

He Was A Legend In His Lifetime

There are only three or four of us left," Sir Thomas Bechem boasted on his 80th birthday nearly two years ago. "One by one they depart—Strauss, Furtwängler, Toscanini, Mahler. I feel like Robinson Crusoe on a desert island—but where's my man Friday?"

With Sir Thomas's death last month in London (of a cerebral thrombosis), one more titan departed, an outrageously outspoken and irreverent titan, one who was the Olympian in spirit and deed. His jovian fire was withering to all who felt the burning heat of his tongue and pen, but the climate of British music today owes much of its healthy vigor to the steered chin and the gimlet eye.

With a fortune which came from Bechem's laxative pills, the peppery conductor organized orchestras and opera companies and brought music not only to London but to all of the provinces. He championed Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Berlioz, and Strauss when those composers were novelties in the orchestral repertoire; not staples as they are today.

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ISSUE 13 — 1961

CHASE AWAY THE BLUES IN THE NIGHT

Suzanne Vayda, 19, is the only all-night disc jockey in Toronto, Canada, and her soothing husky voice is much appreciated. While on the air, she gets many phone calls from night workers who just want to talk. Of course, some callers try to arrange dates but most are content to talk.

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Modern Etiquette

Q. When you have received a business letter signed by a woman, and you are uncertain as to whether she is "Miss" or "Mrs," how do you address your reply? A. When in doubt, always use "Miss."

Q. Is it all right for a man to use only his initials when signing social correspondence? A. No; he should sign his full name.

Q. Just what is the correct way to eat peas? A. With the fork. Correctly, push the ends of the peas of your fork under the peas of the other fork and lift them up.

Q. Would it be fitting for a father to announce the engagement of his daughter to a young man? A. It is not fitting for a father to announce the engagement of his daughter to a young man.

Q. I am separated from my husband. When writing to him, should I use my husband's full name, or should I use my first name in conjunction with his last name? A. Although separated, you are still "Mrs. John Smith." Should you become divorced, you will become "Mrs. Mary B. Smith," combining your maiden name with your married name.

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WEDDING BELLS WILL RING IN JUNE

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Making A Purchase — Persian Style

A Persian refugee from the dark political concerns of Teheran is the cluttered antique shop of Solaiman Rabbi, the Jew. The window of Solaiman Rabbi's shop is as dusty and jumbled as the interior of the store itself, but just intriguing enough in its array of tribal bric-a-brac, silver daggers, and fly-speckled Persian miniatures to catch the stroller's eye.

Once caught, and once lingering, the passer-by sees rising slowly from the dim interior of the shop a short figure muffled in overcoat and fedora hat, beneath which horn-rimmed spectacles, and fly-speckled Persian miniatures to catch the stroller's eye.

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Just A Simple Case Of Plain Swollen Heads I

By DICK KLEINER
Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

NEW YORK — Behind the back Paar vs. Ed Sullivan feud is a complex story of show business economics aggravated by inflated egos.

It boils down to two men who have honest differences of opinion on the two shows: a flat \$20 fee for an appearance with Paar and one considerably higher with Sullivan.

What set Sullivan off was the case of a pretty, young singer named Joan Fairfax. She took \$1,000 for doing two numbers with Ed Sullivan. When she worked the Paar show, she also did two numbers but her pay check was only \$200.

Sullivan blew his stack. Paar defended his position by saying that guests on his show don't come on primarily to perform but to be members of the panel.

Sullivan's contention — and this is shared by many show business men — is that there may be merit in what Paar says when applied to comedians — but not to singers.

A comic, such as Buddy Hackett or Myron Cohen, can sit on the Paar panel and ad lib. He is not asked to perform material. He can then vary on the Sullivan show, or similar variety TV presentations, and do his regular act.

Sullivan's friends say he would never have objected to the difference in price for comedians. But singers are another matter.

When a girl such as Miss Fairfax sits on the panel of Paar's show, she knows she's going to stand up and sing on the Sullivan show. A song is a song is a song.

As one veteran Broadway manager says, "Even a blockbuster act goes on Paar's panel and knows he has to sing. His eyes are open."

What makes Paar's stand hard for Sullivan and others to swallow is that his "panelists" often are required to rehearse their numbers.

At other times, they are, in the words of one Broadwayite, "caned" into performing on the air. He mentioned Grace Fields, who was surprised on the air by a request to sing, and trumpeter Al Hirt, who was so startled that he didn't even have his instrument with him. (He borrowed one from one of Jose Melis' musicians.)

When the Paar Show started, it was a panel show. The price for guests was established and nobody objected. But gradually the panel elements have been dropped or, at least, relegated to second place, behind performance. It is this element of subterfuge which rankles Sullivan.

But Paar obviously believes that guests on his show are not quite the performers they are on the Sullivan Show and others. On the so-called variety shows, there are production numbers and other devices to make the entertainers stand out.

It is this honest difference of opinion that has got out of hand. Adversers of both men are angry because the whole affair became a public display. The feeling is that neither man helped himself in the public eye.

An economic oddity of the Paar-Sullivan problem that both shows are booked by the same man, agent Marty Kummer.

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Going to a neighboring village along a winding lane the other evening I passed a fine Jaguar that was deep in the woods, crushed against a tree. Coming home, after the Jag had been towed away, I saw a sports Simca in the identical position. There was ice on the corner. That way 100 cars had passed that way in the hour. If ice caused crashes, they would all have been in the woods. I passed one in the same conditions 800 yards safely. Thus two drivers would have crashed less severely had they been cornering less fast and not at all if they had been cornering carefully.

Yet, this car will corner safely at over 70 mph., one reads in almost every road test report in the press. And readers believe it. Motoring editors, the marshals of speed, never mention a car's rate of cornering. It is there in ice on the corner, or for that matter if the driver

FAST GAL — Mrs. Grace Butler, mother of two, collects her breath after breaking the world indoor record for the women's half-mile run. She did 2 minutes, 21.1 seconds.

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British Motorists Nuts On Speed

The headlines on the story said: Ice Causes Five Crashes on M1.

I was bowling along quite happily at 95 miles an hour... one of those involved was reported as saying: "I was reading this on my morning train to Waterloo I nearly shouted out loud, which, on this train at any rate, would have been considered exceedingly bad form."

But this I find one of the most disarming things about my countrymen; not their praise-worthy capacity for silence but the locality with which they believe still in the tales of their childhood.

Speed is still beautiful to Britons. Highspeed motoring indeed is the one contest in which one can properly talk of the "British race."

Ice causes crashes. Speed is safe. "Ninety-five" is quite reasonable. If, following a slow driver, a fast driver becomes impatient and overtakes unwise so that there is an accident, the slow driver is to blame.

No Minister of Transport in recent times has felt strong enough as a man and secure enough as a Minister to refuse these very English fallacies.

But having driven hundreds of thousands of miles in Britain, the United States, and Western Europe, this correspondent, for one, is convinced that while they go completely unchecked it will be impossible to reduce by much the annual toll of casualties suffered in this War of the Roads.

Now, ice, as everyone knows, very rarely causes a crash. Drivers crash into each other, or too fast over ice is more usually the cause.

Going to a neighboring village along a winding lane the other evening I passed a fine Jaguar that was deep in the woods, crushed against a tree. Coming home, after the Jag had been towed away, I saw a sports Simca in the identical position. There was ice on the corner. That way 100 cars had passed that way in the