.

"It rings true." This is the verdict handed down by lawyers who make a practice of listening to the program. It should, for it is the brain-child of Eleazar Lipsky, for four years an assistant district attorney of New York County and now a practicing lawyer.

Other listeners may not notice or care about the legal perfection of the program, but they recognize its authenticity and the excitement and timeliness of the case it presents. From the thousands of stories Lipsky has at his fingertips are chosen those of widest appeal and greatest time-



Only characters heard every week are Nat Polen as Assistant District Attorney Ed McCormick, Jack Arthur (right) as Detective Tom Russo.



liness—and no punches are pulled in their presentation.

A case dealing with juvenile delinquency, complete with a gang "rumble," was presented in two parts last summer, when the subject was making headlines in newspapers all over the nation. And the touchy topic of race relations went out over the airwaves under the title of "The Shield of the Innocent" early this year, to almost unanimous acclaim.

"We made a great point of having white actors play the roles of white men, and Negro actors portray their race on that show," says producer Nathan Kroll, "but one of the few criticisms we received was from a doctor who complained that all the Negro characters seemed to be the voice of the same man." (Continued on page 72)



Themes are based on real-life experiences of Eleazar Lipsky.

*Indictment* is heard on CBS Radio, Sun., 6:05 P.M. EST, as produced by Nathan Kroll and directed by Paul Roberts, with scripts by Allan Sloane based on the experience of Eleazar Lipsky, former Assistant District Attorney of New York County.



# CHEER THE LEADER



## FAVORITE TV SPORTSCASTER

Mel has broadcast more Rose Bowls, more All-Star games, more World Series than any other man. Above, with Don Larsen, who pitched no-hit Series game.

**A**S THE COMIC says when the joke goes flat, "I don't have to do this for a living." For exuberant Mel Allen, nothing goes flat—and that includes his sponsor's product. But should he ever want to, Mel could always switch-hit from sportscasting to law. He has the degree, although he's never used it. And a listen to the tall and amiable "voice of the Yankees" indicates that that volume of Blackstone will continue to gather dust. "Calling the plays while sipping beer and smoking cigarettes—and at \$150,000 a year..." Mel grins, "who could ask for anything more?"

Mel is one of that very rare species, a happy and perfectly contented man. "Know what I want to be doing twenty years from now?" he asks. "Exactly what I'm doing now. I want to be broadcasting Yankee ball games." Of course, each fall, there comes that moment when the Yankees have wound up their ump-teenth World Series and there is just no more baseball in immediate view. But then there are the Rose Bowls... the Movietone newsreels, of which Mel has done his 1,700th... the banquet circuits whereon he can talk about baseball... and, before you can say, "going, going, gone," it's time for spring training.

Alabama-born, Mel took his first

step toward sportscasting when he entered the University of Alabama at the age of fifteen. The baseball coach told the six-footer he was "too skinny"; the drama coach told him he'd do just fine. Mel broadcast college sports for the local radio station and, by the time he was graduated, CBS was as interested in him as was the Bar Association. The legal training turned out helpful in his sports career. "Law teaches you to analyze a situation," he explains. "Law is a science of rules. Similarly, a sport is a game of rules. With both, you have to know the rules—and stick by them."

Mel has been accused of being not quite an impartial judge when it comes to the Yankees. "Sure, I'm partisan," Mel says. "But I'm certainly not prejudiced. When an opposing player makes a sensational play, I call it that way." But, having broadcast Yankee games since 1939, Mel's "one-man Yankee knothole gang" is duly accredited. And the excitement of being part of the team, the vicarious thrill that is even stronger with Mel than most fans, has more than made up for the strike-out call by that college coach. "In a way," Mel grins, "I get to play all nine positions, right up here in my broadcasting booth."

Mel Allen is "The Voice of the Yankees" on the Home of Champions Network, (WPIX and WMGM in New York), for Ballantine Beer and Ale, Winston Cigarettes, Camel Cigarettes.

*It's his eighth  
Gold Medal home-run  
for Mel Allen*



Mel flies to Europe for his first real vacation in years. "My work," he says happily, "is my hobby, too."



At Winter Carnival at Grossinger's Hotel, Mel is King, Martha English his Queen. Below, two young subjects.





# JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED



## FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTOR

A fourth Gold Medal for Sandy Becker—for his fine portrayal of an idealistic physician in CBS Radio's *Young Dr. Malone*.

*On the air, as Jerry Malone—or  
as Sandy Becker himself—it's been  
a busy and very satisfying life!*

**A**LMOST A DECADE has now passed since Sandy Becker became *Young Dr. Malone* on CBS Radio. They have been exciting and interesting years for Sandy and for listeners to the program. For Jerry Malone, on the air, they have been a period of great adventures, of trials and triumphs—the revealing personal story of a physician's private and professional life.

Along with this man he portrays, Sandy, too, has been maturing and growing. His work has broadened until it now includes, in addition to the dramatic CBS Radio role, a number of high-rated television programs. Like Dr. Malone himself, Sandy is an extremely busy man these days, still never quite convinced that he is doing enough or achieving enough.

Last year, the Ninth Annual American Academy of General Practice Scientific Assembly called particular

attention of its member physicians to the *Young Dr. Malone* program for "informing radio listeners of the importance of the family doctor in American life." And for showing "a consistent interest in the general practitioner as an important bulwark in modern medicine." It was a considerable tribute.

Credit for the show's enormous popularity, year after year, must be given to its producer-director Ira Ashley, to a fine cast, to David Lesan who writes the program, to organist Milton Kaye who provides the music that has become an integral part of the story. And to Sandy Becker, who brings the title role to life with such sensitivity and understanding.

Sandy thinks of this man as the idealist we would all like to be. Of him he says: "Dr. Malone, through the years I have known him, has (Continued on page 69)



Daughter Joyce and family pet "Schatzi" sometimes come from home to help stage *The Sandy Becker Show*, on WABD (New York).





# TURN THE OTHER PROFILE



As the famous torch-singer, Polly Bergen sang the blues with Sylvia Sidney and Hoagy Carmichael in "Helen Morgan." Happy ending for Polly: A TV show of her own.

*Heavies turn into heroes and  
comics go straight as Playhouse 90  
puts stars in a new light*



Fight game was the theme for Ed Wynn's dramatic debut, in "Requiem for a Heavyweight." With him were Jack Palance, in a rare sympathetic role, Ed's son Keenan Wynn (right).

**A**N HOUR-AND-A-HALF of drama each week comes pretty close to a Broadway opening night every seven days. In Hollywood, Martin Manulis accomplished the feat with the Award-winning television offering called *Playhouse 90*. And producer Manulis, having gone this far "off-Broadway," went even further offbeat in his casting. Well-known names basked in a new light and actors in a rut climbed out. . . . Some of the results had to be seen to be believed. Who would have thought, for example, that teenagers would ever hiss at Tab Hunter? But hiss they did,

when Tab played an arch-villain in "Forbidden Area." In another unforgettable performance, Ed Wynn "retired" from comedy to debut as a dramatic actor in "Requiem for a Heavyweight." And, in other turnabouts, Eddie Cantor and Red Skelton played it straight in "Sizeman and Son" and "The Big Slide" . . . Laraine Day turned villainess to Boris Karloff's good guy in "Rendezvous in Black" . . . and Zsa Zsa Gabor was a seventy-year-old matron in "The Greer Case." The future? *Playhouse 90* promises more of the same—only more so. The only guarantee is excellence.

*Playhouse 90* is seen on CBS-TV, Thursday, from 9:30 to 11:00 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Bristol-Myers Co., the American Gas Association, Marlboro Cigarettes, Kimberly-Clark (for Kleenex), and Allstate Insurance.



In "The Violent Heart," directed by John Frankenheimer, Dana Wynter and Ben Gazzara starred as lovers.



No type-casting. That's the rule that had Eddie Cantor playing the tragic father in "Sizeman and Son."



With his wife, Hope Lange, Don Murray was seen in his own story of displaced persons, "For I Have Loved Strangers."

**FAVORITE TV EVENING DRAMA**



# HE WINS IN A WALK



## FAVORITE TV NEWS COMMENTATOR

A row of awards for Doug Edwards, who urges TV news without "gimmicks" and bans film-for-film's-sake.

*When news breaks fast and hot,  
Doug Edwards gets there  
first—and keeps the coolest*

**T**HE WALK from his offices in the Grand Central Building to the studio desk facing the CBS cameras has been carefully paced off by Douglas Edwards. It takes three and a half minutes. With exactly that amount of time to spare, Doug heads for his daily news program. On the way, he'll pass VIPs and page boys—all on the run. "I guess I'm the only one who walks," grins Doug. And in a walk, Doug wins—for his fifth Gold Medal.

Behind the calculated step is a philosophy. Though the news may be frantic, Oklahoma's Doug tries to keep calm—on the surface, at least. "If I've been running, that's the way I'll look on TV," he explains. A pioneer TV newsman, on-camera since 1946, Doug recalls a hard-and-fast rule that no news interview could run longer than three minutes. Doug protested, and his point of view now prevails. "People like the longer interviews," says Doug. "People like people—and that's what TV is."

According to a recent survey, more people get the news from Doug Edwards than from any other source,



Dean of TV newscasters, Doug cherishes quiet times at home with wife Sara and "Lady."



While TV news has been coming of age, Doug's musical trio have been growing up, too, in Weston, Connecticut. Donna is now 10; Lynn and Bobby, 16 and 12, hope for medical careers.

be it a TV or radio program, a newspaper or magazine. The impressive total for Doug is an unduplicated audience of 34 million people. "People have said that TV can't cover the news," Doug notes. "This isn't so and that's why I'm proud of the big rating. It proves my point. News is news whether it's in smoke signals or on TV. You can't be fully informed through TV alone or radio alone or newspapers alone. But I think my program gives a good general idea of what's going on."

As satisfying as the official rating was a more unorthodox one. All unknown to Doug, host and narrator of *Armstrong Circle Theater*, the program's sound was switched off when a guest on a program about flying saucers departed from the script. "It's a CBS policy," Doug explained later. "You stick to the script or the entire show's timing is thrown off." But of the flood of letters, and of the phone calls that backed up switchboards in CBS cities for forty-five minutes, Doug adds, "That was the greatest 'rating' you could ask for."

Douglas Edwards *With The News* is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, at 6:45 and 7:15 P.M. EST (check local papers for time in your area), under multiple sponsorship. Doug is host and narrator on *Armstrong Circle Theater*, CBS-TV, alternate Wednesdays, at 10 P.M. EST.



# SEARCH FOR THE RAINBOW



"Space" has a thousand acres to roam at the Thomas estate.



Raised in the mountains, Thomas likes high places—and adventure.

*You may never find it, but,  
as Lowell Thomas has always known,  
it's the search that counts*



Skiing keeps me young, grins Thomas. With Lowell Junior, he held national father-and-son ski title.



## FAVORITE RADIO NEWS COMMENTATOR

Lowell Thomas's "History of Man" fireplace tells of past and present—leaves space for the future. Carved figure is Mayan.

*Lowell Thomas And The News* is heard on CBS Radio, Mon.-Fri., at 6:45 P.M. EST, for UMS-Delco Battery. *High Adventure With Lowell Thomas* will be seen Sat., April 19, on CBS-TV, for the United Motors System and the Delco-Remy Div. of General Motors.

It's not the finding of the Fountain of Youth that keeps you young. It's the searching for it. Lowell Thomas learned this early. His teachers were the Colorado gold miners who filled him with tales of their adventures in faraway places. "Gold miners are a special breed of men," says Thomas. "They never stoop to search for baser metals. They start out looking for the pot of gold and end up searching for the rainbow." . . . Thomas's own search keeps him, at age sixty-six, one of the "youngest" men you will ever meet. His newscasts, delivered with vigor and authority, have been heard for twenty-nine years in the same time spot. His new television series, *High Adventure*, sends him traveling at a pace that wears out many of his chronologically younger companions. His Quaker Hill estate in Pawling, New York—encompassing 1,000 acres, a 32-room house, two lakes, its own ski hill and golf course—is proof that Lowell Thomas has struck it rich. Proof, too, is the sixth TV RADIO MIRROR medal—of gold—he wins this year. . . . A "History of Man" fireplace symbolizes Thomas's lifetime of adventures, in which the discoveries of Lawrence of Arabia and of the real-life Shangri-La in Lhasa, Tibet, are only two. "Mrs. Thomas refused to have the fireplace in the house," Thomas grins. "She hates any room that has a remote resemblance to a museum." So the fireplace, consisting of 220 removable blocks of concrete, was set up in what is now a clubhouse for his neighbors. About half of the blocks have been replaced with stones depicting the history of mankind. Lowell Thomas, Jr., an independent producer and an explorer, too, contributed a stone from the spot on Mount Ararat where Noah's Ark is supposed to have landed. . . . Thomas, who has to be coaxed to look backwards, recalls that all his life he has led three parallel existences. He's been involved with news since the age of eleven; in the entertainment world since he was seven and his surgeon-father coached him in elocution; and he's been involved with motion pictures—from newsreels to standard features to his development of Cinerama—for thirty years. "I consider myself a troubadour," says Lowell Thomas, "or, if you like, a raconteur of the day-by-day adventures of mankind. Whatever else news is, it is always an adventure."





Bunny's up on carrots—international children, with Captain, on *S.S. America*—but pocket bear just snoozes.

## TIME FOR A CHILD

*Who's got it? Why, Captain Kangaroo, of course, whose grandfatherly heart is as full as those two patch pockets*



### FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Young man Bob Keeshan (in mufti) shies away from kudos for award-winning *Kangaroo*.

**A**N OLD MAN SPEAKS to a child . . . and time stops! Partnered in the magical friendship—the one gentled with years, the other, with new sight—they read each other's thoughts letter-perfect, in an instant. . . . *Captain Kangaroo* first leaped within camera range two-and-a-half years ago. Now, if that sounds like pretty peppy stepping for an "old man" . . . well, it wasn't really. The "old" Captain is young Bob Keeshan, whose concept it was to stage a morning children's show devoid of all unnecessary noise, slapstick, harangue and horror. Instead, there'd be lots of elbow-room for Mr. Green Jeans and the animals of Treasure House Farm, for puppets and a ballerina. There'd be time for Grandfather Clock's poems and Captain's stories. But especially there'd be time for Captain to talk to that early-morning child who watches from his living room—all attention, all response—time to anticipate his every question ("What? The name of that funny little animal? Why, it's a honeybear—from South America"), to explain to him why it is that every day can't be sunny, but how to have fun, anyway, indoors. . . . Like Topsy, Bob Keeshan "just grewed" into the amiable and substantial type exactly right for a grandfatherly Captain. New York-born Bob was out of the Marine Corps and working as a page at NBC when another Bob (*Howdy Doody's* Bob Smith) plunked him into a clown suit and pushed him onstage to become the first Clarabelle. After five years of clowning days and studying nights at Fordham University, Keeshan began to think in terms of his own children's show. Corny the Clown and Tinker the Toy-maker were spiritual antecedents of the CBS-TV award-winning *Captain Kangaroo*. . . . Bob believes a good warm grandfather is a wonderful thing. "They have to be something of the parental," he admits, "but they aren't required to do so much of the disciplining." Bob's wife Jeanne suggests that, at home, "Captain" has to be less "indulgent granddad" and more "suburban dad" to three growing children—Michael, 6, Laurie, 4, and Maeve, 3. They all watch Captain, but only Michael fully realizes who's performing. "He knows so much about the entertainment business," says father Bob, "it scares me a little." The Captain laughs long and low: "Careers . . . that's more a father's problem, wouldn't you say? But I'll have the time to give a hand, when the time comes."

*Captain Kangaroo* is seen over CBS-TV, M-F, from 8 to 8:45 A.M. EST, Sat., from 9:30 to 10:30 A.M. EST.



# TWELVE THOUSAND and SOME NIGHTS



Once the whole shebang, now "Andy" and "Amos" are directed by Clif Howell, produced by Sam Pierce.

**S**HE HAD IT MADE! With a run of a thousand nights and an audience of one, how could Scheherazade miss? Early radio was different. An entertainer could, with the greatest of ease, flop in one night or triumph—as *Amos 'N' Andy* did—in twelve thousand. When Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll first aired their concept of comedy back in March of 1928, they had such misgivings about the future that they refused, for three months, to sign an office lease. By that time, of course, the show was in the vanguard of the CBS push to network the nation. In a typical chicken-or-egg situation, no one can say for certain whether the phenomenal production of radio sets during the 30's was the cause or the effect of the beloved evening family show. But theater managers will remember how America stayed home from the movies till *Amos 'N' Andy* had adjourned for the day at the Lodge hall. . . . Over the years, the duo, between them, created no less than 190 characters, each with a distinctive voice and personality and a veritable slew of colloquialisms. Expressions like "check and double-check" and "hold de phone" may not be condoned by the American speech purists but they are, sure as shootin', hallowed by usage. Needless to say, Gosden and Correll have perfect attendance records at the Lodge. If one got a cold, the routine was to grab the script and turn it into an epidemic. . . . Nowadays, the award-winning *Music Hall* spins along at the same easygoing pace as of old. The nightly presentation carries a running story of life at the Lodge, the finest in recorded music and top-flight guest entertainers. Yet, a half-dozen years ago, rumor had it that the team which started in Durham, North Carolina, in 1920, had decided to retire. The men who had once played six nights per week, 52 weeks per year, for 9 years without a vacation, found themselves overwhelmed with protests. They reconsidered: "Sure, we'll take it easy one of these days," explains Gosden, who'll be 59 in May, "but it'll probably kill us." And Correll, 68, chuckles that Andy chuckle of his: "Quitting now would be just too much of an effort." . . . It's no effort to guess it'll be a long day before Amos 'n' Andy cash in that raincheck on retirement.

*Just as Amos 'N' Andy square away  
thirty years before the mikes,  
Music Hall brings back a new award*



## FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY PROGRAM

Formats change (above, "Kingfish" Gosden, "Andy" Correll jazz it up), but Lodge humor is ever fresh and exhilarating as in earliest broadcasts (below).





# Country Authentic— MISS MINNIE PEARL

*Opry-lovers' favorite diva  
is "country"  
through and through—and  
right proud to be that!*



Three slickers: Dinah on "bass," Minnie, Nanette Fabray "fiddlin'."



Two hats, in eighteen years, but price tags get altered upwards.



## FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIENNE

Fans vote Gold Medal for Minnie, now heading for more of same on TV.



Where rhythms are country, these showmen know the score by heart: Red Foley, Minnie, Rod Brasfield.

IN EIGHTEEN YEARS, the only thing that seemed to change about *Opry's* Minnie Pearl was the price tag on her hat. It says \$2.98 these days—"just to keep up with the cost o' livin'." The fact is, Minnie "keeps up" with everything. . . . Well-bred on a diet of hominy, Miss Minnie wouldn't go grubbin' after city-culture for anything. Why should she? Country fashions have scooped Paree more than once. "Chemise?" queried country Minnie to city Jack on a recent *Jack Paar Show*. "Why, we been wearin' these here flour sacks down Nashville way fur generations." Miss Minnie—tall and slender—looked elegant in her "flour sack." . . . Youngest daughter of a prominent lumber merchant in Centerville, Tennessee, "Minnie" was born Sarah Ophelia Colley and went to school at Nashville's fashionable Ward-Belmont. But before she was "finished," she was started—on a career in dramatics. Trying very hard to be a serious actress, Ophelia toured all over the South giving dramatic readings and helping to coach the local talent in their own productions. But the rich and uninhibited humor of the country South sang out strong in the actress, and "Minnie Pearl"—composite of all the wonderful, warm, hardworking types Ophelia had known—was in the making. . . . These days, the Gossip of Grinder's Switch is, as ever, powerful busy trying to catch a man. But, some eight years ago, Ophelia pulled a switch on her, up and married Henry Cannon. "Took me two months to land him," she avers, meaning just that. For Henry is a flyer, former owner of a private airline in Nashville and now "troupe-transport" for the whole *Opry* gang when they're off on tour. Minnie's put in a fair amount of air-mileage on her own lately: Tart as a jug of cider on big network shows like Tennessee Ernie's and Dinah Shore's, and altogether up to Paar on the late-evening variety, she's been proving a couple of things about her wonderful showmanship. It's changeable, chameleon-various along its surface—and "country" to the core. Witness the night Jack Paar took Genevieve aside to explain about Southern accents and such. The French chanteuse exclaimed, "Oh, does Minnie have an accent?" But the joke's partly on the charmingly-accented Genevieve, for Minnie Pearl didn't lose her "accent"—not on a bet! She's just added a few to her repertoire.

*Grand Ole Opry* (WSM, Nashville) is heard nationally on *Monitor*, NBC Radio, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Prince Albert. Minnie also guest-stars on *The Jack Paar Show*, as seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 11:15 P.M. to 1 A.M. EST.



# THE CASE OF THE LEGAL EYE

**T**HE CATALOG at William Morrow and Co., publishers, lists fifty-five "Perry Mason" titles. But in none of these books does Erle Stanley Gardner confront his sleuthing attorney with a jury as tough as the one Raymond Burr faced when he transferred the lawyer from page to TV picture. In voting *Perry Mason* a Gold Medal as its favorite TV mystery-adventure program, the jury found Raymond Burr guilty. He was impersonating the lawyer as readers had imagined and as author Gardner had described: "A fighter, happy-go-lucky, carefree, two-fisted—a free-lance paid gladiator. Creed—results." Even by such circumstantial evidence as physical appearance, Burr was far from innocent. He fits Gardner's specifications: "Tall, long-legged. Broad powerful shoulders. Rugged-faced, clean-cut virile features; patient eyes."

But the sentence of hard labor on the show, for the many more years it is sure to enjoy, is actually a reprieve—from wandering. When he was just a year old, Raymond's family moved from British Columbia to the Orient. Ups and downs, financial and medical, kept the family on the move. The Burrs were in California when Raymond, at twelve, left school to add to the family income. He drifted, working as a ranch-hand, then as a salesman. Finally, he "stumbled" onto radio and found himself a direction—a career in acting.

Later, though he'd never been graduated from high school, Raymond was able to pass the college entrance exams and earn degrees in Psychology and English Literature. And, though he'd never had a lesson in his life, he taught drama at Amherst, Columbia and the Pasadena Playhouse. Raymond had learned from experience, on Broadway in "Crazy With the Heat," in such movies as "A Place in the Sun," "Rear Window" and "Cry in the Night," and on radio, as *Fort Laramie's* star.

On TV, it's Della Street, played by Barbara Hale, who brews the many cups of coffee Perry Mason sips while he works out solutions for his beautiful clients. But at home in a house facing the sea, on a Malibu bluff, it's Raymond himself who makes the coffee, and the series of gourmet dishes that precede it. Out back, he grows much of his menu, raises pure-blooded Australian Silky dogs, and some fowl "just for eggs." Though he hit bottom a few times on his way to the top, Raymond Burr says now, "I never doubted I would succeed." Confidentially, that's *Perry Mason's* own confidence.

Jury's verdict was also for detective Paul Drake, played by William Hopper, secretary Della Street, alias Barbara Hale.



*Even Perry Mason couldn't  
prove Raymond Burr innocent—  
of impersonating a lawyer*



## FAVORITE TV MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

Raymond Burr was on trial, as readers matched his portrayal against impressions left by fifty-five novels.



Witnesses were District Attorney Hamilton Berger (William Talman) and Lt. Arthur Tragg (Ray Collins).

*Perry Mason* is seen on CBS-TV, Saturday, from 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Purex Corp., Ltd., Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co., Bristol-Myers Company.



# Happy as QUEENS



Jack Bailey calls for audience applause to determine who will be *Queen For A Day*, on the program which this year wins its sixth straight award on radio, its first on TV. Each candidate has full opportunity to state her wish, illustrating it with pictures or other appropriate objects. For the winner, it's always a dream come true—plus lasting benefits which carry through a lifetime.

By ELSA MOLINA

**W**OULD YOU like to be Queen for a Day?" and "I crown you Queen for a Day!" are two sentences separated by a thousand heartbeats. Of the eight hundred or so hopeful women who daily crowd Frank Sennes' Hollywood Moulin Rouge, with their wishes in their eyes, only twenty-one are selected as potential Queens; of these, five become candidates; then—a long prayer after Jack Bailey's opening line—comes the dreamed-of moment when, for one of these, his "crowning" sentence brings this prayer to life.

Since 1945 about thirty-five hundred women have become *Queen For A Day*. None will forget the moment

*The fairytale ending, "forever after,"  
has special meaning to winners  
on Queen For A Day's Cinderella show*



when (with tears in the eyes of most) they accept Jack's bouquet of American Beauty roses. But this moment is short-lived. A day or two later, the shock has worn off, and the Queens come back down to earth again . . . almost. A great deal has been written about the feeling of being "the Queen." But what of the days to follow? The happy fact—and all ex-Queens will vouch for it—is that, once you have been Queen, your life never again is quite the same.

Mrs. Sheldon Elmore, for example, came to *Queen For A Day* with the prayer that the program find her twelve-year-old son, Sheldon, (Continued on page 82)



**FAVORITE WOMEN'S TV PROGRAM • FAVORITE WOMEN'S RADIO PROGRAM**

*Queen For A Day*, emceed by Jack Bailey, is seen on NBC-TV, M-F, from 4 to 4:45 P.M. EST—and heard over Mutual, M-F, from 11:35 A.M. to 12 noon EST—under multiple sponsorship.





**Studio** audience gathers in Hollywood's Moulin Rouge theater-restaurant well before air time to help Jack interview potential "Queens," select five candidates.



**Recent** "Teen Queen," Diane Ryan, 13, asked only gifts for her brother and dad. She got all these and teen-age heaven, too—including private phone, hi-fi player, records, soft-drink bar and popcorn machine! Right, Jack at home with his own royal consort, Carol.





# THE HOME BEAT

*Mutual's Bill Stern, an eight-time winner, finds it the greatest assignment of them all*



No quarantine for Patty: Dad's got time for lessons and "free" reading.



Sterns' viewpoint: Over green and azure to Manhattanville spires.



## FAVORITE RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Up before dawn with Bill are suburb-bound "Christmas" (black) and "Pixie."



On the lam at noonday? Not a chance. Bill's and Harriet's evening is at noon, by the Mutual clock.

**B**ROADCASTING is a world of a thousand pressures—some slight, some great, but all real. Bill Stern has held top honors in radio and TV sports programming for twenty-five years. For almost the same number of years, he's done the honors as husband and family man. In his case, the terrific conflict of time and interest was resolved, a couple of years ago. Bill Stern was temporarily but forcibly retired by his doctor. . . . What brings on a breakdown? "There's just no one cause," Bill's convinced. "The steady pressures, the excitement of the play-by-plays, maybe the constant being on the move . . ." Whatever the "cause," the result was that Bill and his wife Harriet savored the enforced change. They went abroad. Bill relearned the secrets of taking it easy, putting things back in perspective. Then, late last summer, a refreshed and happy man returned to his work—a full schedule at Mutual designed to take full advantage of his extraordinary knowledge, experience, and flair for the human-interest side of sports. . . . Bill is up mornings at 4:30. Out to his car, chased by two miniature poodles-at-large and a couple of hounds, Bill's onto the suburban maze of highways and into the quiet heart of the city in a matter of minutes. A country man, Bill dresses country-casual for those early radio reports. But the elevator-man at the Mutual building near Times Square claims Bill's "the best-dressed man around" at 5:30 A.M. Bill prepares and delivers his news and comment and is ready to start home by noon. . . . The sports world is youthful. Nobody is more aware of this than Bill. Comparing the generations, Bill recalls that, to his, sports "was our world," whereas "kids today have much wider interests." But the ideals of sportsmanship apply to so many things. "If a kid has those," Bill believes, "that's the important thing." As for the three junior Sterns—Pete, 17, and a Yale freshman next fall, plans to be an actor; Mary, 13, pianist and horsewoman of merit, is quite taken with Sal Mineo at the moment; eight-year-old Patty, her dad feels sure, "will be an actress." Whatever they decide, Bill plans to do everything he can to help and encourage. Worry, however, is not on the agenda. On the job or at home, Bill Stern has learned how to take it easy.

Bill Stern is heard Mon.-Fri. over Mutual Broadcasting System at 7:30 and 8:30 A.M. (WINS, New York, 6:25 and 8:05 A.M.) for Colgate-Palmolive Co. He's also heard over Mutual, Mon.-Fri., at 9:30 P.M., and Sun., from 6:35 to 7 P.M. (All EST)



# DEFINITION OF A DEEJAY

*Howard Miller predicts  
both tunes and weather—and  
takes a sounding on youth*



Lucille is a mite dubious, but Desi knows the music man's not fooling: Howard's set to jockey this tune to top place.



**Case-in-point** Howard can be his charming self even on four hours' sleep, as he proves with rhythm singer La Verne Baker.



## FAVORITE RADIO RECORD PROGRAM

*The Howard Miller Show* is strong as the man at the turntable—in this case, very strong indeed.

**A**SK THE CITIZEN, "What's a deejay?" and he'll take the nearest tangent, tell you at length about the 45-foot yacht moored in a Lake Michigan basin. It bugs him that Mr. Howard Miller, Chicago citizen, top national deejay and happy owner of the cruiser "Disc Jockey," doesn't have time for a cruise. . . . The man whose name has become synonymous with popular-music programming in radio and TV is pressed for time. In his Midwest "land of the midnight sun"—with days dawning at 5:30 and seldom dimming before 1 or 2 A.M.—Howard emcees his award-winning *Howard Miller Show*, fulfills night-club engagements, looks into his bulging portfolio of business affairs and, most important of all, makes appearances—hundreds per year—before high-school groups and teen centers. . . . Ask the teenager. If they had to hire one, the youth of our country couldn't find a better public-relations counsel than Howard Miller. Ever since the war, he's been living up to a personal vow—keeping in touch with teenagers, getting to know them and their attitudes toward parents

and school and future. As a young Naval officer, he had experienced one particularly bad amphibious landing. The toll of enlisted men was high, and Howard promised himself he would sell the world on the contribution of youth to their country. Howard's reasoning is sound. "Our future is in their hands, so why not give the kids the support and encouragement they need to grow up to the big job they'll inherit?" . . . Ask the CBS network men. Howard, they'll remember, was a station owner before the war, but he had to start in at the bottom when he returned to civvies. A long pull . . . and then he "clicked" with that natural easygoing manner familiar in millions of homes. As an interviewer, Howard favors the offbeat approach, but he has the ability and charm to put his guest completely at ease. As a weather forecaster, he scoops even the Explorer in the uncanny way he has of predicting the clouds and sunshine months in advance. . . . What's a deejay? Ask the nation. By national consensus, it's the man on mike for *The Howard Miller Show*.





*I dreamed I made an impression  
in my maidenform bra!*

Lights, camera, action—I'm the center of attraction in my new Twice-Over\*\* Long-Line bra! Here's terrific Twice-Over styling with airy elastic cut criss-cross under the arms—and double-stitched circles on the broadcloth

cups. Now it's yours in a long version that makes you seem sizes slimmer! *Hurry!* Try Twice-Over Long-Line by Maidenform! A, B, C and D cups. Full and  $\frac{3}{4}$  lengths, from 5.95  
And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!



Look for this colorful package everywhere!



GO

behind  
the  
scenes  
with



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TV-5-58N



## TV • RADIO REPORT

Most singers eat sparingly or not at all before a performance, but tenor Frank Parker is an exception. He prefers singing on a full stomach. Frank explained this predilection during a recent performance on *The Woolworth Hour*. It seems that way back when he was a struggling unknown, he found himself in a restaurant without any money. This was doubly embarrassing because he had just finished a hearty meal. He asked the proprietor whether he would settle for a song. The deal was clinched, and Frank Parker then and there made his professional debut!

Jolie Gabor, having an informal chat with Art Ford, major domo of Dumont's *Art Ford's Greenwich Village Party* wearily admitted: "Vhen vun is rich, vun's husbands are always asking the \$64,000 question... 'Loan me \$64,000!'"

Paul Pepe

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# TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1957-58



**A**FTER A DECADE of cross-questioning the country, in the only nationwide poll of listeners and viewers, one thing could be prophesied about TV RADIO MIRROR's Eleventh Annual Awards: The results were bound to be unpredictable—and revealing. A veteran program might outdistance the pack, perhaps for the first time in all its years on the air. A newcomer might triumph, after just a few months on the networks. Whatever happened was sure to be a clear index of the public's taste.

This was obviously the year of Westerns on TV—with stars and programs outdrawing their rivals by only a split second. It was also the year of music everywhere—with songfests gathering all the Gold Medals for "best on the air," new or old. And it was the year of the emcees—with the closest contests of all being waged among the varied categories with "name" hosts.

There's probably no one who's had more influence on the average American's taste in music today than Mitch Miller—head of Columbia Records' Popular Division. But Mitch is also a witty and erudite man with friends in every field, and his presentation of these luminaries on the air—in song, scene and interview—again wins him your radio evening emcee award. This is his second consecutive Gold Medal, though *The Mitch Miller Show* is only in its third season on CBS Radio.

By contrast, Don McNeill and *Breakfast Club*—heard weekdays on the American Broadcasting Network—began collecting your awards back in 1948! Don's present one, as radio daytime emcee, not only adds to an impressive total, but will also make a

*Meet the champs—just as your nationwide votes elected them in our eleventh great annual poll!*



## **FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES**

Don McNeill gets your Gold Medal, as Sam Cowling tunes up for the show's Silver Jubilee on American Broadcasting Network. *Breakfast Club* is almost 25 years old, has won eight awards from our readers.

*see following pages for more Award Winners* ►





# TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1957-58



shining souvenir when McNeill's morning hour celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary in June.

In drama, your ballots proved pioneering really pays, whether the idea was new just last year, or is now well-tested by time. When Carlton E. Morse launched *One Man's Family* on April 29, 1932, his theme and format were revolutionary: The development of family character, individually and collectively, as revealed in day-by-day events. Long an evening feature on NBC Radio, Morse's drama has won many previous honors. Now it wins its first daytime Gold Medal, having moved into the network's great afternoon line-up just last year. A

## FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME DRAMA

*One Man's Family*, created by Carlton E. Morse in 1932, has grown and grown on NBC Radio. Now, the Barbours, their in-laws and descendants include: Front row—Ross Farnsworth and Joan (played by Vic Perrin and Mary Lou Harrington), Mother and Father Barbour (Mary Adams, J. Anthony Smythe), Sharon and Mary Lou (Susan Odin, Merry McGovern); standing—Nicholas Lacey, Claudia, Penelope (Ben Wright, Barbra Fuller, Anne Whitfield), Daniel Murray (Ken Peters), "Pinky" Murray (George Pirrone), Greta Stefanson (Sharon Douglas), Jack and Betty (Page Gilman and Virginia Gregg), "Uncle" Paul (Russell Thorson), and "Cousin" Consider Martin (Marvin Miller).





#### **FAVORITE TV MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES**

George de Witt has just the right charm (and authority) to put contestants at ease on *Name That Tune*, Harry Salter's tantalizing music-game seen Tuesday evenings over CBS-TV.



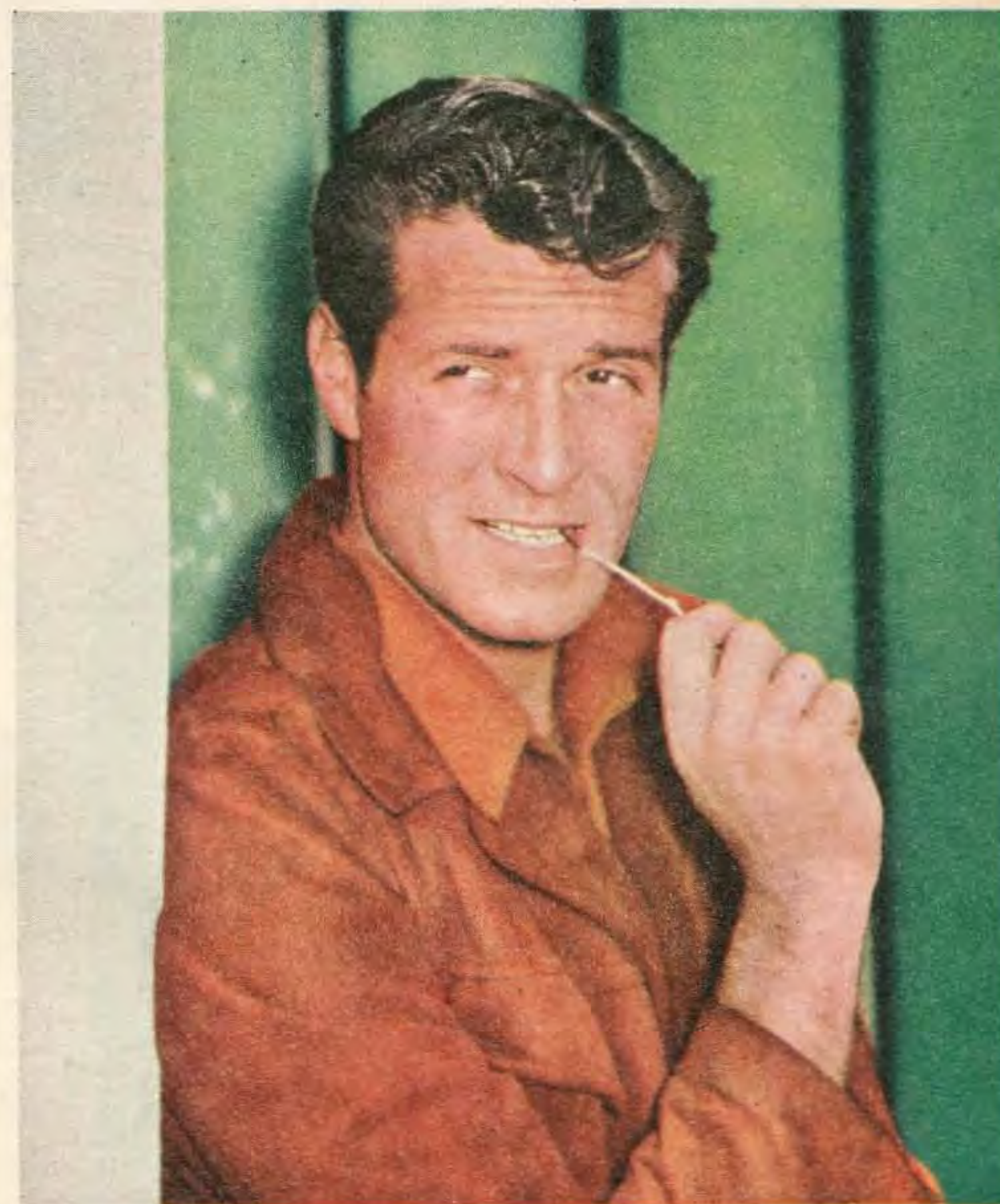
#### **BEST NEW STAR ON RADIO**

In the middle of his first season on CBS Radio, readers are showing Missouri-born Rusty Draper that they really like him—and his songfest heard early on weekday nights.



#### **FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ PROGRAM**

*Groucho Marx—You Bet Your Life* is not only heard on NBC Radio, but seen on NBC-TV. Both quizmaster and quiz have won more annual awards in this field than any rivals.



#### **FAVORITE TV WESTERN STAR**

As both performer and personality (and now a recording star, too), Hugh O'Brian adds to the exciting *Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp*, Tuesday-night hero on ABC-TV.





# TV Radio Mirror Award Winners, 1957-58



## FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY-ADVENTURE PROGRAM

Sunday afternoon's *Suspense* is CBS Radio's 16-year classic. William N. Robson produces and directs, Agnes Moorehead is frequent star in such spellbinders as "Sorry, Wrong Number."

fine salute to a fine veteran, which can still boast three *Family* members who created their roles in the first broadcast—J. Anthony Smythe as Henry Barbour, Bernice Berwin as daughter Hazel, Page Gilman as son Jack.

The corresponding TV award goes to *NBC Matinee Theater*, which has now won medals in both years it has been eligible. It was October 31, 1955, when this unique series began presenting complete one-hour plays on weekday afternoons. Under the guiding genius of Albert McCleery, this NBC-TV daytime theater has continued to offer productions of night-time caliber—predominantly "live" and in color—with John Conte as host and casts comprising great names from stage and screen, as well as from television and radio.

Pioneers also triumphed among the drama programs seen or heard once a week. First to present hour-and-a-half plays on a regular weekly basis, *Playhouse 90*—now in its second season on CBS—gets your vote as best TV evening drama. In the radio category, your choice is *Indictment*, the powerful human-interest series broadcast on Sundays by CBS Radio.

In the mystery-adventure class, *Suspense*—another member of CBS Radio's dynamic Sunday play line-up—wins still another award to add to the many it has amassed in almost sixteen years of dominating its field. On (Continued on page 83)



## FAVORITE TV DAYTIME DRAMA

John Conte hosts the daily hour-long *NBC Matinee Theater*, sometimes acts, too (as seen above in an early "hit" with Jeff Donnell and Jackie Coogan).

## FAVORITE RADIO EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Always something new, Sunday nights, on CBS Radio's *Mitch Miller Show*: Here, Mitch himself, Tommy Sands, teen Linda Zimmerman launch a "Teen-Age Society"—for parents and children.







**FAVORITE RADIO QUIZMASTER • FAVORITE TV DAYTIME MASTER OF CEREMONIES**

What-a-man Linkletter: With this year's Gold Medals, Art has won more than a dozen annual awards, thanks to such night-time successes as *People Are Funny* (on both NBC-TV and Radio) and such top daily jamborees as *House Party* (on both CBS-TV and Radio). All this—and a best-selling book too!



# Wonderful Time



**Family** man at home. Pat really appreciates his responsibilities, since that certain car ride with wife Shirley, daughters Cherry, Linda and Debbie. (A fourth baby girl joined them just two months ago. "Now I have my own Lennon Sisters," he grins.)



Pat Boone, boy with a golden voice, welcomes the shining future with a man's confidence and new maturity

By BETTY ETTER



**College** boy at Columbia University. He's also a TV, record and film star—and businessman, too!

**P**AT BOONE was driving his family to church. "Traffic was heavy in both directions and moving at a good clip," he says, "when all of a sudden a taxi going the opposite way pulled out of line—to avoid a bump or something—and headed straight for us. I was afraid to put on the brakes suddenly, because of the children. All I could do was try to find an open space and wrench the car into it. . . . It was then, I guess, (Continued on page 80)

*The Pat Boone Chevy Showroom, ABC-TV, Thurs., at 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by Chevrolet Dealers of America.*





Pat seems almost as youthful as daughter Cherry, appearing on his *Chevy Showroom*.



But he's rapidly becoming a "pro" on TV, keeping up with such stars as Dinah Shore.



**FAVORITE TV MALE SINGER**





#### **FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER**

"The most truly talented girl singer I know," writes Ticker Freeman, in story at right. Voters agree—Dinah repeats last year's triumph, adds to the awards she began winning in our first poll.



# THERE'S ONLY ONE

# Dinah

*I ought to know about our Miss Shore! I've been her accompanist and musical adviser for sixteen wonderful—and revealing—years*

By TICKER FREEMAN  
as told to Jerry Asher

IT'S A FAST-MOVING WORLD. Time doesn't permit, or the occasion isn't conducive to displaying feelings and expressing thoughts that well up inside of you when touched by a particular person—particularly such a special person as Dinah Shore! After sixteen years of constant association with Dinah, as her accompanist and musical adviser, I still feel frustrated. Every time she steps before the NBC-TV cameras, I have the same intense reaction. There's that hushed moment of silence, that split-second of being suspended in space, before you hear the announcer's voice: "And here she is—Miss Dinah Shore!"

Dinah stands there under the mike. Her face is serene, her eyes shine, and the (Continued on page 70)

*The Dinah Shore Chevy Show* is seen over NBC-TV, on Sundays, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Chevrolet Dealers of America.

Proud moment for me, standing next to Ralph Edwards as he paid Dinah the tribute she deserves, on *This Is Your Life*.



Busy as she is, Dinah's an ideal homemaker, too—and George Montgomery, her ideal mate.



With Missy, 10, and little Jody, the Montgomerys make the happiest family I've seen.







#### **FAVORITE TV MUSIC PROGRAM**

Smiles are more than a symbol of Lawrence Welk's effervescent "Champagne Music," for his group is much more than a band—it's a family, united in security and happiness. Accordionist Myron Floren (left) and songbird Alice Lon are only two of many who can vouch for Lawrence's generosity and help.



# Champagne for the Millions



**Audiences** show their appreciation for quality, in voting Welk his fourth Gold Medal. The quality of the man himself, and the quality of such performers as the Lennon Sisters—Kathy (seated on the floor), Peggy, Diane, and little Janet.



*The Lawrence Welk Show* is seen on ABC-TV, Saturday, from 9 to 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by the Dodge Dealers of America. *Lawrence Welk's Top Tunes And New Talent* is seen on ABC-TV, Monday, from 9:30 to 10:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by both Dodge and Plymouth Dealers. Additional Welk programs are also heard over the American Broadcasting Network; see newspapers for time and day in your area.

Lawrence Welk's music, his great success on TV, come from a heart whose "bigness" is reflected by his band



**Lawrence** and wife Fern knew lean days, before well-earned prosperity, but always thought of others first.

**By BUD GOODE**

**L**AURENCE WELK stepped off the Kansas City bandstand during the short intermission, and with hands stuffed in pockets (a habit when he's thinking) walked over to flutist Orie Amodeo. The year was 1945, and this was only the third date the band had played that month. Lawrence was fifteen pounds leaner than he is now, for times were hard—which explained the rather worried look on his usually smiling face. He was almost sure he knew what Orie was going to say.

Orie had a face longer than Lawrence's. "What's wrong, Orie?" Lawrence asked. "Where's the old grin?" Orie kicked at an imaginary matchstick on the polished dance floor, mumbled an excuse—he didn't want to hurt Lawrence's feelings.

"Come on, now, Orie," encouraged Lawrence, "you can tell me. Believe me, if there is anything in the world I can do to help . . ."

"Well, Lawrence," Orie began, "I hate to say this, because I know how hard you're working to pay the boys in the band all they're worth. But, frankly, with the baby coming and all—well, I'm not making enough money. Unless (Continued on page 72)





#### **FAVORITE TV HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM**

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have been TV's most beloved "couple" for several years—and they began by winning our first such radio award, back when child actors were playing the parts of their two small sons. Now, everybody knows Rick (left) and Dave Nelson (right)—in person, on TV, movies and records.



# Forever "Young Marrieds"

By EUNICE FIELD

**P**ICK AN AGE, stick with it, and live accordingly: This is Harriet Hilliard Nelson's recipe for staying young, and on her it looks good. The age she picked was twenty-eight—a time when, in her opinion, she looked, felt and was her best. Her measurements then were 34-25-37 and her weight 119. Today, her only departure from those figures is in weight; she tips the scales at five pounds more. The radiant sweetness that brought her quickly to stardom is still very much with her, and there are people who think she has found Ponce de Leon's legendary fountain of youth.

"Ponce de Leon," says Harriet firmly, "was simply 'poco loco' in the head. You don't have to travel halfway around the world to find youth." As she sees it, youth is a kind of "climate of the mind" where you can find perpetual springtime. "The trouble with some of the people I meet," she points out, "is that they haven't the sense (Continued on page 89)

*The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*—also starring their sons David and Rick—is seen over ABC-TV, Wed., at 9 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Eastman Kodak.

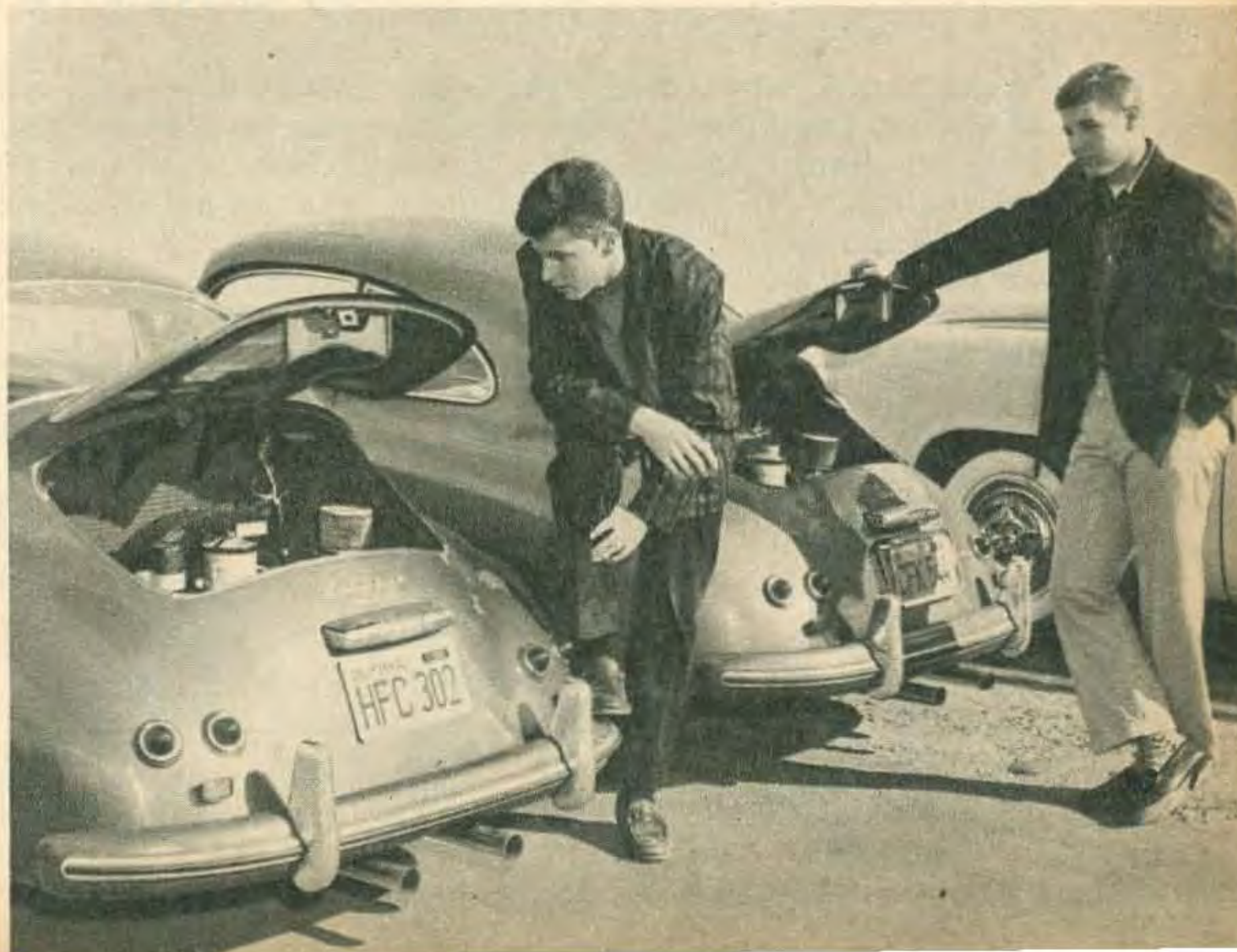
*The boys grow up, the "adventures" go on and on—but Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have found eternal youth*



Harriet and Ozzie aren't trying to fool people about their age—"not with a six-foot son who's ready to vote and a seventeen-year-old coming up fast!" Actually, though, Rick and Dave help them keep that "mental climate" turned always toward springtime.



Phones may mean business to their busy parents but, to Dave and Rick, Mr. Bell's invention is a purely social delight—and a social necessity.







By **HENRIETTE PAULSEN**

**J**OHN LARKIN, who is Mike Karr in the CBS-TV daytime drama, *The Edge Of Night*, was shopping in a New York department store when two smartly-dressed women stopped him. "Oh, you're Mr. Larkin and you're not on the program today," said one, relief in her voice. "Now we won't feel so *cheated* about missing the show while we finish our errands." The other exclaimed, "We don't like to miss the show *ever*, but we won't feel quite so bad if you're not on!"

Larkin, a handsome six-footer with a purposeful stride, is not a man easily overlooked in any crowd. There is a

set to his jaw, a strength in the gray-blue eyes and in the firm lines of his mouth, that makes people take notice. But, after years of being well known in radio—and unrecognized away from the studios—he finds this kind of personal recognition rather pleasant.

"It's the end of the anonymity of radio for me," he said recently. "When I played Perry Mason on radio for almost nine years—and I don't know how many other leading parts—no one knew me except as a voice. Now I am in the audience's homes practically every day. They know exactly how I look and they (Continued on page 84)



#### FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTOR

*The Edge Of Night* is seen on CBS-TV, Monday through Friday, from 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, for Tide (The Procter & Gamble Company) and various other sponsors.



# For Love of MIKE KARR

*It's no wonder John Larkin enjoys playing such a dynamic role—in the dynamic drama, **The Edge Of Night***



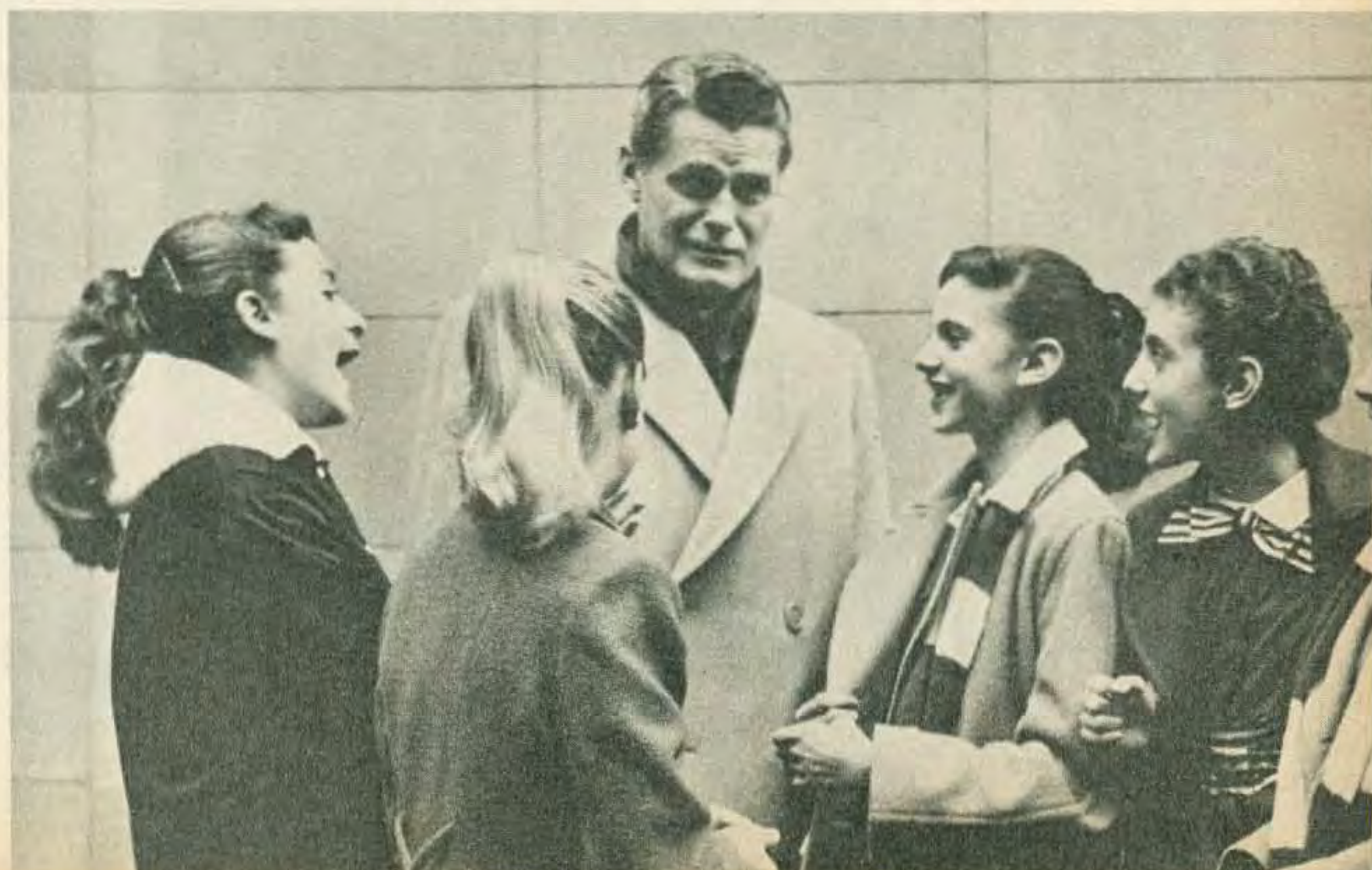
John immerses himself in the part which now wins him his first Gold Medal on TV—with the same intensity and talent which have already won him three previous awards for radio roles.



As energetic as Mike Karr himself, John has many interests—from frequent gym workouts, to voice lessons. He once thought of being a singer, would still like to do a musical play.



**The Edge Of Night** presents a close-knit family on the set, as on TV: Teal Ames as Sara Karr, John as Mike Karr, Peggy Allenby as Mrs. Lane, Sara's mother, and Don Hastings as brother Jack. It all adds up to fine performances—and instant recognition for Larkin, everywhere he goes.





# ***More and More of Garry***







**I've Got A Secret:** On his Wednesday-night show, Garry's surrounded by some of the wittiest and most unpredictable panelists on TV: At left, Bill Cullen and Jayne Meadows; right, Faye Emerson and Henry Morgan. This year marks program's fourth consecutive Gold Medal.

That's what the fans cry for, as the host of *I've Got A Secret* and *The Garry Moore Show* unveils startling plans for the future

By DORIS BUKER

ANYONE who has watched and listened to Garry Moore for any length of time knows that this is a soft-spoken, soft-mannered man with a granite determination to do what seems right under any and all circumstances. The daytime *Garry Moore Show* and the Wednesday-evening *I've Got A Secret* are programs he has loved, bearing his special stamp of good taste, good fun, good conversation. And also bearing out his own belief that American audiences are intelligent, and no one should talk down to them.

When, a few months ago, Garry announced that he was giving up his high-rated, award- (Continued on page 84)



**The Garry Moore Show**, frequent daytime winner, boasts a group of which he will always be proud: At left, Frank Simms—show's second announcer; center and right, Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, and Ken Carson—all members of the original cast, almost eight years ago.



**FAVORITE TV DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM • FAVORITE TV PANEL PROGRAM**

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



# a Very Grateful Guy

*Modest Perry Como thanks the public for "allowing" him to put on the kind of hour-long show he loves to do!*

By FRANCES KISH

**A** Como show may look casual and easygoing, but don't let that fool you. It is put together with precision and meticulous care, and the guiding force is Perry, about whom the words "relaxed" and "nice" are used so frequently that he is getting a little tired of them.

If by "nice," people mean he has a way of getting exactly what he believes to be right, but goes about it pleasantly, then the word fits. If by "relaxed," (Continued on page 85)

*The Perry Como Show is seen over NBC-TV, Saturday, at 8 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Kimberly-Clark, Noxzema Chemical Co., Radio Corp. of America, Whirlpool, Sunbeam, American Dairy Association, and Knomark.*

The Como Show is staged with care, but Perry's informality is real: Above, at rehearsal. Below—with Naval Air Cadet Choir from Pensacola—answering after-show request to sing "Happy Birthday" to member of studio audience.



Former barber Como gets a haircut from Rudy Montera, Warwick Hotel.







Como and music director Mitchell Ayres eye monitor to see how show's going. As Mitch says, "It's good to have a job you enjoy"—because they know how to do it!



All are "pros"—choreographer Louis Da Pron (above), director Grey Lockwood (below, center) are tops in their field, have been with show from the start.



Napping? No, watching TV—one of Perry's favorite recreations in his leisure time. Wife Roselle says he likes all types of shows, so long as they're good.



Candid shot proves Roselle makes other calls besides "gag" ones indicated in the script! Actually, the Comos keep their private life quite separate from his work.



**BEST PROGRAM ON TELEVISION**





**BEST PROGRAM ON RADIO • FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME VARIETY PROGRAM**

*Arthur Godfrey Time* is on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 to 11 A.M.—CBS-TV, 11 to 11:30 A.M.—for multiple sponsorship. *The Ford Road Show Starring Arthur Godfrey* is on CBS Radio, M-F, 5:05 to 5:30 P.M. Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney, *Edward R. Murrow With The News* and *World News Roundup* are also sponsored by Ford Div. of Ford Motor Co. on CBS Radio (see local papers). *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* is seen on CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. (All EST)



# That Old Golden Magic

*Arthur Godfrey Time, the Road Shows, the McGuire Sisters—all prove again that there's literally no man like the great redheaded showman*

By MARTIN COHEN

**N**EXT YEAR Arthur Godfrey will observe his thirtieth anniversary in radio. This in itself is a fantastic record—few performers have survived a fraction of those years. In this time, Arthur has won countless awards and, this year, again leads all winners in the total Gold Medals for his programs and performers. The way each was won emphasizes his contributions to radio: As both performer and showman, he made *Arthur Godfrey Time* best on the air, as well as favorite in its own daytime-variety category. His showcasing of talent once more brought recognition to the McGuire Sisters as favorite singers. Choice of *The Ford Road Shows* as the best new program on radio proves he's still preeminent as a creator of programs, for Arthur not only participates in the (Continued on page 87)



## FAVORITE RADIO FEMALE SINGERS

A second Medal for the McGuire Sisters, Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy—heard on *Arthur Godfrey Time*, which now wins its umpteenth awards as a daytime favorite and best-on-air!



## BEST NEW PROGRAM ON RADIO

*The Ford Road Shows*, hit of the season, began in Arthur's fertile brain. They not only star Godfrey himself (Mondays through Fridays) but Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney (throughout the week)—plus Edward R. Murrow *With The News* (weekday evenings) and *World News Roundup* (weekday mornings).



*Quizzing the Master-*

**HAL MARCH**







The \$64,000 Question gets a fourth Gold Medal, and quizmaster Hal March (a repeat winner) tells what he thinks of the show, its queries and contestants—with a special word for Billy Pearson (above, at left).



Does the show make him happy? Just ask wife Candy, watch them with baby Peter!

*Tough queries—but Hal doesn't dodge.*

*His honest answers reveal much about  
The \$64,000 Question—and himself!*

By GREGORY MERWIN

IT'S ODD that the American audience can feel greater personal affection for a TV quizmaster than it has for its star comedians or actors or singers. People who ask questions—teachers, police, reporters, tax men—have seldom been considered endearing. Yet it goes without question that one of America's favorite men is Hal March, and it's no passing fancy—for, this June, he observes his third anniversary as quizmaster on *The \$64,000 Question*.

Hal is on the level. His anxiety when a contestant is in the isolation booth is as sincere as that of the audience. That he is neither phony nor coy is evident in the way he has answered such questions as: "Did you ever think less of a contestant for quitting? Do you think greed accounts for the success of your show? Have there been contestants for whom you felt no sympathy? Could you qualify as a contestant?" As Hal answers these and other questions, you get an insight into what makes Hal a great performer—and the program itself, a four-time prize-winner. (Continued on page 81)

*The \$64,000 Question, with Hal March as master of ceremonies, is seen on CBS-TV, Tuesday, 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by Revlon, Inc.*



Yes, his liking for people is real—as real as his love for the children, Steven and Melissa.



**FAVORITE TV QUIZMASTER • FAVORITE TV QUIZ PROGRAM**







# "Like Frosting on a Cake"

*Loretta Young is grateful for her awards—as the something-extra added to a life and work she loves*



First prize, Loretta Young Lewis! To the lovely star (seen above with her husband, Tom Lewis), those were delicious words, the evening of a certain big party—but the party itself (like her work) was the real cake!

By DORA ALBERT

**W**HEN LORETTA YOUNG heard that, for the fifth straight year, the readers of TV RADIO MIRROR had voted her their favorite dramatic actress on television, she said, "God love them! I hope I'll always deserve their loyalty. I'm very grateful for it and I say, again, exactly what I said when I got my second Emmy: 'Isn't it wonderful to be in a business like ours? Where you can do the work you love—and win "prizes" for it besides?'"

She brushed back her always gleaming hair with her hand, and she smiled her famous, contagious smile. (Continued on page 76)



Modest about her own medals, she roots for due recognition of those who work with her. She was thrilled when Norbert Brodine (above with assistant cameraman Al Baerthlein) won an "Emmy" for his cinematographic direction on *The Loretta Young Show*.



Work is fun, wherever Loretta is. At left, she shares a joke with director John Newland. At right, young Richard Eyer finds acting child's-play with Loretta and director Richard Morris. Her secret? "The joy of doing one's job as well as possible."

**FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS**

*The Loretta Young Show* is seen over NBC-TV, Sundays, at 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Company for Tide, Camay, and Gleem.





*Marshal Matt Dillon blazes*



When not keeping the peace in Dodge City, Conrad likes the quiet life at home with his wife June—good books and music, good huntin' and fishin'.

**Roundup** of champ radio actors who helped *Gunsmoke* corral four consecutive Gold Medals: Howard McNear as "Doc," William Conrad as Marshal Matt Dillon, Georgia Ellis as Kitty, and Parley Baer as Chester. Pictured at right: Norman Macdonnell, creator of *Gunsmoke*, who produces both TV and radio versions, and Conrad—again your favorite Western hero.



**FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN PROGRAM ● FAVORITE RADIO WESTERN STAR**



a trail on radio which also led the way to true-to-the-West drama on television

# GUNSMOKE!

By GORDON BUDGE

**I**F YOU HAD LIVED in Dodge City in the 1870's, Matt Dillon—the fictional Marshal of CBS Radio and TV's *Gunsmoke*—would have been just the sort of man you would like to have for a friend. The same holds for his sidekick, Chester, and his special pals, Kitty and Doc. They are down-to-earth, 'good and honest people.

That one word "honest" is, to a great extent, responsible for the success of *Gunsmoke* on both radio and TV. It best describes the stories, characters and detailed historical background which go to make up the show.

Norman Macdonnell and John Meston, *Gunsmoke's* producer and writer, are the two men who created the format and guided the show to its success (the TV version has topped the Nielsen ratings since June, 1957), and the show is a fair reflection of their own characters: Producer Macdonnell is a straightforward, clear-thinking young man of forty-two, born in Pasadena and raised in the West, with a passion for pure-bred quarter horses. He joined the CBS Radio network as a page, rose to assistant producer in two years, ultimately commanded such network properties as *Suspense*, *Escape*, and *Philip Marlowe*.

Writer John Meston's checkered career began in Colorado some forty-three years ago and grass-hopped through Dartmouth ('35) to the Left Bank in Paris, school-teaching in Cuba, range-riding in Colorado, and ultimately, the job as Network Editor for CBS Radio in Hollywood.

It was here that Meston and Macdonnell met. After working together (Continued on page 86)



**Regular** members of the great cast which helped *Gunsmoke* win the TV award: Milburn Stone as "Doc," Dennis Weaver as Chester, Amanda Blake as Kitty, James Arness as Marshal Dillon. They're dressed up for a wedding, but not Kitty's and Matt's—his law-enforcement problems leave no time for marriage.

William Conrad stars in *Gunsmoke*, as heard on CBS Radio, Sunday, at 6:30 P.M., and Saturday, at 12:30 P.M. James Arness stars in *Gunsmoke*, as seen on CBS-TV, Saturday, 10 P.M. EST, sponsored by L&M Filter Cigarettes and Remington Rand. (All times EST)

**FAVORITE TV WESTERN PROGRAM**





## the BIG, BIG RECORD



Patti is "big business" now. Rehearsals involve not only accompanist Rocky Cole, drummer Sol Gubin—but producer Jack Philbin, director Jerome Shaw, manager Jack Rael—plus top show-biz guest stars!



**Big Record** calls for frequent costume changes. Ernie Adler takes care of her coiffure, Joseph Fretwell III selects her "best-dressed" wardrobe, dresser Irene Mendez is one of the many Patti counts among long-time friends and co-workers.



*CBS-TV's mammoth showcase stars a songbird—Patti Page—who has already sold 36 million discs all her own*

By ELLEN CRANE

**T**HE STAGE at CBS Studio 50 teems with activity. Cameramen dolly in and out, up and down. A man in a flaming red shirt arranges his cue cards. Members of the orchestra tune up their instruments. Dancers and singers and guest stars, some of them unrecognizable in their rehearsal clothes, stand by awaiting their cues. On the runway extending out over the orchestra, a choral group is gathered, heads together, humming softly. Technicians and scene shifters step carefully over and around a sprawl of cables and equipment.

It is Tuesday afternoon in New York, and *The Big Record* is beginning its first on-camera rehearsal. Leaning against the piano, talking quietly to her long-time accom- (Continued on page 88)

Off the *Record*, Patti wishes for more time with her husband, Charles O'Curran, the noted dance director.



#### **BEST NEW PROGRAM ON TELEVISION**

*The Big Record*, starring Patti Page, is seen over CBS-TV, on Wed., 8:30 P.M. EST, for Oldsmobile Div. of General Motors.







# The Rewards of RADIO

*Robert Q. Lewis finds them special indeed—especially, for developing exciting new comic or music talents*

By MARY TEMPLE



Facing the audience is the "fun" part. Behind all good programs is the wise preparation of such guest stars as Parker "Titus Moody" Fennelly and Pert Kelton—and of evening-show producer Jack Hurdle and Bob himself.



**N**EW TALENT has always seemed very important to me," Robert Q. Lewis said, tilting back in his chair precariously, as he grew more and more excited about this business of giving a break to young talent. "Half the fun of my own career has come from discovering new personalities with a flair for comedy, or fresh new voices, or new acts. Many people who have been with me on various shows have gone far. Gosh, it's satisfying!"

Robert Q. is a restless young man himself, many-talented, ambitious, immensely hard-working. But so much more relaxed about it all, since he left television on a regular basis, to return to radio some two years ago. "Everything moves along a little easier now," he said. "It's a change in viewpoint you get from doing radio." A change he enjoys. (Continued on page 75)



**FAVORITE RADIO COMEDIAN • FAVORITE RADIO EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM**

*The Robert Q. Lewis Show is heard on CBS Radio, M-F, from 8 to 8:30 P.M. EST—and Sat., 11:05 A.M. to 12 noon—under multiple sponsorship.*





**Bob's** justifiably proud of his guests but even prouder of such "regulars" as (left to right) announcer Lee Vines, producer Hurdle, musical director Ray Bloch, singers Richard Hayes and Judy Johnson. Proud, too of the many newcomers he's discovered and showcased over the years. He's a great believer in exploring fresh ideas: "It's good for us and good for our listeners."



**Sound** sets the scene, and sound-effects man Jack Amrhein (right) knows that Hurdle and Lewis will have plenty of assignments for him.



**Bloch** and his musicians may register some antic emotions, as Bob lends his voice to a comedy number, but they have the highest regard for his show-business savvy. So have listeners (and viewers)—who have now voted no less than eight awards to Lewis and his programs!





Successful programming for *The Steve Allen Show* begins with the home team: Steve himself, bearded musical director Skitch Henderson, and those famed "Men on the Street," Don Knotts, Louis Nye, Tom Poston.





# Talent

## IS A TEMPTRESS

*Learn to do everything you can—then,  
like versatile Steve Allen,  
you'll find everything you do is fun!*

**By TOM PETERS**



**S**TEVE ALLEN says, "No, it isn't work. It's basically fun that I get paid for. I don't seem to ever do much that I don't enjoy doing, or that I don't do for selfish reasons—which is saying the same thing in two different ways. Since I was a child, I played piano and acted in school plays and wrote poems and compositions. Now that the world is willing to pay me for these things, I still go on doing them. But I would, even if I were not professionally engaged in the activities." Now, Steve Allen's fun



Good, clean fun is a philosophy of life Steve shares with his beautiful wife, Jayne Meadows, and his sons, Brian, David and Steve, Jr.—a philosophy he and Jayne are also sharing now with baby William Christopher.



Show guests run the variety gamut from clown princess Martha Raye (left) to all-around performer Sammy Davis, Jr. (above). And Steve shows his own versatility, keeping up with them from comedy to Goodman-style clarinet.

is NBC's good luck. In the two or three years before Steve took over NBC-TV's Sunday eight-to-nine slot, ratings for this hour had gone underground. Few people would have known or cared if NBC-TV had gone off the air for sixty minutes. On June 24, 1956, Steve took over and viewers came back in increasingly strong numbers. During the past season, Steve and Ed Sullivan have been playing seesaw with the top ratings. Ed isn't whimpering; he's never backed (Continued on page 78)

**FAVORITE TV EVENING VARIETY PROGRAM • FAVORITE TV EVENING MASTER OF CEREMONIES**

*The Steve Allen Show*, NBC-TV, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, is sponsored by S. C. Johnson & Son, Greyhound Corp., and U.S. Time Corp.



# They All Go for GRIFFIN



Talk about Merv: "He takes the tension out of a show because he knows his business," says producer Bunny Coughlin (below, left). "You can't help relaxing," adds comedienne Julann Wright (at right).



By HELEN BOLSTAD

**M**ERV GRIFFIN's cast talks behind his back. The young bachelor singing star, who provoked such response from the audience that American Broadcasting Network more than doubled his air time, also draws comment from the sharp-minded studio crew which works with him every day. . . . "He's a master ad-libber with a clock in his head," says producer Alfred "Bunny" Coughlin. "He's a good musician. He takes the tension out of a show because he knows his business." . . . Says production assistant Paula Hack: "This is the most unselfish performer I've ever seen. If time runs short, he'll skip one of his own numbers to (Continued on page 74)

The Merv Griffin Show is broadcast over American Broadcasting Network, Monday through Friday, from 1 to 2:55 P.M. (all time zones—but check local papers for starting time in your area).



**FAVORITE RADIO MALE SINGER**





*Merv has a way with people, as well as with a song, and it works in daily life just as it does on radio*



Merv loves to entertain—and be entertained—informally, at his New York apartment overlooking East River. Below, he and Julann are appreciative audience for Buddy Weed, program's orchestra director, and songstress Betty Holt.

Radio suits him to a T: "You can have a life of your own." Julann and all the others think Merv suits radio ideally, too. They'll lead the cheers, as this skyrocketing newcomer gets his Gold Medal.





Jack Benny was playing the right theme, when he encouraged Gisele's career—and solo stardom for her.



First to recognize Gisele's voice was Bob Shuttleworth (center)—long her manager, and now her bridegroom.



The young Canadian mam'selle. was singing with Bob Crosby's *Club 15* radio troupe when fame came calling.



## SO MANY TO THANK!



*"Nobody sings alone," says Gisele*

*MacKenzie—and no new star shines more brightly, because of her gratitude*

By SYLVIA CONRAD

**G**ISELE MACKENZIE says, "Nobody sings alone. I don't think there is such a thing as a self-made singer. There are always many people behind the scenes who have helped shape a performer's career." Gisele leans back on the davenport in her modern living room, and her vivacious brown eyes turn to a view of the hills from the windows. With her firm, dimpled chin and lips that turn generously upward in a happy smile, she's all gay animation when she talks.

"In my own case," says Gisele, "there have been many who have helped me—among others, my husband, Bob Shuttleworth, who discovered me and has shaped my career . . . Paul Louis of the D'Arcy agency, who liked my (Continued on page 79)

*The Gisele MacKenzie Show*, NBC-TV, Sat., 9:30 P.M. EST, has been sponsored this season by Scott Paper Co. and Schick, Inc.



### BEST NEW STAR ON TELEVISION

Gisele's got a golden medal to show pets Wolfgang and Brunnhilde (opposite page).









Pace-setting *NBC Bandstand* is only in its second season, but has captured radio music award for two straight years.



Great staff for great production: Left to right—George Voutsas, who directs daily program every fourth week; Skitch; singer Richard Hayes; Bert and Dorothy; production assistant Patty Tossi; top director Parker Gibbs; and Bob Sadoff, the producer.



"Big Three" are versatile Bert Parks, musical director Skitch Henderson, singer Dorothy Olsen—all well-known to viewers, as well as listeners. Skitch also conducts award-winning *Steve Allen Show*. Schoolteacher Dot has made hit records since rising to fame as winner on *Name That Tune*.



# Bert on the **BANDSTAND**

NBC Radio's sunny weekday show  
spells "tops in music" for listeners—  
and "home" for happy emcee Parks

By ALICE FRANCIS

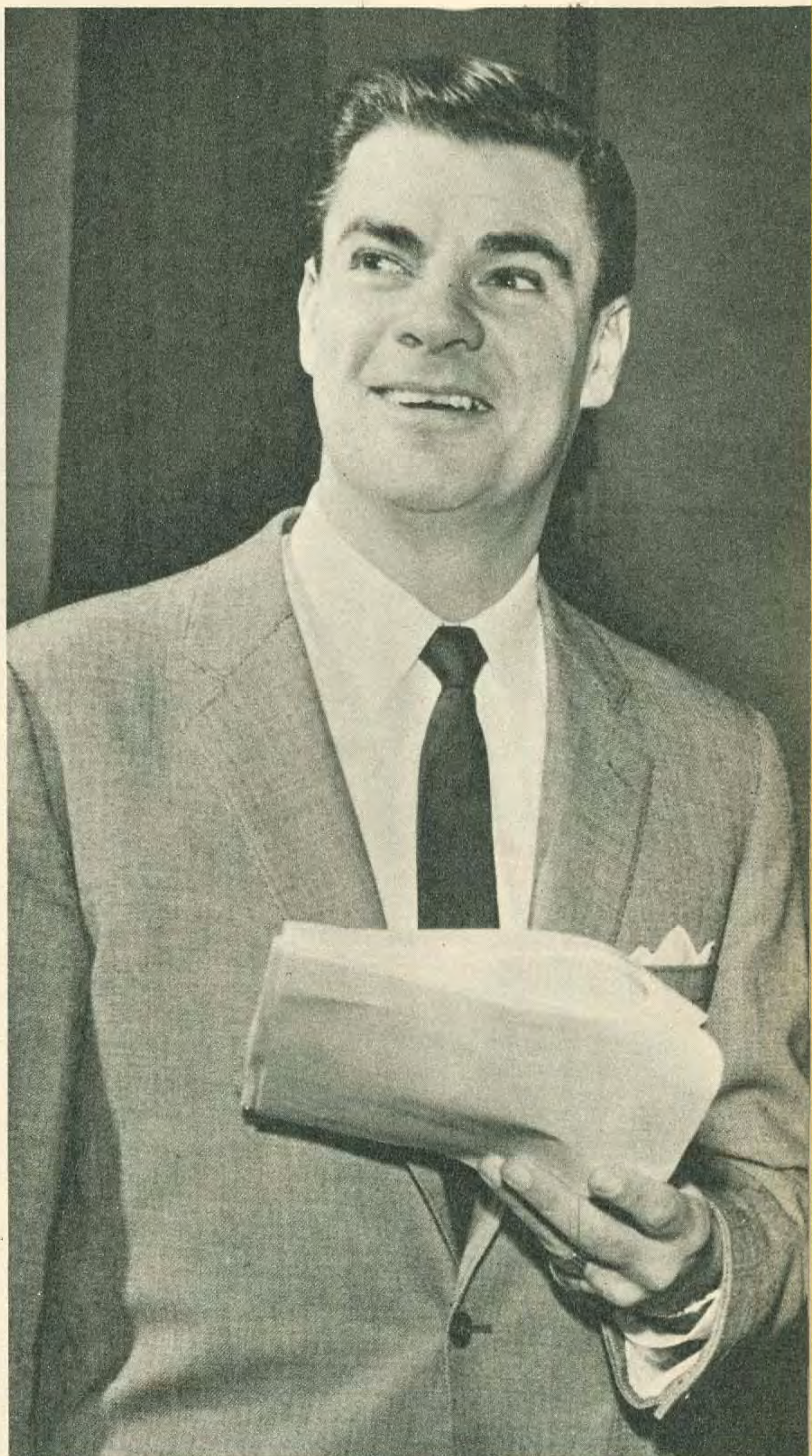
WHEN Bert Parks premiered with the *Bandstand* program on NBC Radio, he felt as if he were really "going home." Radio was where he had started, back in his high-school days, in Atlanta, Georgia. Music had been an integral part of many of the programs on which he had worked ever since. So a show predominantly musical, and on radio—adding up to *NBC Bandstand*—was exactly to his taste. He was, and still is, having himself a ball.

Not that a fellow with overflowing energies like Bert could altogether forsake television—there have been plans afoot for a new show on the TV channels, which you may be seeing by the time you read this. But there is also no intention of deserting the little box out of which pours so much that people still want to hear, so much that a listener can color and mount with his own imagination, his own "visualized" props and scenery.

Bert's *Bandstand* gang consists of the bearded Skitch Henderson and his twenty-two man orchestra; singers Dorothy Olsen and Richard Hayes, and special guests to help make merry music—and to help make merry, in general. Parker Gibbs directs, three weeks out of four, and Bob Sadoff is the producer.

Dot Olsen sings, ad-libs, does some commercials, adds a lovely feminine touch—and brings in delectable recipes. Richard Hayes's personality is a good foil for Bert's, and his voice (*Continued on page 77*)

*NBC Bandstand*, emceed by Bert Parks, is heard on NBC Radio, M-F, from 11:05 to 12 noon EST.



Bert himself has now won half-dozen awards on both radio and TV.



**FAVORITE RADIO MUSIC PROGRAM**

**FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL MASTER OF CEREMONIES**





#### **FAVORITE TV COMEDIENNE**

Last year, *The Gale Storm Show*, "Oh! Susanna," won your vote as best new program on TV. This year, versatile Gale—singer, dancer, actress, as well as comedienne—gets a Medal all her own.



# Fun-for-All FAMILY

Everybody wants to get in the act  
on "Oh! Susanna"—including  
Gale Storm's boys and baby daughter



**Baby** takes a bow, as Gale introduces a very young Susanna to her show—with such famous "supporting players" as ever-beloved ZaSu Pitts (in the role of Nugey) and imposing Roy Roberts (Capt. Huxley).

By **PEER J. OPPENHEIMER**

**P**RODUCER Alex Gottlieb looked at Gale Storm sympathetically. "What's wrong?" he asked. "Nothing," she said, but not very convincingly. "C'mon. Let's have it," he coaxed. Gale hesitated. "You wouldn't understand," she said at last.

"And why not?"

"Because you're not a mother!"

He couldn't argue that point. But, wanting a happy cast and crew, he persisted till Gale admitted what was bothering (Continued on page 91)

*The Gale Storm Show, "Oh! Susanna," CBS-TV, Sat., 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Nescafe Instant Coffee and Helene Curtis.*



**Gale** and husband Lee Bonnell knew their boys' ambition when Paul and Peter sold 'em penny tickets to their own "production," while older son Phillip held out for something "less amateur"! TV producer Alex Gottlieb (below with Susanna, Gale and Lee) helped all three appear on Mother's program.





# Heaven for Helen Trent

By  
FRANCESCA WILLIAMS



At home, it's a most congenial foursome for Julie Stevens, husband Charles Underhill, daughters Nancy, who's going on seven, and Sarah, one-and-a-half. On the air, in *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, it's an eternal triangle—David Gothard as Gil Whitney, Julie as Helen herself, Jay Barney as Kurt Bonine.



Nancy's old enough to go to school—a point of pride for both Nancy and her mother. Julie's happy that radio gives her so much time for home and children.

**F**OURTEEN years ago, Julie Stevens became Helen Trent on CBS Radio, only a few months after she had become Mrs. Charles Underhill in real life. Fourteen years filled with the richness of living. With a happy personal life which now includes two small daughters, and an exciting career life as star of *The Romance Of Helen Trent*.

"Before I married Charles, my career seemed more important than anything else," says Julie. "I had been in Broadway plays—some successful, some not so good—and I had a varied background in radio. I did a couple of Broadway plays after Charles and I were married, but when they didn't turn out to be hits, it didn't seem to matter so much. My life had taken a whole new turn. I had Charles. I had the security of his love."

When Julie was chosen to be Helen Trent and began to play her in June, 1944, it seemed the perfect answer to combining career and marriage. It meant that acting would not interfere with a good home life. She never dreamed, however, that in 1958 she





Julie Stevens has it,  
in her own life and family—  
all this, and a glamorous  
career as Helen, too!



Though Nancy and Sarah are too young to appreciate *Helen Trent*, they're sure to admire the shiny Gold Medal Mommy won for her fine portrayal of the role.

would be starting a fifteenth year as Helen—as this glamorous costume designer for a great Hollywood studio, who creates an aura of romance wherever she goes.

"These have been good years," says Julie. "Those of us who have been with the show for a long time have become close friends. David Gothard, who is Gil Whitney; Jay Barney, who is Kurt Bonine; Bess McCammon, Helene Dumas and Andree Wallace, who are Agatha, Lydia and Cynthia. All the others in the cast—every one of them—people you would like to know. Some with us longer, some who have joined us recently. Director Dick Leonard, the staff, the crew. All so congenial. We work together well. We have good times."


The Underhills at home are congenial, and they have good times. Nancy Elizabeth, born June 29, 1951, is a small beauty with light brown hair, sky-blue eyes, fascinating smile. Sarah Foote Underhill—the Foote is Julie's family name—born November 13, 1956, has lovely red (Continued on page 82)



#### FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC ACTRESS

Julie Stevens stars in CBS' Radio's daily drama, *The Romance Of Helen Trent*, Monday through Friday, at 12:30 P.M. EST, under multiple sponsorship.





“He’s  
right,  
Judge  
...the boy  
needs love,  
not  
prison”

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# Just What the Doctor Ordered

(Continued from page 12)

become as much of a philosopher as he is a doctor. A friend, a confidant. Trusted and loved. He has learned many lessons, fought out battles within himself. This is always a sign of growth.

"He has qualities that all of us are seeking, no matter who or what we are. He has faced his own faults and shortcomings and tried to overcome them. And he has been a credit to his profession. I enjoy being *Young Dr. Malone*."

At home, Sandy has watched his three youngsters develop distinct personalities of their own. Joyce Becker, who will be fourteen in August, sometimes appears with her father on *The Sandy Becker Show*, designed for children, on Station WABD (New York's Channel 5). She has musical talent, plays the piano well. Curtis, born the March day after his daddy first became Dr. Malone in 1949, has a scientific and mechanical bent, is his father's shadow whenever Sandy is repairing the car. Annette, who will be eight in September, has a lovely little-girl's voice, perhaps will become a singer like her mother, Ruth.

Sandy loves all kids—his own, the neighbors', the children he meets in the streets going back and forth to the studios. He loves to talk to them, listens attentively. He's a pushover, too, for animals and birds. Mike Grimaldi brings many small pets to the TV show, from his animal farm on Long Island, and Sandy uses them to instruct and amuse the children. One day, there may be a little red fox, seemingly tame—but Sandy warns that, even when tamed, these little wild animals are "one-man" creatures, only to be approached by their master. He likes to show kids things, not just talk about them, knowing they will remember a picture more than words.

A parakeet, gay in green feathers with bronze tips, is a favorite of the kids. Sandy calls her "Cuckoo"—because that's what she thinks she is, he explains. She flies freely around the place, landing on Sandy's shoulder, on a puppet sitting on Sandy's table, in the big wooden chest where all the puppets live when not performing.

Sandy's a self-taught puppeteer, as he is also a self-taught cartoonist of great talent. He creates the puppets himself, modeling a head expertly while he talks to you, later having it cast and then dressed by a special puppet costumer. He works the puppets himself, does some nine or ten different voices. Occasionally, he models one of his little creatures—slyly and delightfully—after someone he knows.

Fielden Farrington, producer of *The Sandy Becker Show*, thinks of Sandy as a fellow who can do most anything. "There is the serious actor side of the man, as shown in his portrayal of Dr. Malone, and the fun-loving creative side. He is one of the most talented performers I know, and extraordinarily loyal and generous."

Besides the pets in the studio, Sandy always has a collection at home. Tanks of tropical fish, many of them rare specimens. Tanko, a German Shepherd dog. And Schatzi, who appears on the shows. Schatzi came to visit the studio with the lady who owned her, struck up such an immediate friendship with Sandy that she was sent to him, a few days later, as a gift. "A cute little mutt," he describes her. "Black and off-white, with tan boots, and whiskers that part in two, like Gabby Hayes' beard. Everyone is in love with her—including me."

And everyone loves Sandy Becker, as *Young Dr. Malone*—or as himself.

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# There's Only One Dinah

(Continued from page 33)

inner glow of her warmth and sincerity pervades the studio. Suddenly, you know everything's going to be *all right*. You're released from the headaches and heartaches of piecing together the gigantic jigsaw of an hour-long show. And that's when you're all but consumed with the urge to rush over to Dinah, throw your arms around her and say: "Thanks for your kindness and understanding—thank you for your cooperation and inexhaustible patience during a grueling week of endless rehearsals."

In other words, you want her to know you think she's an exemplary woman and a real professional in every sense of the word. Then you have to go on the air, and everything you feel so keenly has to remain unsaid. Accompanying this story is the hope that these things will be said for me. This I hope with all my heart, because these are the truths, and they should be shared.

Since the first day I met Dinah, being associated with one who is relentlessly progressive has been a rewarding experience. During the years we've worked together, I've watched her develop and mature, from a college-girl-sweet-singer-of-songs type into today's star of stature and nationwide importance. From the very beginning, she's always seemed to know what she wants. Musically, I may make suggestions, but she makes it the finished product. That's the formula and it's as simple as that, except—there could be endless complications if Dinah weren't inimitable Dinah.

People everywhere are always asking questions and, invariably, they ask me the same ones. The first pertains to Dinah's believe-it-or-not disposition. Believe it or not, she is genuinely bright and gay and it's far removed from being an "act." Dinah simply loves life. She loves her work, her co-workers, family and friends, and she reflects what she feels. She's too legitimate to resort to silly subterfuge that might fool others, but never herself. The same enthusiasm she puts into singing a song, is put into scrambling eggs! Incidentally, she's an excellent cook and, if she set her mind to it, her oil paintings could be of top rank.

Even though she has the right, Dinah's far too intelligent to dissipate her energies on tantrums and temperamental outbursts. For example, I recall an instance when she rehearsed day and night for a week without her guest star, who finally managed to show up the day before her Sunday-night show. Being a perfectionist, it was really rough on her and on all of us. She accepted the situation, went through it like the great trouser she is, and worked harder than ever to make it a top show.

It's generally conceded that, for lasting harmony between two creative people, one of them must make constant compromises and concessions. Fortunately for us, this order doesn't apply, because in my opinion Dinah is the perfect editor for scripts and songs. When the writers hand her a new script, she can tell in a second if it is right for her. She has the greatest taste, which I think is the biggest reason for her phenomenal success.

Of course, any performer worth her artistic salt is capable of displaying temper, but I've never seen Dinah lose hers in public. It has exploded around me on rare occasions—not because I caused it, but because we are such good friends. This is a compliment to me. The one and only time we had words without music, it had nothing to do with production!

This episode dates back to the time when Dinah was singing on Eddie Cantor's NBC Radio show. She was, as the saying goes, new to the big city—and, being a youthful romanticist, she developed a crush on the trumpet player in the band. He wasn't a great musician and he had nothing particularly special to offer a girl of Dinah's potential. He was, however, a very handsome guy and that tells the story! Dinah, as a rule, always keeps her misgivings to herself. One day before show time, she couldn't disguise her feelings. When I asked if something had gone wrong, she told me. "He has been drafted!"

"That's too bad," I answered drily, "and I hope they send him to China!"

Dinah was stunned. "Do you really mean that?" When I nodded my head vigorously, she added, in a firm, quiet voice: "Then I never want to see you again!"

Three days later, I received a phone call from a young lady who had obviously taken mental inventory and added up the score. "Ticker," she said, "I have a song to learn, and I need your help." We took up right where we had left off, and continued to work together with the same spirited camaraderie I've cherished through the years. To this day, Dinah has never mentioned that episode again.

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It isn't generally known that, when we have "rival" singers on the show, it's Dinah's idea. It may sound incredible—but, if you know Dinah, you understand why. I remember on one radio show she sang with Judy Garland, Jo Stafford and Connie Haines. Another time, she suggested—and sang with—Kitty Kallen, Peggy Lee and Patrice Munsel. There have been many more equally as famous on our TV shows.

Now, I think Dinah enjoys competition and she's wise enough to realize that good people on her show only make the show look better. At the moment, I believe I'm safe in saying that Dinah's big dream is to make another hit record—which is hard to get, even for the greatest. The minute she hears another singer has made it, Dinah wants her on the show. She has a fantastic quality for making a guest star feel at ease and important—as Tab Hunter and Robert Wagner will testify. It came close to magic, the way Dinah supported them in a medium that was fairly foreign to their previous experience.

Although I've known Dinah through many stages and phases, her amazing memory still astounds me—and she hasn't a photographic mind. There was that time during the war when we made one of many camp tours. The GIs requested eight or ten songs that were at least fifteen years old. I may not have known the melodies, but my good friend never goofed on the lyrics! When we were in France, after one show, we attended a reception held in a large tent and were introduced to dozens of officers. Dinah laughed and chatted with them and, when we finally left, she remembered every

officer's name and rank, and addressed each properly.

Unlike many performers, I don't believe Dinah is bugged by pet superstitions. I do know, however, that before the show, she doesn't like to have anyone say it's going to be terrific. She prefers to hear it *after*! Dinah loves flattery—and what woman doesn't—and she actually beams when a compliment is well-deserved. Although she's dead-serious about her work, she loves to pull gags and takes it big when we pull them on her.

Dinah has a charming way of *not* hearing what she doesn't want to hear, especially off-color stories. I would never swear in front of her, and can't recall ever hearing her resort to profanity. On second thought: I guess "Aaron Slick from Punkin' Crick" are the dirtiest words in her vocabulary! (For those of you who came in late, this flop movie still causes Dinah to blush with embarrassment.)

For one who has climbed to the top rung of the ladder, Dinah is blessed with many gifts. High on the list is her capacity for taking it all in stride. Awards, titles, accolades by the hierarchy of many worlds, have failed to turn her head or corrupt her values. Take her experience, for example, on a recent Monday night in Chicago, when she attended the Republican dinner for the President of the United States.

Dinah went on from eight to eight-ten and, when she retired to her dressing room to change her clothes, she received a message from the President and Mrs. Eisenhower. They wanted to meet her and asked if she would please wait.

She waited outside, surrounded by dozens of Secret Service men. When the President came out and saw her, he rushed over to have more time to talk. A group of us watching from a respectful distance could hear Dinah saying, "Really? Really? No kidding?" Her face was very red!

As the Chief Executive got into his car, he called back to say that they had watched the previous night's show and raved about Dinah's medley with Ethel Merman. "And don't think this is the first show we've seen," he added. "We always watch you on Sunday night, if we're home for dinner!"

Our paths crossed originally, back in 1939, when I was working for a music publisher. Dinah had come on from Nashville to New York to try her luck. The going was rough, particularly because she refused help from her father, though he wasn't a poor man. When CBS wanted her to audition, they sent Dinah to me. We rehearsed numbers and prepared a representative group of songs. She sang them, she was good and—they turned her down. I never knew why she lost out, but we talked it over and Dinah came to a quick decision.

"I think I'll just go home and finish college," she said, with no trace of bitterness. "Then I'll come back next year and give them another chance to throw me out!"

Disappointed she was. Beaten she wasn't. She could have called it quits and remained home. But she was determined to get somewhere and that's for sure! True to her word, Dinah returned the following year. She was still on her own, and started pounding pavements again. I guess she regarded me as her only friend in New York. Anyway, she came to my office three times a week and we worked things out. For two years, she couldn't afford to pay me. The going was rough at times, but in retrospect, it all proved



to be a very beneficial "boot camp" for turning her into the polished pro she is today.

"I'm going to Hollywood to make a movie," Dinah announced unexpectedly one day. "Warner Bros. wants me to do a number in 'Thank Your Lucky Stars' and I'll have a new conductor and arranger. Couldn't you just come along to explain things and get me started?"

I still had my job with the publishing house, and there were my wife and son to be considered. Dinah offered to pay all our fares, so we closed up our apartment and I took a six-week leave of absence. I have never signed a contract with Dinah and, in the meantime, sixteen years have gone by. I wonder if this job is permanent!

Last year, when we did ten one-hour shows, the critics and public loved them. NBC was ecstatic with the Trendex rating, which far surpassed their expectations. This year, the week-by-week schedule is tougher and I warned her the shows couldn't be as good. She replied: "Then we'll work twice as hard."

And, believe me, we do—Dinah included. Sometimes the writers, staff and crew remain until two A.M. Dinah never leaves until we all leave, and she's back again in the morning for meetings and conferences. On Sunday night, we go off the air at seven P.M. (Pacific Standard Time), then wait around to see the show out here at nine. The next morning, at eleven, Dinah's back to start the following week's show!

Despite all this pressure, she still manages to call home throughout the day, she confers with the housekeeper and talks to the children. Of course, Jody is still too young, but Missy is now ten and she gets to come to the Sunday broadcasts, where she feels a part of it all.

No story on Dinah Shore could possibly be complete without including the important part played by George Montgomery. They met at the Hollywood Canteen in 1943, while Dinah was entertaining the servicemen. Their romance was climaxed by their marriage on December fifth of the same year.

Dinah came to me a couple of months before the ceremony and asked what I thought about George. "He's a nice fellow," I said, "and I have nothing against him except—if you marry him, you'll make the biggest mistake of your life! He's a Hollywood movie star, and everyone says they're murder to live with. His work is in Hollywood and you lead different lives. I repeat, I think a marriage would be the greatest mistake."

(It was one of the few times I didn't level with Dinah. My real reason was—I thought if she married George she might quit work, and the loss of her talent would have been so great. I couldn't believe it would work out. Well, how wrong can a wise guy be!)

"Our marriage will be right," Dinah said softly, "because I'll make it right."

Each time I see them all together, I think how really right it is. George is a remarkable fellow, he's perfect for Dinah, and I think they are two of the most compatible people I have ever known.

Like I said in the beginning of this story, I welcome this opportunity to express my gratitude and admiration for the most truly talented girl-singer I know. Undoubtedly, my observations might have sounded more exciting if I had pictured Dinah as an offbeat, neurotic, controversial character. I wouldn't and couldn't—because I'd only be doing a great injustice to a wonderfully well-adjusted human being. Perhaps I have sounded like I'm polishing that well-known apple. If such is the case, may it always remain shiny and bright!



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## Inside the Law

(Continued from page 10)

This, of course, isn't the case at all.

Great care is taken in casting each show. Nat Polen and Jack Arthur, who plays his sidekick, Detective Tom Russo, are the only permanent members of the cast, and both have been with the show since it first went on the air in January, 1956. For the other roles, which vary from week to week, actors and actresses are recruited from radio, television, and the stage.

Nat and Jack—"they're both fine actors," says their producer—are as enthusiastic as he over the series. "It's an honest picture of a segment of big city life," says Nat. Born and brought up in New York, he should know. A graduate of New York University, he was exposed to acting in his college dramatic club—and hopes never to recover from the "disease."

This season, Nat has had an especially severe case—so serious that he has almost given up eating and sleeping. For not only is he the star of the weekly *Indictment*—five days a week, he switches professions to become Dr. Douglas Cassen in the half-hour CBS-TV series *As The World Turns*. There is also radio's *Road Of Life*, in which he has a featured role. There is constant study. And there is a little-theater group on Long Island, which is constantly paging Nat for starring roles in such plays as "The Skin of Our Teeth." A Broadway play (his first) for which he was scheduled last year closed before it hit New York—or he would really be, as he suggests, meeting himself coming home at night just as he leaves in the morning!

As it is, he sees much too little, he feels,

of his wife and their three daughters—Wendy Ann, eight; Debra Jane, six; and Donna Woodruff, who celebrated her first birthday on January 29. Living in East Norwich (their home in Hicksville got too small after Donna came), he must be up at 5:30 A.M. to make the studio by 7:30. He rarely arrives home before 8:30 at night—"so I never get to have dinner with the family"—and, after he has eaten his solitary meal, there are some fifty pages of script waiting to be memorized for the next day's *As The World Turns*.

No wonder he loves *Indictment*! There's no getting up at dawn for it (the show goes on at 6:05 P.M. New York time); no lines to learn; no special make-up or costumes.

Sidekick Jack Arthur feels much the same way. A well-known actor since he switched from a career as a singer, Jack is often in such demand that he once received a traffic ticket for speeding from one show to another. It wasn't until later that he discovered his part had been written out of the second show that day!

As colorful as his name is Eleazar Lipsky, from whose prodigious files the *Indictment* stories are taken. A native New Yorker, his writing had been limited to a few pieces for the Columbia University *Spectator*, and he gave this up in favor of legal documents, once he had received his law degree. Then, one night in Hollywood, while he was on the staff of the New York District Attorney, he spoke before a group of screen writers about the legal boobies which cluttered up many of their movies. One of his anecdotes so intrigued a writer that he suggested Lipsky set it down on

paper. The lawyer's twelve-page manuscript became a movie, "The Kiss of Death," which launched Richard Widmark on the road to stardom.

Wondering how long this kind of easy money had been around, Lipsky began writing more stories—and selling them as fast as he could turn them out. His "People Against O'Hara," a book-club selection, was made into a movie starring Spencer Tracy, and his latest published novel, "Lincoln McKeever," will be a film, too.

But Lipsky still considers his writing a hobby and continues his practice of law. He lives quietly on New York's West Side—as quietly as a man can, that is, with three vitamin-filled sons.

His idea, and that of the producer, is to present both the criminal and the man who represents the law as human beings. Ed McCormick, says Lipsky, "is a guy who can be tough when he has to be, but kindly and thoughtful, too, in his relationships with the underworld." And, on *Indictment*, "we try to show that a criminal can be vicious and mean and maladjusted, but he's a person; he has feelings; he's a member of the human race."

In selecting the themes for the show, they strive for variety, as well as excitement. Hence not all the stories deal with such serious crimes as murder. One called "Sound Effects" concerned a man who routed city officials out of bed at night to protest against the noises of garbage trucks, automobile horns, and the like. The case against him, as the plot unfolded, was dismissed. He made too much sense!

## Champagne for the Millions

(Continued from page 35)

something better happens for us soon, I'm going to have to quit. And I don't want to."

The problem of finances, Welk knew, weighed heavily on all his men—especially those with families. He was in the same spot himself. Recently, times had been extra hard for all bands, his included. He hated the thought of losing Orie—in the year since Orie had joined the band "family," Lawrence had come to like his genial personality, and they'd become good friends. Lawrence certainly wanted to keep him if he could. "If you leave," he asked, "what will you do?"

"Go back to photography, I guess. Made a living at it before . . . but I hate to think of giving up music."

Welk thought a moment, then said, "Tell you what we'll do—the band needs an official photographer. Time we had one, anyway. We'll supply the cameras and pay you for the added services. That, plus your band pay, should be enough to help when the baby arrives . . ." He said it hopefully.

Needless to say, Orie was overwhelmed. He didn't know, until just recently, that the five-hundred-dollar camera setup came out of Lawrence's pocket. And Lawrence, at the time, could ill afford it.

But Lawrence didn't consider it an expense. To begin with, he has always been like a father to the boys in the band. If they've had problems, they've known they can take them to him and get a fair hearing, and frequently a helping hand. If they don't take their problems to him, it's only because, like Orie, they don't want to burden him with their small problems, knowing he is burdened with so many big ones.

Lawrence, however, doesn't feel this

way about even their smallest upsets—he'd just as soon hear about these, too, offering help and advice where he can. Though most will tell you it's his own big heart, Lawrence claims it's strictly for the good of the band. He says, "The secret of our success is simple—we're happy. If the boys aren't happy, they won't smile on the bandstand. Then people won't enjoy our music, and we lose friends. Frankly, I'd do anything to keep the boys happy."

Lawrence will do anything except toot his own horn (no pun intended), and you'll never get him to admit he's ever really done much of anything for anyone in the band except give them a little smile now and then. Of course, reassurance itself can be the most important thing in the world to a performer.

When Larry Dean came to the band, Lawrence realized that he was too tense and nervous to deliver his best song. So Lawrence made a special effort to give him a reassuring smile when he went on, and to congratulate him for a good job when he came off. Before long, Larry was at ease in front of the cameras. Then Lawrence sent him off to a special voice coach, because he felt Larry would improve in certain qualities much more rapidly if he had someone who could devote complete attention to him—voice-coaching gratis, thanks to Mr. Welk.

Much like a father with thirty-two kids, he takes a prideful interest in every one of "his boys." For example, Joe Feeney, the new tenor, came to the band with a good but untrained voice. Lawrence spent hours listening to Joe, pointing out the good qualities and also those he felt could be better developed. Lawrence is willing to invest his own time and money in the development of the individual careers be-

cause he knows that practice brings assurance. That's when they are at their best.

Name the performer and, at one time or another, Welk has given him personal help and attention: Guitarist Buddy Merrill is another example. Lawrence suggested that Myron Floren work along with him on his music theory and harmony—now Buddy is helping Myron with the band's arrangements.

A father with "his boys," Lawrence is equally the grandfather with their children (he's godfather to Orie's three). When he and his wife, Fern, visit the Lennon Sisters' family—which is frequently—Lawrence is on his hands and knees playing cowboy with baby Mimi, or putting on a show with the two older boys, Danny and Pat.

But the one thing which Lawrence is probably proudest of—though you'd never get him to admit it—is the Champagne Club, a combination savings-and-investment program. Lawrence and Myron set up the Club, a few years ago, to help the bandsmen put a little something aside for a rainy day. Long familiar with the funny way money has of slipping through pockets of road-weary one-night-standers, he vowed he would help his boys save. The wonderful thing about it is that every member has gotten into the habit of saving something from his weekly check. Any "dad" would be proud of this record. The club is now worth \$40,000!

Keeping a band together, smiling and happy, is very much like keeping a family smiling and happy. It takes a bit of generosity, a little intuition, some interest and encouragement, a mite of wisdom and the loose end of a banker's purse—in short, a father's touch. No wonder all the "boys" have their own very special reason to smile thanks to "father of the band."



# King of Clowns

(Continued from page 9)

as a serious dramatic actor. But he'll never forget Red's reaction when he guested on Skelton's show after his own comedy program was cancelled. "Red treated me with such great respect that it was absolutely embarrassing," Wynn recalls with emotion. "He treated me as if this was a great honor to him, that I should appear on his show. I didn't feel this way at all. I was very glad to get the offer. Not financially—because I didn't need any money—but for my theatrical life, to keep me alive in front of the public."

The kinship of laughter runs deep. Jimmy Durante and Red Skelton are very good friends. The beloved Schnoz stood anxiously by, throughout Red's recuperation from that serious asthmatic attack, waiting for the latest bulletins. But Skelton himself, Jimmy points out, was already busy making up his own material. "Red could have a million dollars' wortha trouble," says Jimmy, "but I have yet to see the sad part of him—when he's around other people. Red's always clowning for you, always tryin' to make you happy."

Danny Thomas speaks affectionately of Red and his sensitivity: "You know, he is constantly and forever afraid he's offending somebody, when he's clowning for the public. But he could never be offensive, because he inherently loves people, and he could never offend them."

"I could go very Lebanese and prophetic on you now," says Danny, "and quote Kahlil Gibran in his book, 'The Prophet,' stating that the baker would make 'an unpalatable dough' if he didn't love what he was doing, the winemaker would make 'a most sour wine' if he didn't love what he was doing. Red loves what he's doing. Consequently, it all comes out good."

"I've never seen Red do what I would call a bad character," says Ed Wynn. "I like Red as the punchdrunk fighter. I like him as Freddie the Freeloader. I like him as—whatever-his-name-is—Kadiddlehopper. I just like him in whatever he does."

"More than anything else," Durante sums it up, "Red's got a lovable personality. And I believe personality's seventy percent of the battle. He's got a wonderful face. You can feel he's good. His face, his smile, his sadness, his goodness—that's what makes him a wonderful personality."

"If the people take a likin' to you, if they like you as a person, that's the great thing. It doesn't just happen. People don't say, 'I love the guy,' all of a sudden, you know. They may like your work. But, to like you, that takes years and years. That's like—like Tiffany's buildin' a reputation. . . ."

While Tiffany's glittering Fifth Avenue jewelry store may be a long way from Vincennes, Indiana, it's just as certainly quality and class which have made Red Skelton welcome for so long "out there," in front of millions of viewers. Red himself, who has asked nothing of life but to make others as happy as he can. The clown behind the rubbery face and the falling frame. Red Skelton . . . the full heart of him.

As Red himself once said, in another way, about comedians and comedy in general, "If you've got 'heart' . . . when you're walking out there, when you get in the middle of that stage, before you open your mouth . . . the audience feels they know you. And you're an old friend."

Though he wasn't thinking of it, at the time, that seems to express how the whole world—including its other great clowns—will always feel about Skelton himself.



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## They All Go for Griffin

(Continued from page 58)

give the time to a guest star." And a veteran engineer, new on the program, paid Merv the most unexpected compliment. His first night on, he got so interested in the show he forgot to run the recording tape!

The two pretty girls who have shared his air time are just plain gushy. Songstress Betty Holt says: "I've had a crush on Merv for years, and I like him even better now that I've worked with him. If I've got a problem, I bring it to Merv—and suddenly, there's no problem." Julann Wright, the little red-headed comedienne, composed a quatrain of zany verse, in Merv's honor: "Merv is never taciturn. He's so funny you'll hold your sides. It's a cinch if you work for him, you'll never get the hives." "It's the truth," she asserts. "Since this is my first real part, I was so scared I broke out in bumps. But they're going away. Merv appreciates every little thing you do. You can't help relaxing."

Taking it easy is also the key to Merv's private life. He lives in a pleasant apartment overlooking the East River but, unlike many of his Sutton Place neighbors, he has never called in a professional decorator. His furniture, which he chose himself, is comfortable-modern and, when he wanted to change the color scheme, he invited his friends to a painting party. He had plenty of help, for Merv's parties cause conversation. He has a formula: "My home is open to amateur cooks and to entertainers. I invite twenty people and know forty will come. I like to mix people up."

The mixing, according to Julann, produces some remarkable combinations. "One minute, you'll be talking to the boy who delivers the groceries—and the next, to Jayne Mansfield. Over in the corner, a couple of actors will be ad-libbing a scene. Then Merv plays the piano and everyone sings, including his dog."

Merv fondly describes the dog as a hound, but Bunny Coughlin comments, "If that's a hound, Merv got gypped." As Julann describes it, "She has a face like a fox and a body like a faun and she's two dogs high." Julann tries to call her Marie. Merv holds out for Poochy. "Every dog should be called Poochy."

He insists, too, that he can call her a hound, if he wants to. "When the people from the Bide-A-Wee animal refuge

brought some dogs to *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, I put her in my pocket. I thought she'd be just the right size for a New York apartment. Of course, when she grew so much, I had to get another apartment."

Off-mike or on, this Griffin lad is quite a guy. He has built his career on the sudden and unexpected. Mervyn Edward Griffin, Jr. was born July 6, 1930, in San Mateo, California, son of Mervyn Edward and Rita Robinson Griffin. His father was a stockbroker. His mother presided over the big six-bedroom house on The Peninsula, an opulent area.

There Merv and his sister Barbara (now Mrs. Bill Eyre) grew up living what he calls, "a station-wagon sort of life." He lacked only one thing he wanted. "My father and his brothers were tennis champs, and he announced that no son of his was going to grow up a sissy piano-player."

His mother and her sister, Miss Claudia Robinson, were on Merv's side. "Aunt Claudia was a piano teacher. When she taught me all she could, she sent me on to one of the top teachers. My mother paid for my lessons out of her grocery money. She never said a word to my father."

A neighbor spilled the beans during a surprise party given on Griffin Sr.'s birthday, by gushing, "I did so enjoy hearing young Mervyn at his recital. He played the Grieg concerto just beautifully."

The elder Griffin's voice approached a roar: "What Grieg concerto?"

"The piano one, of course," said the then-intimidated lady.

The father fixed his son with a baleful eye. "If you can play piano, get over there and play it." Merv still regards that as his most important performance.

A musical career was still far from Merv's plans. After St. Matthew's school, he attended Stanford University and the University of San Francisco. His last year, he also worked half-days as a messenger at the Crocker bank. One day, he thought radio might be more fun and went to Station KFRC to audition. "They didn't need a piano-player, but they did need a singer. I didn't know the first thing about singing, but I did an imitation of Dick Haymes and got away with it."

Sudden success dazed him. "I was hired on a Thursday for *The San Francisco*

*Sketchbook*. On the following Monday, they changed the name to *The Merv Griffin Show* and piped it to all forty-four Don Lee Network stations." Financially, it was dazzling. "The bank had paid me forty dollars a week; the station first paid six hundred, then eleven hundred."

Wisely, Merv realized his limitations and studied voice with Bill Stoker. "Johnny Mathis and Guy Mitchell studied with him too. We'd all get together to talk about what we wanted to do."

Being serious about singing didn't stop Merv from living it up. "I bought two cars and joined three country clubs." Conservative, prosperous Mr. Griffin never did understand how his twenty-year-old son could have a higher income.

In 1950, he joined Freddy Martin's band and toured with them for three years. In one recording session, Merv scored a million-selling hit with "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoman." With that, he struck out as a single. Three weeks later, he was glad to receive a call from Martin, asking him to rejoin the band in Las Vegas. "The only bookings I'd been able to get were at parties, and my friends were getting pretty tired of cocoman!"

While dining at a hotel in Las Vegas, opportunity assumed the guise of a small boy, possibly eight years old, who stepped up to Merv and announced, "We'd like to sign you." As Merv says, "I thought that was pretty young, even for Vegas, but he turned out to be Doris Day's son. She was on location, making a picture and her husband, agent Marty Melcher, was with her."

Gossip columnists made quite a thing of Miss Day's bringing in her own leading man. But, as it turned out, Merv never made a picture with her. After some small roles, his best part was playing opposite Kathryn Grayson in the Warner Bros. film, "So This Is Love." Merv remembers with gratitude the way she sometimes would ruin a take of her own to maneuver him into better position, whispering, "How are you ever going to be a star if you don't turn your face toward the camera?"

When the studio shut down to convert to CinemaScope, Merv's picture career ended abruptly. He worked with Tallulah Bankhead during her Las Vegas engagement, then headed for New York. "I was lucky. Within a week after I arrived, I got the job as summer replacement for Jo Stafford and Jane Froman on CBS-TV." Later, he added *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, a revival of "Finian's Rainbow," and ABC-TV's *Going Places* to his list of credits.

Virtually every singer auditioned for the upcoming program when American Broadcasting Network announced its live radio policy last fall. Merv got the show by being as businesslike as his stockbroker father. He collaborated with producers Jerry Bresler and Lyn Duddy to offer a complete package. The expanded program now occupies almost two full hours of ABN's exciting daytime line-up.

Not only the Griffin charm but the wide circle of Griffin acquaintances is responsible. He knows everybody in show business, and top stars who refuse TV shows and interviews at any price come to Merv's microphone just because they want to talk to Merv. If the public wants to listen in, that's all right, too.

That's one of the reasons Merv likes radio. He says, "I'm going to stick with it. You can do five shows a week and still have a life of your own. I don't want to be a real big star. I'd hate to be thumbing over my clippings when I'm eighty—and suddenly realize that I had never had time to live."

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# The Rewards of Radio

(Continued from page 54)

The weekday-evening *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, on CBS Radio, is a bright melange of music and variety, with emphasis on laughter and skits of various sorts. Jack Hurdle is the producer. The Saturday-morning show is produced by Bruno Zirato, Jr.—a rollicking fifty-five minutes of fun and song and ad-libbing, even a little more relaxed than the evening program.

"Some of the greatest radio stars have been available to us," says Bob. "People like Parker Fennelly, Kenny Delmar, Pert Kelton and Ralph Bell, Johnny Gibson, Ann Thomas. Many, many special guests, plus our wonderful regulars: Ray Bloch, in charge of the music—with whom I have worked a long time in both TV and radio. Lee Vines, our announcer—just so great I don't think I could do without him. Richard Hayes and Judy Johnson—whose suave vocalizing can't be beat. It's real family entertainment with something for everybody."

Bob's personality is so well known to most of his listeners, and comes through the mike so forcefully, that one has only to "see" mentally a kind of impish face and humor-filled eyes darting behind horn-rimmed glasses. Five feet, ten inches of quicksilver motion. A demon ad-libber who can stray down into a studio audience and effortlessly draw them all into the act.

In the planning stage of any program in which Robert Q. is involved, everybody is encouraged to have ideas and to express them. Bob will be there, in the middle of every huddle, expressing his own ideas. "The object of all our planning is to keep the proceedings lively, and varied. We can't permit ourselves to get into a rut, no matter how successful a rut. Once in a while, we shake the whole thing up and inject a lot of new stuff. It's good for us and good for our listeners."

It's his theory that the most loyal of audiences can get a little tired of watching the same performers on TV, but that the same performer can endure much longer in radio. "On TV, there is such a thing as being too long in one spot. The best thing that happened to me was to be off TV for two seasons and give people a chance to re-discover me on radio. I must say I enjoyed re-discovering radio myself, after being away about six years. The tremendous resurgence of interest in it is very exciting."

Two kinds of freedom he found in radio appeal particularly to him: Artistic freedom. Physical freedom. "By artistic, I mean that I can do anything I want to on the show without worrying about production costs, time schedules, and anything like that. There are no sets, no costuming. Listeners 'dress us up' as they feel we should be costumed when we play certain parts. They set the stage with their imaginations. I can do sketches about anything, set in any locale, and people will believe in them."

"By physical freedom, I mean the flexibility of my time. The shorter working hours required by radio. What a luxury to sit up late, finishing a book I can't bear to put down, knowing I can sleep a little late in the morning! I used to get to rehearsals practically at the crack of dawn."

More time, for Bob, has meant more leisure to haunt art exhibitions, adding to his collection of the French Impressionist paintings he loves. Buying books, and reading them. Seeing friends. Entertaining more.

The old collections are still stashed around the apartment, but he did have to get rid of some of the totem poles and the



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cameras. He has old playbills, fascinating with their listings of great names of the theater. Shaving mugs, cuff links. Marvelous souvenir postcards from the turn of the century. Rare old recordings that he brings out to entertain visitors. Clown paintings and figurines. One thing always seems to lead to another, and pretty soon he is starting another collection.

"I don't seem so interested in piling up things as I once did, however. Haven't, since I moved into the cooperative apartment I bought two years ago. It, too, is a more free way of living than in the old one. The old living room was so elegantly Empire and Regency in decor that I found myself using it only for company. I live in my present living room—because it is planned to live in. Furnished in comfortable Contemporary, you might say. Bright and roomy, easy to enjoy. I have a really tremendous terrace which makes an outdoor living room in good weather. Just great for working on a summer day, for entertaining on a warm evening."

Radio gave Bob time for so many things he had been wanting to do and found hard to manage. For dramatic lessons. (He has done dramatic roles on the stage, is looking forward to some TV dramatic parts.) Singing lessons. (He says, "I'm the worst singer on radio, and you can print that

because it's true, but I love to sing." Any-one who listens to him already knows that he has a happy way with a song, especially the ones with comic overtones that he likes best.) Dancing lessons. (His fling into night-club work emphasized the need to be proficient in every branch of show business.)

He has done a lot of thinking about the renewed popularity of radio. "A generation that knew and loved it, before television came along, has now come back to radio for some of its entertainment. The new generation of kids, who were maybe six or eight years old when TV started, knew TV only—and they have now discovered radio for the first time. We owe this to car radios, the portables people take to beaches and to summer places. To the need people have felt for more music in their lives, music to dance by and music just to listen to. For background conversation and laughter that won't keep them always in front of their TV screens. TV is wonderful and enormously important and I want to be a part of it always. I never want to get too far away from it. But sometimes it just isn't possible to be watching something as well as listening to it, and that's where radio fills a great need."

If, by the time this reaches print, Robert

Q. Lewis is involved once more in a TV program, it may be because his TV audiences have been wondering why he doesn't come back to them, and have been asking him to. In one day recently, three of his fans waylaid him. A truck driver slowed his enormous vehicle in the middle of the roaring traffic to yell at Bob: "When're you going to be back on TV, Bob?" A woman shopper grabbed him in a department store, demanded: "Why aren't you back on my set so I can watch you again? You look rested. You've gained weight. It's time you came back." An elderly gentleman waved his cane as he passed Bob on the street. "Miss the old TV show," he said. "Better get yourself another."

This is very gratifying to a fellow who is still re-discovering the medium that gave him his start, radio. And discovering new people to help keep it great. "We have had three new ones this season," he said. "Lee Venora, a girl with a fine classical soprano voice. A young Italian, Ercole Bertolini, with a fantastically good operatic voice. An usher on our staff, Stan Edwards, whom we have used on the show several times. He sings beautifully."

"The great thing to me is that new talent is always exciting, on radio or on television. Such a satisfying kind of thing, whenever or wherever it happens."

## "Like Frosting on a Cake"

(Continued from page 49)

"In the beginning of my career, after receiving very generous praise, I read my first bad notice. It was quite brief—and bad. It said I wasn't—and never would be—an actress. I forgot all the kind things I'd read and was utterly heart-broken, inconsolable—over the one harsh notice. I wanted to run away and hide!

"That's when a very wise man, a producer, told me: 'Never work for a critic's opinion—never read your notices—never work to win anything beyond the knowledge that you are doing your best. Just do your best and keep making your best better all the time. Never do less than that, and you'll get all the best from your job. A bad notice won't hurt you; a good one won't spoil you.'

"From that advice I came to believe that one of the greatest mistakes anyone can make is to work for the rewards, awards—for anything except the joy of doing one's job as well as possible. I believe awards are the frosting on the cake. I love them. They're sweet and wonderful, but they're not the cake!"

Loretta's attitude toward awards is consistent. It's been tested and proved. There was, for instance, the time she was going to attend the annual Bal Masque—a highlight of Los Angeles' social season. Tony Duquette created the mask and head-dress she would wear. It was gorgeous and, when he saw it on Loretta, he said, "You've just got to win the first prize."

"Oh, no, Tony," said Loretta. "I don't need any prize. It's exquisitely beautiful. I'm delighted with it. I shall have a wonderful evening just wearing it."

She preened a bit before her mirror, beamed at Tony and said, "You've created a beautiful mask, Tony. If you set your heart on winning a prize—and fail—you'll lose all the joy of your creating. Please forget the prize, Tony."

"All right, Loretta," he said. "My 'prize' is your pleasure in the headdress, and I'm satisfied."

"I knew Tony was going to relax and enjoy the party," Loretta told me. "I did, too."

"An hour before midnight the prize-

winners were announced. Winner after winner was announced and, last of all, to my delighted surprise—and Tony's—we heard, 'First prize—Loretta Young Lewis!'

"I smiled at Tony, seated with his party across the room. Winning the top prize was the frosting on the cake for Tony and for me. But we hadn't had to win it—we'd had a lovely time at the party. That would have remained a fact if we hadn't won a thing."

Loretta has accumulated a fantastic number of awards—nearly three dozen of them, including the coveted Oscar and two Emmys.

Only once in her life has she really coveted an award and that was not for herself. She wanted it and was positive it had been earned by her Director of Photography, Norbert Brodine, who photographs her exquisitely in all her TV shows.

The year Loretta Young won her first Emmy—1955—both she and Brodine had been nominated. She didn't even think about winning herself. She was absorbed with wanting Brodine to win. She wanted his Emmy to be a tribute to his enchanting and enchanted handling of photographic effects. When Brodine didn't win and Loretta was awarded the Emmy, her eyes filled with tears.

The following year, both she and Brodine were again nominated for an Emmy. Neither won, but she wasn't unhappy.

Last year, the *Loretta Young Show* nominees were Loretta, Brodine and writer-director Richard Morris. This time Loretta was practicing what she'd preached, years before, to Tony Duquette.

In the limousine going to the Emmy Awards, the whole party was dissolved in helpless laughter when they discovered that, though there were three Emmy nominees among them, only one of the car's occupants, Brodine, had got the Television Academy ballot. And even he hadn't voted for himself.

"Not a single vote for Brodine—even among ourselves," giggled the three nominees.

"But we're having fun!" Loretta said, and it was true.

Their minds weren't on winning. They were the most relaxed and gayest group at the huge gathering.

The great lights shone on the Emmy awards and the nominees while the presentations were televised from an NBC-TV stage. Loretta sat, happy, laughing and relaxed, slipping one foot in and out of her evening mules.

Her name was called. She had won another Emmy.

She moved forward swiftly, dropping one shoe on her way to the dais! In the photographer's room, she posed for several shots, then said, "I must get back—I can't miss the announcement of the photography award. I just must get back."

She got back. She sat quietly. The name of the winner for best cinematography was announced. It was: "Norbert Brodine! For 'The Pearl,' *The Loretta Young Show*." (In "The Pearl," Loretta portrayed a Japanese fisherman's wife.)

Loretta, at the instant she heard "Norbert Brodine," was on her feet, jumping up and down like a fourteen-year-old cheerleader. "Hurray! Hurray!! Hurray!!!" she shouted. In a voice so loud that the sound monitors had to get busy at the dials in the control room. There were happy tears in her eyes; she was utterly unselfconscious, and the entire assemblage grinned at the spectacle of the always-composed Loretta shouting for joy.

Loretta makes no fuss about her own awards. Others keep track of them for her. Her Oscar and two Emmys are inconspicuously placed between books in the bookshelves in the Tom Lewises' living room. (Tom, of course, is the brilliant advertising executive to whom Loretta is married.)

Recently, a guest who was a stranger to Tom and Loretta came with friends of theirs to the Lewis home for the first time. He surveyed the beautiful room, noticed three gleaming trophies half-concealed among the books.

Turning to the friend with whom he had come, he asked, "Who's the athlete in the family?"

Yes, awards are fun—"like frosting on a cake."



## Best on the Bandstand

(Continued from page 63)

could charm a bird off a branch (or a busy housewife's mind off her daily problems). But it's probably Skitch, the show's musical director and most subdued of all this cheerful gang, who provides the real contrast with Bert and makes for many of the laughs. "Just to hear us together—Skitch a little proper, almost prim, and me laughing him down—makes for some very amusing situations," Bert grins. "No one who hasn't heard him on our show could know what a kind of 'pixie' side there is to this fellow: And his beard draws more pro-and-con mail than most anything else."

Bert himself emcees everything, sings, talks and keeps up a run of amusing commentary. Everybody tells jokes and it never seems to matter how good they are—because, in such fast company, they always sound good at the moment. "I love the informal kind of thing we can do on a show of this kind," Bert said. "Where anything can and does happen and all of it's fun."

His own musical taste runs to melodic show tunes and nostalgic ballads, but he digs a certain amount of rock 'n' roll and jazz and, of course, all the current crop of high-rated pop numbers. "We don't feature rock 'n' roll, but we couldn't overlook it if we wanted to. It's popular. It has that wonderful beat. We just take it easy."

Bert is happiest that shows like his have started people listening to music again. It's a live show, even when a special guest has to be "piped in live" from the West Coast, as sometimes happens if the guest can't come to New York. Most have records out, are performers the audience wants to know better.

"It takes longer for a radio program to establish its 'characters' than it does on TV," Bert observes. "People need time to visualize them and to visualize the surrounding. But, once they learn to like these personalities they hear and 'see,' they are immensely loyal. After more than a year and a half, I know we have countless friends, because they have told us so. The response has made us feel very good, and very grateful." As a matter of fact, *NBC Bandstand* started out as a simulcast on both TV and radio in the summer of 1956. But, after three months it was decided that the radio audience was losing out on many things that were clear to TV viewers, so it became strictly radio, slanted to a listening audience.

The more relaxed job of emceeing a show on radio, after Bert's years of high-pressure TV shows, was offset most of last year by the demands of building a new house, at the other end of Greenwich, Connecticut, from the old house. Like all new projects, this one posed problems that no one could possibly foresee. There still are a few! But when the Parks finally moved in, all was forgiven, because the house is so lovely, so much what they wanted it to be. A big, roomy red-brick and shingle structure, with a sloping red roof, and a view that stretches to Long Island Sound, seven miles away. The architecture is Williamsburg Transitional, and it has the characteristic grillwork seen in homes of the Deep South—combined with all sorts of contemporary innovations, such as electronically controlled doors and a hi-fi installation that fills the whole house with music. A fine challenge to a fellow like Bert, who likes nothing better than to tinker with fix-it projects.

Repairing things, re-hanging a door that sags, building a barbecue, helping the twin boys build things—or rescuing one of Petty's toy dogs from a tree where a mischievous boy has tossed it—keep a man



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busy. The twins, Joel and Jeffrey, are eleven-and-a-half, dark and handsome and very alike. Petty—properly Annette, Jr., named for her mother—has just turned nine, with the promise of being a beautiful young lady, but is more interested now in wearing jeans and shirts and joining in everything her brothers do. Petty plays the piano well and sings. The boys are excellent mimics, have good voices, but seem to prefer making plastic model submarines and rockets and planes at this stage. “We’re glad they are so normal,” Annette and Bert say emphatically. “We don’t want any ‘hams’ in the family at this point.”

Taking an interest in the house has left Bert little time for hobbies. Or golf, or tennis, or any other sports. “I get my exercise cutting the grass, keeping the weeds down, hauling things back and forth, just trying to keep up with everything. No matter how fast I go, the work piles up faster.”

A few years ago, hoping to discourage Bert from what in anyone else would be called “hurrying” but for him is just normal motion, Annette took a movie of her husband mowing their lawn. When she showed him the movie, he wouldn’t believe

at first that she hadn’t speeded up the motion. “I look like one of those fellows someone was chasing in the old comedies, where they cranked the cameras faster and faster. I think the sight slowed me down, for a while.”

Because he is a man who has to give everything he has to everything he does, Bert tries not to undertake more than he can do well. “You have to decide what it is you really want from life,” he said. “For me, it has been a luxury just to be able sometimes to get home and sit and do a little quiet thinking. For the first time in years, radio gave me that. It gave me a chance to be with the family more than I had for a long time.

“I get restless, of course, if I don’t have enough to do. But I have learned to turn down some of the things that might have tempted me at one time. Offers to do situation comedies for TV, to be filmed in Hollywood. Shows in New York that would leave me absolutely no time with the children.

“Annette and I don’t need something going on around us every single minute, in order to be happy. She takes a lot of the pressures off my shoulders, smooths

many a path for me, keeps our lives on an even keel. Our fun is mostly in being with people we sincerely like.

“As a family, we like outdoor life. We like to swim, we like a boat. But, while most people have been getting bigger and bigger boats, I am now back to an outboard motorboat. From a thirty-foot cruiser! We didn’t need it. The little boat is quite adequate for us, and we have a lot of fun with it.”

A chance to play the male lead in the musical stage play, “Candlelight,” during three weeks of summer stock last year, made Bert think it might be fun to do another musical, on Broadway. It’s an idea that continues to crop up every once in a while. But probably most of all he likes what he is doing.

“I was always happy in radio and I’m happy now with *Bandstand*. We have a great bunch of people, all the way through. We have a great deal of good fun every day, and good music. The kind of music we like to think our audience likes to hear.

“This whole thing has been like going back home for me.”

## Talent Is a Temptress

(Continued from page 57)

away from a fight. Steve, on the other hand, has admitted the results were unexpected. When he began the series, he stated publicly that he didn’t expect ever to top Ed’s ratings.

“What I said at the time,” Steve recalls, “was something to the effect that I wasn’t going on the air for the purpose of beating Sullivan, because what I do for a living is try to entertain people. That is my purpose. Sometimes we beat him in ratings and then I’m surprised, although I knew from the beginning that I could do a better program. It may sound terribly conceited but,” he grins and shrugs, “that’s the way I feel. Ed has a fine program, and lots of luck to him, and he’s an excellent newspaperman and a very fine fellow. But if—as a performer and producer—I didn’t know how to put on a better program than a newspaperman, I would try to get into some other line of work.”

For the record, the above speech was not made with chip on shoulder. Steve is not a man of violence. On the other hand, he is not meek. His personal surprise, when his ratings have topped Ed, is due to the type of comedy he has produced. He won national recognition on *Tonight* with sophisticated, progressive comedy. There was the question in Steve’s mind whether an earlier audience would have the same precise regard for his talents.

“I haven’t compromised my standards. The program, Sundays, is dictated by my tastes rather than anything conscious. And we definitely use certain guest stars and jokes that are not sophisticated at all. In fact, one of the people we use quite regularly is Lou Costello—who could not be called one of our sophisticated comedians, but he makes me laugh and everyone seems to like him. And we have Martha Raye every few weeks. There are two examples of meat-and-potatoes comedy. On the other hand, my own sketches are based on new ideas. But it would be wrong of me, unwise of me, to limit my program to the one kind of comedy that I lean towards.”

Steve admits that occasionally something gets on the show that isn’t particularly to his liking. “Once in a while, I make a great exception in relation to music. Something that I wouldn’t listen to at

home. But it’s very, very rare and usually in connection with a big hit record, rock ‘n’ roll or something. But I don’t do it regularly, since our ratings don’t depend on it. In any case, my programs are the kind I like to watch. And I do. We see our programs on film maybe a week or two after they’ve been on the air, and I enjoy them very much.”

Steve has been in show business fifteen years. His parents, before him, were vaudeville comedians, Belle Montrose and Billy Allen. His father died when he was two. “I was raised with my mother’s family. They all had the Irish gift of gab and there were a lot of comedians, to one degree or another, in the family. Being a member of a funny family, some of it must have rubbed off.” But Steve Allen, TV comedian, and Steve Allen, private citizen, are not exactly twins. On the air, Steve appears easygoing and gabby. Off the air, he is actually a perfectionist, reserved and serious. He is a student of philosophy, and his publicity indicates that he is very religious. Recently he was invited to deliver a lay sermon at a New York church.

“I don’t know that I can correctly be called a very religious man. I have an avid interest in religion and, at the moment, have swallowed large chunks of nine-hundred-and-some philosophies and I’m digesting them to see what shows up.”

But Steve is regarded as a highly moral man by his friends, business associates and most of the public. The show, constructed to standards of common decency and good taste, has received compliments from the clergy and perceptive mothers. “Once in a while,” Steve notes, “I read a letter from someone whose idea of evil is to look at Abbe Lane. For such a person I feel pity. I wouldn’t let him affect my judgment, although my judgment prohibits me from allowing a woman to come on the show and make a display of herself. It’s true that I function on a philosophical basis, but I don’t think it makes me better than anyone else. Perhaps people sometimes get the opinion that I’m better than I am, because I wear glasses and don’t smoke and rarely drink—but those things can fool people.”

In the past couple of years, Steve has published several books, including volumes of short stories and poetry. It is, perhaps,

here that his moral viewpoint shows up concretely. He says, “I notice that in the fiction and poetry I write, as opposed to TV material, I do try to make ethical points.”

One of his stories, titled, “The Public Hating,” is an offbeat tale set in the future—on a night when many thousands of people turn out at Yankee Stadium to turn their hate on a man convicted of a political crime. By concentrating their hate, the crowd actually burns the flesh from the man’s bones.

“Now, in that story, I realize I’m going against a lot of important people in opposing the viewpoint that the power of good is a major force, but to me it has always seemed malarkey. Not that I’m for the powers of evil, but I think we must have a healthy respect for evil. History would indicate it is more powerful than good. My story indicates a certain kind of evil of our time in which people will unite to hate but almost never bother to organize to love.”

Steve’s positive attitude, however, was indicated in one of his hit songs, “Go to Church on Sunday.” As a song-writer, however, he doesn’t confine himself to inspirational themes. Among his other successful tunes have been “Picnic,” “South Rampart Street Parade,” “When an Old Piano Plays the Blues” and the words and music for the NBC-TV spectacular, “The Bachelor,” which won him a Sylvania Award.

“I write about three songs a week, sometimes more, sometimes less,” he says. “At any given moment, I have about forty songs making the rounds of publishers.”

This brings up the matter of Steve’s creative energy—which is rare, indeed. Steve Allen, star, comedian and producer of his own show, is also a composer, a writer of articles and fiction, poet, an actor with a Broadway show to his credit, and a pianist and orchestra leader with many best-selling records and albums. He has succeeded in every direction that he has turned. His philosophy in this respect was explained in the lay sermon he delivered, when he said, “Whatever a man can do, if he possesses unique talents, is as surely given to him as his ten fingers and ten toes. He is powerless to resist the temptation to do what he can.”



## So Many to Thank!

(Continued from page 60)

singing and helped me get my first radio job in the United States with Percy Faith on the Coca-Cola hour six years ago . . . Edgar Bergen, with whom I appeared in an Army show . . . Bob Crosby, on whose Club 15 radio show I sang . . . and Jack Benny.

"Jack Benny's advice," she adds, "has been quite wonderful. He once told me: 'Seize the opportunity to learn anything you can. Everything you learn will be helpful some day, even if it's something as seemingly insignificant as twirling a baton.' I learned many useful things from Jack. He is a great master of the art of timing. Four years ago, I went on tour with him and watched him work in Las Vegas. I was exposed to his great sense of timing, and I hope a little of it rubbed off on me.

"Jack taught me, too, that every audience is different, every night. 'No performer,' he said, 'should ever get casual just because he's been appearing in the same place for three weeks. He should remember that there are probably new people in the audience each night. A performer has to be just as vibrant and exciting on the closing night of a show as on the opening night. Keep every night an opening night—give every night your best.'"

Jack first discovered Gisele when Bob Crosby took all the performers on his Club 15 to Las Vegas for a floor show. One night Jack Benny was in the audience. Gisele looked stunning. She had lost thirty-five pounds in a single year, was wearing size-10 dresses and her figure was almost as thrilling as her voice. The audience responded with loud applause.

Besides her singing, she did a comedy bit. She didn't know how much she had impressed Jack with her singing and her sense of humor till some time later, when her agent offered her a chance to appear at the Curran Theater in San Francisco—she had been recommended by Jack Benny. She grabbed the opportunity, and spent all her time between scenes watching Jack work.

One bit that particularly fascinated her was the one in which he played his fiddle. All during her childhood, her parents had dreamed of Gisele's becoming a concert violinist, and had trained her for the concert stage. She was an accomplished violinist, but had given it up for singing.

"Why don't you tell Jack that you can play the violin?" suggested Bob Shuttleworth, as her manager.

"Oh, I couldn't," said Gisele. So Bob told Jack—who asked her to play the violin for him.

"I didn't even have a violin by then," she giggles. "An expensive one I owned had been stolen. To prove I really could play, I had to go out and buy a violin."

When Jack heard Gisele play, he was entranced. Then he, too, began to play, and he asked Gisele to mimic him. She did. That night, they conceived the bit—in which both of them played the fiddle and talked—that still causes a theater full of folks to rock with laughter.

"Jack loves the violin," Gisele says. "And he can play it skillfully, much better than he lets on. He has said many times that he would far rather have been a great violinist than a successful comedian."

When Jack learned that Gisele was eager to get a place on *Your Hit Parade*, he arranged to have her on his own show as a guest star, so she would be seen by the men who did the hiring for the popular music program. His plan succeeded, and she became one of *Your Hit Parade's* stars.

Jack, Mary Benny and Bob Shuttle-

worth saw that Gisele had a talent that should take her even further. They urged her to leave the security of being a *Hit Parade* star for the glamorous gamble of heading her own show.

At first, Gisele was terrified at the thought of the responsibility.

"I just couldn't," she said.

"You can," said Mr. Shuttleworth firmly.

"You certainly can," said Jack and Mary Benny.

She could—and she did. Now that she's had her very own *Gisele MacKenzie Show* on NBC-TV, does she miss the old days when her responsibilities were lighter?

"No," says Gisele. "The responsibility is much greater, but the satisfaction is much greater, too. I was afraid of a show of my own because television can be a frightening, difficult, fickle medium. You never know from one week to another just where you stand. Ratings change—and sometimes sponsors' minds change with them. All you can do is do your best."

"I've found many friends in Hollywood," she continues, "and life is comfortable here. Most important of all, if you stay in the same groove, there's not enough excitement to it. You have to meet new challenges. No one can really stand still. When you do, something inside you dies."

Until her recent marriage to Bob Shuttleworth, Gisele lived alone in her home high on a hill in Beverly Hills, with only her three dogs as constant companions. She's had her two long-haired dachshunds, Wolfgang and Brunnhilde, for some time. Last Christmas, Bob gave her Maxie, a German shepherd.

She loves this home "for its view and its good kitchen. I love to cook—not just special dishes but complete meals. It's fun to experiment with herbs. Just give me the right meats and vegetables, and I can fix a mighty fine meal."

Though Gisele has won her greatest fame as a singer, she can also act. She has appeared in a couple of *Studio One* shows, in a *Kraft TV* play, and as a dramatic actress on a *General Electric* program. "I don't think of singing and acting as two separate things. In my mind they're tied in together. On my own show, I sang, talked, performed. I think it's fun to act."

She works hard. But there's a spring in her step, a lilt in her eyes, a note of happiness in her voice. She lives in a state of thrilled expectancy. She has a breezy attitude toward everything—and swears she isn't a bit superstitious.

What about that bone idol she carries? It's a tiny thing carved from a tiger-shark's tooth, and those close to Gisele have often seen her rub its stomach just before she sings.

She laughs. "That was a present given me by a photographer for a national magazine. He collects charms. I'm not superstitious, but he is. He said, if I rubbed its tummy, it would bring me good luck. I rub it because he asked me to."

There are many reasons, besides her singing and acting, why the American public has taken this Canadian singer to its heart. For one thing, she has the vibrant kind of personality to which people just can't help responding. And part of the secret is her amiability. If someone asks her to do anything within reason—whether it's clowning with a violin or rubbing a bone idol for luck—she'll do it.

"No singer sings alone," she says. She's referring, of course, to all the people behind the scenes who have helped the singer climb to success. But behind the men behind the scenes is the great American public. "No singer sings alone" because, when she sings the way Gisele does—with all her heart—our hearts sing with her.

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## Wonderful Time

(Continued from page 30)

that I first realized I was grown up, an adult with adult responsibilities. I had to think of the lives of my family—and I had to take care of myself, too, on their account.”

No wonder Pat felt grown up. In the car with him were his wife Shirley; Eva, the children's nurse; and their three oldest children, Cherry, Linda and Debbie.

There have been other such moments in Pat Boone's life, moments when he has been immediately aware that he is no longer a carefree youth singing his way through college. But mostly, he says, his growing up has been a gradual process—and there are times even now when he feels like a kid.

“I guess I'm a schizophrenic,” he says, with that gay Boone grin. “Sometimes I feel adult and mature and even a hundred years old, but other times I feel like a kid who has had incredible luck—and I wonder how long it can last.”

One of the times Pat feels his responsibilities as an adult is when he steps off the elevator into the New York offices of Cooga Mooga Productions (as the company which produces his television show is called). Bareheaded and tieless, in a dark red sports shirt and brown slacks, he looks like any other handsome senior at Columbia University. But the company, and Pat's other enterprises, occupy an entire floor in the West Fifty-seventh Street building—offices formerly occupied by Sid Caesar—and furnish employment for twenty-five people, four of whom are kept busy answering Pat's fan mail. Yet it is only three years ago that Pat was earning \$44.50 a week on a Texas TV station, and he and Shirley were munching hamburgers three times a day.

“I look around,” says Pat, “and I realize that I can't say ‘I'm tired of the whole thing; let's call it off.’ Too many people are dependent on me. Too many people would be out of jobs.”

The reception room at Cooga Mooga is businesslike and dignified, but on one door is a neatly lettered sign which reads “The Cooga Mooga Kid.” The Kid is, of course, twenty-three-year-old Charles Eugene Boone.

Who decided on the name for his company? Pat—who's loved the expression “Great Cooga Mooga” ever since he first heard a disc jockey use it some years ago. Who thought it would be fun to letter “The Cooga Mooga Kid” on his office door? The college boy who is Pat Boone.

But this same boy, who couldn't resist buying and wearing a jazzy black-and-white checked cape with a scarlet lining, “just for kicks,” is the young man who makes important decisions when necessary—“although I feel uncomfortable about it,” he admits. Mostly, he says, there's no boss. “We talk things over and eventually agree.”

Pat's office is typical of what he calls his “schizophrenia.” Actually, Pat is about as far removed from any mental aberration as he is from bankruptcy. And—with his TV show, his movie contract, his records, and his personal appearances—that's further away than Mars.

With its gray walls and carpeting, gray and pink chintz draperies, green chairs and gray metal desk, his office is attractive—and dignified. But the clock which runs backward (a gag gift from a friend who knows Pat's predilection for tardiness), the jar of candy on his desk (he has it sent regularly from California for the staff), and the plastic doll jiggling happily in its high-chair—these are Pat, too.

From the time he was a twelve-year-old, at home in Nashville, Tennessee, Pat has wanted to do everything, to see everything, and he has packed each day with activity in his desire “not to miss a thing in life.” He still has many of these desires: He'd like to learn to fly a plane; he yearns for a motorcycle; after he gets his Bachelor's degree, he'd like to start on his Master's and his Ph.D. He wants always to keep in top physical condition—one of his greatest disappointments is that he couldn't try out for the football team at Columbia. But he's been learning, in the last year or two, that even with his enormous vitality he can't do everything.

“He's becoming more realistic,” says one of his associates. “He hasn't mentioned the Ph.D. bit for a long time now. And, though he'd love to go to a gym twice a week, he hasn't made it in a couple of months.” Even the barbells left in his office from the Caesar days are seldom used. Pat is discovering that there are only twenty-four hours in a day, only seven days in a week.

Yet he crams into each day, each week, a tremendous amount of activity. In one week this winter, he took four final examinations at Columbia; prepared a paper for another course; did his own TV show, which requires thirty-five hours of rehearsal; and was a guest on the Como

the box-office poll last year.) With Hollywood beckoning, Pat plans to take his family with him for the duration of shooting, but it's doubtful that he will pull up stakes entirely. Both he and Shirley like New Jersey. They have made many friends there, both in and out of show business. And, even before the arrival of their fourth child (Laura Jean, or “Laurie,” born last January 30), young Boone had been looking for a larger house—“a good substantial house with lots of rooms.”

In addition to his seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox for a movie a year, Pat has a TV deal with ABC which has four more years to run. There are his Dot records (of the thirteen he has made, nine have sold more than a million) and his albums (he's made seven) and, when he can find time for them, personal appearances.

Outside of show business, Pat has a couple other irons in the fire. Down in Denton, Texas, where he and Shirley lived for a couple of years, a friend is looking after Pat's chinchillas, with an eye to future coats and stoles. And on February 22, on the highway between Denton and Dallas, Pat personally opened the “Pat Boone Country Inn,” managed by another friend and dedicated to one of the Boone enthusiasms, good food.

Sometimes Pat finds it hard to realize that all of this is his, just as he found it difficult to accept his top-flight stature as an entertainer. “I'll never forget the night I was a guest on the *Dinah Shore Show*,” he says. “Dan Dailey was out on the stage with Dinah and I was due to join them in thirty seconds. I stood there and looked at them and I said ‘That's Dan Dailey. He's a big star. And that's Dinah Shore. She's a big star.’ And though we'd been rehearsing all week and I'd done all right, and though I was just back from a tour on which I'd sung to 200,000 people in eighteen cities, I was scared to death. My knees were so weak I thought I couldn't go on.”

“But I pulled myself together. ‘They're probably nervous, too,’ I said to myself. So I went out and stood between them and we had such a good time I fluffed a line—the cue went right by me while I was laughing. But nobody cared.”

Pat's got over his nervousness on TV—on other people's shows. On the Como show last winter, “when I knew there were 40,000,000 people watching, I was so relaxed I didn't know if I'd have the energy to go on. But if the situation had been reversed, and Perry had been my guest, I'd have been jittery. It's the responsibility, I guess.”

As the season went on, however, Pat became more at ease on his own show—but more serious about it in the planning stages. “He used to come in to production meetings, slouch down in his chair and just listen,” says one of the Cooga Mooga staff. “Now he bounces in, perches on the edge of his chair, and really takes part.”

Four children are apt to make a man feel mighty grown-up, too, and the new baby, Pat says, is the most exciting of all. “When we had Cherry, down in Denton, I was allowed to be with Shirley in the hospital while she was in labor. I sat down beside her for a while. Then I lay down beside her, and pretty soon I just plain went off to sleep!”

“Babies didn't mean much to me then. But now that I know how they grow and get to walk and talk and become real people—able to outsmart their parents—I was more excited this time than ever before!”

## Next Month

Starlit features on such favorites as Alice Lon, Terry O'Sullivan, Sid Caesar . . . such newcomers as Paul Anka, Kathleen Murray and many others . . . all in the June

## TV RADIO MIRROR

at your newsstand May 6

show, with the additional hours of rehearsal that entailed. All this and his family and his church, neither of which is ever slighted in favor of any other activity, no matter how important.

Miraculously, he also manages to find time for the thoughtful but time-consuming little gestures which are as natural to him as breathing. When the father of one of his friends was sent to the hospital, Pat personally ordered a huge basket of fruit sent to the patient, with a cute note in his own hand. Even a Boone autograph is seldom a stereotyped affair. For the messenger who delivers the lunches to the rehearsal hall, Pat signed a picture with an appropriate “Happy tummy.”

For himself, Pat is not extravagant, but he loves to do things for others. A two-some for the theater—Pat loves to see a Broadway play when he can wangle free time—is apt to become a party of six or eight. His group of guests at the Dartmouth-Columbia football game last fall eventually totaled sixteen. For the premiere of “April Love” last year, he invited his close friend and mentor, Mack Craig, and his wife, to fly up from Nashville as his guests.

On June 1, his twenty-fourth birthday, Pat will receive his degree from Columbia. But, unlike most of the June graduates, who will be embarking on their careers, Pat's future is assured.

First on the rose-colored agenda will be a third motion picture. (After making just two, he wound up in third place on



# Quizzing the Master—Hal March

(Continued from page 47)

Hal, there has been a lot of criticism of quiz shows in the daily press recently. They say such shows are based on greed and gimmicks. Do you agree with this?

Greed? No. The \$64,000 Question, in a sense, symbolizes America: A place where streets are paved with gold and anyone may have a chance at picking up some of it. We've had winners who were earning seventy-five dollars a week. We've had foreign-born contestants, who could barely speak English, win fortunes. Because of this, we've had tremendous press coverage abroad.

And gimmicks? No. The purpose of any good dramatic show is to set up an emotional reaction in the audience. Our show has the same ingredients: Drama, tensions and occasional comedy. The people are real and involved in a real situation. It's a wonderful, powerful format.

Did you ever have any doubts about the show?

Yes, I had personal doubts. I was terribly nervous the first few months. Remember, I'd had twenty years' experience as a TV and screen actor and as a radio and night-club performer, but then I always knew what I was going to do. I had a script. Or I had a rehearsed routine. Well, a quiz show is something altogether different. It's entirely ad-lib, and my ad-lib experience was in comedy. Then, too, at the time I went on, the successful quizmasters had a kind of physical exuberance. I knew that I could never handle the job in the same way. I had to do it my own way and just hope that it worked.

You have a reputation for being a good-natured quizmaster. Is there more to your job than being nice to people?

There's a lot more to it—but, if I weren't born with a love of people, I wouldn't be up there. From the technical viewpoint, I have a time problem. If the audience is intrigued with an interview, I have to make the decision to go on, regardless of the time. On the other hand, it is my job to know instinctively when the audience is getting bored with an interview and cut it off. On the air, I produce the show.

Do you watch other quiz shows?

I'm not a fan of quiz shows. But, if a quiz has something to hold an audience, I'm there. I've watched *Twenty-One*—particularly when Charles Van Doren was on. But, too often, I find quiz shows redundant. Yet, when they get a great personality, I find it as fascinating as anyone else.

Do you think all quiz shows are honest?

I don't know about other quiz shows. I'm sure that ours is honest, for I've had so many indications of it.

Does the stake have to be large?

Not necessarily. Shows have come on in the past few years offering more money than ours, and they have not been successful. And, for many years, a show succeeded with only sixty-four dollars as top prize.

Then why did \$64,000 Question increase the top prize to \$256,000?

I can explain it this way. When a dramatic or comedy series learns that a supporting member in the cast has built up great audience interest, he is immediately signed to a long contract. For example, there is the case of Maurice Gosfield, who plays Private Doberman on *The Phil Silvers Show*. He adds to the

strength of the star and producer. Our situation is the same. But, with a \$64,000 top, we could keep a man on the show only five or six weeks. By doubling the prize, we have doubled the appearances a contestant can make.

How are contestants chosen?

I have nothing to do with this, but it's the most important and difficult job in producing the show. It is the great work done in selecting contestants which accounts for the show's success. The contestant must be someone the audience can identify with, whether he be an extroverted shoe-cobbler or an introverted Danish sea captain. The premise is that you're happy when a friend gets good news, and unhappy when it's bad.

Have there been contestants on the show for whom you haven't felt sympathy?

A few. There have been some who were very humble to begin with, and then suddenly got a little power-crazy when they began to read publicity about themselves. Their personalities changed and, interestingly enough, the audience saw it and cooled off almost immediately.

Do you think the big winners are mental freaks?

Of course not. They are intelligent people. Most of them are hobbyists. A hobby, for you or me, might be collecting stamps or water-skiing. These people collect information.

Have you asked questions of contestants that you could answer yourself?

Plenty of them. Particularly in sport categories—and, again, about motion pictures.

Could you qualify as a contestant?

No. I don't have the retentive ability. Also, I don't have the technical data in any category to qualify.

Have you ever thought the questions were too tough?

Sure, but that's part of the entertainment. I'll ask a question that is murderous and, like everyone in the audience, I'll be thinking that he'll never answer this—it's unfair. Yet it is fair—because, for \$64,000, you can't ask an easy question.

Have there been contestants whose courage you admired?

I respected Billy Pearson's guts. Billy was flat broke when he came on the show. When he won \$32,000, he promised his wife and friends he would quit. Out of that \$32,000, he would have kept \$25,000 after taxes. But there was the gambler in him. On the show, he spontaneously looked toward his wife and said, "I'm sorry, kid. I lied to you. I have to go on." In him, there was the need to go on, and I respected this.

Do you think less of anyone for quitting at \$32,000?

Of course not. I understand, and so does the audience. With some contestants, the audience will be hysterical when they decide to go on. Other times, the audience will get sick—you can feel it—because they don't want the contestant to take the chance. I respect this man if he quits. Maybe he's got a wife and three kids. He's making seventy-five dollars a week. Now he's got \$32,000—more than he could save in a lifetime. Honestly, I sometimes feel angry when a contestant in those circumstances decides to go on. On the other hand, a guy may be cocky. Pleasantly so. And the audience says he'll go on—and they want him to—in the same way they love a champ. Americans have always loved a champion.

Have you ever regretted taking the quizmaster job?

Not for one moment. I can't think of any time in my career when I've been happier.

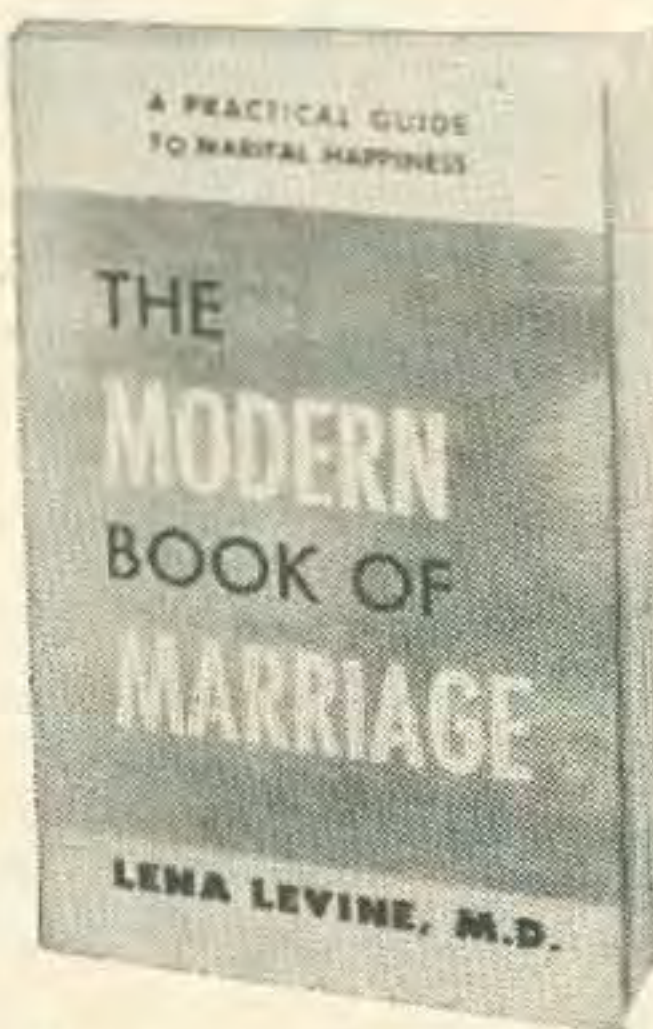


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# Heaven for Helen Trent

(Continued from page 67)

hair, like some of her Underhill relatives, blue eyes, and the Julie Stevens charm.

To get Sarah started for the day, to get Nancy off to school and Charles off to his job as an executive of United States Steel—and to get herself off to the studio—becomes an early-morning marathon. "I'm up around six-thirty or six-forty-five. Charles and I take turns in being the first to get Nancy up and ready for school. Pearl, our wonderful housekeeper who took care of me before I married Charles, gets the baby started and the breakfast going. While Nancy is having her breakfast, I shower and dress, then Charles and I have our breakfast. After Nancy is on the school bus, I take my train to New York and the studio.

"If there are no interviews, no urgent errands in town, I get back home as quickly as possible. On certain days, I must be home early, to see that Nancy gets to her ballet class, that she has her music and French lessons, or that I am present with the other mothers when something special is happening at school. In winter, I hurry home to skate and sled and ski with Nancy and, in summer, to swim with her. And to play with little Sarah, who soon will be doing all these things, too."

Many of the mothers of Nancy's friends have now become Julie's friends. "I have something in common with all of them.

We swap recipes and ideas, we talk about our domestic routines, and all the things that interest women, while the children play together.

"Any social life that includes our husbands is usually reserved for weekends. Our men get home for late dinners, look at TV or listen to radio, read a little, start to yawn and decided to call it a day a long time before midnight. We love to have company, often for informal meals and buffet suppers, and cook out when the weather is right for it."

Opportunities to do stage plays and to work in television keep coming to Julie. But, until her girls are older, she wants to be with them as much as possible, and the prospect of Charles being alone in the evening holds her back from her old dream of starring in a Broadway play. Even TV, with its longer rehearsals than radio requires, has no charms at the moment. "I keep remembering the six months when I did *Big Town* on television, and how much it took me out of my home."

There has been talk for some time about building a new wing to the house to make more room for the children, and to give the grownups a place where work can be done in a little more peace and quiet. The house as it now stands is in straight rectangular lines, in style half Contemporary and half rambling country-style, gray-green with white trim, nestled on a hillside in a wooded section a little way out

from New York. Their pond is practically in the front yard, and there is a ten-mile lake nearby where they keep a boat.

The pond has a real sand beach that Charles put in, a wooden pier he built, and a low diving board to which he bolted Nancy's slide, so she can go zooming down into the water. Last year, she won both the swimming and golf tournaments in her age group at the club.

Flowers planted last year on the knoll at the back of the house fill the windows with a pattern of vivid color, and small Sarah finds this enchanting. "I must say that even the poorest weeds get the same joyous enthusiasm from her at this point. Everything is so new and so wonderful to a child of her age."

Julie herself never ceases to wonder at the letters people write her. A nurse tells her that the show keeps her shut-in patient more content. A doctor takes time out from his appointments, whenever he can, to relax a little and listen to Helen's story. A schoolgirl wants to know what college has a good drama department. Salesmen, who use their cars for business, time their calls to Helen Trent.

Julie Stevens never ceases to find all this rather wonderful. And to find it equally wonderful to have husband, home, children. To find herself a woman with an exciting career—and, much more than that, with everything else for which a woman could wish.

## Happy As Queens

(Continued from page 20)

and make her family whole again. Since the boy had been missing for the last five months, prospects for a happy solution to this wish looked bleak.

Mrs. Elmore told emcee Jack Bailey that her son was a good boy—it was this very fact, the parents felt, which had forced young Sheldon to leave home. Large and husky for his age, Sheldon had been out playing tag one day when he accidentally ran into an elderly woman, knocking her down. Some weeks later, she died of natural causes—but the children at school teased Sheldon, implying he would soon be on a "wanted" list.

A sensitive boy, Sheldon took their jibes to heart, soon felt he had really caused her death. Not wanting to make trouble for his parents, whom he loved dearly, Sheldon ran away. He joined a traveling carnival, where he pitched hay and helped set up tents. Big, smart, and husky for his age, the carney folks weren't about to ask any questions of "the kid who worked cheap." Five months passed and the Elmores had no word from their son.

Then, in December of 1957, Mrs. Elmore went to *Queen For A Day*. Even if she didn't become Queen, she knew that—if she were only lucky enough to be one of the five candidates—she would have the chance of broadcasting her plight. She was chosen Queen . . . but, by the end of the show, no one had called the network saying they knew her son's whereabouts. Jack, not overly optimistic, promised everything in the world would be done to find him—even to assigning a private detective to the case.

Then, only hours later, a couple in Garland, Texas, saw something familiar in a boy whose story didn't quite ring true. They wired his description to the San Fernando police station, where Sheldon's identity was confirmed . . . and *Queen For A Day* flew the boy to his parents, waiting

hopefully with his sister and brother at the airport. It was a touching reunion—Sheldon had been away from home a long time, for a twelve-year-old.

Making her family whole again is a wish come true which lives well beyond the single moment in which Mrs. Elmore was crowned Queen. It is an experience which will live, not for just a day, but for a lifetime.

There are others whose experiences as Queen have grown to even greater fulfillment as the years go by. Even "King for a Day" Stanley E. Thompson wrote Jack, not long ago, to say: "I was King in November, 1950 . . . a poor struggling medical student at Los Angeles' College of Medical Evangelists . . . my finances were running mighty low. Your \$1,400 in gifts helped me finish school." Today, Stanley E. Thompson is a doctor in Richmond, Texas, where the lives he saves and the good he does can be measured from now on—thanks to *Queen*.

Both Mrs. Marguerite Weaver of Long Beach, California, and Wanda Klumpner of Los Angeles built careers out of their appearances on *Queen*: Mrs. Weaver's wish was for a photographic studio of her own, for added income to help care for her ailing husband. He later passed away, and the studio now is her means of support—a good one, too.

Wanda Klumpner's bakery has been supplying cakes to the *Queen* show every month now, since 1945 . . . when the publicity she received from the show nearly brought her more business than her small bakery could handle. Every time Jack gives a birthday cake to one of the *Queen* crew members and plugs "the cake from ex-Queen Wanda's bakery on Western Avenue," it seems as though all twelve million people from the TV audience come in the next day to say, "We heard your name on the air . . . say, how about some doughnuts?" This year, Wanda and her

husband are retiring . . . too much business.

And there was Florence Morse, a widowed schoolteacher with three boys of her own to support. She visited the show last Memorial Day—"Teacher's Day" on *Queen*. "I really didn't want to go," Mrs. Morse recalls, "but the boys had their heart set on a TV show, so I took them. I had always thought these shows were 'fixed,' you know . . . besides, I surely didn't think I would be selected—I was too fat and well fed!"

In answer to her wish for a year's supply of shoes and haircuts for her three boys, Mrs. Morse was chosen *Queen For A Day*. Plus other gifts, she won the one thing she thinks changed her entire life: A nine-week expense-paid trip to Europe.

"What did I learn on that trip?" she asks. "Namely, that people everywhere in the world basically want the same things. They want the good things in life for their families; they want their children to have an education; they want them to have a fair opportunity to earn a living; and they want a home with reasonable comfort and adequate food to eat. Most important, I found the children of every nation are so much alike."

"I was vaguely interested in Europe before I went. But now, as a result of the trip, I would love to do something more for the children of the world, with the idea that they are our only true source of peace. I'm doing my best to share my experiences with my own school children and other teachers. Why, I've even become the 'European' expert at school."

Like Mesdames Elmore, Weaver and Klumpner, and Dr. Stanley Thompson, schoolteacher Florence Morse has found that the experience of becoming *Queen For A Day* is more than a momentary thrill. The happy fact is that, once you've been crowned Queen, your life never again is quite the same!



# TV RADIO MIRROR Award Winners, 1957-58

(Continued from page 28)

TV, the corresponding honor goes to a bright newcomer on CBS-TV, Perry Mason, first sleuth to get a full hour's telecast each and every week.

In the never-more-hotly-contested Western arena, Hugh O'Brian of ABC-TV's *The Life And Legend Of Wyatt Earp* proved he has all the old magic of his historic predecessor, by aiming true to viewers' hearts for his second Gold Medal as your favorite star. On radio, the choice again is William Conrad, who created the role of Marshal Matt Dillon in *Gunsmoke*. The latter series, seen and heard in separate versions on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, scored a double bull's-eye as favorite Western programs—in both sight and sound.

Among the dramatic stars, TV citations go to Loretta Young (her fifth in a row, for her own show on NBC-TV) and to John Larkin (his first on TV, for *The Edge Of Night* on CBS, though he's won three for previous radio roles). Radio awards go to Sandy Becker (his fourth, for *Young Dr. Malone* on CBS) and to Julie Stevens (for her starring role in CBS's *Romance Of Helen Trent*, a frequent award-winner).

Red Skelton repeats last year's victory as top TV comedian—and adds the program award, too, for his CBS laughfest, *Male Storm* (whose CBS-TV show, *Oh! Susanna*, won last year's vote as best new program) is top TV comedienne this year. The comic Amos 'N' Andy Music Hall wins again for CBS Radio, and the same network's Robert Q. Lewis is favorite comedian for the third straight year. New Gold Medal ranks is comedienne Minnie Pearl of *Grand Ole Opry*, heard on NBC Radio's *Monitor*.

Favorite television singers are ABC's Pat Boone, who won two radio medals last year, and NBC's Dinah Shore, who's been getting your votes since 1947. On radio, the McGuire Sisters—often heard on CBS airplanes with Arthur Godfrey—repeat last year's win, while newcomer Merv Griffin of American Broadcasting Network gets his first Gold Medal from our readers.

Last year's favorite music programs still hold on to first place: ABC-TV's *Lawrence Welk Show*, and NBC *Bandstand* on radio—with Bert Parks (five previous awards on both TV and radio) capturing the radio musical emcee honors as its host. Favorite TV musical master of ceremonies is personable George de Witt, of *Name That Tune*, on CBS-TV. The winning record program is CBS Radio's *Howard Miller Show*.

As mentioned, music was also king in the biggest categories of all. According to your ballots, the best new stars are both singers who debuted those "first network shows all their own" this season: Gisele MacKenzie on NBC-TV; Rusty Draper on CBS Radio. Best shows on the air? Perry Como's great one for NBC-TV; the melody-packed *Arthur Godfrey Time* on CBS Radio.

Best new shows are both prize packages from CBS: On TV, *The Big Record*, star-

ring Patti Page. On radio, *The Ford Road Shows*, starring such song favorites as Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney, as well as the aforementioned Mr. Godfrey and Edward R. Murrow. *Arthur Godfrey Time* is also your favorite radio daytime variety, for the umpteenth time—Arthur, his discoveries and his shows have now figured in more than fifty awards from TV RADIO MIRROR alone!

Another lad who's been piling up those awards is Garry Moore, whose new Gold Medal for his daily CBS show, as favorite TV daytime variety program, can now be added to many other personal and program citations. These, of course, include the ones for *I've Got A Secret*, also on CBS-TV—which wins its fourth consecutive medal as the voters' favorite panel program.

It's two big firsts—a rousing double victory—for Steve Allen, as favorite TV evening emcee, with his Sunday hour on NBC also winning in the TV evening variety category. Meanwhile, over at CBS, another bespectacled wit—your favorite mike comedian—adds to his growing collection a fourth award for *The Robert Q. Lewis Show* itself, as best radio evening variety.

Both heard and seen on both NBC and CBS, Art Linkletter—of *People Are Funny* and *House Party* fame—can now count a baker's dozen of awards, starting with the only emcee citation given in 1948. This year, with lordly impartiality, readers voted Link favorite TV daytime master of ceremonies and radio quizmaster.

Groucho Marx and his *You Bet Your Life* quipfest—heard and seen on NBC Radio and TV—started his winning streak in 1949, repeats this year with a program award for most popular radio quiz. Money really talks at those dials, these days. Also repeating last year's prizes are Hal March and the phenomenal \$64,000 *Question*, over CBS-TV, as your choice of quizmaster and quiz on television.

Voting can be consistent for old favorites, too. It's the sixth consecutive Gold Medal for Mutual's *Queen For A Day*, as best-loved radio women's program—plus a brand-new one in the same category on TV, for the NBC *Queen For A Day* telecasts. But no one can surpass Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, of ABC-TV's *Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet*, for consistently "winning" ways: Their husband-and-wife TV award this year is the ninth since they swept the first radio elections in 1947!

That's the same year Lowell Thomas and Bill Stern started gathering in your votes. Once again, Lowell of CBS Radio is your favorite news commentator, and Bill—now heard on Mutual—your favorite sportscaster. On TV, the awards go to two other frequent winners of these polls: Douglas Edwards of the CBS news team, and Mel Allen, "the Voice of the Yankees" (and many other sports favorites). Newcomer to the winner's circle, however, is the children's program titleholder: *Captain Kangaroo*, of CBS-TV.

There they are, and we hope your own favorites placed high in the heavy balloting for 1957-58. Aside from the stories and pictures in this issue, there will be many more on your best-liked programs and personalities—including all those who gave the winners a run for their medals—in the year ahead. The stars and shows are grateful for your votes. The editors of TV RADIO MIRROR also thank you for this frank and full expression of your tastes. The success of our nationwide polls, from the start, stems from the response which you—the actual listeners and viewers—so wholeheartedly give them.



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## For Love of Mike Karr

(Continued from page 38)

feel they really know me. Men as well as women watch the show, stop me to talk about it. Kids yell at me in the street, 'Hi, Mike!' It's great. It boosts the morale."

The mail reflects this cross-section of interest from all types of viewers. A woman on the West Coast wrote a letter with such a sound, analytical approach to the show itself—and to John as an actor—that he has been corresponding with her ever since, always interested in her reactions. "It's wonderful mail, most of it. Literate. Sincere. Nice letters from nice people."

The official John Larkin Fan Club, begun by fifteen-year-old high-school student, Carol Yarvel, is growing mightily. It amuses and flatters John, to whom this kind of teen-age adulation is somewhat new. "All nice, cute girls," he said. "They come to the studio to see the show and me, want to have little celebrations for special occasions, like on my birthday in April. I have always felt a birthday was rather a private day, to be celebrated at home with my wife, and it embarrasses me to have a big fuss made over it. But I guess it's different when you have such devoted fans." He sighed, grinned, and seemed ready to give in without too much of a fight.

*The Edge Of Night* has some fascinating side-plots, all woven into the central story of Mike Karr, expert in crime detection and criminal law, and his romantic marriage to Sara. Viewers get quite unhappy, however, whenever the main theme of Mike's and Sara's lives together is overshadowed for too long by any side issues. Sara's eagerness to help Mike, the way they are trying to build a good marriage, to grope their way through the misunderstandings that beset a young couple—this seems to be what their fans want, along with the absorbing story of Karr's stub-

born battling for justice and for decent government.

From the beginning of the program, on April 2, 1956, John and Teal Ames have made an exciting TV team. Teal, as Sara, credits John with helping her enormously during the first few months as she was tackling her first big TV dramatic role. "He encouraged me constantly," she says. "He would signal to me, sometimes only by the merest change of expression, that I was doing fine. It kept up my morale." John says, "Teal has always been good to work with, serious about everything, a solid performer. The same goes for Don Hastings, who plays Jack Lane, Sara's brother, and has been in the cast from the beginning. And Peggy Allenby, who plays Mrs. Lane, is wonderful. It's a fine cast, right down the line."

The Larkins—meaning John and his pretty wife Audrey—occupy a 120-year-old house in Greenwich Village, where Edgar Allan Poe was rumored to have lived at one time. The old fireplaces were once used for cooking, and John has used the one in the kitchen for broiling steaks or chops and baking potatoes. "Not much now," he said. "I have a great chef in my house, and her name is Audrey. Since she has taken over, I don't try to compete. She turns out the most wonderful specialties—things with fancy names, but good, hearty eating. The only recipes she refuses to try are Chinese. We both like Chinese food, and she says it's the only way now to make me take her out to dinner."

Larkin is a man who likes his home, who likes a quiet spot where he can do what he wants when he wants, where he can lounge and read, play the radio or some of his great jazz recordings, and the classics, too. Where he can tune in television early or late, whenever he has time. Where he can stretch out in the big chaise longue in

the upstairs bedroom and study his script for a while, with Audrey to cue him.

Into his busy week, he crowds not only frequent workouts at a gym, but regular singing lessons—a fact he has kept quiet about until now. Back in school, he had thought seriously of becoming a professional singer, until he went into radio and announcing and from there into acting. Now he has picked up the voice lessons, perhaps with the idea that some day he may do a musical play. Back in his early acting career, he had considerable stage experience, although not in singing roles. Audrey is a singer and actress, says her husband's knowledge of music has helped her, thinks he is an excellent critic.

John likes golf, and Audrey would like to play it with him, but he refuses to teach her, insists she have lessons from a pro. "It's like trying to teach a wife how to drive the car—she always learns faster, with no arguments, from someone else."

John's great interest, of course, is in his work. He finds the characters in the show enormously exciting. "I like a plot with drive and dynamism. The more dynamic the script, the more I enjoy playing it."

"We not only have this great cast, but we have a first-class crew, I think the best live TV crew in the East. All of them are men of integrity about their work. They fight to get the best possible shots and to put the best possible show on the air."

"There is a good relationship between all of us involved with the show. I like the kind of part I play. Mike Karr is the kind of man who works as hard to prevent crime as to apprehend criminals. He has strong ideas about juvenile delinquency, about rehabilitation of the young offender. He is a man I can believe in."

Apparently the viewers can, too. More than ever they have been stopping him, wherever he goes, to tell him so.

## More and More of Garry

(Continued from page 41)

winning daily *Garry Moore Show* and retaining only the evening panel program for the present, the news was therefore a shock. That shining group of varied talents with whom Garry had surrounded himself—Durward Kirby, Denise Lor, Ken Carson, Howard Smith—would be broken up. Why was this happening?

Our readers should be particularly interested because, for several years now, both of Garry's programs—the one he is giving up and the one he is continuing—have won their vote as favorite shows in the daytime-variety and panel categories. Usually, such an award-winning program as *The Garry Moore Show* does not go off the air. It's when popularity is slipping that shows quietly fade away. Why would there be no cheery fellow—his trademark a stiff brush of a crew-cut and a bow tie, often dashingy dotted—to get the harassed housewife happily started on her day's rounds? (And frequently her husband, too, when his business day allows.)

Garry himself has given the reasons why he wanted to "drop a good thing," as he has been accused of doing: "There are some ideas of my own I'd like to kick around." He has ideas for new shows, projects he has been turning over in his mind for months and months. "The creative side of entertainment has always been my biggest interest," he said.

That brings him to his second reason—what he calls "administrative duties." Daytime sponsorship has become so multiple and varied, to meet the rising costs of TV,

that "policing" the commercial aspects of the show, seeing to it that no commercial made any exaggerated claims, took too much of the time Garry needed to plan the strictly entertainment portions.

His third reason, the final one, is that—after almost eight consecutive years of TV—he is tired. "I don't mean I'm tired of the show or the people on it. I know I'll never again be privileged to work with a group so full of integrity, industry and love. But I'm just plain old weary. Pooped!"

To deal with the weariness, he has made wonderful summer plans. Customarily, the Moores have taken six weeks off in summer. But, this year, they will have themselves a special kind of hiatus. With Nell and the two boys—Garry, Jr. starting off with them, and Mason being picked up at his school in England—they will travel Europe wherever the spirit moves them. Of one thing they are sure, at present: "There will be long, lovely boating trips in the waters around and about Holland."

Garry was boat-minded long before owning a boat became the fashionable thing to do. He thinks of boating as a sport the whole family can enjoy, a way to keep them together during vacations, something kids should learn about and learn to enjoy. It's the handling of craft that is the challenge to him, and he doesn't give two pins whether all the brass is polished down to the last rub. He likes a boat clean, but it's for fun, not for show.

Except for the continuing *I've Got A Secret*—with its enormously popular panel consisting of Henry Morgan, Jayne

Meadows, Faye Emerson and Bill Cullen—Garry has announced no plans for a new show. "I'd like to do absolutely nothing new until January, 1959," he has said. But CBS-TV is talking about a night-time variety program for Garry to start this fall. "That's one guy I can watch without thinking that I am seeing him too often," one of his viewers said recently.

The people who work with him on both shows say things like this: "He's just one sweet guy." . . . "He creates a tremendous atmosphere of confidence and trust, with us and with the audience." . . . "He is so completely frank about everything. You know his likes and dislikes. You know the things he believes in and the reasons for his beliefs." . . . "He is generous with praise. He gives credit where it's due."

So meticulous is Garry about giving this credit where it is due that he has never accepted any award, no matter how personal, entirely for himself. He refuses to receive it except in the names of all who have worked with him to make this possible. "Never have so many labored so faithfully to make one guy look good," was his recent comment.

Maybe Garry Moore is "quitting while he's ahead," or "walking away from security," as some have told him. Or maybe he is just following that old show-business axiom that says, "Always leave them asking for more." Anyhow, he's tired. And there is still the award-winning *I've Got A Secret*—and much more to come. The Garry Moore story ends with "To be continued."



# A Very Grateful Guy

(Continued from page 42)

they mean he doesn't scream or throw a tantrum, but builds the show little by little in cooperation with a staff and crew that he trusts, then that word fits. It also fits in the sense that he isn't a flamboyant performer, but a quiet-type personality with a smooth, smooth voice and non-violent delivery.

The people who work with Perry say they know what he likes and what he expects of them because he tells them. It's as simple as that. "Nothing boils up inside the man until it reaches the exploding point," one of his associates said. "If Perry doesn't like the way a thing is being done, he will ask quietly, 'Couldn't we do something else here?' So then we try it another way."

Mitchell Ayres, his musical director, scorns the word "casual" as applied to Como. "He is meticulous about the show, about everything he does—his recordings, his selection of numbers. Nothing is too much work to get the results he wants." And Mitch adds, about himself, "It's good to have a job you enjoy."

The hour-long *Perry Como Show* began in the fall of 1955, when Perry left the comparative security of an established fifteen-minute TV program to rocket into the unexplored regions of a big Saturday-night show. To nobody's surprise, except perhaps his—because after years of success he is still a modest sort of fellow—the show has never hit the ground since. Now nearing the end of the third successful season, nobody appreciates this situation more than its star, but he leaves it to others to analyze the reasons.

"I don't try to figure any of this out," Perry said. "I'm just the guy who is grateful."

There's a theory among his fellow workers that the show is a success because it is always different—and Como is always the same. He never steps out of character. He gives the kind of performance everyone has learned to expect of him.

If the stacks of letters that arrive daily are any indication, this is true. Approximately a thousand of them come in every morning—none critical of Como, although some occasionally take a few modest potshots at a guest. Not many, because guests are carefully picked and equally carefully spotlighted to their best advantage, from the biggest established star to the newest youngster getting his first important show-casing. Como himself seems above reproach.

Letter-writers forward him every clipping they come across in their local papers, fearing he might miss one bit of publicity. This man they write to never gets over the fact that there are these masses of people who form a "clipping service," who sit down and tell him their feelings and thoughts about the show, who bother to write him at all, even if it's only a request for an autographed photo. He speaks about them with affection.

Many requests come in for him to sing certain numbers, and many are sung on the "We Get Letters" segment of the show. If enough people want to hear a certain song, in it goes. All his recordings that topped the million mark are constantly being requested. (There are twelve of these now—among them, "Prisoner of Love," "Temptation," "Hubba Hubba," "Hot Diggety," "When You Were Sweet Sixteen," "Till the End of Time.") And Perry's latest recordings, "Magic Moments" and "Catch a Falling Star," and all the current hit numbers. There are requests, too, for the religious songs he loves, and about once a month he adds one

of these from his long list of favorites.

According to Ray Charles, choral director for the show's group of sixteen regular singers, Perry is a "singers' singer" as well as a singer who appeals to audiences of laymen. "By singers' singer," Ray said, "I mean one who is appreciated by other professional singers, and who, in turn, appreciates them. He loves to surround himself with a fine chorus of voices. This is satisfying to him. He loves to welcome a guest who has a good voice. Singers like working with him and he likes working with them. It's a mutual compliment."

Goodman Ace, who heads the writing staff and knows what kind of material is just right for Perry—and, equally important, what kind is wrong—said that "Writing for a guy like Como is probably the least complicated job in TV. The reason? He is the least complicated guy in TV."

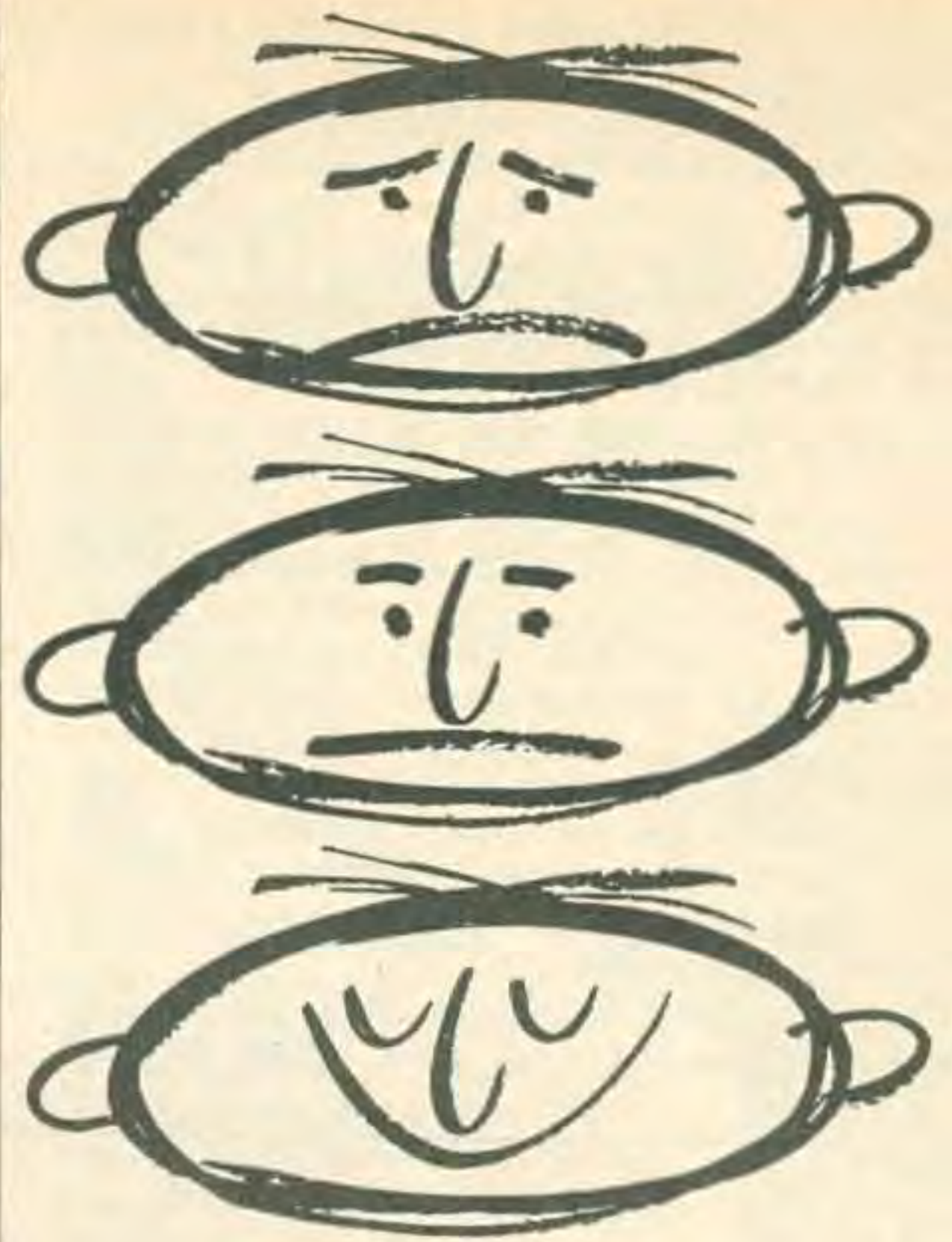
Maybe Perry is more complicated than he seems, but he gives no more sign of hidden complexities to those who work with him daily than he does to audiences who watch and listen to him. Michi Weglyn, costume designer for the show, says, "Every one has a wonderful relationship with everyone else, but the whole thing starts with Perry. He surrounds himself with people who know their jobs, and then he has confidence in them. You know where you stand with him, and it's a warm feeling to know your boss trusts you to do the right thing."

Louis Da Pron, who stages the dances and sometimes does a fine bit of dancing himself on the show, thinks that Perry heads up one of the most hard-working organizations in show business. "There is no frantic last-minute planning, because everything has been worked out beforehand—although, of course, we keep working to improve the show until the very last. Nobody's energies are subdivided by worry over temperament. We can keep our minds on our jobs."

The show's staff has remained practically intact. Grey Lockwood has directed from the beginning. Bob Finkel is the producer. Mitchell Ayres and his orchestra of twenty-three pieces were on Perry's fifteen-minute show and went right along to the Saturday-night show. Ray Charles has been with Perry a long time, on previous shows. Don Shirley is the scenic designer and Bill Klages has charge of lighting. Frank Gallop is the sepulchral, sardonic off-stage voice that is an integral part of every *Perry Como Show*, but is seldom seen on camera.

Perry's personal preferences in TV viewing are not for any specific type of show, but, of course, he is interested in all the other singers. His wife, Roselle, has been heard to say that Perry will look at anything, as long as it's a good show. One of his biggest kicks came during the holidays last Christmas when, for the first time, the BBC in London carried his Christmas show. Transatlantic telephone calls and cables began to come in, enthusiastic about at last seeing "in person" the man whose records they had been playing and loving for years.

Mostly, except for his golf and his life with his family, Perry's kicks come from his work. A week for him ends on Saturday night, but not with the end of the broadcast. It's nine o'clock in New York and the cameras have stopped, but the theater audience is still waiting. Perry walks down to the edge of the stage, thanks them for coming, invites them all back the next week (much to NBC's consternation, since all the tickets have already been given out for weeks and weeks



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in advance!). He talks personally to many people, mostly out-of-towners who have been watching the show; men and women who perhaps heard him sing with the band when he used to tour the country; some who knew him when he was just beginning his career. His ease with all sorts of people and his own quiet humor come out during this period.

After about forty-five minutes, he goes up to his dressing room and changes back into what he calls his "working clothes"—slacks, sports shirt and sweater. Then he comes down again to greet his teenage fans in the long alleyway leading to the Ziegfeld Theater stage door. There may be almost a hundred of them, but he gives autographs to the newcomers, talks over some of their problems with those that have become his friends, asks how school work is going, how a new job is working out.

Perry never evades his fans, no matter how tired he may be, and when he has

to leave there are no anguished cries and no pushing and pulling to get one last signature or one last word with him. He has respected the kids and they respect him. What's more, they know he will see them next time.

By now, almost two hours have passed. Joined by a few of the fellows—usually his brother-in-law and business associate Dee Belline, Mitch Ayres, perhaps one or two of the others who work on the show, and sometimes a personal friend or two—they go off to dinner at a favorite restaurant. Once in a while, Roselle comes in to see the show and goes to dinner with Perry. But, more often, she watches from home with the children and waits for him there.

If you want to see Perry really relax, this is the time, at dinner after the show. The boys sit around and talk and have a few laughs. There are no anguished post-mortems. For this week the show is now over. Done. Finished. Perry is

hungry. He likes food—any type, so long as it tastes good. "He has an international appetite, you might say, and you can go on from there," Dee Belline describes Como's gustatory tastes. The trim waistline comes from exercise, principally golf, and that milder form which consists of pushing the plate away before it's too late. After dinner, the gang breaks up and each goes to his separate home.

Monday morning, the whole thing starts over again. Perry begins conferences, huddles with Goody Ace and the other writers. He knows what everybody is going to do, and they know. Gradually the show builds up into the big, integrated performance it becomes on Saturday. Guests, music, choreography, script—and Perry right there all the time, in the middle of it. Being relaxed and nice—those over-worked words!—but working as hard as, maybe harder than, anyone else to create an award-winning *Perry Como Show*.

## Gunsmoke!

(Continued from page 51)

briefly, they saw a need for a new type of show—a Western for adults. They wanted to call it "Jeff Spain," after a character they had created and used on several of the anthology shows they had done together. But CBS Radio's then vice-president, Harry Ackerman (now producing at Screen Gems), had given birth to a new title, "Gunsmoke," which the network wanted to use. So, in the matter-of-fact manner of their hero, Matt Dillon—who does what he thinks is right—Meston and Macdonnell did "Jeff Spain" and called it "Gunsmoke."

To a large extent, Macdonnell's and Meston's careers hung on this radio gamble. But it paid off. In the first few weeks, the show burst into national prominence with the explosive force of a Gatling gun. The fan mail indicated they had created a new hit show—and a new star, in radio actor Bill Conrad. The interesting thing about this fan mail—which still floods CBS—is that it came from a highly educated section of the population: Doctors, lawyers, and Indian chiefs. (Indian chiefs liked *Gunsmoke* because of its "honest Western flavor.")

In both the radio and television versions, producer Macdonnell has a passion for detail. After the first few episodes, he and his three soundmen came to realize that real gunshots were too loud for the microphone to handle. So producer Macdonnell and his crew, on their own time and money, bought .44, .45 and Winchester guns and ammunition, and took a five-day trip to the desert. They fired repeated volleys in every possible combination—in canyons, against rocks, and inside the shuttered cabins of a "ghost town." All of this was put on tape. Says Macdonnell succinctly, "When you hear a fusillade followed by a single shot from a .45, that's Matt."

Bill Conrad—who has been playing Matt Dillon since 1952, when *Gunsmoke* first rode out on the Western airways—is a radio and character actor of great ability, and himself a man of personal contrasts. Not at all like the poorly-read Matt, Conrad is a first-order Shakespearean student, is easily absorbed by the music of Mozart, has already gone beyond hi-fi to the realm of binaural sounds. A ruggedly masculine man, with dark hair and a dark mustache, Conrad is also an athlete of exceptional ability. He skis, fishes and hunts with quiet determination.

"The most important thing about Bill," says Macdonnell, "is not a physical de-

scription or anything you can see on the outside. It's his character: He's very much like what John and I imagined Matt Dillon to be—a gruff exterior, but a heart of gold.

"Much of Matt Dillon's character grew out of Bill Conrad," he continues. "Which points up what a really great actor he is—basically a literary student, he became a rugged Western marshal. There are times, in fact, that you can't tell where Matt Dillon begins and Bill Conrad ends off . . . after the first three or four shows, we found ourselves unconsciously writing Matt's dialogue to fit Bill's personality."

To a degree, the same thing happened later to James Arness, who plays the TV version of Matt Dillon. Like Bill Conrad, Jim has undergone a tremendous personal identification with the character.

"In addition," says producer Macdonnell, "Jim has a personal fondness for that period of American history. He says it was virile and strong and he finds it challenging. I had lunch with him the other day and, when he came in off the *Gunsmoke* frontier street, he plumped down in the commissary chair, banged his big fist on the counter and exploded, 'Man . . . that was an era. Everything was right on the table!'

"Those words describe Matt Dillon and Dodge City in the '70's," Macdonnell notes. "Everything was out in the open. There was no subterfuge, no neurosis, no artifices or superficiality. Life was straightforward, bone-simple and honest. Is it any wonder Jim Arness finds the character to his liking?"

The personalities of the fictional characters on *Gunsmoke* have a habit of rubbing off on the real-life actors who play them: Pretty red-headed, New York-born Amanda Blake, who plays Kitty in the TV version, knew that the Lone Ranger rode Silver—but that's all she knew about horses. In fact, she appeared in a dozen *Gunsmokes* before she rode her first horse. Then, after dismounting, she said, "Great heavens, this is wonderful! I've got to learn to ride better so I can ride in more shows!"

Another reason that the TV version of *Gunsmoke* is so successful, according to Macdonnell, is the fact that it had three years on radio during which all the characters were being fairly well delineated. They became well-rounded people, and their speech, attitudes and opinions were well established. When the TV actors were introduced to these lovingly molded characters, they got to know them in record time, fell into their patterns easily.

The fact is that the actors have come to know the individual characters they play a great deal better than their creators, writer Meston and producer Macdonnell. Milburn Stone, who plays "Doc," on TV, has gotten to know the testy medic like his *alter ego*; and "Milly," who has had at least twenty-five years' acting experience, will refuse to read a line at rehearsal if he feels it isn't honestly part of Doc's character. "I won't read it! I won't read it!" he blusters. "Doc would never say that!"

But, for honesty in the portrayal of a character, all admit that young Dennis Weaver, who plays Chester Proudfoot on TV, and Parley Baer, who plays Chester on radio, are by far the most dedicated actors of the group. Milly Stone—who has trod the boards as a child star, sung in barber-shop quartets, played straight man in variety shows and worked under world-famous director John Ford—will frequently check with Dennis on his interpretation of a tough scene. Milly, a man with great acting experience, thinks Dennis Weaver is a tremendous acting talent, and the greatest thing since Wheaties.

Macdonnell agrees. "Dennis is forever studying," he says. "He's even formed his own acting school. Dennis's whole life is bound up in two things: Athletics and acting. But acting is by far his first love. He's so intent on a scene being honest that he'll throw away his own lines, give them to somebody else—or, if necessary, cut himself out of the scene entirely."

*Gunsmoke* is a success for many reasons. Two of these are Macdonnell and Meston themselves, both honest men, with a love of the West bred in their bones—Meston a cowpoke, and Macdonnell a passionate quarter-horse breeder. Another reason is that three-year shakedown on radio.

"Just the other day," says Macdonnell, "John Meston and I were talking about doing something to the show—maybe adding a quality somewhere. I know this is a strange thing to say, but we decided there was no new element to add. In the three years we were fortunate enough to have done some 117 scripts on radio, we had pretty well gotten all of the cricks and crackles out of it."

A third and most important reason is the fact that both the TV and radio *Gunsmoke* characters have a "family teamwork" quality. They all get along like boots 'n' stirrups. Fifty-five million weekly listeners and viewers agree that they're the kind of folks you like to have for friends, today—as well as in the 1870's.



## That Old Golden Magic

(Continued from page 45)

series but was the man who originally conceived the idea. Arthur continues to be radio's great man—but what makes him great?

The McGuire Sisters, who have been with him six years, have part of the answer: Chris says, "Arthur doesn't just 'get to' people. He communicates in a much more special way." Phyllis comments, "I've watched Arthur when we're on the air, especially on radio. He ignores everything and everyone but the microphone. He treats that microphone like a person—and, I guess, that's exactly what he's thinking of." Dot notes, "His 'identification' is always a marvel to me. I'm always reminded of it, even on the road. I'll walk into a drugstore to buy toothpaste, ask for it by brand name—and the clerk will say to me, 'Oh, you want Godfrey's toothpaste!'"

If there is a secret to Arthur's success, it is in one word, *integrity*. Arthur says, "When you get to the mike, you don't change into some other guy. If you can't be honest in what you have to say or sell, you shouldn't be there." So Arthur may come on the air and say, "I feel awful this morning. I was up late talking with a friend and I didn't get enough sleep. Will someone please sing for me while I prop my eyes open?" There is never the enforced gaiety other entertainers try to maintain through thick or thin ratings. Arthur enjoys a joke and tells a good many—but, when he is worried, you know about it. From the farm recently, he noted, "People have been writing and asking why I don't have jokes or smiles the past couple of weeks. Well, I'll tell you." Then he talked about sputnik and the state of our national defense. He concluded, "I can't go around smiling like I used to and you can't, either, if you're aware of what's happening."

For Arthur, that microphone is as personal as the telephone when you call a close friend. Whatever has been on his mind during the preceding twenty-four hours comes out. Mrs. Godfrey, down on the Virginia farm, doesn't have to phone Arthur and ask, "What's new?" She knows from his broadcasts. The unusual aspect of Arthur is that millions of people know as much about the workings and contents of his mind as they do about their own husbands, wives or neighbors. So this is the secret of Arthur's success—that he has been himself. Yet could it be that simple, when everyone in the TV-radio industry agrees that frequent exposures of any personality result in audience boredom? Then how can Godfrey go day after day, year after year, maintaining his audience?

Arthur, in a recent interview, passed a news clipping across the desk and said, "Take a couple of minutes and read this. I did it for a guest column in the New York Herald Tribune and it explains a lot." The key phrases in the piece were, "The thing I feel impelled to do is to urge people to live more. I think I have gotten more out of life than most people and I am distressed to find that I am one of a comparatively small number. . . . Twenty-six years ago, I discovered that my zest for life and various physical accomplishments, following a near-fatal motor accident in 1931, furnished inspiration as well as entertainment for my listeners. . . . Long years ago, somebody discovered that twenty minutes a day devoted to any subject will enable a man to achieve mastery of that subject. My life has been living proof of the truth of that statement."

Arthur then said, "Twenty minutes a day. That's all it takes. Maybe flying is

the exception. I began to fly when I was a young man and so I have many hours of training and air time. But, for all of the other things I've learned, that's true." So his hobbies include skating, skiing, skin-diving, sailing and hunting. His horsemanship is such that he is one of the best dressage riders in the country. He never saw a plough in his youth, but he's a successful farmer now. His pronouncements on national defense led Congressman George A. Smathers to read into the *Congressional Record*: "Arthur Godfrey, aside from his obvious talents as an entertainer and salesman, is, also, one of the best informed men, either in or out of the Government, on the matter of this government's air power."

Let's remember that Godfrey was not a wealthy scion who spent winters at St. Moritz on skis or received a private airplane on his sixteenth birthday. When he was ten, Godfrey's family was so poor that Arthur had to live out. He went to work after school. At the age of fourteen, he left Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, to go out and shift for himself, so that there would be one less mouth to feed. All of his skills have been learned during his adult life, at the same time that he has been working for a living. Arthur has never stopped growing with the country. For this reason, he can't go stale.

When you vote his show best, you are honoring not the performer but the showman. He can produce a good show, and people in the business know it. During the years that the Wednesday-night hour was on TV, such veterans as Jack E. Leonard and Phil Silvers would come into the theater just to watch rehearsals. His perception is acute. One week the show's theme was music around the world, with each of the acts doing a song from a different country. Arthur, as was his custom, came into the studio Wednesday afternoon to see the first full rehearsal. After he had watched two or three numbers, he broke in, "This is all wrong. You know what you're all doing? You're doing a parody, and that's wrong. We're not kidding about how these different nationalities sing. We want to catch the charm and beauty of the folksongs as they are sung in their native lands." In a few words, he had righted the ship and put it back on the course.

Arthur, himself, took the Wednesday-night show off the air. He was simply tired of the details, choreography, set problems, rehearsals and gimmicks that went into it. He prefers the intimacy and informality of the morning shows, which are unrehearsed. And there is no doubt that Arthur is the master of this kind of program. The McGuire Sisters appreciate this.

The girls, you must remember, have been at the very top of their profession for several years. At night clubs, they draw top pay (\$25,000 a week in Las Vegas.) They're recording stars (eight big hits, so far, for Coral.) They are in demand on big TV shows (this season, as guest stars with Pat Boone, Sinatra, Dinah Shore, Como, Patti Page, Steve Allen). Not since the Andrews Sisters' reign has there been a girls' trio as popular as the McGuire Sisters—yet they continue in the Godfrey family. Why?

Phyllis, who is often spokesman, says, "It's just plain fun working with him. There's nothing planned. We never know what he's going to talk about." She goes on, "Of course, that's a small part of it—for, when Arthur brought us out of Ohio, we knew nothing about the business. We didn't even know what to do with our hands while we sang. Arthur has taught us

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much, and we still find ourselves learning from him."

The informality of the show may be misleading. Arthur is always sensitive to the audience. Occasionally, a singer may get off-key or lose the orchestra. Arthur stops the number and kids around until the singer has regained his composure. Conversationally, someone may say the wrong thing. Arthur turns the joke on himself and gets the act on. "When we first started on the show," Phyllis McGuire recalls, "we sometimes got carried away with the informality. One morning, Arthur asked naturally, 'How are you gals this morning?' So I said, 'All right, but Chris is losing her hair.' Well, I didn't realize how terrible this would sound for Chris—it was just a temporary anemic condition. But Arthur turned it into a laugh and got us on with our number. If it had been left to me, I suppose I'd have gone on with all the details!"

The McGuire Sisters are beauties (and Chris has a lovely head of hair). If you've been lucky enough to see their night-club act, with their comedy, imitations, dancing, instrumental performances and songs, you would know instantly the gals are true professionals. Yet, when Arthur brought them out of oblivion, they were awkward and amateurish. They wouldn't have drawn \$250 a week in a club. They admit this. Their winning of the best girl singers' medal, two years in a row, is a tribute to Arthur's work as a talent scout.

His scouting has been going on longer than most people recall. During the early years of his career, one of the most popular bands in the States—as big as Lawrence Welk's, today—was Ray Noble's. Godfrey was directly responsible for the band coming over from England. Among other stars and acts he discovered later in his career have been Julius La Rosa, The Mariners, Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis and Pat Boone.

Aside from public exposure, he has given many of these people an outside education in show business for free. Boone, the McGuires, Jan Davis, La Rosa and

many others got special tutoring in dancing, singing, skating, dramatics—all with Arthur's compliments. He shares his experience and know-how. "It's the little things," Phyllis says. "For example, we are always learning and recording new songs. It's natural that we should want to air them. Yet here is a little thing that Arthur has taught us: If we have been away from the show for a few weeks, we know that when we come back on we should start with one of our old, familiar numbers. The audience will feel at home with us. It makes sense—but it took Arthur to point this out."

The discovery and development of new talent has been one of the great satisfactions in Arthur's life. And, from Ray Noble down to the newest youngster you'll be hearing on tomorrow's program, this personal one-man talent search continues.

Certainly, a most gratifying aspect of the TV RADIO MIRROR voting was in the selection of *The Ford Road Shows* as the best new radio show of the year, for the whole concept was Arthur's. These *Road Shows* include Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney in five-minute spots on alternating days, Ed Murrow's news broadcasts, *World News Roundup*—and Arthur's own Monday-through-Friday afternoon stint. It is significant that this impressive lineup has been scheduled at a time when network radio is fighting for its life.

It should be noted that Arthur's activities at CBS have not included any kind of supervision over other programs than his own. But recently an old friend of his, Arthur Hull Hayes, was moved up to the presidency of CBS Radio. About two years ago, when the two Arthurs were in Godfrey's office discussing the sad state of radio, Godfrey said, "Have you forgotten there's only one way to sell radio? The same as we did in the beginning. Give people a personality they can depend on, in whom they have faith. And give them this man every day around the clock." Arthur suggested trying the idea on Ford. He reasoned that if it worked for Ford, other advertisers would want some of the

same. Arthur says, "I should mention that I made a sales record, addressed to the Ford faculty, developing this idea and noting that I'd be proud to represent them."

Some months later, Arthur Hayes came to Godfrey and said, "The Ford people are very happy about the whole idea." Godfrey said, "Fine. Have you got somebody to do it?" Hayes said, "They want you." It was then that Arthur said he would limit his participation, in the interest of radio itself. He recalls, "I argued that there are a lot of other guys in the business who have as much integrity as I. And I thought it would spoil a good thing if I were on morning, afternoon and night."

So it should be particularly gratifying to Arthur and his friends that he has had a big part in the revitalizing of radio—for it was Arthur who gets credit for revolutionizing radio programming in earlier days. "When I went into radio," Arthur recalls, "they gave the announcer an audition to see if he could pronounce Tchaikovsky and Khachaturian correctly. If you got the job, you were reading stuff into a microphone that wasn't fit for Lady La-deedah's tea party. When you read a commercial, if anyone was paying attention, they knew for a fact that you didn't know anything about the product and probably didn't care."

During the days he lay in traction while recovering from his car accident, Arthur listened many hours to that kind of radio. He came to the realization that it was all wrong. That radio must be a personal, down-to-earth medium. He came back and pioneered for honest programming, and today there are many hundreds of people in radio who owe their living—and their dignity—to Arthur's pioneering. But Arthur is still there, and up at the top. He says, "Sure, there will be some people who don't like you, but that's not the test. The important thing is that the man at the mike shouldn't be made to say one thing that he doesn't believe in. The word is *integrity*." With reasoning like that, Arthur should remain Gold-Medal Champ as long as he wants to stay on the air.

## The Big, Big Record

(Continued from page 53)

panist Rocky Cole, is Patti Page, star of the show. Even on a rainy afternoon, with four hours' sleep the night before, Patti looks smart and well put together. Her hair is combed back simply, with a chignon pinned on to hold up straggly ends. She wears a gold and white print dress, cinched in at the waist with a gold belt. Her feet, in fresh yellow-kid flats, tap out the rhythm as Rocky plays.

Does she know, this slim, blue-eyed blonde who tips the scales at a scant 115 pounds soaking wet, that one hundred seventy-five people are engaged in getting *The Big Record* on the telelans each week? Does she realize her responsibility, and worry about it? "Of course I do," she says, and adds, after a pause, "but not so much now as at first." Her dimples show for an instant. "But I guess I always worry about the wrong things—the unimportant things like camera angles and stuck zippers—instead of the big ones, like ratings."

For good or bad, Patti admits she keeps her worries bottled up inside her, just as she does her other feelings. Annoyance, irritation, frustration she must feel sometimes, but she has yet to raise her voice or flounce off the stage in a burst of temperament.

She's a joy to work with, says producer Jack Philbin, a veteran of five years with the Gleason show. "She's always on time,

always ready when she's called on, a hard worker, and—" the greatest accolade of all—"a real pro."

Patti has come a long way since that day, some ten years ago, when Jack Rael heard her singing on a Tulsa radio station and signed her to a contract. She is no longer the painfully shy little country girl who died a thousand deaths each time she appeared before a live audience. But looking at her, watching her as she follows the directions of director Jerome Shaw, it is hard to believe that here is a big star, a girl who has sold some 36,000,000 records and who is on the way to becoming one of the biggest names on television.

Since her first television show in 1952—a twice-a-week, fifteen-minute spot—Patti has been the star of a half-hour weekly program and has done a fifteen-minute filmed show which is still being seen around the country. She has filled in for Como during his summer vacation, pinch-hit for Ed Sullivan after his automobile accident, and done countless guest appearances. When she first appeared, last fall, as the star and hostess of *The Big Record*, she brought with her the poise of a veteran.

It was just as well. On the very first show, the zipper on one of her gowns broke, and Patti went on stage looking every inch the glamorous star, from the front—but with the back of her dress

hitched together with a row of large and very conspicuous safety pins. Going through an elaborate production number, Patti still remembered to change her routine to always face the camera.

Taking its cue from its star, the atmosphere at *The Big Record* is friendly and relaxed, though businesslike. "I know I'm among friends," Patti explains simply. And she is.

Jack Rael, her manager, has made it his business to see that the *Big Record* orchestra is strictly out of the top drawer. "We have the best audio of any show on the air," he says proudly, and quotes such authorities as Harry James and Buddy Rich to confirm it.

There is Frances Kaye, Patti's longtime friend and publicist, who somehow manages to squeeze in interviews and photographic dates between rehearsals and fittings. There is Joseph Fretwell III, whose care and taste in selecting Patti's clothes have made her one of the best-dressed girls on TV: Hairdresser Ernie Adler, dresser Irene Mendez and executive secretary Dorothy Birdoff have worked with Patti before. They, like pianist Rocky Cole and drummer Sol Gubin, are tried and true friends. Tap any one of them and you have found a rabid Page fan.

Like the fans who write in for photographs, their group has grown this season.



Victor Schoen, orchestra leader and arranger, is one of them too. So, too, are make-up girl June Gossett; assistant secretary Judy Johnson; the choral group and the orchestra, both of whom Patti uses on her recording dates.

On Saturdays and Sundays—which Patti theoretically has free—she likes to experiment with new recipes. On other days, the kitchen is left pretty much to her maid, while Patti rehearses, stands still for fittings, works on her songs and production numbers. Monday and Tuesday are her heaviest days. She begins work then at 8:00 A.M. and often winds up twelve hours later. Wednesday, show day, has been made lighter since Patti found she was hoarse by show time. Singing, she says, doesn't bother her vocal cords, but talking does!

You look at her week's schedule, add a few recording sessions, request appearances, and you decide that the thing a TV star needs most of all is good health. Fortunately, Patti has it and even when she is under par—as she was once last winter with a 103-degree temperature—she goes on, with a doctor hovering in the wings.

Patti herself thinks there's nothing like the poise born of experience, and this she has, too. Little Miss Page can be depended on not to fall apart if she can't remember the words to one of her songs—she once forgot the lyrics to "The Star Spangled Banner"—or if a dancing partner makes the wrong turn and leaves her stranded. And she has yet to be late in getting back on stage after a costume change—for most of these, she is allowed less than three minutes.

"She walks out there in front of the cameras as cool as a cucumber," says Joe Fretwell, "before we've even got the comb out of her hair."

To make possible these lightning changes—usually three to a show—a makeshift dressing room has been set up behind a large black curtain at the left of the stage. There wait dresser, hairdresser, make-up woman and Joe, ready to spring into action the moment Patti ducks inside. Off with the old gown, shoes and gloves, and on with the new. Jewelry and furs are added; make-up repaired; sometimes a complete new coiffure ar-

ranged. There is no time for balky zippers, lost gloves—and no time for temperament either.

Joe shops for Patti's clothes, buying them from both manufacturers and shops as he sees something he feels would be appropriate for a future show. Immediately they're bought, the gowns (size-eight) are fitted to Patti's figure; shoes and gloves to match or harmonize are chosen, so that the ensembles will be ready whenever they are needed. "I try to keep a few ahead," says Joe, "just in case of emergency."

Most of the gowns can be worn only once on *The Big Record*, so some hundred gowns, with matching accessories, now hang in the show's wardrobe department. Patti herself, she will tell you, "hasn't a thing to wear." In fact, when her automobile sponsor wanted her to do a commercial a few months ago, wearing a long dress in which she might go dancing, Patti reluctantly admitted she didn't own such a gown.

Now that she has satisfied her ambition for an important TV show of her own, there is only one fly in Patti's jam-pot: Her husband of little more than a year, dance director Charles O'Curran, is still tied to commitments on the West Coast while she is equally committed in the East. It's for that reason that Patti would like to make a movie next summer. "Though, with our luck," she adds, "Charlie'd probably be off some place on location while I was in Hollywood."

But Patti's ambitions have a way of becoming a reality. The security of love and marriage, which every girl yearns for, are now hers. The TV show she had wished and worked for, materialized last fall in *The Big Record*. Even her long-time wish for a house with a spiral staircase has come true—after a fashion. In her new apartment ("I think it'll be nice if I ever get it finished"), she has a staircase leading up to a small platform on which stands her favorite rocker. "I haven't any upstairs, really," she confesses, "but it's fun to say, after dinner, 'I think I'll have my coffee upstairs.'"

Just as she climbs the stairs to her little platform, Patti has climbed to a high plateau in show business. Firmly established there, her thoughts, and her gaze, are turned only in one direction—up.

## Forever "Young Marrieds"

(Continued from page 37)

to get out of the rain. Inside, all is damp, drizzly and gray. They literally worry themselves gray over getting gray. Now take this letter—"

She had been sitting in the Nelson bungalow on the General Service lot where *The New Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet* were being shot, trying to compose a suitable reply to a fan letter. It was from a woman who complained, "I've been watching your TV show for six years, and formerly I listened to your radio show for eight. What I'd like to know is this: How in the name of goodness do you and Ozzie manage to look and act so young? With the passing years I've grown a hundred wrinkles to your one. What's the recipe, Harriet, please?"

"This woman is apparently looking for some get-young-fast remedy," says Harriet. "Some new diet, exercise or vitamin. These are fine in their place, but none are as important as the woman's state of mind, her attitude. She goes on and on about how her housework is hard, dull and thankless, and how she has nothing to look forward to but old age and sickness.

Certainly I sympathize with her plight, but her attitude isn't helping her any, that I can see. The climate of her mind is so cold and depressing that it's making her bones creak before their time. I suspect that she has too darn much time on her hands and nothing to fill the vacuum except brooding over her wrinkles—and I'll bet that, by the time she gets through with a session of self-pity, she really has grown a few new ones."

On why she chose twenty-eight as the age to stick with, Harriet explains, "Please don't get any idea that I'm about to try and fool people into thinking that's my age. Not with a six-foot son who's ready to vote and a seventeen-year-old coming up fast. This is what 'being twenty-eight' means to me: It's a mature, active time of life when emotions have begun to simmer down and ideas are starting to get organized. People at that age are usually at the top of their form, with plenty of vigor for responsibilities and patience for details in their work. They look and feel their best—at least I did. So, though I can't actually be twenty-eight again, I feel it's a challenge to stay twenty-eight

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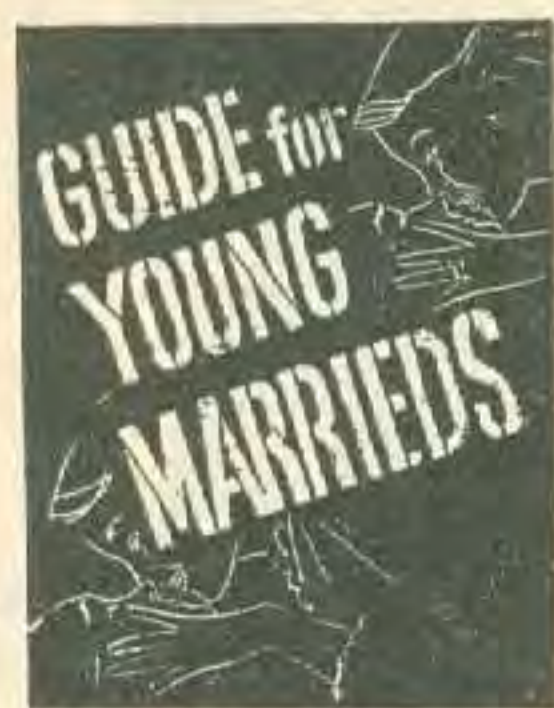
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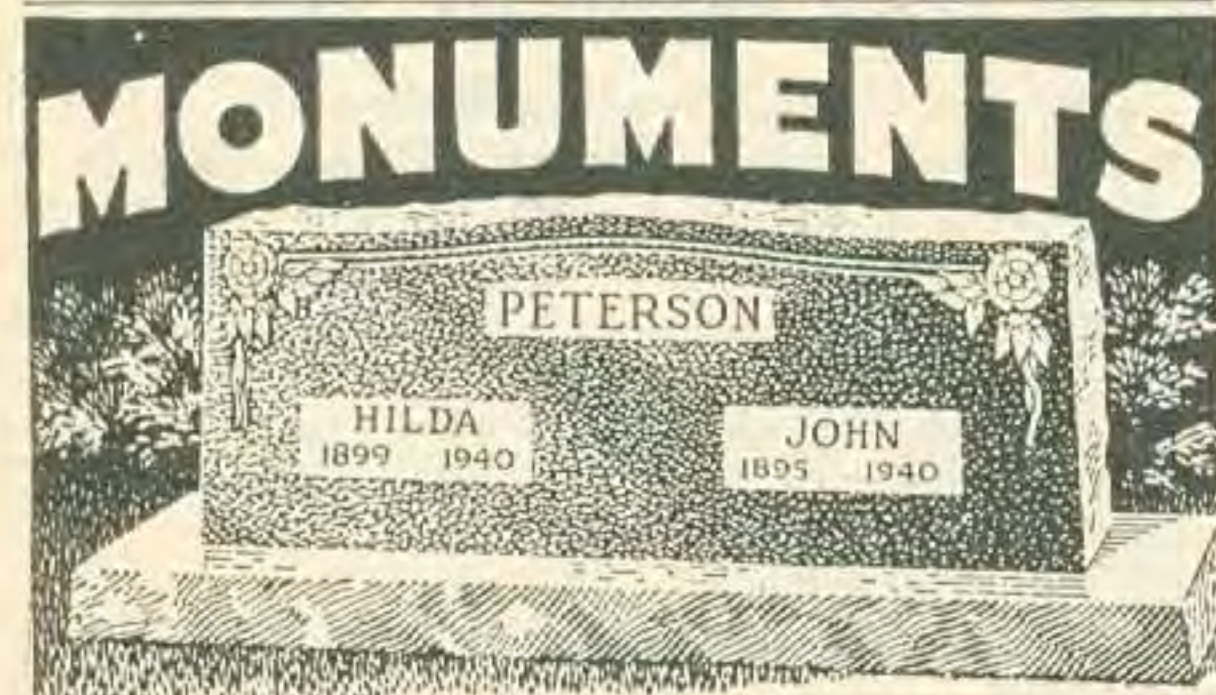
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in spirit. It's an ideal worth shooting for." Like many students of psychology today, Harriet believes that the body is a great mimic. "If you keep telling yourself you're tired and getting old, the body starts to live up to that suggestion and everything begins to sag. But tell yourself you're twenty-eight and full of pep, and your spine straightens up, your shoulders go back and you begin to look the part. At least, you feel you do."

Contrary to what most youngsters think, Harriet does not believe that life grows easier with the years. "To this," adds she, "thank goodness." There was a time when she and Ozzie, faced with the chores and problems of parenthood, would console themselves with the thought that, as the boys grew up, their responsibilities would grow lighter, too. "Happily, it didn't turn out that way," Harriet says now. "Ozzie and I realize that—after twenty-two years of marriage and with our boys nearly fully matured—the problems, the chores and the challenges of life are still very much with us. And it would be pretty dull without them. It is wonderful to wake up each morning, knowing there's a busy day ahead. There is just no time for picking faults with ourselves or with the world, when we have so much to do."

Both Ozzie and Harriet agree that "as kids grow older, the problems don't get less, they merely become different." Says Harriet, "You don't have to bathe or dress them, or keep on their heels a hundred times a day. Dave isn't likely to kick a football through someone's window, and Rick doesn't forget quite as many things as he once did. But that doesn't mean Ozzie and I can pull the oars in and drift with the tide."

"The other night," Harriet continues, "Dave drove by to discuss an aptitude test he took at U.S.C. Ozzie and I had to use great care in giving our views, because Dave has reached the point where he is sharp at detecting a note of insincerity or sloppiness in reasoning. He isn't looking for simple maxims. He's after facts and he wants the hard unabashed truth. He expects us to dig deep when we come up with a theory or explanation. When he went into 'Peyton Place,' in a serious dramatic role last year—his first stint of acting away from the family—it opened an entire new set of decisions to be made. Recently, he and Joe Byrne, his old friend and stand-in, took a bachelor apartment. Now, living away from home is a practice Ozzie and I approve of. They asked my views on furnishing. Again I had to use tact. I'm a 'period' girl from 'way back, but the boys were fascinated by the more modern trends. I offered a couple of suggestions and contributed some spare pieces. And then Ozzie and I told them. 'If you don't make your own mistakes as you go, there's no sense having your own place.'"

Young Rick and his sudden skyrocket to fame via the recording field also came in for a good deal of family discussion in 1957. This success brought added business details and responsibilities because, as Harriet puts it, "Both Dave and Rick are now holding down man-sized and boy-sized jobs at the same time." By this, she means that both lads are caught between the sometimes conflicting currents of school and career. They have consequently had to draw more than ever on their parents' large fund of experience.

"Some of the hitches are worked out in a round-table family powwow," Harriet says, "but usually Ozzie gets the load of problems in the career and business advice department, while I'm saddled with the task of seeing to creature comforts." With a laugh, Harriet admits she wouldn't have it any other way. The boys have

less time now for taking care of their wardrobes, keeping up with repairs and purchases, and so forth. But, aside from that, Harriet loves housewifely and secretarial details. One evening, she and Ozzie were talking about old friends and how their lives had taken such diverse paths. Rick looked up from the guitar he was strumming and asked his parents what they would have done if they hadn't gone into show business. Ozzie replied at once that he'd have put his lawyer's degree to use. He added that, in all likelihood, Harriet would have become a lawyer or hotel manager.

Smiling in recollection, Harriet says, "I think I surprised them both when I said that, if I had it to do over, I wouldn't be an executive for anything. What I'd enjoy most is being the Girl Friday to a busy executive. Let him have the headaches of the big decisions. Me for the little tasks and details which I love. Then, too, I could help the boss by seeing all sides and being objective. I do admire women who can compete with men in some field and rise to the top of the heap, but it's not for me."

Hearing his mother express this view, Rick's sage comment was: "But that's just how it is now. Dad is the executive of the family and makes most of the decisions, and he, Dave and I look to you for help in keeping life from getting all tangled up and messy. Being a Girl Friday for one executive wouldn't be very different from what you have with the three of us now—except, of course, it would be easier! I suppose," he summed up, "that's just what a good wife and mother has to be."

"I think Rick has a solid point there," agrees Harriet. "And, believe me, it's a wonderful and rewarding job. I'm not at all anxious to be thought of as Ozzie's business equal. After all," she chuckles, "I wouldn't appreciate it if he were considered as good a housekeeper as me. He runs his department and I manage mine!"

It is this quality of utter womanliness which carries over onto the TV screen and so continues to endear Harriet to millions of American wives and mothers. They watch Harriet's weekly strategies in directing (by gentle hint and suggestion) the destinies of her three men in their comic situations, and they find her all they themselves strive to be—a worthy measure of their own best features, and a mirror of their own small faults. And they hope they are as youthful in their families' eyes as Harriet must surely be to Ozzie, Dave and Rick.

Being young, according to Harriet Nelson, is not wearing the same styles as your daughter, or clinging to the cute mannerisms of twenty years ago. A young person is a busy person, one whose days are filled with plans and projects and whose nights are calm, contented and charged with a sense of achievement, of work well done. In this, Ozzie goes along whole-heartedly. The Nelsons have many interests. They budget their time so that they can keep up with reading and current events. One of their present undertakings is building a music and projection room onto their home. This is to give Rick a soundproof area where he can take his friends and kick up a rumpus or sing up a storm. In Harriet's future plans are piano and French lessons. ("I haven't time for them now," she explains. "Meanwhile it's on my list, and I know one day I'll get to it.")

Although she can afford a staff of servants, Harriet has only one girl working with her, five days a week, from one to nine. Twice a month, a cleaning outfit gives the house a thorough going-over. Each day before leaving for the studio, Harriet does the dishes and the beds.



The one luxury she insists on is having her evening meal prepared when she and Ozzie arrive home. When the boys were young, they had a "live-in" maid, but Harriet abandoned this practice because she felt "it takes away some of the familiar family freedom." Summers, at their beach home in Laguna, Harriet has no help at all.

"I revel in the housework," she admits, "but I cheat a bit on meals. We go in for a lot of prepared foods and barbecues."

Of the opinion that most human beings are born procrastinators—herself definitely included—she sets a deadline for everything to be done. As she puts it, "I realized long ago that one reason so much is accomplished in business is because a definite schedule is set up. So—why not do the same in running a house?"

She draws up a list and crosses off each item as it is completed. One day's chores might include taking all the lamps out to be cleaned, or checking all the family shoes for any needed repairs. One item might read, "New window shades bedroom." Another, "Drop batch cookie tins, Mother Hilliard baking." She does not believe in "free time." Free time is when her nose is buried in some how-to-do-it manual.

All this is part of a general philosophy she and Ozzie share, and it's what keeps their thinking bright and alive. Says she, "There's a time in life for everything. Right now, we have a very limited social life, what with working days and studying scripts nights. But, in a few years, we'll no doubt have plenty of social time."

Meanwhile, why grumble over it, when so many other compensations lie before us? One thing we're ever grateful for: Working together has cemented our devotion to one another and given us much more time with our boys than the average parents have."

Still on the subject of "picking an age and sticking to it," Harriet relates the following: "Some weeks ago, I bought a gift for the twin boys of a friend. It was a matched pair of Western holsters and guns. I left them on the kitchen table while I went to put my coat in the closet. Rick ambled in, spied the guns, buckled on a belt and began practicing the draw. Just then Ozzie came downstairs and, seeing Rick, became intrigued at once with the other gun. At that moment, Dave stopped by, watched his father and Rick a while, and then proposed a Western duel to see who was the fastest draw. Poor Ozzie had one strike against him: Although he strives mightily to keep his athletic figure—and has succeeded marvelously—the belt did not fit around his middle, and he had to hold it up with one hand while he drew with the other. When I came into the room, they were blazing away at each other while Dave was hollering instructions to both."

"They saw me and stopped, looking at each other sort of sheepishly. I said, 'I guess if you boys were to pick the ideal age, it would be twelve years old.' Whereupon our seventeen-year-old Rick looked at me thoughtfully and answered, 'Not me, Mom. I'd go along with you and pick 28. That's the age I'd like to stick with, too!'"

## Fun-for-All Family

(Continued from page 65)

her. Her daughter Susanna was nine months old, and she missed her terribly. "Lee and I keep her in our bedroom at night so we can enjoy her a little longer. But, honestly, I feel awful when I leave her behind in the morning. I'm even silly enough to wish I could bring her to the studio."

Barely four weeks later, her wish came true—after Mr. Gottlieb had promptly instructed his writers to include a part for Susanna in the script!

When Gale had the opportunity to take her new daughter to the set, she was both thrilled and scared. Looking back at those four days, she recalls with a grin, "I've never worked harder in my life. I felt responsible for everything that happened on the set!"

She was not exaggerating when she claimed to have had her hands full. First problem to be solved was that of a dressing room. Susanna needed one all by herself—so she could take a nap between scenes.

Susanna behaved amazingly well on the set, far beyond Gale's greatest expectations. The baby never cried, wasn't afraid of people, fell asleep on cue—in fact, the only problem in handling her was her immense curiosity.

Like the scene in the crib, when she was supposed to gurgle happily at the camera. The instant the overhead lights were turned on, her head shot around to see what was going on. When the microphone was moved close to her to pick up the sounds, her eyes moved right along with the gadget like they were glued to it.


Afraid that this sort of distraction might delay the filming, Gale took it upon herself to keep Susanna's interest fixed on the lens. For one scene, when her little daughter was supposed to smile happily

as ZaSu Pitts picked her up, Gale was flat on her stomach underneath the camera—making faces at Susanna. Every evening, after work, she insisted on seeing the rushes—to see how well her daughter had come across on the screen. (The end result was so rewarding that Mr. Gottlieb told Gale they could dispense with her services as soon as Susanna learned to talk!)

Susanna is neither the first nor will she be the last member of the Lee Bonnell-Gale Storm family to work with Gale. It was son Phillip who set the standard three years ago, when Gale was starring in *My Little Margie*. When he first brought up the subject—he was eleven at the time—Gale feared that he might get more attention than was healthy. Rightfully, his father suggested that, if Phillip had been given a proper sense of basic values, there was no reason to fear the exposure would have a detrimental effect on their son. Besides—his mother reasoned—in addition to the pleasure she would get out of having him with her for a few days, there was another point in favor of letting him appear on the show.

"Just as Lee and I try to share our children's lives to the fullest extent," Gale said then, "we enjoy having them take part in ours. Naturally, Lee doesn't ask them for advice on specific insurance cases, yet they have a pretty good idea what his business is all about. And I feel, the more they know about what I am doing, the more they will understand about my work—and appreciate why I can't always be on hand to vend hot dogs at their Little League games, as I sometimes do."

Originally, Phillip had wanted to get on the show to make some extra pocket money. Gale and Lee have always given the boys a small regular allowance, then paid them extra for chores they did



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around the house. Like special cleaning in their rooms or weeding the yard. (Paul is so enthusiastic about it, they fear they'll step out of the house one morning and not find a blade of grass left in the yard.)

One day, the writers told Gale they had a script that called for "Margie" to dress up like a twelve-year-old girl—and then get into all sorts of trouble with some other twelve-year-olds. Remembering her son's pressure, she figured that one of these youngsters could be played by Phillip.

He was ecstatic about the idea—till he found out what he had to do. "Gee, Mom, I can't beat you up . . ."

"But it's just make-believe," Gale explained. "Besides, you are not really supposed to hurt me. It's like a game."

"I know, Mom. But what will the boys think when they see me beating up my own mother?"

"They'll laugh—I hope!" Gale grinned.

Phillip needed a little more coaxing on the set, a few days later. Instead of grabbing Gale by the wrist, as he was supposed to do, he touched her so gingerly the director shouted, "No. No! No! Roughhouse with her!"

He finally did—and so convincingly that his mother had several black-and-blue spots to prove it.

Paul and Peter were the next to apply to get on her program. This time it was Paul's idea. "You told me that if Phil could be on the show, I could too," he reminded her a half-million times.

"I know, I know," Gale would reply. "But I have no control over the stories."

"Well, don't you think it's only fair . . ." and so he persisted at every opportunity, till Gale finally answered, "If you can convince Mr. Gottlieb, it's fine with me."

Paul—now ten, and a promoter since he managed to utter his first syllable—had little trouble carrying out his plan. His mother had cautioned him, if he had a chance to talk to the producer, to appear confident and self-assured, or Mr. Gottlieb might fear he'd hold up production.

While visiting his mother on the "Oh! Susanna" set, Paul decided the opportunity was right. He wasn't going to "ask" Mr. Gottlieb for a part. He was just going to "discuss" the matter with him.

When he approached Mr. Gottlieb, Paul happened to be wearing his oldest jeans. "Look at the holes in my trousers," he exclaimed, as he pointed to a tiny tear just below the right knee. "I really need some money to buy a new pair, don't you think?"

It was said tongue-in-cheek, and Mr. Gottlieb couldn't control a smile. "I would say you do," he said seriously. "How do you propose to go about it?"

"I wouldn't mind working in a picture with my mother," Paul said graciously, then added hastily, "and neither would my brother Peter. He needs a new pair of shoes."

They got the parts. And, as before, Gale worked harder than on ordinary shooting days, because again she felt responsible for their being there. But the fun they had—all of them—made it more than worthwhile.

Someday, perhaps, husband Lee may appear in one of the episodes. Meanwhile, Mr. Gottlieb comments with a grin, "We are now trying to find a way to get Gale's poodle into a script."

Sharing their lives to such an extent has led the Bonnell family to a mutual admiration and understanding of each others' responsibilities. Yet it has by no means eliminated criticism—nor was it supposed to accomplish this. In fact, criticism of each other provides some of the most invigorating topics of conversation at dinnertime.

One evening, for instance, Paul suddenly burst out: "Mother, you really shouldn't have done it!"

Gale looked questioningly at Lee and back at her son. She hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about. "Done what, dear?"

"The show last night," he said indignantly. "The part about the skirt!"

In the scene to which he was referring, Gale had worn a "break-away" skirt which caught on a drawer. Fully prepared for the "accident," she had worn not just one but two petticoats underneath, and it never occurred to her that anyone would object to it.

She was wrong. "It was really very thoughtless of you, Mother," said Phillip, while Peter—who usually goes along with his brothers' opinions, whatever they are—just nodded his head in silent agreement.

"But, boys, it was perfectly decent," Gale said, and carefully tried to explain why. However, they insisted they had been teased at school all day long and were terribly embarrassed about it. As a result, Gale never again appeared in a similar scene.

Ordinarily, the boys are more likely to speak up about her performance when they approve of it. Invariably, when they are quiet, Gale knows that something is bothering them and that, more likely than not, they just don't want to hurt her feelings.

Both Gale and Lee have always encouraged the boys to express themselves freely on all subjects, not just "Mother's career." They have discussed with them most major decisions that concerned the whole family before those decisions were made—and, when the boys had a serious objection, have taken it into consideration. Like the time they planned to drive to Estero Beach, about a hundred and fifty miles south of the border. . .

"It's a wonderful idea!" Paul had exclaimed.

Peter agreed.

Phillip remained silent.

"Don't you feel like going?" Gale asked.

"No, I don't!" he insisted. "I have too many things planned for that weekend and I don't see how I can change them."

"Well, one thing is sure," said Gale. "Either all of us go, or we all stay here. We couldn't leave Phillip behind by himself."

Phillip didn't mind at all, having his parents change their minds—he enjoyed their company. But when confronted with the choice of having five members of the family (Susanna included) give up their plans to accommodate one—himself—he agreed this wasn't very fair, either. Reluctantly, he gave in.

On the way back from Estero, he turned to Gale just as they had passed the American border. "I'm glad you and Dad talked me into going after all," he admitted. "I had fun."

Phillip was not quite as willing to change his mind about another matter. For years, Gale and Lee have attended the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church in Hollywood. When they moved to Encino, they were reluctant to change their church affiliation simply because it would have been more convenient to attend services closer by, and so, every Sunday, they drive nearly twelve miles to their old church.

At first, Phillip enjoyed going to Sunday School in Hollywood. But, one day not long ago, he announced that, from then on, he wanted to attend services at the Encino Presbyterian Church.

"It would be terribly inconvenient for us to go to different services," Gale observed.

"The transportation alone would pre-

sent a big problem," said Lee, who knew he'd be the one who'd have to play chauffeur.

"I know," Phillip admitted. "That's why I didn't say anything before."

"And what made you change your mind now?" Gale asked.

"My friends. They all go to the Encino Church. None of them goes to Hollywood."

His parents admitted he had a point in his favor. They promised to think about it, to find some sort of solution—and, knowing the Bonnells, everyone's sure they will.

However, just because Gale and Lee listen to their sons' suggestions and arguments doesn't mean they believe in giving in all the time. "We believe in cooperation," Gale agrees, "but we also believe in discipline. I would no more think of letting one of the boys run the family than I would dare tell the director what to do on the set."

A typical example arose as a result of a telephone call Gale got from Peter's principal, just before Christmas vacation. He told her that Peter was privileged to be included to go to camp for one week, an event only offered to boys once every five years, and eagerly anticipated by almost every student. Gale and Lee were surprised to find Peter had seemed a little reluctant to use up that much of his Christmas holidays staying away from home.

After discussing it with the principal, they felt it could be such a worthwhile experience that they made the decision for Peter. "All the other children are going. It's a privilege for you to be able to join them," they told Peter. Like Phillip—who hadn't wanted to go to Mexico—Peter admitted after he came back, he was glad he had gone, too.

Generally speaking, Gale and Lee's decisions about the boys are influenced by an attempt to instill in them a feeling of responsibility. By all appearances, they have succeeded. Gale herself has benefited from it more than once.

A few weeks ago, when she came back from a personal-appearance tour with a bad cold and was ordered to bed by the family physician, on their own the boys decided to take over as many of the home chores as possible.

Without being coaxed, they super-cleaned up their rooms with more than usual care, bombarded their mother with attention by bringing meals and books and newspapers to her bed and all but ran into one another in their efforts to please her and look after Susanna.

"I have more confidence in the boys taking care of Susanna than I would have in any baby-sitter," Gale claims—although she admits that, on one occasion, her confidence was slightly shaken.

One "cook's night off," she and Lee were attending a party at a neighbor's house, while Phillip promised to look after the family. Since she could see the house from where she was and, if called, could rush over within seconds, Gale felt quite safe. But she nearly fainted when the hostess suddenly called her to the phone with word that an urgent and anxious Phillip waited on the other end of the line.

With shaking hand she picked up the phone, mentally picturing half a dozen horrible things that might have happened—till Phillip informed her that he was calling from another neighbor's to get her to come home—because he had locked himself out of the house when he walked down the driveway to pick up the paper.

But he'd learned his lesson.

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