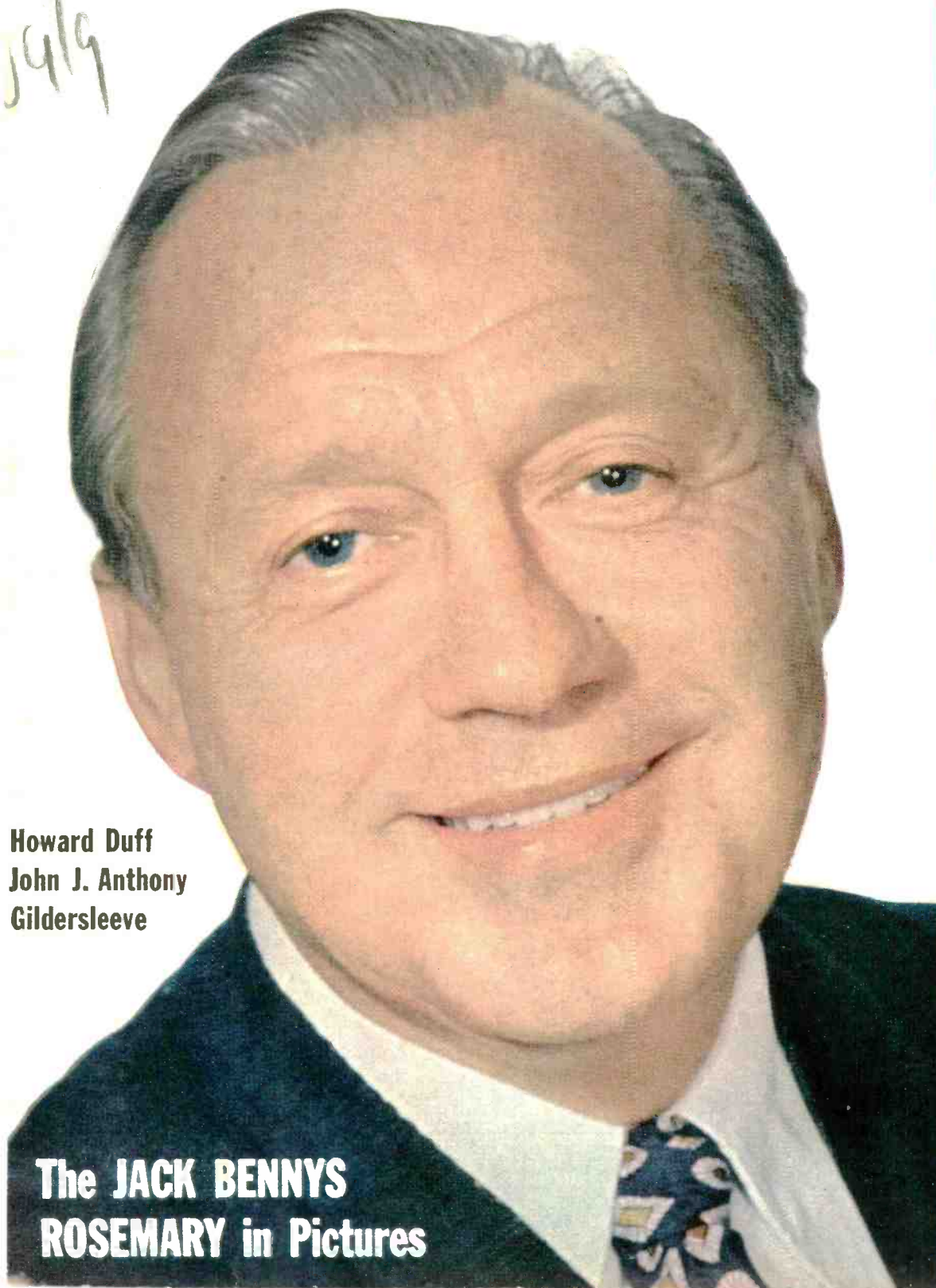


and TELEVISION
RADIO BEST

October • 25¢

1949



Howard Duff
John J. Anthony
Gildersleeve

**The JACK BENNY'S
ROSEMARY in Pictures**

★
READER BONUS

Complete
Radio
Novel **THE
GUIDING
LIGHT**



"Love in bloom" Benny

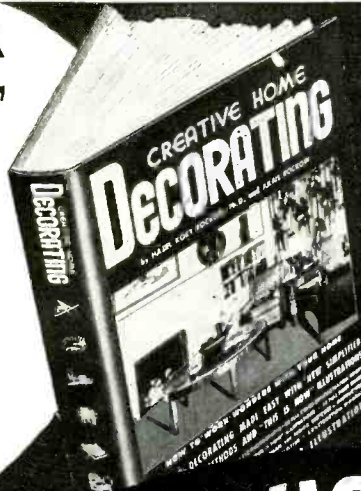


Mary Livingstone
and daughter Joan

Accept This Lavishly Illustrated Book
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America's finest . . .



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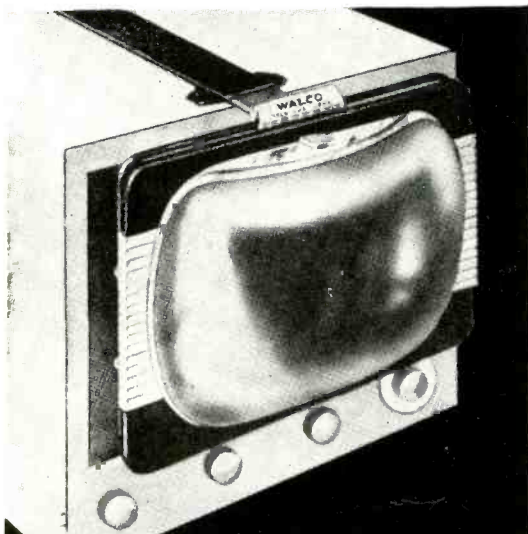
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dollars. You simply
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by-step method for
creating home beauty.
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JOAN FONTAINE

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To bring the theatre's best to America's radio audience, United States Steel presents distinguished stars of stage and screen . . . in full-hour performances of Broadway's hit plays . . . produced by The Theatre Guild. For its 5th season this award winning radio show presents an outstanding array of the best stars . . . the best plays!



LORETTA YOUNG



RICHARD WIDMARK



... and **GEORGE HICKS** speaking for **U. S. STEEL**



U. S. STEEL HOUR



PORTIA FACES LIFE



Lucille Wall
as Portia



Bartlette Robinson
as Walter Manning

A RADIO BEST reader bonus full length novelette told for the first time in story form. The novel will deal with the lives of Portia and Walter Manning and will be highlighted with living portraits of the stars.



EZIO PINZA

After 23 years as the top star of the Metropolitan Opera, Italian born Ezio Pinza has become the theatre's newest matinee idol as the star of South Pacific, Broadway's most sensational play in more than a decade. In next month's RADIO BEST you'll read why Pinza has the nation's women swooning and why, according to critic George Jean Nathan, a survey has shown, that 2500 middle aged men, after having seen the show, have been arrested for pinching young girls.

OTHER FEATURES

"John J. Anthony Says," stirring true stories told for the first time by America's best known human relations counsellor . . . *Seat-at-the-Dial*, the highly regarded page of reviews by the eminent radio and television critic, Saul Carson . . . *Hollywood-off-the-Air*, intimate gossip and reports about the stars by Hollywood's favorite columnist . . . and many more features that have made RADIO BEST America's favorite family magazine.

and TELEVISION RADIO BEST

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memory lane

Pictures of stars and scenes deep from the files of radio's yester-years. Do you remember?



1. "Do you wanna buy a duck?" He made this famous line a household word and was hailed as the greatest comic of his time. His untimely death was mourned by millions.



2. Her perpetual youth was the envy of every American housewife as she daily emoted on her never ending dramatic series. She made grape juice an American institution.



3. He never spoke but his violin was an eloquent substitute. Made famous by Eddie Cantor he rose to national stardom. He now makes infrequent guest appearances on leading radio programs.

ANSWERS

1. Joe Penner 2. Irene Rich 3. Rubinoff

TELL HER! IT'S THE RADIO
NOT A MOUSE SQUEAK!



**RADIO
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Authorized Dealer

SIGN OF
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RADIO SERVICE

Do you await favorite broadcasts with baited trap instead of bated breath because your radio squeaks like so many mice? Well, don't throw the cheesy thing away! . . . Call the radio expert who displays the

Sylvania sign! A skilled and careful workman, he'll put your set in shape in no time. First of all, he tracks down trouble spots with super-sensitive Sylvania testing equipment. Then, if needed, he replaces tubes with high-quality Sylvania radio tubes to restore the sparkling tone you want. For best radio repairs at fairest prices, stop at the Sylvania sign of dependable service.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

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cover profile

The millions of radio listeners who heartily enjoy the antics of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone owe their favorite comedians to chance.

Benny had enjoyed a moderate success on the vaudeville stage with his violin when World War I came along and the Navy gave him a job as an entertainer. A few gags occurred to him while he was sawing at his violin one night; the audience roared with laughter. Beginning with that performance, his violin, formerly the mainstay of his act, gradually became merely a prop for his jokes.

In 1929, Benny's success as a vaudeville monologist attracted Hollywood's attention, and in 1932, he began his long association with the microphone.

Mary Livingstone, who met Jack when she was a twelve-year-old schoolgirl in Vancouver, almost didn't marry him because of her dislike for the theatrical profession. Her debut on the stage, on the night that one of the actors became ill, was what she might have expected: a terrific flop. Her second appearance was a great success and she joined the act as a permanent member.

But Benny might still have been working solo on the air but for another chance occurrence. His script ran short one night and he persuaded Mary to join him in an impromptu bit. The many inquiries resulted in her becoming the other half of a favorite comedy team.

Jack and Mary live with their adopted daughter, Joan Naomi, in Beverly Hills, California.

for more on Jack Benny
see pages 32 to 35
in this issue.



The New "Blondie"

To The Editor: Why, oh, why did they get rid of beautiful Penny Singleton? I've read a lot of excuses for this silly change but none of them make sense. For instance, how can they say she's "not the type" after all these years of success? In my opinion the program will suffer without the voice of Penny Singleton and this is in no way meant to deride the new Blondie, Ann Rutherford.

MRS. NINA LINDSAY,
Worcester, Mass.

● *What difference does it make who plays the role of "Blondie." Of course Penny Singleton was great in the part, but so is Ann Rutherford, as would be dozens of other experienced actresses. After all this is radio and not television, all you do is close your eyes and listen. They all sound the same.*

RENE BLACKBURN,
Kansas City, Mo.

Enough Is Enough

To, The Editor: Aren't you paying a little too much attention and space to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. After all these western stars appeal to the kids and have no place in a magazine such as yours which devotes itself to articles and pictures of interest to the adults.

RALPH DEMOTT,
Hewlett, L. I.

"Soap Opera"

To The Editor: Isn't it about time you eliminated the term "Soap Opera" in relation to Daytime Dramatic programs? From what I understand, daytime radio programs are enjoyed by millions of fans all of whom accept and welcome these shows with sincerity and delight. Isn't it time you decided to respect the daytime radio listener?

H. L. MANTON,
Bronx, New York.

Radio's Best

To The Editor: If Hooper can do it, so can I. Here's my list of radio's best ten programs: Walter Winchell, Arthur Godfrey, My Friend Irma, Big Sister, Stop the Music, Truth or Consequences, Bing Crosby, Louella Parsons, Bob Hope and Jack Benny.

HANNA WILLIAMS,
New London, Conn.

Sinatra, O, King!

To The Editor: I'll never understand how the "Hit Parade" got up the nerve to put in Bill Harrington to fill the shoes of Frank Sinatra. No one in my opinion is even worthy of shining Frankie's shoes. Let's all campaign to get our Frankie on a brand new show of his own.

LINDA BREAKSTONE,
Jersey City, N. J.

Troubles, Inc.

To The Editor: I have been listening to daytime serials for many years and for the first time wish to register a complaint. Can't something be done about getting the creators of the programs to touch on the

lighter and more pleasant things that happen in everyday life. Certainly life is not that bitter that every serial must air the woes and troubles that do happen to some of us, but certainly not to all of us? My daughter, who listens to these programs with me, told me the other day that she plans never to marry, taking as her lessons the troubles that are so dramatically portrayed on the radio. Let's hear some stories that tell the finer things about life, stories that will act as inspirations to all of us, including our children.

MRS. TODD HILLIARD,
Burlington, Ala.

Defends Berle

To The Editor: Why all the criticism lately, about Milton Berle? During the past few months I have read whole volumes of articles in magazines that have attempted to paint Mr. Berle a non-original comedian who steals his material from other artists. These blasts against Berle are unfair since he has brought countless hours of fun and cheer into millions of homes. From what I've learned, Milton Berle is not only the finest talent we have in this country but one of the most benevolent as well, devoting himself to hundreds of charities throughout the year. He deserves kudos, not knocks.

HARRY BLUESTONE,
Newark, N. J.

Nosy Observation

To The Editor: I recently caught a glimpse of Vic Damone's new nose. A little more "pug" and he'll look like Dick Haymes. But now that Vic's nose is smaller I hope it doesn't swell his head.

TERRY GLANTZ,
Marion, Ohio.

Too Critical

To The Editor: Perhaps I'm mistaken, but it seems to me that your Seat-at-the-Dial editor goes to too much trouble in finding fault with all radio and television programs. Isn't there anything good on the air?

BRUCE BAYLESS,
Portland, Ore.

Blame the Iron Curtain

To The Editor: In the summer I heard that George V. Denny Jr., president, moderator of "America's Town Meeting," would broadcast a few programs from Poland, Russia and Yugoslavia. These programs evidently were promises designed by a press agent since to my knowledge, they were never aired. I'm surprised at Mr. Denny, since I have always considered him a high-minded gentleman.

ROBERT GREENLIEF,
New York, N. Y.

Address letters and pictures to
Editor of RADIO BEST, 9 W. 57th
St., New York 19. Only signed
comments will be considered for
publication.

A scene from "The Young in Heart," one of the motion picture hits to be shown on WPIX this fall. From left to right are Billie Burke, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Young, Janet Gaynor and Minnie Dupree.



WPIX, New York TV film station, brings

BEST MOVIES

right
into
your
living
room

The finest films on television today are shown exclusively in New York by WPIX. Since its inception, the policy of WPIX has been to obtain the best motion pictures for the television audience.

Twenty-four films, produced by Sir Alexander Korda, were shown last year. Included in the series were such outstanding productions as "Private Life of Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" with Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon, and "The Thief of Baghdad" with Sabu.

An even more spectacular group of films will be shown on WPIX this fall. Obtained from many sources in the United States and England, these films include the George Bernard Shaw pictures, "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara"; "A Star Is Born" with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, and "Jamaica Inn" with Charles Laughton.

Don't miss the showings of these great hits on your TV set!



1. Henry Fonda
2. Vivien Leigh
3. Annabella
4. Charles Laughton
5. Paulette Goddard



RADIO BEST

5 star bulletin

A monthly newsletter of information and rumors.



DESMOND

Gloria Swanson's big click on TV has netted a brand new film career for the former silent-movie star . . . now Jerry Wald wants her for "Serenade" the picture previously announced for Joan Crawford . . . "Inside U.S.A. with Chevrolet," the Arthur Schwartz revue makes its debut on the CBS-TV network on September 29, 8:30 to 9:00 PM, EST . . . Gossips report keen interest between Doris Day and Marty Melcher, husband of Patti Andrews.



GODDARD

Both Sheila Graham and Erskine Johnson scored big with fans as summer replacements for Jimmy Fidler . . . And now crooner Johnny Desmond replaces Jack Owens on ABC's "Breakfast Club" . . . contract is for full year . . . You'll soon see Hollywood star Hugh Herbert in a new TV comedy series . . . Best golfer in show business is maestro Sammy Kaye . . . Watch for Kate Smith's new book soon to be announced on her show . . . Many leading Hollywood stars are deserting radio for TV roles . . . Dan Seymour has been voted the "friendliest voice in the world," . . . why not get Dan to tell his story on "We, the People"? . . . Milton Berle returns to radio and TV with a weekly salary of \$8000 . . . incidentally, his recent re-marriage to Joyce Matthews is clicking.



SEYMOUR

Alice Frost, distaff member of the "Mister & Mrs. North" stanzas, is back with a Scandinavian sun tan . . . Vic Damone, who once worked in New York's Paramount Theatre as an usher, has just finished another job at the same theatre . . . this time as singing star of its stage show . . . A radio personality (not Mr. Anthony) who has long projected himself as a saintly man of goodwill is just the opposite in real life . . . Clark Gable who has inked another "Lux Theatre" assignment is on his way to Mexico where Paulette Goddard is making a picture.



FROST

WITH this issue, we introduce RADIO BEST in its new format. We know you will read it with the same feeling of pleasurable excitement that was ours when we designed it.

In every aspect, this new RADIO BEST conforms to the wishes that you, the readers, have so frequently expressed. Every move, every change, was dictated by the most loyal group of readers in the magazine field.

We determined on the smaller size after a survey which revealed that you, in overwhelming numbers, preferred it to the larger size. Your letters have pointed the way to our new monthly features. The fiction story is our collective answer to your request for a feature which will enable you to obtain even more pleasure from your favorite radio programs. An exciting new note is the monthly article by John J. Anthony, who will take you behind the scenes into the life of a nationally famous marital relations counsellor; the stories he brought to the radio audience, absorbing as they were, were never more revealing of the tragic or comical aspects of human behaviour than the experiences which came to him as a result of his reputation.

Another monthly feature, designed to satisfy your desire for a glimpse of the home life of the people whose voices you hear so regularly on the air, will be an intimate picture

visit to the home of a radio star. Special writers have been assigned to cover the television field, so that the readers of RADIO BEST will be the first to learn of the latest developments in this newest of the mass entertainment mediums.

At the same time, the new RADIO BEST preserves those features for which you have indicated a decided preference.

In the two years since RADIO BEST was first published, it has emerged as the favorite magazine of the millions who look to radio as a major source of entertainment. With the new format we hope to realize our dream of a magazine that will conform to the radio audience's every wish in so far as reading matter is concerned. We hope to stimulate

the creation of a new kind of fan—one who is as ardent a "radio reader" as a "radio listener."

But we have not poured the new format into a mold and locked it up in a safe. It is as open to change and improvement as the first format was when we introduced it two years ago. We are as sensitive to your wishes as we always have been. Magazines are for readers, not for editors. We hope that you will continue to voice your compliments, your requests and your criticisms, as loudly and as pointedly as you have in the past.



*A word
about
the new*



hollywood

OFF

THE

AIR



by Favius Friedman

It may astonish other radio comedians, as it purportedly astonished a fellow named Groucho Marx, that a Peabody Award can be won without resorting to the topical gag, the commonest variety of wit.

According to Marx, getting the Peabody Award some months back, came as a complete surprise. Groucho, explaining why he beat out the Bennys, Hopes and Allens, said, "I can't recall making a single joke about the snow in California, Pyramid Clubs, Rita Hayworth or capital gains on other networks."

If that is true, and presumably it is, the cigar attached to a man deserves all the kudos he got. Not that there's anything wrong with topical gags *per se*, but when you hear a dozen or more out of the same scraped barrel in the space of one evening, you begin to feel a little beat down about the ears.

Topical jokes are fine, if they're tip-topical. But when they sound like something resembling a blurred carbon copy, that's the time we turn back to the newspaper. There, at least, you can make your own jokes.

Seen and Heard

If you don't think script writers take their problems to bed with them, listen to what happened to gag man Bernie Smith. Bernie awoke suddenly one night from troubled slumber, then excitedly shook his wife until she stirred and muttered a sleepy, "Well?"

"Hurray!" shouted Bernie, (Continued on page 12)



Billie Burke gives a kiss to Gordon MacRae as a reward for his excellent performance on N.B.C.'s "Railroad Hour."



His shaggy chin presented a new aspect of the Van Johnson personality when he guested on the "Family Hour of Stars."



Martha Wright, titian-haired thrush on the Lanny Ross show, gets some kudos from Oscar Hammerstein at a party.



Director Mack Benoff is referee as J. Carroll Naish as "Luigi" and Alan "Pasquale" Reed tiff over latter's daughter "Rosa."

"Blondie" Rutherford and
Phil Reed an item . . .
Louella Parsons flirts with
TV . . . Dinah Shore inked . . .
Edward Arnole in love



It doesn't count, Mayor, unless you get the last three! Music Director Frank Worth, Conrad Binyon and Agnes Moorehead crowd around Lionel Barrymore as he celebrates his birthday after a "Mayor of the Town" stanza.



Judy Splinters is in middle of things as Anna Roosevelt presents a "Woman of the Month" plaque to Shirley Dinsdale.



"Cavalcade of America" brings together Ginger Rogers and Vinton Hayworth. Her mamma and his wife are sisters.



Above, Chet Lauck and Andy Devine relax during "Lum 'n' Abner" rehearsal. Below, Irene Dunne and Amanda Blake before "Hollywood Star Theater" show.



hollywood OFF THE AIR

"I've thought of a good word!"
 "Go to sleep," growled the Little Woman. "I've thought of a bad word!"

A friend looked in on Jimmy Durante at his home the other day and was surprised to see that the front door, formerly glass, had been replaced with a solid oak one containing a tiny peep-hole. When the friend inquired about the change, Jimmy said, "Now if someone comes to the door I don't want to see, I just opens the peep-hole and says in my inimitable manner, 'Sorry, I ain't here.'"

It was William Keighley, producer of "Lux Radio Theatre," who was telling us about the big radio star and his hectic holiday at Palm Springs. "Did I have trouble with my wife!" complained the actor. "She's the type person who's never satisfied. She had to go to a hotel that charges \$50 a day. The next afternoon she had to go out horseback riding. So what does she do but fall off the horse and get knocked unconscious. I called a doctor and he said she'd be unconscious for ten weeks."

"Unconscious for ten weeks!" exclaimed Keighley. "What on earth did you do?"

"What did I do?" said the actor. "I moved to a cheaper hotel."

When Tom Moore asked a contestant on ABC's "Ladies Be Seated" to identify a Famous Face (*The Lone Ranger*) with this clue, "You are at best on a horse," the confused lady's answer was, "Lady Godiva!"

If you should hear Jack Carson say "clunk," "moosh" or "dunkie" during his CBS show, don't think the comedian has gone gaga. It's just that Jack's young son demands that he interpolate these strange words so that he can impress his playmates. The moppet then claims that *he* helped write the script!

Dial Spins

Report from the Dick Haymes front: The first Mrs. Haymes—Joanne Dru, that is—plans to marry her screen co-star, John Ireland, this month . . .

They've made NBC's Peggy Lee an Honorary Fire Chief of Riverside, California. But Peggy doesn't put out fires—she starts 'em . . . Signs of the times: . . . Kudos to Mutual producer Dave Young for the swell job he's done on "Family Theatre." Dave once held the stop watch on the old Auto-Lite musical series . . . In case you've wondered, that's really screen star Zasu Pitts of the vague, soft voice and the bewildered hands on CBS' "Lum 'n' Abner" . . . Someone was asked recently whether he knew Dr. Christian. "Know him?" quipped the guy. "Why, I've known Jean since he was an interne!" . . . Chap by the name of Rudy Vallee has accumulated 191 scrapbooks on his own life and plans a picture based on his autobiography . . . It's film star Van Johnson who said recently, "No more radio for me. It makes me too nervous" . . . When Gorgeous George, the nation's most glamorous wrestler, made an appearance on ABC's "Breakfast Club" not long ago, he told emcee Don McNeill that he was a veteran user of Chanel No. 5 perfume. "I'd recommend Chanel No. 10," said Don. "You know the old saying, 'Don't be half safe.'"

Columnist Herb Caen's recommendation for the tired business man: First week, cut out smoking; second week, cut out drinking; third week, cut out women; fourth week, cut out paper dolls . . . Just to show you what gives on the giveaway front, the Don Lee-Mutual network boasts of no less than 24 programs in that category, offering everything from free gladiolus bulbs to automobiles. But the most useless prize of all was offered on CBS' "Hit the Jackpot," when they included in the jackpot, yes, a \$3000 gold-plated lawnmower. How silly can you get? . . . Mutual's Agnes Moorehead—she's Marilly on "Mayor of the Town"—is casting eyes toward Broadway . . . It's Erskine Johnson who reports that his night club spy has discovered exactly how tough things are in Hollywood. One spot is trying to cut expenses by putting in a midget bubble dancer. She comes out shyly holding a grape . . . Kay Starr and

(Continued on page 15)

THIS MONTH'S SILVER MIKE AWARD

[See Page 47]

seat at the dial



by Saul Carson

There was a drought last summer, remember? For many weeks, the earth thirsted and the crops were parched. And on the air, too, there was a dryness. This was not just the ordinary kind of summer hiatus. Something extra had been added. Everybody was scared, insecure. That something extra, of course, was large-scale television.

Broadcasters—especially network broadcasters—found out what they should have known a long time ago: That television costs money, lots and lots of it. So with established TV sponsors partially pulling in their horns for the warm weather—and with other, newer TV sponsors still experimenting—and with radio being cut to the bone to make up for TV's higher and ever-higher costs—brother! The summer was tough.

Well, here it is the time of year when leaves fall and hopes rise high that maybe that Hooperating will climb too. Any night now, they are coming back to the air, the Big Ones, on radio as well as television. Before the oldies return and demand attention, let's take a look at some of the summer pieces, on both radio and television, that have lasted through the drought and are likely to stick around awhile longer.

Breakfast With Burrows

 Mondays, 9:30 p.m.

Don't tell me you don't remember Abe Burrows! Of course you do. You know—the guy with a voice like a frog croaking in the night, only in accents Brook-

lynish. Remember when he was on CBS once a week for a quarter of an hour, half-singing such delightful things as "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes (My girl's got things other fellow's girls ain't got)?" Well, now Burrows is on for a half-hour each week, big as life starring



The Black Robe

A defendant pleads her case in "The Black Robe," the NBC-TV program that dramatizes life in a big city as seen in a New York night court.

in his own complete program, with a cast and all. If you like radio on the lighter side—with overtones of serious satire—you're a sucker if you miss Burrows.

Abe, you see, gets up late. That's why he eats breakfast at night, at 9:30. "It's a ridiculous hour to have breakfast." His maid Marilyn reminds him of that at every turn, and she turns up in the show ever few minutes. Marilyn, you might as well know, is a lady with strong convictions of her own. One of them is that it's up to her to take care of her boss, who eats breakfast at a perfectly ridiculous hour and doesn't know enough to care for the iron-content cereals which she tries to feed him.

Then there are other people on the show. In the first place, there is Milton DeLugg (Honest, that's really his name). When Burrows was on CBS in that old quarter-hour stretch, he used to be accompanied by a small combo, a trio led by an accordionist. That's DeLugg. Now, Mr. DeL. has a full orchestra at his beck, and he calls upon the orchestra to perform marvels of arrangements, and the men in the pit come through.

Further assisting Burrows there is a choral group, conducted by one named Lyn Duddy (where does he dig them up?). Take the best vocalizing of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, add a dash of highbrow pepper from the shaker of Lyn Murray, and syncopate now and then—and you have Duddy's doings.

There is, of course, Marilyn the maid. Doro Miranda came out of the stage production of "The Silver Whistle" to take that fat, though vinegary, part. And there is a grocery boy, done by Stanley Prager. And there are guests—the show



At left, dramatist George S. Kaufman, writer-critic Clifton Fadiman and comedian Abe Burrows form the permanent panel of "This Is Broadway."




"Stop the Music!" cried quizmaster Bert Parks in one of the exciting moments of the musical quiz show that can be seen and heard now on TV.

started with Binnie Barnes, and picked up Clifton Fadiman as No. 2. Finally—and throughout—and in there all the time—there is Burrows himself.

What goes on is something you better hear than read about. I can tell you that when Burrows and Miss Barnes did "Hamlet" (as Burrows thinks Hollywood might have done it, in technicolor) the result was an absolute riot of fun. And when Mister Fadiman, the Great Intellectual, joined Burrows at breakfast one Monday night, and sang a special Burrows song showing how an intellectual woos his highbrow dame—the result was absolute hilarity. And when Burrows himself comes through with such songs as his own ballad of Brooklyn or his tribute to the lady with triple vision—who wants *more* from the radio by way of comedy?

This Is Broadway

 Fridays, 9-10 p.m.

Here is a show that started slowly, but built. As of end of summer, it is one of the outstanding variety pieces on the radio side of the dial.

There is a "gimmick" to this program. Irving Mansfield, a hep citizen who in the past has built talent scouting types of programs—like the one Godfrey conducts on both radio and TV—came up with this one. Instead of having amateurs, however, or even semi-pros dug out of the second-rate bistros, "This Is Broadway" parades only professionals; very often, really good ones, from the top rungs of the profession. But there must be an excuse for getting them on the show. The pretext is that these pros have "problems." They come to the show with those "problems." That's what bogged the pro-

gram down at the beginning.

If you read the newspapers, you know that a gal named Mary McCarty is now big stuff in the big, new, Irving Berlin-Robert Sherwood musical on Broadway, "Miss Liberty." (If, indeed, you read these monthly sermons with any degree of care, you may remember, too, that Miss McCarty was one of the permanent features on last year's "Admiral Broadway Revue" on TV). Well, on the opening of "This Is Broadway," Miss McCarty was one of the "problem" artists. She needs advice to solve her artistic problems like Bing Crosby needs a music teacher. Another problem child on that opener was Artie Shaw! Someone remarked that his sole difficulty may have been keeping track of divorce laws.

With such guests on the opening, the show naturally seemed a bit on the phony side. Oh yes, there were judges—there always are. The famous dramatist George S. Kaufman and a gent named Abe Burrows (they claim he's real) are the permanent members of the panel. There is always a third, sometimes without much to contribute. And there is always the emcee, in the person of Clifton ("Information, Please!") Fadiman.

Between phony problems and Fadiman's inability to reflect in lighter situations the kind of enthusiasm he used to show on "Information, Please!"—the program did not get my heartiest applause. I felt, indeed, that if only Burrows were made master of the hounds, he'd crack the whip with more gusto and add something.

However, I had to change my mind. After a couple of months on the air, when the show went into its Friday night spot, it really had something. The people brought on to perform were still first-rate artists (by and large) but there



Even if he doesn't eat it until 9:30 at night, it's fun to "Breakfast With Burrows," who is very fond of "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes."

wasn't anything phony about their problems. There was Napoleon Red, a fine tenor, who has a real problem—he is being kept out of opera; and indeed out of Broadway musicals, for the simple reason that he happens to be a Negro. There was Tony Lavelli, Yale's former spectacular basketball star, who wanted so badly to be a composer. There was Lillian Roth. She was a great star until her collapse (as she put it, "physically and spiritually") ten years ago. She proved on the show that she still possesses a fine voice, and she wants to get back into singing. And there was Jack Gilford—one of the finest comedians I

(Continued on page 70)



hollywood

OFF THE AIR

Hal Stanley are poles apart . . . The Mystery Writers of America voted "Inner Sanctum" the best mystery program on the air . . . Reports have it that Frank Sinatra may turn disc jockey over Mutual, at \$2500 a week . . . Bob Hope claims George Jessel doesn't give the girls a second thought—the first one covers everything . . . Over at Palm Springs, on one of those hot desert air-conditioned days, Het Mannheim spied a deck chair with a towel, glasses and a pair of shoes. "Now there's a man," said Mannheim, pointing to the chair, "who's had too much sun" . . . Spike Jones is cutting out those one-night stands. Too tough.

* * *

You'll be seeing Phil Harris before too long in a new 20th Century-Fox flicker called "Wabash Avenue." It's the first picture for Phil since 1945 . . . Wonder what would happen if some radio announcers would stop pounding away at those commercials at the top of their voices? . . . ABC's Edward Arnold very much interested in scripter Jean Holloway . . . Ann "Blondie" Rutherford and handsome Philip Reed an item . . . CBS' Fred Beck reports that he read in a London magazine where Winston Churchill sleeps in an old-fashioned cotton nightshirt. "What I can't understand," muses Fred, "is how he gets it over his cigar" . . . Cause and effect: Some air shows sponsored by old-line dentifrice makers may be cancelled due to



Mr. and Mrs. Art Linkletter have fun recording talents of their youngsters, Art Linkletter Jr., Dawn, baby Dione, Robert and Sharon, on papa's lap.

sales losses caused by the zooming popularity of the new ammoniated tooth powders and pastes . . . Newscaster Knox Manning has been telling radio listeners about some famous fluffs, those tongue-twisters that everyone in radio falls heir to. It was Ralph Edwards who once introduced a young thrush on his show as "a charming little sinner." And Milton Gross twice tried to introduce Arturo

Toscanini by saying "Toscuco Artinini" and "Atrosco Turinini!" . . . They say Al Jolson has the greatest insurance policy ever written. If he should die, they bury Larry Parks . . . Prediction that came true: Several months ago we said that one-time Harry James' songstress Marian Morgan, as cute a red-head as we've ever seen, was headed for important things. So now
(Continued on page 68)



Jo Stafford combines a weekend vacation in the sun with a bit of work along with sister Pauline, arranger Fred Heider and musical director Paul Weston.



Charles Correll, Andy of "Amos and Andy," vacations with Mrs. Correll.



ROSE

"Rosemary" is heard Monday through Friday at 11:45 a.m., EST, on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

1. Rosemary clasps hands with her husband, Bill Roberts, and Mother Dawson welcomes little Jessie into the warmth and security of her home in Springdale. The happiness that envelops them now (at left) may blot out the terrifying experiences of the past, when the success of Rosemary's marriage was threatened by a greedy woman, and fear of the police invaded the mind of the child.

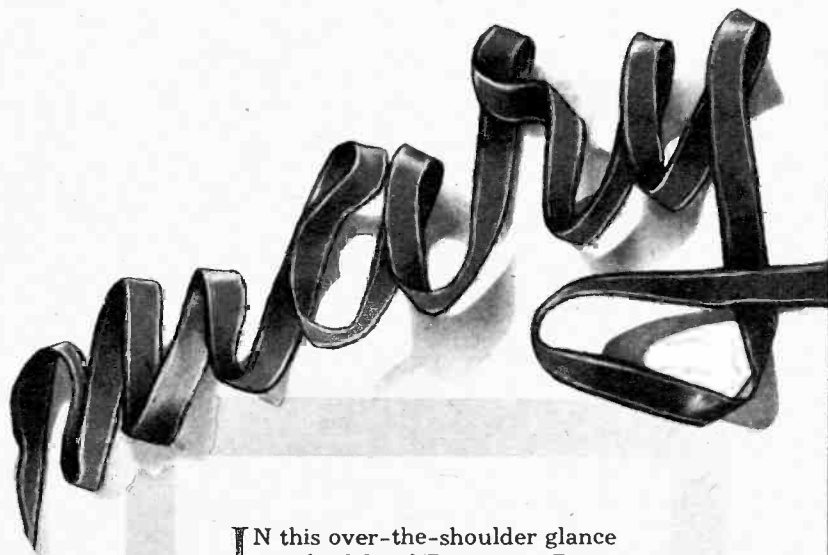


A number of strange—and sometimes unpleasant—people come into Rosemary's life as a result of her marriage.



2. A few years ago Rosemary was definitely committed to the single life. With her father in prison since her childhood, she had gradually assumed responsibility for the support of her mother and sister. Completely absorbed in her job, she shakes her head whenever a visitor to the office suggests that they go out together.

3. But Rosemary will discover that her attitude toward romance cannot bar the gates against true love. She cannot control events in the Springdale hospital where Dr. Jim Cotter, an old friend of the Dawson family, has become interested in Bill Roberts, a young war veteran who is a victim of amnesia; his past life is a blank.



IN this over-the-shoulder glance at the life of Rosemary Dawson, the characters are portrayed by the same actors whose voices you hear on the air:

Betty Winkler.....	Rosemary
George Keane.....	Bill Roberts
Charles Penman.....	Dr. Jim Cotter
Marion Barney.....	Mother Dawson
Joan Alexander.....	Audrey
Joan Lazer.....	Jessie
Larry Haines.....	Lefty Higgins





4. After many conversations with the sick man, Dr. Jim decides that a friendly home environment would help him more than any medical treatment. Mindful of Mother Dawson's generosity, he asks her to offer the young veteran a haven in her home. Mother Dawson thinks it over, but he knows she will agree to his plan.



Rosemary



5. Rosemary takes an interest in the visitor and soon discovers that her friendly concern has deepened into a feeling she had never before experienced. Almost completely recovered from his illness, Bill takes her into his arms and Rosemary, realizing that her life has been incomplete, surrenders to this new and exciting emotion. Their happiness is overwhelming.

6. Although Bill is afraid of marriage because his illness has wiped the past from his mind, Rosemary convinces him that their love is of primary importance and they are soon man and wife (at left). Thrusting aside their fear of the difficulties that may beset them as a result of Bill's illness, they welcome the chance to create a new life for themselves.



7. Bill's fear is justified when he remembers, shortly after his marriage to Rosemary, that he already has a wife and six-year-old daughter. Into his mind from out of the past comes a picture of his wife, Audrey, whose quarrelsome and suspicious nature made life almost unbearable for him and his little daughter, Jessie



8. Forgetting his marriage to Rosemary, Bill returns to Audrey for the sake of the child. But while Audrey, a grasping creature, plots with her lover, Lefty Higgins, to blackmail Bill and take his savings, Bill's memory returns. His marriage to Audrey was illegal and Higgins is Jessie's father. He returns to Rosemary in Springdale.



9. But events which will influence their lives are taking shape in a distant city. Lefty Higgins has been allowed to keep his daughter, Jessie, and his love for her is his one redeeming feature. He cannot overcome his criminal tendencies, however, and he becomes involved in a bank holdup during which a man is killed. The police close in.



10. Lefty and his gang flee to a mountain hideout and Jessie is left behind in a New York hotel room to be cross-examined by the police. Bill answers her call for help and takes her back to Springdale. With the problems of Bill's past satisfactorily settled, the future looks bright for the young couple and the little girl.



He's neither tough guy, glamor boy nor temperamental artist . . . for a detailed picture of this Hollywood bachelor, read

Report On

HOWARD DUFF

by Jan Forsythe



WHAT kind of guy is this Howard Duff—really? What's he like away from Sam Spade, away from the rugged, leather-jacketed characterizations you see him in on the screen? Is he glamor boy, unbridled ladies' man, loose-footed Hollywood party-goer? Is he a fellow with a list of telephone numbers a yard long, a squire of all the pretty chicks in Filmtown?

Sorry, girls, but the only one who can give you the real, real lowdown on Howard Duff—the undiluted inside—is Duff himself, and he isn't talking. Compared to Duff, the Sphinx is more loquacious. But your brash *Radio Best* correspondent has managed to get up close to the guy on more than one occasion; watched him in action; lunched with him; observed him in varying moods. I've talked while he listened—he's a fine listener. I've checked on his friends; pried a little; dug into his past.

And the verdict? Well, I wouldn't be writing this if it weren't good.

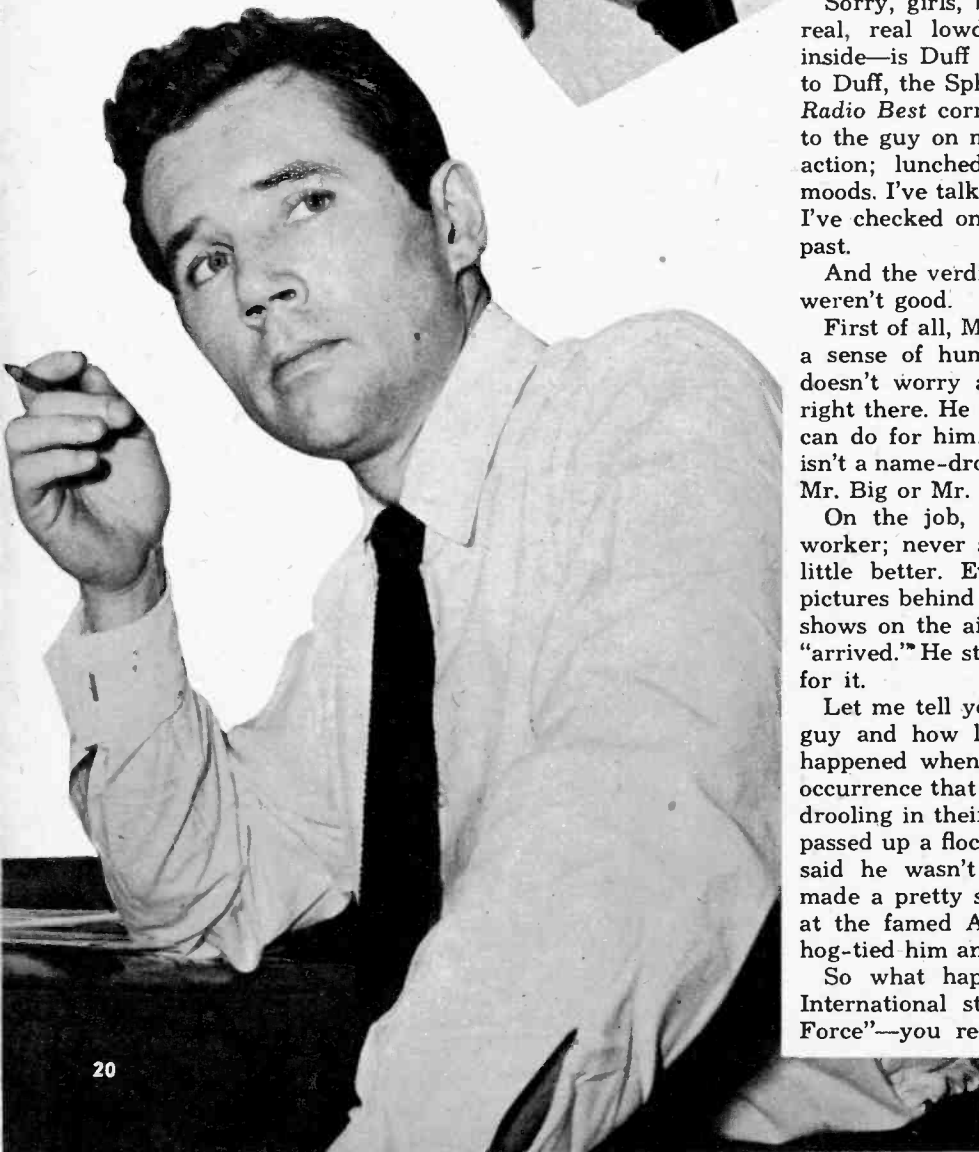
First of all, Mr. Duff—his real name, by the way—has a sense of humor. Grade him "A" on that. Next, he doesn't worry about his profile. That's one more "A" right there. He isn't always thinking of what his friends can do for him; it's usually the other way around. He isn't a name-dropper; doesn't give a hoot whether you're Mr. Big or Mr. Little, if he likes you.

On the job, in pictures or in radio, he's a terrific worker; never satisfied, always striving to do it just a little better. Even today, with a batch of top-flight pictures behind him, and with one of the most listenable shows on the air, Howard still doesn't believe that he's "arrived." He still takes direction—wants it and is eager for it.

Let me tell you a characteristic story about this Duff guy and how little his "fame" has impressed him. It happened when they first tapped him for pictures—an occurrence that would have 99 out of a 100 young actors drooling in their buttermilk. In the first place, Duff had passed up a flock of picture offers for more than a year; said he wasn't ready for them. Then, when he had made a pretty shining name for himself on the air and at the famed Actor's Laboratory Theatre, they finally hog-tied him and got his signature on a movie contract.

So what happened? He came into the Universal-International studio to report for his role in "Brute Force"—you remember that one—and discovered that

(Continued on page 22)



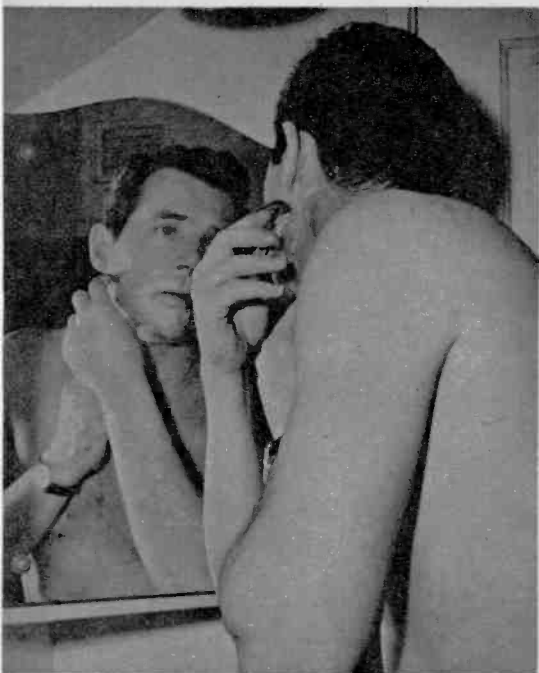


Howard's home in the Hollywood Hills is run strictly bachelor fashion except when his mother comes down from Seattle to visit. She takes charge of the housekeeping for a time and her cooking is a welcome change from dining out.

Below, Howard takes great pride in the ham and eggs he cooks for breakfast. Coffee (that's what he calls it) completes the menu.



It would be easier, sometimes, if a fellow had only one suit. Above, Howard tries to make up his mind.



Above, Duff might be taking his time but he hasn't forgotten that studio call at 8.

Above, Howard Duff and lovely Swede Marta Toren pause for a smoke to celebrate their good luck. They've finished shooting early on the set at Universal Studios.

no one on the lot seemed to know him. No one, that is, except director Jules Dassin and the late Mark Hellinger, and they weren't around.

Some pompous little third assistant director barked that the set was closed to visitors and that Duff would have to leave. "Okay," said Howard, grinning, and ambled over to the studio commissary for a cup of coffee.

It wasn't until two hours later that the frantic Dassin and Hellinger found Duff, still sitting there.

Strictly untemperamental, this Duff guy; and if you try to type him as a glamor boy, you'll get nowhere. In fact, there's nothing that Howard dislikes more than the so-called Hollywood glamor stuff, or the way the gossip-mongers link a fellow's name romantically with a gal, just any gal, for the sake of a column "item." He



A short work-day behind them, Howard and Marta make it a threesome at lunch with *Radio Best's* Favius Friedman.

Report On HOWARD DUFF



Popcorn tastes good 'most any time but you can't blame Duff (above) for thinking that it might taste even better when lovely Marta Toren feeds it to him at local carousel.

can't understand why a fellow can't see the same girl more than three times without having it said that they're a "thing," or "that way."

Ava Gardner rates tops in his book, yet according to him they're merely great and good friends. I've never seen Howard out on the Sunset Strip with Miss Gardner; neither of them care much for the orchidaceous night club beat—the Ciro's or Mocambo routine—but I can tell you a little about his attitude toward a pretty doll.

The day I saw him he was just leaving the studio with his co-star of "Illegal Entry"—the violet-eyed and luscious Swedish import, Marta Toren. Shooting was over, they had the afternoon free, so we made it a threesome for lunch, out at a little roadside spot called Farmer John's. And the conversation? Pictures, strictly pictures. That and radio, some kidding about Marta's selection as "Miss World Trade," and a mixture of talk about the brand-new Cadillac convertible that Howard had just acquired.

Not that Duff ignored the attractions of Miss Toren; there's hardly a man alive who could ignore a face and

(Continued on page 72)



The cashier smiles but says "nix" to the half-price proposal. Above, Howard learns he'll have to shell out full fare to go on those rides with Marta Toren.



Above, Marta looks calm but Howard seems mildly apprehensive as they get ready to take off in that strato-jet ferris wheel. At right, with the big wheel behind them and Marta holding tight to the popcorn, they consider having a go at the merry-go-round.



As in the story of King Solomon, so it is today—
the test of real motherhood is a love

...For This
Is the
Mother

A "GUIDING LIGHT" NOVELETTE
by Lois Martin James

"The Guiding Light," heard on CBS at 1:45 p.m., EST, Monday through Friday, is the inspiring story of a wise and kindly clergyman who, from pulpit and study, spreads his philosophy of better living as he deals with the problems of his parishioners, the residents of an underprivileged community.

RADIO BEST
READER
BONUS

great enough to surrender
even the creature it cherishes



Charlotte Brandon, played by Betty Lou Gerson, loves the tiny baby she has adopted and made her own. In spite of her happiness, she is constantly beset by her fear of the child's mother.



Jan Carter, nee Meta Bauer, played by Dorothy Lovett, has given up the child she bore illegitimately. Always a selfish woman, she threatens the happiness of the couple who have adopted her child.

WHAT is a mother?

And what, then, is a foster-mother?

Charlotte Brandon knew. Living in modest security with her husband, Ray Brandon, in Selby Flats, she had received some unusually good advice on the subject. Advice from the man they called "The Guiding Light": Dr. Charles Matthews, minister of the Church of the Good Samaritan, a non-denominational Church that welcomed one and all, with a kind word and a helpful message for those who needed aid.

It was the day Baby Chuckie was christened. Not that Chuckie was the baptismal name; no, they called him Charles, both after his foster-mother Charlotte, and the good pastor himself.

It was a warm day. The air was still and thick in the little church and Charlotte found herself breathing more quickly than usual. Several times Ray pressed her hand. "It's all right," he said comfortingly.

"I know," whispered Charlotte, "but it's so—well, sort of solemn. I feel all choked up."

"But aren't you proud of your son?" said Ray smiling. "He was a model baby. Never a cry."

Charlotte grinned at him. "Boasting already about *your* son," she teased. "You know as well as I do that Chuckie gave a definite account of himself when Dr. Matthews sprinkled the water on his head."

"How could you see," reminded Ray gently. "Your eyes were filled with tears."

Their hands met and they were silent. Then Ray looked up.

"Here's Dr. Matthews now. Come on, Charlotte. He asked us to go into his study . . ."

They followed the minister into the little room which he used as a study and which had seen so many people, so many problems, that if its homey, inelegant walls

could have talked, they would have been able to reveal the innermost secrets of Selby Flats.

Dr. Matthews fixed his kind blue eyes on Charlotte, who was holding little Chuckie. That young man, unmindful of the gravity of the situation, had gone to sleep; Charlotte softly stroked his hair as she waited for Dr. Matthews to speak.

"You know, Charlotte," the minister began, "seeing you with Chuckie this way—it's a beautiful, natural picture. And I rather think *you* feel you've never seen a more perfect, wonderful baby."

"There couldn't be a more wonderful baby," said Ray and Charlotte, in practically the same breath.

"Now," went on Dr. Matthews, "there's something you're going to have to teach that baby. Something important. You know, a lot of folks in Selby Flats think he's your own."

"He is our own," insisted Charlotte. "That's what Dr. Leland told us when we left the hospital, that we shouldn't feel any different from any parents who were taking their baby home. And I want Chuckie to grow up believing he is ours, not adopted."

Dr. Matthews looked out the study window for a moment at the bright warm day. Then he sighed. "That's pretty dangerous."

"Why?" said Charlotte, in some surprise.

Dr. Matthews arose and began to walk up and down the little room. The shining sincerity behind his words came through to Charlotte as he spoke and the name "Guiding Light" fixed itself in her mind; she could understand why he was called that.

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature

. . . For This Is The Mother

“. . . and there's always some person," the minister was saying, "who finds out that a child is adopted, and spreads the news. Then one day the boy is told, not by the parents, but by an outsider, and he has a feeling that he's been tricked; that the two dearest people in the world have been dishonest. No matter what you do for that child, or what he is given in the way of opportunities, love and privileges, there's a bitter weed rankling in his mind. Of course, you must do as you want about it, but I believe that being adopted is something to be proud of."

"What do you mean?" asked Ray, who was standing with his hand on the back of Charlotte's chair, his eyes fixed fondly on the nodding little head with its petal mouth and infinitesimal nose.

"Just this, Ray," went on Dr. Matthews quietly. "Here you are, two people, taking into your home a little baby—into your hearts, I should say. Why shouldn't this child know that you chose him because you wanted him—wanted him more than anything else? Why shouldn't this baby, as he grows to adolescence and maturity, know that you gave him your name and that you knew your love wouldn't be complete without him, that your lives would have been empty, that he gave you something—he filled a void in your lives, he made your happiness complete. Why, even in a few days this baby has become a living symbol of the love you have for each other. You're a family now. Don't you think *he'll* be proud to know he's done this for two people?"

Charlotte bit her lips. "Dr. Matthews," she said earnestly, holding her dark head proudly, looking like a child herself, "I know what you mean—but I've read in the newspapers where foster parents have had children taken away from them. I can't have that happen. Do you understand? I can't have that happen."

Dr. Matthews looked at her gravely. She was young and sweet and sincere, and he could sense for a moment something of the panic that was overwhelming her common sense.

"Charlotte," he said, "listen to me. The child is yours.



Dr. Charles Matthews, minister of the Church of the Good Samaritan, is played by Hugh Studebaker.

Nobody can take him from you. He's your pride and joy—and, yes, he'll be your disappointments and hurts. But he's yours. Always remember that."

"Thank you, Dr. Matthews," said Charlotte simply. Ray pressed her hand. He smiled lovingly at her.

"Come on," he said. "Chuckie will wonder if we plan to starve him. Unreasonable as it seems . . . he likes his meals on time."

Dr. Matthews walked them as far as the church door, and watched them as they walked down the road toward their own home. He was thinking: what a happy family, what wonderful times they will have together. Out of a confused past, these young people have finally managed to achieve peace and contentment. It is a fine thing for them—and for the child.

Perhaps it was just as well that on that fine, warm



Dr. Mary Leland

by Lurene Tuttle



Ted White

played by Wilms Herbert



Trudy Bauer

by Laurette Fillbrandt

day no one—not Charlotte, nor Ray, nor Dr. Charles Matthews realized the bitter struggle that was being waged in the soul of Jan Carter—nee Meta Bauer of Selby Flats.

Outside the lights twinkled and from somewhere inside there was a sound of shrill laughter, and then the tinkling of a glass. Then there was silence. The deserted streets of Los Angeles were darkening now; one by one the lights faded. In the distance a church clock struck three times. The notes fell hollowly in the lonely night.

Jan Carter's lovely face became strangely drawn as she frowned in restless sleep. Her lips were parted, and she gave a plaintive little sound, not quite a moan, not quite a sigh. Then the sound became more coherent. "Mama," whispered Jan. "Mama."

Her eyes opened for a moment, and she looked around her beautifully appointed bedroom, still frowning, still moaning. For this was the dream, this fashionable hotel apartment: the symbol of a way of life known to the glamorous model Jan Carter. While the reality, the living flesh and blood person was—Meta Bauer of Selby Flats. Meta, who needed her mother now as she had never needed her . . . Meta, who was a lost little girl, crying in the night for something Jan Carter had done a long time ago. Yes, Jan Carter and Meta Bauer were the same person, and the road chosen seven years before by Jan was now revealed as a tortuous path, full of wrong turnings and little thorns that caught at her . . . and tore at her . . .

Seven years. A lot can happen in seven years. A freckle-faced kid grows up to marry the boy next door. A girl can go all through college and find a job and maybe a husband. Or a girl like Meta Bauer can turn her back on the poverty of Selby Flats and go to work for the exclusive and expensive Madame Eugenie. A girl like Meta Bauer can change her name to Jan Carter . . . and change her personality into that of a sophisticated, glamorous career woman. And a girl like that can have an affair with Ted White—and a girl like that can have a baby. A baby who now belongs to somebody else.

Those years were like a dream, too. The Sacred Heart convent in New York, where Sister Maria was so kind to Jan while she was ill. The shock of reading of Ted's engagement to somebody else. Then having him break the engagement and propose to her. While little Chuckie, the innocent focal point of a turbulent emotional storm, was being brought up by Charlotte and Ray Brandon, who had adopted him.

But what was an adopted mother? Surely no court of law would permit Charlotte to keep Jan's own baby, not when Jan was the natural mother. And she'd fight . . . yes, she'd fight if she had to lie her way through. For instance, now, she'd have to lie about Dr. Mary Leland. She'd say that Mary forced her to sign a paper giving the child away. She'd say that Mary warned her all along of the hazards she would face as an unmarried mother. Everyone would believe her. And she'd show them. She'd show them all.

Once more Jan turned in her sleep, and the little cry became a suffering moan. "Mama," she said again. And without realizing it in her conscious mind, she formed a resolution to go back to Selby Flats tomorrow, to see her frail little mother, and talk over the whole situation with her. Mama would want the baby. So would Bill, so would Trudy. Yes, Mama would know what to do. Mama would help little Meta, always the favorite child.

Some of the tenseness left Jan's body. For the first time that long, restless night, her breathing became regular and she slept. She had made her decision. Every-



Ray Brandon, played by Willard Waterman, feels the same love for Chuckie that he would for his own son.

thing would be all right now.

Jan allowed herself a few moments more than usual in her bath the next morning. It was warm, it was relaxing, and she needed something to quell the merciless torment that was beginning to take hold of her.

She tried to remember what she had dreamed that restless night. Or had she slept? She passed her hand across her forehead: yes, she must have slept, for there were images before her, the shadowy figures of dreams. She had dreamed of Ted White—whom she planned to marry—and she had dreamed of their baby Chuckie, and his foster-parents, Charlotte and Ray Brandon. And . . . of someone else . . . who? Wait . . . yes, it was her mother!

Jan jumped out of the tub, dressed quickly and called a familiar Selby Flats number.

"Hello, Mama? Oh, darling, how are you? Yes, I know I haven't been to see you, but I will, I will. I'm expecting Ted from New York any minute now and . . . yes, yes, I'm fine. What, Mama? What are you trying to tell me? But why do you sound so . . . Mama, can't you tell me over the telephone? Well, all right. I'll be over to the house for dinner, darling. I'll see you later. 'Bye, Mama."

It was all coming back to her now. She knew what she had dreamed about. Her baby. Getting back her baby. Doing anything possible, even lying and hurting people. Nothing mattered now; nothing except Chuckie.

And as if an answer to an unspoken signal the doorbell rang. Jan ran to it, as if its peal had lent wings to her feet.

Ted was standing there—looking a little tired, perhaps
(Continued on page 66)

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature



A mother's faith and a blind girl's courage are rewarded when . . .

SOME years ago, riders on a bus in Springfield, Long Island, might have noticed a woman who never seemed to tire of talking to the little girl who sat next to her. What was unusual, too, was that the mother's conversation dealt with such trivial and obvious subjects.

"There's a house, Betty, and there's a white shirt hanging on the clothesline. A white shirt, like your Daddy wears with his navy blue suit. . . . Look at the roses! They're bright red like your hat. Remember your red hat? . . . And your dress is blue, like the sky. See how blue the sky is! . . ."

The woman was Mrs. Kathryn Clark and the child, who peered so eagerly through the window as her mother pointed to the white shirt, the red roses, the blue sky, was Betty Clark—twelve years old now and the only child in the United States who has her own network program. ("Betty Clark sings," Sunday, 6:30 p.m., EST, on ABC) (Continued on page 74)

At left, Mrs. Kathryn Clark is shown in the role of guide and confidante she has played since the birth of her daughter. While Betty picks out the tune on a piano, Mrs. Clark reads the lyrics of a new song.



Betty takes great pleasure in keeping the lawn of her home in Englewood, New Jersey, in first-rate condition. Dressed in sweater and dungarees, she pushes the lawn mower, above. Married sister, Miriam Pelletreau, wields a rake.



Like other little girls, Betty enjoys a session on her roller skates; she often attends a rink in Bergenfield, N.J. Above she tests the sidewalk in front of her home with her friend, Susan Tourtellotte, while niece Mary Ann Pelletreau leads.

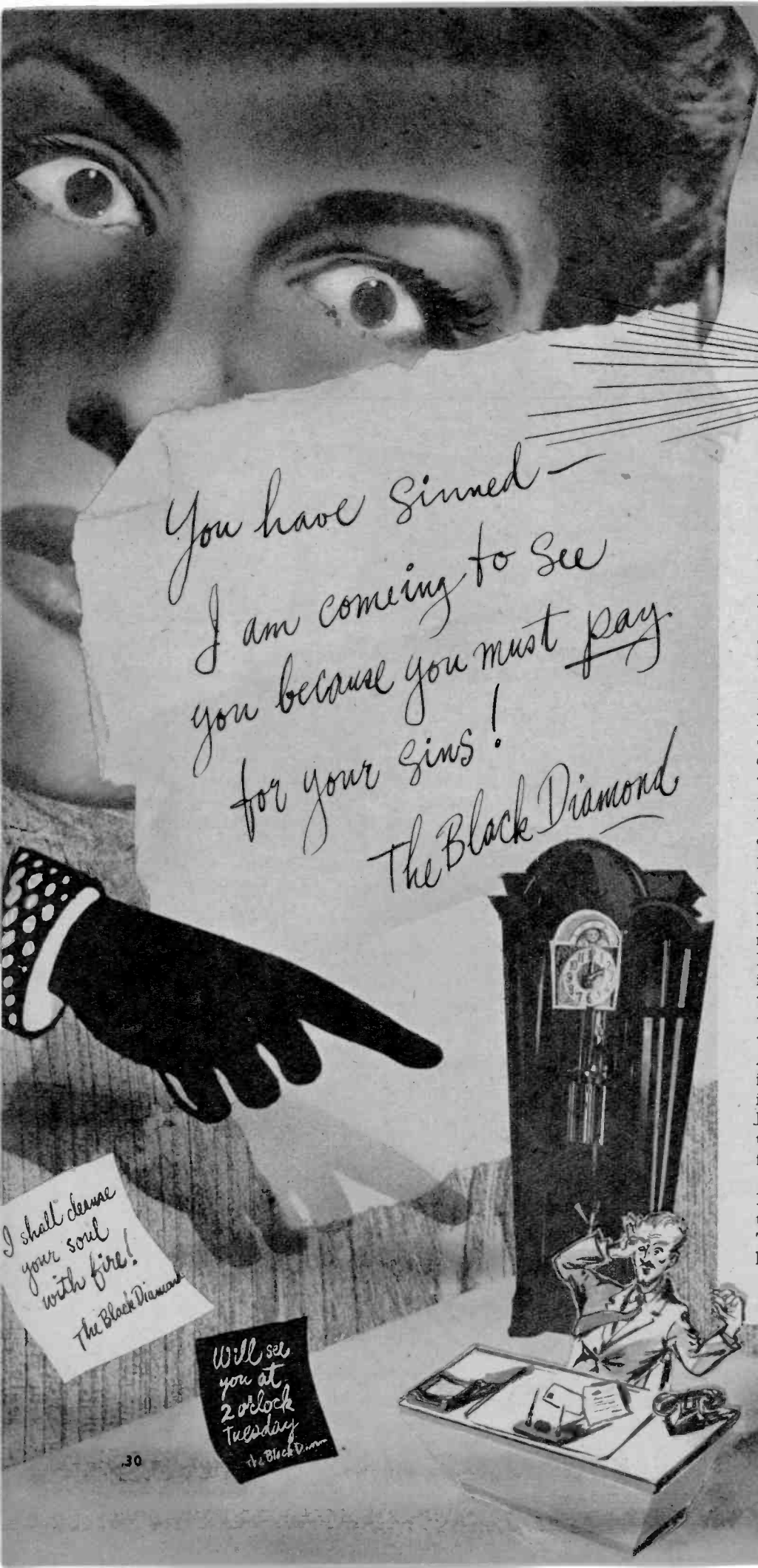
BETTY CLARK

Singing



In the course of her brief career, Betty Clark has become acquainted with many of radio's top stars. Above, she takes time out at rehearsal to chat with Jay Jostyn, the famous "Mr. District Attorney," who is one of her very good friends and admirers.

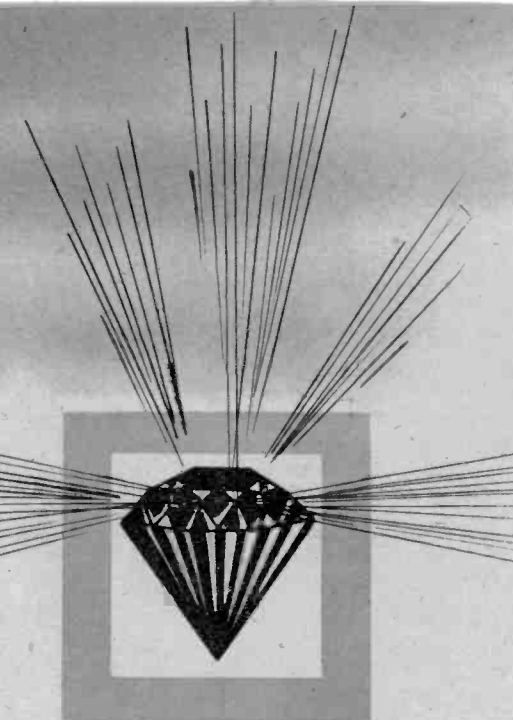
Betty began to express herself in song, as easily and naturally as a bird, before she spoke her first words. Now Billy Boy, her pet canary, accompanies his young mistress in her songs and vocal exercises to Betty's great delight.



*You have sinned -
I am coming to see
you because you must pay
for your sins!
The Black Diamond*

*I shall cleanse
your soul
with fire!
The Black Diamond*

*Will see
you at
2 o'clock
Tuesday
The Black Diamond*



THE Eddie Waitkus affair, in which a baseball player almost lost his life at the hands of a girl who felt she "had to kill," brought to mind an episode in which your columnist figured some years ago.

Back in 1938, an unknown female who signed herself "The Black Diamond" began to write to me. When one receives as much mail as I do, crank letters almost shriek their contents before you slit them open. But these letters were different; the handwriting was good and the writer was evidently a cultured person. All were postmarked Los Angeles.

At first I paid little attention to them because, unlike all unsigned crank letters, they were neither defamatory nor obscene. Gradually, however, the letters became more violent and less intelligible. They contained subtle threats and hints of the horrible fate which would be mine. Sensing possible trouble, I began to keep a file of them. As the letters became more threatening, their volume increased and when it rose to as many as ten a day, each letter perhaps a dozen pages long, I turned the file over to my attorney for safekeeping.

Along about the middle of June, 1938, the letters ceased abruptly and the matter slipped from my mind. This happy state of affairs was not to last for long, however. On January

John J. Anthony says—
her letters seemed very unimportant
but they gradually involved
me in The Strange Case of—



THE BLACK DIAMOND

5, 1939, the "Black Diamond" began to sparkle again, more darkly than ever. Now the letters expressed the thought that my correspondent had been placed on earth for the express purpose of showing me the way to salvation. Each one contained a picture of the Saviour and was filled with quotations from the Bible.

Just what was my correspondent's idea of "salvation" and just how did she mean to "show the way?" Thinking about it, I recalled stories of religious fanatics and the gruesome means they employed in their efforts to save the souls of the damned. I lost little time in calling the Postal Inspectors who agreed with me that the "Black Diamond" was a potential menace. They immediately launched a nationwide effort to locate the writer.

A few days later, I received a three-sentence letter, the shortest I had ever received from the "Black Diamond." It said: "You have sinned by having me followed. I am on my way to see you. You must pay for your sins." I don't mind admitting that I was worried. There are various means of achieving salvation but there seemed little doubt as to how I would pay for my sins.

The short letter was followed by a series of equally short notes, each more muddled than the last and post-

marked closer to New York. As the writer approached me across the country, she became more violent. Each letter ended: "I shall cleanse your soul with fire." In the meantime, the Postal Inspectors were having quite a time with the case, because the "Black Diamond" was moving east along an unpredictable route.

Along about the middle of March I received a letter which said: "I am here. Will see you at two o'clock Tuesday." I had known the day must come—the "Black Diamond" did not sound like the kind of person who would change her mind—but I can't say I yawned and tossed the letter aside.

My attorney immediately contacted the local police and on Tuesday my office was swarming with well-armed cops. Although the sight of their brawny frames was reassuring, I was far from calm. Was your life ever threatened by a person who was probably insane? The tension in the atmosphere of my office increased as the hour of two approached.

Almost on the stroke of two a young girl, dressed in riding breeches and mud-caked boots, opened the door of my outer office. Watching from my office, I saw the two plainclothes men who were seated there, like casual visitors, slide almost surreptitiously to the edge of their chairs. My recep-

tionist's hands tightened around the edge of her desk.

"Yes?" she asked politely, her voice cracking ever so slightly.

The girl spoke very calmly. "I am the Black Diamond," she said. "I have come to save Mr. Anthony's soul."

In far less time than it takes to tell, the poor girl was seized by two of New York's finest and brought into my office. She neither struggled nor made an outcry, nor did she protest at the rapid search which revealed no weapons on her person. Of all those present, she was the most calm and collected. I talked with her fifteen minutes. At times her conversation became pure gibberish but it finally became clear that she had no intention of harming me. What was her purpose? She was going to cleanse my soul by marrying me.

Subsequent investigation proved her to be the daughter of a prominent Eastern couple and she was finally committed to a mental institution. She was still there when I last heard of her in 1946.

That was my first, and I hope my last, contact with anyone who proposed to lead me to salvation. If my soul is to be saved, I hope the procedure will be more conventional.

Incidentally, I forgot to tell you that the "Black Diamond" hitch-hiked to New York from Los Angeles.

Any discussion of personal problems—the estrangement of husband and wife, of father and daughter—always brings to mind the name of John J. Anthony. As founder and director of the famed Marital Relations Institute, his name has become synonymous with the effort to resolve the conflicts that invariably arise between human beings, however deep their love, however strong the bonds that tie them together. Like many men whose work brings them into contact with thousands of persons, all seeking aid, his personal life has been affected. In this column, Mr. Anthony will divulge, for the first time, the story of the adventures in which he has taken part as a result of his work.

by Harry Edwards

The haberdasher's son
and the
hosiery salesgirl
learn that
dreams come true
if you work
at them



a vaudeville actor, appearing on the same bill with Zeppo Marx in Vancouver, readily agreed when Zeppo suggested one night that they both visit the home of a local family for dinner. Zeppo had been invited by Babe Marks, one of the daughters and, he added with a slight leer, Babe had a "kid sister." The actor wasn't interested in Babe or her sister but the idea of a home-cooked meal was a definite attraction.

The meeting between the actor and the sister was not an auspicious one but it led to the marriage, many years later, of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone.

To the twelve-year-old bobby-soxer, the man who came to dinner was not at all the type to dream about as a future husband. Because he played a violin in his act, Sadie Marks was delighted to perform on her fiddle, but when he held his head in his hands and groaned, to Zeppo, "Get me out of here!", she was wildly incensed. "I'll get even with you!" she cried.

She did. The next day, the first three rows of the theatre where Jack was performing were filled from end to end with Sadie's friends who ate popcorn with such vigor that the crackling drowned out most of the comedian's jokes. He left Vancouver with an unsatisfied desire to turn the kid over his knee and give her a good spanking.

His anger, like Sadie's bobby socks, had disappeared when Jack met her again in Los Angeles and he gave her a brief whirl but he didn't think of her seriously until one night some time later after he had made his reputation as a top-flight funnyman, and had seen his name in lights on Broadway. He was the loneliest and richest thirty-year-old man who ever sat in a Chicago hotel room. A friend had planted the idea of marriage in his mind and, as it grew, he thought again and again of Sadie Marks and her gay good humor. They were married twenty-one years ago.

After years of the kind of life familiar to all touring actors—a life lived in hotel rooms in strange towns, without permanent friends, Mary and Jack have finally settled down in a Hollywood home which surpasses the wildest dreams of the haberdasher's son of Waukegan, Illinois, and the girl who worked at a hosiery counter in a Los Angeles department store.

Erected at a cost of \$250,000, the house is in the fashionable Beverly Hills section of Hollywood and eight servants attend to the Bennys' every need. Walking into the living room on an ankle deep rug, the visitor sees a portrait of Mary, painted by Claudette Colbert. The Ronald Colmans, described on the air as their "next-door neighbors," live eight blocks away.

Although Jack is the very opposite of the pompous "successful man"—he breakfasts in the pantry with his butler and at dinner parties usually lets the other fellows do the talking, he can still count on Mary to "get even" with him and pull him down from the clouds on the rare occasions when he does begin walking on air.

At a testimonial dinner in his honor in New York, while he was listening to the Mayor and numerous other VIP's pay tribute to his numerous virtues, he received a telegram. Opening the envelope under the table, he read, "Urgent stop don't forget (Continued on page 65)

THE JACK



Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny
and their adopted daughter,
Joan, pose for a family picture.

BENNNYS

JACK BENNY GETS INTO

Meet GRACIE (Benny)

George Burns got a new, but not necessarily better, half at a recent benefit performance in Los Angeles. Donning feminine make-up, figure and clothes, Jack Benny masqueraded as Gracie Allen. These pictures show how the man from Waukegan was transformed into a seductive beauty whose only glaring fault was his lack of feminine charm, something the wardrobe department couldn't supply.



1. Jack gets his first good look at real femininity through his false eyelashes. Overcoming the desire to do something about the hairy chest, a make-up man brushes the lashes.



2. His lips curving coquettishly, his eyes alluring behind their silken lashes, the emerging "Gracie" makes sure that the seams are straight as he dons the sheer silk stockings.



3. Anybody can wear lipstick and silk stockings, but as wardrobe man Lonnie Dorsey forces him to squeeze his hips into a corset, Jack begins to like the figure of the man he was.

THE ACT WHILE GEORGE "BURNS"



4. Jack is rapidly getting into shape for his new role as George Burns drops in to take a look at "Gracie" and pauses to admire the beautiful face and figure.



6. The transformation complete, "Gracie" looks demurely from under his long, dark eyelashes at George, who thinks it wasn't such a smart idea.



5. "Never thought I'd see the day," says Jack, as Mary Hatch, hairdresser, tops the beautiful red wig with a fetching chapeau, a Parisian creation.

my husband ROY ROGERS

by Dale Evans

There are all kinds of stories about how different men proposed to their wives, and I thought I knew all about the various methods a man might use. After all, I thought, there are just so many ways for a man to say, "Will you marry me?" That's what I thought—until Roy proposed to me.

We were on a rodeo tour and one day, Roy and I, seated on our horses, were waiting outside the corral gate to go into the arena. Suddenly he turned to me and said, "I just called the kids, Dale."

"How are they?" I asked.

"Fine." He paused for a minute. "They asked for you before they asked for me and Trigger."

I smiled and waited, wondering just what this big, shy cowboy was trying to say. He was staring at Trigger's head as if he had never seen such an animal before.

Finally he looked up at me and said, "They sure love you—and so do I. How about it?"

The corral gates opened and Roy rode out into the arena, leaving me sitting there, the most confused and delighted woman who was ever proposed to on horseback. I had known Roy for some time, you see, having appeared in twenty-four pictures with him, and he had always been very friendly. Roy is friendly with everybody, however, and there was no reason to think about anything beyond mere friendship between us.

But when he said, "How about it?," something happened. The affection that had slowly developed between us, without my even realizing it, suddenly revealed itself as something warm and glowing as a sunset, something radiant as the moon on a starry night, something that poets write about. My heart pounded the message in my ears—I was in love with the most wonderful guy in the world.

He didn't have to wait long for his answer,

Trigger, Jr., left, chats with his master, shown at right with Dale in scene from "Susanna Pass," first picture together since their marriage. Roy was overjoyed when Dale's fans persuaded bosses at Republic to let her play opposite him again after they had decided against it.







Above, Roy and Dale settle down with the kids for a cozy evening at home. Cheryl, with Dale's arm around her, is interested in the story all right, but Roy and Linda Lou, on the right, think it's more fun to watch baby Dusty playing with Roy's dog.



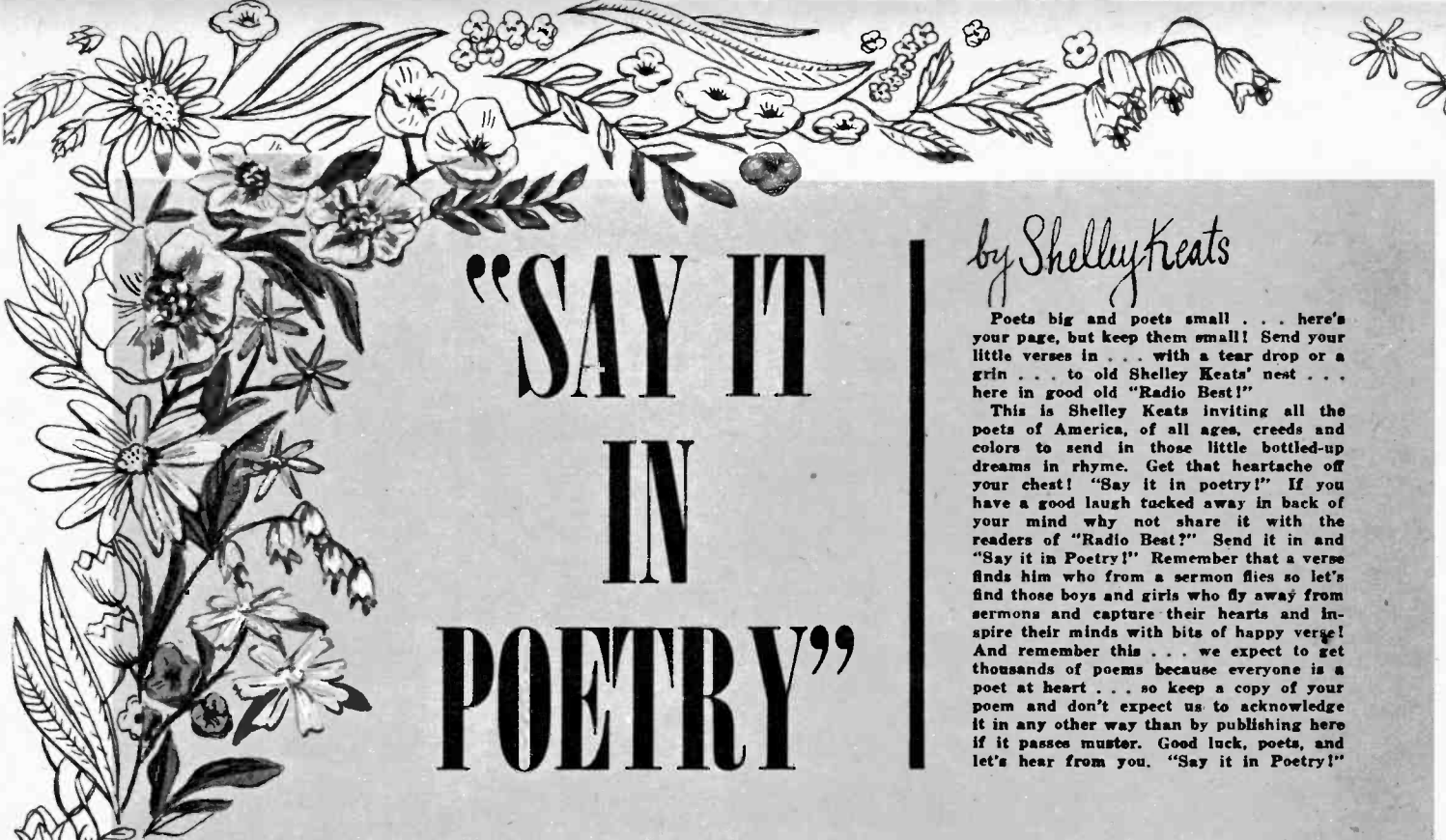
Wonder who gets more fun out of playing with the big rubber ball—Roy or Dusty? At right, Dusty settles down in bed and gets ready to listen to the bedtime story, a nightly ritual.

my husband ROY ROGERS

also delivered on horseback. A few minutes later, when the gates opened again for me, I rode out into the ring and as soon as I managed to get close enough, I reached out for his hand and squeezed it, hard. The sudden sparkle of light in his blue eyes told me that he was just as happy as I was.

Roy had been thinking about proposing for some time before he finally got up enough courage to ask me. Like many men who have been very close to animals (Continued on page 69)





"SAY IT IN POETRY"

by Shelly Keats

Poets big and poets small . . . here's your page, but keep them small! Send your little verses in . . . with a tear drop or a grin . . . to old Shelley Keats' nest . . . here in good old "Radio Best!"

This is Shelley Keats inviting all the poets of America, of all ages, creeds and colors to send in those little bottled-up dreams in rhyme. Get that heartache off your chest! "Say it in poetry!" If you have a good laugh tucked away in back of your mind why not share it with the readers of "Radio Best?" Send it in and "Say it in Poetry!" Remember that a verse finds him who from a sermon flies so let's find those boys and girls who fly away from sermons and capture their hearts and inspire their minds with bits of happy verse! And remember this . . . we expect to get thousands of poems because everyone is a poet at heart . . . so keep a copy of your poem and don't expect us to acknowledge it in any other way than by publishing here if it passes muster. Good luck, poets, and let's hear from you. "Say it in Poetry!"

WHAT BETTER WAY could we start off a poetry page than with the poem, "Radio Minstrel," first published by Nick Kenny in his popular "Day Unto Day" column in the New York Mirror, dedicated to radio and to the shut-ins who find their "Promised Land" in the music and helpful philosophy and fascinating stories furnished them by radio? Nick Kenny is one of the most widely read poets in America today. Many of his best poems are turned into songs by his musical brother Charles. Remember their immortal, "There's a Goldmine in the Sky" and "Love Letters in the Sand?" Their latest is "Scattered Toys." Get Blue Barron, the Three Suns, Dick Jergens, Ray Anthony or Vincent Lopez to play this one for you. We have Nick's permission to reprint "Radio Minstrel."

RADIO MINSTREL

The radio is a troubadour
Whose range is the wide, wide world . . .
To the king—the knave—to the weak or
brave,
His comforting songs are hurled.

A mother sits in a rocking chair
With dreams in her faded eye,
Holding a mite that has taken flight . . .
Brought back by a lullaby.

His ears still shocked by the roar of guns
A soldier who lies in pain
Forgets the fray and the walls of gray
In the spell of an old refrain.

Yes, the radio is a Troubadour . . .
Human and kind and sweet,
And he spends his days bringing tuneful lays
To the Lonely . . . along Life's Street.

—Nick Kenny

HAYFEVERITE'S PLEA

I never knew it would be like this,
The sweet scent of flowers I would miss;
The joy of meadow and dale denied,
While others may play amid stream and
tide.

Cruel is my plight with membranes swollen;
Parched is my throat from noxious pollen.
And eyes that burn the livelong day—
"Please, God, give us relief!" I pray.
—Ambrosio T. Dewaar,
(Bronx, N.Y.C.)

ARE YOU A "GIMME?"

Do you get down upon your knees
And pray to God each night,
Because your mind is ill at ease,
And things won't go just right?

Or do you thank the Lord above
For blessings He has brought,
His many little acts of love
And lessons He has taught?

Do you give thanks for your good health
If you are feeling fine,
Or do you ask for fame and wealth,
A life of song and wine?

Do you just pray when you have cares,
A sort of "Beggar's Creed."
And then do you forget your prayers,
When you have all you need?

When troubles come are you devout,
As you ask Him for aid?
Or do your prayers just peter out,
When all your debts are paid?

You folks who pray through troubled days
To Him Who loves us all,
Should not forget a prayer of praise
When He has heard your call.

—Ed O'Brien

MY REVELATION

If I were given another chance
To live again my yesterdays,
I would seek kindness, love and beauty;
Put these even above duty.

And I would overlook the pain
That came with loneliness and grief,
Forget the hate as well as fears
Even try to forget the tears.

I would cling to life's sweet joys,
The laughter of little girls and boys . . .
And even though I'd be called a fool
I think I'd cling to the Golden Rule.

—Evelyn Nutteal
(Utica, N.Y.)

NAME, PLEASE

We're in a dither of name-selecting;
For time is flying and we're *expecting* . . .

And should our Precious a man-child be,
Unless we name him for Uncle E—,
We lose a fabulous legacy . . .
Wherefore, to humor the kin and kith,
Our Darling's name must be *Eggmont Smith!*
Or if with a baby girl we're blest,
And bow to our Auntie Hy's behest
(To garner a princely cash bequest)—
We honor auntie-of-mine forthwith
And name our Darling *Hypatia Smith!*

We Smiths are humble . . . We Smiths are
chary
Of motives pompous and mercenary . . .
Our own names (*Ermintrude-Saul*) are
scarey!

I hope we settle for MIKE or MARY!

C Wiles Hallock
(Denver, Colo.)

Since May, when six of the nation's top disc jockeys converged on Louisville for the Kentucky Derby, readers of RADIO BEST have been asking questions about the platter spinners' riotous weekend in the horse-happy city. The pictures herewith presented should satisfy the curiosity of the most avid disc jockey fan.

Winners of the first annual Radio Best-Sunroc Disc Jockey Award, the sextet had been selected as the country's leading disc jockeys by the RADIO BEST listener-opinion panel and invited to the Kentucky Derby as the guests of Orville C. Morrison, president of the Sunroc Refrigeration Company. In a city dedicated for the weekend to our four-footed friends, they managed to make radio history.

Highlight of their excursion to Churchill Downs was the program on Station WHAS, on the eve of the Derby. It was the first time that a gathering of nationally prominent disc jockeys had ever combined their talents on one program, and the result was a show that admirers of the platter spinners' art will remember for months.

According to carefully arranged plans, each of the six guest stars was to select three recorded tunes which he had helped to make famous and introduce the tunes in his own style. The program was to run for one hour. But expert disc jockeys, accustomed to displaying their skill in uninhibited fashion, don't follow schedules. A microphone has the same effect on a disc jockey as the starter's bell on a race horse and, once they had gathered around it, they were off!

Leaving the show format far behind, the stars embarked on a practically uninterrupted session of quips, stories and anecdotes that blended into a rare exhibition of radio showmanship. Soon the WHAS board was jammed with telephone calls from listening fans, all requesting that the program be carried beyond the prearranged time. A hit on its hands, the station management made the unprecedented move of cancelling the sustaining program that had been scheduled and replacing it with another thirty minutes of the "Disc Derby." The only non-radio guest star on the program was Mr. Morrison, the Sunroc president.

Winners of the Disc Jockey Awards were: Jack Eigen, WINS, New York; Al Jarvis, KLAC, Los Angeles; Ray Dorey, WBZ, Boston; LeRoy Miller, WFIL, Philadelphia; Bill Evans, WGN, Chicago, and Joe Mulvihill, WTAM, Cleveland. Emcee of the show on WHAS was Bud Abbott, Louisville's top-rated disc jockey. **THE END**



Among General Miles' guests at the race were Orville C. Morrison, Sunroc chief, at upper right, and Mrs. Harry Crosby, Bing's mother, at lower left.



Above, wives Ann Mulvihill and Dorothy Eigen sip minted drinks at the race.



Above, Sunroc official supports Al Jarvis' brand new trousers.

Comedienne Martha Raye, below, tells jockeys how to pick a winner.



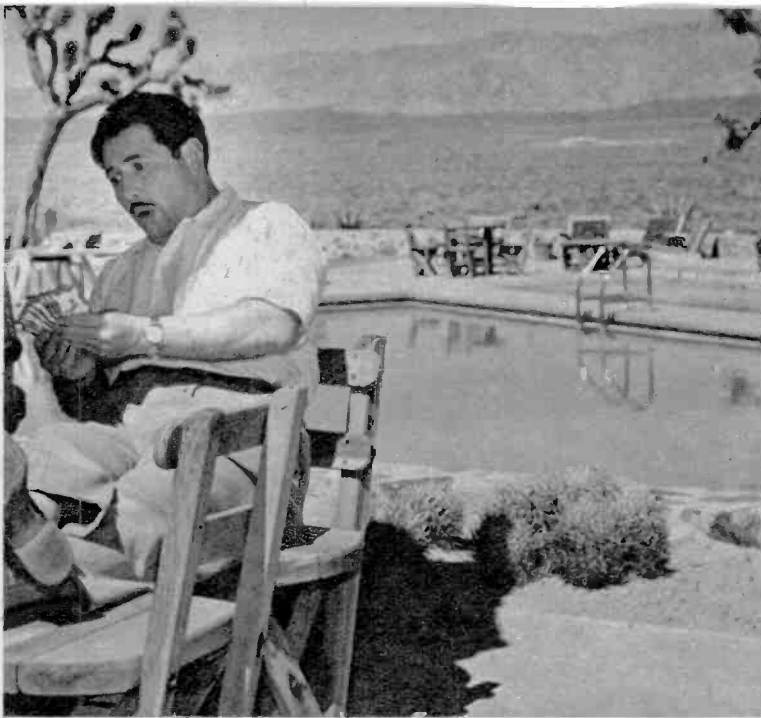
Gildy thinks there should be an easier way of getting into the saddle. Below, the cowboy tells the horse to be patient while the doubtful Gildy tries negotiating it with a ladder.



Hal Peary —
“The Great
Gildersleeve”
and his wife
have a weekend
of fun at a
dude ranch
in the
Mojave Desert.



Mr. & Mrs. **GILDETSLEEVE**



With the Mojave Desert in the background, Gildy and Gloria rest beside the swimming pool at the Apple Valley Inn, left. Hal is no more of a success at cards than he is with horses.

WHEN Hal Peary gives "The Great Gildersleeve" a vacation, he chooses a place as far away from Hollywood as possible. Turning his back on swanky nightclubs and fancy clothes, he dons shorts or slacks and satisfies his desire to be a cowboy—of a sort.

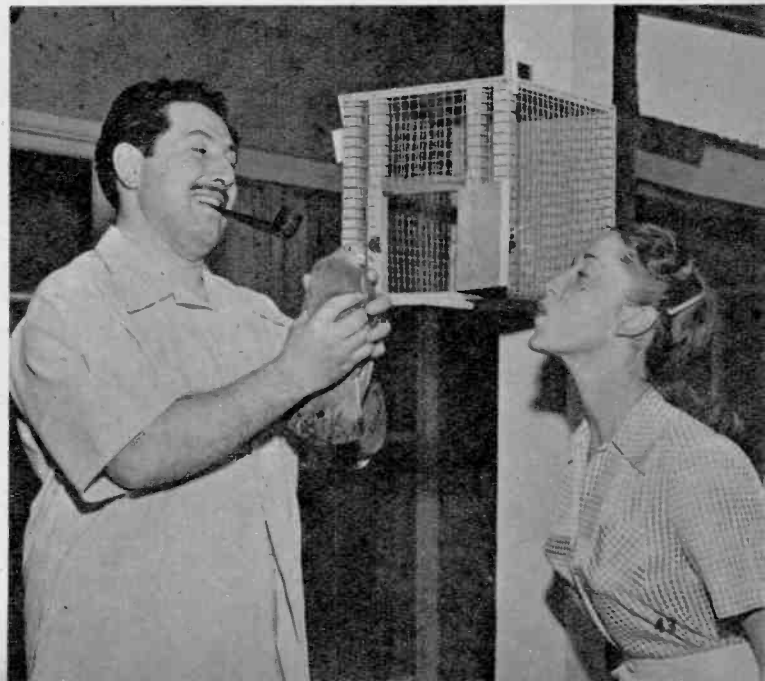
Not long ago, Gildy and his pretty wife, Gloria, spent a week end at Apple Valley Ranchos, a dude ranch in the Mojave desert. These pictures show how they take a holiday, away from NBC microphones, in an atmosphere replete with sand, cacti and horses. Gildy may not know how to get on a horse, but he sure likes to try.



Above, wife Gloria comforts Gildy while he takes the first step into the briny deep. It's the shallow end of the pool but he's not taking any chances. Below, the Pearys make sure their bird understands he's to bring back cokes and lots of ice. Guests at Apple Valley use a pigeon air lift instead of a telephone to take messages from the cottages to the Inn.



Forsaking riding, swimming and other forms of strenuous sport for the moment, Hal and Gloria take it easy after lunch in the restful atmosphere of the Inn's library (above).





Johanna Leijdekkers greets Jack Smith, her foster parent, at the airport in Amsterdam, Holland. She is dressed in clothes sent to her by the singer and his wife.

“I” ADOPTED A WAR ORPHAN

THE plight of European war orphans—their thin, white faces, spindly legs and arms, and tattered clothing—has touched the hearts of Americans in every walk of life. Among the many radio actors who have welcomed the chance to take positive action that might mitigate, to some extent, the misery of these children, are Art Linkletter, Charles Correll (Andy of “Amos and Andy”) and Jack Smith, each of whom has adopted a child through the Foster Parents’ Plan for War Children.

When Art Linkletter and his wife visited their Italian foster child, Alberto DiRaco, last summer, “all the neighbors stuck their heads out of the window to get a glimpse of this famous American foster parent and his beautiful wife; they could not believe that this couple had five children of their own,” wrote the director of the Foster Parents’ Plan in Rome. Alberto, who is in delicate health and predisposed to tuberculosis, wanted more than anything else a bicycle which his new parents gave him, not only as a toy but also because it might strengthen his lungs.

Mr. and Mrs. Linkletter have still another foster child, Norbert Barette, in France. Norbert’s father and mother, both active in the Resistance movement, were captured and have not been heard from since the the Germans entered Paris.

“Smiling Jack Smith” visited his foster child, seven-year-old Johanna Hendrika Leijdekkers, in Amsterdam during the summer. When Johanna came to this country in 1947 with four children to help publicize the work of the Plan, she appeared on the singer’s program.

The parents of Mirabelle Bonneaux, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Correll, were also in the French underground movement. While the father was shot by the German Gestapo, the mother managed to survive imprisonment in Germany and is now trying to support her mother and her child.



Art Linkletter listens carefully as his foster child, Alberto DiRaco, reads the adventures of the famous Tarzan in Italian. Alberto’s mother finds it difficult to support herself and sons, one in poor health, another with tuberculosis.

famous foster
parents
are silver
lining in
war orphans'
cloud



Above, Norbert Barette gives Art Linkletter a goodbye kiss as his foster father and mother prepare to leave France. Below, the trio in a happy moment during Linkletters' visit to Norbert, who, except for them, is alone in the world.

Mirabelle Bonneaux gets a lot of fun, below, out of the visit from her foster parents, Charles Correll (Andy of "Amos and Andy") and Mrs. Correll. Andy and his wife hope to temper the child's loss for her father, killed by Gestapo.



meet the family

RADIO BEST

will continue to publish family pictures of radio and television stars requested by readers and fans. Let us know which families you want to meet. Write your choice on a penny postcard and mail to: Family Pix, RADIO BEST Magazine, 9 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.



Every Nelson goes into action for a session of family fun on "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet." David, 12, and Ricky, 8, appear with their parents, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, in roles formerly played by child actors.



Bandleader Phil Harris and his wife, actress Alice Faye, seem to be getting more fun out of it than their daughters as they give Phyllis and Alice Jr., a ride on the new family swing.



It's all in a Day's work. Above, Patrick McNulty, named for his father, Eugene Dennis Patrick McNulty (Dennis Day to you), poses for a family portrait with his proud mother and father.

At left, Eddie Cantor is greeted by his daughters, Janet and Marilyn, and Mrs. Cantor on his return from a successful tour of the continent.

Silver Mike Award for Outstanding Performance



Silver Mike Awards honor the month's outstanding contribution to the advancement of radio and television. Every broadcasting craft is eligible for these honors: actors, writers, announcers, commentators, technicians, producers, directors, etc.

Eddie Cantor

THE big-eyed, big-hearted comedian who has been a hit with the radio audience since he made his debut in 1931 has been selected by Radio Best's listener panel to receive this magazine's October Silver Mike award.

If anyone should ever question Eddie Cantor about his "contribution to society," all he need do is transcribe the laughter of happy people. For the genuine talent which has resulted in so much laughter, Eddie receives the Silver Mike Award.

While the average entertainer tries to "get a laugh" from his audience solely because his Hooper depends on the volume, Eddie has often aimed at his listeners' funnybones because laughter is an ancient method of opening hearts and pocketbooks for worthy but neglected causes, or because it brightens lives that are otherwise unhappy.

With five famous daughters, Eddie got in the habit of "fathering" and has taken on several thousand hospitalized servicemen. Author of the "Purple Heart" circuit for the entertainment of injured war veterans, he also conducts a "give-a-gift-to-the-Yank-who-gave" campaign every year to induce Christmas shoppers to buy an extra gift for these men.

Any good cause can count on the



The coveted Radio Best Silver Mike Award takes its place in Cantor's den, lined with pictures of the friends he has made in 41 years.

Cantor talent to support it. Most spectacular among his benefit performances was the 24-hour radio marathon in 1944 that brought in \$40,000,000 in bond sales. Many civic organizations have recognized and honored his contributions to better understanding among races and creeds.

Born on New York's lower East Side, Eddie was brought up by a grandmother after his parents died. But for her influence, he says, he might have spent his free time with street gangs instead of using it to develop his natural talents as an entertainer.

Eddie has probably faced many "difficult" audiences—people who dared him to make them laugh—but none of them was any tougher than the one in the Bowery theater where he made his first appearance as an entertainer in an amateur show. The boos and catcalls were evidently only a routine reaction to any performer,

because Eddie won the \$5 first prize that launched him on his career.

After appearances at other neighborhood theaters, as a singing waiter at Coney Island with a pianist named Jimmy Durante, and in various vaudeville acts, he was discovered by showman Gus Edwards and a few years later, Earl Carroll helped him to get a part in a play produced in Los Angeles. The irrepressible enthusiasm, the strident voice that invariably "put over" the mood of a song, impressed the famous Florenz Ziegfeld and Eddie later became a fixture in the "Ziegfeld Follies" and other stage musicals.

He was a motion picture star in 1931 when he made his radio debut on the Rudy Vallee program. In the years since then, Eddie, the famous Ida, and their five daughters have become American institutions. Now he begins a career as a radio quizmaster Sept. 11 when he takes over NBC's "Take It or Leave It."

Baritone Danny O'Neil clasps Anne Sterling in a scene from "Paradise Island." The musical boasts 27 new tunes written especially for TV.



"Paradise Island," the first musical series to be filmed expressly for television and now showing in numerous cities throughout the country, has suddenly posed a question for TV censors: what to do about the "sweater girl?"

More specifically, the question is what to do about Anne Sterling co-star of the TV series who has proved beyond a question of doubt that she can out-Russell Jane.

Jerry Fairbanks, producer of the series, was cognizant of television's formal lack of censorship codes at the present time and ordered up a whole series of strapless gowns, sweaters and bathing suits into which Miss Sterling pleasantly squeezed.

(Continued on page 50)

ANNE'S LUSH CHASSIS

a case
for
"TV"...





Anne Sterling plays a featured role in the new TV musical. The lovely blonde has been seen on Broadway as leading lady of such hits as "Sons of Fun" and "Hellzapoppin."

ANNE'S LUSH CHASSIS

"It really wasn't my own idea," the blonde beauty modestly admitted. "They wanted a lot of sexy shots and so I gave them all the Jane Russell I've got."

You can see Miss Sterling's 39-inch talents in the current series which stars Danny O'Neil and includes 90 song numbers, 26 musical production numbers, 18 dance numbers and a large group of specialty acts.

TV choreography makes a fresh start in the new musical. At left, Pierre Andre and Judith Sargent do a Tahitian dance.



Laura Corbay, Pierre Andre and Judith Sargent cavort in a gay novelty number, above, in "Paradise Island." Below, Leo Diamond, the popular harmonica player, is shown in one of a variety of gay and tuneful musical productions.



One scene features Judith Sargent and Laura Corbay in an unusual dance duet, above, and below, Danny O'Neil croons to lovely Anne Sterling in a musical number, with music provided by Everett Hoagland and his orchestra.



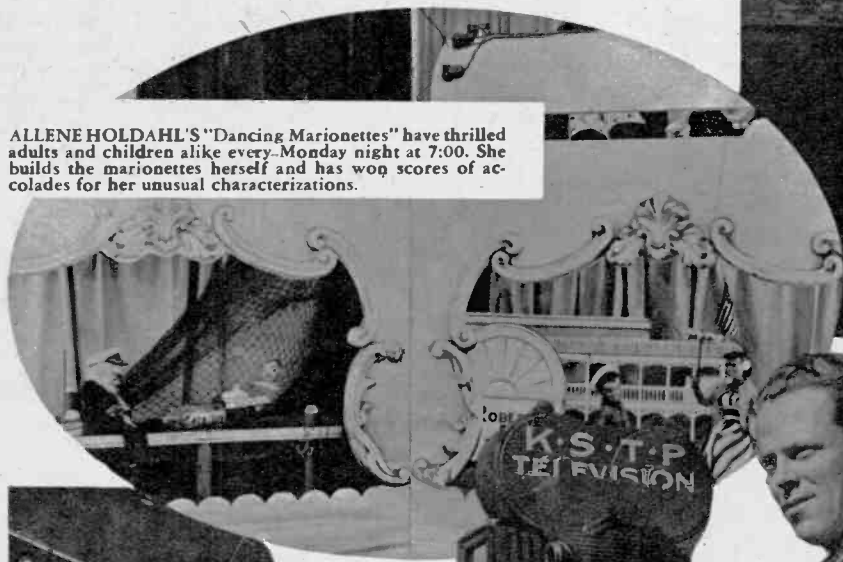
KSTP-TV Picture Parade

KSTP television stars shine brightly over the Twin Cities all through the week. These popular features attract mail from 73 counties in Minnesota and Wisconsin and are the highest rated local features in Minneapolis-Saint Paul television.

JIMMY VALENTINE is the genial emcee of KSTP's studio and home participation question-and-answer show, "Eye Quiz"—heard every Thursday night at 8:00.



ALLENE HOLDAHL'S "Dancing Marionettes" have thrilled adults and children alike every Monday night at 7:00. She builds the marionettes herself and has won scores of accolades for her unusual characterizations.



Eye Quiz
KSTP-TELEVISION
MINNEAPOLIS (OR) ST. PAUL



RANDY MERRIMAN'S "Family Party" is the Twin Cities highest rated local show and combines pies in the face, seltzer water, bouquets and brick bats in a laugh-filled half hour... each Tuesday night at 8:00.

Here's DICK HANCE, KSTP-TV's ace newsreel cameraman who brings Twin Cities viewers spot news within hours after it happens on "Telefoto News" each Monday night at 7:55. Dick's an award winning movie man with an extensive photo background.



"What's Cookin'" with BERNICE HULIN is a homemaker's afternoon delight. Telecast each Monday at 3:30 P. M. Bernice's deftness with culinary concoctions in the television kitchen has led to many a better meal for TV set owners.

Home on the Range—that's BILLY FOLGER who entertains viewers with his informal homespun folk melodies every Wednesday night at 6:45. Even Billy's horse is featured on the program. Billy's vast following from AM enjoys him twice as much on TV.





OLSEN &



"Producer, Ezra Stone"

fun-for-all



JOHNSON

Chic Johnson tries to soothe a young customer. Strings are attached to customers' straw hats for typical O&J gag.



Television can take it but flying cows, wild elephants and fire engines drive the producer of Olsen and Johnson's TV show to a safe place behind bars

Presenting a no-holds-barred version of the extravaganza that made them world-famous, Olsen and Johnson regularly convert the NBC television stage into their own particular type of madhouse on Thursday nights (9 p.m., EST, beginning September 22).

"Fireball Fun-For-All" means to Olsen and Johnson, that they can bring their zany brand of comedy, which is essentially visual, to millions who have not been able to see them on the stage. They take every advantage of the opportunity to display their peculiar talent for comical expressions, the wildest of costumes and a mad variety of props: leopard men and midgets, beautiful girls and baboons, explosions and collapsing stages. "Hellz-a-poppin" takes naturally to the television screen. (For a review, see "Seat on the Dial," pp. 13-14, this issue.)

In the cast with Ole and Chic are J. C. Olsen (Ole's son), Marty May, June Johnson (Chic's daughter) and "The Six Mighty Atoms," a troupe of midgets. Al Goodman is the musical conductor. As producer-director, Ezra Stone holds the two comics to a schedule and reasonably within the bounds of a script—something stage managers have been trying to do, unsuccessfully, for thirty-five years. **END**



Above, a customer gets the works in the barber shop.



A breakfast scene in the Olsen and Johnson apartment, above, where they have a gun ready for any emergency.

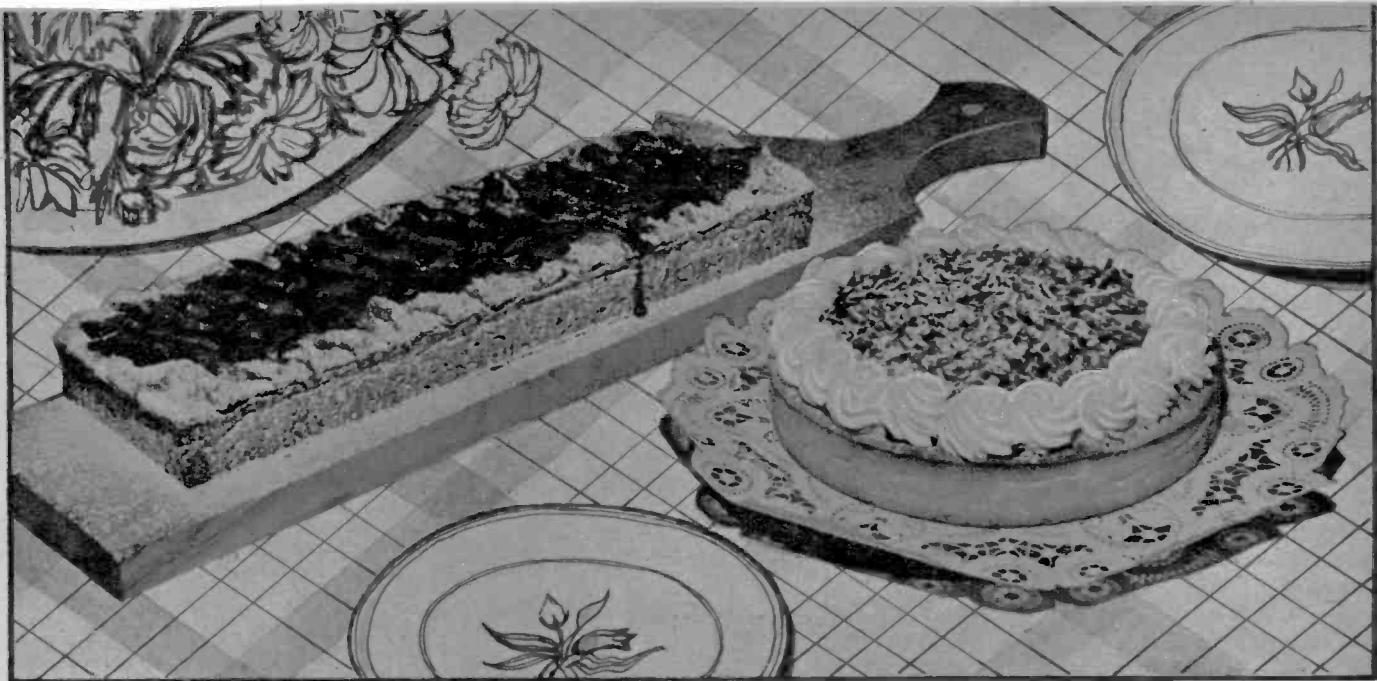


Above, with Happy the clown, they check for moths in Chic's purse, and below, a new quartette at work.



Combining zany gags and beautiful girls, the two comics "dress" the blonde for a Bear Mountain trip.





For a dessert that is both different and delicious, Dione Lucas suggests Lintzer Tarte or Nesselrode Pie, made "to the queen's taste"

Concocting a Nesselrode

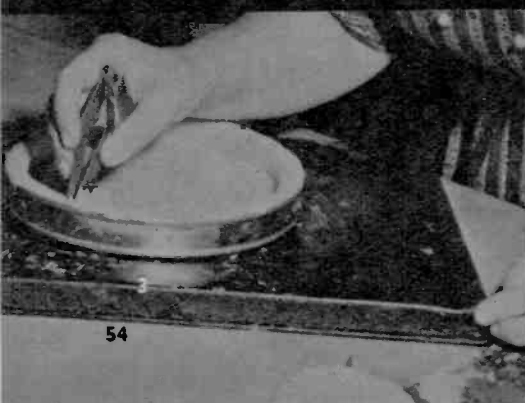
Lining Up a Lintzer



1
Mixing center ingredients of pastry dough.



2
Above, working flour into center mixture; below, using pastry pincers on pie edge.



3



4
Mixing whipped cream into filling.



5
Above, putting filling in pie shell; below, sprinkling grated chocolate.



6



1
Above, lining pie dish with the dough.



2
Above, putting the filling into mould; below, cutting pastry strips for tarte top.



3



Pastry

WITH A PERSONALITY

TO THE
QUEEN'S
TASTE

by DIONE LUCAS

Teaches cooking as an art in a weekly CBS-TV program Monday at 8 p.m., EST.



The meat and vegetables, the appetizer and salad, you serve for dinner are all very important, of course, but with some men you might get the feeling that they're eating their way through these courses because they have to—in order to get to the dessert. Like children, they eat the substantial foods because Mamma tells them they must but they have their eyes all the time on the sweet things that come at the end.

It's this kind of male I'm thinking of this month when I give you the recipes for Nesselrode Pie and Lintzer Tarte, two of the most luscious and eye-tempting desserts that a man ever looked forward to eating, and also one for Meringue Glace.

Lintzer Tarte

(Spiced Raspberry Tart)

1½ cups flour	grated rind 1 lemon
3 strained, hard-boiled egg yolks	1 teaspoon cinnamon
4 raw egg yolks	½ teaspoon nutmeg
7 tablespoons fat	handful bread crumbs
7 tablespoons sugar	2 cups well-reduced raspberry jam
2 tablespoons finely ground coffee	confectioner's sugar
	currant jelly

Put the flour on a pastry board or marble slab. Make a well in the center and in the well put the hard-boiled egg yolks, which have been pressed through a strainer, the raw egg yolks, fat, sugar, coffee, lemon rind, cinnamon and nutmeg. Work center ingredients to a smooth paste and quickly work in the flour.

Roll out not too thin and line into a shallow pie dish or flan ring. Trim off neatly and sprinkle the bottom with bread crumbs. Fill level with the jam. Cover the top latticewise with the remaining pastry cut into strips. Brush with the beaten egg and dust with granulated sugar. Bake in a 375 F. oven for 40 min. Put in the refrigerator and let it get quite cold. Carefully remove the flan ring or loosen from pie dish. Paint with current jelly, dust with confectioner's sugar and serve.

Nesselrode Pie

½ lb. flour	4 tbsp. sugar
4 egg yolks	Pinch salt
4 oz. butter	

Put the flour on a board or slab. Make well in center and in the well put the egg yolks, butter, sugar and salt. Work center ingredients to smooth paste and quickly work in flour. If dough becomes too stiff, work in a little cold water. Roll out to a good ½ inch thickness and line into a flan ring. Trim off edges neatly. Line with waxed paper and bake 35 minutes in moderate oven. Remove and take paper out and cool. Sprinkle bottom with few bread crumbs. Fill very well with the following mixture:

MIXTURE

5 large egg yolks	2 level tbsp. gelatine
5 tbsp. sugar	1½ cups hot creamy milk

Put into bowl the egg yolks and sugar and beat well. Stir in the gelatine. Pour on the milk and stir over fire till it thickens. It must not boil. Stir over ice till it cools.

Add: 4 stiffly beaten egg whites
4 tbsp. whipped cream
Little glazed fruit (4 or 5 TB)
Little coarsely grated sweet chocolate
Flavor with rum

Fill pie shell with the above mixture. Cover whole top with coarsely grated chocolate. Decorate edge with whipped cream, as shown in illustration, if desired. Dust with confectioner's sugar and put in icebox to set for ½ hour. Serve.

Meringue Glace

1¾ cups sugar	1 cup heavy cream
4 eggs	a pinch of salt
3 cups light cream	¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
a little good vanilla	
¾ cup browned whole wheat bread crumbs	2 tablespoons dark rum

For the Meringues:

Stiffly beat 4 egg whites with a pinch of salt, and fold in gently one cup of sugar. Fill into a pastry bag with a large plain tube, and pipe out into small ovals on a cookie sheet which has been lightly greased, covered with waxpaper, and lightly greased again. Sprinkle the tops with a little more granulated sugar, and bake in a very slow oven at 250 degrees for 45 minutes. Remove, and carefully take up the meringues, and cool. (These can be stored in a can.)

For the Ice Cream:

Put into a pan ¾ cup sugar with the cream of tartar. Add ½ cup water. Cook to a light thread. Pour onto the beaten egg yolks, and continue beating until very stiff. Mix in the vanilla flavoring, add the cream, and turn in an ice machine until set. (For good results, this must not be made in a refrigerator.) When set, mix in the bread crumbs, and flavor with a little rum. Sandwich the meringue with this ice cream, decorate with whipped cream, and serve.

the stars converge on

“THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR”




★ Theater Guild Peabody Award luncheon had all star cast. Here Ingrid Bergman chats with radio critic John Crosby.



The Air Guild's revival of "Saturday's Children" starring John Garfield with Katherine Bard was a notable triumph.



John Conte, Mary Martin and Peter Lawford enjoy break for refreshments during rehearsals of "Music in the Air."



Although the big names of Hollywood and Broadway have sometimes shied away from radio performances, they always welcome the chance to appear on United States Steel's "Theatre Guild on the Air." The cream of the country's two big entertainment centers considers it an honor to be singled out by the program to star in one of its broadcasts.

The list of stars reads like a "Who's Who" of the theatre. Among them, to name just a few, have been Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Robert Montgomery, Pat O'Brien, Helen Hayes, Gertrude Lawrence, Katharine Hepburn, Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson, Fred Allen, Dorothy McGuire, Eddie Albert and Madeleine Carroll.

One of the most important reasons for the stars' eagerness to appear on the "Theatre Guild" is the meticulous and painstaking preparation for each broadcast. Rehearsals, totaling as much as fourteen hours, are devoted to getting the very best out of each script, to the business of polishing the enunciation of each phrase and sentence so that its final delivery into the microphone will satisfy the most exacting disciple of the art of the drama. The stars have no fear that their names will be associated with (Continued on page 71)





Madeleine Carroll graciously accepting Phi Beta award from Roger Pryor after a performance in "John Loves Mary."



Burt Lancaster and June Duprey pencil in notes on script before co-starring in the Guild's presentation of "Laura."



Paul Henreid, Claude Rains and Katherine Hepburn (with director Fickett), star trio "Game of Love and Death."



A study in concentration are Ida Lupino and Van Heflin as they study air script at rehearsal of "Ladies and Gentlemen."

Guild all-star casts bring glamor and color of Broadway and Hollywood into the American home



Charles Laughton and Mary Manton rehearse parts for "Payment Deferred." Mary's mother is Marlene Dietrich.



James Stewart looks down from his amiable height at lovely Roberta Jonay during broadcast of Guild comedy.



Ray Milland and Marlene Dietrich had lots of fun preparing for their appearance in Guild's revival of "Grand Hotel."



Irene Dunne, lead player in "Reflected Glory," checks her script with Norman Brokenshire and director Homer Fickett.



Despite Fibber's anguished bellows, the others say it's just an act. From left are John Dodson, Country Washburn, Fibber, Ken Darby and Bill Thompson (the Old Timer and Wallace Wimple), holding the instrument of torture.



Gale Gordon, the Mayor LaTrivia of the show, lights his wife's cigarette as Buddy Linn, a member of the King's Men, looks on. The Mayor and Mrs. Gordon are a sensation as square dancers at the festive anniversary celebration.



Fibber
McGee
& Molly
Celebrate
Their
15th Year
On The
Air

SQUARE DANCE

At
Wistful
Vista



Doc Gamble seems to be gossiping with the ladies: Mrs. Perry Botkin, wife of the guitarist; Mrs. Rad Robinson and Mrs. Bud Linn, both wives of members of the King's Men, singing group. It looks like a very juicy item.



They've been pals for years: Harlow Wilcox, announcer on the show since the first broadcast in 1935; Marian Jordan; Billy Mills, conducting the orchestra since 1938; and Jim Jordan, otherwise known as the Squire of Wistful Vista.

At their farm home in Encino, California, Jim and Marian Jordan, known to millions as "Fibber McGee and Molly," entertained the cast of their radio show at a square dance party and barbecue supper this month. Marian dug up an old-fashioned shawl and bought a long square-dancing frock for the party, celebrating the start of their fifteenth year on the air, while Jim just opened the famous closet and pulled out a hunting vest and pants, and plaid shirt.



Marian Jordan enjoys a good laugh with her daughter-in-law, actress Peggy Knudsen, in Hollywood for a featured part in a new picture. Jim Jordan, Jr., TV producer, was in New York, busily at work on a new television program.



Bill Thompson (Wallace Wimple and the Old Timer), an honorary deputy sheriff, tries to put the fear of the law into pretty Mary McBride, model and daughter of cartoonist Cliff McBride, who prefers her jewelry to that ugly badge.

What's on the air

All times listed here are Eastern Standard Time. For Central Standard Time, subtract ONE HOUR; for Mountain Standard time, subtract TWO HOURS; for Pacific Standard Time, subtract THREE HOURS.



JANE PICKENS

Lovely Jane Pickens sings popular and light classical music (NBC, Sunday, 4:35 p.m.) with vocalist Bob Houston and the Jack Allinson Sextette, accompanied by the Norman Cloutier Orchestra.

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet			Carolina Calling
9:00	World News	Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15	Story to Order		Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Wings Over Jordan		Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45	D & H Miners			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Children's Hour	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30				
10:45				
11:00	Morning Serenade	Back to God	Victor H. Lindlahr	Allan Jackson News
11:15		Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	The News Makers
11:30	News Highlights			Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember Lew Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Honeycomb in New York	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15	Clevelandaires	Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Folies
9:30		Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Marriage For Two	Georgia Crackers	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	
10:45	Thanks For Tomorrow	Templones	Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Passing Parade	Modern Romances	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage		
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

AFTERNOON LISTENING

12:00	Silver Strings	Chamber Music	Music	Invitation to Learning
12:15			Foreign Reporter	
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	A. L. Warner	Religious Program	News
1:15		Charles Keaton		Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Michael O'Duffy Show	National Vespers	Treasury Bandstand
1:45				
2:00	U. S. in World Affairs	Charmer & The Dell	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	Syncopation Piece
2:30	NBC University Theater	Veteran's Information		
2:45				
3:00		Music	Music	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
3:15			Southern Baptist	
3:30	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury		
3:45				
4:00	The Quiz Kids	House of Mystery	Show Time	
4:15		Wm. Gargan	Milton Cross Opera Album	Sammy Kaye
4:30	News			
4:35	Jane Pickens Show			
5:00	Living 1949	The Shadow	Family Close up	Music For You
5:15		True Detective	Greatest Story Ever Told	Symphonette
5:30	James Melton			
5:45				

12:00	Home Towners	Kate Smith Speaks	House Party	Wendy Warren
12:15		Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From Tropics	Lanny Ross		Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Dur Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15		Checkerboard Jamboree	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Easy Listenin'		Young Dr. Malone
1:45			Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bktst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15		Say it With Music	Bride and Groom	Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Light of the World		This Is Nora Drake
2:45				Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Talk Your Way Out of it	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	Luncheon at Sardi's	Add A Line	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young			Robert Q. Lewis
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	Beat The Clock
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Music	Winner Take All
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	The Roosevelts	Treasury Bandstand
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker	Irene & Allan Jones	
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Tom Mix	Challenge of Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight	Sky King	Martha Tilton
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	FrontPage Farrell			

EVENING LISTENING

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Draw Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15		Nick Carter	Don Gardner	
6:30	Hollywood Calling		Betty Clark	Our Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show
7:15		The Saint	Carnegie Hall	Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Alice Faye and Phil Harris		Musicale	
7:45				
8:00		A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Edger Bergen
8:15		Smoke Rings		Red Skelton
8:30	Theatre Guild			
8:45				
9:00		Count of Monte Cristo	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre
9:15		Jimmie Fidler	Louella Parsons	with Helen Hayes
9:30	American Album	Twin Views of News	Chance of a Lifetime	Horace Heidt
9:45				
10:00	Take It or Leave It	Secret Missions	Jimmie Fidler	
10:15		Music		
10:30	Richard Diamond, Private Detective			

6:00	Bob Warren	Ted Drake		Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30	Milton Shrednik Orch.			Herb Shriner
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Supper Club	Fulton Lewis Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Music	Gabriel Heatter	The Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kallenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cavalcade of America	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15		Affairs of Peter Salem	Henry Taylor	Talent Scouts
8:30	Voice of Firestone			
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Murder by Experts	Kate Smith	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15		Secret Missions		
9:30	Martin & Lewis	Bill Henry		
9:45				
9:55				
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air	Arthur Gaeth	My Friend Irma
10:15		Mutual Newsreel	Kate Smith	
10:30	Radio Playhouse			The Bob Hawk Show



ROBERT YOUNG

Motion picture actor Robert Young appears for the first time in his own radio program. "Father Knows Best" is a dramatic comedy series (NBC, Thursday, 8:30 p.m.).

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	De You Remember News		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbors Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Folks
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Thanks For Tomorrow	Templones		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON LISTENING

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	House Party	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Easy Listenin'	Checkerboard Jamboree Misc. Programs	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Say it with Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon At Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated Add a Line	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Galen Drake The Roosevelts Irene & Allan Jones	Beat The Clock Winner Take All Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Martha Tilton

EVENING LISTENING

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	B-Bar-B Ranch Local Programs News		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Supper Club News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Bulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	This Is Your Life Alan Young Show	Gregory Hood Official Detective Bill Henry	Mystery America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry	Erwin D. Canham Rex Maupin	We The People
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Korn's-A-Krackin' Mutual Newsreel	A. F. of L.	Hit The Jackpot Music

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	De You Remember Lew Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Folks
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Thanks for Tomorrow	Templones		
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON LISTENING

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Hometowns Echoes from the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	House Party	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Easy Listenin'	Checkerboard Jamboree Misc. Programs	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Talk Your Way Out of It Add A Line	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Stella Dallas Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Galen Drake The Roosevelts Irene & Allan Jones	Beat The Clock Winner Take All Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix Capt. Midnight	Challenge of the Yukon Johnny Lujack	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Martha Tilton

EVENING LISTENING

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Ted Drake Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Supper Club News of the World Music H. V. Kaitenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Bulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Chicken Every Sunday Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? Intern'l Airport		Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Scattergood Baines Radio Newsreel Family Theater	Lawrence Weik	Groucho Marx Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Comedy Playhouse Mutual Newsreel	On Trial String Ensemble	Burns & Allen Capitol Cloak Room



KATE SMITH

Occasional Interviews with guest stars and a telephone giveaway highlight recorded music and comment by Kate Smith and Ted Collins (ABC, Monday, 9-10; 10:15-11 p.m.).



WENDELL HOLMES

Wendell Holmes looks the part of "Scattergood Baines" (MBS, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.), dramatizing the deeds of Clarence Buddington Kel-land's jolly fictional character.



JOAN DAVIS

As a day-dreaming department store salesgirl, Joan Davis gets involved in a variety of hilarious situations in "Leave It to Joan," (CBS, Monday, 9 p.m.).

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Thanks For Tomorrow	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers Temptones	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Rosa Rio	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone	Grand Slam Rosemary

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Thanks For Tomorrow	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahg	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Dr. Paul We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Ted Malone	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON LISTENING

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	House Party	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Easy Listenin'	Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated Add A Line	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Galen Drake The Roosevelts Irene & Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix Straight Arrow	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Martha Tilton

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Homesteaders U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	House Party	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon with Lopez George Hicks Easy Listenin'	Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Say It With Music	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole Luncheon at Sardi's	Ladies Be Seated Add A Line	David Harum Hilltop House Robert Q. Lewis
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Galen Drake The Roosevelts Irene & Allan Jones	Beat the Clock Winner Take All Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix Capt. Midnight	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Herb Shriner Time

EVENING LISTENING

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	B-Bar-B Ranch Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Supper Club News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Bulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	Air Force Hour Fishing & Hunting Club	The Eye The First 100 Years	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dorothy Lamour	Meet Your Match Name The Movie	Amateur Hour	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Dragnet	This is Paris Mutual Newsreel	Personality Portrait	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Ted Drake Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Supper Club News of the World Music H. V. Kallenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Bulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Plantation Jubilee Blue Barron	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	The Goldbergs My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Directors Playhouse	News Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	The Sheriff	Joan Davis
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dr. I. Q. Sports	Meet the Press Mutual Newsreel	Boxing Bout	



IRENE and ALLAN JONES

When the Hollywood singer and his actress-wife went to Europe last summer, they recorded every experience, from ghosthunting in an ancient manor to a conversation with a London bobby, for their new program, "Irene and Allan Jones" (ABC, Monday-Friday, 4:45 p.m.).

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Folks
9:30	Coffee in Washington	News		
9:45		Misc. Programs		Garden Gate
10:00	Archie Andrews	Magic Rhythm	Music	Red Barber's Club House
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Helen Hall		Escape
10:45		News		
11:00	Adv. of Frank Merriwell	Coast Guard	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend
11:15		Calling Peggy		
11:30	Smiin' Ed McConnell	Music	What's My Name?	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON LISTENING

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			Grand Central Station
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Smoky Mt. Hayride	American Farmer	
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				
1:30	R.F.D. America	Music		Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana	Better Gardens	101 Ranch Boys	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Edward Tomlinson	Music	Junior Junction	Columbia's Country
2:45	Report From Europe			Journal
3:00	Sports	People's Paradise	Treasury Band Show	Report From Overseas
3:15			Fascinating Rhythm	Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade		Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00		Jerry & Sky	Top Bands	
4:15		Horse Racing	Horse Races	Saturday at the Chase
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	Music	Russ Hodges Quiz	Dance Music	Philadelphia Orchestra
5:15				
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING LISTENING

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Fantasy in Melody	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Saturday Session	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds	Sports Show	Red Barber
6:45			Music	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Three Suns	
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Pet Milk Show	True or False	Music	Camel Caravan with
7:45		Mal Allen		Vaughn Monroe
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Question.	Take A Chorus	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Two Billion Strong	Adventures of Philp
8:45				Marlowe
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Lide Begins at 80	Treasury Show	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Dennis Day	Gay Lombardo	Musical Etchings	Tales of Fatima
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	Programs of Records	Sing It Again
10:15			Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	

SUNDAY

CBS 6:00—Chuck Wagon; 7:00—Tonight on Broadway; 7:30—Mr. I. Magination; 7:55—Ruthie on the Telephone; 8:00—Toast of the Town; 9:00—Fred Waring; 10:00—The Week In Review

NBC 7:30—Broadway Spotlight; 9:00 Philco Television Playhouse

WABD 6:30—News

ABC 6:00—Cartoon Tele Tales; 6:30—The Singing Lady; 7:00—Stained Glass Windows; 7:30—TV Players; 8:00—Music Room; 8:30—Film Shorts; 9:30—Skip Farrell Show; 10:00—Celebrity Time

MONDAY

CBS 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Your Sports Special; 7:15—Ted Steele; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:55—Ruthie on the Telephone; 8:00—Dione Lucas; 8:30—Talent Scouts; 9:00—Tex & Jinx; 9:30—The Goldbergs; 10:00—Studio One

NBS 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—Chevrolet on Broadway; 9:00—Colgate Theater; 10:00—Big Story

WABD 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Teen Tunes; 6:45—Vincent Lopez; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—News; 8:30—And Everything Nice; 9:00—Feature Film; 10:00—News

ABC 7:00—Film; 7:15—Mr. & Mrs. Fitzgerald; 7:30—On Trial; 8:00—Travel Films; 8:30—Science Circus; 9:00—Pet Show

TUESDAY

CBS 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Your Sports Special; 7:15—Ted Steele; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:55—Ruthie on the Telephone; 8:00—Film; 9:00—We the People; 9:30—Suspense; 10:00—Blues by Bary; 10:15—Newsreel

NBC 7:00—Kukla Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Roberta Quinlan; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—Texaco Star Theatre (Milton Berle); 9:30—Life of Riley; 10:00—Amateur Hour

WABD 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Teen Tunes; 6:45—Vincent Lopez; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—Court of Current Issues; 9:00—Talent Jackpot; 9:30—Film; 10:30—News

ABC 6:45—Okky Doky Ranch; 7:00—Ship's Reporter; 7:15—Film Shorts; 7:30—Feature Film; 8:30—Feature Film; 9:30—Film Shorts; 10:00—Boxing

WEDNESDAY

CBS 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Your Sports Special; 7:15—Ted Steele; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 8:00—Godfrey & His Friends; 9:00—Bigelow Show; 10:00—Tournament of Champions; 11:00—Newsreel

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:30—The Clock; 9:00—Kraft Television Theater; 10:00—Quiz Kids

WABD 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Teen Tunes; 6:45—Vincent Lopez; 7:00—Wendy Barrie Show; 7:30—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—Swing Into Sports; 8:30—Growing Paynes; 9:00—Program Playhouse; 9:30—Boxing; 11:00—News

ABC 6:00—News; 7:00—Film; 7:15—Mr. & Mrs. Fitzgerald; 7:30—Film Shorts; 8:00—Ten Nights in a Barroom; 9:00—Film Shorts; 9:30—Wrestling

THURSDAY

CBS 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Your Sports Special; 7:15—Ted Steele; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:55—Ruthie on the Telephone; 8:30—Inside U.S.A. alternates with Jack Benny; 9:00—Ed Wynn

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Roberta Quinlan; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 9:00—Olsen & Johnson; 10:00—Mystery Show

WABD 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Teen Tunes; 6:45—Vincent Lopez; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Jack Eigen; 8:00—Doorway to Fame; 8:30—They're Off; 9:00—Morey Amsterdam Show; 9:30—Flight to Rhythm

ABC 6:45—Okky Doky Ranch; 7:00—Ship's Reporter; 7:15—Kieran's Kaleidoscope; 7:30—Blind Date; 8:00—Stop the Music; 9:00—Crusade in Europe; 9:30—Dramatic Series

FRIDAY

CBS 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Your Sports Special; 7:15—Ted Steele; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 8:00—Mama; 8:30—Camel Show; 9:00—Ford Theater

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 10:00—Boxing, Madison Square Garden & Elsewhere

WABD 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Teen Tunes; 6:45—Vincent Lopez; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—Front Row Center; 9:00—Key to the Missing; 9:30—News

ABC 6:45—Travel Film; 7:00—Mr. & Mrs. Fitzgerald; 7:30—Film; 8:00—Think Fast; 8:30—Treasure Quest; 9:00—Break the Bank; 9:30—Fun for the Money

SATURDAY

CBS 6:30—Red Barber; 6:45—Lucky Pup; 7:30—In the First Person; 7:45—Blues by Bary; 7:55—Ruthie on the Telephone; 8:00—Winner Take All; 8:30—Film; 9:00—Ken Murray Blackouts

NBC 9:00—Hit Parade; 9:30—Who Said That?

WABD 8:00—Spin the Picture; 9:00—Cavalcade of Stars

ABC 6:45—Film Shorts; 7:00—Ship's Reporter; 7:30—Hollywood Screen Test; 8:00—Stand By For Crime; 8:30—Films of the Unusual; 9:00—Teen Club, New Talent

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS ON THE "TV" NETWORKS



**MUSIC ON A
PLATTER** by Les Merman

JACK CARSON (Capitol 57-672) The radio comic makes his disc debut with "Give Me a Song with a Beautiful Melody," with enough stuff to please most of his fans. The other side is a satisfactory piece called, "That Was a Big Fat Lie," a good take off on Maurice Chevalier.

* * *
PHIL HARRIS (RCA Victor 30-3477) Our Southern friend could have done without this number. A poor mixture of religion, patriotism and spiritual nonsense. Harris does better on the other side with "I Wish I Were a Goldfish," but here too the material is mediocre.

* * *
MEL TORME (Capitol 57-671) The Velvet Fog ought to sell a lot of records with this rendition of "The Four Winds and the Seven Seas." The opposite side is a well mated piece called "It's Too Late." It's not too soon to get this record for your library.

* * *
DORIS DAY (Columbia 38517) The gal who won the RADIO BEST "popular gal singer" contest upholds her title with "It's a Great Feeling", title tune from her latest flicker. You'll probably hear this tune a lot on your local disc jockey shows. Backing this record, she turns on a delightful French accent for "At the Cafe Rendezvous," another ballad from the same picture. You'll like the Mello-men and Jon Rarig's effective backing.

* * *
JERRY WAYNE (Columbia 38525) Jerry does a good reading of this fast growing number "Room Full of Roses," but Winterhalter's orchestra really makes the record worth while.

* * *
JOHNNY DESMOND (MGM 10451) The crooner's interpretation of hit song, "The Four Winds and Seven Seas," (see Mel Torme review above) is another reason for Johnny's rising star.

**HIT PARADE
PREDICTIONS**

1. Let's Take An Old-Fashioned Walk
2. Who Do You Know In Heaven
3. Lavender Coffin
4. Where Are You Now That I Need You
5. Someday
6. At The Cafe Rendezvous
7. Be Goody Good, Good To Me
8. Wedding of Lili Marlene
9. Maybe It's Because

radio stars have such interesting faces



Red Skelton
with tongue in cheek.



Alice Faye
can still look sultry.



Lanny Ross
shows his gold filling.



Gabriel Heatter
makes an optimistic report.



Irene Dunne
remembers she's "Mama."



Dennis Day
singing "Rock-a-bye-baby."



Morton Downey
with Irish eyes smiling.



Joan Davis
looking very coquettish.



Jean Hersholt
as the good Dr. Christian.

what's on your mind?



The Question and Answer Clinic conducted by Ben Grauer

(noted special events reporter and emcee "Americana Quiz" NBC-TV Mondays 9:30 p.m. EDT)

Send all questions to Ben Grauer, Radio Best Magazine,
9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Q. What is the name of movie recently made by Phil Harris?

L. K. Diamond, New York.

A. The movie is "Wabash Avenue," made by 20th-Fox, and starring Betty Grable and Vic Mature. Phil's last screen fling was in 1945, when he appeared in Columbia's "I Love a Bardleader."

Q. Is crooner Frankie Laine, married?

Selma Hurtz, Conn.

A. Frankie Laine sued for divorce on May 10th in Los Angeles, charging his wife of six months, Nellina Gidlund, with mental cruelty.

Q. When did Bob Ripley die and under what circumstances?

Alfred Doonum, Md.

A. Cartoonist Robert L. Ripley died May 27, 1949, of a heart attack.

Q. Would you please print a picture of the star who plays in "When a Girl Marries."

G. G., N. Y.

A. Very happy to show you the talented and beautiful, Ellen Fenwick.



Q. Now with the anticipation of having television in the living rooms of millions of American homes, isn't it about time the authorities set up a rigid platform of taboos? I should hate to have my children subjected to the poor standards now in effect.

Mrs. Alma Richard, Wash.

A. A policy of "preventive censorship" is now being applied by the National Broadcasting Company to guide sponsors and network producers as to what may or may not be done. Examples: Female undergarments and scanties are okay, but display on live models is taboo. Suicides and murders must not be too graphic. Bedroom scenes are checked carefully and in the main not used. Other standards will be set in accordance with vocal expressions from viewers.



Q. Is Harry Wismer, the sportscaster, married? Just answer "yes" or "no."

Mildred X, Illinois.

A. Yes. And even if you haven't asked for it, here's Harry with son Henry who looks like a potential football star.

Q. I've been awfully curious about what "The Second Mrs. Burton's" real-life hubby looked like. Can you help?

Catherine Rhine, Vt.

A. See for yourself. Here she is (shown below) strolling down the street with radio hubby Dweight ("Stan Burton") Weist (L.) and her real-life husband, radio actor Al Reilly. "Mrs. Burton's" real-life name is Patsy Campbell.



the JACK BENNY'S

(Continued from page 32)



"GRACIE" BENNY

to empty out the garbage when you come home stop love Mary."

On one occasion, when Jack complained that his photographs had not been at all flattering "lately," Mary retorted, "You haven't had a good picture since you were a juvenile at MGM and that was twenty years ago."

The Jack Benny that 25,000,000 people laugh at every week is strictly a brain-child conceived by his writers for the radio audience. Although this legendary figure, notable for his stinginess, earns for Jack a weekly personal salary estimated at \$15,000, he is never allowed to enter the Benny home. Off the air, Jack spends his money with a lavish hand: the best designers for Mary's gowns; the best schools for his adopted daughter, Joan; the best performers commanding the highest salaries for his broadcasts; and the best of tips for waiters, chambermaids and doormen.

According to Mary, he isn't even a funnyman off the air. "He doesn't joke around the house, and he looks more like an attorney, than a comedian."

A family man in the best tradition, Jack calls daily when he is away from home and during the war, when he was touring the battlefronts, wrote to Mary daily. In spite of a schedule including personal appearances, a weekly radio program and an occasional motion picture, he manages to live a suburban kind of life in which his family and close friends take precedence over big names and night clubs.

He is a softie, he frankly admits, so far as his daughter is concerned and he is relieved that Mary takes the disciplinary measures when necessary. Joannie, he believes, is an expert piano and tennis player, horseback rider and swimmer. There's nothing, it seems, that she can't do better than somebody else.

If sometimes the uncrowned king of radio thinks that maybe he should have followed the career of a concert violinist that his mother dreamed of for him, he needs only to express the thought to Mary to be reminded that "a lousy violinist would lose all those laughs."

Editor's note: A complete set of photographs showing the interior of the Bennys' fabulous \$250,000 home will appear in the November issue of Radio Best.

THE END

For this is Mother...

(Continued from page 27)

a little older, but still Ted.

"Darling!" cried Jan. "It's so good to see you! Oh, come in, come in! Let me look at you!"

"Hello, Jan," said Ted. He flung himself into a chair and sighed. "Gosh, I'm tired. How about a cup of coffee?"

"Oh, sure, Ted. Just a minute." Jan ran into the kitchen and began making noises with pots and dishes. Ted listened with a wan smile of amusement. He was sure nobody else would have to make that much noise just to prepare a cup of coffee.

In a few minutes Jan reappeared carrying a small tray containing a silver creamer and sugar bowl and two delicate china cups and saucers.

"The fixings are for you, darling," said Jan, blowing Ted a little kiss. "But after we're married, I'm going to reform you. I'm going to teach you to drink your coffee black."

"After we're married . . ." Ted repeated. A muscle twitched imperceptibly in his handsome, lean face. He stared at Jan . . . and she became conscious that there was something in his gaze other than love. Involuntarily, her hand crept to her throat.

"Jan," began Ted slowly, "my trip east wasn't on agency business alone. I—attended to some other matters."

"You sound so serious, sweet," said Jan, with an unconvincing little laugh. She bit her lip and awaited his next words with burning anxiety.

"I say someone called—Sister Maria," said Ted. He got up and went over to Jan. Suddenly he seized her shoulders and stood her up, facing him. His hands hurt her soft flesh, but she said nothing. Her eyes were blazing.

"Jan Carter," Ted uttered the name as if it were a curse. "You're not Jan Carter! You're Meta Bauer of Selby Flats, and you've lied to me. Everything you've said, everything you've done, has been a rotten lie. You even kept your family out of sight . . . you were ashamed of them!"

Jan gave a little shriek. "Don't you dare say that. I'm not ashamed of my family. And I was going to tell you everything after we were married."

Ted was still holding her shoulders in a fierce, unrelenting grip. "Lies! Lies!" he shouted.

"Not about the baby," moaned Jan. "Everything I told you about the baby is true. I swear it."

With a quick, scornful gesture, Ted let her go. He lit a cigarette. "Yes, that's true," he agreed bitterly. "I checked up on that part. I know Chuckie is my son. But what do I know about you? Do you hear me? What do I know about you—my future wife?" He almost spat the words at her. "Jan Carter. Glamorous model. Educated abroad. Wealthy family.

Ha! What a fantasy for Meta Bauer!"

Jan walked over to the window and looked out for a moment at the sunny streets, the people walking busily to and fro—people with normal, decent lives . . .

"Why did you spy on me?" She wheeled on him suddenly. "I resent what you've done. You've treated me like a common liar."

Ted blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. His cool gray eyes narrowed, and he said deliberately, "My dear, that's exactly what you are. A very common liar."

Silence filled the room with unbearable tension. It became thick and poisonous, a swirling fog of hostile atmosphere. Jan's face became ugly with hate as she said, finally, "Then you're breaking the engagement, I presume. Go ahead. I hate you. You will never see your child. I'll have him all to myself, and I'll never tell him about you."

"That's unlikely, my dear," said Ted, "unless you're going to have the adoption set aside."

"That's just what I will do," shouted Jan. "He's mine. I'll get him. You'll see. You'll all see."

"Don't be too sure," Ted was pacing the room now, and there was a look of iron determination on his face. For a minute it seemed to Jan that he was an avenging spirit—an unknown force who would stop her, who would perhaps destroy her. Then she recovered. But her poise was brief, for Ted said something that caused the blood to run like little needles of ice in her veins.

"Jan—or Meta—or whoever and whatever you are, I tell you this now. You will never have that child. He's mine. And I'll have my son."

"Get out of here," Jan said, running to get his hat. She threw it at him, and he caught it with a deft, mocking gesture. "To think I once loved you."

"Love? Love?" Ted laughed. "You love, all right. You love yourself and nobody else. You knew it was going to be easy. You'd trap me into marriage because of the child, you'd have security, everything you dreamed of. Well, your little bubble has burst, my love."

As he uttered the last bitter word a sound rang out like a pistol shot in the room. It was Jan's palm meeting Ted's cheek in a stinging blow.

"I hate, you!" she screamed. "I hate you!"

"Remember," said Ted, rubbing his cheek, "you won't get that child. And with that happy thought—adieu!"

The door slammed behind him.

Mama Bauer moved about in the little kitchen with swift, efficient movements. There was work to be done. Washing, ironing, and baking for tomorrow. But why think about work, when your beautiful daughter was here on one of her infrequent visits? Mama shook her kindly, gray-thatched head. Poor Meta! Not like Trudy and brother Bill, content to stay in the nest. Meta was a sea-gull—she needed room, she needed the wide world to beat her wings against. Sometimes, though, you could get hurt . . .

"Meta, what is it? What are you trying to tell me?" Mama asked patiently.

"Please, Mama, say you'll take my baby here—into our home. With you and Papa and Bill and Trudy. You—Mama, you aren't ashamed of me, are you?"

"Ach, nein, nein, kindchen," Mama ran over to her lovely young daughter and kissed her eagerly. "A baby is a baby. But darling Meta, have you thought what you will be doing to Charlotte and Ray? Is it—could it be—that you're being selfish again, Meta?"

Jan winced at the use of her real name. So many things had happened to her that it was difficult now to remember that there had ever been a Meta Bauer, a single personality, without the sorrows and joys—so brief—of Jan Carter.

"No, Mama," she said significantly. "This is real. I want my baby. What do the others say? Bill—and Trudy—and Papa?"

As if in answer to her question, the door opened and Trudy burst in. She was a vibrant, young creature with slight traces of her sister in her graceful carriage, but with more strength . . . and not so beautiful. It's not always easy to be a kid sister living in the shadow of a beautiful, glamorous woman like Jan. Perhaps Trudy resented this. Or perhaps she had ideas of her own. At any rate, her downy eyebrows knit over her fine eyes as she took in the situation at a glance.

"Hi, Meta. What are you doing—going on a slumming party? Welcome to our humble dwelling."

"Cut the wisecracks, darling," said Jan. She bestowed a tiny kiss on her sister's cheek.

"Thanks," mumbled Trudy, not without sarcasm.

"Well?" asked Jan challengingly. "Ma must have told you why I'm here. What do you say? Will you take my baby?"

Trudy shrugged. "I love kids," she said. "But that isn't the point. Have you thought about what you're doing? Sure, you need us now, now that Ted has thrown you over—and I'll bet anything it was because you weren't honest with him. You're never honest with anybody, you know. Now all of a sudden you come back to us. Pretty convenient."

Jan turned on her young sister. "That's not true. I only care about my baby now, and I don't want anything or anyone else."

Trudy smiled. It was a wise smile, a little too wise for someone so young. "Have you thought about the kid? Everybody in Selby Flats knows him as Chuckie Brandon. Then suddenly he shows up as your son. How are going to talk your way out of that one?"

"I'll work that out," said Jan angrily.

"Oh, sure, you always were good at making up fairy tales." Trudy started helping her mother with the dishes, looking at the dishtowel as she spoke. "Only Chuckie Brandon is Chuckie Brandon, and it'll be pretty hard on him when you have to explain the sudden switch. And as for that business about Dr. Mary Leland making you give up the baby—I say it's so much applesauce. You don't

even know when you're lying any more!"

"Children, children," pleaded Mama Bauer pitifully. "Please act like sisters. Talk this out nicely. Please."

"Trudy is the one who isn't acting like a sister," Jan exclaimed. "Mama. You know I'm telling the truth about Dr. Mary, don't you?"

There was no answer. And the silence in itself was a damming, terrifying experience. Jan tossed her head.

"Very well," she said. "I'll show you. I'll—"

Trudy put her towel down and faced her sister, her hands on her hips. "Listen to me, Meta. Mama knows as well as I do that you gave up the baby of your own accord. But you don't care. Sure, the child is welcome here as far as I'm concerned. But I'm telling you this." She leaned closer and spoke slowly. "I've got a feeling it's all wrong. It's not going to work. All it will do is bring *unhappiness to your own son.*"

"Stop it," ordered Jan. "I'm going to take it to court and then the law will make them give my baby back to me. I don't care what you say."

Trudy's young face was set in hard lines. She repeated slowly, "Unhappiness. Unhappiness to everyone, but mostly to your son."

But she was too late. Jan had left the house.

Trudy shrugged, patted her mother on the shoulder, and resumed her work with the dishes. She sighed now and then—but had she looked closely at the little frail person next to her, she would have seen that Mama Bauer was weeping.

The small chapel of the Church of the Good Samaritan was crowded when Dr. Matthews stood to address his congregation. His face, lined by the years he had spent in helping his flock to solve their personal problems, was more serious and thoughtful than usual. He waited a moment until the small noises, of whispering and shuffling feet, subsided.

"I am going to talk to you today," he began in his deep, kindly voice, "about something which we invariably take for granted—until we lose it. I am going to talk to you about mother love because it seems to me that some of us do not realize just what quality it is that distinguishes the love of a mother for her child and raises it above the level of other human emotions."

The faces of the men and women in the congregation grew solemn as they listened to the minister's words. They had heard about Meta Bauer's return to Selby Flats and her desire to reclaim the baby she had given for adoption to Ray and Charlotte Brandon.

"Of all the ingredients that hold a home together," Dr. Matthews continued, "the greatest is mother love. Mothers have been placed on pedestals for centuries as symbols of unselfishness. There is never a sacrifice too great for a mother to make. When her child is ill, she suffers with him; when his heart is broken, her's breaks too.

"And in the greatest test of mother love, a *real* mother will even give up the

child she loves. Do you recall the incident in the story of Solomon, in the Book of Kings, where we are given the most moving example of mother love ever recounted?"

Several members of the congregation nodded their heads, as if in answer to Dr. Matthew's question.

"There were at that time, two women who stood before King Solomon and one of them said, 'I beseech thee, My Lord, to hear my cause. I and this woman live together in the same house and I was delivered of a child and three days after I was delivered she was also delivered, with no other person with us in the house, only we two.

"And,' continued this mother, 'this woman's child died in the night. In her sleep she overlaid him, smothered him. So, rising in the dead of night she took my child from my side while I slept and laid it in her bosom and laid her dead child in my bosom, and when I rose in the morning—behold, the child was dead! But looking at it carefully I knew that it was not the child which I had borne.'

"And then the other woman spoke, and she said, 'It is not as she says, My Lord, but her child is dead and mine alive. She lies.'

"And in this manner they strove before the king. And the king finally said, 'Bring me a sword.' And when they had brought a sword before the king, he said to his guards, 'Divide the living child in two and give half to the one and half to the other.'

"But then the woman whose child was alive was so moved with compassion that she cried out, 'I beseech thee, My Lord, give her the child alive, and do not kill it.' But the other said, 'Let it be neither her's nor mine. Divide it.'

"And the king answered and said, 'Give the living child to this woman who does not want it divided, but who would rather let the other one have it. Give it to her for she is the mother, the real mother.' And the whole land heard the judgment which the king had judged, and they acclaimed the wisdom of Solomon. And for all time we were given the lesson that the test of *real* motherhood, the test of *real* parenthood, is love, unselfish love, love so great that it is capable even of surrendering the thing it loves."

The little church was silent for a long moment after Dr. Matthews finished his sermon. There could be no doubt about what the parishioners were thinking as they arose and began to make their way toward the door: which was the mother, the *real* mother, of the child that Meta Bauer had borne.

Seated in an easy chair in the living room of his home, Ray Brandon tried to read but he could not concentrate on the book in his hands. His mind was on Charlotte and he found himself watching her, furtively, trying to read the thoughts in her mind. She was knitting and her face betrayed neither happiness nor discontent; she seemed intent on her work. Ray stirred impatiently and adjusted the lamp.

Suddenly, Charlotte arose and held up

her hand in a gesture that asked for silence—in a room where there was no sound. "Is that Chuckie?" she whispered.

Ray reached over and pulled her down into her chair again. "Charlotte," he said, his voice stern with sorrow, "Chuckie isn't here. The nursery is empty. Don't you remember?"

Charlotte stared at him for a moment, as if she were trying to recall a dream, before she laughed, hollowly, and resumed her knitting. "Of course, I remember," she said. "I—I don't know what came over me. I was almost sure I heard Chuckie crying."

Ray got up from his chair and seated himself on the hassock at her feet. In a determined manner, he took the wool and knitting needles from her hands and laid them on the table. "Why don't you talk to me about it, Charlotte?" he pleaded. "Why don't you tell me—tell me why you did it?"

With Ray's hands locked in her, Charlotte leaned back in the chair. Her eyes were fixed unseeingly on a far corner of the room. As Ray, hesitant to break in on her thoughts, watched her, the troubled expression on her face slowly gave way to a look of serenity and content such as he had never seen before. Wondering at the change, he waited for her to speak.

"Why did I do it, Ray?" she finally said. "Why did I give up Chuckie? I didn't really give him up. I gave him back to his mother—because she wanted him."

Ray shook his head impatiently. "But Meta lied in court, you know she did," he pointed out. "She said that she gave up the child only because Dr. Leland persuaded her to. That was a lie, and everybody knows she said it because it was the only way she could get Chuckie back again."

Charlotte nodded in agreement. "Yes, it was a lie, and I knew it—and that's why I asked the court to vacate the adoption order and give Chuckie back to her."

"You knew she was lying and yet you—you voluntarily gave up Chuckie."

"Yes, because I thought that she certainly must love the child to go to such lengths—to tell such lies, in order to get him back," Charlotte said, leaning forward in the chair now and speaking earnestly. "Meta is Chuckie's mother—no law can change that—and I felt that no mother who really wants her child should be deprived of him, no matter how unworthy she is. I couldn't stand it anymore; the questions and answers, the desperation in Meta's voice. And don't you remember what we were told that Dr. Matthews said in his sermon, about the real mother being the one who loved her child enough to give him up, if necessary? I was thinking about that, too—and I'm thinking about it now."

She leaned back in the chair again, as if exhausted, but Ray saw that her face still wore the serene expression of one who has a deep, abiding conviction that she has acted for the best. Stronger than the feeling of emptiness in her heart, stronger than the pain induced by the thought of the empty nursery, was the love of the "real mother."

THE END

hollywood off the air

(Continued from page 15)

the little gal is already featured on ABC's "Take A Chorus," with Buzz Adlam and his orchestra, and has a weekly TV program in addition . . . Lucille Ball used to wave the applause signal to the audience during airings of "My Favorite Husband." But the glamorous Ball soon discovered that too many people didn't applaud . . . they just waved back. Now she lets the announcer handle the chore . . . And it's Martin Ragaway who was talking about a ham actor and reported, "I don't know how much of a ham he is, but he's the only actor I know who wears a clove for a collar-button."

The Seeing Eye

Eddie Cantor excited about "Take It or Leave It" role . . . If there's a resurgence of interest in old-time musical instruments—ukuleles, tenor banjos and ebony bone clappers—blame it on video. Seems that young viewers see the once-popular instruments on television for the first time and get a yen to play 'em . . . Now it's Capitol Records as a new entry into television production, with the record maker signing up their name stars for TV . . . ABC's femme Hollywood commentator Louella Parsons is flirting with video . . . One of Hollywood's newest TV stations pays off its actors out of a premium list plus a year's supply of the sponsor's dog food . . . The way a certain radio bigwig sees it, "Radio will replace television—as soon as the customer defaults on payments for the latter" . . . It's Hal "Gildersleeve" Peary who, discussing television with your correspondent at famed Apple Valley Inn, quipped, "There's so little money in television that the actors can't even afford to buy toupees!"

What's With the Shows

It's reached a point now where many of the biggest ether stars just don't know where their next sponsor is coming from. Now it's Ozzie and Harriet who've been dropped, after five years with International Silver. And Art Linkletter, star of the "G. E. House Party," is facing cancellation . . . CBS finally wooed Groucho Marx away from ABC, with the change-over sparked by a lad named B. Crosby. The Groaner is reputed to have made a personal pitch to the CBS'ers to have Marx on ahead of him for his audience pulling power . . . Sealtest has dropped the Dorothy Lamour show. Too costly . . . Jack Smith and Dinah Shore have been signed to long-term contracts for Oxydol, further proof of the big soap company's belief that radio is here to



After being initiated into the Oto Tribe at the Santa Fe Village, Arnold is congratulated by Chief Taptuka. Arnold, who is ABC's "Mr. President," seems to be enjoying the festivities.

stay for a while . . . You may yet hear James Mason and his wife in a new radio series . . . "Against the Storm," one of the most famed of the daytime melodramas, is clicking again on Mutual . . . Now We've Heard Everything Dep't: ABC has a new participation show in which assorted household animals will compete for prizes!

Personality Stuff

Large oaks from small acorns grow: Jack Gregson, star of CBS' "Your Stand-In," was America's youngest licensed auctioneer at the ripe age of seven. Now, at 33, he's already spent 27 years as an entertainer . . . Call it irony or what you will, but Sara Berner, whom you hear in various roles on Jack Benny's program, tested for the role of a daydreaming salesgirl in an upcoming picture—and wasn't picked because they thought "she wasn't the type"! But Sara actually earned her living as a salesgirl at Wanamaker's before entering show business . . . Suave, smooth and handsome John Milton Kennedy is one announcer who has virtually made an entire career out of a single program. Kennedy has just completed his 300th broadcast on "Lux Radio Theatre" . . . One producer who probably gets more big name visitors—stars who just love to watch him work—is William Spier of "Philip Morris Playhouse." Everybody from Dizzy Gillespie to Joan Crawford has buzzed over to CBS to watch Spier put a show together . . . One of the big interests in comedian Alan Young's life is the Alan Young Dog Pound. Started as a holiday project about three years ago, when Alan promised to give a dog to any child in Los Angeles as a Christmas present, Alan has since found homes for about 300 once-ownerless Fidos . . . The zany, spontaneous laugh routine that has skyrocketed NBC's Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis to stardom was dreamed up in a moment of desperation. A night club owner told the hungry youngsters to get funny—or get fired. They got funny . . . It could only happen in radio: When Lillian Randolph, Negro actress

who's just completed 8 years with "The Great Gildersleeve," first got into show business she had to study under a white teacher in order to learn the accepted Negro dialect for radio and pictures . . . It's really a bus-man's holiday for veteran sound effects wizard Charlie Forsythe when he goes on vacation. Charlie spends all his free time tracking down new sound effects . . . Quaint hobby: Barbara Whiting, teen age star of "Junior Miss," haunts the record shops in Hollywood to check the sales of her sister Margaret's records. "Just looking out for the family interests," she says . . . Any time there's an amateur barbershop quartette tuning up for a touch of "Sweet Adeline," you'll probably find emcee Harry Von Zell around. The veteran announcer is a sucker for that close harmony stuff.

That's Hollywood

Where all the town's sophisticates are going crazy over square dancing and you're a square if you don't indulge . . . Where Howard Duff reports the new 1949 bathing suits consist of two bandanas and a worried look . . . Where a well-known bandleader declares his parents were sure he was going to be a musician—they discovered he had drums in his ears . . . Where a Hollywood film actress was applying for a passport. "Unmarried?" asked the clerk. "Occasionally," said the actress . . . Where Gloria Holliday—she's Hal Peary's wife—reports she knows a phony who gave his wife a three-piece outfit for her birthday: a spool of thread, a needle and a set of instructions . . . Where new language is constantly being coined; for instance, "Thataways" for screen horse operas . . . Where ABC's Lou Holzer claims he's discovered a shoe string producer so small he carries his office in his glove compartment . . . And where it's Ed Gardner who defines the so-called "smart set" as characters who sleep till noon, play around horse races, go to a few cocktail parties and polish off the day at a supper club. If they were poor they'd be called bums.

THE END

... my husband ROY ROGERS

(Continued from page 38)

for a long time, he sometimes is inarticulate with human beings. He could talk to a rattlesnake, a bear or a tiger without turning a hair, but when it comes to saying, "I love you," to a woman, he's an awkward, little boy.

His many Western movies hadn't helped him to overcome his shyness. In the average motion picture, the hero and heroine go into a clinch at the end. But not once, in all the cowboy pictures I'd made with Roy, had he ever kissed me or even murmured a few tender words. Cowboys, it seems, just don't act that way. Instead, the picture ends with our hero singing as he rides into a Trucolor sunset. Maybe that's why the minister had to give Roy a gentle nudge at our marriage ceremony.

After the "I do's" had been spoken, we just stood there, smiling happily at each other. The minister waited a moment and then said, "Er-rr, you may kiss the bride." Roy seemed somewhat awed at the idea. Despite his movies, incidentally, he hadn't forgotten how to kiss.

"Y'know," he said to me afterwards with a grin, "I was just about to go into my song and ride away."

Now that he's gotten used to the idea, he's not at all bashful about it, even in public. Of course, his particular public, composed of so many adoring children, sometimes makes things difficult. We were sitting at a table in a Hollywood restaurant one day when Roy, without any preamble, said, "Maw, I haven't kissed you in half an hour."

Then and there, he leaned over and kissed me. As I looked around the restaurant, I saw the two kids seated at a nearby table. They were obviously tourists and admirers of Roy and I could see that they were amazed by his sudden outburst of affection. I could almost hear the question in their minds. How did this big, strong cowboy-hero of theirs—the fellow who brought murderous thieves to justice, who was so quick on the draw with his gun—how did he come to be kissing girls in restaurants? I nudged Roy and nodded toward them.

Roy waved at them and smiled. "Hiya, fellas!" he called.

After a split second's hesitation, the boys grinned back at him, evidently satisfied that their hero had only momentarily slipped from his pedestal.

Although Roy won't hesitate to kiss me, I'm sure, whenever and wherever he gets the notion, there's very little he wouldn't do for children. Bashful and retiring as he is, he's the first one to laugh at any suggestion that he's famous—with over 1,000,000 pieces of fan mail addressed to him every year, and with many more millions in the United States seeing his pictures—but he's been forced to realize

that millions of children look up to him as their ideal American. Many parents write to him for advice as to how to bring up their children. He gave up smoking (and so did I) because he knew that it didn't fit in with the kids' conception of him as a "clean-living guy."

When Dusty, Roy's youngest child, was christened, a lot of people got a clearer picture of how high Roy stands in the regard of the kids who admire him. He had asked the minister of a non-denominational church, whom he liked but did not know very well, to perform the ceremony. Before he began, the minister explained to the large audience in the church that some two months ago, he had not known even Roy's name.

Then one Sunday, a strange family—father, mother and little boy—attended the services. Speaking with them afterwards, the minister learned that they had been wandering through California, seeking a place to live. In answer to the minister's question as to whether he prayed every night, the little boy nodded.

"And for what do you pray?" asked the minister.

"I pray for a place to live, for God and for Roy Rogers," the child replied.

The minister concluded his story by saying: "I had to find out just who it was who was named in a child's prayers in the same breath with God."

But the kids aren't the only ones who think of Roy as the sweetest guy who ever kissed a girl in public. I don't stare at him with my mouth open, I know he's only a human being made of flesh and bones like the rest of us—but I do go all starry-eyed when I think about him. He's a big kid himself in many ways. Nobody but Roy—and a few million kids—could get such a big kick out of giving presents. A perennial window shopper, he's forever standing with his nose pressed against a glass. On that rodeo tour (the one on which he proposed to me), I admired a very pretty watch bracelet we saw in the window of a jewelry shop. I didn't think he even heard me but sure enough, when we got married, he took it out of his pocket and gave it to me, mumbling something like, "Thought maybe you'd like this, honey."

At the same time, he's so very understanding. Maybe it's his habit of listening to people that makes him more tolerant of their faults. Sometimes we'd be riding in the car together and suddenly I'd realize that Roy had been talking to me and I hadn't heard a word. You see, I compose songs and I'd probably been listening to the tune in my head instead of to Roy. "What did you say?" I'd ask. Most husbands would be furious to know they'd been talking to themselves, but Roy just smiled and now he senses when I'm composing a song and just sits there, quiet as a mouse.

As for Roy's family, it wasn't so difficult as you might think, to marry a fellow who already had three children by another marriage. Roy had gotten into the habit of asking me for help every once in a while.

"Cheryl's shootin' up fast," he told me

once. "The housekeeper says she needs some clothes, got too much knees showin'."

What he wanted, of course, was for me to go shopping with her. I took both of the little girls, Cheryl and Linda Lou, now nine and six years old, to the stores and bought them sister outfits, with which Roy was delighted. After that, whenever there was some "woman business," as he calls it, to be attended to, he always came to me. For him, the idea of going into a store and asking for a dress or underwear for a little girl was most embarrassing.

In this way, Cheryl and Linda Lou and, of course, Dusty, now two-and-a-half years old, and I were pretty good friends by the time Roy and I were married. It wasn't as if I were a strange woman they had never seen. And when they call me "Mother," as they do occasionally, you should see Roy's eyes shine—and mine too, come to think of it.

Roy doesn't make the mistake of loving the kids so much that he spoils them. Once I took the kids to an amusement park because he had to keep an important engagement and hated to break his promise to them. It seems I was just a bit too lenient with the hot dogs and soda pop because the next day Roy told me that they had all suffered mild belly-aches. (I've learned better since our marriage.)

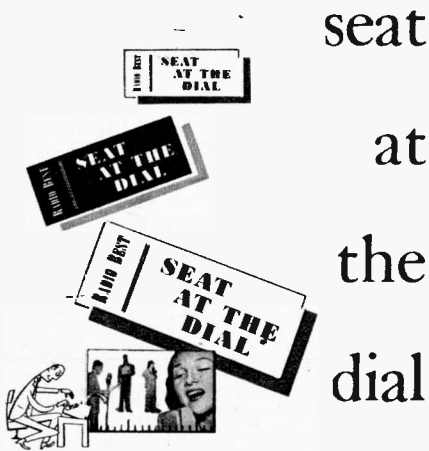
"Y' can't always give in to kids," he concluded very seriously.

That Roy's children know this is very clear from a story that Cheryl's teacher told us. In reply to a scolding from the teacher, one of the more belligerent boys in the class had replied, "I don't have to mind you; my father's a policeman." Cheryl immediately piped up, "My father's Roy Rogers, but I gotta behave."

There's just one thing that comes to my mind when people ask me if Roy is "difficult" in any way as a husband. He just can't understand how anybody can object to getting up at midnight (dawn is for loafers) to go coon hunting. It's more darned fun, he thinks, to go prowling through the blackness of the night, with rattlesnakes slithering under foot and little animals hopping around in the trees overhead. Me, scared? I should say not! I just hang on to the suction pump (for rattlesnake bites) because I love it so much, and if my face is pale, it's because of the moon's eerie light.

Well maybe I am just a bit frightened. After all, I'm the type that's described as "dainty and feminine." I've never had the faintest desire to emulate Frank Buck and "bring 'em back alive"—or dead, either. But I know that for Roy a good wife is a companion. He wants an all-around pal, whether he's coon-hunting, horseback riding or just bringing up the kids. Suppose he should get the idea that I'm a pal only under certain conditions! I'm not half so scared of the midnight noises and the rattlesnakes as I am of the possibility that he might think me a poor sport. You know what I mean? Then I'd really be scared!

THE END



(Continued from page 14)

know.

These people state their problems, do a number to illustrate their specialty—then Fadiman, Kaufman, Burrows and the guest discuss the problem at hand. Whether you care for the gravity or the problem or the solutions offered is beside the point. Fadiman has learned how to handle the show much more smoothly and with less show of longhair profundity. Kaufman and Burrows are tops. And the show is worth listening to—even for an hour.

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

Fridays, 8:30 p.m.



It has taken Old Lady NBC a long, long time to find a new brooch to pin on her frayed, dehooperized, old gown. But here it is, shining bright. Listen to "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and have yourself really a good time.

James Hart is the man who brought "Tree" to NBC. He used to be on CBS. When NBC was in trouble, rating-wise, with stars deserting across Radio Row to Mr. Paley's CBS bailiwick, it started searching for people with imagination. It found Hart, among others. But he was there for many months, and one wondered whether he would ever be allowed to come through with anything new. Well, finally he was, it seems. All you have to do is listen to "Tree" to see the proof.

Without sticking too closely to the old best seller by Betty Smith, the radio version of "Tree" borrows from the novel all of the best. There is Johnny Nolan, the sweet Irish singer (played very well by John Larkin); there is Nolan's wife Katie, carried with conviction by Bryna Raeburn; there is the singer's little daughter, played by Denese Alexander; and finally there is the daughter as grown-up, acting as narrator, in the capable acting of Anne Seymour.

Wrap these talented actors into a package directed by Ed King, and leave the production as a whole in the hands of that same Jim Hart—and you have a show rating very high indeed.

There is nostalgia in the tale, without too much schmaltz. There is tragedy and

humor, the sadness always being tempered by laughter, and the laughter always being balanced by the knowledge that there is suffering in this Brooklyn family too. This is not the Brooklyn of the caricatures created on quiz shows and yak-yak stanzas. This is a slice of life, and Jim Hart knows how to present it. More power to NBC for this one.

Hollywood Calling

Sundays, 6:30 p.m.



Here it is, boys and girls! More swag, in a great big bag. Come and get it.

Remember "Stop the Music" offering you riches for the privilege of tuning out Edgar Bergen and Fred Allen? That happened to NBC; and you, the listener, fell for the bribe. You tuned out NBC, listened to "Stop" on ABC—and made a lot of people mad, including not only Bergen who went over to CBS, and Allen who got sour, and Benny who went to CBS—but NBC also.

So what does NBC do to get even? Well, it did two things, in succession. First, it howled. "Tain't fair," warned NBC, to offer to give things away like on ABC, and it isn't quite legal, NBC hinted. The Federal Communications Commission—the government outfit which regulates all our airwaves—took notice of NBC's howl. Now NBC wishes it hadn't opened its mouth. Why? Because it has gone into the swagbag business itself.

"Hollywood Calling" is *exactly* like "Stop the Music." Your telephone rings at home, if you're lucky. The only difference is that, here, you have to guess the names of movie stars instead of the names of song titles. And it is the same kind of guessing game—on "Stop," Bert Parks all but spells the name of the song for you; on "Hollywood," emcee George Murphy all but spells the name of the movie star. After you have shown your great skill at "guessing"—the new show offers you a jackpot. As of this writing, it stands at \$31,000 worth of loot. 'Oh no, it isn't a "mystery melody" here. It's a "Film of Fortune" instead.

Wouldn't you think that the producers of "Stop the Music" would be sore because "Hollywood Calling" is so obvious a steal of their format? I would too,—if I didn't know one other factor which I pass on to you herewith. "Hollywood Calling" was wrapped up as an attractive (that means, money-making) package for NBC by the same party—his name is Louis G. Cowan—who sold "Stop the Music" to the rival, ABC network.

Stop the nonsense, boys!

Stop the Music

Thursdays, 8-9 p.m.



Well, speaking of swagbags, here it is—on TV now. It's the same show, same format, same gimmicks, same good music

by Harry Salter's combo, same bribery for looking and listening, same everything—with one thing added. Bert Parks, whom you only hear on the radio version of "Stop," can be seen here. And a lot of other people. They knock themselves out, and they really produce a good variety show. On TV, this one has more excuse than on radio.

Olsen & Johnson

Tuesdays, 8-9 p.m.



For a reviewer, it's a great pleasure to be forced to revise opinions in mid-paragraph. Or—to get away from the Fadiman kind of talk—it's swell when you get a chance to say a show is okay just about the time you made up your mind to whack the daylights out of it. That's what happened to yours truly in connection with "Fireball Fun for All," which is the clumsy title of the Olsen & Johnson doings that took over Milton Berle's popular spot for part of the summer.

I had it down in my notes about like this: Fast, furious, vulgar, slapstick, bedlam, and hanging together more loosely than grandpappy's longies on Monday's wash-line. Well, that was true for the two opening appearances of the O&J contribution. Those shows consisted of nothing but brash pie-in-the-face kind of stuff, with midgets, bearded ladies, props appearing and disappearing, guns and cannon firing all over the lot, the studio audience kept in stitches—and the home-screen viewer, or at least this one, annoyed to chagrin. The whole thing was cut to the mentality of my seven-year-old kid. Which meant it would certainly stick around a long time—since he is so young, and there are so many other Americans of the same mental age.

But the third time out, something happened. I have an idea that Ezra ("Henry Aldrich") Stone, who directs the program and is really a top showman, must have tightened things up. Anyway, on the third round there were really acts that stood up by themselves. The dance team of Helene and Howard did some really good terpsichore; the Jig Saws, a trio of tumblers in sailor costume, made for excellent entertainment; finally, the Olsen & Johnson cast of good singers got themselves arranged in a fine medley conducted by Al Goodman (he, incidentally, was being replaced, apparently just as the going got good—that's one of those mysteries of the trade that I shan't try to fathom).

Anyway, the third O&J production had got itself shaken down to the point where there was some entertainment that really hung together. You'll probably be seeing it on Tuesday nights, after Milton Berle—if you can stand all that hurrah-shouting in one night. The lack of good taste and the usual Olsen & Johnson type of zany shenanigans will still be there—which means the show will still be aimed at the seven-year-old mentality. But at least there will be some spots worth viewing by themselves. Heavens help us.

The Black Robe

Wednesdays, 8:30 p.m.



Out of the swill barrels and the gutters of a big city, a lot of rubbish can be fished. Some of it may appear to have an "interesting" look—if you care for that kind of stuff, and have strong nostrils. I have seen paintings by fine artists depicting horrible scenes but (a) they are usually in museums where (b) you see them one at a time and (c) never take them into your own living room.

Now we have the city's gutter-product on TV and you are welcome to look at it if you can stomach that sort of thing. If you think looking in on abject misery and decadence and decay is fun—go to it, friend. I don't want it, you can have it.

All the above fits "The Black Robe." There are only two professional actors to be seen on the screen on that one. One, with the voice of absolute doom, is the "judge" who presides over "night court." The other is the "cop" who reads the charges or otherwise introduces the poor flotsam and jetsam, the awful and the offal and the pitiful, that usually does pass through the gates of a night court in a big city.

The characters are dug out of dives, and joints, and hang-outs, and are, in that sense, "real." The program digs up people who look as if they fit the roles—of a bouncer in a cheap saloon, a reformed ex-prostitute, a screwball from some park bench. These people are told approximately what roles they are to play—then they ad-lib their remarks, with bad grammar and all. All that—plus their "interesting" faces—is supposed to make for reality.

Excuse me while I lunge for the rail.

Watch your NBC dial this fall. There is some swell programming coming up. I can't give you the time of all—in some instances, even the exact date is not yet available as I bang the typewriter for these lines. But I write on the presumption that people who can read my lines can also read the radio listings in newspapers.

On a regular basis, watch for "University of the Air." That's the full-hour dramatization of great novels which NBC does in excellent fashion.

There will be a series of educational programs on NBC-TV. Supervised by Sterling Fisher, a lady named Carolyn Burke has been working for some months now preparing this series. I think it will be worth watching.

In cooperation with the United Nations, and the American Association for the United Nations, NBC has a slew of programs scheduled, all of them angled to the UN idea. Some of them have already been on the air, but for the sake of completeness here is that full schedule:

Sept. 4—10th anniversary of beginning of World War II; written and directed by Norman Corwin.

Sept. 11—About the United Nations Scientific Commission on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources (UNSCCURE). This sounds like a horrible mouthful. But Millard Lampell, one of radio's absolutely ace scripters, knows how to make things understandable, and he wrote that one.

Sept. 17—Special concert and pageant from the General Assembly Hall of the UN (probably conducted by Koussevitzky) with Corwin as narrator.

Sept. 18—UN Panorama; a full-hour documentary, written and directed by Corwin.

Sept. 23—A special broadcast from a public dinner in honor of the UN, with distinguished guests.

Sept. 25—A program on genocide, produced in Canada by Sinclair Allen.

Oct. 2—Program on work of International Refugee Organization; writer, Allen Sloane; director, Frank Papp.

Oct. 9—UN primer, for adults as well as for children; written and directed by Corwin.

Oct. 16—"Three Out of Three," a program about the UN vs. War; written and directed by Corwin.

You'd think, judging by all this, that Corwin is now working for the United Nations. Well—you're right.

The UN Radio Division has some other topnotchers working for it, and with it. Listen to "United Nations Today," to "U.N. Story," "Memo From Lake Success," "Two Billion Strong," and many other shows originating at Lake Success and stirring a lot of good will over our airwaves through the cooperation of networks and non-network, local stations. Ask your favorite local station—whether it is affiliated with a network or not—how many of those UN shows it plays every week. And if it doesn't—sound off.

For documentaries, watch also CBS. Two great ones are on the way for fall. One will be by Arnold Perl, on penology; the other will be on a state's self-examination, a report of the "Committee for Kentucky," written by Samuel Abelow. Both of these will be exciting radio.

CBS produced two absolutely great documentaries during the close of last season: "The People's Choice" by Peter Lyon; and "Citizen of the World" by Corwin. The superb Corwin hasn't lost his touch, even though he was off the air as far as any major production was concerned, for two full years.

As of this writing neither ABC nor Mutual has announced plans for educational or documentary programming. But both have important planning under way. Good listening!

THE END

Theatre Guild on the air

(Continued from page 57)

a shoddy performance; when the curtain rings down, they know they have participated in a first-rate show.

Not only has "Theatre Guild on the Air" drawn many casts from the original footlight productions, but it has won acclaim by broadcasting several radio premieres of New York plays. Among these sure-fire successes were "Apple of His Eye" with Walter Huston; "I Remember Mama," starring Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka; John Gielgud and his London Company in "The Importance of Being Earnest"; and the entire Broadway cast of the hit, "The Winslow Boy."

Radio listeners, sometimes not too familiar with the names seen in lights along Broadway, have often written letters predicting a great future for the "unknown star" whose performance had thrilled them. The "unknown" is usually an actor who is currently the toast of Broadway.

Much of the fan mail the "Theatre Guild," now heard Sunday at 8:30 p.m., EDT, on the National Broadcasting Company, receives contains praise for the out-of-town originations. On an average of five times a year, the more than fifty persons connected with the show pull up stakes to visit the larger cities throughout the country. The overwhelming reception this show has always received goes to prove that the public will always welcome good casts in good plays.

THE END



Ingrid Bergman, making divorce news these days, with Homer Fickett at "Anna Karenina" broadcast.

Report On

HOWARD DUFF

(Continued from page 23)

a figure like this Swede's. But mainly it was lively, kidding banter back and forth; stuff about Hollywood and other stars. Not gossip; merely shop-talk. And there was real respect—the respect of one talented thespian for another.

After lunch we popped over to a little carousel in the Valley, where Howard and Marta tried out the ferris wheel—for kicks; stuffed themselves with popcorn and cokes; signed some autographs for a bunch of delighted bobby-soxers who recognized them. It was just a pleasant afternoon; the kind that Mr. and Mrs. America themselves indulge in by the millions.

What made it different was watching a couple of top stars acting like human beings. That's Duff, particularly—a rugged, virile guy who's both young and unattached. But with it all, a serious young man, a reticent man—a chap who is about as far away from the brash, fast-talking, cocky Sam Spade of the radio as you could imagine.

You can't ask Duff questions about his love life; it's a subject he won't even discuss. That's strictly his private affair, and he's polite but very, very firm about it. But if you have eyes you know that Duff, with women, is a gallant guy, a gentleman. A fellow who holds doors open, who is always ready with a light for a cigarette without making a production of it. And he packs enough of that indefinable stuff they call charm to captivate just about any gal from 8 to 80.

Maybe you think that Duff, when he was still in rompers back in his home town of Bremerton, Washington, decided that only an actor's life was the thing for him. Not Howard. His keenest ambition was to become a cartoonist. Even today, at 32, there isn't a white tablecloth safe from his pencil when he's around. But in time that cartoonist phase passed and he went out for football at Seattle's Roosevelt High. Luckily, or unluckily, he broke his leg. To pass the time away and keep from being bored, Howard decided to give some attention to the drama classes—only there they called it "oral expression." Before you could say "Tallulah Bankhead" they had Howard cast in the lead role of the school production—and he's been stage-struck ever since.

To keep himself in eatin' money between roles with the Seattle Repertory Playhouse, Howard took jobs as a restaurant bus boy and as an assistant window trimmer in a department store. The bus boy job lasted two weeks; he

was bankrupting the place by breaking more dishes than he picked up from the tables. On the other job Howard remained a little longer, but when Howard was discovered sound asleep one night in the window he was supposed to be dressing (he'd been working 20 hours a day), the department store decided that Duff was not cut out to be a merchant prince.

Then came a spell as a disc jockey and radio announcer on station KOMO, and tours throughout the Northwest with the Seattle Repertory Playhouse, doing different roles virtually every night. To keep that up, you had to be quickwitted—master of every predicament. Howard never will forget the time his group was doing a play called "The Living Corpse," in which he was supposed to shoot himself. Unfortunately the gun wouldn't go off, so Howard stabbed himself with



the revolver. It brought down the curtain and the house.

After a while, Howard took over the role of "The Phantom Pilot" in a juvenile radio series aired from San Francisco, then moved with the program to Hollywood. He served for some time in the South Pacific, writing and producing radio plays; came back to civilian life and radio and was soon acting in a flock of big night time shows, including "Suspense," "Hollywood Star Time," "Lux Radio Theatre," "Hollywood Players" and many others.

It was CBS producer Bill Spier who picked Duff for the role of the fast-talking, hard-boiled private eye known as Sam Spade, back in 1946, and Duff's been at it ever since. Then came picture offers and a fat contract with Universal-International.

Now Howard has around 200 fan clubs, half of whom revere him for his movie portrayals; the other half, pure Sam Spade enthusiasts.

Prior to his movie debut, very few fans had ever seen pictures of Duff. Howard's greatest kick used to come when he'd meet some of his fans for the first time and he'd hear them exclaim, "Why, you're not fat!" or, "You're not old; you're even good-looking!"

Duff, with his six feet and 185 pounds, is physically one of the ruggedest men working in pictures and radio. Like his good friend Burt Lancaster, he could have done very well in the prize ring. Yet he's lazy and admits it; all he cares for in the way of sports is swimming and badminton. He'd park himself in bed all day long, if he thought he could get away with it. He keeps his thick brown hair cut short so he'll have no trouble combing it. He likes to take off his shoes when he sits down around the house (he shares a place high in the Hollywood Hills with his friend and agent, Mike Meshikow) and changes his shoes often, so the house man often finds four or five pairs to pick up in one room. To get himself up in the morning, Duff uses not one but two alarm clocks. The guy really loves his sack time.

Like most bachelors, Howard can whip up a batch of ham and eggs or broil a steak, but he and his pal Mike would rather eat out somewhere, then drop in on some old cronies and sit up most of the night talking. When Duff's mother comes down from Seattle to visit him, she does some of his cooking for him and sort of looks after the Duff *menage*. But other than that his housekeeping is pretty much catch-as-catch-can. Strictly bachelor style.

One summer he and Mike shared a cottage at the beach, and about all they had in the kitchen was a huge icebox in which they kept nothing but a few bottles of beer. Once, Mike discovered a steak in the icebox (how it got there no one seemed to know) and took it out, to show Howard. "What are we going to do with this?" asked Mike. "It's been around here about a week."

"Oh, leave it there," Duff said. "It'll come in handy in case somebody shows up with a black eye."

And as for coffee, Howard can brew it, after a fashion, but most of his friends swear you have to dig it out with a spoon. It's strong, sort of.

Funny thing about Howard: while he doesn't sweat too much over a hot stove, he does feel that his culinary efforts should get him somewhere. Like the time not long ago, when Duff was posing at home for some pictures to be used in a magazine layout. The photographer wanted to show Howard cooking breakfast. Howard, a thoroughly cooperative gent, complied; made some of his "famous" coffee, fixed some toast and even fried an egg. (This was late in the afternoon.) But before Duff would go ahead with the other shots, he insisted that somebody eat that egg. There wasn't going to be any waste in his house, said Howard, and won his point. The pho-

tographer, who wasn't hungry either, ate the hen fruit!

On the surface Duff has all the earmarks of the typical young Hollywood star—but only on the surface. Down deep he's different—much different. You'd think that he'd know enough to observe some of the Hollywood amenities and spend a little time where the so-called big wheels could see him—say, around the Sunset Strip, or popping in and out of some of the plush night spots. But Duff would rather climb into a flannel shirt, Levis and field boots and go hiking in the hills around his house. Or go horseback riding, which he finally took up, not without some misgivings. Or just waste a day merely stretched out under a tree in the country. Bucolic, you might say—but that's the Duff style.

There was even a time, not too long ago, when dancing and Duff were anything but pals. Once, back in high school in Seattle, the non-dancing Howard managed to screw up enough courage to ask the school belle to attend the annual prom with him. But when they got to the dance, the doll became just a wee bit bored sitting out all that zingy music, so Howard had to go over and get his brother Douglas to dance with the girl. Howard never did quite understand why the chick wouldn't go out with him again!

Sometimes Howard wishes he were twins; then his life wouldn't be quite so hectic. Six days a week he's before those cameras, and on the seventh—he's Sam Spade! Not that he's complaining; he likes it just fine and he wouldn't trade it for anything. But there are times when those two alarm clocks of his sort of get him down. Like when his friend Mike Meshikow comes into his bedroom on a Sunday morning, just when Duff is really getting in that shut-eye, shakes him and says, "Hey, you know what day this is? It's Sunday. You know—Sunday? Radio show? Sam Spade?"

That's when Duff feels just as though he had been stabbed in the back.

But after three years of it, says Howard, radio is still exciting; still a thing that puts butterflies in his stomach as he sees that second hand creeping closer and closer around the clock. Sometimes you wonder how Duff manages it all, what with his radio show, his motion picture work, interviews, portrait sittings, location trips and his social life. But somehow he does it—and thrives on it.

Nights there are friends coming over, or maybe a chess game, if he can find some one who wants to play. Maybe a preview or two, or a small, intimate party. Or a date with Ava Gardner; a drive out to the beach in the moonlight in that new Cadillac convertible, or a quiet dinner at one of Howard's favorite eating places.

That's Duff, the Hollywood bachelor. Not exactly a chap you can do a "glamor piece" about; Duff just doesn't glamorize. But Duff is a lad you can rate a high "A" for humor, for color and sincerity; for human interest and masculine charm. Strictly for real, this Duff—and in Hollywood, there just isn't anything better.

THE END

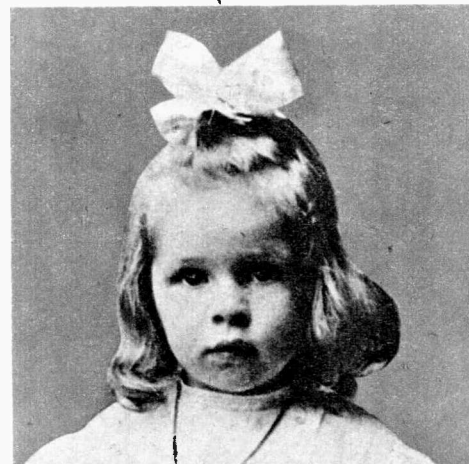
can you name them ?

Three famous radio stars of today sat for these portraits in their childhood. It might be fun to try and find the adult in the child. We give you one clue for each picture and the answers are listed below.

1. (right) She is one of the best-known of radio's singing favorites.

2. (below left) She has appeared frequently on the dramatic program, "Suspense."

3. (below right) You heard her regularly on "A Date With Judy."



Answers: 1. Kate Smith 2. Agnes Moorhead 3. Louise Erickson



BETTY CLARK SINGS



Betty Clark, 12-year-old blind network singing star, accepts a scroll of honor presented by author Fannie Hurst on behalf of the National Council to Combat Blindness. Betty was cited for her outstanding service in the Council's "fight for sight."

(Continued from page 29)

In spite of her blindness, since the age of six, Betty still "sees" the world around her in the vivid colors her mother impressed upon her mind. Betty's delicate soprano voice, which may be heard some day in the Metropolitan Opera House, is a gift of nature but her mother is largely responsible for her forceful personality and gay self-confidence, both valuable assets to an artist.

Betty was still a baby when she showed extreme sensitivity to light. Her parents learned that she suffered from glaucoma and would be totally blind within a few years. Mrs. Clark is not the story-book type of character who smiles at disaster; she was stricken by the doctors' pronouncements. But it was during those early years that Mrs. Clark, while praying for a miracle, began to prepare the child for what doctors agreed would be a life without sight.

Although she has two brothers and a sister (eleven, nine and seven years old at the time of her birth), Betty has always received the major part of her parents' attention. When she began the study of braille, her parents learned it with her, step by step. Mr. Clark, who died suddenly on New Year's Day of this year, tackled mathematics, particularly difficult in braille, but nothing was too difficult for the parents who looked on the daughter's problems as their own.

When one operation after another failed and Betty became totally blind at the age of six, Mrs. Clark took steps to make sure that Betty would not be a sour, lonesome, disillusioned creature, but a well-balanced individual, handi-

capped as little as possible by the loss of her sight.

Realizing that children might feel awkward in the presence of a blind playmate, Mrs. Clark contrived to overcome their shyness. Patty, who lived next door, was introduced to Betty and invited to lunch. She was very much interested when Betty showed her how to read in braille. She returned the invitation to lunch and the two children soon discovered that they shared a love of music.

Betty made friends easily and quickly and her mother did not discourage them by the constant surveillance that some might think necessary for a sightless child. She played outside in the street with her friends with the same freedom as any one of them.

Going up and down stairs and through the rooms of her home, her only help from her mother was the careful arrangement of furniture. The independent attitude which is so noticeable today was gradually developed in this way and as a result she does not look on her blindness as a major handicap.

On the contrary, she is not at all reluctant about emphasizing it in some way and her actions at times imply that she considers it just another individual quirk, which is sometimes an advantage. One Christmas Day, she and her friends were playing a game with wooden ducks. The players received points according to the position in which the ducks landed. Betty received the lowest score.

"All right," Betty said with a smile. "Now we'll play it my way. Tie some

scarves around their eyes, mother."

Blindfolded, the other children could not score at all, and Betty won the game. Her friends thought it great fun to play Betty's way. Sometimes, she blindfolds them for dancing and a merry uproar ensues.

Betty keeps her personal possessions in immaculate order but occasionally, like other people, she mislays something. Her attitude toward her affliction can be seen in her use of the common expressions. "Mother, I'm blind as a bat! Where did I put that thing?"

This does not mean that Betty does not realize the extent of her loss. Her mother has impressed on her mind that she must make up for her loss of sight by improving other faculties and that this requires hard work; that she has an advantage over others in some ways because she cannot see but "you must remember that there are some things you cannot do."

One example of the latter is the choosing of birthday and Christmas cards, which she loves to send. Patiently she listens while her mother, with the same patience, reads card after card until Betty has made her selection.

Like many other blind people, Betty has an extraordinarily keen "sixth sense." On one occasion, when she entered the studio of her singing instructor, Professor Julio Roig (whom she calls Julio), he pressed his finger to his lips as a signal to her mother.

When Betty asked, "Where's Julio, mother? Isn't he here?" her mother replied, "No. I don't know where he is." Meanwhile the professor stood stiffly, holding his breath, in a far corner of the room. Betty shook her head, as if she could not accept her mother's words, and began to move about the room. Within a moment, she had found her instructor.

For her program, she memorizes the entire script and, while others watch the director in the control booth for their cues, knows when she must "come in" by listening for a certain word from the announcer or by counting the bars of music.

Professor Roig, a prominent New York vocal instructor, who recognized her talent eight years ago and has been training her ever since, points out that she learns a song in Spanish or Italian (languages she cannot speak) in one day while the average person requires weeks. He believes that in three years, at the age of fifteen, she will be a really mature singer.

Mrs. Clark is thrilled, understandably enough, when she hears the many people ask for "tickets for 'Betty Clark Sings'" at the ABC booth in Radio City. She does not yearn so much for fame for her daughter as for the security that fame will bring. She hopes that she will be judged, as other singers are, on the basis of her voice alone, with no consideration for her blindness.

If Betty's dream comes true, and she sings some day in the Metropolitan Opera House, the daughter's triumph will also be the mother's.

THE END

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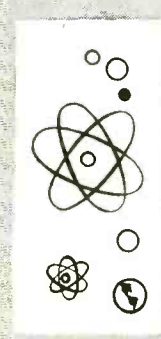
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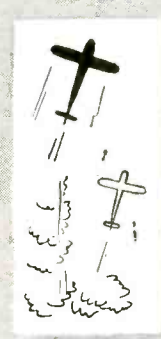
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