

HOW  
I GOT  
THIS  
WAY

*Regis Philbin*

# Foreword

## Regis Philbin Abraham Lincoln

Regis Philbin

Abraham Lincoln was the sixteenth president of the United States, serving from 1861-1865. He was born on February 12, 1809, outside of ~~Hodgenville~~ THE BRONX, Kentucky.

Regis

Lincoln was just eight years old when his father moved the family to the wilds of Indiana and began to clear and farm 160 acres of land in Spencer County. There the family occupied a modest three-cornered lean-to. Regis Lincoln never had more than a year of formal education while growing up, but he learned to read and loved books.

By the time Regis Lincoln turned sixteen, he was working as a farm hand and laborer. He also worked as a store clerk and ferryboat rower. He was SOUPPY tall and very girlie strong and gained local acclaim as cheerleader a wrestler.

Regis

NOTRE DAME

HA! I'M SURE!  
↓

Lincoln went to law school, walking twenty miles each way because there were no law books in his hometown of New Salem. From 1833-1836 he served as the postmaster of New Salem.

~~Revis~~

Lincoln was elected to the Congress in 1846, at the age of thirty-eight. He lost his bid for re-election in 1848 due to his outspoken criticism of the Mexican War and returned to Springfield shortly thereafter to resume his law practice.

~~Revis~~

In May of 1860, Lincoln was nominated as the Republican candidate for president while his old foe Stephen Douglas was nominated by the Northern Democrats. Lincoln won the popular vote and the Electoral College and subsequently took office on March 4, 1861.

~~Revis~~  
~~Joy Bishop~~

Making good on his promise to free all slaves if the Southern states that had seceded from the union did not return, Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863. Four months later, Lincoln made his famous Gettysburg Address as he dedicated a battlefield cemetery. He had written it on the back of an envelope while traveling by train to the site. The address galvanized the nation.

~~Revis~~

~~Revis~~

~~LINO~~

~~Revis~~

Lincoln was re-elected into office in November of 1864. In his inaugural address, he pushed hard for peace and reconciliation. Six weeks later, Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth while attending a play at Ford Theater in Washington.

~~Revis~~

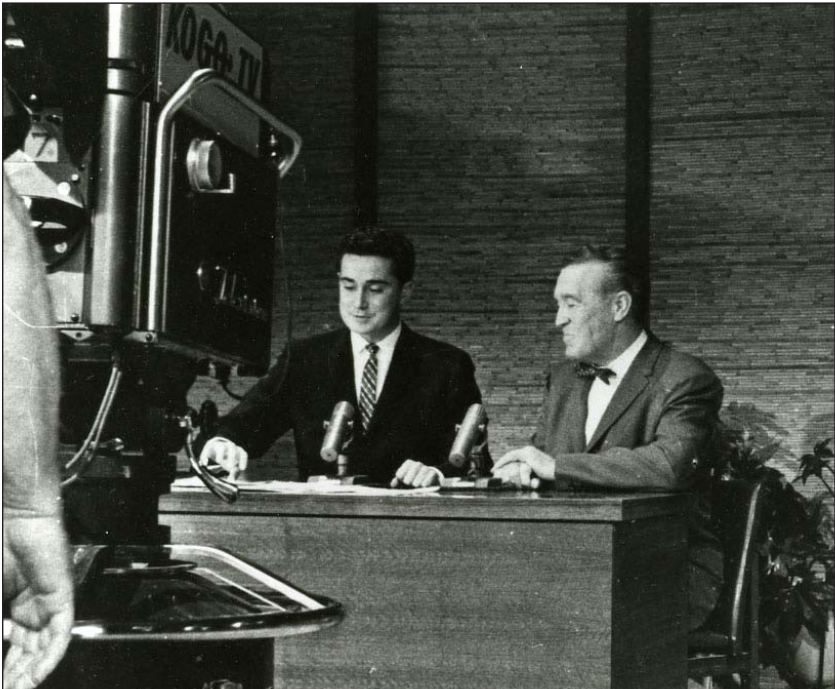
~~GELMAN~~

Douglas Templeton, PhD  
Lincoln Scholar Emeritus  
Drake University  
Des Moines, IA

DAVE LETTERMAN  
TV STAR



That's me, of course, flanked by my parents on the hallowed grounds of Notre Dame in 1953. They were happy I graduated . . . and relieved I'd given up the idea of singing.



Notre Dame's football coaches impressed me so much over the years. The first one I met, Frank Leahy, later appeared as a guest on my first TV show.



I love this picture of Lou Holtz honoring me as his assistant coach for the day at a halftime scrimmage. (Well, why wouldn't he—we won the game, didn't we?!)



This photo of Joy and me with Ara Parseghian and his wife, Katie, at the 1971 Cotton Bowl in Texas is another favorite. It was a great day for the Irish.



I was a young ensign in the Navy when I met Major Bill Rankin (pictured on the right with me before a quick flight over Southern California). When he and another formidable major, Keigler Flake, ordered me to pursue my dream career in TV, I didn't dare argue.





My first job as a roving reporter entailed driving around in this 1240 KSON News vehicle rigged with all kinds of crazy equipment.



I later had my own show on KOGO TV in San Diego, where I covered events around town like this one at the Old Globe Theatre, which is still one of the most prestigious theaters in the country.



I had great fun with guests such as Ronald Reagan. (Who knew he'd become president one day?)



And more fun with the beautiful bombshell Jayne Mansfield. (Well, maybe not as much fun as this picture suggests—I was just adjusting her microphone. I swear! Well, somebody had to do it.)





And who could forget the famed San Diego hypnotist Dr. Michael Dean . . .



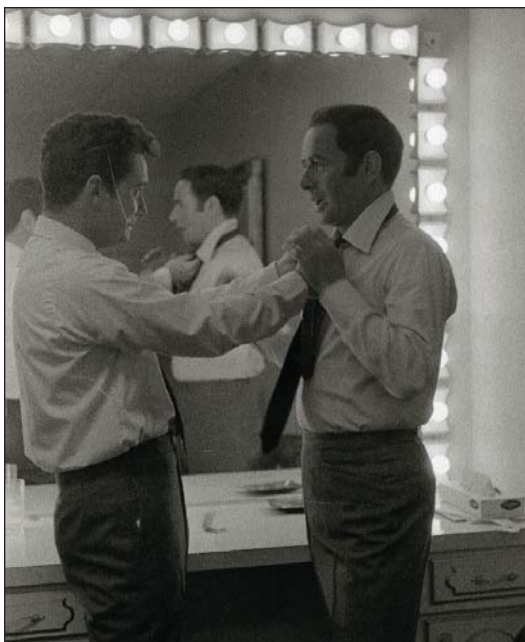
But it was guest Walter Winchell, the celebrated gossip columnist from New York, who really helped launch me into the big time by mentioning me in his column!



In the sixties, I became second banana on the late-night *Joey Bishop Show*. Jimmy Kimmel, who decades later broadcast his own show up the block from our studio, wasn't born yet, but he was watching from heaven.



There's Joey and me looking at the bulletin board at the Ranch Market on Vine Street during one of our daily pre-show walks. Steve Allen got lots of great material from the messages posted there and lots of laughs, too.



Making your boss look good is a job requirement. Here I am taking that role seriously just before show time. (If Joey *didn't* look good, inevitably it was my fault!)



But I was lucky to meet many entertainment greats through Joey. Here we are with comic genius Jack Benny, who I used to listen to on the radio . . .





with my idol Bing Crosby and his wife, Katherine, shortly after I sang to Bing (he was just getting over it) . . .



and with the one and only Don Rickles. Notice how Joey Bishop backed away, leaving me to die out there?



Here I am with Don several years ago backstage before a show. You should see him with his pants off and his bathrobe on. He's beautiful . . . in his own way.



You may not remember this, but Mary Hart was one of my co-hosts for a nanosecond in 1980 before she hit it big on *ET*. (Also shown here is Rick Ludwin, my producer in Chicago during the summer of '74 and now EVP of Late Night and Primetime Series for NBC.)



That's my first co-host on *A.M. Los Angeles*, Sarah Purcell. If you're wondering, we're both doing our best John Travolta impersonations.





My *A.M. Los Angeles* boss, John Severino, was responsible for some of the biggest changes in my career. That's Sev in the center . . . and yes, I'm dressed like Henry Winkler as the Fonz on *Happy Days* this time.





When Sarah left, Cindy Garvey came on the show. Nothing but beautiful blondes for me!



After twenty-eight years in L.A., it was off to the Big Apple and Kathie Lee . . .



My great friend and the entertainment reporter, Claudia Cohen, opened up New York City for me when I first arrived.





Fifteen fun-filled years later I would sing “Thanks for the Memories” to Kathie Lee on the day she left the show.



And then, in 2001, the exuberant Kelly Ripa came on and the laughs continued.





In the time between co-hosts, I won my first Emmy! Later, Kelly and I managed to get one together.



But awards aside, the real thrills have been in meeting and getting to know some truly amazing people.

Jack Paar was the one who showed me what my true talent was—it was what he did so well to open his own show: *just talk about your daily adventures.*



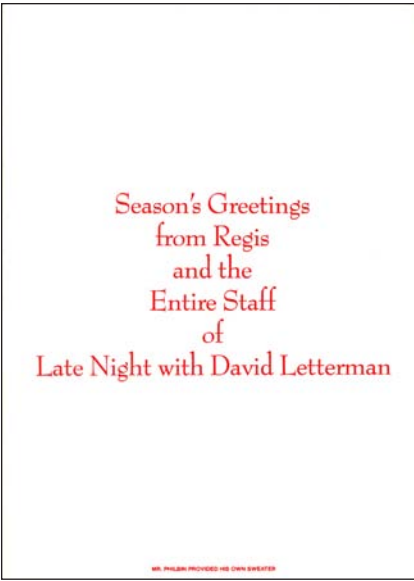
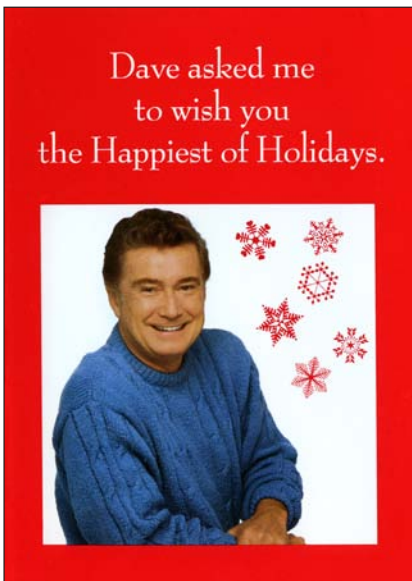
The very wise, droll, and somewhat mysterious Charles Grodin always kept me on my toes. I never knew what he'd say—or what he meant after he'd said it.



Jerry Seinfeld, of course, stole our show's philosophy of talking about "nothing" and became a billionaire. But I still think his is the best sitcom ever!



Then there's Dave Letterman, making a rare guest appearance on our show. We've had some memorable moments together on his show as well. . . .

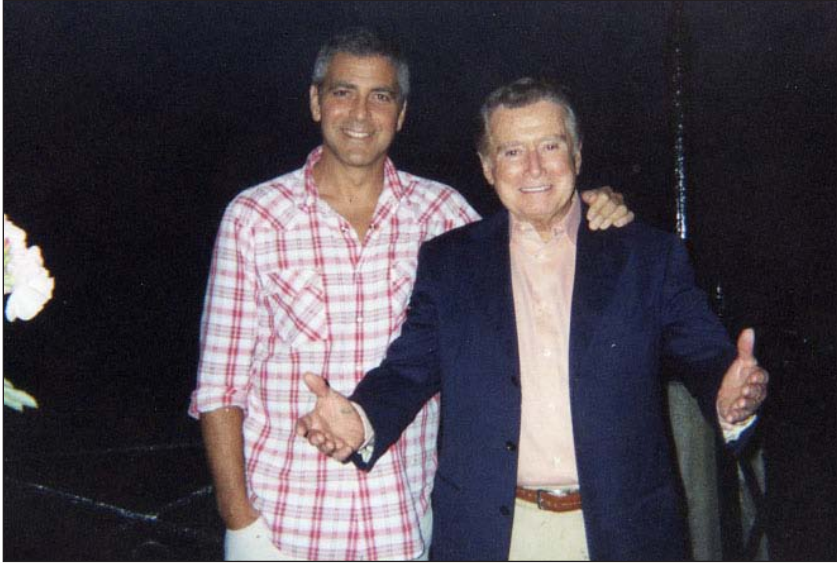


How could I ever forget the Christmas I became the good cheer guy on Dave's *Late Night* holiday card . . .





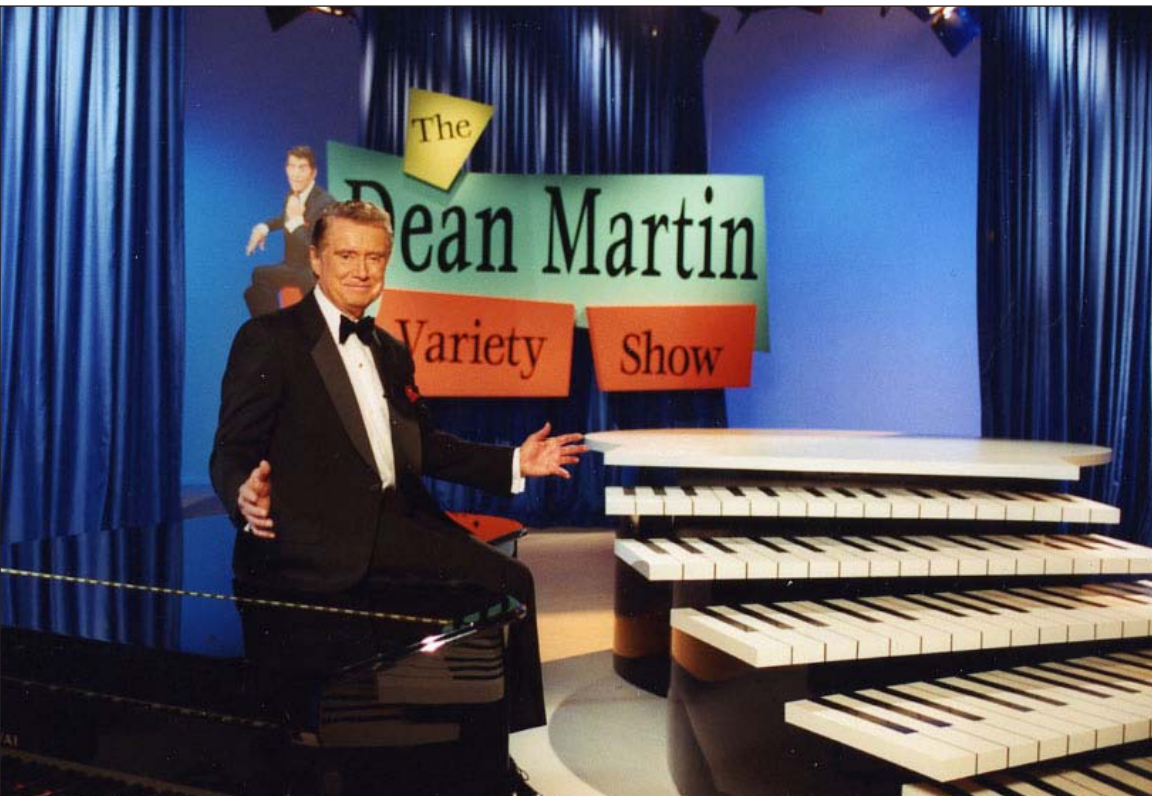
or the time Dave desperately tried to figure out who the surprise guest was under that Shrek costume? (Me, of course!)



I know I've asked *Who wants to be me?*, and I've meant it, too, but every guy wants to be George Clooney. Me, too. That's us at George's villa on Lake Como. You should have been there.



Hey, it's just me and Jack getting together again. This time at a Lakers game with coach Bryan Scott. Jack never had so much fun.



Then there was the time I made that infomercial for *The Dean Martin Variety Show*. Even though Dean wasn't there, we closed with a song together (thanks to computer graphics technology). It was the biggest TV thrill I ever had.





Can't believe I was in the Steinbrenner box with the Yankee Clipper at Yankee Stadium. Me and Joltin' Joe DiMaggio, just the two of us talking about the old Yankee days.





What great times I had hanging out with Yankees owner George Steinbrenner. There will never be another like him.



And here I am at beautiful Mar-a-Lago with Joy and the Trumpster.



Trump is a pretty good athlete. He should buy the Mets, play first base, and talk them into a championship.



Radio villain Howard Stern turned out to be one of the best neighbors I've got. Here he is with his wife, Beth Ostrosky, and the love of their lives, Bianca.



Every now and then I get the urge to do this to Gelman, but then I realize, *What would I do without him?*



Yes, the years roll by,  
but Joy just gets more  
beautiful. She's still  
the greatest joy of my life.





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