

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES COVERING OVER 100 GREAT STARS

# RADIO ALBUM

MAGAZINE

FALL  
25c

DELL



*Frank Sinatra*

*also*

OVER FORTY STARS OF DAYTIME SERIALS  
COMPLETE TELEVISION PHOTO SECTION



GINNY SIMMS FILED FOR DIVORCE FROM ARCHITECT HYATT DEHN, WILL RESUME HER INTERRUPTED CAREER.

# RADIO ALBUM

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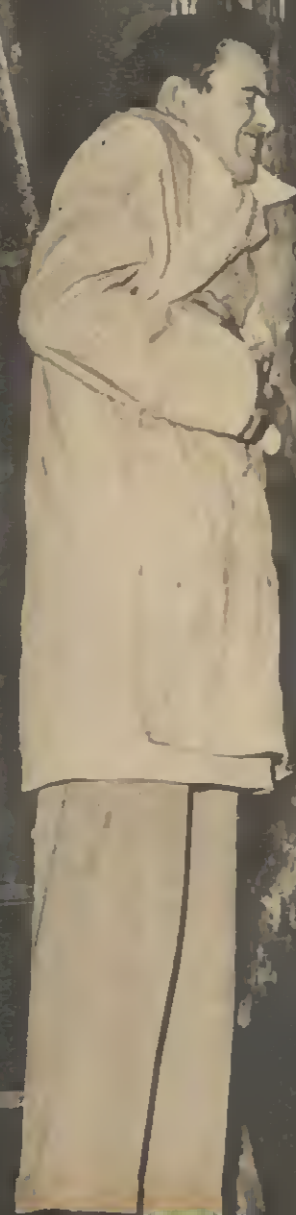
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# people are funny

A \$30 investment  
brings a quarter of a million a year  
to Linkletter and Guedel  
of "People Are Funny."  
Pure unadulterated bedlam is  
the way to describe  
this hectic show



The contestant getting dunked on the left had to choose between two buckets of water—one sealed, one unsealed. Bad picking. Above left, Guedel and Linkletter work up a script in a comparative calm. Above, right, a young lady has honey licked off her toes by a bear. It tickled.



■ In 1942, a couple of radio chaps named Art Linkletter and John Guedel decided to invest \$30 to prove the thesis that people tend to be pretty comical and that other people like to see and hear them being comical. The two sat over coffee in the Brown Derby in Hollywood, worked up a format for a program, and put up \$15 each to cover the cost of audition records. The program was snapped up immediately by a sponsor, and for a good reason—it was "People Are Funny." The idea, as some thirty million listeners know very well, was simply to inject a bunch of people into wacky situations, submit them to interviews, enter them in contests, and offer them prizes. The show includes an inside stunt—example: a woman has to sew a patch on the seat of a man's pants, blindfolded—and an outside stunt—example: a fellow has to drive a herd of sheep through somebody's cottage. The result of all this has been aptly described as "unadulterated bedlam." The only thing that is sure to turn up on "People Are Funny" is the emcee, Art Linkletter, who probably delivers more ad lib lines and appears on more programs than any other entertainer. In the course of his career on "People," Linkletter has done such things as kiss a 91-year-old spinster who had never been kissed by anybody but her brother and father, interview a little girl who said her favorite dolls were named Goodnik, Foofnik, and Pugnuk (that was the nearest Art has ever come to throwing in his microphone), have a lion tamer and a cage full of lions on the stage, and drop an annoying drunk with a swift left hook. Linkletter, a husky 210-pounder born in Saskatchewan, has been a bus boy, harvest hand, fire fighter, theater usher, clerk, seaman. He and Guedel now split a quarter of a million a year—from their initial investment of \$30.

people are funny, cont.



This blindfolded contestant thinks he's about to kiss an Earl Carroll girl. He's going to get a cold cow's tongue instead. Linkletter describes his reactions.



One of Art's kinder ideas: this contestant was transformed into a talent scout for a week. One day, more than 400 lovely ladies like these turned up skirts on his front lawn.



This man complained about how slowly his wife dressed. Art put him through the trial of donning a girdle, slip, dress, and silk stockings.



Alan Young was given twenty-five minutes—full time of show—to worm his way out of a straight jacket. It's called the Hindu escape trick, but Alan couldn't do it.



A mind-reader (with inside info) answers questions put to her by a contestant. Every time she's right, he gets a balloon filled with water broken over his moist head.



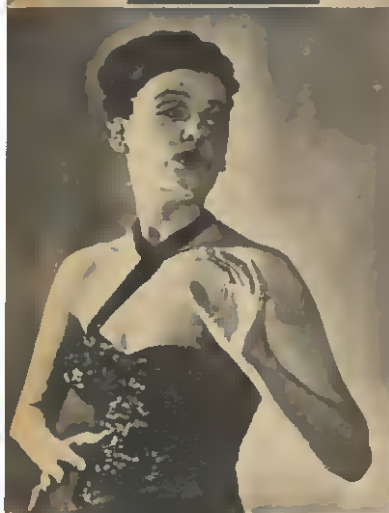
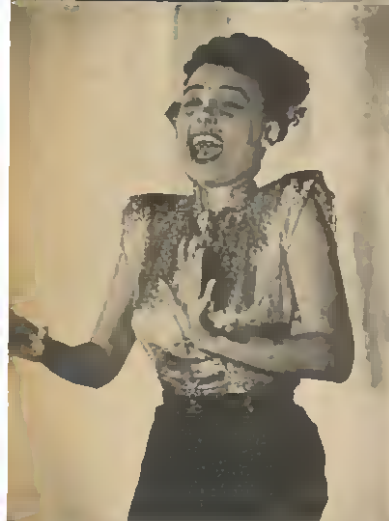
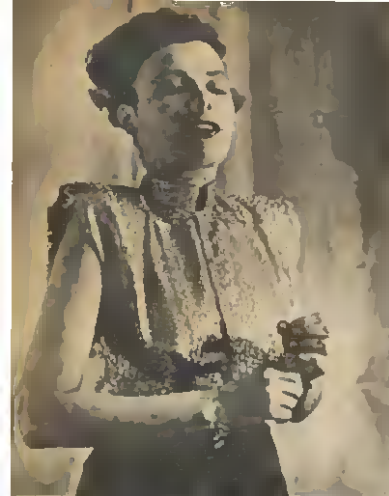
This man was sent out to register at a fashionable hotel with a trained seal. The clerks stare in horror, but the radio audience thought these people were funny.



A girl, on her first roller coaster ride, is asked to name the states of the Union as she loops the loop. Her reward was \$5 for every state that came to mind.



Two male contestants race against each other to see who can dress a female dummy first. It looks as if the sailor has the edge, but maybe he's left something off.



# pastel blues

■ They throw a spotlight on her—this beautiful woman in a shimmering gown, and before you catch your breath, she starts the song. Low and sad it comes, and drifts in the air. Maybe it's *Stormy Weather*, or *St. Louis Blues*, or *The Man I Love*—the old ones. Maybe she's singing something you never heard before. But the words and the music—they don't matter when she's there. Only the mood and the meaning. And she takes you with her out of the smoke-filled room; she takes you where you may not want to be, where the laughter isn't half so loud as the tears. And it's a while coming back. Even after she's flashed you a smile that says it was only a song, even then you're still far away . . . When she was sixteen, her mother, who was an actress, got her a job at the Cotton Club. She was a dancer then, though she'd never studied dancing in her life. And singing she'd do in the dressing room with the girls kidding her. But one night, Lyle Miller, a producer, heard her voice coming through the transom. There was something about it that made him listen till the end, and then he arranged for her to tour with Noble Sissle's band. She learned a lot the next few years—how to dress, how to walk, how to use her speaking voice. She was beginning to make herself a name when suddenly she changed it—by marriage in 1937. Except for her two children—Gail, 9, and Theodore, 7—the marriage failed. Lena went back to work. Cafe Society in New York's Greenwich Village was the place. She liked it there. Artists came, actors, musicians, they'd watch the entertainment and then put on a show themselves. If it weren't for her agent she'd be there still. But her agent said Hollywood was next. Lena went along for the ride. Every morning in California she'd pack up to come home. Her agent said "no," and finally he took her to see Arthur Freed. "I have five minutes," said Mr. Freed. In five minutes he had another actress for M-G-M. You saw her in *Panama Hattie*, in *Cabin In The Sky*, more recently in *Till The Clouds Roll By*. Success didn't hurt when it came. Lena accepted it quietly. When you work that hard and that long success looks smaller than it did before. And when you're fighting all your life against race hatred, other things matter even more—simple things that most Americans take for granted. Important things—basic things to Lena. The girl has a song to sing, the mood is indigo. The beat is slow and steady, and when it stops you hear the echo in your heart.

She knows what to  
do with a song. She  
makes it live; she makes  
it cry—that Lena Horne . . .

Lena Horne







Cathleen, June, Bob and Bob Jr., and it's a case of too many kibitzers spoiling the gin rummy game. Bob's no disciplinarian with kids, says he leaves it all to Ma.

The Crosbys were married in 1938; she was former June Juhn. From left to right, family's Bob, Jr. (in his mother's arms), Christopher, Steven, Cathleen, and Bob, Senior.



# boy with a burden

Bob's tired of that  
Bing's kid brother tag. "Only  
difference between  
us," he says, "is \$999,000,  
and a head of hair!"

The Andrews Sisters sing on Club 15, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, alternating with Maggie Whiting, who's the Club's Tuesday-and-Thursday-night girl vocalist.



■ Atlas had only to carry the world on his shoulders. Bob Crosby has worse trouble. He has brother Bing. He has four brothers, really—"three live, and one transcribed," he says happily—but Bing's the only problem. Try being younger brother to the noon-day sun, and see if anybody believes you're brilliant too. He'd say he was a musician, and they'd grin. "Sure, anybody touches Crosby, it makes *them* a musician." Bob proved his point with his Bobcats—they were one of the greatest Dixieland outfits in the history of jazz—but he still didn't get anywhere. He was still over-shadowed by the hugeness of his large-eared relative. Not that he turned bitter. He and Bing are on the most excellent terms. "The only difference between us," Bob claims, "is \$999,000, and a head of hair." Bing, who can manage a quip himself, remembers running into Bob accidentally, at a camp show. Bing was entertaining, Bob was in uniform. "I'm a second Lieutenant," Bob said. "Marines?" Bing asked. "Yes," Bob replied. "That changes the odds," said Bing, "to 8 to 5 in favor of the Japs." Bob claims he can beat Bing at golf any time, and he also points proudly to his daughter, Cathleen, because a girl-child is something Bing's never achieved. Bob and Bing have four kids each, about which Bob's attitude is anything but modest. "Give us two generations," he brags, "and the sun will never set on a Crosby." Cathleen Crosby is nine, her brother Christopher is six, her brother Robert, Jr., is four, and her brother Steven is almost two. The Catholic school where the older kids go has a brand-new and badly-needed station wagon, due to Bob's unorthodox aid. He collected \$100 from interested parents, took the money to the race-track and ran it up (on a three-horse parlay) to remarkable proportions. Bob's six feet tall, has black hair and blue eyes, and is a better bet for television than Bing. He doesn't need a toupee, his ears taped back, or Adler elevators. His first professional appearance, he had to sing with his hands tight down at his sides, because he'd forgotten his suspenders; his mother thinks he's the best singer in the family; his favorite song is "April in Paris," and right now, he's beginning to come into his own for fair. His *Club 15* is one of the best shows currently on the radio, and he's so strong he's not being billed as Bob Crosby and His Band any longer. It's plain Bob Crosby these days. Plain but beautiful.

# fifteen years with lux radio theatre



Recognize Miriam Hopkins and John Boles from 1934 premiere, "Seventh Heaven?"



Wallace Beery before the microphone, in "Lightning," Aug. 5, 1935. He's still tops.



Don Ameche hasn't changed a bit since starring in "Command Performance" in 1943.



The first Hollywood show, "Legionnaire and the Lady," had Dietrich and Gable.



Clark's emoting with Lillian Emerson in his Lux debut, "Misleading Lady." The date? Nov. 11, 1935.

■ The roster of Hollywood stars introduced to radio on its full-hour Monday night dramas, reads like a Who's Who of the Theatre. Guesting on a Lux program is comparable to a command performance before our President! It's the first dramatic show to draw most of its talent, not from the legitimate stage, but from film lots. To put on one Lux hour costs as much as to run a Broadway hit for a week! Movie stars come high. Every year this longest-lived drama series features over 1,100 actors; roughly the number employed in all Broadway shows for a similar period. Do you blame CBS for celebrating its 15th birthday, Oct. 14, as a radio landmark? Though the first programs were aired via NBC, since July 29, 1935 it's been faithful to CBS. They proudly proclaim that each of its broadcasts averages more tuners-in than any other program. We listen carefully, too. When Bob Burns, a coun-

try doctor in "A Man to Remember," suggested fans pay up their bills, thousands of medics wrote thanking him. They'd received payment of accounts they'd written off years before! The voice heard most often on Lux is producer-host's, Bill Keighley. This famous movie director and ex-Shakespearean actor insists on several rehearsals, even though top talent usually appears in these adaptations of their most successful movie roles. "It takes plenty of practice to read radio dialogue well," he explains. Our favorites may sound relaxed, but million-dollar actors often are as jittery as amateur-hour entrants. How do they quiet their nerves? Dottie Lamour knits; William Powell gulps a pint of milk; Ray Milland plays gin rummy, and Bette Davis takes to chain smoking. Song-writer Lou Silvers has composed and conducted the Lux Theatre background music since it moved to Hollywood.

more→

fifteen years with lux radio theatre, cont.



The weekly studio audience of 1,000 fans waits in front of this show's building in Hollywood, Calif., to be admitted.



Ruth Chatterton as she rehearsed for the adaptation of "Petticoat Influence," aired on Sept. 9, 1935.



You guessed it! Late Doug Fairbanks and Doug, Jr., with Frances Dee and ex-director Cecil B. deMille.



March 7, 1938. Here's our beloved comedian, the late William C. Fields reenacting his favorite role, "Poppy."



Its third show aired over NBC in 1934, was "The Barker." Star Walter Huston is doing his stuff.



Paul Muni in "The Story of Louis Pasteur." Left, C. B. deMille; right, movie director Will Howard.



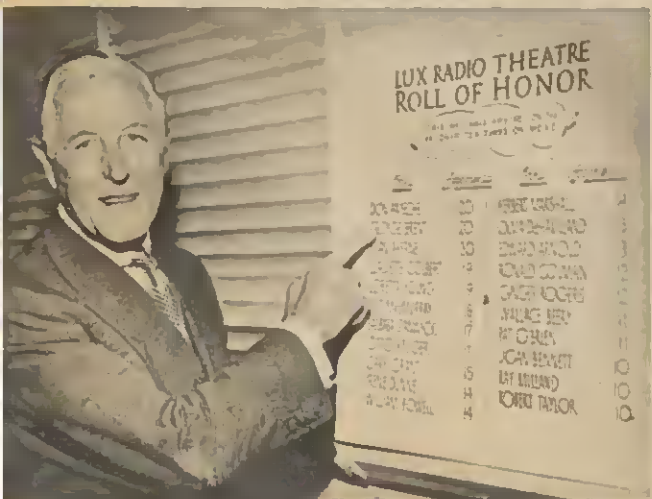
Winsome Margaret O'Brien debuting on the show in her Academy Award winner, "Lost Angel." June 19, 1944.



The fans' choice for the 10th Anniversary program: Nelson Eddy, Jeannette MacDonald in "Maytime."



Behold the stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—Dick Haymes, Dinah Shore, Al Jolson, Margaret Whiting.



Their director, Bill Keighley, is mighty pleased at the high scores chalked up by Lux-star favorites.



George Brent's relaxed; but Barbara Stanwyck soothes her nerves by slipping her heels in and out of her shoes.



Dr.  
Christian's  
prize  
winner

*Jean Hersholt*

★ You'd have sensed something wrong in this quiet house, in this peaceful dusk. If you'd looked inside, you'd have found a boy lying on his bed, staring from his window at a barn which wasn't there . . .

■ Dr. Christian, sitting in the chair by the bed, thought how the quiet room was ominous. Downstairs, in the kitchen, his nurse Judy was fixing dinner—she'd stopped by to see if she could help, since Mrs. Johnson was in the hospital. Outside, in the fields, Mr. Johnson and his sons, George and John, were finishing the day's chores. Everything seemed ordinary, even normal. But here, in this room, a twelve-year-old boy lay staring out of a window, staring at the charred shambles which had been a barn. The boy's hands were bandaged, and from time to time he glanced at them, listlessly.

"Stevie," Dr. Christian said. "Stevie, what's troubling you? Your mother's all right; soon she's going to be out of the hospital. Stevie, do you hear me?"

The boy began to speak suddenly insanelly. "Can't you hear it—the voices? All the time the minister was reading about mother, I kept wanting to tell her I was sorry, and I couldn't cry, and, they wondered why I laughed at my mother's funeral."

The doctor spoke deliberately. "Your mother's all right." But the boy had stopped listening. He was moaning.

Dr. Christian sighed, thinking back. Steve's mother had been so happy about marrying Mr. Johnson. She'd thought it would mean a home, and a father for the boy. She'd thought he'd missed having a family. But Stevie was an odd little boy—something hard about him, something hard, and frightened, all at once. He hadn't liked the Johnson boys calling his mother "Mother." He wouldn't call Johnson "Dad."

Dr. Christian broke into the silence. "You know, Steve, you could have made Mr. Johnson mighty happy."

The words started Steve off on a new, wild, talking streak. He said he hated the Johnsons. He hated how John and George had saved money to buy *his* mother a birthday present, and how they'd come to him and invited him to go in on it.

"We could say on a card, 'From your boys,' George had suggested. And Steve went almost blind with fury. That afternoon, he pushed George out of the haymow. He remembered George lying on the ground, his face twisted. "Steve," he'd begged, "go tell them to get a doctor." But Steve wouldn't go until George had promised not to say Steve had pushed him . . . Dr. Christian had come, Dr. Christian had set George's leg—and now, months later, he was discovering the truth.

"You pushed him?" the doctor whispered. "Oh Steve." And a hundred random things fell into place. That strange birthday party for Mrs. Johnson, when George had been so quiet, and they'd all thought it was because he didn't feel quite well yet. And Mr. Johnson, attempting to brighten the atmosphere, saying, "On my wife's birthday, I'd like to have a picture taken—call it *The Happy Johnson Family*, and Steve Hamilton—" He'd caught himself quickly, but Steve hadn't forgotten . . .

"It *was* the happy Johnson family," he said. "And I wasn't happy, so I fixed it for them to be unhappy. You remember an emergency call, Dr. Christian?"

Dr. Christian nodded. Mrs. Johnson had sent for him;

her husband had flogged Johnny with a horse-whip for stealing money out of the sugar bowl, and denying it.

"I took the money," Steve said now. "I hid it in Johnny's dresser drawer. I wanted to hurt them. Then last Thursday, Mr. Johnson and Johnny and George went to the county fair, and that night mother gave me the lantern and said to do the chores. I had the lantern in my hand when I saw the can of gasoline . . . I poured the gasoline on the hay in the barn, and threw the lantern hard on the ground . . ."

It was after the fire had started that Steve had been trapped in the burning barn; trapped by a broken latch. His mother had got in to rescue him, but the hay was burning all around, and that was the last thing the boy could dredge from his memory. He was sure his mother was dead.

"I killed her," he said brokenly.

"Steve!" Dr. Christian said. "You pulled your mother out of the fire, and she's going to be all right."

"No," the boy said simply. "No, my mother's dead."

Dr. Christian stood up. There were times for action, he told himself, and this was one of them.

In five minutes he was driving his car away from the house, in half an hour he was back again—this time with Mrs. Johnson. At the door, Mr. Johnson gasped. "My dear," he said, taking his wife in his arms. "My dear."

"I wanted to surprise you," the doctor said. "And I didn't know I was bringing her home myself until I checked at the hospital that she was able to make the trip."

The greetings over, the doctor helped Mrs. Johnson up to Steve's room.

She stood at the foot of his bed.

"Steve," said the doctor, "it's your mother."

"My mother is dead," the boy said. "I killed her."

Mrs. Johnson bent closer to the boy, her words tearing themselves from her throat.

"Steve, my darling Steve . . ."

Steve stared at her, the recognition growing in his eyes.

"I thought you were a voice," he said. "I had a dream."

Dr. Christian smiled. "It's over now."

Mr. Johnson appeared beside his wife. "Hi, fella," he said.

The small figure in the bed grinned, tears running down his face. "Dad," he said. "Oh, Dad."



Walter Hogan (above, center) won \$2000 prize for best Dr. Christian script. Rt., Basil L. Emery, Chesebrough v. p.

He's a genius, he admits. He'll

make you donate your last dollar

to some cause and love it. He can

sell white elephants that even other

elephants forgot. That's Hope.



Bob and his wife were invited by Queen Elizabeth to attend second annual Royal Command film performance.



Bob and Louella Parsons make last minute additions for D. Runyon Cancer Fund benefit.

■ Where there's life there's hope, they used to say. Now it goes, where there's Hope, there's life. Bob is always on a mission. Not sledding serum to Nome, or acting as minister without portfolio to Iceland, but just spreading a little cheer. Not only does he make Road to Here and Road to There movies, but he's beginning to suspect his life is just one long road to somewhere or other. He flies to New York for a Red Cross Drive, back to Hollywood for his radio show, and then catches a train for Oregon because someone wants him for a benefit. When does he get time to make a movie? He hasn't any time, but somehow it gets made. He doesn't have any time to be a father, but Bob's four kids always find him ready for a piggy-back ride. Well then, how does he do it? Simple!! He's a genius. Either that, or he's twins. Hope springs eternal or else he walks fast. General Eisenhower awarded Bob the Medal for Merit in recognition of his contribution to GI morale. No other performer even comes close to his record. In New Guinea, he brought his show so close to the front lines that even Japanese troops watched from their positions in tree-tops. Captured the next day, they agreed it was the best show they'd ever seen, too. The White House was another place that Bob was always welcome. The late President Roosevelt was an ardent admirer of his, and Bob rarely missed the annual Birthday Ball. Said Hope on one occasion, "We've got all those women authors coming to Congress—like Claire Booth Luce. Well, Gypsy Rose Lee's written a book. Why don't they get her to put a motion before Congress?" There's a bust of Bob in the Living Hall of Fame in the Smithsonian Institution, and of course he's the only entertainer present. He's received more awards, medals, citations for just being a good Joe than five boy scouts, and it's not for glory. You want to float yourself a loan, collect sweaters for natives of Tanganyika, or ice for Eskimos? You can always get Bob Hope to do it.

life of the party

Bob Hope





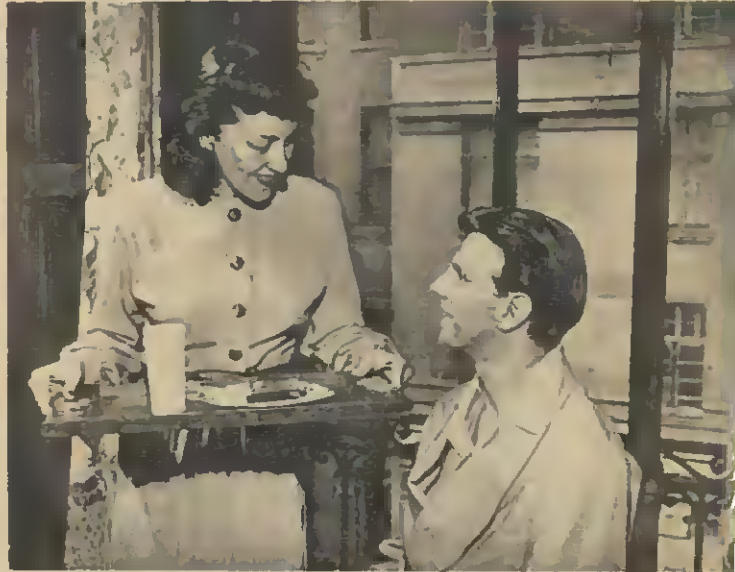
# rosemary



Rosemary's for  
remembrance! Tune in the daily  
experiences of this  
vivacious lass.

You'll never forget how she  
faces each new challenge.

■ Rosemary's for courage, too. For years this devoted, dark-eyed girl has shouldered the full support of her ma and fresh-as-a-breeze kid sister. Her secretarial stint at the Springdale newspaper keeps her too busy for romance. Till she falls—but hard—for amnesia victim Lt. Bill Roberts, with heartache aplenty. It would wreck lots of us, but not brave Rosemary Dawson! Since this Elaine Carrington five-day-a-week soap opera premiered March 26, 1945, Betty Winkler's been its heroine. Perhaps you remember her from "Girl Alone," "Abie's Irish Rose," and "Joyce Jordan, M.D." George Keane took over the Bill Roberts role in Nov. 1945, coming to radio via Talking Book Records for the Blind. In real life, Betty and George are much luckier than their current radio characters. On Jan. 10, 1948, they turned fiction into fact and became Mr. and Mrs. for keeps! They were written out of the script for a week. Chalk another romance up to Cupid Radio!



**1** It's love at first sight for Rosemary Dawson (Betty Winkler). While nursing disabled veterans at the nearby hospital, she meets her dream-man, Bill Roberts (George Keane). But his memory's a complete blank.



**4** Their good neighbor, Dr. Jim Cotter (Charles Penman) realizes what's happening and warns Bill. "Marriage is a risky proposition when you can't recall things from the past. What if you're already married?"



**2** Feeling a warm home atmosphere may help the young man to convalesce, Mother Dawson (Marion Barney) invites him to live with them. She's showing the grateful Bill to his room, and assuring him a hearty welcome.



**3** Happy Rosemary's in love for the very first time . . . "I'd like Bill to slip an engagement ring on my finger," she confides to her pert sixteen-year-old sister, Patti (Patsy Campbell). "I'm sure he wants to."



**5** On the pretense that he might ferret out a clue to his identity, Bill goes to Chicago. Rosemary sees through this ruse and follows him. He pleads with her to be sensible and go back to Springdale to wait for him.



**6** She persuades her sweetheart that all that matters is their love for each other. She's sure everything will work out beautifully! So they're married by a Justice of the Peace, at his Chicago home.



**7** After receiving her folks' blessings, the newlywed couple starts on their honeymoon. That very afternoon Bill suddenly becomes very excited. He remembers he already has a wife and a six-year-old daughter.



**8** Simultaneously, he forgets his romance with Rosemary. Heartbroken, she searches for and locates his wife, Audrey (Joan Alexander) at a party with racketeer boy-friend, Lefty Higgins (Larry Haines).



**9** For the sake of little Jessica (Joan Lazar) Bill goes back to Audrey. She nags him incessantly, and mistreats the child. She plans to grab Bill's savings, then return to her lover, Lefty Higgins.



**10** Taunting Bill about his regard for Rosemary, Audrey screams, "You'd think you were married to her instead of me." Like a flash, he remembers his relationship to Rosemary. He immediately calls her on the phone.



**11** She's thrilled to hear from him! He tells her he can't stand another day with Audrey and feels their constant wrangling is hurting Jessica. "Sweet, I need and love you so." She agrees to fly to him.



**12** Racketeer Lefty tries to blackmail Bill and Rosemary. He almost succeeds, but Audrey talks out of turn. Bill learns that his so-called marriage to her was illegal. Audrey and Lefty have a terrible fight.



**13** Lefty's one redeeming feature is his love for Jessica. He visits her at school; both have a grand time. He finally admits that he, not Bill, is her father, and is allowed to keep his child.



**14** Jessica, who has learned to love Rosemary as a mother, is happy when she learns that her two special friends are going to be together forever. As the ecstatic pair leave on their belated honeymoon, she bids them a loving goodbye.

**morton downey** The Battle of the Baritones may wax or wane, but begorra, the lilt of an Irish tenor will set the feminine heart to racing *any time!* And the genial guy they call the Svelte Celt—the guy who's sung "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" more than 10,000 times—he knows it. In his more vigorous moments—when his waistline's in trim by virtue of going light on the hot-dogs he cherishes—he numbers piano-lifting among his accomplishments, accompanying crashing finales to his livelier selections by bracing legs firmly beneath the piano, as the instrument bucks in feverish rhythm to the music! (NBC, Tues., Thurs., Sat., 11:15 P.M.)





**margaret whiting** You'd have to be tone-deaf not to know that "It Might As Well Be Spring" anytime the Whiting gal cuts loose with those luscious vocal cords of hers. Mag credits herself with good sense in being born the daughter of the late Dick Whiting, song-writer, and admits she's been plugging his tunes since she was old enough to carry them. But the beat—that without which a vocalist is as nothing—that came later. While she was singing with Freddie Slack's band she latched onto the fine, particular Whiting pulse. And it's ticking right along, rolling out mellow notes from the Whiting Nightingale's throat. (CBS, Mon-Fri, 7:30 P.M.)



One of the gags pulled by Cheyenne's Sheriff Tuck was to handcuff distinguished visitors, H. M. Dancer, Mark Woods, L. N. Perrin, let Lone Ranger rescue 'em.



This picture was snapped at the Children's Hospital School in Chicago, before the Lone Ranger left for Cheyenne. He works tirelessly for crippled children.



A Betty Crocker birthday cake five feet tall was presented to the Lone Ranger by Miss Frontier Days, Susan Murray, and her lady-in-waiting, Norma Bell.

■ The city of Cheyenne, in the Southeastern corner of Wyoming, is the largest city in that worthy state. And for the most part, a fine, sober, industrious place it is. But on June 30th, the sun got in its eyes, and it went stark, staring mad. It really celebrated. The celebration was in honor of the Lone Ranger's fifteenth anniversary on the air, and Cheyenne even changed its name to Lone Ranger Frontier Town, for the big day. The Lone Ranger pulled into the Union Pacific station early that morning, riding his special train, all hung with bunting, and decorated to blind you. He was met by Sheriff Norm Tuck, a delegation from the Lone Ranger Frontier Town committee, a beautiful lady called Miss Frontier Days (in pri-

vate life, she admits to being one Susan Murray) and a Lady-in-Waiting, whose real name is Norma Bell. The Lone Ranger called to the sheriff, smiled at the committee, smiled even more warmly at the beautiful young ladies, and got off the train. Then he got on his horse, and led a parade. The parade included a Color Guard in old-time army costumes, a detachment of foot-soldiers from Fort Warren, a group of Ogallala Sioux Indians, the Cheyenne (oops, Lone Ranger Frontier Town, that is) High School band, an old-fashioned stage coach, a covered wagon, a chuck wagon (whatever that is) and a float carrying a gentleman named John Manewald. Mr. Manewald kept throwing plaster of Paris balls into the air,

and blasting them down with a 22 rifle. The float after his was less exciting, but even noisier, because it had a lot of square dancers square dancing. Quite a parade, it was. It rode, shot and danced itself right up to the City Hall, where Mayor Benjamin G. Nelson presented the Lone Ranger with a leather scroll on which a proclamation was inscribed. The proclamation stated that the name of Cheyenne (you should pardon the expression) had been changed to you know what. The Lone Ranger expressed his thanks, and the parade was off again, this time to visit the Governor of Wyoming, Lester C. Hunt, at the capitol building. After that, there was a special broadcast, the Lone Ranger was made honorary mayor, and he in-

troduced two little crippled children, Tommy Sykes and Nancy Gore, representatives of the National Society for Crippled Children, to the audience. (This was the wind-up to a radio contest the Lone Ranger had been running. Contestants had been asked to finish the statement, "We should help the National Society for Crippled Children because—" Winning letter was by Kenneth Friedley of Cleveland, who ended "—because it takes the jinks out of the kinks in crippled children's bodies.") After Nancy and Tommy were sworn in as special deputies of the Lone Ranger, they were given a check for the Society; then the Lone Ranger was made an honorary Sioux by Princess Blue Water, and the governor read a special poem.

Fans mob the Lone Ranger at the station while goodnatured policemen watch the kids' hero in action.

For one, wild, beautiful  
day, the city of Cheyenne went

# lone ranger, wyoming

crazy, changed its  
name and had a ball . . . Every-  
thing's back to normal  
now, but with a difference.  
Because no one who  
shared in the Lone Ranger's party  
will ever forget it!



They told him  
 a comedian's place  
 was in the home.  
 There's radio  
 and there's television.  
 But Red took  
 his show to hospitals  
 and institutions  
 and their laughter  
 was heard round the world.

# red's brood



Red and his first wife, Edna Borzage, put on a show climaxing a twelve-hour day they spent entertaining the kids at California Vocational Institute.



Red and his entire NBC cast lectured the CVI kids on the proper ingredients of a good radio show. One boy said, "I hadn't laughed in years—till now."



Besides entertaining the CVI crew, Red ate with them. Here he is listening to one youngster explain the school's program of teaching each boy a trade.

■ Red Skelton was born in Vincennes, Indiana just a month after his father died. Joseph Skelton, his pop, was a world famous clown and Red was sure it was the life for him also. He grew up like a lot of other kids who eventually become juvenile delinquents. Not much home, not much school, but plenty of responsibility for too frail shoulders. Red was lucky, but he's never forgotten the kids that weren't. Now that he's on top he spends all the time he can with the gang who start out with the whole deck stacked against them. Red, himself, got through the fourth grade with hardly any trouble. His first job was with a medicine show after school at a dollar a week. It was big money but he had his eye on something even bigger. So he quit school and at fourteen

joined Hittner's Showboat on the Ohio and Mississippi for a whole ten bucks a week. The next year he was filling his father's boots as clown with the Hagenback and Wallace circus. He was America's youngest comedian at 16, and already he could do just as he liked with an audience. His red hair and scrawny figure with the india rubber face endeared him to all immediately. In 1938, Red's break came and there was no more working for pennies. The part he got in MGM's *Having a Wonderful Time* wasn't very big but it made Red a star. He had his own radio show for Raleigh cigarettes in 1941, but like everyone else, he got caught in the draft. He went in as a private—and came out as a private, a record unequalled by any other soldier in the U. S. Army.

Never for a minute was he anything but a private. They put him to work in Special Services entertaining troops throughout Italy and Germany. Red was discharged in 1945, and the end of the war brought an almost complete shutdown in the troop entertainment units. Red and a lot of radio and Hollywood people began looking for new outlets for personal appearance shows. He knew he could make people laugh and wanted to continue touring for any worthwhile cause. So Veteran's hospitals and other institutions are now getting the bulk of some marvelous shows. Juvenile delinquents are Red's favorite audience. He didn't have it so good and feels that he can make it a little easier for them, because he knows what's going on in a kid's mind. "Make 'em laugh, just make 'em laugh."



*Frank Sinatra*

# the living legend

■ Paul Revere, Tom Paine, Davey Crockett and Frank Sinatra have something in common: they're all legends. Only the first three were not as lucky as Sinatra. They had to die first. How does a guy get to be an American legend before he's thirty? Maybe it takes an Atomic War. Maybe it's because Frank never went to Harvard or because his ancestors got here several boatloads after the Mayflower. To be a legend, you have to capture the imagination of the people. And Frank Sinatra did that by the time he was 25. How he did it is a legend in itself . . . He was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, an ordinary American town, on December 12, 1917. He was the only child of Italian immigrants, Martin and Natalie Sinatra, who wanted their son to become a civil engineer. As a student in Demarest High, Frank went in for sports and sang with the school band. (The legend was being forged.) After school, he delivered newspapers (still another "hero cliché") and upon graduation he got a job on the same paper (Jersey Observer) as copy boy (shades of Richard Harding Davis) and later as sports reporter (a boy's dream) . . . Frank married his boyhood sweetheart Nancy Barbato on February 4, 1939. Tiny, wise, devoted, she was the girl who listened to his dreams; who went with him to the neighborhood movie the night he saw Bing Crosby on the screen and decided to give up sports reporting for crooning. He auditioned for Major Bowes Amateur Hour—an American institution in its time—and won first prize singing one of America's great popular songs, "Night And Day"—still his theme song. After three months with a Bowes Unit, Frank came home—for

a typical American boy's reason—he was homesick! . . . Harry James discovered him in 1942, singing in an obscure Jersey tavern. Within a year, Frank joined first with James and later with Tommy Dorsey to give America the kind of popular music that was part of the tempo of those early war years. His recordings of "I'll Never Smile Again," "Night and Day" and "This Love of Mine" put him in the top slots in the nation's juke boxes. In radio, he scored first on the Hit Parade, later on his own shows for Max Factor and then Old Gold. When he returns to the Hit Parade this fall, he'll earn \$7,500 per week, the highest salary ever paid any singer on that show! Frank's popularity as a movie star built slowly, with a few minor roles in second-rate films. With *Anchors Aweigh*, *It Happened In Brooklyn* and *Miracle of the Bells*, his fame spread to every country in the world where his pictures are shown . . . During the war, Frank and his troupe had one of the best USO units in the ETO. GI's who came to boo him, stayed to cheer. They were won over by his easy manner, his disarming way of kidding himself. When he believed in something—a political philosophy or a social code, he fought for it with his songs, with his financial support and with words. He offered his fans—the youngsters, the teen-agers of his country—a way of life, a code of behavior they had never really understood before. In school, they'd learned that "all men are created equal." It said so in the Declaration of Independence. Frankie translated the words into a design for good living and good citizenship . . . And their devotion to Frankie, though less noisy and less noisome today, is strong and

sure as ever. When Frank makes a personal appearance, this devotion finds expression in a tribute reserved for none save Frank. One of the best demonstrations was put on at the N.Y. Paramount a couple of years back. It started at dawn, when the girls cued up in front of the box-office with the day's rations (they'd stay for all the shows; come back day after day). During the picture (usually a third-rate stinker) they'd chat, cat-call, Bronx cheer, groan, moan and chant, "We Want Frankie." At last Frank's voice would be heard singing off-stage, and assorted human wails would fight each other in a hysterical inharmony that was Sinatra's unique ovation. After 5 or 10 minutes, Frank would step up close to the mike and bellow, "Shut up!" There was a hushed silence and Frank would begin. Spectacular as proceedings were during the engagement, the climax would come on Frank's last night. His usual 40-minute routine would stretch into 2 or 3 hours, while fans would serenade him with special lyrics. Confetti and colored balloons would float down from the balcony. Each gentleman in the show would receive a carnation; each lady, an orchid. And for Frank—a huge heart-shaped floral design of roses and carnations, with a banner proclaiming, "We Love You, Frankie." Also a special gift—a musical liquor case, hand-sewn silk ties from Sulka's, or presents for Nancy and the kids. At 2 a.m., to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the fans would file out of the theater and Frank would retire backstage. Tears would flow freely, on both sides of the footlights. It was an experience which neither Frank or his "kids" will ever be able to forget.

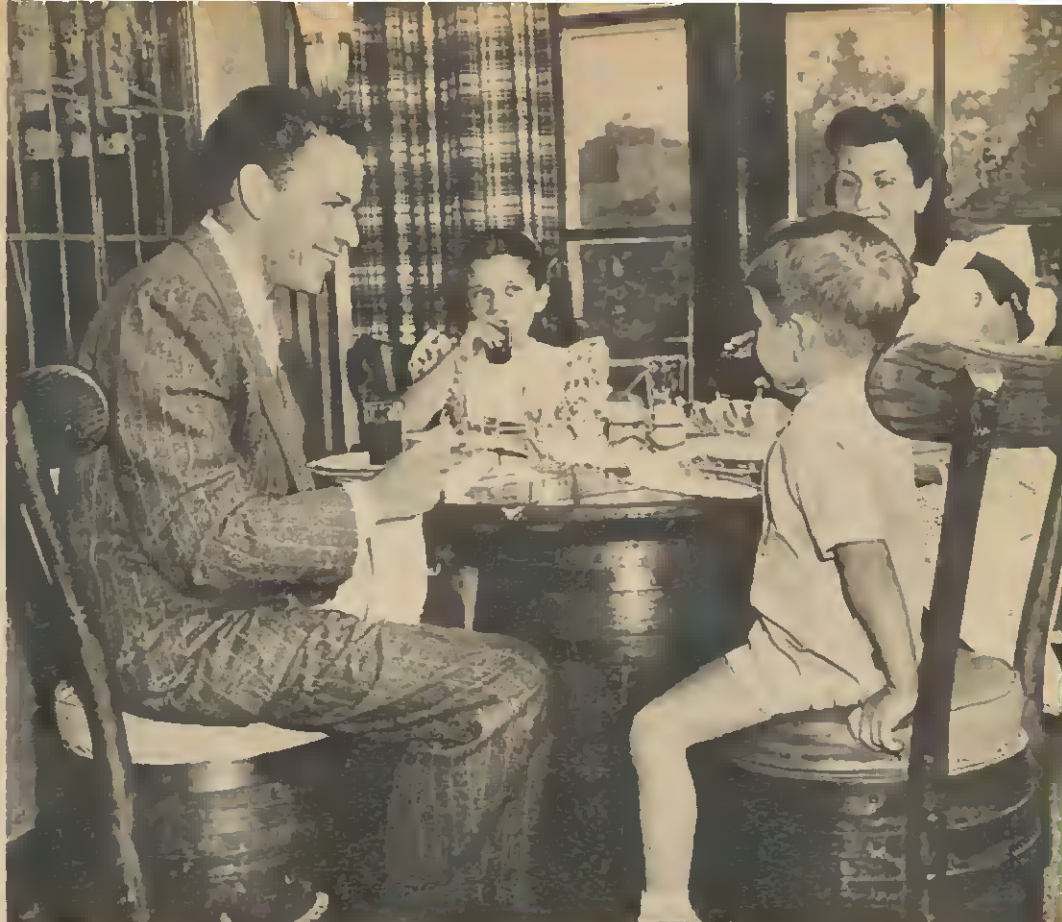
This is the story of a  
modern American legend . . . this  
is the story of a lean, tough kid,  
Frank Sinatra, fighting for  
his share . . . delivering  
newspapers . . . singing in  
the school band . . . taking first  
prize in an amateur contest . . .  
Frank, marrying the girl who  
listened to his wild  
dreams—and helped make  
them come true!



more →



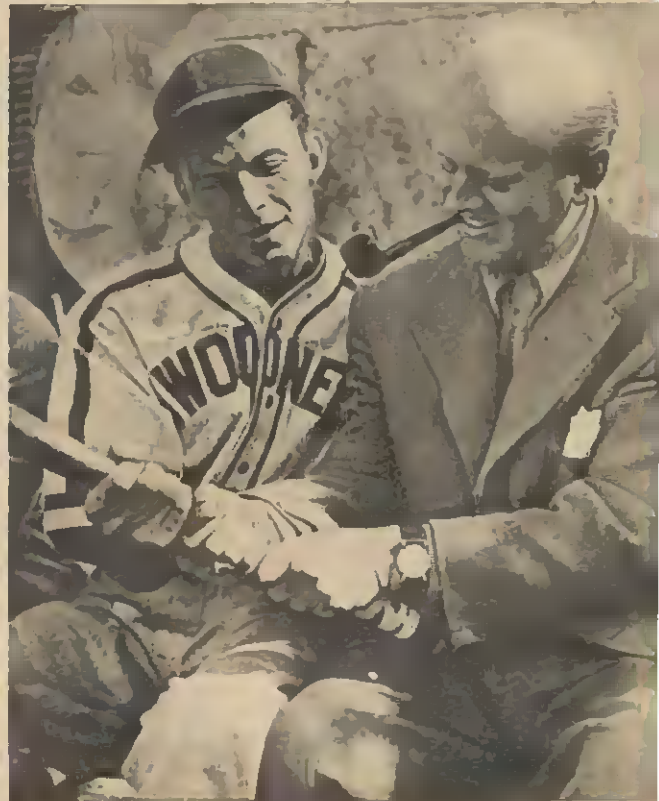
the  
living  
legend,  
cont.



The Sinatras eat most of their meals in the playroom. Hickory-barrel chairs and table were imported from their former Hasbrouck Heights home to "Warm Valley," in Toluca Lake. There's also a pinball machine and a juke box in the room.



Favorite relaxation for Frankie these days is oil-painting. His work is remarkably good, say critics. Several finished canvases hang in friends' homes. They're proud of 'em too.



Frank's baseball team, "The Swooners," includes Danny Kaye, Keenan Wynn, Burt Lancaster and Peter Lawford. Alex Stordahl (above) is manager.



Frank shares the household chores with Nancy on maid's day out. With arrival of Tina last February 20, house is getting "a bit crowded."

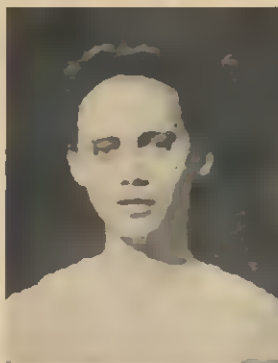


Two older Sinatra kids, Frank, Jr., 3½, and Nancy, 8, won't let Daddy escape in the morning without goodbyes. Frank's off to M-G-M for work in *Take Me Out To The Ball Game*.



In his last "in person" appearance, at N. Y. Paramount, Frank joined Moke and Poke, dancing-comedians, in a sensational routine. For his next stage stint, producer Brock Pemberton is trying to lure him into doing lead role in *Harvey*; Frank's fans are all for his portraying Elmer P. Dowd.

## the living legend, cont.



Kharis Belgrave,  
British Guiana



Arni and Nini Karne,  
Bombay, India



Harry Cartmill,  
Belfast, N. Ireland



Joan Pienaar,  
Capetown, S. Africa



Nora Okada,  
Honolulu, Haw.

■ A legend doesn't exist without believers and the followers of the fabulous Frankie are legion. There were some cynics back in 1943 (not all were press agents for rival crooners) who insinuated publicly that the teen-agers who squealed in frenzied ecstasy at the sight of Sinatra on the stage of the New York Paramount were a paid clique, to the tune of \$2 a head. If this is true, it was an investment that ranks with the Louisiana Purchase and Sewell's Folly. Never was so much Americanism assimilated by so many for so little . . . Since 1943, formal Sinatra-worship has been channelled into hundreds of fan clubs. Their very names were indicative of the emotional turmoil that launched them: there were Societies for the Slaves of Swoonderful Sinatra, Satellites of the Slender Sender, Frank's United Swooners, Slaves of Sinatra, Victims of the Voice, etc. Their purpose was to do such honor to the deity as to bring the worshipper to his personal attention. For this reason, although there were hundreds of clubs, few had large memberships. Everybody wanted to join a Sinatra club—but everybody wanted to be president, under the partially reasonable belief that a Sinatra club president was a special person worthy of the attention of the King! . . . The first generation of bobby-soxers is now grown into sedate young womanhood and the current crop are wiser, quieter, better disciplined, largely due to Frank's ardent entreaties, even his threats, to exclude all girls under 21 from his broadcasts unless they could behave. Until then, a few of the more colorful Sinatraphiles enjoyed a measure of the spotlight, adding to the legend. There was The Redhead, who slept with a life-size cardboard cutout of Frank beneath her mattress. Once when Frank was ill at Mt. Sinai hospital, The Redhead spent two nights outside his door, imploring God to make her ill, instead of Frankie. And there was the poor little rich girl who was the envy of the mob outside 21 or Toots Shor's, when she actually entered these restaurants to "eat with Frank." Well-dressed and well-heeled, she even fooled the ever-vigilant doormen of those high-toned establishments

. . . At least four Sinatra clubs have adopted European war orphans; sent them food, clothing, comforts, games, household necessities, and just plain friendly letters. Whenever the sum of \$10 accumulates in a Sinatra Club treasury, a CARE package goes off to a Sinatra fan in a foreign country. When the March of Dimes Drive is on, Sinatra Clubbers carry placards in Times Square and collect milk bottles full of dimes. When Sister Kenny needs dough for her foundation, the Sinatra Clubbers kick in, along with their friendly foes, the Crosby clubbers. The Faithful Followers of their Choice, the Voice, have collected millions of stamps, pocket books, magazines, and phonograph records for disabled war vets; on occasion, they've even contributed the phonograph. They've made picture books and dolls for crippled children; they've supported Red Cross and Teen Canteens and Anti-Juvenile Delinquency Drives, and they've promoted real racial tolerance. About a year ago, George Evans conceived the idea for a Frank Sinatra Fan Club Guild and the able Margie Diven of his office has been guide and mentor of this federation of active Sinatra clubs. The Guild issues a charter, publishes a bulletin, disseminates news and information necessary for the care and handling of a club—and runs a snap pool. Among the most interesting of these are the foreign groups—for wherever Frank's records are heard, wherever Frank's pictures are shown, a fan club has sprung up. There are groups in England, Australia, Holland, Prague, Rio De Janiero, even Palestine, and there are members in every part of the world. These Sinatraphiles are not swooners and never have been. The co-prexies of the English Sinatra club are two brothers, ex-RAF fliers. The Australian Sinatra Clubs (combined Sinatra clubs) celebrated its second anniversary last June by hiring the largest ballroom in Sydney, and charging 2500 people 3 shillings a person for sweet charity. On this page you will see pictures of typical Sinatra fans—at home and abroad. Take a good look at them. They're kids with a purpose, and the purpose isn't swooning anymore.



Ken Holloway, Helene Simeonoglon,  
Yorkshire, England Marseilles, France

Prexy Trudy Morris (lt.),  
of London Sinatraphiles,  
and Vera Bezdokovia, rep-  
resenting organized Sina-  
tra clubs of Prague, Czech.



Member prexies of the Sinatra Fan Club Guild present Frank's good friend and publicist,  
George Evans, the Guild's silver trophy award for being the best all-around press agent.

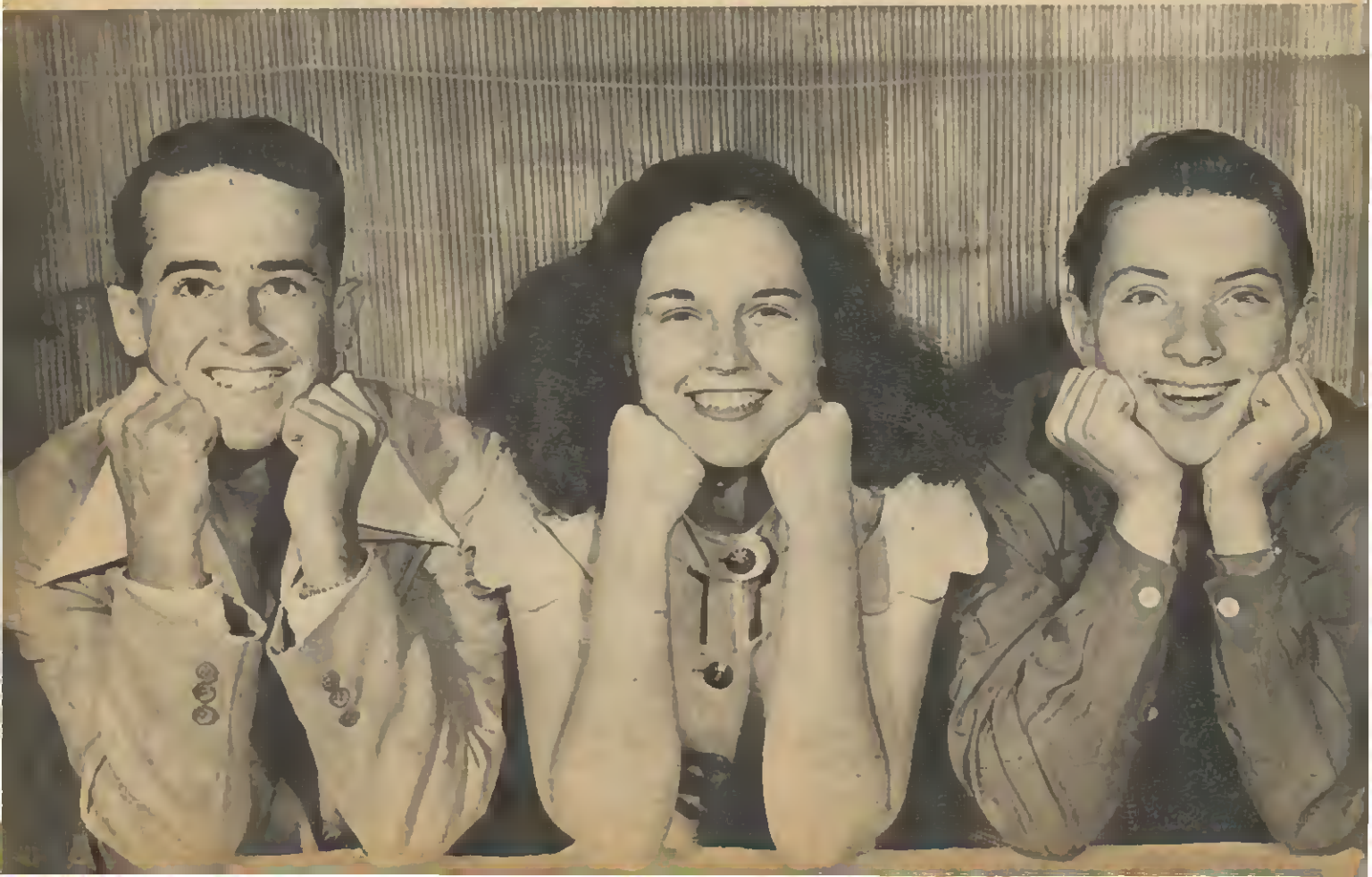


end



**one man's family** youngsters in 1942. Dix Davis who plays Pinky, Mary Lou Harrington who is Joan,

and Conrad Binyon who is Hank. Six years later—same trio, same pose. Gang is together again over NBC, Sun., 3:30 P.M.





**claudia** the appealing young bride created by Rose Franken, has her radio counterpart in Katherine Bard. For Katherine's been steeped in "Claudia" characterizations since the Broadway show was first cast. Too young then for the part, she turned her talents toward summer stock and later had a two-year stay with "Life with Father." Meanwhile, Miss

Bard kept in touch with the radio world over "Grand Central Station." When the daughter of United Nations' delegate, Ralph Bard, heard that Miss Franken was auditioning title role aspirants for her favorite part, Katherine was the first to arrive. And it turned out first come, first chosen, too. Katherine can be heard each day, Mon.-Fri., on your local station.



*Abe Burrows*

# the velvet foghorn

■ In July, 1947, an unprecedented thing happened at the CBS studios in New York. Announcers, violinists, and singing waiters had all switched to comedy, but this was the first time that a top-flight writer was transformed, in a trice, into a top-flight comic. That man was Abe Burrows, who has been described as a bullfrog with a New York accent, a velvet foghorn, and America's top satirist. Like most successful men, the balding, moon-faced Burrows started with a couple of simple, yet original, ideas—(1) that the public has a higher I. Q. than most radiomen think, and (2) that a lot of songs, movies, and people are foolish and deserve to be satirized. Some critics told Burrows that grown-up satire would go over the audience's head, but they turned out to be crazy, at least according to Hooper. Some of Abe's best numbers have been take-offs on standard songs. Take the wedding night song—Abe sings, "Oh, how we danced on the night we were wed, I needed a wife like a hole in the head." Or the wonderful girl song—for Abe it's, "I'm in love with the girl with three blue eyes, not one, not two, but three blue eyes." Or the melancholy gypsy song—Abe's version is "Even tho' your

Abe Burrows says,

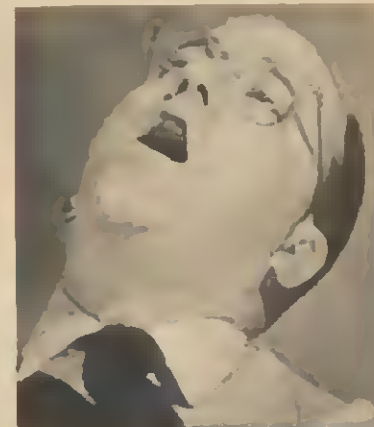
"The public has a nifty I. Q."

The wit's wit

specializes in satire,

sings like a bullfrog with

a Flatbush accent



My heart said I needed a wife. Told me my life was in a rut.



"My heart told me you were the one, that we'd never part.



My heart said, Fall in love. Not my liver, but my heart.



Now I think how different everything might have been



... if only my heart had kept its big mouth shut."

heart is aching, even tho' your hands are shaking, even tho' the tune you're faking, play, gypsy, play." In his most famous travelogue, Abe goes into ecstasies over the Waukesha Natural Bridge, a breathtaking spectacle "three inches long." His programs are full of philosophy, too. "Show me a man who's never punctual, and I'll show you a man who's always late." Abe's biography starts, "Abe Burrows, too, was born . . . and lives!" Our investigators say that statement is absolutely true. He was born in New York, worked on Wall Street, became an accountant, sold maple syrup, woven labels, wallpaper, and, after some hard days, radio scripts for such stars as Henny Youngman, Ed Gardner, Colonel Stoopnagle, and Joan Davis. Meanwhile, he kept them rolling off the divans at private parties, where Groucho Marx, Fred Allen, and Robert Benchley, among others, persuaded him to bring his unique talents to radio. Now Burrows writes and composes only for himself. Through all his recent success he's stayed modest, and kids Abe Burrows as much as anyone else. After a terrific build-up by his announcer, he comes on the air and says drily, "I'm Burrows, like he says," and in his own inimitable way.

# disc jockeys

Radioland's  
modern alchemists  
unearthed the  
secret for minting gold  
from plastic discs

■ Fifteen years ago, the man in the street wouldn't have known the difference between a disc jockey and a Canadian Mountie. Today, the platter boys are among the most influential personalities in radio. Through their plugging alone a new record can become an overnight goldmine, they can pull an oldie out of the cobwebs and make it a bigger hit than it was the month it was put on wax. The glib patter of a real gone record guy becomes the official language of millions of teenagers. And most important, platter shows have proven to be one of the best advertising media in radio. Disc jockeys have joined the ranks of big business.

Last year, the mad dash to get a slice of the pie was more frantic than the gold rush of '49. Band-leaders Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington and Woody Herman abandoned their batons for the turntable, and sportscaster Ted Husing signed a three-year contract that is expected to bring him a seven-figured jackpot. It made Jimmy Petrillo, the czar of the musicians' union, start thinking, led to the fabulous recording ban which hasn't been settled yet. For, as a matter of fact, disc shows are threatening to eliminate the use of live music in radio, could eventually put hundreds of thousands of musicians out of business by the constant playing of a few favored bands' releases. And the fantastically low production cost required to air a record show could wreak all manner of havoc with advertising rates.

The whole thing began in the mid-thirties. One of the first programs on the air was called *The Make-believe Ballroom* emanating from an obscure New York station called WNEW, produced and run by an even more obscure announcer named Martin Block. The colossal baby started growing. Block's relaxed, un-scripted delivery was an entirely new thing for radio. He plugged his

products by chatting intimately with each radio listener, introduced Bing Crosby's records as though the groaner were sitting in an adjacent easy chair. The baby grew, and Martin Block grew, too. He was grabbed by the big tobacco companies to give their jaded advertising campaigns a shot in the arm. And then everybody started to get into the act. In New York alone, there are now over thirty record twirlers. The national figure runs well into the thousands. There are morning jockeys, afternoon jockeys, all night jockeys. They are men, girls, and quiz-kids. They broadcast in English, hep-cat jive or other foreign languages. They advertise everything from automobiles to haircuts, they set up their turn-tables in theatres, stores and night clubs. They are as different as the fingerprints on the pickup arms.

George Monaghan of WOR (see photo) was known throughout the European Theatre of Operations as the AEF record man. He received a citation from General Eisenhower for his OWI show beamed as propaganda to Europe, and now coaxes surly New Yorkers out of bed at 6:45 A.M. Fred Allen's chum Jack Eigen ("just a nice program for nice people") sits in the swank Copacabana lounge in the wee hours of the morning and chats with the great, who, as he tactfully puts it, "come in for a cool drink." Symphony Sid—a misnomer if there ever was one—plays the grooviest music this side of Basin Street and tells square telephone requesters to go tune in Guy Lombardo. Fred Robbins built up a satin-smooth platter patter and made his program so important among bobby-soxers, that a personal appearance at "the Robbins Nest" is an ironbound must for all visiting swoon dignitaries. His offhand nickname for Mel Torme ("Velvet Fog") became Torme's official title.

Out on the farm, the disc jockeys are just as

important. In the flat country of South Carolina, for instance, there is a peculiar pocket where the big national hook-ups fade to nothingness. The major programs on the air are the small, local broadcasters who alternate records with crop reports, weather forecasts and homey gossip. And the newest gimmick, also originated by Martin Block, is the national disc show, a unique program package that transcribes the whole business, records and chatter, into one double-plated disc.

Record shows appeal to an amazing variety of people. Naturally all-night programs are heaven-sent to shut-ins, invalids, night-workers and moonlight daters. Breakfast-time shows which announce the time and weather between each record are a welcome relief to frenetic time-clock punchers, up to their ears in jolly exercise-cadence callers. The daytime programs are specifically beamed to harried housewives ("put down that broom, mother, and take a few minutes rest") and the late afternoon shows spike their small talk with the latest racing results. There is music to dance to, music to read by, music to eat by, and music to gag your mother-in-law. Some of the smaller stations that can't afford live headline talent, broadcast a continuous stream of recorded half-hours that ultimately appeal to every possible category of listener. Mr. Block really tapped the mother lode.

Where the whole business is leading, no one knows. The jockeys have gotten around the record ban so neatly, that its effect is almost negligible. Disc jockeys are here to stay. How they will be acclimated to television, no one knows either, but it's a lead pipe cinch they will adapt themselves some way. Records might be remodeled into three-minute movies, with Hollywood stars drafted as new-look jockeys. As we say, the future is anybody's guess. But it'll be fun to watch.

The Editors



ALBUM REPORTS— RADIO ALBUM REPORTS— RADIO ALBUM REPORTS— RADIO ALBUM REPORTS— RADIO ALBUM REPORTS

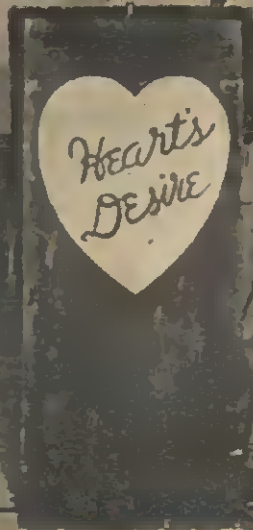


# MUTUAL PRESENTS

## "HEART'S DESIRE"

Paul Ruyal  
4262 E. Carroll  
Beverly Hills

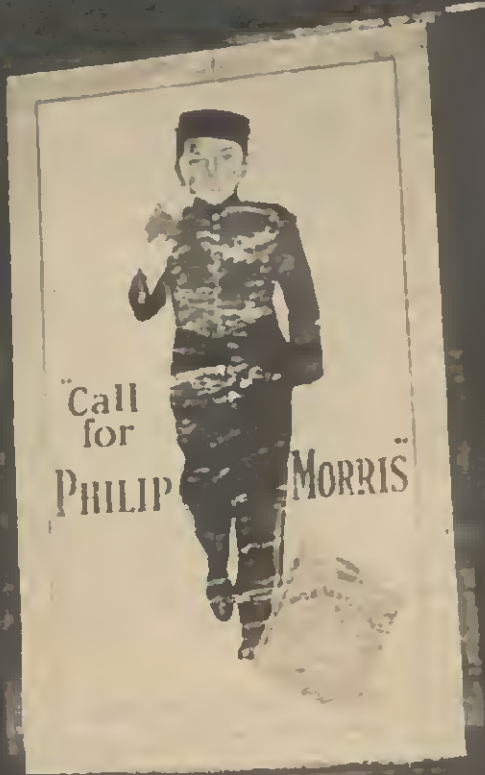
Heart's Desire  
Hollywood 28  
California



♥ Thanks to this unique  
program, thousands of be-  
seaching people throughout  
the country have fulfilled  
their hearts' desires.

■ When you hear the cheery, folksy tones of genial Ben Alexander every week-day morning over Mutual, at 11:30 A.M., you know it's "make your dreams come true" time. Within a year of its September, 1946 debut, 3,000,000 appeals had poured in, and year-round Santa Ben had given away \$300,000 in gifts. The "heart's desire" letters average 16,000 each day. Is there something you want desperately, either for yourself or a friend? 75% of all requests are unselfish pleas to help others. Maybe the local orphanage's baseball team needs uniforms. Perhaps it's a prosaic vacuum cleaner you crave. Or your friend's heartbroken because she lacks the fare to visit her dying mother in Chicago. All these heart's desires were fulfilled by this giveaway program. It's truly an audience-participation show. For not only do the 1,000 daily guests at Earl Carroll's Hollywood restaurant-theatre help select the most gripping desires, they also explain them over the air. Big-hearted Ben moves heaven and earth to fulfill each dream broadcast. When a Colorado woman asked aid in getting a bell for the humble church she attended, the m.c. tossed a good luck penny into a jar and suggested, "Let's each send her a penny." 227,000 coins rolled in, plus a \$1,200 check, enough for a bell, bell-house, wishing well, and sizable sum for the church relief fund. It doesn't matter if the appeals are heartbreaking or funny; each is read carefully. One Ohio woman requested toys for Ruth T., who, at 12, had had 24 foster parents. The child was convinced no one cared about her, till a veritable Fairyland arrived! The same day a Texas farm-wife protested that "she hated Joe's GI uniform. He uses it as his Sunday best." How she'd like to burn it! She was sent a suit—and box of matches for herself.

more→





Off to a busy day's work, Al bids goodbye to Erle. Baby Asa, joy of the household, is still sleeping.



Relaxing at noon, Al tries to out-cigar Mr. Cigar, himself. Edward G. Robinson, of course.



Al looks happy enough to burst into the song being taken off the Decca presses.

# a day with Jolson



Hat on the back of his head, eyes a-rolling, Al goes over a new tune with arranger Martin Fried.



Another song, with Fried at the piano, and Jolson getting ready to give out with his familiar style.

Hooper rates him the year's No. 1

singer. And when television

gets rated, Al will be at the top,

too. The mugger can't miss.

■ They say this Asa Jolson is a boy with a future. The way he schedules a short day, you'd think the whole thing hinged on catching the 8:15 to the moon. Out of the house like a junior executive, he dashes to Jolson headquarters where he's currently in permanent conference planning the Jolson-Story sequel. Seems the previous installment was just the prologue. We caught him with Martin Fried, plotting the musical score, and at the sight of a camera, Jolie's reflexes began to click. To Jolie, the sight of a photo-flood and tripod is a personal challenge, all things come to a screeching halt while the eyes roll, the teeth sparkle and Jolson goes into action. We hoped to get a candid-type series of pictures of Al's routine. Instead, we found ourselves with a full display of his mobile mugging. Fact is, that's as much the real Jolson as anything we could have gotten. He's show business from his heels to his cigar, and a day with Jolson—any day—is a big, drum-rolling circus parade down Main Street.

Even on his broadcast, Al can't resist mingling with his audience, though it takes him away from Levant, at the piano.



## heart's desire, cont.



Pity poor m.c. Ben Alexander snowed under a single day's desires from his hopeful fans.



From his 1000 daily program guests, big Ben's picking this lady to broadcast for him.



How well this guest-performer presents the appeal Alexander has assigned her, determines whether or not she'll be the lucky prize winner.



Glad you drew such a funny one, lady. Usually they're chock-full of heartaches.



The show originates in Earl Carroll's theatre-restaurant. Audience-members scan the mail for likely letters. By applause they determine the best request discussed daily. The audience explainer wins a wonderful prize!



Crippled hospital children get their bang-up hearts' desires. All those wonderful toys are theirs for keeps!



H. E. Nichols, in charge of program planning, explains to his assistant about a particular program appeal.

# an orchid for tom breneman

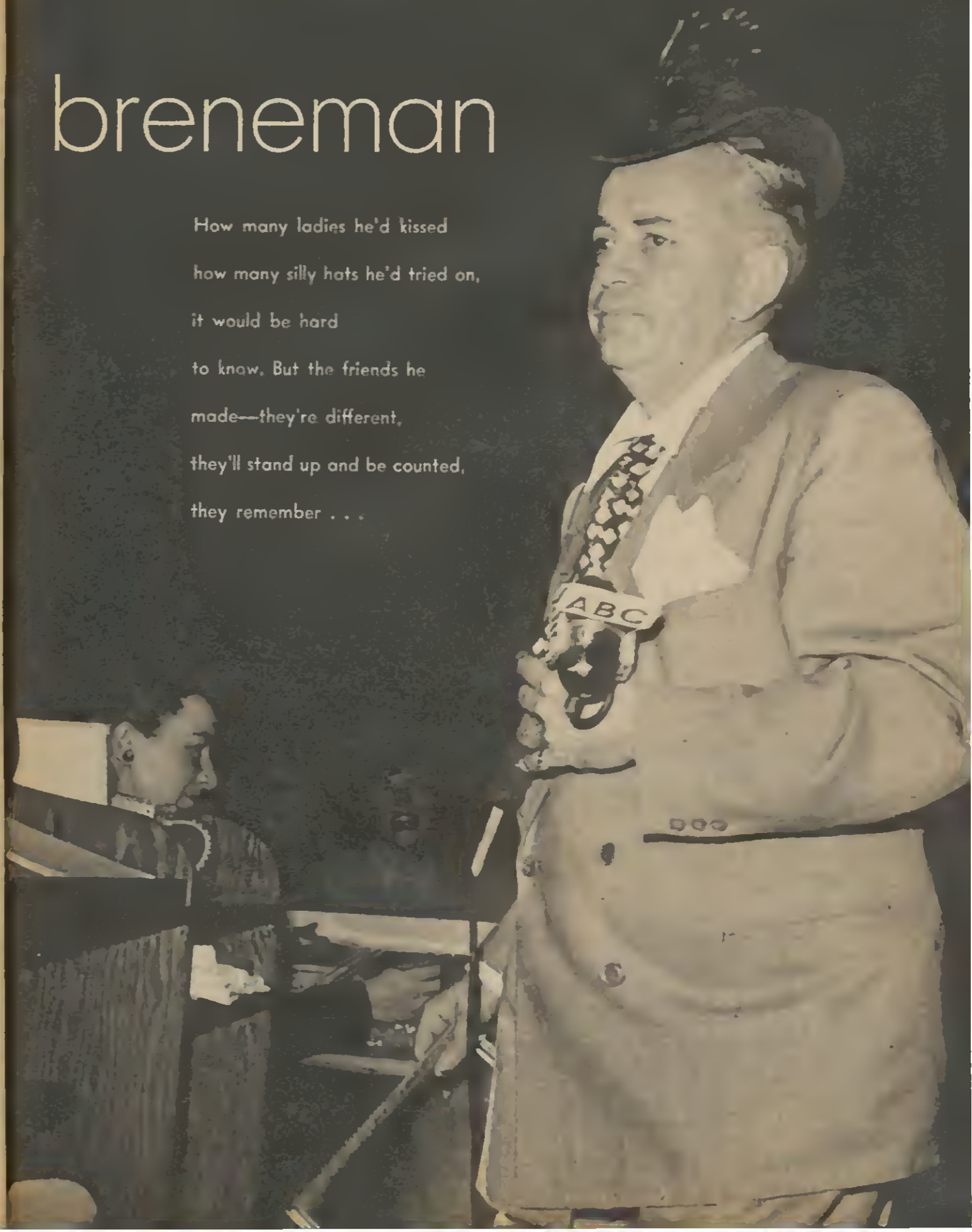
■ On April 28th, Tom Breneman died in his Encino home, of a heart attack. He was a man of forty-six—grey-haired, plump, for the most part sad-eyed—and he was terribly tired. They buried him in Forest Lawn Cemetery, and outside the church where the funeral services were held, people stood with tears streaming down their crumpled faces . . . All over the country, various commentators broadcast corny tributes, and read mawkish poetry, but they couldn't really touch, or interfere with the simple, dignified grief Tom's listeners experienced. There wasn't any way to cheapen the feeling Breneman had built between himself and his audience, over the years. He'd been a knight in a blue serge suit to myriad lonely women; he'd made them laugh, he'd teased them, he'd loved them. He'd turned a radio show into a national institution, and how many elderly ladies he'd kissed, how many silly hats he'd tried on, it would be hard to know. The Breneman formula was simple, really. A visit with the women who crowded into his Vine Street restaurant, mornings. An interview with a few of them on the air. An orchid for the oldest woman, a comb for a bald man (there were men guests, also), a cigar for a young girl . . . Nothing spectacular, and yet, as one reporter wrote, Breneman had "glorified the average, he'd made something very big out of very small lives lived very quietly." . . . Four hundred customers had breakfast in Tom's restaurant every morning; they paid \$1.50 each, and lined up as early as 6 a. m. for the privilege. He himself was always awake at 4:30, made his own breakfast before he left his house for the drive into Hollywood. He'd started in show business when he was fifteen, and he'd come a long way. He'd been in vaudeville, he'd had in-

significant radio jobs, he'd never known the sweetness of sudden fame, but by the time he was forty-six, he was making \$100,000 a year, he had his restaurant, he had a thriving hat business (an outgrowth of the hat-kidding which took place on his program), he was mayor of the town where he lived, and he was listened to by ten million people every day. He'd had a completely happy married life (when Breneman was twenty-five, he was married to Billie Dunn, an actress; they had two children, a daughter, Gloria, and a son, Tom, Jr.) and no breath of scandal had ever touched his family. He'd recently started "Tom Breneman's Magazine" (according to Tom Farrell, its publisher, the magazine will be continued, with Mrs. Breneman editing) and a few years ago, a movie based on "Breakfast in Hollywood" was made, with Breneman playing the lead. He was a busy man, and he liked it that way. But on April 27th, he who usually fooled around with his audience for an hour or so after the broadcast, cut his visit short. One of his assistants looked at him worriedly, and said, "What's the matter? Don't you feel well?" Breneman shook his head. "I'm fine. I just think George M. Cohan was right. 'Always leave them laughing when you say goodbye.'" The next morning, he was dead. His wife, who heard him fall, found him on the bathroom floor at 5 a. m. He never recovered consciousness . . . "Breakfast in Hollywood" is still on the air, and Garry Moore, who temporarily took it over, has a real and original talent which made a place for him in the affections of the listeners. But those listeners aren't forgetting Tom. The President of the Kellogg Company put it simply, in his tribute: "Tom Breneman," he said, "not only was a great and good friend; he was one of those rare people who is constantly concerned with humanitarianism. He worked to make people laugh. He worked to remove the sense of loneliness that is the dominant note in the lives of so many. His audience was much more than a group of visiting fans. They loved Breneman. Tom Breneman will be missed, not just today, or tomorrow, but for a very long time, by many, many people."

This lady eventually got a large orchid (and a larger kiss) from Tom.



How many ladies he'd kissed  
how many silly hats he'd tried on,  
it would be hard  
to know. But the friends he  
made—they're different,  
they'll stand up and be counted,  
they remember . . .



# garry carries on

■ It's one of the hardest things in the world. You're almost sure you haven't got a chance. You walk into *his* restaurant the first day, and your head is giving you trouble, and your throat's closed up, and the mike is bigger and blacker than a mike ought to be. All these people idolized Tom Breneman, they're all sitting on their chairs waiting for you to make a fool of yourself, to crawl out of the place, because you had the nerve to think you could fill their guy's shoes. . . Only maybe it isn't that way, after all. Maybe this Breneman built up such a good feeling in people that their feeling lasted after him. Maybe the warmth and friendship he'd offered his audiences was something they'd give back; maybe they'd even want to see a new fellow make good, knowing that Breneman would have wanted it too. . . So you go on, you do your bit, your hope. And it turns out they like you. "Breakfast in Hollywood" continues, only now it's the Garry Moore show, and Garry's fears are over. He's changed the pace a lot, of course. Garry's more of a gag-man than Tom was; he's

Jimmy Durante's old sidekick, he writes silly poetry, and he goes in for stunts. There's one he works with John Nelson, in which Nelson poses as Swami Hassen Ben Sober, a blindfolded mind reader. Garry wanders around the audience holding up articles for Nelson to identify. "You should be able to see through this one," means spectacles, of course, and it doesn't mystify the audience any more than it does Nelson, but they think it's funny. For his part, Garry enjoys the comparative easiness and lack of tension that go with a morning show. It's a welcome change, but as soon as a permanent emcee is selected, Garry will go back to night work. Originally, Garry planned to drop the "Breakfast in Hollywood" custom of giving an orchid to the oldest lady in the house every morning. "It was so much a part of Tom's personal appeal," he explained. "I couldn't duplicate it; I wouldn't try." The listeners changed his mind, though; thousands wrote in demanding that the old ladies be given their orchids, and Garry, who's an amiable soul, was happy to comply.



The oldest lady in the place still gets an orchid every morning. It's part of the Breneman tradition Garry Moore discovered his listeners wanted continued.



Garry claims he's an authority on how to dunk doughnuts. He insults his audience's methods, then proceeds to give long, confusing lessons.

Garry Moore



"I just wanted to see what you looked like," this lady said, when Garry asked why she'd attended the show.



Though he seems to ad lib his way easily through the show, Garry actually arrives early enough to rehearse most of his stuff before the patrons come into the restaurant.

It's tough to step  
into the shoes of a man who  
was loved the way  
people loved Tom Breneman. But Garry  
Moore is doing it for awhile—  
and so beautifully  
that Tom would have been proud . . .





*Mickey Rooney*

# mr. rooney takes the air

■ Pandemonium prevails at a Rooney rehearsal. The little guy leaps into the scene, the gags fly thick and fast—and most often funny. The stiff broom hair stands straight. As excitement mounts, it sags into trailing wisps across a forehead prematurely furrowed by 28 years of being an actor, singer, dancer, instrumentalist, composer, playwright, playboy, soldier, husband (twice), father (twice) and fierce-fighter for what he considers his rights. The fellow who writes Mickey's CBS *Shorty Bell* program, which started last March, is Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Their astrological charts must have brought them together in Hollywood. Both were born on a September 23—Mickey in Brooklyn, in 1920; Brennan in St. Louis, in 1901. Brennan's an ex-newspaper man, ex-writer for the Army Air Forces Radio Division, ace fictioneer—short stories, books, plays, scenarios. Mickey's recent MGM movie, *Killer McCoy*, is one of his scripts. Richard Carroll, *Shorty's* co-author, who adapts Brennan's "novel for radio" treatment to actual broadcast form, is another newspaper vet. So is William N. Robson, producer-director of the series. They're all working with material they know when they tell the story of hard-fisted *Shorty* who drives a circulation truck for *The News* and yearns to be a hot-shot reporter. Ex-vaudevillian Joe Yule, Mickey's real-life father, got the job as *Mr. Squidger*, without an audition. His voice told Robson he had found the old-timer he needed for guardian-of-the-portals outside of managing editor *Don Robard's* door. Two other regulars in the cast are *Emmet Kern*, 16-year-old parolee, and *Ennet's* sister *Lois*, a mighty purty redhead with a witty tongue and a lofty idealism that *Shorty* is always trying to bring down to earth. *Shorty* himself is Mickey to a T—the Mickey who's always on the defensive, whose judgments are spiked with atom-splitting uranium, whose humor is mixed with vinegar. The Mick has been holding his own since the night he toddled out on the vaudeville stage, unnoticed, at fifteen months, and captured an audience with the best trick in his repertoire—a headstand. He was a trouper from the first, and from 6 to 12 he breathed life into the Fontaine Fox cartoon character *Mickey McGuire*, in almost fourscore movies. He changed his name from Joe Yule, Jr., to Mickey McGuire Rooney as a result. He played *Puck* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in a Warner movie and in the Hollywood Bowl, made more than a dozen *Audy Hardy* pictures for MGM, starred in musicals and dramas, was 18 months overseas in the Army entertaining troops, can cry at the drop of a handkerchief, and is a quick mimic. He's record-crazy; keeps a record player and a pile of his favorites handy at the studio. The sight of a piano or a drum sets him rhythm-crazy. Mickey relaxes by substituting physical exercise for mental. Ask him what makes him work so hard, and he'll shake his head, say—"Every show *must* be a good one." (CBS, Sun., 9:30 P.M.)



Behind those specs is news-sleuth *Shorty Bell*, alias Mickey Rooney. Co-partner in this tense moment is show's producer-director Bill Robson.

television  
section

New York Daily News  
plunges into Television  
with city's newest  
video station.  
WPIX combines speed  
of a newspaper with color  
of the tele-cameras.  
Station puts stress on  
news, columnists, and  
pure entertainment.



Jimmy Jemail, the celebrated Inquiring Photographer, corners Basil Rathbone at WPIX opening.

■ Last June 15, the curtain went up on New York's newest television station, WPIX, owned by the Daily News, New York's largest-selling newspaper. The infant station started off with plenty of fanfare—five and a half hours of straight programming, featuring such stars as Fred Allen, Paulette Goddard, Ed Gardner, Jane Pickens, and Geraldine Fitzgerald. Then it went into the daily grind of competition with New York's other, more established tele-stations. Every new venture—in video, as in everything else—has to have a new idea, and the News' intention seems to be to make WPIX something like a newspaper in television. On the opening day, many of the News' top columnists appeared to lend a journalistic angle

to the festivities. Ben Gross, the radio editor, interviewed Fred Allen and gave him a chance to do a turn of juggling, the art that Fred broke in with. Dan Walker, Broadway columnist, operated in one of his natural habitats, the Copacabana, while Ed Sullivan took over at the Latin Quarter. Jimmy Jemail, the well-known Inquiring Photographer, drew Basil Rathbone before the tele-cameras at the opener, too. But WPIX's schedule was not confined to newspapermen gone tele-crazy. Gloria Swanson, as telegenic as ever, is the mistress-of-ceremonies of her own show. One big WPIX scoop in the first week of operations was the presentation of films of an airliner crash a scant ten hours after it happened.



Charming as ever, Gloria Swanson (left) runs her own 55-minute show on WPIX every Wed. afternoon.



Executives of the Daily News congratulate slogan contest winners with a fat check.

opening night at  
**WPIX**



Television's new, but interviewing celebrities is old stuff to Dan Walker, seen with La Goddard.



Ben Gross, the News' Radio editor, interviews that old juggler and vaudevillian, Fred Allen.

# video in review

■ Television developments are breaking so fast that, by press time, our up-to-the-minute bulletins might be old stuff, but anyway let's go . . . At last word, many movie houses were struggling for a television-motion picture tie-up. It started off when the Paramount theater in New York and the Fox in Philadelphia got a terrific response for putting on the Walcott-Louis battle for their cinematic audiences. All critics agreed that television stole the spotlight at the national nominating caucuses in Philadelphia. The word is that the Democrats were lucky to come on second—they profited by the Republicans' mistakes in make-up, timing, etc. So far television has gone lock, stock, and barrel after stars in other fields, such as radio, movies, and press, but before long, telecasters predict, the new medium will be producing stars of its own. CBS did a bit of pioneering when it put "We the People" on the air and on the telewaves simultaneously; it was a gala program, with the King Cole trio, Eden Ahbez (nature boy), Mrs. Spencer Tracy, and Evil-Eye Ben Finkle,

the man who puts the hex on ball teams and boxers, appearing at the microphones and cameras. In Philadelphia, WCAU put a few television sets on jeeps, sent them traveling from curb to curb around the city, and gave the pedestrian a chance to watch television on the hoof. A stunt that may have a revolutionary effect on television was tried recently by Westinghouse. It's called stratovision and it's a way of overcoming distances. The televised presentation of the Louis-Walcott fight and the political conventions were beamed to an airplane hovering five miles over Pittsburgh and from there were retransmitted to Cincinnati and points west. The plane was a B-29. Television audiences are becoming the judges in beauty contests. They watch the parade of the queens, then cast votes for their favorites. Bing Crosby, borrowed from radio, is scheduled to make some pictures for television late this summer, and the Texaco Star Theater has come up with a new trick that Variety calls "vaudeo,"—in other words, putting a vaudeville show on the telewaves.



ABC's coast television site is a good mile up. The gal in white is "Miss West Coast Television."



Lanny Ross of Yale, radio, and screen does a bit of mugging before going off into his song.

Behind the scenes on Broadway is another new television wrinkle; turn page for "Mister Roberts."



Television takes you (or pretends to) to the dock to see a gallant officer and a couple of models.



Gene Sarazen, left, spends more time on the farm than on the links these days; at extreme right, none other, Bing.



High drama on the telewaves, as the camera catches the curtain over an intense couple.



more

## television section

■ The oldest form of entertainment in the world is the drama—the Greeks had it, and so did the Romans. The newest form is television, which is being brought to perfection mostly in the United States and England. Now the two have been joined by CBS in a series called "Tonight on Broadway," in which the smash-hits of Gotham are put on video and telecast 500 miles up and down the Atlantic seaboard. "Tonight on Broadway," one of the toughest, most complicated jobs television has tackled so far, gives its audience a reserved seat down front, on the aisle, at shows that usually the lucky few only get to see. It goes backstage to show the work of the producer, director, and technical crews, from electricians to grease-painters—a phase of the theater that the public hasn't had much chance up to now to become acquainted with. To cover a show, CBS has to move approximately two tons of television equipment into a theater, set up cameras in the balcony box, the pit, the aisle, and backstage, beam signals from the theater roof by means of a portable transmitter and, all in all, perform an intricate, split-second operation. Result of this activity is overwhelming. The first show that CBS covered was the top-flight, long-run "Mr. Roberts," for which it's as hard to get tickets to as it is to build a snow-man in July. The television curtain went up on two scenes—the opener, in which you see the boredom of a cargo ship crew a long way from the fighting zone, and the hilarious start of the hilarious second act, in which the sailors come back aboard after their first liberty in over a year. In the accompanying photographs, you'll find some of the scenes from "Mr. Roberts" that went out over video, plus a close-up, from back-stage, of the young author, Thomas Heggen, a Navy vet himself. The series went on, after this debut, to present all kinds of shows from pretty serious fare to out-and-out buffoonery, represented by "High Button Shoes," with laugh-getters Joey Faye and Phil Silvers. At the end of the regular cycle of telecasts, CBS decided to extend the series and now has big plans for expanding it even farther.



The drama used to be restricted to the fortunate few.

# TONIGHT ON BROADWAY

show of shows  
CBS television presents  
the Broadway smashes  
over the ether



But now CBS-Television takes you onstage, backstage.



Video-man interviews L. Hayward and Tom Heggen.



Backstage at "Mr. Roberts," with star Henry Fonda.



A close-up of Fonda, who plays title role in the hit.



Bill Harrigan, the rough-and-tumble ship's captain.



Onstage; Fonda as the junior officer of a cargo ship.

end



Getting in practice for greeting the populace from the White House balcony, our candidate hugs the babies, smiles at the pretty mamas, chats with papas.



'Twas the night before election—and all through the crystal ball 4th Party Candidate McNeill saw rosy pictures of a rosy future in the White House.

His tongue's in his cheek

but his hat's in the ring.

So watch out for the baby-

kissing, fiery oratory and

those campaign promises!

# don mcneill for president



Taint an inaugural fete—but fifteen years as prexy of ABC's *Breakfast Club* calls for celebration too. Cute gal in the checkerboard outfit is club's favorite *Aunt Fanny*.



The five *Breakfast Club* grins belong, from left to right, to Patsy Lee, Sam Cowling, Candidate McNeill, Jack Owens and Fran (*Aunt Fanny*) Allison.

■ Fourth Party Candidate Donald Thomas McNeill pledges the voters a song with every breakfast menu. No mere campaign promises, these—he's been making 'em good, via the airwaves, for lo these fifteen years. Candidate McNeill was born in Galena, Ill., in 1907, two days before Saint Nick makes his annual pilgrimage. In 1931 he was broadcasting from San Francisco as one of *The Two Professors of Coo-Coo College*—which, logically enough, led to his present *Breakfast Club* program for ABC. He's sure of four votes: From Clowning Sam Cowling, who wanted to be an architect. And Cruising Crooner Jack Owens, who got his start when high school athletics gained him a broken arm, lost him a summer life-guard job, and landed him on the local radio as singer and

sweeper-outer. He made good on the first, flunked the second. From singer Patsy Lee, who made a one-week guest appearance on the *Breakfast Club* in 1946 and was latched right onto by popular demand. And from Fran Allison, school-mar'm turned radio singer. She strolled into a studio one morning and the emcee smartercracked "Why, here's *Aunt Fanny*. Come over and say Hello." Fran ad-libbed for five minutes and the listeners liked it. A gal like that just naturally gravitated to the *Breakfast Club*. Did we say four votes? Hey, there's Mrs. Don—a sure-fire fifth. As for the McNeill kids—Bobby, Donny and Tommy—they're practicing egg-rolling for the White House lawn come next Easter. Club is heard on ABC 9:00 A. M., Monday through Friday.



■ If there's a case of perfect casting anywhere in radio it's the role of bubbling, chuckling Beulah, the delightful domestic, as played by 'rotund, rollicking Hattie McDaniel—and for more reasons than meet the ear. First of all Hollywood's great negro actress is not a radio newcomer. Way back in 1931, she sparked a weekly variety show on Los Angeles' KNX and has since appeared on the Eddie Cantor and Amos 'n' Andy programs. Nor is she lost among the pots and pans. During her early career as a vaudeville singer with Professor George Morrison's colored orchestra, Hattie took many a "tide me over" job as cook and house servant. In fact, she still corresponds with the proud Chicago couple who first employed her. Once, when bookings went bad in Milwaukee, she grabbed a temporary maid's job at Sam Pick's Suburban Inn—for one dollar a night, plus tips. Three years later, she was still there. Not as a maid, but as the headliner of the Suburban Inn floor show. From there, Hattie headed for Hollywood. "I was just willing to start with anything—from the bottom, as an extra, which I did," she will tell you in her naturally good-humored way. But then Hattie did a scene at Fox Studios with Minna Gombell in which she ad-libbed, and her days as an extra were over. "I didn't mean to fill-in," laughs Hattie, "but it was a scene in which one of the men was punched in the stomach, and I just felt like saying, 'He hit him in the front and bulged him out in back.'" She did. The director liked it. And as a result, Hattie McDaniel landed her first big role—with Will Rogers in "Judge Priest." Though she has been in approximately 250 movies since then, fans best remember her perfect portrayal of "Mammy" in "Gone With The Wind," the role for which she won the Academy Award. The radio role of the "love that man" Beulah was originated by the late Marlin Hunt on the Fibber McGee and Molly show. Bob Corley then continued it on an ABC series. But every weekday evening, CBS from 7:00-7:15 P. M. since last November, the effervescent voice of Beulah has been that of merry Hattie McDaniel. How does she feel about radio? "Our five-a-week schedule is really more confining than vaudeville or movies, although it may not seem that way," replies Hattie, "but I'm not complaining. I like radio." We might add that radio also likes Hattie McDaniel.



James Crawford, whom Hattie divorced in 1945, was her admiring escort at the Hollywood Free Peoples Dinner.

Unknowingly, Hattie  
McDaniel had been playing  
the Beulah role  
on and off stage for years.  
She couldn't miss.

meet  
beulah



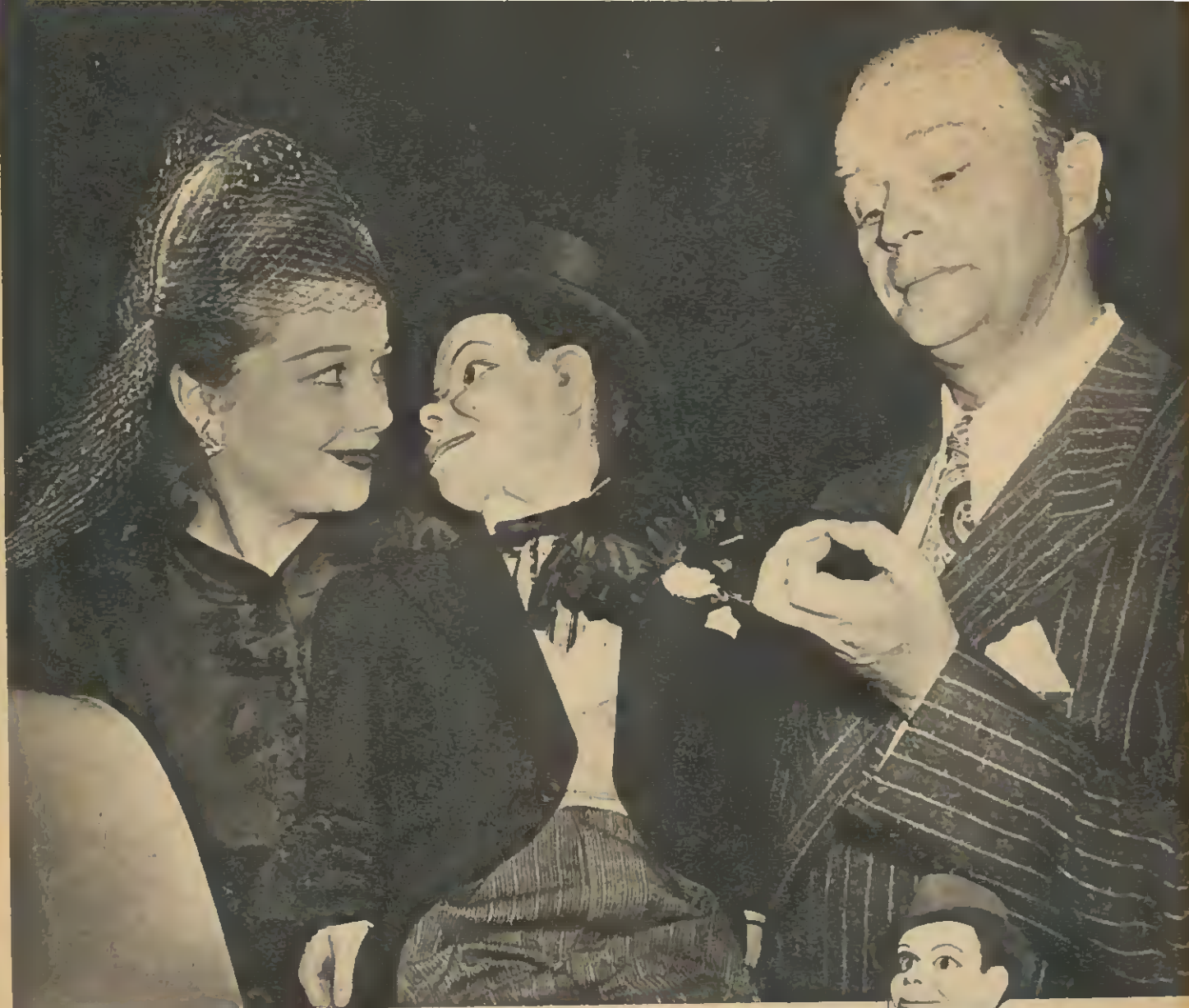
Mrs. Henderson (Mary Jane Croft) chuckles at the not-so-Lilly Dache hat as designed by milliner H. McDaniel.



Radio is doing to Hattie what vaudeville and movies never did: taking off McDaniel weight. She loves it.

Beulah (Hattie McDaniel) and Bill (Ernest Whitman) rehearse for director Tom Knight.





Charlie's a killer with the ladies! Bergen looks away discreetly as McCarthy gives Ann Baxter a line. Maybe Edgar's heard all this before!

He's the snappiest  
dummy in the world, and a wooden  
head doesn't bother him—  
he lets Bergen do the talking.

Bergen says  
enough for both of them!



# it took nineteen tailors

■ He'd be one of the best-dressed men in America—if only he were a man. But under the tie and tails, the monocle and the carnation you find tin and leather and upholsterers' hair. It's a shame—a kid like Charlie McCarthy you'd like to have alive. It all goes back to the birth of Edgar Bergen in 1903. There was a boy a few people felt like taking a swat at! He'd sit in his classroom and answer "present" for all the kids who were absent. Teachers thought they were losing their minds. At home, when his mother heard him shouting from inside the oven she nearly passed out. Bergen doesn't exactly throw his voice. He muffles it. He talks with his tongue through closed teeth and his lips scarcely move. At high school parties and dances, Bergen was very popular. Not with the girls—with the entertainment committees. But it paid. In fact, Bergen talked his way through college (Northwestern University). He used to buy his newspapers from a merry and cynical Irish newsboy whose face he couldn't forget. Bergen drew a sketch of the face, gave the sketch to Charles Mack, a Chicago wood-carver. And for \$35, McCarthy's red-topped head was born. That was over twenty years ago. In the beginning, Edgar didn't have much faith in radio. The stage, where people could see Charlie, was for him. But in 1936 he did a trial broadcast with Rudy Vallee, and you know the rest. The years have done Charlie good. He's in the chips. He has ten hats for his swelled head, a couple of full dress suits, a Sherlock Holmes outfit, a Foreign Legion outfit, a gypsy costume. The upkeep costs him \$1,000 a year, but he lets Edgar pay. And Edgar doesn't mind. In his will, he's even leaving \$10,000 for ventriloquists who'll take Charlie around to hospitals and orphanages. Not a bad deal for the McCarthy lad. He's no dummy!

Two smoothies from Broadway.



Red letter day for cowboy in tails.



Hosts at Gay Nineties party.



more→

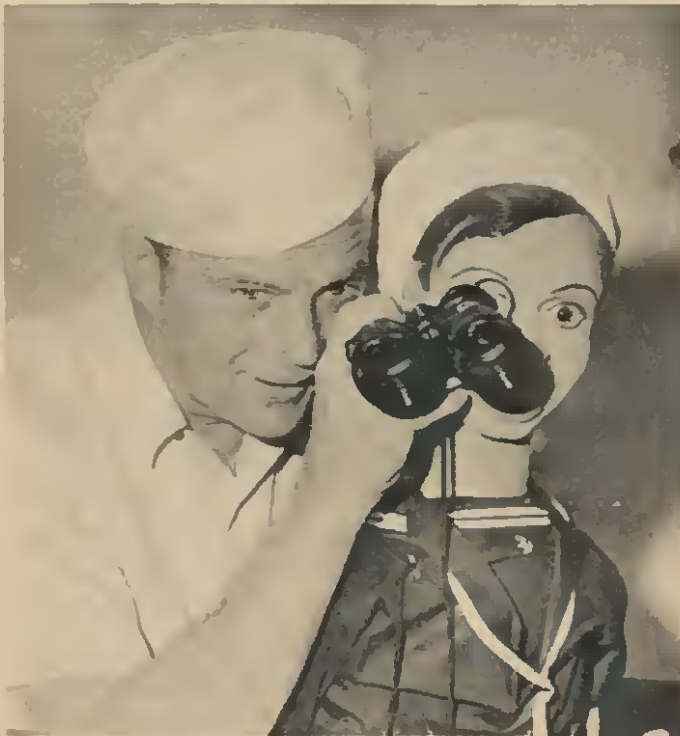
it took nineteen tailors, cont.



Charlie has a playmate—name of Mortimer Snerd. When country boy meets city slicker—oh, poor Mortimer.



Bergen's big interest, besides Charlie, is flying. Owns three planes, has financed a flying school.



These two really get around. They've been to all the principal cities of Europe, even entertained royalty.



Call to the hunt! Riding clubs may not admit them, but Mort and Charlie are dressed to kill!



French Foreign Legion never had it so good as when Charlie decided to join up. Bergen refrained.



One advantage being made of pine—Hedy Lamarr doesn't mind if you sit on her lap. McCarthy's mad about lovely girls.



Housing shortage doesn't bother him—Charlie lives in a trunk. No windows, but plenty warm in winter.



When a guy has a wardrobe large as this—\$1,000 a yr. upkeep—it's confusing. Valet Bergen's always on hand.

end

Mona Paulee



# air-borne soprano

When Mona Paulee made her Met debut she thought she was flying high. That was before Dean's ATC service, and Bonanza purchase. Now she's going places—at 200 MPH.

■ There was a time when all a top-flight mezzo-soprano did was sing. Even Met star Mona Paulee used to think so. But now she's also a combination grease monkey, weather observer, map reader and co-pilot. And plans for her concert tours read like American Airlines schedules. It all began, actually, the day after Pearl Harbor—when her orchestra-conductor husband, Dean Holt, signed up with the Air Transport Command. He rapidly grew convinced that flying was the only form of travel. Mona's heavy concert schedules, meanwhile, had her bouncing on buses, wrestling luggage, missing trains and generally arriving at each stop so exhausted that she soon grew to have the same conviction. The minute Dean emerged from the Service, they decided to buy a plane of their own—an Army surplus AT-6, traded in for a Beechcraft Bonanza. "Almost immediately our life took on a complete change," says Mona, "there was breathing space between engagements." There still is—though not as much as there was. First Rose Bampton, suddenly taken ill on the eve of a concert, asked if they could possibly fly in and pinch-hit for her. They did. Word soon spread about that Mona Paulee and her accompanist husband could fill any date, anywhere, and at a moment's notice. Lucrative offers poured in, and most were accepted. Last season these two "cloud-hoppers" completed the most ambitious tour in operatic history when they appeared in over 50 cities throughout the United States and Canada. Another interesting side-light is that Mona Paulee is the only opera star who ever approached the Metropolitan through vaudeville and night clubs. Her knowledge of everything from jazz to opera makes Mona a welcomed guest on such varied programs as the Coca-Cola, Firestone and Borden shows.



Mona's husband, former pilot Dean Holt, bought their first "concert touring" plane so they'd have time for fun. Result: Heavier concert schedules.



No more suitcase-wrinkles for this talented couple. Impeccably groomed, they both carry full wardrobes neatly tucked away in their new Beechcraft Bonanza.



"That such a hunk of punkritude should go for that schlemiel!" Ed (Archy) Gardner marvels. Maria Montez is fondling the grizzled face of Charlie (Clifton Finnegan) Cantor, and even Finnegan's surprised.

"Come to Duffy's," Archie says. "We're classin' up the joint! We got cuspidors doublin' as finger-bowls; we got cross ventilation (a hole in the ceilin', a hole in the floor) and the hamburgers seem big because we trim the paper plates."

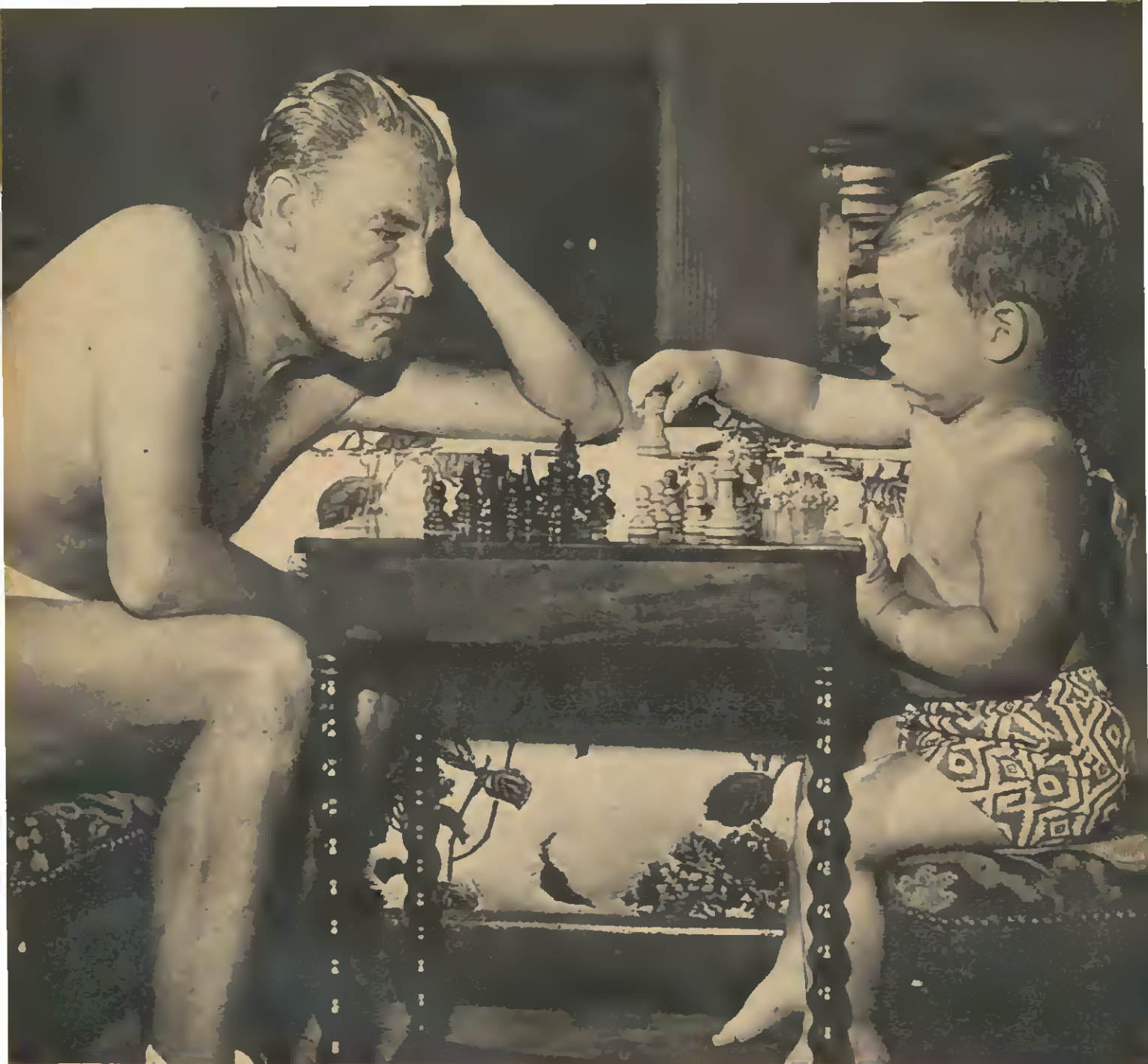
## duffy's tavern-keeper



Ed and wife Simone back in 1944. "If Rembrandt can do it, well?" was his attitude. Ed was once married to Shirley Booth, the program's first "Miss Duffy."



When it came to a beauty contest between these two, a judge might be in trouble. Charles Laughton visited "Duffy's" one night; here's the result.



"Me beaten by a little kid?" Ed sneers. "Anyways, ain't I his father? Didn't I learn him the game?"

■ His mother made him take piano lessons, but he certainly fooled heck out of *her*. He got a job playing mood music at a Flatbush saloon called Vopak's, and that wasn't anything like what she'd had in mind . . . The salary was pitiful, but a fellow could gorge on the free lunch, and if you had a respectable job, he knew you'd have to get up early in the morning. Since he didn't care to get up (early in the morning) Ed stuck to theatrical enterprises. As one writer put it, "he managed to make a living." Ed answered the writer briskly. "It didn't go to my head," he said. "I lived very economical. I bought crackers for breakfast, milk for lunch, and ate them for supper."

Duffy's Tavern, and Archie, were Ed's own ideas; originally he planned to write and direct the show. But he interviewed a million actors, and none of them was Archie, and in the end, Ed found himself trapped by his own creation. So he's Archie; he's been Archie since 1941. During the '30s, he was married to Shirley Booth, who became Miss Duffy when the program started. The marriage didn't last, and now Ed's married to a lovely blonde named Simone Hegeman, mother of Ed, Jr. They're happy except when big Ed gets to lamenting over his ancient (and purely imaginary) stage successes. "The smell of the greaseball is still in me nostrils," he sighs.



*Jack Benny*



jack benny seems worried enough by the mere presence of Joe Louis to take off his spectacles in the company of the champ. Everyone, including Benny, knows that Joe would never harm a fly, much less "The Bee," but Jack's worried, anyway. In fact, he's a chronic worrier. He worried himself sleepless the night before his radio debut, as a guest on columnist Ed Sullivan's program way back in 1932. He worries about his self-built reputation as the stingiest man in the world. He frets about his health, his family's health. He's in a constant state of nerves from one Sunday evening broadcast to the next. Mrs. Benny, Mary Livingston, of course, says about the Waukegan worrier, "Jack lives on a steady diet of fingernails and coffee." Well, it *does* keep expenses down. He is heard on NBC, Sunday, 7 P.M.



**dorothy shay** the Park Avenue Hillbillie. Dot was born in Jacksonville, Florida, far away from either sophisticated Park Avenue or rustic hillbilly country. But when her recordings of the mountaineer ballads such as "Old Fud," and "Feudin', Fussin' and A-fightin'" were released, the public clamored for more, more, more from this novelty vocalist who has been working toward fame in recent years over the Morton Gould Show, as the singer on "Here's to Romance," and on the Supper Club. Now, starring in the Spotlight Revue with Spike Jones and his boys, Dorothy gets a laugh from Doodles Weaver, better known as Professor Feitelbaum. Weaver is a regular member of the Spotlight cast. Dorothy sings her own chanteys, and also shines in pop tunes. (CBS—Friday—10:30 to 11 P. M. EST.)

# 5 a-day

She made her radio bow in an ingenue role. Today they're her specialty.



Busy Barbara, script in hand, arrives at the studio bright and early to begin her daily stint of dramatic radio programs.



She hurries past the guard, stopping only long enough to squeeze her friend's arm (above).



After removing her coat, she settles down to discussing possible script changes with the director of her opening radio program.



The rehearsal with singer Dennis Day is next. She portrays his girl friend in their current "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" skits.



Babs is due at another show in five minutes. That's why she clock-watches, sipping her tea.



Between roles, our star rehearses at home. Her kid sister, Ginny, is playing back the record they have just completed.







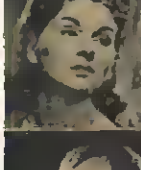
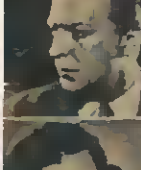
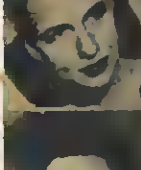
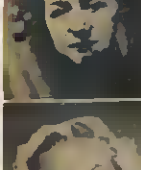

Satisfied with the way she's played her part, the five-a-day girl starts back for the studio. She still has two more to go!





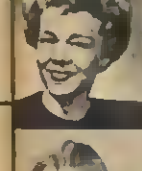
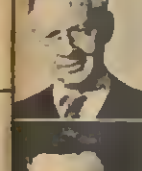
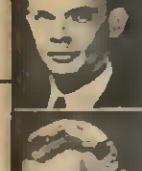
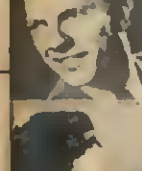
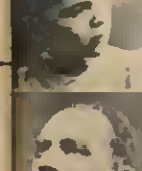




Another rehearsal, this time with the cast of "The Life of Riley." Recognize William Bendix? She plays his daughter.





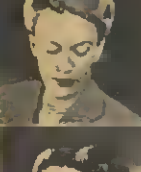






■ Without exception, she's the busiest gal in radio. Does television and recordings, too. She's booked regularly on five CBS and NBC week-day shows; as Susan Collins in "The Guiding Light;" Barbara with Danny Thomas; Mildred Anderson with Dennis Day; Babs on "The Life of Reilly," and Ellen on "The Rexall Theatre." Pretty, dramatic Barbara Eiler entered radio unexpectedly. One day in a Los Angeles high school, classmate Don Chapman asked her if she'd like to act on the air. Just like that! Seems KFAC needed a fresh young voice to portray famous gals in their teens. Babs kept the spot for two years, graduating to Baby Rosalie in "Babes in Arms." When she got the role of Lois in "Junior Miss," starring Shirley Temple, Babs rejoiced. That is, till she heard sponsor-rumblings, "Eiler's got to go. Her voice is too much like Temple's." Day and night she slaved to change its timber and her characterization. Result—she kept the job. During the war this lass had two adventurous and disastrous experiences: a brief marriage, and a raising-rabbits venture.






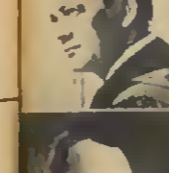


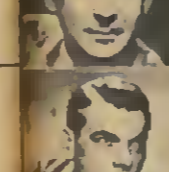


# charting soapsuds alley

NAME	REGULAR ROLES	TIME	BACKGROUND	PERSONAL DATA	SIDELINES
 <b>ALEXANDER, JOAN</b>	Rosemary—(Audrey Roberts) Perry Mason—(Della Street) Philo Vance—(Ellan) Superman—(Lois Lane) David Harum—(Susan Welles)	CBS—11:45 CBS— 2:15 CBS— 3:00	Educated in N. Y. C. Extensive stage career. Appeared on B'way in <i>Hamlet</i> , <i>Promise</i> , <i>Merrily We Roll Along</i> .	Born in St. Louis, Mo. on April 16. Is 5'6½"; weighs 116. Is married to prominent N. Y. doctor. Has one child.	Evening shows— <i>Gangbusters</i> , <i>The Falcon</i> , <i>You Are There</i> , <i>Molle Mystery</i> , <i>F. B. I.</i>
 <b>ALLEN, CHARME</b>	David Harum—(Polly Harum)	CBS— 3:00	Twelve years of stock theatre. Can pitch voice from characters from 40 to 80 years old.	Is 5'5" tall, weighs 157, and has brown hair and blue eyes.	<i>Inner Sanctum</i> , <i>Grand Central Station</i> , <i>Plays By Ear</i> .
 <b>BURR, ANNE</b>	Backstage Wife—(Regina Randolph) When A Girl Marries—(Anne Dunne) Wendy Warren—(Nona Marsh) Big Sister—(Valerie Hale) Claudia—(Julia Norton)	NBC— 4:00 NBC— 5:15 CBS—12:00 CBS— 1:00	Educated at Sweetbriar College, Va. Modeled. On Broadway in <i>Native Son</i> , <i>Lovers and Friends</i> , <i>Hasty Heart</i> .	Born in Boston on June 14. Is 5'6" tall, weighs 120 lbs., and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Is unmarried.	Evening shows— <i>Theatre Guild</i> , <i>The Falcon</i> , <i>Armstrong Theatre</i> , <i>Molle Mystery</i> .
 <b>CAMPBELL, FLORA</b>	Evelyn Winters—(Janice King) Ma Perkins—(Zenith)	CBS— 2:45 CBS— 1:15	Educated for career as violinist at Chicago Musical College. Member of Civic Rep. Theatre. Extensive stock work.	Born in Oklahoma on Aug. 1. Is 5'6" tall, weighs 125 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. She's married to Ben Cutler, has one child.	
 <b>CAMPBELL, PATSY</b>	Second Mrs. Burton—(Mrs. Burton) Rosemary—(Patsy Dawson) Hearts in Harmony—(Nana Long)	CBS— 2:00 CBS—11:45 Recorded	Educated Rockford College, Ill. Drama training. Goodman Theatre, Chicago.	Born in Chicago, Ill., April 11. Is 5'3½"; weighs 114, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Wed to Al Reilly.	
 <b>COTSWORTH, STAZS</b>	Front Page Farrell—(Farrell) Crime Photographer—(Casey)	NBC— 5:45	Studied at Industrial Art School, Pa. Academy Collorossi, Paris. Book illustrator. On B'way in <i>Alice in Wonderland</i> , <i>Macbeth</i> , <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> .	Born in Oak Park, Ill., Feb. 17. Is 5'10" tall, 115 lbs. Has blond hair and blue eyes. Is married to Muriel Kirkland.	Evening shows— <i>District Attorney</i> , <i>Public Defender</i> , <i>Ford Theatre</i> , <i>Shadow Sheriff</i> .
 <b>DARNEY, TONI</b>	Romance of Evelyn Winters—(Evelyn Winters)	CBS— 2:45	Dramatic school in Chicago. Vaudeville. Night club dancer. Stock. On Broadway in <i>Sadie Thompson</i> .	Born Aug. 11, 1921, in Chicago. Is 5'4" tall, weighs 110 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. Is married to Elwood Hoffman.	<i>Ford Theatre</i> , <i>Studio One</i> , <i>Molle Mystery</i> , <i>Who Done It?</i>
 <b>ELSTNER, ANNE</b>	Stella Dallas—(Stella)	NBC— 4:15	Started career at 12. Appeared in <i>Lillom</i> . Was in first radio serial on air.	Born in Lake Charles, La. Jan. 22. Has brown hair and blue eyes. Is 5'5" tall; weighs 135 lbs.	<i>Big Town</i> , <i>Columbia Workshop</i> , <i>Mr. Keene</i> .
 <b>ERSKINE, MARILYN</b>	Lora Lawton—(Gail) Young Widder Brown—(Janey)	NBC—11:45 NBC— 4:45	Made radio debut at 5. First Broadway stage appearance at 11 in <i>Excursion</i> . Also on B'way in <i>Our Town</i> , <i>Primrose Path</i> , <i>Ghost of Yankee Doodle</i> , <i>Linden Tree</i> .	Born in Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1926. Is 5'2" tall, weighs 110 lbs., has blue eyes and blonde hair. Is married to Dr. S. Neikrug.	<i>Let's Pretend</i> , <i>True Story</i> .

NAME	REGULAR ROLES	TIME	BACKGROUND	PERSONAL DATA	SIDELINES
 <b>FREEMAN, FLORENCE</b>	Wendy Warren—(Wendy) Young Widder Brown—(Ellen Brown)	CBS—12:00 NBC— 4:45	In radio since 1935. Had lead in first air show. Educated at N. Y. State College for Teachers, Columbia Univ. Taught school for a year.	Born in N. Y. C. on July 29. Is 5'5½" tall, weighs 120 lbs., and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Married to non-pro., has two daughters.	
 <b>GERSON, BETTY LOU</b>	<i>The Guiding Light</i> —(Charlotte)	CBS— 1:45	Is graduate of Goodman Theatre, Chicago. Made first appearance at 5 in a French play.	Born in Chattanooga, Tenn., on April 30. Is 5'4½", 110 lbs., and has brown eyes and hair. Is married to radio director Joe Ainley.	<i>Count of Monte Cristo</i> , <i>Murder and Mr. Malone</i> , <i>I Deal in Crime</i> , <i>Sam Spade</i> .
 <b>GOTHARD, DAVID</b>	Romance of Helen Trent—(Gil Whitney) Right to Happiness—(Dwight Kramer)	CBS—12:30 NBC— 3:45	Started with Hollywood Playcrafters group at 20. In radio for 15 years. N. Y. programs since 1939.	Born in Beardstown, Ill., on Jan. 14. Is 6' tall, weighs 168 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married.	
 <b>HAINES, LARRY</b>	Right to Happiness—(Sam Roberts) Rosemary—(varied roles)	NBC— 3:45 CBS—11:45	Educated at N. Y. U., and Pasadena Jr. College. Had his own orchestra before radio career started.	Born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Is 5'7½", weighs 155 lbs., and has black hair and brown eyes. Is color blind.	
 <b>HIGBY, MARY JANE</b>	Romance of Helen Trent—(Cynthia Carver) When a Girl Marries—(Joan Davis) Perry Mason—(Mary McKeen)	CBS—12:30 NBC— 5:30 CBS— 2:15	Father professional actor and theatre manager. Made debut for him at 5. Appeared in series of movies, vaudeville, and plays.	Born in St. Louis, Mo. Has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is married to actor Guy Sorel.	<i>Listening Post</i> , <i>Mr. Keane</i> .
 <b>HUGHES, ARTHUR</b>	<i>Just Plain Bill</i> —(Bill)	NBC— 5:30	First play at 7. Appeared in 40 shows on the Chicago stage. On B'way in <i>Mourning Becomes Electra</i> , <i>Elizabeth the Queen</i> . Made radio debut in 1929.		
 <b>JOHNSON, LAMONT</b>	Wendy Warren—(Mark Douglas)	CBS—12:00	Attended U. C. L. A. Was disc jockey, announcer, news editor. Appeared in stock. Produced <i>Yes Is For a Very Young Man</i> in Pasadena Playhouse.	Married to Toni Merrill. Has blue eyes and brown hair.	
 <b>KEANE, GEORGE</b>	Rosemary—(Bill Roberts)	CBS—11:45	Stock work, recorded plays for the blind. Had comedy lead in <i>Brigadoon</i> .	Born in Springfield, Mass., April 26. Has blue eyes and blond hair, is 6½" tall, and married to Betty Winkler, radio actress.	
 <b>LAZER, JOAN</b>	Rosemary—(Jessica) Young Dr. Malone—(Jill)	CBS—11:45 CBS— 1:30	Appears on B'way in <i>Me and Molly</i> and in the Columbia picture, <i>Undercover Man</i> .	Born in Palestine, Feb. 4, 1937. Is 5'4" tall. Has brown hair and brown eyes.	<i>On True Story</i> , <i>Eternal Light</i> , <i>Greatest Story Ever Told</i> .
 <b>LEHOW, BERNARD</b>	Young Dr. Malone—(Col. Park) Crime Photographer—(Capt. Logan) Molle Mystery—(The Host) Henry Aldrich—(Mr. Bradley) Sherlock Holmes—(Inspector Lostrade)	CBS— 1:30 CBS— 9:30 CBS—8-Tues. NBC— 8:00 Mutual—7:00	Studied drama at Cornell. On B'way in <i>Ten Million Ghosts</i> , <i>Lorell</i> , <i>Man With Blond Hair</i> .	Born in Binghamton, N. Y., on Nov. 24. Is 5'11½", has red-brown hair and brown eyes. Is married to Libby Maranov; has three sons.	<i>Famous Jury Trials</i> , <i>You Are There</i> , <i>Eternal Light</i> .
 <b>MACLAUGHLIN, DON</b>	Road of Life—(Dr. Jim Brent) Counterspy—(David Harding)	NBC—10:30 ABC— 5:30-Sun.	Appeared on Broadway in <i>Fifth Column</i> , <i>Experimental Theatre's Virginia Reel</i> , <i>Happy Journey</i> .	Born in Webster, Iowa, Nov. 24. Is 6' tall, weighs 185, and has blue eyes, dirty blond hair. Married to Mary Fough, has three kids.	

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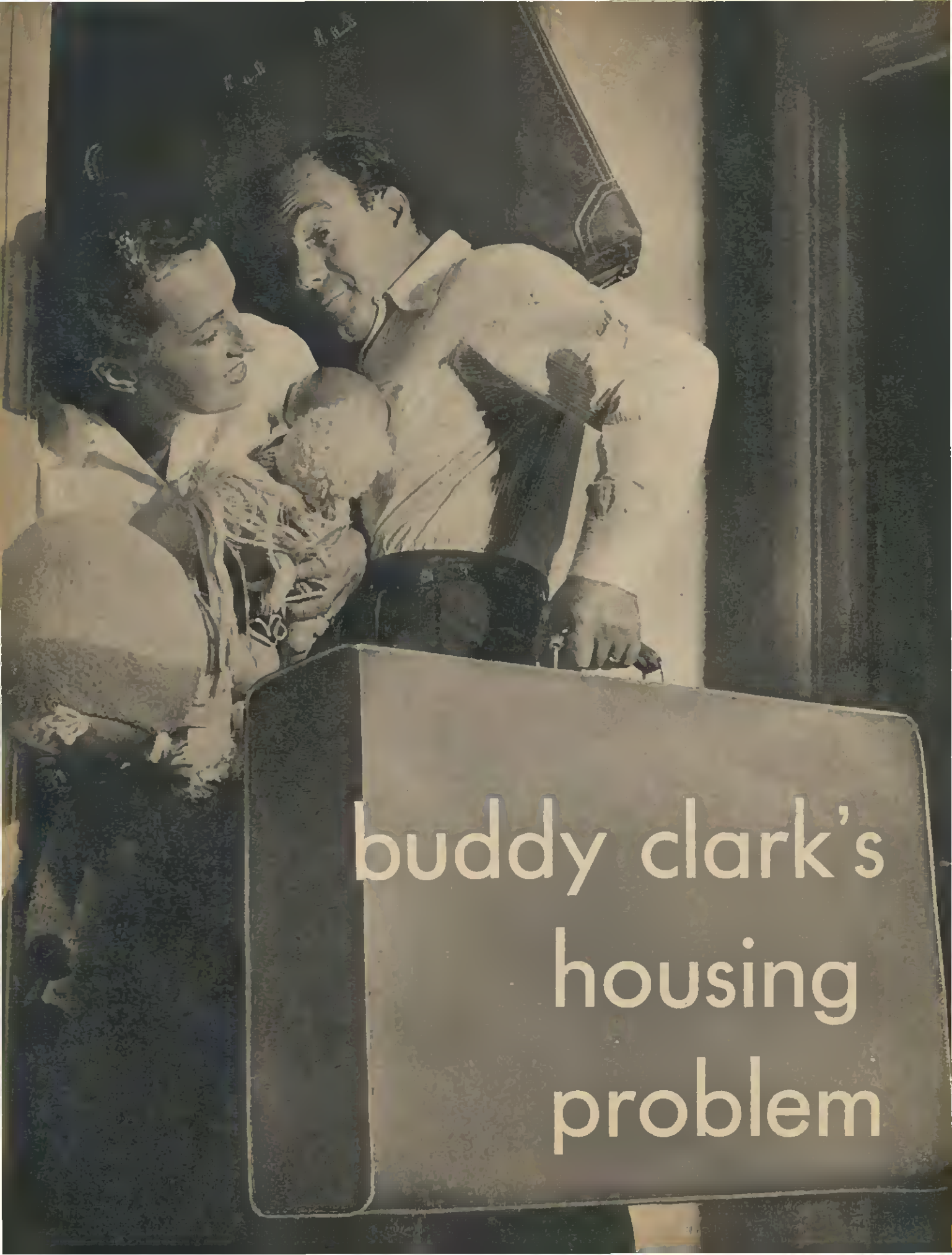
	NAME	REGULAR ROLES	TIME	BACKGROUND	PERSONAL DATA	SIDELINES
	MATHEWS, GRACE	Big Sister—(Ruth Wayne) The Shadow—(Margo) Hilltop House—(Julia)	CBS— 1:00 Mutual CBS— 3:15	Graduated from Royal-Academy of Dramatic Arts, London. Started radio career in Canada. Won Big Sister role in 1947.	Born in Toronto, Canada, on Sept. 3. Is 5'5", has brown eyes and hair, and is married to actor Court Benson.	Big Story, Call the Police, Readers' Digest, Theatre of Romance
	MCCAMMON, BESS	Romance of Helen Trent—(Agatha) Young Widder Brown—(Miss Olivia McEvoy)	CBS—12:30 NBC— 4:45	Studied at Schuster-Martin Drama School. Member and director of their children's theatre. In radio in Chicago.	Brown eyes and grey haired. Is widowed, has two children. Born and bred in Cincinnati.	Henry Aldrich, The Sheriff, Theatre of Romance, Cavalcade of America.
	MCCRATH, PAUL	Big Sister—(John Wayne) Inner Sanctum—(The Host)	CBS— 1:00	Educated at Carnegie Tech. Appeared on B'way in Lady in the Dark, Susan and God, Command Decision. In movie, No Time for Love.	Born in Chicago on April 11, 1904. Is married to Lulu Mae Hubbard, has brown eyes and brown hair.	
	MEIGHAN, JAMES	Just Plain Bill—(Kerry) Backstage Wife—(Larry Noble)	NBC— 5:30 NBC— 4:00	Educated Staunton Academy, Carnegie Tech. Appeared in stock and on Broadway before entering radio.	Born in New York City on Aug. 22, 1902. Has brown hair and brown eyes. Is married to Alice West. Is 5'10", weighs 145 lbs.	
	MINER, JAN	Lora Lawton—(Lora)	NBC—11:45	Educated at Vesper George Art School, in stock with Brookline and Wellesley Players, and at Straw Hat Theatre in Maine.	Born in Boston, Oct. 15. Is unmarried, has blonde hair and blue eyes.	Crime Photographer, Break the Bank, Road to Life.
	MORGAN, CLAUDIA	Right to Happiness—(Carolyn Kramer) The Thin Man—(Nora)	NBC— 3:45	Appeared in 36 B'way shows including Man Who Came to Dinner. On London stage in Strange Interlude.	Born in N. Y. C. on June 12. Is 5'6", has hazel eyes and chestnut hair. Is married to Ernest Chappell.	
	NIESEN, CLAIRE	Backstage Wife—(Mary Noble)	NBC— 4:00	Worked as a professional dancer. Started radio career in 1937. Did early television shows. On Broadway in Cue for Passion, Talley Method.	Was born in Phoenix, Arizona, Oct. 14. Is 5'4" tall, weighs 102 lbs., and has blonde hair and blue eyes.	Studio One, Big Town, Mr. District Attorney, Counter-spy.
	PRUD' HOMME, CAMERON	David Harum—(David) Fire Fighters—(Bob Cody)	CBS— 3:00 Recorded	Began radio career in 1930. Appeared on more than 3,500 shows over the U. S. Motion picture—Abraham Lincoln. One hundred stage plays.	Born in San Francisco on Dec. 10. Is 5'10" tall, weighs 195, and is married to Klasha Prud'homme; one daughter.	Ford Theatre, Theatre Guild, Cavalcade of America.
	RABY, JOHN	When a Girl Marries—(Harry Davis)	NBC— 5:00	Studied at American Academy of Dramatic Arts. On B'way in Triumph, Evening Star, and Brother Rat.	Born in N. Y. C. on June 5. Is 6' tall, has brown hair and blue eyes and is married to Adele Lambrose. Has one son.	Cavalcade of America, Mr. Keane, Ford Theatre.
	ROBINSON, BARTLETT	Portia Faces Life—(Walter Manning)	NBC— 5:15	Studied drama at Carnegie Tech. Made theatrical debut in Camille. On B'way in Dear Ruth, Another Part of the Forest, Light Up the Sky.	Was born in Staten Island on Dec. 9. Is 6' tall, weighs 165 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Margot Valentine and has two kids.	
	ROLFE, MARY	Rose of My Dreams—(Rose O'Brien) Henry Aldrich—(Mary)	CBS— 2:45 NBC— 8:00	Graduate of American Academy of Dramatic Arts. On Broadway in See My Lawyer, Eve of St. Mark, and Wallflower.	Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Is 5'1½", has brown eyes and brown hair, and is married to actor Lyle Bettiger. They have one son.	

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	SARGENT, ANNE	Right to Happiness—(Debbie Nelson) Young Dr. Malone—	NBC— 3:45 CBS— 1:30	Graduate of Carnegie Tech drama course, Pittsburgh. On B'way in Boy Who Lived Twice, The Men We Married. In movie—Naked City.	Born in West Pittston, Pa., on Nov. 18. Is 5'4½", weighs 110, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Is unmarried.	
	SHERMAN, ELEANOR	We Love and Learn—(Susan Brown) Light of the World—(Delilah)	NBC—11:15 NBC— 2:45	Educated in N. Y. C. Summer stock.	Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 28. Is 5'4", weighs 115 lbs. Has brown hair and brown eyes. Unmarried.	Superstition, Radio Readers' Digest, The Greatest Story Ever Told, Mysterious Traveler, Big Story.
	SMOLEN, VIVIAN	Stella Dallas—(Laurel) Our Gal Sunday—(Sunday)	NBC— 4:15 CBS—12:45	Started in radio on children's program. Adult work began at 17.	Born in N. Y. C. Is 5'2" tall, weighs 112 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes.	
	STEVENS, JULIE	Romance of Helen Trent—(Helen Trent) Road of Life—(Maggie Lowell)	CBS—12:30 NBC—10:30	Studied at Pasadena Playhouse. Did movie work. On B'way in Male Animal and Brooklyn, U. S. A., and Cry Havoc.	Born in St. Louis, Mo., on Nov. 23. Is 5'3" tall, has auburn hair and green eyes. Married to Charles Underhill.	Crime Club, Gangbusters, Counter Spy.
	SWENSON, KARL	Lorenzo Jones—(Lorenzo) Our Gal Sunday—(Lord Henry)	NBC— 4:30 CBS—12:45	Studied with American Lab. Theatre. Stock in Baltimore, New London, Rhode Island. B'way in One Sunday Afternoon, Highland Fling.	Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 23, 1908. Is 5'10¼" and weighs 165 lbs. Is married to Virginia Hanscom, and has four kids!	Linda's First Love, Mr. Chameleon.
	STUDEBAKER, HUGH	The Guiding Light—(Dr. Charles Matthews)	CBS— 1:45	In radio since 1927. Started as a member of comedy team . . . did piano and organ work. Specialized in playing Scrooge and Lincoln.	Born in Ridgeville, Indiana, on May 31, 1900. Is 5'11", has blond hair and gray eyes and is married to Bertina Congdon.	
	TREWAYNE, LES	Wendy Warren—(Gil Kendall)	CBS—12:00	Acted with his mother in British films. Came to America and toured in stock. Was star of The First Nighter.	Born in London in 1913. Is 5'10", weighs 155 lbs., and has blue eyes and auburn hair.	M.C. on Readers' Digest.
	WALL, LUCILLE	Lorenzo Jones—(Mrs. Jones) Portia Faces Life—(Portia)	NBC— 4:30 NBC— 5:15	Graduated from American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Played stock, and was on B'way in Little Accident.	Born in Washington, D. C. Is 5'7" tall, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is unmarried.	
	WEIST, DWIGHT	Second Mrs. Burton—(Stan Burton)	CBS— 2:00	Started as orchestra leader. Writes radio scripts. Appeared in summer stock. In March of Time shorts.	Born in Palo Alto, Calif. Is married to Elizabeth Maxwell, and has two kids.	M.C. on We The People, Big Town, Inner Sanctum, Host on Grand Slam.
	WEAVER, NED	Lora Lawton—(Pete Carver) Young Widder Brown—(Anthony Loring)	NBC—11:45 NBC— 4:45	Professional experience in stock. On B'way in The Fan, Merchant of Venice. Has written lyrics to many hit songs.	Born in New York City. Is 5'11" tall, weighs 150 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Is married.	Leads in My True Story.
	WINKLER, BETTY	Rosemary—(Rosemary)	CBS—11:45	Appeared with Cleveland Rep. Theatre; did stock work in Akron, Ohio. Had leads in Joyce Jordan, Abie's Irish Rose, Girl Alone.	Born on April 19, in Berwick, Pa. Is 5'3" tall, and has brown hair and eyes. Is wed to George Keane.	



## family portrait

Who says 'tain't funny when Fibber McGee and frenetic family pose for vintage 1890 tintype? Seated, l. to r.: Announcer Harlow Wilcox, Fibber and Molly, writer Phil Quinn, "Old Timer" Bill Thompson; standing, l. to r.: "Doc Gamble" (Arthur Q. Bryan), ork leader Billy Mills, the King's Men (R. Robinson, K. Darby, J. Dodson and B. Linn), producer Frank Pitman, actor Gale Gordon.



buddy clark's  
housing  
problem

Life in Hollywood was going  
to be beautiful for Buddy  
Clark—until he met up with  
the ubiquitous problem of where  
to lay his head—and Nedra's,  
and Penny's, and the pooches!

■ 'Twas tough stuff for a guy who stars on the *Contented* program! A more *discontented* gang you never saw than the Buddy Clarks when they first hit Hollywood, where they'd moved from the east coast. There was this Motel they'd landed in—after hours of weary searching. In the first flush of success it looked like a miniature heaven. Miniature, did we say? There were two postage-stamp size rooms, a miniscule kitchen and bath, one tiny closet (and wife Nedra beat Buddy to the draw on that). There were five-year-old Penny's toys. After all, Penny's a glamour-girl with plenty of admirers—and a lady like that collects a lot of loot. There were the two dogs, with *their* collections of bones and biscuits. And there was Tillie the Turtle, who asked only to live a contented turtle's life in her private swimming pool. Now, don't get us wrong—the Clarks are friendly souls. They like people. They even like neighbors. But gee whiz—there were doors to the right of 'em, doors to the left of 'em, doors in front and in back of 'em. And behind every door lurked another family of two or three or four, plus pets. When they sat on their community porch overlooking their community yard they had as much peace and privacy as you'd find at Hollywood and Vine on a Saturday night. Then a miracle happened. Someone told someone who told someone else about a house, that was for sale. It had a yard for Penny (who by this time had been packed off to summer camp but had to have a home, *some-day*, to come back to). There was room for the dogs to run around in (they'd been sent to their version of summer camp, a swank dog kennel). There were closets for Buddy's clothes as well as Nedra's, and there were dressing rooms. There was even Clark Gable for nextdoor neighbor. That sound effects you now hear, reader, are the Buddy Clarks, including the pooches, giving one long contented sigh! (NBC—Mondays—10 P. M. EST.)



Motor courts are wonderful, but not for permanent living, say singer Buddy Clark and his Missus. The camera catches a rare, peaceful moment before those doors start spilling out neighbors.



"I haven't a thing to wear!" sighs Nedra, as she fills up their one closet with her wardrobe. But relief's in sight (*below*). A whole house of their own—when the painters get through with it!





# eighteen carat spurs



It's a rare occasion when Gene and the Mrs. can relax on their ranch, for he's usually involved in one of his ventures. They were married in 1932. Ina had been a schoolteacher.



Saddle talk. Gene and horsetrainer John Agee in the tack room of Melody Ranch. Gene has a fortune's worth of saddles.



Johnny Bond does the guitar-accompanying over the Autry CBS program, where they have been an inseparable pair for years. Johnny also does comedy bits on the same show.



Fellow Western star, Smiley Burnette, and Gene get ready for a broadcast. It's hard to tell whether Smiley's hat, his famous trademark—or his instrument, amuses Gene more.



How "Champions" are made. Texas-born Gene, on Champ, Sr. in the training rink with two-year-old Champion, Jr. Young Champ is being readied for a movie—rodeo career.

■ "In some ways, it's better to be a business man than an actor. I think maybe when I quit, I'll be a business man." Thus spoke Gene Autry one day. But Gene hasn't waited to quit. He now has his own independent movie-producing unit. And *some* of his other enterprises include a weekly radio broadcast, his rodeo, four radio stations, a music publishing house, five thriving ranches, a daily paper, and an interest in a flying school. He also records for Columbia, has a Hollywood restaurant, half-a-dozen Texas movie theaters, and is very active in the California Harness Racing Association. He's connected with various commercial projects carrying the Autry label, such as toys, comic books and clothing. But there was a time, in the depression year of 1929, when a young telegrapher in Oklahoma passed empty hours playing his guitar and singing. One day, a man came in to send a wire, and heard the lad. He advised, "Look, son, your voice and your playing could get you someplace on radio. Why don't you go East and try for a job?" Then he wrote his wire and left. And any faithful fan of Gene Autry knows that Will Rogers was responsible for starting Gene on his lucrative career. For Gene took Will's advice, and went to New York. Told that he needed more experience, Gene became Oklahoma's Yodeling Cowboy. He made such a big hit that Chicago asked him to appear on the National Barn Dance hour each week. Recording success and Hollywood followed. Three-and-a-half years with the AAF interrupted his career, but not his fame, and the cowboy tycoon is now busier than ever before. Gene Autry's radio show can be heard every Sunday over CBS, 7 P. M., EST.

Back in '29, a young telegrapher  
 thought that with luck, he'd get  
 to be a railroad yardmaster.  
 He had the luck, but instead,  
 became King of the Cowboys, and  
 it'd take the biggest corral  
 ever for a round-up of his fans.

He can't do without Broadway.

It can't do without him.

For 32 years, Jimmy Durante

has caused "A Intuhantional Froomor"

in movies, radio, cafes.

# inside durante

Jimmy Durante has gone on record as saying: "What duh public wants is Durante duh lover, Durante duh Casanova." Offhand we'd say his three companions—Marjorie Little, Janet Blair, Esther Williams—think the public is right.

■ Every once in a while, a rumor starts floating around to the effect that Jimmy Durante is slipping. Perhaps he's been given only a comic relief role in a movie, or his Hooper descends a trifle, or his activities are confined to way-side benefits. At that point, gloomy critics predict that, after all his years at the top, Jimmy is heading for collapse. Then suddenly, as in 1943, the public remembers how much it likes Jimmy. His nightclub is jammed, his radio audience soars, he gets top billing in a film, and, before you know it, magazine writers begin to make much of Jimmy's magnificent comeback. All kinds of explanations have been advanced for Durante's perpetual popularity. One eminent psychologist devoted a study to it and came up with the conclusion that Jimmy does what the common man wants to do but hasn't the nerve to—such questionable activities as massacring the English language, insulting the management of a restaurant, tormenting stuffy old ladies in evening clothes. The real reason, we think, is that Jimmy is a perfectionist and an artist, a master of timing, and an entertainer who knows exactly what he's doing, whether it's bursting into song or springing a line like "Surrounded by assassins" or "Don't raise the bridge boys, lower the river." After 32 years Durante is still, in his own words, "raising Cain from Portland, Maine, to San Diego."



inside durante, cont.



"Not much hair, but every strand has a muscle," exclaims Jimmy, as Carmen Miranda, guest-star on his radio show, lays a hand on the fringe that's on top of the surrey.



Durante, who has a dressing gown bearing "Schnozzola" on the pocket, has finally found someone with a longer nose than his. The G. O. P. Elephant.



Jimmy says, "I know dere's a million good-looking guys, but I'm a novelty." Looks as if Ed Sullivan, famous MODERN SCREEN writer, thinks Durante has something there.



Van Johnson is not used to having girls ignore him, the way singer Peggy Lee does here. Perhaps the explanation is that Durante is Peggy's radio boss.



Time: 1926. Scene: N. Y. Parody Club. Lou Clayton, Jimmy, and Eddie Jackson, who had formed a zany act. G. Cohan said: "Those guys never sit down."



Time: 1948. Scene: a radio studio. Clayton is now Durante's business manager, and Jackson, now as always, is one of his best friends, closest advisers, and butts.



This looks like a fake, but it isn't. Jimmy actually did address the students of New York U. on "Motion Pictures' and Comedy's Part in the War Effort."



Jimmy sticks to his old vaudeville buddies. Part of the gang: stand-in Bill Stecker, drummer Jack Roth, cousin "Uncle Frank" Ross, and personal manager Lou Cohan.



You probably didn't know it, but "Ragtime Jimmy" Durante and Eddie Cantor were once a night-club team. Jimmy is top-flight pianist, but often pretends he isn't,



The Friendly Baritone enjoys mike-free time cleaning and oiling his valuable collection of hunting equipment.

# trigger man

Indoors, Jack Berch is distinctly the pipe-and-tweeds sort.

Give him the wide open spaces, one rifle, one hound, and he's happy!

■ You could take a quick look at NBC singer Jack Berch and write him off as the pipe-and-tweeds type. But there are innumerable pipe-and-tweeders who never remove the pipe from the mouth, the tweeds from the chair, and venture into the wilderness beyond the front door. Not Berch! Give the big guy the wide open spaces, sling a rifle over his shoulder, whistle for his two hound dogs, and he'll make for the wooded hills before you can say "Jack Berch." In fact, *you* don't have to do any of those things. He'll hunt, anyway. He has several acres of wide open space—with a house on it; a variety of weapons with ammunition to match; two ever-willin' canine companions, a peaked hat, a loud plaid shirt and high-laced boots. Then, too, he has son Jon, just rounding four-and-a-half. Time was when Jon was apt to view Jack's rifle with ill-disguised contempt. What would a guy want with a thing like that, he figured, when he could sail a boat in a bathtub? But that was then. Now the kid tags along happily with Jack on his treks into the woods, and Jack won't be at all sur-

prised when he bags a 7-point buck. They make quite a pair. With the kid rigged up like a miniature of his old man—right down to the peaked hat, and a rifle sawed down to size. Maybe Jack's Dad wasn't able to keep *him* down on that Sigel, Ill., farm for long. Music was pounding in him too insistently to be silenced. But Jack's never lost the love of the soil he learned from his Dad, and he's losing no time introducing *his* son to the wonders of the great outdoors. He even bought a pony for the kid. And on any sunny day—after Jack's show—you can find them out at the Mount Kisco, N. Y., place. Jack teaching the small one the fine points about keeping the seat of the pants applied to the seat of the saddle. The kid holding tightly to the reins, then walking the horse a little, sliding a little, wondering why they don't coat those saddles with bubble-gum, so a guy doesn't slip all the time. They have fun, the two of them. They like knowing that any time Jack gets tired of singing for his supper, he can bag a rousing rabbit stew! (NBC, Mon.-Fri., 11:30 A. M.)



A word to a wise young man about sitting his steed is indicated, as Jack counsels son-and-heir, Jon, 4½ yrs.



His two dogs are obviously pleased. Jack must have told them they'll soon be playing hounds-and-hares.



Father and son set out on expedition into nearby woods. Jack's girls inherit his music, often accompany him.



### **beryl davis**

British-American relations have reached a new high since the importation of a tall and willowy brunette named Beryl Davis. Beryl is 22 years old—and top vocalist of the British Isles. Since her arrival in this country, she has appeared with Bob Hope, Benny Goodman and the Hit Parade program. Name a well-known musician or band-leader—anyone—and you name a succession of Beryl Davis fans. She's been a vocal hit since the momentous day she stepped onto a legitimate stage and sang *Constantinople*. She was two then, and her father, popular British band-leader Harry Davis, was mighty proud. The husky Davis voice developed through the years until it reached BBC—and they were proud too—enough to sign her to a long-term contract. Beryl sang her way through the war to the tune of buzz-bombs and GI applause. • These days her voice has acquired a new lilt. *Americanza*—in the incomparable Davis style.





**stafford-lee . . . .** Jo Stafford, popular Chesterfield Supper Club vocalist, and Peggy Lee, transcribed singer-composer, blend their voices for pal Jimmy Durante on his NBC, Friday night show at 8:30 P.M.



**allen-adams . . . .** the comic (Fred Allen) and the brain (F. P. Adams) take time out from their respective shows for some good old-fashioned school-day yodeling. Allen Show is heard on NBC, Sunday at 8:30.



There's no law  
against melodic mayhem—if  
you don't believe  
it, let Spike Jones and  
his City Slickers assault  
your ear. Hear?

# spotlight revue

It's frenzied filharmonics when Spike hammers his gong to accompaniment of cowbells, wail of toy sax.





■ Bedlam rules the air waves when Spike Jones and his City Slickers take to the ether with their zany *Spotlight Revue*. It's impossible to say whether Lindley Armstrong (Spike) Jones' maternal parent was fully aware of the repercussions to befall her small son's contemporaries when she presented the boy with a set of traps (drums to you!) on his 11th birthday. Who knows, she may have had some grudge against her neighbors! Whatever her motive, noise reverberated from the four corners of Long Beach, California, when Spike rounded up four similarly endowed cronies, and the Imperial Valley has never been quite the same since. The 90-piece Long Beach high school band refused to entrust him with anything any noisier than a baton—fully aware as they were of his chaos-creating capabilities. In self-defense, he was forced to organize an extracurricular dance band known as Spike Jones and his Five Tacks. Later came drumming engagements with professional bands until, one day, the Washboard Paganini burst full-bloom on the wartime public's ear-drum with a catchy little item called "Der Fuehrer's Face." Remember? He and the Slickers had come together more for kicks than kudos, but with soldiers and civilians alike feeling an irrepressible urge to express their dissatisfaction with the mustachioed fanatic. Jones' timing couldn't have been better. The lowly Bronx cheer, a variety of razzberry

which blooms in the esophagus, had never before been so widely exploited for its devastating emotion-releasing effect. But Spike was not to be limited by purely physical props in his search for weapons with which to assault the public senses. The method in his melodic madness goes like this: Determine noise value of any given article; if high enough, use it! You, personally, may feel that the place for a cow bell is around a cow's neck. But why close your mind to its infinite possibilities for incredibly heinous harmonies? Cowbells and Claxon horns, Mr. Jones has found, make an unbeatable, not to mention practically *unbearable* combination! Long-hairs have oft referred to the melodic mayhem committed by Jones and his men as having originated in the corn-belt. But the Bach of the bulbhorn, Mozart of the mop, the Stravinsky of the slide whistle lets such criticism roll off him like water from the proverbial duck's back. "Corn," he proclaims noisily, punctuating his pronouncement with a complicated cowbell cadenza, "corn is the American national dish. What was good enough for the Indians is good enough for me!" And beating madly on their tin berry pails, his City Slickers all wildly signify their hearty agreement. The Rimsky of the Razzberry has spoken; the Korsakoff of the Klaxon has been heard. Take the cotton out of your ears and *listen!* It won't hurt much. (CBS, Friday, 10:30 P.M.)

# studio snaps

A glimpse of your favorite  
radio stars, behind the microphone  
and off the record.



Love is so terrific—particularly when Frank Lovejoys extend their partnership to *Amazing Mr. Malone*.



Three voices that give more and better news; Hal March, Herb Allen & Hy Averback, on *The Voice of Newsweek*.



Tom Collins and Michael Raffetto iron out a few international situations in air show *I Love Adventure*.



A wee bit o' the stage takes the air when Gertrude Lawrence makes a guest appearance on radio's *Reader's Digest* show.



The Groaner (Crosby to you) grows twelve months older, with birthday wishes from his celebrity friends.



Mr. President (Edward Arnold) fights for a cause in the dramatization of the lives of U. S. Presidents.



Anything for a gag . . . newest air-program, *The Comedy Writers' Show*. Top writers dream up a laughable script.



Talent divided by three—Joan Davis, Danny Kaye, Betty Hutton, appearing for benefit Red Cross show.



Murder—takes a vacation when Bill Corgan & Ge-Ge Pearson of *Ross Dolan, Detective* relax during studio break.



Charles Correll, of *Amos 'n' Andy*, with Mrs. C. and family; Dorothy, John, Charles Jr., Richard, Barbara.



Yup, that's David Rose, composer-conductor, riding atop favorite at-home type of out-door hobby; a real miniature train.

studio  
snaps  
cont.



Quiz Queen Sadie Hertz spent ten years appearing on programs. Anniversary is celebrated on *What's My Name?*



Dog meets friend—as actor Lassie gets the welcome sign from studio friends. Lassie is heard on ABC, Sun., 3 P. M.



Senator Ford waits for the lid in the "boiling" scene of the movie version of radio show *Can You Top This?*



Daytime serial writer, Elaine Carrington, spent ten years as writer of *When A Girl Marries*. Authors 2 other shows.



Screen actor Vincent Price turned CBS radio star to portray *The Saint*, exciting Leslie Charteris detective show.



BALLADIER BURL IVES FIRST SANG FAMOUS "BARBARA ALLEN" AT A PICNIC FOR A QUARTER. HE WAS FOUR.

# RADIO ALBUM



MORTIMER SNERD  
EDGAR BERGEN  
CHARLIE McCARTHY