

and TELEVISION

# RADIO BEST

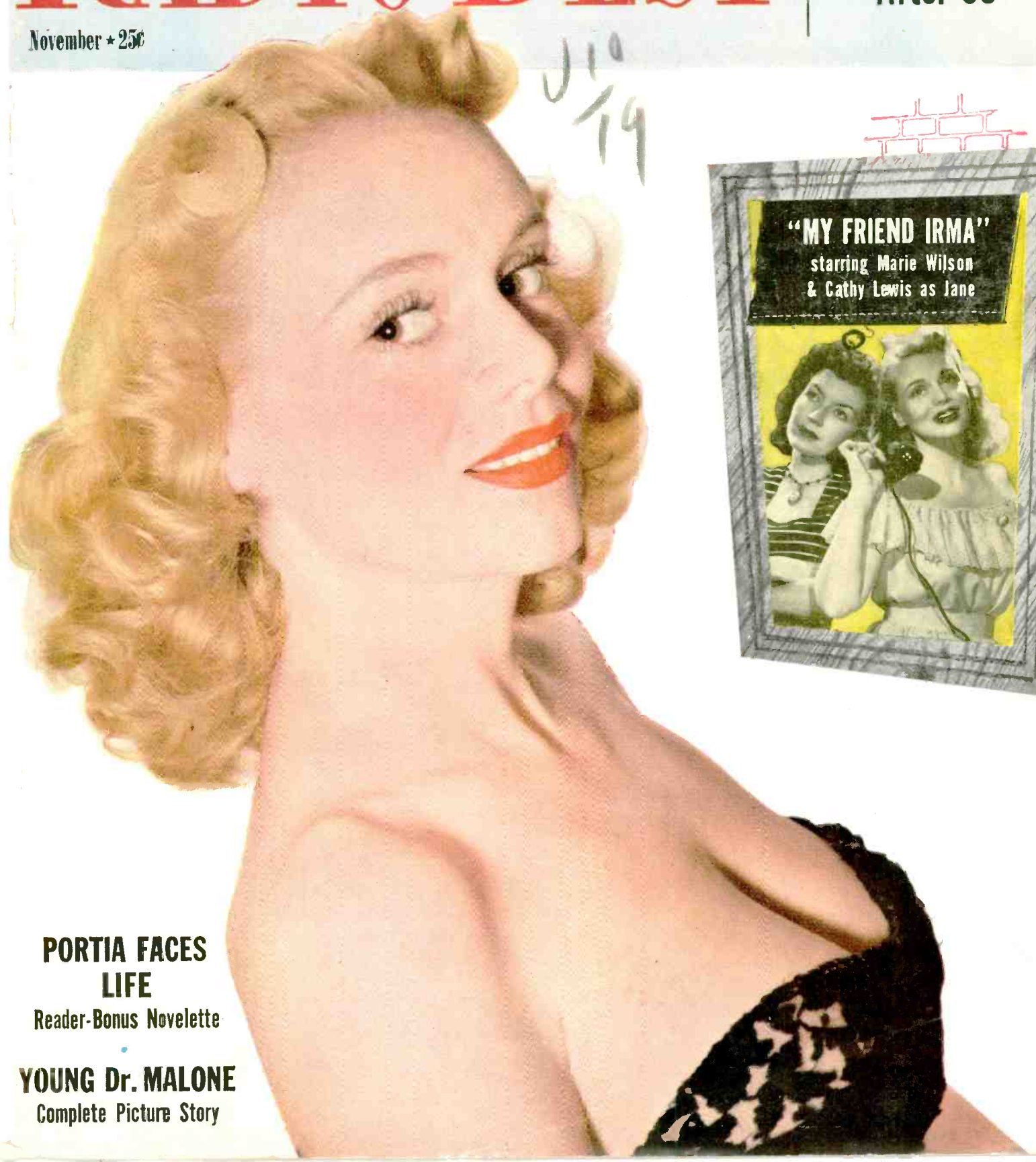
**EXCLUSIVE!**  
**EZIO PINZA**  
Love Begins  
After 50

November • 25¢

J 10  
79



**"MY FRIEND IRMA"**  
starring Marie Wilson  
& Cathy Lewis as Jane



**PORTIA FACES  
LIFE**

Reader-Bonus Novelette

**YOUNG Dr. MALONE**

Complete Picture Story

World Scope Encyclopedia is also available in an Exclusive Library Edition with genuine leather binding and 22-karat gold stamping.



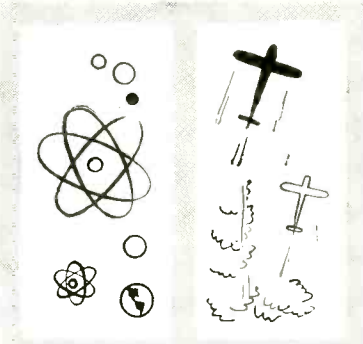
**NEW**

*The*

*Modern*

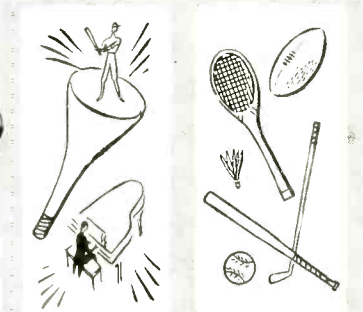
# WORLD SCOPE ENCYCLOPEDIA

*makes learning Fun*



How much do you know about atomic energy?

What's the story behind jet propulsion?



What is the history of television's development?

What is the origin of your favorite sport?

You enjoy watching your children eagerly nurturing their minds with the fascinating knowledge contained in your set of World Scope Encyclopedia. It's the happy, healthy way to grow. Every subject in this brand *new* edition is as complete, as accurate, as up-to-date as scholarly research can make it. 12 handsomely-bound volumes with over 4,500 illustrations and 100 full-color plates! 5,312 pages of text and a 64-page atlas! Over 4,000,000 words! Modern parents choose World Scope — America's fastest-selling encyclopedia.

"World Scope Encyclopedia is a happy blend of erudition and readability, a sound buy . . . the format . . . is easy on eye and hand and its pictorial layouts . . . are admirable comment on the text . . ." — *N. Y. Times*

With your purchase of the World Scope set, you are privileged to buy the Annual Year Book at a reduced rate. Your children also receive free consultation service for 10 years.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATIONAL GUILD, INC., 17 Smith Street, Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

**FREE**

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE descriptive literature, and information for purchasing World Scope Encyclopedia on your easy payment plan.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_  
 STATE \_\_\_\_\_

WELCOME OUR REPRESENTATIVE. HE HAS AN IMPORTANT STORY FOR YOU.



# RADIO BEST 5 star bulletin

A monthly newsletter of information and rumors.



FALKENBURG

Bob Hope came out second best in his argument with sponsor Lever Bros. over the comic's demand for taped airers next season. So the Hope show you'll be hearing all season will be "live". . . Joe DiMaggio is batting high on his new show over CBS, sponsored by a candy company . . . The Jo Stafford-Paul Weston relationship is warm again . . . Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg are testing a new TV show—their "Preview" flopped . . . Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford have settled in New York closing their Pickfair Mansion on the Coast . . . RADIO BEST's "Seat at the Dial" TV program bargaining with a sponsor . . . Lee Tracy, who originated the rôle of Hildy Johnson in the original



HOPE

Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur hit show, "The Front Page" failed to make the grade for the new television version . . . the old radio give-away show "Pot o' Gold" is expected to return via TV . . . First rushes of Vaughn Monroe's new cowboy film highly regarded . . . Carl Ravazza being considered for Hit Parade replacement . . . The Southern California Association for Better Radio and Television, a listener's organization, has condemned give-away radio shows and similar programs designed to "buy the radio audience". . . Cathy Lewis back in her role as Jane in "My Friend Irma". Glad to hear she's better . . . With the rapid rise of television most radio stars have taken big salary dips . . . Comic Harvey Stone signs his letters "Yours til Abe Burrows is sponsored by a hair tonic". . . The great Crosby still spins platters of Como, Sinatra and Damone on his disc jockey show . . . CBS threatened with legal action by West Coast couple on grounds they were promised a live elephant on a give-away show and never got it . . .



ROGERS



STAFFORD



BURROWS



## GROUCHO MARX and His Family



RADIO BEST takes you to a camera-visit into the home of Groucho Marx where you will meet the famous star of "You Bet Your Life," his beautiful wife, Catherine and three-year-old daughter, Melinda. You will see the only Hollywood estate which, Groucho claims, is not equipped with a swimming pool.

## MEET THE FAMILY

The growing demand for more intimate pictures of the families of the stars has resulted in an expanded department devoted to this popular feature. You will meet your favorite radio and TV stars in exclusive candid pictures in the December issue.



## JOHN J. ANTHONY

The famous family counselor relates another true thrilling experience in his exciting provocative style so reminiscent of O'Henry.

## ROAD OF LIFE

A complete full length novelette never before told in story form based on the famous daytime drama, "Road of Life" . . . the story of a young surgeon, his wife, and his career.

## KATE SMITH Reveals:

"What Security Means To Me." One of America's most beloved personalities is the author of the inspiring article, "What Security Means to Me," written expressly for RADIO BEST in the December issue. . . . OTHER RADIO BEST FEATURES include Ed Sullivan, champion of tolerance and What's On Your Mind, the question & answer clinic conducted by Ben Grauer.

# and TELEVISION RADIO BEST

NOVEMBER, 1949 Vol. 2, No. 10

### Feature Stories

My Friend Irma.....	by Helen McNamara	15
Love Begins After 50, the story of Ezio Pinza.....	by Harriet Evans	18
Young Dr. Malone, story told in pictures.....		22
The Joys and Sorrows of a Jackpot Winner.....		26
I'm a Mountain Gal.....	by Minnie Pearl	34
Watch Out—For the Hidden Camera!.....		38
Mother Wears a Glittering Gown.....	by Judith Cortada	40
A Visit with the Jack Bennys.....		45
Junior Miss is a Big Girl Now.....	by Gertrude Greer	50
The New Vic Damone (the "Nose" Did It).....		52

### Reader Bonus

The Quality of Love, a Portia Faces Life story.....		
.....	by Lois Martin James	30

### Departments

5 Star Bulletin, monthly newsletter.....		3
Memory Lane Quiz on Yesteryear's Stars.....		5
Letters to the Editor.....		6
Hobbies of the Stars.....		6
Report From the Listeners' Panel.....		8
Hollywood off the Air, report from the West Coast.....		10
Things You Never Knew 'til Now.....		12
Seat at the Dial.....	by Saul Carson	13
John J. Anthony Says:.....	by John J. Anthony	28
Meet the Families of the Stars.....		42
"Say it in Poetry".....	by Shelley Keats	43
Silver Mike Award to U. S. Steel.....		44
What's on the Air, Radio & TV program listings.....		54
To the Queen's Taste.....	by Dione Lucas	58
Music on a Platter.....	by Les Merman	60
Stars Have Such Interesting Faces.....		60
What's on Your Mind?.....	by Ben Grauer	61

### Television

Roundup of TV's Best.....		47
TV Program Listings.....		57

### EDWARD BOBLEY, Editor

JUDITH CORTADA, Associate Editor  
MAX LEVIN, Associate Editor

JEROME ROTH, Art Director  
HARRY EDWARDS, Associate Editor

Robert Robins, Washington Bureau  
Harry Link, Music Editor  
Gertrude Greer, Picture Research  
Dessie McGlynn, Readers Service

James Lozito, Associate Music Editor  
Lloyd Howard, Promotion Manager  
Helen McNamara, Program Research

HAROLD L. CROSSMAN, Publisher

RADIO AND TELEVISION BEST is published monthly by Radio Best, Inc., New York 19, N.Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial offices, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. Re-entered as second-class matter March 29, 1948 at the post office in New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Application pending for transfer of additional entry to Mount Morris, Ill. Price 25c per copy. Subscription rate: one year \$3.00 in U.S.A., Canada \$3.50. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. The cover and entire contents of RADIO AND TELEVISION BEST are fully protected by copyrights in the United States and in foreign countries and must not be reproduced in any manner without permission. Unsolicited manuscripts, cartoons, pictures, etc. accompanied by return postage and addresses will be given prompt consideration, but we cannot assume responsibility in the event of their loss. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1949, by Radio Best, Inc.

# Memory lane

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



1. When this radio personality died, he was mourned by millions. As the top announcer of his time, he covered just about every event of importance from National Conventions to Gertrude Ederle's Welcome. He was the voice behind every World Series and Heavyweight Championship match and was as much at home slinging puns with Ed Wynn. Remember?



2. Now gone, he was the Arthur Godfrey of his day. A local New York station has acquired a series of his old transcriptions and his magic personality is again catching on. Veteran radio fans will remember his famous signature, "Good evenin' folks," and his low, mellow, basso rendition of popular songs. A former vaudeville star, his off-stage name was Harry Frankel.

### Answers:

1. *Graham McNamee.* 2. *Singin' Sam.*

**PHEW! HAVE I  
BEEN RUSHED SINCE  
I PUT UP THAT SIGN!**



**RADIO  
SERVICE**

SYLVANIA RADIOTUBES  
Authorized Dealer

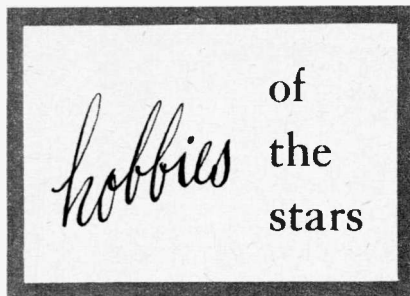
SIGN OF  
DEPENDABLE  
RADIO SERVICE

Yes, the radio serviceman who displays the Sylvania sign is a busy fellow, these days. Why? Because most of the people around town count on him to keep their radios in top shape. You see, they know he's depend-

able, a skilled and careful workman who does the job that's needed at a price that's fair. He eliminates guess work from his job by using super-sensitive Sylvania testing devices to track down trouble spots. He uses Sylvania radio tubes (the finest sound receivers in the world) to assure you of more enjoyable listening. When your radio needs fixing, follow the crowd to the Sylvania sign of dependable radio service!

**SYLVANIA RADIOTUBES**  
PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.





**C**OLMAN WOOD is one of those gifted people who make their living in one profession, but have talent to spare for a second very lucrative and satisfying occupation.

Colman, who plays Brad Boyden, rejected suitor but devoted friend of "Rosemary" on the CBS daytime serial, has developed so much skill at his hobby of interior decorating that he has been asked to "do" some twelve apartments and has turned down numerous other assignments.

The New York apartment which Colman rented four years ago gave him his first opportunity to apply himself seriously to his hobby. His creative imagination and persistent search, through the years, for decorative objects have made of it a veritable "gem" of a home.

"It was like a cracker box set on end," says Colman, describing the living room. The ceiling is eleven feet high and the room is twelve by fifteen feet; the walls were deadwhite plaster.

One of Colman's first acts was to rip out the radiator which, he says, ruined the decor of the room; sufficient heat for the entire two-and-one-half room apartment is generated by the radiator in the tiny bedroom and the pipe in the bathroom. The walls were painted a turquoise blue; the curtains are of the same color.

Going to work on the closet doors, Colman ripped out the panels and had shadow boxes installed; these doors are one of the most intriguing aspects of the room. A huge drum was converted into a coffee table; since the picture shown was taken the drum has been split in two so that it serves a double purpose as table and book shelf. The lamp on the table was made from one of (Continued on page 63)



For a complete story on this month's cover star turn to page 15.



#### Check Back Issues, Please

To The Editor: I have written several times to RADIO BEST in an appeal for Dinah Shore and no luck because I think Editors play favorites. I am so sick of opening RADIO BEST and having either Doris Day's blond hair blind me or Jo Stafford's phony smile beaming page wide.

As for wonderful Dinah Shore, the only real singer of the woman warblers, you need opera glasses to see the miniature snaps of her. Some times she is simply and, I believe, purposely left aside.

I hate to jump to conclusions, but for an outstanding artist such as Dinah, there must be a reason or two for neglecting her.

GRACE GILLESPIE  
Orange, Massachusetts

#### We Want Jolson!

To The Editor: The news that Al Jolson is going to quit radio has struck me like a thunderbolt. What now? Al only makes movies once every 2 years and that's too long to wait. If he quits radio I'll just have to get an album of Al Jolson records out and play my phonograph.

Please, Mr. Jolson, don't quit radio. \$700 a week to you may not be much (after taxes) but don't leave your fans down. I wish Hollywood would re-release some of your old movies too. I'm saying goodbye with the fact that I can never have enough of Al Jolson.

MRS. J. KNACK  
Oshkosh, Wisc.

#### Battle of the Baritones

To The Editor: In your August issue some fan said, "Who would have the audacity to call guys like Gordon MacRae, Dick Haymes and Vic Damone singers." Well I would like to remind that person that everyone has their own taste, and I know that a lot of people agree with me that Gordon MacRae, Vic Damone and Dick Haymes are some of the top singers. I think Al Jolson is very good, but so, and even better, are Gordon MacRae, Vic Damone and others.

ELLA PARISEAN  
Andover, Mass.

#### The Hamyes Story

To The Editor: I have just read WHO PUT THE HEX ON HAYMES in the June issue of RADIO BEST and because of the nasty things the writer of the article said about Dick I decided to not only show it to Bob McCord, Dick's secretary and pal, but also to Nora Eddington Flynn. They both read it, but no comments were made to me.

For the past seven years I have been a Dick Haymes fan. I feel that I am just as competent to speak about Dick Haymes, the man, as the writer of the article. I have met Dick several times. He is one of the most sincere men I have ever met. If he likes a person he never fails to let them know, but on the other hand he loses friends by not treating people he dislikes like many people think he should. Perhaps

this is his worst fault.

For a long time Dick's fans have wanted to see him in a dramatic part. After watching him sing "Ole Man River," we are all convinced that Dick is a fine actor. Maybe he isn't another Ronald Coleman, but what's Guy Madison's excuse?

As for Dick's future, it looks pretty bright. He is now gaining many more fans while he is on tour. He expects to make a picture in Austria, and when he returns to Hollywood he will most likely get his own program again. His records are selling very well because Dick's fans have never forgotten him. We still picture Dick as being a devoted father. He didn't win a plaque for being "Father of the Year" a couple of years ago for no reason.

I can write a book about Dick, but you must think that this letter is too long already. All I have to say is that Dick is one of the nicest fellows I have ever met. Rather than say fame has gone to his head why doesn't Mr. Friedman say that Dick was thoroughly disgusted about his last two screen roles. If Dick would have let fame go to his head, it would have gone there about five years ago, when Dick was one of the four good singers who existed.

To you, Mr. Friedman, I must say that I was thoroughly disgusted after reading that nasty article about Dick Haymes, a man who has quite a few friends. I can name quite a few if you would like me to.

HARRIET WASSER  
Bronx, New York

• I think your story on Dick Haymes was disgusting. I am not the only one with that opinion either. I have always enjoyed reading your magazine and was especially happy to hear you had an article on Dick Haymes, but when I read it, I was deeply hurt. If the author really thinks Dick Haymes is on his way out, why does he break box office records everywhere he goes? Why did they pay him \$12,500 a week at the Roxy? How come he of all crooners makes the most royalties on records? How come he has 9000 fan clubs and thousands more fans? These and many more reasons are why Dick Haymes will always be on top of the list of people in show business. So until the author Mr. Friedman and yourself, Mr. Bogley, have apologized publicly to Mr. Dick Haymes, and his fans, for writing and publishing this article, you have lost all the members of the "Dick Haymes Official Fan Club" as readers of your magazine.

MARY JANE KENNY  
Forest Hills, N.Y.

#### My Man Godfrey

To The Editor: Why didn't you run a FAVORITE DAYTIME PROGRAM and FAVORITE VARIETY PROGRAM in your Report from the National Listeners' Panel? I know who would have won on both counts—Arthur Godfrey's daytime show and Arthur Godfrey's Monday night Talent Scout show. (Continued on page 8)

Ving Merlin's all-girl orchestra and vocalist Gail Meredith contribute feminine charm to WPIX "Enchanted Strings."



*Girls will be*  
**girls**  
even on television

New York's lively television station, WPIX, has established once and for all that nothing, but nothing can replace the enchanting charm of feminine grace. That's why you'll find thousands of New Yorkers tuned to the three WPIX shows that suitably reflect the natural talents of the palatable weaker sex.

Mixed with the delightful playing of songs and music. There's "Enchanted Strings" under the baton of Ving Merlin and starring gorgeous Gail Meredith who can sing and wear gowns with equal grace. Ed Sullivan, the nationally famous Broadway columnist, contributes his own selection of beautiful gals on his feature program "Little Old New York." And on Saturday nights, a show especially designed for the living room audience, WPIX presents a full hour of fun, gags and glamorous gals on "Four Star Showcase," a screen-full of entertainment.

The popularity of the WPIX shows proves one fundamental point. Girls will be girls in great demand.



Ed Sullivan, newspaper columnist and master of ceremonies of "Little Old New York," surrounded by bathing beauties; singer Ruth Petty (right) was guest star.



Announcer John Tillman measures leg of model Lola Montez on "Four Star."

## letters to the editor

He's absolutely tops on the air for anybody's listening.

MRS. W. L. ALLEN  
Beloit, Wisconsin

### Where's Gary?

To The Editor: I have read your magazine RADIO BEST every month. I was very glad to read that you are going to print a picture of the stars from various daytime serials.

The person I would like to see is Gary Merrill who plays the part of Miles Nelson on The Right to Happiness. I haven't heard him on that program or any other since last year. Could you please tell me why he isn't on? He is my favorite actor. I have started an album of the various daytime serials and collected information about each star.

DELORES TAMBURRI  
Corona, N.Y.

### More on Heidt

To The Editor: In answer to the complaint of Mrs. H. K. Stump in your June issue, I would like to rectify the remark she made about Dick Contino. In the first place, the difficulty between Dick and Mr. Heidt was not at all like the newspapers made it out to be. It was not a suit, but a misunderstanding, which has been settled peaceably and to the satisfaction of all involved. There are no hard feelings between Dick and Mr. Heidt, so why should Mrs. Stump hold a grudge? Whether she is interested in Dick anymore or not, there were thousands waiting to welcome him back on the air with open arms and those same thousands are helping his stage show break records in every city it has played during its current tour. . . . So Mrs. Stump is very much in the minority there.

MARGIE CLAY  
Toledo, Ohio

• Everyone is entitled to his say so I thought I would write this letter, representing my club, expressing my opinion and criticism on one of your articles.

I refer to the article in your recent issue of RADIO BEST, "Truth About Talent Opportunity Programs," by Paul Denis. Although Mr. Denis does not come right out, he insinuates that Horace Heidt's show was unfair and that Dick Contino won because he was under the personal management of Horace Heidt. My club members and I beg to differ with Mr. Denis. Anyone who has seen or heard Dick knows that he won because of his talent and personality. I wonder if Mr. Denis could say the same thing after he has heard Dick play. Everyone we know who has heard Dick has nothing but praise of the talent Dick possesses. I hope you will have an article, in the very near future, that is favorable to Dick.

MARY JEAN YAMAJI  
DICK CONTINO LOVERS

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

# LISTENERS' PANEL REPORT

Survey reveals favorite give-away programs,  
lists each show's weekly loot  
in prizes and cash.

Here's the lineup of network give-away programs.

American Broadcasting Co.		Mutual Broadcasting System	
Program	Per Week	Program	Per Week
Stop the Music.....	\$ 7,500	Queen for a Day.....	\$13,500
Kate Smith Calls.....	2,250	Take a Number.....	6,000
Bride and Groom.....	2,000	Meet Your Match.....	6,000
Chance of a Lifetime.....	1,600	Man on the Farm.....	3,000
Break the Bank.....	1,300	Fishing and Hunting Club.....	2,500
Betty Crocker Magazine.....	600	Life Begins at Eighty.....	1,250
Ladies Be Seated.....	500	Quick as a Flash.....	850
Name the Movie.....	200	True or False.....	500
Breakfast in Hollywood.....	150	Juvenile Jury.....	500
Add a Line.....	125	Tell Your Neighbor.....	450
Jay Stewart's Fun Fair.....	100	Can You Top This?.....	125
Johnny Olsen's Get Together.....	100	Twenty Questions.....	75
Shopper's Special.....	50		
<b>Total per week.....</b>	<b>\$16,475</b>	<b>Total per week.....</b>	<b>\$34,750</b>

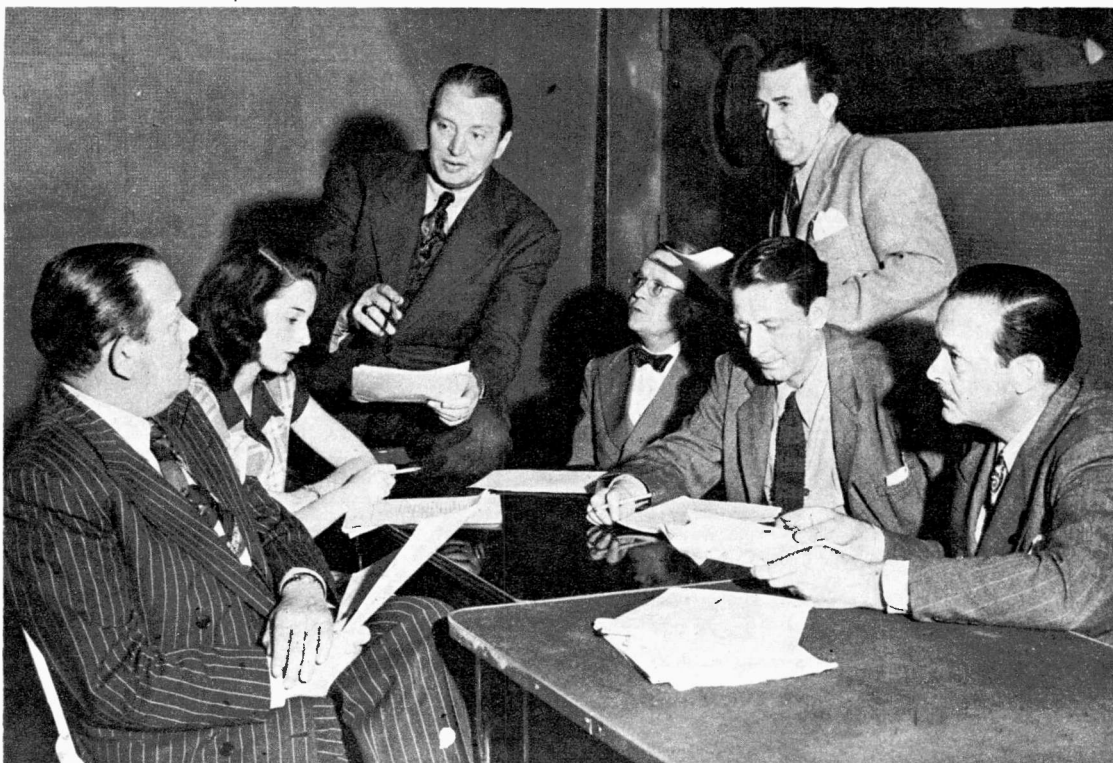
Columbia Broadcasting System		National Broadcasting Co.	
Program	Per Week	Program	Per Week
Sing It Again.....	\$ 5,500	Hollywood Calling.....	\$10,000
Hit the Jackpot.....	5,000	People Are Funny.....	4,000
Spin To Win.....	5,000	Dr. IQ.....	2,250
Bob Hawk Show.....	4,000	Truth or Consequences.....	1,850
Grand Slam.....	3,650	Double or Nothing.....	1,750
Beat the Clock.....	3,000	Quiz Kids.....	1,500
Winner Take All.....	2,000	Take It or Leave It.....	1,000
Give and Take.....	1,700	Welcome Travelers.....	600
Groucho Marx.....	1,350		
House Party.....	1,000		
<b>Total per week.....</b>	<b>\$32,200</b>	<b>Total per week.....</b>	<b>\$22,950</b>



The RADIO BEST Listeners' Panel was asked to name their favorite "give-away" programs. Here's how the list stacked up in order of popularity.

1. Stop The Music
2. Break The Bank
3. Twenty Questions
4. Grand Slam
5. Hollywood Calling
6. Take It or Leave It
7. Groucho Marx
8. Winner Take All
9. Double or Nothing
10. Truth or Consequences





George W. Allen has been producer-director of "The Whistler" for the past five and - one - half years. At left, he checks a script with members of his cast—except the actor who plays the title role; his identity is kept a secret.

# "I AM THE WHISTLER"

He makes listeners think,  
 "There but for the grace of God . . . ."



When you're dealing with a semi-omniscient prober "The Whistler," with a dash of inescapable justice added, you've taken on a man-sized problem.

That's what George W. Allen did when he took over the production chore on the Columbia Pacific Network program in 1944. For the past five and a half years Allen has personally produced and directed the program that begins with an eerie whistle and the insinuating "I am 'The Whistler.' And I know many things, for I walk by night."

"The Whistler" has become a personal problem-child for Allen. The producer's two prime production rules—that the "Whistler" can narrate but not motivate plot, and that the script must be plausible—have made the problem of getting suitable stories a monumental one.

However, since May, 1942, when the first broadcast was made from the KNX, Los Angeles studios, 384 scripts have been used. And these were selected from the more than 9,600 stories submitted to Allen's office.

Allen, his staff, and E. C. Bloodworth, representative of the Barton A. Stebbins agency, have regularly sched-

uled meetings where they read through the 60-odd scripts sent to KNX, Columbia Square each month, and select those for further consideration.

Allen, who is Western Program Director for Columbia in addition to being keeper of "The Whistler," wants every broadcast to make listeners say to themselves, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." He wants every auditor to identify himself with what's going on. The consistently high rating of the show proves he hits his target every Sunday night.

Although the identity of "The Whistler" has never been revealed, there's nothing top secret about the radio actors who have been cast for the show. Many "Whistler" alumni have found the program the shortest distance between a microphone and a motion picture camera.

Announcer Marvin Miller has appeared in more than fourteen movies. Howard Duff was a frequent "Whistler" actor before starring on his own program and becoming a movie star. Bill Conrad, consistent villain on the program, plays similar roles on the screen.

# hollywood

OFF

THE

AIR



Cary Grant and Shirley Temple play game of gin rummy just before curtain call on CBS' "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer" on Lux show.

Perennial gagster Rosalind Russell (below left) "sets up" a candid while Zachery Scott and Rhoda Williams aid and abet. Trio played on Lux show.



## News Digest

Mitzi Green may have her own TV show soon, called, "Manhattan Mary" . . . Gary Cooper is considering a weekly dramatic radio series . . . Barbara Whiting, little sister of Maggie, returned from her first New York trip with "goo-goo" eyes . . . Consensus among ad-men is that radio has five good years before television moves in lock-stock and barrel . . . Frank Sinatra clicking as a disc jockey via MBS . . . The American "giveaway" program craze has spread across the Pacific to both Radio Tokyo with its 46 stations and the Korean Broadcasting System with its 11 stations . . . Bing Crosby, the disc jockey, spins records by Sinatra, Como, Damone, etc. . . that's what makes Bing great . . . Cathy Lewis returns in her original role as Jane in "My Friend Irma" . . . Judy Canova is reported to be getting \$8000 a week for her Fall radio show, compared with \$11,000 last year . . . Jack Benny has set a tentative starting date



Liltin' Martha Tilton clowns with Reno Browne, Queen of the Westerns during her recent west coast stage appearance.



Irene Dunne and James Mason exchange family pictures during a rehearsal lull of show, "Anna and King of Siam."

this month for his bi-monthly TV show via CBS . . . Sidney Greenstreet will play the title role in Columbia's movie version of radio's popular "Fat Man" series.

### Seen and Heard

Abe Burrows has written a Whit-taker Chambers song, "She Thought I Was Just A Country Bumpkin, Till I Showed Her The Microfilms In My Pumpkin". . . Tears have won every-thing for women from mink coats to marriage certificates, according to Spencer Tracy. And it's about time, he pleads, that men took advantage of nature's most potent weapon. P.S. . . . Spencer weeps in "Adam's Rib" his new MGM picture with Kate Hepburn . . . Beautiful Loretta Young is quietly awaiting the arrival of her fourth child which Sir Stork has scheduled for a Spring appearance. Loretta's doctor ordered her to take it easy since she collapsed on the "Key to the City" movie set last month.



Morton Downey returns on S.S. America in time to resume his Coca Cola show.



Fibber McGee and Molly as they posed for first Fall program.



# hollywood OFF THE AIR

First job Arthur Godfrey had was as an office boy in architect's office when he was 15. He then became a dishwasher.

Virginia Bruce, the lovely-to-look-at motion picture and radio star started her Hollywood career at Paramount at the magnificent sum of \$25 per week.

"Lux Radio Theatre" now in its 15th Anniversary Season, is the second oldest commercial program on the CBS network.

Gabriel Heatter is a graduate of the New York University School of Law.

The Great Helen Hayes is but five feet tall.

Garry Moore, the "Haircut" started his radio career as a continuity writer with one of the local stations in his home town.

Jack Benny and wife Mary Livingstone have been stage and radio partners for nigh on to 20 years.

NBC's Dave Garroway, the tall, handsome, brown-haired giant, prefers blondes to other femme colors.

Vic Damone, star of The Pet Milk Show is an expert handball player as well as a serious student of music.

CBS star Bing Crosby (Born Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.) got tagged Bing as a kid because he was crazy over comic strip, "Bingville Bugle."

Doris Day started singing after an automobile accident ended a promising dancing career.

Carmen Dragon, famed musical director, childhood ambition was to be a doctor.

Baritone Nelson Eddy is a descendant of President Martin Van Buren.

Vaughn Monroe signed the Moon Maids quartet, sight unseen, for his Camel Caravan series. A single audition record did the trick.

At the ripe old age of 12, Woody Herman made his stage debut as "The Boy Wonder of the Clarinet," playing five shows a week while attending grammar school.



Fred Mac Murray and diminutive radio actor Anthony Boris rehearse script.



Ava Gardner awaits cue for "Exit Linda Davis" role on Prudential Hour show.



June Allyson, emcee George Murphy and Walter Pidgeon, during debut of radio's new give-away-show, "Hollywood Is Calling." Show made its bow just before FCC ban.

## Famous Sayings:

"Once upon a time," says vivacious Lisa Kirk, "back in the good old days, a girl who heard a naughty story, blushed at it. Today, the gal does her darndest to memorize it."

Earl Wilson says he overheard this at Santa Monica: A girl turned to a fellow and said: "Give me a Kleenex." He said, "You mean Kleenex." She said, "No, I only want one."

At a recent Hollywood party Groucho Marx was introduced to a stately woman. At first glance Groucho said, "I could dance with you until the

cows come home." At second glance, he said, "I think I'll dance with the cows until you come home."

Howard Duff, quickly becoming the nation's favorite among ardent movie fans, is making no secret of his romance with gorgeous Ava Gardner. Cooling one minute and warming up the next often indicates serious intentions.

Dr. Blake Wason, a top obstetrician who delivered Rita Hayworth's daughter, Rebecca, is now in Cannes, residence of the Aga Khan. You write the rest. (Continued on page 71)

# seat at the dial

by Saul Carson



The autumn is here. . . . November: Season of the leaves that are sere—and the seers who leave their television sets wondering whether all the brain and the marrow that had gone into that gadget were worthy of the result. . . . November: The season is set, but what does the set offer—either on radio or TV? . . . November: And the harassed reviewer, with at least fifty-two sets of program notes staring at him, each demanding critical evaluation, turns to prayer. He remembers the second greatest prayer ever voiced on the air (first place will probably be held forever by Franklin Delano Roosevelt's reverent words, spoken on D-Day), Norman Corwin's closing narration for "On a Note of Triumph"—and his lips mumble in paraphrase:

Lord God of iconscope and lens  
Who manipulates the zoomar and the synch  
And gave us the kinscope to improve upon the audeon tube and Armstrong's FM—  
Deliver notice to the makers of thirteen-week cycles,  
And to those who build programs send the word;  
Press into the counting rooms a semblance of conscience,  
And unto veepees a vestige of verisimilitude;  
Give unto their bodies hearts and unto brains a knowledge not wholly arithmetical,  
That they may count without Hooper slide rule  
The value of public service, convenience and necessity  
And give us shows not entirely synthetical.

And having counted his aches, the reviewer digs into his listening-looking

log. How many of these programs will last beyond November? How many of those pre-tested during the summer months were worth lasting? Let's take a look at some, starting for the nonce with television.

## Kukla, Fran & Ollie

Monday-Friday, 7-7:30 p.m.



Burr Tilstrom, the Chicago puppeteer, took a vacation. A sad little piece of youthful impudence took his place. But Tilstrom is back now, and his program is still the most ingratiating on the air.

There is no one who could possibly handle Tilstrom's personnel with the nonchalance and warmth given them by Frances Allison, the "Fran" of the program (in case you are interested, she is also the "Aunt Fanny" on ABC radio's noisy "Breakfast Club" every morning). Miss Allison is a pal of all of Tilstrom's family, from the wise little Kukla, to the sweetest dragon on earth, bearing the name of Ollie, to a group of others like Mercedes, Beulah Witch, Madame Ooglepuss, and the twittering Cecil-Bill.

If you haven't yet made acquaintance of the people who work with "Fran" on the program, you better hurry. You're missing a lot of fun.

## Howdy Doody

Monday-Friday, 5:30-6 p.m.



Bob Smith's versatile piece of wood, Howdy Doody, didn't even take a vacation. Smith did, but Howdy stayed on. However, Smith is needed on that show, and his return brought it back to normal.

Smith has added a number of characters—a Mr. Bluster, an Inspector, and others who help carry along the proceedings in the Smith "circus." Clarabelle is still there, squirting seltzer into Smith's



Norman Brokenshire (right) is guest of ehncee Robert St. John on "Believe It Or Not," show based on Ripley items.



Howdy Doody, star of Bob Smith's show, sits on his friend's shoulder but never fails to keep his eye on the camera.

eyes and making a nuisance out of herself (or his self—I suppose I never will be sure about the sex of that clown!). Here's another show sure to remain, and it should.

## Mr. I. Magination

Sundays, 7:30-7:55 p.m.



A chap named Paul Tripp—he sings, he acts, he smiles and you smile with him—runs this program. Compared to the others, listed above, it is new. But it should be around a long time.

Tripp lets his kid visitors imagine what they would like to be—and where—and in what century. Then he "takes" them there. Result: Re-enactment of historic scenes, interesting visits to far-away geographical places, and always charming songs and imaginative dialog, sometimes accompanied by guest singers or dancers or musicians. You must see this one, to appreciate it.

this month's  
disc jockey



## Meet LeRoy Miller

He's WFIL's early morning emcee, in his 14th year of broadcasting in Philadelphia. In that time he has risen from a \$20 a week staff announcer to one of the highest paid radio personalities in the city. His morning program has developed from a 15-minute sustaining show into an hour and three quarters of sponsored time (7:00 a.m.-8:45 a.m.).

The "LeRoy Miller Club" has an active membership of 5,000 fans, who would rather hear LeRoy before breakfast than anyone else on the air. In one year at WFIL LeRoy received more than 10,000 pieces of mail.

Like almost everyone else in radio LeRoy got his break by accident rather than design. After graduation from high school in Elizabethtown, Pa., he formed a three-piece band, which played for dances in nearby Lancaster. One night the local 100 watt station needed a program when the orchestra they had scheduled didn't appear. In desperation they threw a line into the ballroom where LeRoy and his two cronies were "beating it out," and, against their better judgment, introduced a new orchestra.

On those first broadcasts LeRoy played the piano, doubled on the saxophone, and tripled as emcee—very much a la Ben Bernie. After two broadcasts the station manager called him in. "Miller," he intoned, "you have a good radio voice and talent for ad lib, but will you please forget you ever heard of Ben Bernie."

It wasn't long before the station needed a part-time announcer to do two afternoon shows. That suited LeRoy because his ice business in Elizabethtown kept him busy in the morning and unemployed in the afternoon. In that day and age, having your  
(Continued on page 61)



## Ruthie on The Telephone

Every night, except Wednesday, 7:55 p.m.

Did you notice, above, that the program lasts only 25 minutes. That's because five minutes have been shaved off to give us TV's first daily cartoon strip. Principal on it is Miss Ruth Gilbert.

If you remember Robert Q. Lewis's zany antics when he first came to CBS radio a couple of years ago, you may recall that Lewis's program would be frequently interrupted by a girl named Ruthie. She would telephone him (although she had never seen him) and in plaintive Brooklynese she would demand his attention. Ruthie would always insist that her would-be lover must not oppose her: "Don't fight it, it's bigger than both of us." The girl who played that "spot" was Miss Ruth Gilbert. The man who invented the routine, and wrote it, was Goodman Ace, one of our foremost genuine wits connected with broadcasting.

Now Ace has put Ruthie, with her "don't fight it," into this quickie program, six nights a week. As of this writing, the show is still a bit ragged at the edges. For one thing, Ruthie has little time—since a full minute, of the five, must go to a commercial. Nevertheless, she furnishes an amusing interlude. And if there is any craftsman in comedy capable of evolving the television cartoon, it's Ace.

## Mama

Friday, 8 p.m.

Willy-nilly, the television program

called "Mama" gets itself set down in the class of "The Goldbergs." Both of these are on CBS, and both deal with family life. There are differences, however—and the differences are more than matters of accent (since "The Goldbergs" speak with Bronx-like Jewish inflection, while "Mama" is Scandinavian). "The Goldbergs" are of things that happen today; "Mama" is of the long ago, dating back to a period of forty years ago or thereabouts. But in one respect, "Mama" is like the other play—it is sure-fire success.

Kathryn Forbes had written a novel called "Mama's Bank Account." It was the story of a lovely woman, who was capable of running the household, including husband and children, on earnings that were pitifully low. Mama made the earnings ample by her expert management; she managed not only pennies but also tempers and attitudes and family hopes and the family destiny. In other words, she was simply the ideal mother—and you can see that kind of story could be terribly gushy unless it is handled with great care.

Miss Forbes' story was transferred to the stage, where it became a lovely play called "I Remember Mama." On the stage, those pitfalls of sentimentality and gush were avoided. From Broadway, "Mama" went into the movies. Now here it is on television—and those pitfalls are being avoided again through the sensible collaboration of scripter Frank Gabrielson, director Ralph Nelson, star Peggy Wood and a cast trained to do the course in par.

Miss Wood as "Mama" has just the correct balance. (Continued on page 67)



The Halsey family—Doris Singleton, Billie Burke, Harry VonZell and Johnny McGovern—is always curious even though it's sure to be "Chicken Every Sunday"

# Dumbness is her business

## Marie Wilson struck gold with Irma

by Helen McNamara

**S**TARTLING as it may seem, there is a very strong bond between Marie Wilson and Boris Karloff. They do not look alike (Karloff wears his hair differently), they do not act alike.

But ever since Marie became famous as "My Friend Irma," the blonde whose beauty and lack of brains are equally obvious, her friends have been telling strangers that she's really not dumb at all. Karloff's friends feel likewise constrained to tell everyone that he's absolutely harmless.

Her friends' concern for her reputation is understandable. Her face has the innocent, wide-eyed expression of a little girl and as she speaks, in a high-pitched voice that sounds as if it had not quite matured, she smiles, shyly. She offers her opinions rather hesitantly. The truth of the matter is that if (Continued on page 17)





Marie Wilson holds candle and Cathy Lewis lights it as producer, actors and writers celebrate friend Irma's second birthday.



Cathy Lewis, who portrays "Jane," producer Cy Howard, and "My Friend Irma" herself during pause in rehearsal.



Marie Wilson and husband Allan Nixon with her pet terrier, Pat, who accompanies his blonde mistress wherever she goes



# Marie Wilson

she "ain't"  
so dumb

Marie were not so smart she wouldn't act so dumb. Her public wants and expects to see Irma in the flesh and Marie obligingly acts the flutter-brain.

"My friends mean well," says Marie, "but I'm always afraid the idea—that I'm not dumb, you know—will get over and I'll lose my job."

Away from her public, of course, she tries to be herself and to keep as far as possible from her good friend (literally), Irma. "That's gold," she says of her radio role, "and I don't want to draw on it."

The difficulties involved in such a Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde situation would be a strain on anyone but Marie. Most people would find it annoying to have any remark, indicating the faintest gleam of intelligence, greeted with surprise.

When she goes into a strange building, she receives instructions—to "step up here" and "walk over there"—that would be superfluous with a child of six. An announcement that "rehearsals are 7:30" is usually considered sufficient for anyone who has been in show business for more than ten years, but Marie is always reminded that "you must bring your make-up."

"They even tell me to come in the door and shut it behind me," she remarks, plaintively but without visible annoyance.

But nature was kind to Marie Wilson. Too kind! It endowed her not only with a beautiful frame of the hour-glass variety but a disposition that has remained unruffled in the face of insults to her intelligence and set-backs to her career.

Marie was born in Anaheim, California. Her father, a wealthy real estate operator and orange grower, who died when she was about five years old, left her a trust fund of some \$11,000 which (Continued on page 73)



Hans Conreid as  
Professor Kropotkin

Gloria Gordon  
as Mrs. O'Reilly



John Brown  
is "Al, honey"



Lud Gluskin  
is musical director



At second birthday party, Margaret Whiting, of CBS' "Club 15", and Marie congratulate producer Howard who looks much happier about it than Allan Nixon.

with **EZIO PINZA'S** success on Broadway,  
youth becomes a handicap  
to masculine actors

by Harriet Evans

# love begins after 50

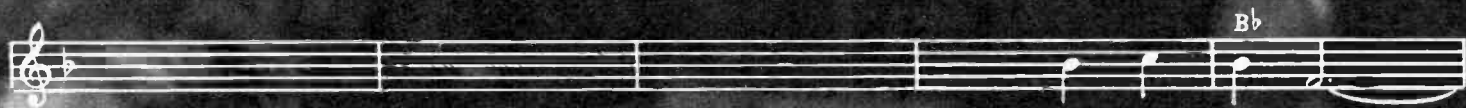


Pinza as his own charming self,  
as Mephisto in the  
opera "Faust" and as Emile de Becque  
(opposite page),  
with Mary Martin in "South Pacific."

Americans have a reputation as hero worshippers and no one is surprised when a crowd collects in the hope of catching a glimpse of General Eisenhower, Professor Einstein or Arturo Toscanini. Their crowns are secure, although the heads they rest on are bald or grey-haired.

But standards are different for the masculine stars of the entertainment world; and the "hero" who enjoys feminine admiration, whether handsome, virile or supremely suave, is always young enough to warrant the merest teen-ager's fancying him as a mate.

So when Ezio Pinza, who admits to being over fifty, became overnight a matinee idol of the type that excites supposedly "dangerous" thoughts in the minds of women from the bobby-soxer to the grandmother, standards were hastily (*Continued on page 20*)



*... an enchanting evening*



# EZIO PINZA

the new matinee idol  
slips easily into the role of  
husband and father



Children bring out all the good humor in Pinza's personality. Here he explains the intricacies of a toy steamboat to his two children, Pietro and Clelia; and below, he is shown in a gay mood with two children in the cast of "South Pacific."



revised. Reports that swooning females are cluttering the aisles of the theatre where "South Pacific" is playing are undoubtedly exaggerated. Even though a woman, who had lived happily with her husband for twenty-five years, threw the corned beef and cabbage at him one night after seeing the musical, she may merely have been suffering from indigestion.

But Pinza is undoubtedly the sensation of the season on Broadway. Opera lovers, who had seen and heard him for twenty-three years, were not surprised but millions of women, acquainted only with the voice they heard on the radio, suddenly discovered a new "Great Lover." As such, he has given a shot in the arm to the middle-aged man. Although the halo around the (Continued on page 72)



At left, Mr. and Mrs. Pinza enjoy a work-out at the swings. Above, the family watches as the singer mixes a salad dressing.



The singer looks very much the country squire as he leans against the fireplace in his home.



Clelia takes an admiring look at a huge album of clippings about her famous father. Pietro, a little ham at heart, mugs for the cameraman.

A selfish woman triumphs,



1. Dr. Malone's happiness is obvious as he signals for a taxi on New York's Park Avenue. Just arrived in the big city with Anne, he is looking forward to his new job at the Institute of Rural Research. Anne, who was reluctant to leave Three Oaks, hopes he'll not be disappointed.

briefly, in her attempt to break up Anne Malone's marriage

# Young Dr. MALONE

"YOUNG Dr. Malone" is the story of Anne Malone and her husband, Jerry—a young couple caught up and divided by the stress of modern living. In this picture story, the roles are portrayed by the actors you hear on the air:

Anne Malone... Barbara Weeks

Jerry Malone... Sandy Becker

Lucia Standish... Elspeth Eric

Milton Pike... Frank Berens

The program is heard on NBC,  
Monday through Friday,  
at 5:15 p.m., EST.

2. Lucia Standish, the rich and charming young woman who wields great power at the Institute, takes a personal interest in the new member of the staff. Knowing they are seeking a home, she shows the couple a house being sold at a low price. Anne wonders why it is so cheap.





3. Sensing that Jerry is annoyed at her skeptical attitude, Anne leaves him for a walk in the fresh country air. When Milton Pike, a neighborhood real estate man, engages her in conversation, she tells him about the house and the amazingly low price. He laughs and says, "Of course, Mrs. Standish can get it for you cheap. That's her property."



4. When she returns to the house, Anne tells Jerry what Mr. Pike had said. It seems very strange, she points out, that Mrs. Standish should make any great financial sacrifice for them. Could she be trying to bribe Jerry for some reason? He's disturbed and insists they immediately see Lucia, because he can't believe that she would lie to him and Anne.



5. Confronting Mrs. Standish in her home, Jerry tells her of what Anne had heard. If the house is hers, he cannot allow her to sacrifice its value, he says; it would put him under great obligation to her. Not at all disconcerted, she denies that the house belongs to her and adds, "You know how local characters talk. After all, why should I lie to you?"

## Young Dr. MALONE



6. Lucia then excuses herself for a moment and, in another room, calls Mr. Pike. She offers him one thousand dollars if he will deny the statement he made to Anne about her house. He does not like to accept the bribe but, aware of her power, he finally agrees.

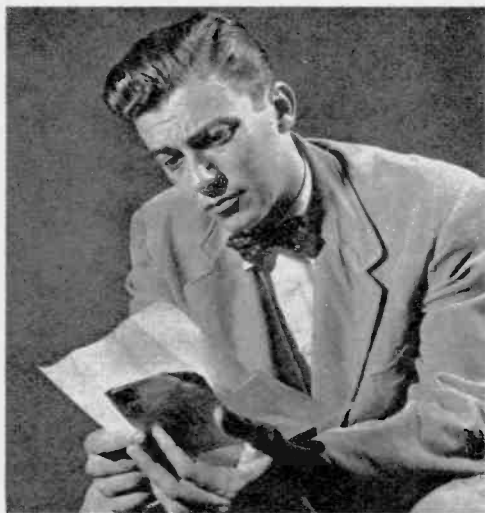




7. While Lucia watches, an innocent expression on her face, Mr. Pike denies having said that the lovely house belongs to her. Anne is bewildered but as Mr. Pike repeats his lie, her suspicions of Lucia are confirmed. Somehow she senses that Lucia is trying to win Jerry by giving him the impression that Anne is deliberately maligning a woman who wants to help him. She is tormented by the thought that Jerry does not trust her.



8. Knowing that relations between Jerry and Anne are strained, Lucia calls on Jerry in his office and cleverly manages to turn the conversation on Anne. Her subtle remarks give Jerry the idea that Anne is jealous, and inclined to distort innocent statements.



9. Shocked and very disturbed, Jerry reads Anne's message: she has returned to Three Oaks. Anne made the decision only after she realized she was helpless, that Jerry has been deceived by a wilful, unscrupulous woman who wants to win him away from Anne.

10. Delighted that Anne has left him, Lucia (right) redoubles her efforts to win Jerry's love. Although he misses Anne, he will not admit it and he occasionally takes Lucia to dinner. Apparently triumphant, she does not know that her schemes cannot destroy the kind of love that binds Jerry and Anne.





Mrs. Patrick Shelley let out a healthy scream when she "Hit The Jackpot" for the tune of \$17,000. Co-producer Mark Goodson helped absorb shock.

(Below) as a confident contestant called from the audience, Margaret Shelley gingerly ascends stage oblivious of great moment shown in above photo.



# the joys AND SORROWS of a **JACKPOT WINNER**

by Harry Edwards

One of the big useful prizes was this handsome car parked just outside of the CBS theatre. Here's the happy contestant shown with emcee Bill Cullen.



## \$17,000 worth of prizes are blessing and a bother to the Patrick Shelleys

**I**T'S more than a year since Mrs. Patrick Shelley hit a jackpot with an estimated value of \$17,000 and won title to an impressive but bewildering assortment of merchandise, including a trailer, sail boat, motorcycle, refrigerator, piano and diamond ring.

She has completely recovered from the excitement of that memorable day, but when she takes her twin babies for an airing, she still occasionally meets someone who will exclaim, "What a beautiful carriage! Did you win that on the program too?"

Judging from Mrs. Shelley's experiences, anyone who wins a jackpot of any sizable value on a radio program might very well resign himself to the thought that some of his friends and neighbors will, to the day of his death, write off most of his possessions as prizes, acquired by sheer good luck.

"I sometimes wonder," says Mrs. Shelley, looking at Patrick and Michael as they tumbled around in their play pen, "if people don't think the twins were some kind of prize."

And Mr. Shelley still mentions his wife's good fortune in public, if at all, only in whispers. A salesman for an

electrical manufacturing concern, he occasionally treats his customers to a drink and when the news is spread that here, in the flesh, is the husband of a "Hit the Jackpot" winner, there is nothing for it but to buy a drink for everybody in the house. It's great fun and good cheer at first, but after a few months, it's just a great strain on the pocketbook.

"You'd think we won a fortune," Mrs. Shelley says.

Actually, the prizes she won have not resulted in any great increase in the Shelleys' bank account. The trailer, with a value of \$2,850, they sold for \$1,000, and the \$800 trip to Bermuda, for \$425. This money has been set aside for the education of Pat and Mike.

But they have found no buyers for

the \$359 motorcycle, which they offered to sell for \$275; they have been advised to "hold on" to the \$1,000 cocktail wrist watch until that style of watch is in vogue again. The manufacturer of the \$1,100 sail boat has since gone bankrupt; they are hoping that he may open shop again but when they dream of the future, they do not picture themselves on the high seas in their own sailboat.

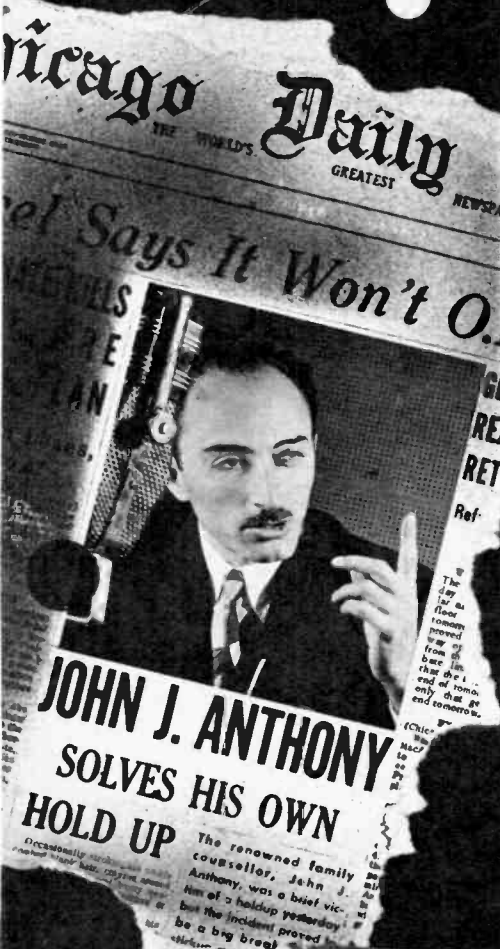
Mrs. Shelley intends to wear the \$1,500 silver fox coat, which has been appraised at \$400, but would like to sell the \$1,000 (Continued on page 63)

Three months after winning the \$17,000 jackpot Mrs. Shelley presented her husband Patrick with a "jackpot" of his own; a pair of twin boys.



# John J. Anthony says

He told me to "Shut up and keep on walking" but luckily I never learned to keep my mouth shut



ONE of the most frightening and, at the same time, gratifying incidents of my life took place in Chicago in May of 1946. I was there to do a series of broadcasts and I had been invited to visit the divorce court presided over by Judge John B. Sbarbaro as his guest. The happenings of that day in court will be covered in this column in the future, but for the present I will say that I was successful in effecting reconciliations for two couples who had sought divorce decrees. As a result of this rather unusual activity, the newspapers had a gala day on human interest stories, and my picture appeared on the front page of every paper in the city of Chicago.

It had been a very tiring day, what with my radio work, personal appearances, and the hubbub attendant on the reconciliations. My staff and I returned to our hotel at about midnight. Everyone retired to his room and I read a little while before going to bed. The night was very warm however, and after the excitement of the day, I found it difficult to fall asleep. I thought that perhaps a walk in the night air might do some good, so, at about two o'clock in the morning, I

went for a walk alone along Michigan Boulevard.

Not more than five or six blocks from my hotel, a man came up to me and before I knew what had happened, I felt a prodding in my left side and heard him muttering, through clenched teeth, "Keep walking and keep quiet. This is a stick-up."

I laughed and, as I turned, I said, "Why don't you quit clowning! What's this all about?"

At that he rather roughly pushed me toward a building and I realized that this was really on the level and not a practical joke, as I had imagined. Believe me, I am not a hero and I became thoroughly frightened as it dawned on me that I was being prodded with a gun concealed in the man's pocket. We had just about reached the entrance of one of the buildings lining the Boulevard when I had the first opportunity to see his face. It was a young face, hardly that of a hold-up man.

By this time, I had more or less collected my thoughts and I was able to say to him, "Why do you do this?"

His reply was, "Shut up. Keep going and you won't get hurt."

# "I Walked Alone"

In this column, John J. Anthony, founder and director of the famed Marital Relations Institute, will recount, for the first time, the adventures into which he has been drawn as a result of his work.

Probably more foolish than wise, I continued to talk: "Do you know who I am?"

"No," he replied, "and I don't care."

All this time I was fearful of his compelling me to enter the building we were approaching; I thought I might just as well take another chance, and I said to him, "I am John J. Anthony."

"I know," he said, "and I am the King of England."

His reply heartened me because I felt that I could reason with a man with a sense of humor. I laughed, not too gaily, and said, "But really, I am."

At that moment, someone came out of the building; my unknown companion roughly steered me toward the curb and, as luck would have it, a lighted lamppost. He looked at me, stopped in his tracks and said, "Gosh, you *are* Mr. Anthony! I saw your picture in the paper today."

I had an opening, so I followed it up quickly. "Why don't you act your age and take that silly thing out of my side? Let's talk."

"Don't preach to me, Mr. Anthony. I know just what you're going to tell me. You're going to tell me how

wrong this is, that I'm going to get caught, and everything else that goes with it. Well, I know it and I don't want to hear it."

"You're afraid to hear it," I countered.

"Yeah, that's right," he replied, "but I am also a sucker because I hear tell you're a pretty nice guy, so you keep on walking and I'll go my way."

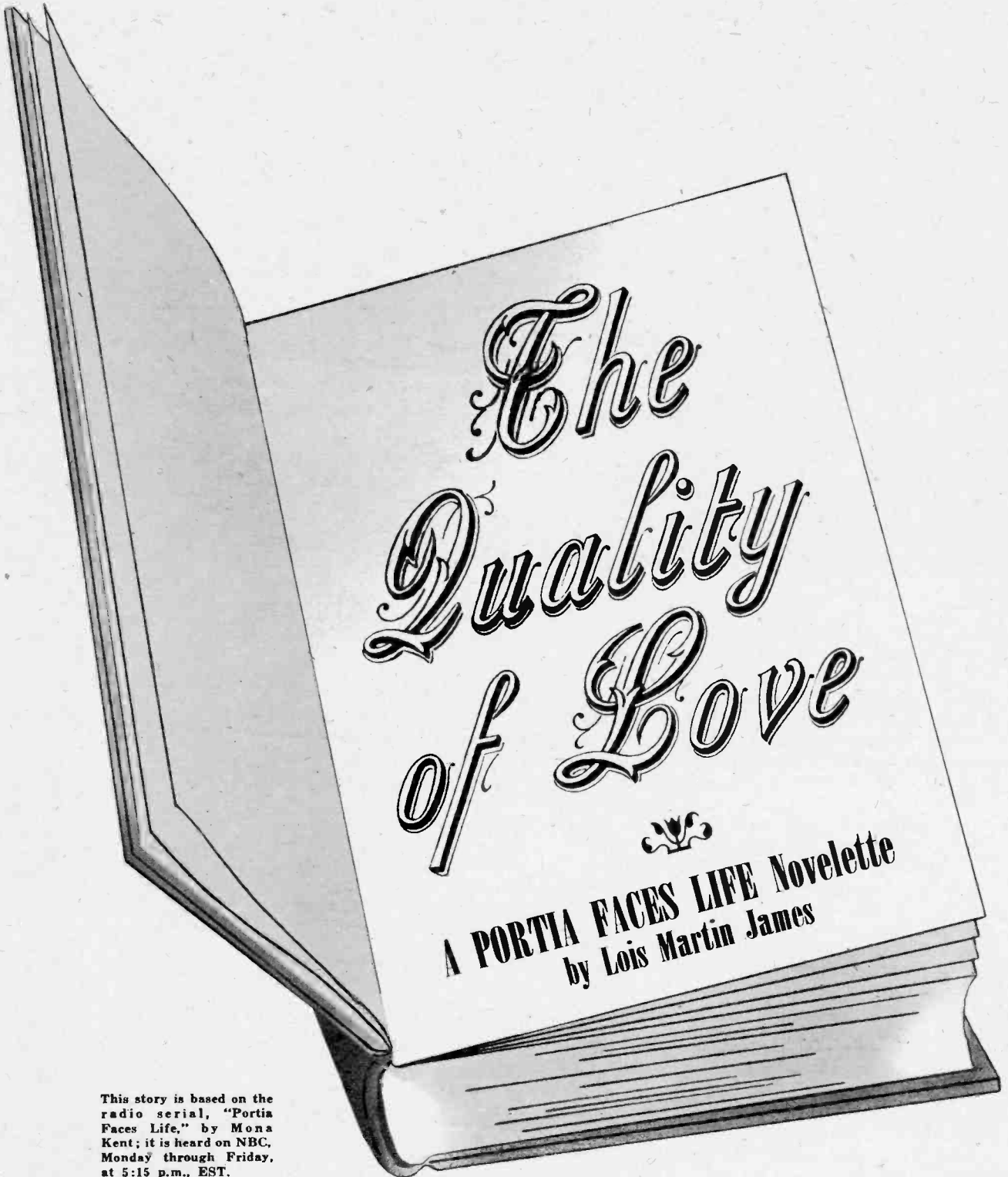
If you don't think I was relieved, believe me you are wrong. He started to walk away and, if I had had any sense, I would have run like the very devil in the opposite direction. However, things had gone very well for me that day; I felt self-confident and master of any situation that might arise. I turned and followed the hold-up man. When I caught up with him, he said, "Why don't you holler for a cop?"

"Because," I replied, "I don't think I need a cop. I need a cup of coffee. How about you?"

"What is this?" he asked. "A story book?"

(Continued on page 74)





This story is based on the radio serial, "Portia Faces Life," by Mona Kent; it is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday, at 5:15 p.m., EST.

**RADIO BEST  
READER BONUS**

*Portia's love is tested as  
never before when the death of an  
unhappy woman throws suspicion  
on Walter Manning*

**I**T BEGAN (if there was a beginning, if you could take evil as a whole and divide it neatly into sections) with the grey shadow of death. Portia Manning saw it. The hospital room in which Walter lay was sunny, but the shadow was there, somehow, for just a moment. And it seemed to touch Joan—and to reach out for Portia and Walter themselves.

Long ago Portia had realized that her subconscious mind was extraordinarily attuned to events, to people, to emotional currents, so that often she was able to catch a preview into future happiness . . . or disaster.

And then there was the indisputable fact that Steve Ward had returned.

Joan Ward, who lived with Portia and Walter Manning, was one of those people who seem cut out for tragedy. Her sister, Kathie, had married the man Joan had wanted a long time ago—Bill Baker—and Joan's own marriage to Steve had been a mockery. Steve was weak—perhaps wicked; all the way through—and Joan feared him desperately. It contributed to the dreadful state of mind which Portia knew Joan suffered; but Joan had gone beyond the stage where she would allow Portia to help her. For now Joan hated Portia—not only because of Portia's blissful happiness with Walter and her unborn child, but because Joan was in love with the district attorney, Clint Morley. And Clint . . . well, it was no secret that Clint adored Portia.

Walter's nurse, Miss Allison, was trying to calm Joan that day. "Come, Mrs. Ward," she said, "there's no need to fear. This is a law-abiding community. Your husband can't harm you. Mr. Morley would see to that."

Joan's pretty mouth curled into a sneer. "Oh, certainly," she replied bitterly. "If anything should happen to me, it would spoil Clint Morley's record, wouldn't it? And it would distress poor, poor Portia, too, wouldn't it?"

"Hush," warned Nurse Allison, "Mrs. Manning is just outside . . ."

Portia came in. Even though her child was expected soon, she managed to look stately and lovely and calm. Joan faced her for a moment. Then she spoke.

"I know what you're up to, Portia. You had a good reason for not wanting me to know Steve was back. It's that you don't want Walter to know the truth about you and Clint!"

Portia looked at the distraught girl in amazement. "Joan! What are you talking about? What truth?"

"I know all about it," screamed Joan. "You can fool your husband, but not me. No wonder you want me out of the way. Well, if anything happens to me, *it will be your fault!*"

"Joan, please," began Portia. She knew so well how easy it was for Joan to lose control. It was as if there was another Joan, a bitter, sinister creature who was determined to destroy herself and those who befriended her. Portia sighed, and suddenly took Joan's hand. At first Joan resisted; then she broke down. "Oh, Portia, I'm sorry. I—I guess I just went to pieces. Those wicked, ugly things come into my mind and I can't shut them out. I . . . oh!" She ran from the room. Portia watched her for a



Lucille Wall  
as Portia Manning,  
leading role in  
"Portia Faces Life."

# The Quality of Love



Bartlett Robinson  
as Walter Manning

moment and shook her head.

She didn't want to admit even to herself how strongly the shadow was there...

She went in to see her husband. Walter was lying there, cheerful, but as uncertain as his doctor as to the outcome of his operation. For there was a chance that Walter Manning, who had been so

close to death himself and had been miraculously saved by the best of medical skill, would never see again. Portia knew it... but she knew too that whatever was in store for Walter, he would still be hers... and she would love him always, no matter if he were sick, ill—or blind.

Walter's bandage-swathed face turned toward hers. "Darling," he said. "Give me your hand. I can't wait till these silly bandages are off and I can really see you again."

"I won't be the one worth seeing," laughed Portia. "Your daughter will be stealing scenes from me. What color eyes will you have, sir, in your girl-child?"

"I don't care," said Walter. "She can have red eyes and green hair—as long as she takes after her mother. If she doesn't, I'm going to cancel the order for her."

"Don't you love the way we've set ourselves for a girl," said Portia, smiling. "Yet... I know. I really do. Oh, well. A few more weeks and the suspense will be all over. And by that time, my brilliant husband will be

writing again—better than ever!"

Walter was about to answer when Joan re-entered the room. There was something pathetic about the attempts she had made to erase the tears from her reddened eyes. Portia's heart warmed to her, and she brought a chair over to the girl.

Walter frowned. Lacking his wife's superb tolerance, he still felt Joan had no right to make trouble. "Joan, why do you lash out so at Portia? You know, it may be none of my business, but I'd suggest that the most intelligent thing for you to do would be to see a psychiatrist."

Joan leaped to her feet. Her eyes were blazing and her breath was uneven and heavy. "I'm not crazy! I know what I'm talking about. Clint Morley's in love with Portia. He knows you'll go off on one of your assignments again and that's what he's waiting for. Portia won't stick to you if you walk out once more, and we all know it."

Portia sighed. "Joan, Joan," she said. "Please, don't talk like that. It's just not true. I'll never leave Walter. And if you'd just be patient, Clint might very well fall in love with you."

But Joan had already left the room. Portia frowned and shook her head. There was so much happiness to be had—and Joan would have none of it.

Joan was in her favorite place. The deserted loft in the garage on her sister Kathie's grounds. Here she could think, here she could momentarily escape the hideous face of the world outside. Here she could forget Portia... Portia, who had everything in the world: beauty, brains, a husband who adored her, and above all, a shiningness of spirit that enabled her to live as few people could. Here Joan could forget how her brother-in-law, Bill Baker, looked at her... he thought she was crazy, too. But she would show them, even her own sister Kathie. Sometimes Joan couldn't be sure about Kathie. Maybe she was like all the rest.

Ah, but there was something none of them knew. A secret! Something so terrifying that she would kill any-



Evelyn Varden  
as Agatha Tate



Allen Drake  
as Al Jacobs



Anne Seymour  
as Kathy Baker



one who tried to find out. Tomorrow the bandages would be removed from Walter Manning's eyes. Perhaps he would see again, perhaps he wouldn't. But none of them—all those who plotted and schemed against her!—realized that it was Joan who had put lye on the bandages, hoping to destroy Walter's eyes forever, so that Portia would have to stay with him and leave Clint to Joan. The bottle had spilled, though—before it could do any damage save to burn the legs of Nurse Allison—and the secret had not worked out. But she still hated Walter—and she would go on hating him and Portia until . . . the day she died . . .

Portia paced the hospital corridors anxiously. Walter seemed to be behaving so peculiarly. He had given orders that Portia was not to be in the room when the bandages were removed. Dr. Erwin appeared puzzled, too, by Walter's attitude. Portia begged him to tell her the verdict; Erwin, gruffly, refused. For his patient had demanded that Nurse Allison break the news to his wife.

And the news was that Walter was blind.

Portia took it as might have been expected. After the initial shock, her shoulders straightened and she said, "Walter won't complain. He's going to write as he's never written before. Knowing what it is to suffer the most bitter of disappointments, he'll be able to understand other people's heartbreaks."

Joan was secretly elated. This meant that Walter would be tied to Portia now, leaving Clint Morley for herself. There were other good tidings for Joan, too. Steve Ward had finally been arrested . . . so she was safe for the time being. Perhaps even safe enough not to have to hide in the old loft any more.

But none of them knew the truth.

The truth would have shocked them beyond belief.

For Walter could see. He had lied to them all, even to his beloved Portia, because he meant to find out for sure who had put the lye on his bandages. He had a good idea that it was Joan . . . but he had to be sure. He had to know!

Joan was reading to Walter. Strange how his tastes

ran to psychiatric material. This particular book was about the behavior of schizophrenes—how one person can develop two opposite personalities. One normal and law-abiding, the other vicious and criminal. She read hastily, not caring for the morbid passages. She longed to stop the tedious task, but dared not. She was being cagey. She was playing the devoted little nurse . . .

Walter was asking for a cigarette. Joan got him one and handed him a lighter. He snapped it, then said, "Oh, darn, it must be out of flint."

"I'll get some matches," said Joan in an unnatural, strained voice, running from the room.

She realized now that Walter could see. That had been a bad slip on his part, about the lighter. And the book! He was trying to trap her. He suspected her . . . her fists clenched and she swore a solemn oath to herself. "You'll pay for this, Walter Manning. You'll see!"

And then she went back into the study to read aloud, outwardly calm and composed, inwardly seething—a deadly threat to the happiness of Portia and Walter Manning.

When she went over to Kathie's that night her brain was still in a turmoil. Her steps carried her toward the garage, toward her secret hiding place. She walked through the darkening night, the air rich with the promise of spring to come, and then stopped as a voice called: "Joan!"

It came from behind the garage. Hastily she moved forward—and then she saw him: Steve Ward!

"They couldn't keep me in their lousy jail," was his greeting to her. She drew in her breath sharply.

"What do you want?"

"I want you to hide me, my dear little wife," Steve said with a mocking smile. "If not, I'll give you the beating of your life!"

Joan's heart raced. Then she made up her mind. "All right. I'll hide you. But only if you . . ."

"If I what?"

"If you help me get revenge on—on somebody." Steve watched her curiously. Then he shrugged. "It's a deal."

(Continued on page 69)



Ginger Jones  
as Joan Ward



Santos Ortega  
as Clint Morley



Beverly Roberts  
as Miriam Staley



Minnie Pearl loves to sing the mountain songs. Here she's at a country house party with the "Grand Ole Opry" musicians

by Minnie Pearl

You'd never guess it but Minnie can look like the smartest girl who ever walked along Fifth Avenue.



# I'M JUST A

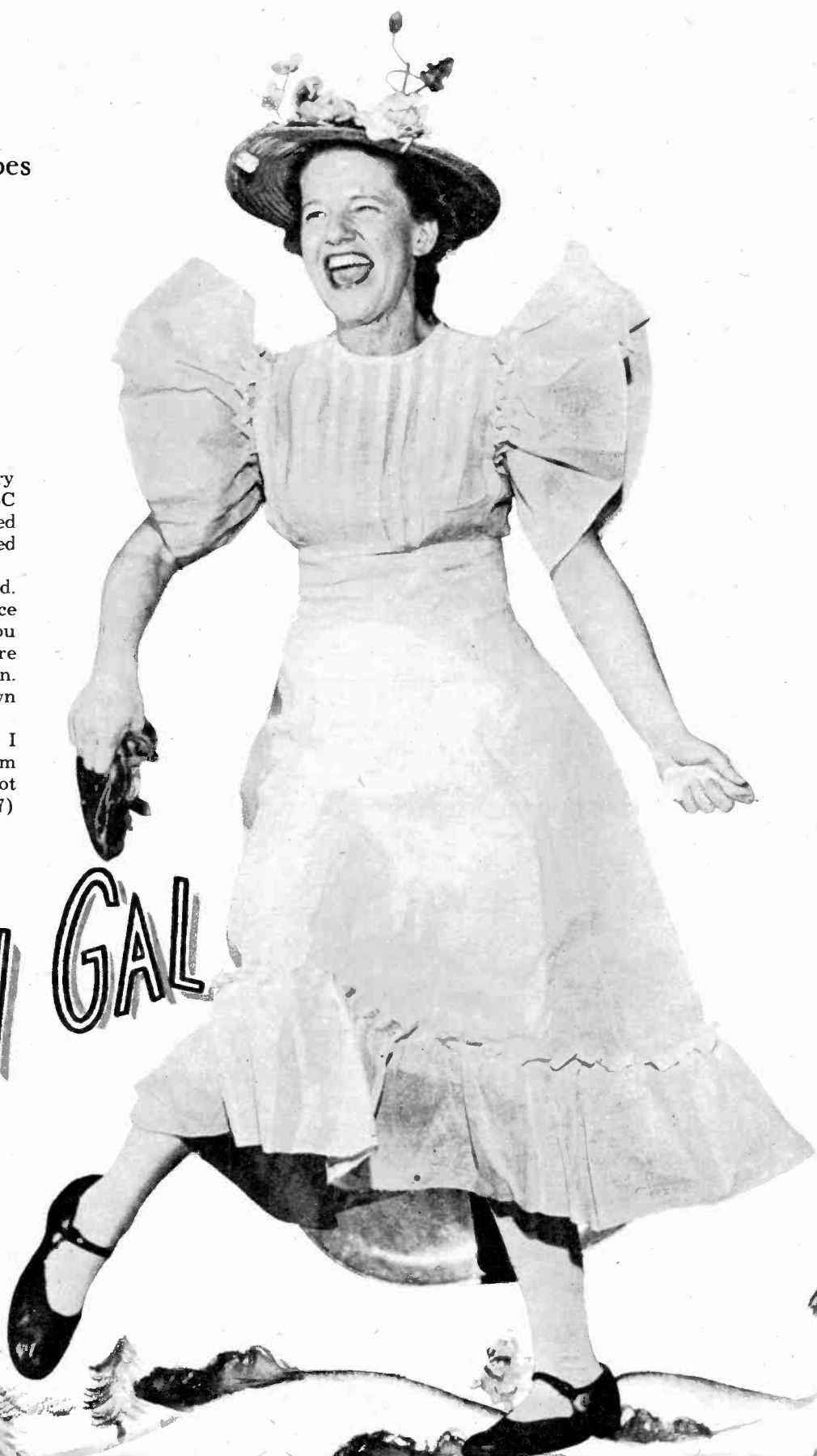


They took the girl out  
of the country but she goes  
back to it every time  
she sings on  
"Grand Ole Opry"

**B**ackstage at the Grand Ole Opry we were waiting for our NBC program to begin. "Red" Foley leaned against some stage props and looked thoughtful.

"It's a funny thing, Minnie," he said. "There are two times when your face gets a kind of light in it . . . and you come all alive. One time's when you're in the country or some small town. And the other's when you come down here to the Grand Ole Opry."

I chuckled at that. Amazing—that I should get the same happy glow from being in such disassociated spots? Not in my book. (Continued on page 37)



# MOUNTAIN GAL





Minnie (center) with the assistance of her two friends has concocted a delicacy (?) she describes as "hush puppies." Dollie Dearman takes a tentative bite of a "puppy" while Minnie, awaiting the verdict, holds one for Dotty Upson.



Minnie usually gets along fine with all the barnyard fowl but this suspicious old critter will have nothing to do with her.



Minnie Pearl, the gossip of Grinder's Switch, coaches three eager imitators of her "Grand Ole Opry" character. They are Jennie Lou, 6; Julie Ann, 8; and Shirley Lee, 12, all dressed up like Minnie, and all daughters of Red Foley.



The hen doesn't object if Minnie wants to talk her head off, but she herself won't say one word until she's seen her lawyer.

## I'M JUST A MOUNTAIN GAL

No fashion model was ever more proud of her appearance than Minnie Pearl, in her mountain-style Sunday finery.



Because the country and the Opry occupy the same special place in my heart.

To me the broadcast on Saturday nights is just an extension of the same kind of fun and music we used to have at parties when I lived in a little country town in middle Tennessee. All my life—even as a little girl—I was silly and a cutup. On NBC I'm just staying in character as the folks back home remember me.

In my case they took the girl out of the country. But the country still remains in the girl. And proud of it? You can just bet your Sunday-best button shoes I am. Those folks who live in small towns and farms are my kind of people. And I hope they feel that I'm one of them. I couldn't ask for a finer compliment.

To me, being Minnie Pearl is more than a chance to bring a sample of clean country wit to a lot of city dwellers. It's an opportunity for me and my country friends to practice a thing that is peculiarly native to America—laughing at ourselves.

Back during the thirties a fellow named Will Rogers helped people everywhere chuckle their way through a depression. And while I scoff at the thought of putting myself on a par with that wonderful man, I am trying in my own way to do the same kind of comedy. It's the type of funmaking that creates laughs, but never hurts the feelings of any but the pompous.

Yes, my roots are definitely in the country. But I have even more reasons for saying that country people—Grand Ole Opry listeners who live on farms and those in the city who have an appreciation of country wit and music—are my kind of people. Opry fans in the hinterlands have been grand to me so many different times!

For instance, one day last year while traveling in the mountains of Kentucky my car broke down. An old man with a wagon (Continued on page 68)



"Come back here, you scoundrel!" cries Minnie, as she foils an attempted escape by Rod Bradford, "Grand Ole Opry" comedian, who's afraid of the girls and doesn't like dancing with them, especially Minnie Pearl.





# watch out

for Allen Funt



The camera records the startled expression on a woman's face as Allen Funt reveals himself as the "saleslady" at the diaper counter in Lane Bryant's store.

On one day, 33-year-old Allen Funt may be a shoe salesman, a life guard, or a butcher. The next day he may turn photographer, masher on a park bench, or a Lonely Hearts Club applicant. The disguises are all part of Funt's real job as producer, director, and needler-in-Chief for "Candid Camera" (NBC-TV, 9:00 p.m., Thursday), a television show that catches Mr. Citizen offguard, photographs and records his reactions and then plays them back for the edification of the television audience.

Since the show started on June 28, 1947, when it was called "Candid Microphone" and heard only on the radio via ABC, it has not only blossomed forth as a best feature of television, but has proven to be the most popular human interest feature of its kind.

Allen has photographed and recorded more than three thousand situations and people. His microphones and cameras are hidden in flower pots, behind glass doors, under chairs and in signal lights.

Funt's duty is to rib or annoy, but innocently, bystanders into funny situations and remarks. This is not too difficult, for Funt knows that a conversation which is serious to the speaker is funny for most eavesdroppers, especially when they know they're eavesdropping. He lives dangerously, but he has done well, for not once has he provoked a poke in the nose. Rather he has won admiration and friendships, (Continued on page 74)



Photo shows how a microphone is lowered from above to catch the conversation on the window sill. Cameraman is stationed in a nearby building.



This bulldog has been trained to growl ominously when he's petted and it's funny to watch dog-lovers who can't understand why he doesn't like their baby talk; the "mike" is attached to his collar.

You never know  
when you will be  
caught by the  
Candid Camera!..\*.\*?!!!



Microphone records protests of two customers when Funt purposely gives them photos of Eskimos. They insist they haven't been near the North Pole.

Above is a picture of a gal who has just learned that she was caught by the Candid Camera. Below, a very relieved gym-customer says adieu to Allen Funt who had posed as an instructor with queer lesson ideas.





# Mother

by Judith Cortada

Standing in the spotlight on the stage of New York's Paramount Theater, Peggy Lee was a glamorous creature. Her blonde hair fell softly around her face; her vividly painted lips curved invitingly in the words of a torchy song; her gown, sparkling with blue sequins from neck to hem, revealed every curve of her lovely figure. She probably brought a dreamy smile to the faces of many men in her audience, she might be chosen as the loveliest blonde who ever breathed into a microphone. But no artist, contemplating a portrait of the "typical American mother," would have chosen her as a model.

In her dressing room after the show, Peggy wriggled out of her gown with the help of her maid. She put on a simple cotton negligee, tied up her curls so that they would be fresh for the next performance, and stretched out on the couch. Even without the glittering blue embellishment that had been hung in the wardrobe, she still looked like a glamour girl, strictly designed for a spotlight and more uncomfortable than otherwise in the role of a mother. It might seem almost foolish to ask her how she handled the problems involved in bringing up her daughter, now five years old. But she answered without hesitation.

"It all boils down to whether the mother's love is selfish or unselfish," Peggy said, "whether she loves herself or her child. I always try to show Nikki that I love her very much, so that she'll remember it even when I have to discipline her; it's important to her feeling of security. I feel that I'm privileged (Continued on page 66)

No one would guess that the head of this pretty entertainer is crammed with ideas about "how to be a good mother."





# Wears a glittering gown

**PEGGY LEE** reveals

that you can't judge a mother  
by her costume



Off stage and away from the mike, Peggy looks like any other mother as she coaxes a wave into daughter's tresses. Five-year-old Nikki is more interested in cookies and comics.



Peggy and her husband, Dave Barbour, who heads his own band, share their working and leisure hours. Gifted song writers, they've combined talents in tunes like "Mañana."



Horace Heidt plays house with his pretty wife, Adeline, and the two Heidt youngsters, Horace Jr. and Hildegard. The maestro and his missus seem to be having a time trying to convince junior that dolls are for boys, also.

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.



Judy Canova gives an extra fillip to bow worn by her 5-year-old daughter Julietta. Notice mother-daughter resemblance.

## meet the family

Richard Denning, who plays George Copper in "My Favorite Husband" helps his daughter, Dee Dee, with hairdo.



It's a bit difficult thinking of Henry Aldrich as a proud papa, but that's just who it is, Ezra "Henry" Stone stepping off the family front porch for a brisk walk with his wife Sara and youngsters Francine and Josef.



# "Say It In Poetry"

by Shelly Keats

**T**IME LIKE silver sand in an hour-glass slips through our fingers silently but surely. Nick Kenny, the Daily Mirror poet and songwriter, caught the spirit of it with these heart-stirring lines.

## IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

On an ancient wall in China  
Where the brooding Buddhas blink,  
Deeply graven is this message:  
"It is later than you think."

Some wise oriental wrote it  
In the days that used to be  
To the ones who watched in vain for  
Ships they'd never sent to sea.

For the busy ones who hurried  
Past the flowers, by the way;  
For the ones who sighed, "Tomorrow"  
When adventure cried "Today!"

Just six words that tell a story . . .  
With the past a golden link . . .  
Go enjoy yourself, my brother—  
IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK!

—NICK KENNY

**L**OVERS ARE the same the world over. There is only one language of love and all nations understand it. The sweetest love story ever told was written in a kiss or the touch of a loving hand. Joy Hathaway, lovely radio and TV actress, has this to say about love.

## AFTERTHOUGHT

I would not hold you with a studied art,  
A practised phrase—a well remembered line  
That lingered on my mind, not in my heart;  
I want no others' words to make you mine.  
I would not call you with a spoken word  
Nor beckon with this trembling hand to you  
For I must find you near me like a bird  
Winging your wonder through the Summer blue.

If love is love—you . . . you—and I am I  
The silences shall sing me every hour,  
Each winding lane you take shall make you sigh

For I have left your name in every flower,  
But if I build a ghost within my heart  
Let me be haunted by love's magic art!  
—JOY HATHAWAY

**W**E CAN'T IMAGINE what Sophie Fierman means in the last line of this ode to radio commercials but we have our suspicions. Now Sophie . . . don't be too hard on us boys . . . what would life be without us???

## UGH!

I'm sick of commercials that warn  
Girls to be "fresh as a rose";  
Use "swab"—or else be forlorn,  
The boy-friend will never propose!

Why shouldn't these he-men have tact?  
They depend on the wind, when it blows;  
It's about time they faced the fact—  
That each girl is equipped with a nose!

—(MRS.) SOPHIE FIERMAN

**A**MBITION DRIVES its slaves in many directions. Some seek the stars. Some land in the gutter. Ambition is a wonderful power if it starts in the soul and is sifted through the heart. What is your ambition? Here is Eleanor Lamb's ambition.

## MY AMBITION

A mind at peace—because that covers  
A heart that's loving  
Children—animals—neighbors here  
And around the world . . .

Hands that are giving  
To friend and stranger  
Church and school  
Around the world . . .

A mind at peace—for everywhere  
No strikes—no wars—no strife  
Will be the tie that binds  
All people close in harmony around the world  
And God will gently smile . . .

—ELEANOR LAMB  
26 Robert St.  
Devon, Conn.

**EVERYBODY** is a poet at heart, judging by the way the poets are responding to our little poetry department from all parts of the country. Send them in . . . but please keep them short! The shorter they are the better old Shelley loves them!

**T**HIS POEM came in unsigned. After reading it we realized that it must have been penned by an inmate of some prison. It recalled to our mind those lines of Lovelace: "Stone walls do not a prison make—nor iron bars a cage."

## PADRE OF THE THIEVES

Clad in the robes of holiness  
He labors in prison and outside  
To wipe out evilness  
With the cross as his guide.  
Unceasingly he carries on  
To preach the gospel of truth,  
And like the saintly apostle, John,  
His labors always bear fruit.  
For, "There is never a condemned man"  
Is this humble padre's motto.  
And in his assisting in God's plan  
Padre plays a major obligato.  
So, remember the Church of the Good Thief  
And the man who is its Chief.

—ANON



# Silver Mike Award for Outstanding Performance



J. Carlisle MacDonald, assistant to Chairman of Board, U. S. Steel (left) accepts Silver Mike Award from Edward Bobley, editor of Radio Best, as Lawrence Langner, director of Theatre Guild looks on.

## To U. S. Steel Corporation— sponsor of Theatre Guild on the Air

**T**HE presentation of the November Silver Mike to the United States Steel Corporation marks the first time that the Award, initiated by RADIO BEST as a means of honoring outstanding contributions in the field of radio, has been presented to a sponsor.

Under the sponsorship of U.S. Steel, "Theatre Guild On The Air" has broadcast performances of more than 150 dramas, bringing the art of the theatre to millions who might never attend a Broadway play. In spite of the popularity of giveaway and other types of programs which might seem to attract more listeners, U.S. Steel has stuck to its original thesis, that the basic appeal of an art which has persisted through the centuries is stronger than any modern audience lure.

Thousands of letters of approval, thousands of people in attendance at broadcasts, have proven the theory correct. Just as one example, U.S. Steel can cite the 10,000 people who attended the dress rehearsal of a 1948 broadcast in Cleveland (while a World Series game was going on around the corner) and the 10,000 more who attended the actual broadcast in the evening.

Launched in September, 1945, the program represents an unusual combination of industry and the arts. U.S. Steel is a leading business organization and the Theatre Guild, a leading theatrical producer. Homer Fickett, one of radio's leading directors, has been directing the program since its initiation.

In its consistent presentation of Broadway dramas, "Theatre Guild" differs from

the majority of radio dramatic programs which adapt motion pictures or use original dramas. Shakespeare's plays have never been produced before audiences of such tremendous size as those that heard the three presented by the "Theatre Guild." U.S. Steel has drawn from the work of the best playwrights, has called on the best talent for its broadcasts.

Among the rewards that the program has received is the President's request, for the past four years, to open the Red Cross drive in Washington. The voices of the President, and of such personages as Generals Eisenhower and Marshall, have been heard on its broadcasts.

The editors of RADIO BEST are proud to make its November Silver Mike presentation to a public spirited sponsor, U.S. Steel Corporation.



Jack, with Mary Livingstone, at the entrance to their Beverly Hills home.

# at home with the Jack Bennys

First exclusive pictures of the Benny dream-castle-come-true



**J**ack, son of a Waukegan, Illinois, haberdasher, and Mary Livingstone, who once sold hosiery over the counter of a Los Angeles department store, live today in a beautiful home, erected at a cost of \$250,000, in the fashionable Beverly Hills section of Hollywood.

A glimpse of his home confirms the suspicion that stinginess, an outstanding characteristic of the Benny heard on the air, is just a convenient "prop" for his writers to work with and develop into innumerable gags. (Remember Rochester, singing "You should see him sweat and strain, when he spends a nickel he's wracked with pain" to the tune of "Ol' Man River"?) No expense has been spared in making the Benny (Continued on next page)

A camera enthusiast, Jack often pauses to admire the view from the outside playroom, overlooking swimming pool.





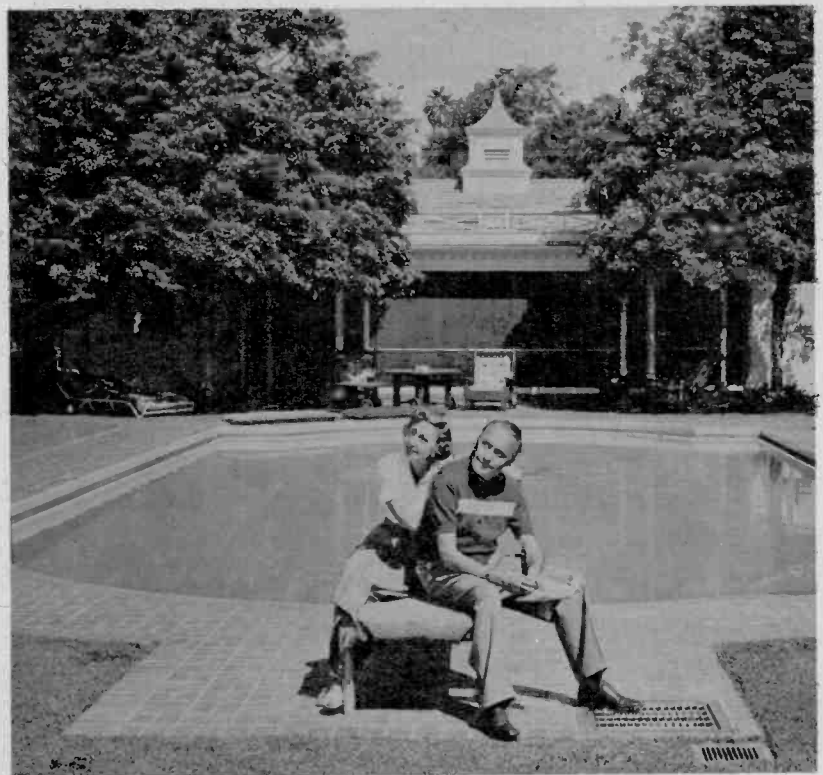
## the Jack Bennys

Comfortable furniture and an abundance of trees and shrubbery make the patio a pleasant place.

home a beautiful and comfortable place to live.

The Benny marriage is one of Hollywood's happiest. Jack and Mary were married in 1927 and have been stage and radio partners since 1932, when it occurred to Jack that Mary had a natural talent for comedy give-and-take. Off the air, their first concern is 14-year-old Naomi, their adopted daughter.

Although Jack has not realized his mother's dream of him as a violinist performing in white tie and tails on the world's concert stages, and his musical ability is used chiefly as a target for good-natured ribbing, she would undoubtedly be quite happy if she could see her son today in the fabulous home that Jack built.



Jack, notable for his miserliness on the air, has a swimming hole in his backyard; at left, Jack and Mary play peekaboo with the cameraman.

RADIO BEST  
★ *Television*

Allen Roth survives a loving embrace from Milton Berle on "Texaco Star Theater" (right).

At upper right, famous comic Martha Raye as a guest star on the "Jack Eigen Show"

At lower right, the two generals, MacArthur and Eisenhower, as seen in "Crusade in Europe" on ABC-TV.

Below, jovial as ever, is star of "Arthur Godfrey and His Friends"



# on the nation's TV networks



**W**ITH the year's end slowly coming near, the commercial aspect of television has shown a meteoric rise. TV's income in '49 will be about 28 million dollars or nearly three times the 10 million taken in last year. These figures, estimated by the Commerce Department in a special report on video's potentialities as an advertising medium, show the long range prospect that television will stimulate even larger advertising budgets in the very near future. On these pages, RADIO BEST has picked some of the leading television shows now projected on the screens of the nation's TV networks, the shows (Continued on page 49)



**"The Goldbergs" pose for a family portrait. Philip Loeb as husband Jake, Larry Robinson as Sammy, and Arlene McQuade as Rosie, surround Gertrude Berg, who stars as Molly.**



**Fran Allison poses with "the boys" shortly after their return to NBC television this fall in "Kukla, Fran and Ollie." As usual, Kukla (left) is worried, Ollie, happy and carefree.**



**Cliff, the clown smiles happily at Mary Hartline, leader of the band on ABC's "Super Circus." The program is one of the most popular of television network shows for children.**



**Margaret Sullivan in a dramatization of the suspenseful short story, "The Storm," heard on "Studio One," a weekly feature of CBS TV. Dean Jagger, right, is the male lead.**



**Ted Mack, master of ceremonies on NBC's "Original Amateur Hour," explains the intricacies of the television camera to ambitious amateurs who aspire to be professionals.**



RADIO BEST

★ *Television*

## on the nation's TV networks

which in many cases net the bulk of the advertising dollars spent by the nation's leading sponsors.

From the public's point of view variety, comedy, drama and children's programs lead the hit parade. Milton Berle, the inexhaustible vaudevillian, continues to be television's favorite program. Arthur Godfrey, who emcees two TV shows, made the most rapid strides in 1949. The big surprise was the spontaneous success of Gertrude Berg's old radio show, "The Rise of the Goldbergs," which has risen to the first top ten favorites.

While television brought to life film stars of twenty years ago—the rejuvenation was short lived. Old-time films are no longer wanted by the discerning TV fan, who feels that television's progress is way ahead of the early advent of talking pictures.

Programs expressly created for children are still dominant factors on the TV scene and such shows as "Howdy Doody" and "Kukla, Fran & Ollie" continue their high popularity.

With the increase of advertising budgets scheduled for 1950, television fans can look forward to an exciting year of home entertainment in this newest of mass mediums.



Ed Sullivan, newspaper columnist and master of ceremonies of "Toast of the Town," hour-long revue on the CBS television network, chats with a guest, singer Bob Crosby.



Bob Emery, host of the "Small Fry Club," heard daily on the DuMont network, is known as a "Big Brother" to the approximately 80,000 young members of the Small Fry Club.



Bert Parks, master of ceremonies of "Stop the Music," dons a raccoon coat for a collegiate skit on the ABC television and radio program. Evidently Bert's team made a touchdown.



Vaughan Taylor, John McQuade, Richard Goode and Doris Belack in the Shakespearean comedy, "Twelfth Night," as presented on the NBC "Philco Television Playhouse."



Fresh air is a welcome relief to Barbara as she emerges from her first subway ride on way to RADIO BEST office.



In the RADIO BEST art department, Barbara sits for a sketch by staff artist Harry Swenson prior to interview



Luncheon at famous Toots Shor's with writer Gertrude Greer (left) Toots himself and radio famous sister Margaret.

# junior miss

## IS A BIG GIRL NOW!

by Gertrude Greer

Barbara Whiting, Maggie's little sister, sees New York for the first time and lends her ear to Bill Eythe.

This is a short short report on Barbara Whiting's first trip to New York. The eighteen-year-old sister of songstress Margaret Whiting and daughter of the late Richard Whiting, the songwriter who composed such lasting favorites as "Till We Meet Again," "Beyond the Blue Horizon" and "My Ideal," can no longer "act her age" in her portrayal of Judy Graves in "Junior Miss." Barbara is a big girl now, a beautiful, talented actress destined for big success in the theatre.

The projection of Barbara Whiting as an obnoxious brat, an immature and irresponsible character similar to her professional roles is just a press agent's bad dream. In my visit with Barbara here in New York, I found her completely adult and intelligently practical. Barbara is a skilled self-publicist. The personification of "Junior Miss" is the result of that publicity. In the (Continued on page 64)



After lunch the grown-up "Junior Miss" freshens up with swim at New York's famous Park Sheraton Hotel pool.



Backstage with Bill Eythe, producer and star of Broadway's "Lend An Ear," Barbara plays part of make-up artist.



At the CBS television studios the talented starlet gets first-hand information about the technical phases of the new art.



A thrilling moment during Barbara's New York visit as she rehearsed number on "Lend An Ear" stage with Bill Eythe.



Pondering "what to wear" for her radio interview on the Eigen show, she decides the same dress is just the thing.



At twelve midnight she appears on the famous Eigen show at New York's fabulous Copacabana with sister Margaret.



Vic didn't lack fame or fan  
at the time this picture,  
with songstress Kitty Kallen,  
was taken but Hollywood  
is looking at him now

the  
new  
Vic  
Damone



## Do you "nose" em?...



**VIC DAMONE** was only nineteen years old in 1946 when he was signed up for his own network program and only twenty when he became the singing star of NBC's "Saturday Night Serenade." There were already more than forty Damone Fan Clubs with members appropriately infatuated with his voice, his curly brown hair and brown eyes. His nose—a trifle long? They hadn't noticed it.

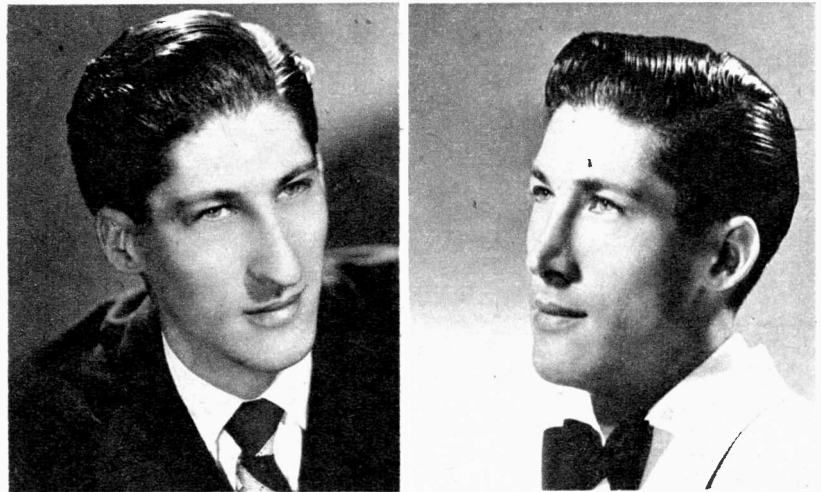
Probably not too many other people had noticed it either and Vic, considering his success, was not too concerned about it. But a deviated septum inside the nose interfered with his breathing and tone control, so important to a singer. Since the surgeon had to cut up his nose to make the repairs, Vic suggested that he do a bit of remodelling at the same time. That was about eight months ago.

The comparatively slight change in the shape of his nose has made Vic handsomer than ever and given rise to a new feeling of confidence. His fans—the members of "Vic's Chicks" and "Veni, Vedi, Vic," just to give two examples of the names they have adopted—are a stubborn group and insist that the new nose doesn't make a bit of difference to them. And his mother and (Continued on page 64)

Who has the most famous, never-to-be-changed (we hope) proboscis of them all? See page 64 for answer.



Milton Berle had his nose reshaped for the movies but Hollywood showed no interest until his success on the television screen gave him a new fame.



These pictures show Barry Gray as a New York disc jockey and, today, as an entertainer earning a fabulous sum for night-time broadcasting.



Fred Robbins, popular New York disc jockey, has been looking forward to a possible debut on the television screen since the recent change in his nose.

# 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.



Helen Lewis  
Portrays Maggie  
on "Road of Life."



William Bendix  
Star of NBC's "Life  
of Riley" heard  
Fridays at 9:00 p.m.



Michael Mauree  
Dramatic star, MBS'  
"Against the Storm."

## SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	String Quartet			Carolina Calling
9:00	World News	Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning	News
9:15	Story to Order		Concert Hall	E. Power Biggs
9:30	Cameos of Music	Wings Over Jordan	Voice of Prophecy	Trinity Choir of
9:45	D & H Miners			St. Paul's Chapel
10:00	Highlights of Bible	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			Fine Art Quartet	The News Makers
11:30	News Highlights	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45	Solitaire Time			

## MONDAY

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

## 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	Song Salesman	News
1:15		Charles Keaton	Hollywood Byline	Elma Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Michael O'Duffy Show	National Vespers	Treasury Bandstand
1:45				
2:00	NBC University	Charmer & The Dell	This Week Around	Longine Symphonette
2:15	Theater		The World	Syncopation Piece
2:30		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	
2:45		Veteran's Information		
3:00	One Man's Family	Juvenile Jury	This Changing World	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15			Sketches from Life	Symphony
3:30	Quiz Kids		Music	
3:45			Southern Baptist	
4:00	Voices & Events	House of Mystery	Show Time	
4:15				
4:30	News	Wm. Gargan	Milton Cross Opera	Sammy Kaye
4:45			Album	
5:00	NBC Concert	The Shadow	Family Close up	Music For You
5:15				
5:30	James Melton	True Detective	Greatest Story Ever	Symphonette
5:45			Told	

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		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15		Checkerboard Jamboree	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Easy Listenin'		Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkist. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Say it With Music	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Talk Your Way Out	Talk Your Way Out	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins	of it	of It	Hilltop House
3:30	Peppet Young	Luncheon at Sardi's	Add A Line	Garry More
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Music	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Johnson Family	Irene & Allan Jones	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		Treasury Bandstand
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	Front Page Farrell			

## Evening Listening

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

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



**Johnny Desmond**  
Singing star of the  
"Breakfast Club."



**Ethel Merman**  
Musical comedy star  
brings her talents  
to radio.



**Walter Winchell**  
Still reporting news  
over ABC.



**Jane Wilson,**  
Lyric soprano,  
Saturday morning  
"Fred Waring Show."



**Arthur Godfrey**  
brings new talent to  
TV viewers.



**Betty Wragge**  
Plays daughter Peggy  
on "Pepper Young's  
Family" on NBC.

## TUESDAY

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 Neighbors Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix	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

## WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do 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 Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix	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 Garry Moore
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 Irene & Allan Jones	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

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Playboys The Hometowners 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 Hollywodd 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 Garry More
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 Irene & Allan Jones	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	B-Bar-B Ranch Local Programs News		Eric Sevareid "You and--" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Alan Young Show	Gregory Hood Official Detective Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall 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, Adventurer 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

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	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hogan's Daughter Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? Intern'l Airport	Boris Karloff Sherlock Holmes	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	Scattergood Baines Radio Newsreel Family Theater	Mystery Quiz	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



**Marvin Miller**  
Narrator of "Behind  
the Story."



**Susan Douglas**  
Leading lady of MBS'  
"The Shadow" heard  
Sundays at 5:00 p.m.



**Ed Sullivan**  
Sunday host of "Toast of  
the Town" CBS-TV.



**Nancy Craig**  
Woman's commenta-  
tor heard Mon.-Fri.  
on ABC at 1:15



**George Murphy**  
MC of full hour NBC  
"Hollywood Calling."



**Sarah Selby**  
CBS actress heard on  
"The Guiding Light."

## 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. Clevelandaire	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 Dorothy Dix	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers Temptones	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air HousewivesMoneymaker	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. Clevelandaire	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 Dorothy Dix	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Georgia Crackers	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	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 Garry Moore
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 Irene & Allan Jones	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	Hometowners 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	Talk Your Way Out of It Add A Line	David Harum Hilltop House Garry Moore
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 Irene & Allan Jones	Winner Take All Beat the Clock
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 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	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah 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 First 100 Years Ozzie & Harriet	The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Actors Guild Duffy's Tavern	Meet Your Match Name The Movie	Amateur Hour	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Supper Club Dragnet	This Is Paris Mutual Newsreel	Robert Montgomery Someone You Know	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 Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music H. V. Kaltenbqrn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Henry Morgan Screen Directors Playhouse	Plantation Jubilee Blue Barron	The Fat Man This is Your FBI	The Goldbergs My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Life of Riley	News Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	The Sheriff	Joan Davis Abe Burrows
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dr. I. Q. Sports	Meet the Press Mutual Newsreel	Boxing Bout	



# program highlights on the TV networks

## SUNDAY

**CBS** 6:00—Chuck Wagon; 6:30—Mr. I. Magination; 7:00—Tonight on Broadway; 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; 10:30—Bowling Liners

## SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	News		Garden Gate
9:45		Misc. Programs		
10:00	Fred Waring	Magic Rhythm	Music	Red Barber's Club House
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Helen Hall		Escape
10:45		News		
11:00	Lassie	Coast Guard	Modern Romances	Let's Pretend
11:15		Calling Peggy		
11:30	Smilin' 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			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Smoky Mt. Hayride	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				
1:30	Report from America	Music		Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Report from Europe	Better Gardens	Football	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Football	Music		Columbia's Country Journal
2:45				
3:00		Poole's Paradise		Report From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade		Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00		Jerry & Sky		
4:15		Horse Racing		
4:30				Saturday at the Chase
4:45				
5:00		Russ Hodges Quiz		Philadelphia Orchestra
5:15				
5:30	Air Force			
5:45	Closeups			

## 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	Spin To Win
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Dave Garraway	True or False	Music	Camel Caravan with
7:45		Met Allen		Vaughn Monroe
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Take A Chorus	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Heatter Opportunity Show	Two Billion Strong	Adventures of Phillip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Treasury Show	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Dennis Day	Guy 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 Heedown	

## MONDAY

**CBS** 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Your Sports Special; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:55—Ruthie on the Telephone; 8:00—Silver Theater; 8:30—Talent Scouts; 9:00—Phillip Morris Show; 9:30—The Goldbergs; 10:00—Studio One

**NBC** 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—Quiz Kids

**WABD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Magic Carpet; 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—Magic Carpet; 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; 7:45—Earl Wrightson; 8:00—Godfrey & His Friends; 9:00—Bigelow Show; 9:30—Armchair Detective; 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—Magic Carpet; 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—Film; 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.; 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—Martin Kane—Private Eye

**WABD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 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—Man Against Crime; 9:00—Ford Theater

**NBC** 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 9:00—George Givot; 10:00—Boxing, Madison Square Garden & Elsewhere, alternates with the Big Story

**WABD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Magic Carpet; 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

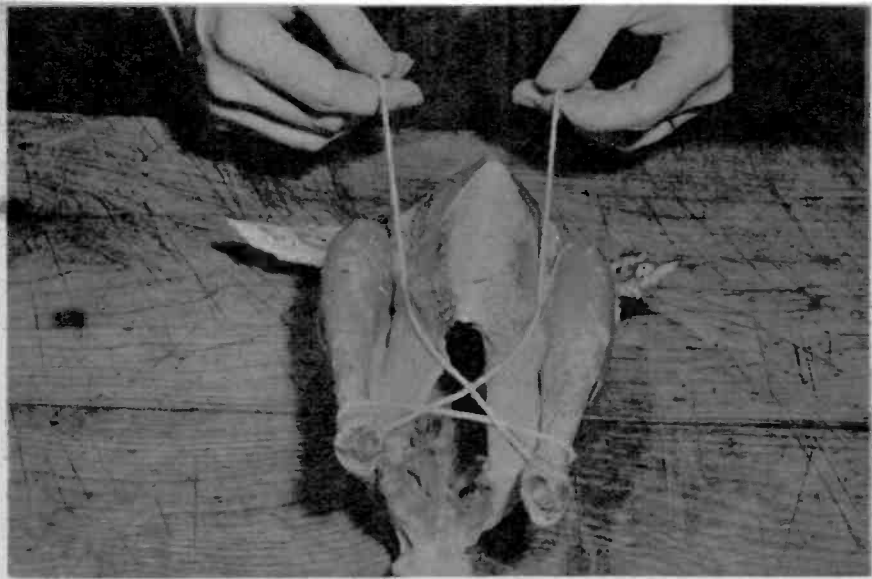
## SATURDAY

**CBS** 6:30—Red Barber; 6:45—Lucky Pup; 7:15—Blues by Bary; 7:30—In the First Person; 7:55—Ruthie on the Telephone; 8:00—Ken Murray Blackouts; 8:30—Film

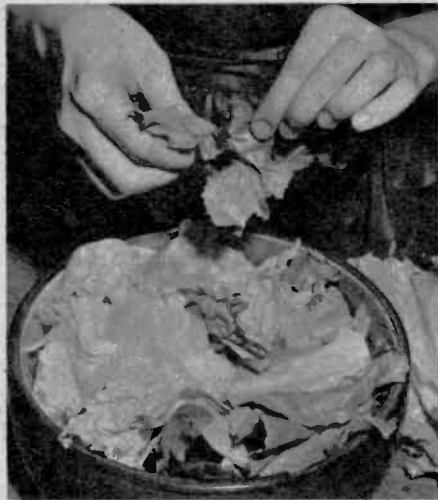
**NBC** 9:30—Who Said That?

**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



Tie chicken before browning; the string is tied over, then under the legs



Pull salad green into pieces for serving.



Rolling up nut roll, like a jelly roll, in wax paper cut wider than cake.

Table setting by Carole Stupell  
Photos by Bill Warnecke

# Prepare it ahead of time

No last-minute flurry before  
this buffet luncheon

Any luncheon that can be prepared in advance is a boon to the hostess who has other responsibilities—like children, for example—that might make untimely demands on her services. She can greet her guests with some serenity and without giving the unhappy impression that she has been standing over the kitchen table and stove all morning.

Thinking of these busy women who like to entertain, I suggest, for a buffet luncheon, a chicken casserole, to be served with a green salad, and a nut roll.

The chicken casserole can be cooked the day before, or early in the day, and set aside in the refrigerator. It can be served in a casserole-chafing dish, like the one shown in the picture, or a pottery dish. The nut roll can be made early in the day, covered with a damp cloth and spread with the cream or marshmallow filling shortly before the meal (the cream will melt in a hot kitchen).

Aside from the fact that these three dishes can be cooked ahead of time, they combine to make an excellent buffet luncheon for fall days.

## Chicken Casserole

1 small chicken	2 teaspoons potato starch
2 tablespoons sherry	1¼ cups stock
2 tablespoons butter	¼ cup dry white wine
1 doz. small white onions	Salt, pepper
1 doz. small white turnips	Bay leaf or sprig fresh tarragon
1 doz. small carrots	Sautéed chicken livers
4 mushrooms	Chopped chives
1 teaspoon meat glaze—BV	Mushrooms to garnish

Take the chicken and tie up carefully. Brown all over in hot butter and pour over the sherry. Remove, and add to the pan 2 tablespoons butter. Put in the onions, turnips and carrots, which have been peeled. Brown quickly. Cut the mushrooms in four and add. Cook another 2 minutes.

Now add, off the fire, the meat glaze and potato starch. Stir until smooth. Pour on the stock. Add the white wine and stir over the fire until it comes to a boil. Add the salt, pepper, bay leaf (or tarragon). Cut up the chicken and put back. Cover and cook 45 minutes, basting frequently. Arrange the chicken in the casserole, scatter over the vegetables, pour on the sauce and garnish with sautéed chicken livers, whole mushrooms and freshly chopped chives.

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.

## Green Salad

The salad should be washed and pulled, not cut, into pieces suitable for serving, then wrapped in a damp cloth and put in the refrigerator to crisp before adding the French dressing. Boston lettuce, romaine, escarole, spinach, watercress can be used. A few finely-chopped fresh herbs—parsley, chives, tarragon or dill—may be added.

Garlic bread is ideal to serve with the salad. Take a French loaf and cut it almost through in thick slices, leaving the loaf in one piece. Between the slices put butter which has been creamed with a little crushed garlic. Put in oven to crisp and serve hot.

## French Dressing

(Makes 1 Quart)

4 teaspoons salt	2 teaspoons cracked pepper
¼ teaspoon sugar	1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon lemon juice	¼ teaspoon chopped garlic
8 tablespoons good tarragon vinegar	3½ cups oil

Put all these ingredients in the bottom of a screw top jar and shake it very well. This dressing keeps in the refrigerator.

## Nut Roll

6 eggs	confectioners' sugar
1 cup granulated sugar	1½ cups whipped cream
1 cup ground nuts (walnuts or pecans, not peanuts)	Marshmallow Filling
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 egg white, stiffly beaten
	¼ cups maple syrup

Separate eggs. Add sugar to yolks and beat with wire whisk until light and fluffy. Add ground nuts and beat until well blended. Add baking powder. Beat mixture into stiffly beaten egg whites. Oil a jelly roll pan. Line with wax paper. Oil again. Fill with mixture and bake in a 350°F. oven for 15 minutes. Remove. Cool. Cover with a damp cloth, and set aside at room temperature until cold. Remove cloth and sprinkle well with confectioners' sugar. Loosen the roll from the sides of the pan with a sharp knife and turn out onto two sheets of wax paper, overlapping, and cut a few inches wider than the roll. Remove wax paper roll was cooked in. Spread with whipped cream or marshmallow, roll up like jelly roll, dust with a little more confectioners' sugar and a few nuts, and serve.

## Marshmallow Filling

Stiffly beat one egg white. Pour on slowly 1¼ cups of maple syrup, which has been cooked until it spins a light thread. Beat until thick.

# radio stars have such interesting faces



## MUSIC ON A PLATTER by Les Merman



Ray Milland  
makes like Tarzan.

Joan Davis  
hard of hearing.

Art Linkletter  
offers a prize.



Bob Hope  
has a problem.

Jinx Falkenburg  
smiles easily.

Frank Sinatra  
sees a cameraman.



Dick Haymes  
awaits his cue.

Agnes Moorehead  
nods approval.

Milton Berle  
waits for laugh.

**DENNIS DAY** (V45 47-2957) The popular radio star uses a Titus Moody dialect for the introduction of this square dance kick, "Hand Holdin' Music." You wouldn't expect this kind of novelty disc from Dennis Day, but he does all right. The other side is more of the same type of rendition.

\* \* \*

**TEX BENEKE** (V20-3513) This recording of "Blues in the Night March" is no feather in Tex's cap. It's merely a mediocre styling of his famous "St. Louis Blues March." The other side "The One Who Gets You the Moonlight" sounds like it has possibilities, but the poor vocalizing by Beneke and his group doesn't help much.

\* \* \*

**TOMMY TUCKER** (Harmony 1056) This tune, "Let's Go Back and Kiss the Girls Goodnight Again" didn't click in the first place when it was recorded by Columbia. Even Tucker's talents won't help popularize it. The other side, "Someday You Will Want Me to Want You" is a smooth rendition and vocal of the ballad.

\* \* \*

**EDDIE DUCHIN** (Harmony 1058) The popular pianist comes through with a nice job of "Where Are You Now That I Need You," from the Frank Loesser picture. The record is well worth the price considering the other side "Through A Long and Sleepless Night" sung by Tommy Mercer, who delivers the tune with feeling accompanied by Duchin's piano.

\* \* \*

**RUSS MORGAN** (Decca 24692) Leave it to Morgan to bring back tunes like "That's My Weakness Now." The corn treatment of this oldie is a welcome revival. Turning the platter you will find "Laughing Trombone Polka." The music sounds exactly like the title with laughing trombone, vocal affects and triple-tongue trumpeting.

\* \* \*

**PERCY FAITH** (Varsity 153) You will find a lot of music here for the small purchase price. The tune is "Temptation" and Percy gives it big production treatment, probably bigger than a popular tune deserves. When the disc is turned over you will enjoy "Dancing in the Dark" another large arrangement, but more suitable to the song.

**KATHRYN GRAYSON (MGM 30210)**  
The Jerome Kern showtune "They Didn't Believe Me" is sung by the talented movie star with typical Grayson treatment. On the other side her rendition of "Waltz Serenade" a version of a Tschaiakowsky melody is more to the liking of the fans especially the big size orchestra backing.

**KATE SMITH (MGM 10498)** *The ever-popular Kate does an appealing nostalgic version of "Over the Hillside" but falls down with "Memory Lane" on the other side of the disc. The job will be well received however by Kate Smith fans.*

**JOHNNY DESMOND (MGM) 10499)**  
England's big tune "The Wedding of Lili Marlene" may be destined for success here too, but Johnny's interpretation can well be improved on. The other side "Let Me Grow Old With You" is also ineffective.

THE END

this month's  
disc jockey  
(Continued from page 14)

name mentioned on the air was a great social distinction, so the enterprising LeRoy decided to capitalize on one job to make the other more profitable.

By mentioning the names of all his ice customers on his air shows, he soon forced the only other iceman in Elizabethtown out of business! But when the station needed a full time announcer at the impressive salary of \$15 a week, Roy deserted the ice wagon.

Williamsport, Pa., was the next stop in his radio career. He was paid \$20 a week here to be program director, announcer, copy writer and to emcee five shows (including a two-hour morning program, a newscast, a woman's program, one kiddie show, and a sports commentary). Another year in Allentown in a similar position and LeRoy decided to try for a staff announcer's job in Philadelphia.

In addition to his radio chores he soon began getting calls to be master of ceremonies at club meetings, school dances, and charity affairs. He always takes along a few pals, such as Uncle Ezra, Fred Allen, Ed Wynn, Rochester, Frank Morgan and Ned Sparks, for his one-man show.

In addition to his six-days-a-week radio performances, LeRoy stages shows for all types of visual audiences. Miller has undertaken such a variety of activities as presiding at the opening of the Monkey House at the Philadelphia Zoo, entertaining for an outdoor gathering of 20,000 persons in New Jersey and staging a "Breakfast in Hollywood" show for a capacity house at Philadelphia's Stanton Theatre at the local premiere of Breneman's picture, "Breakfast in Hollywood."

LeRoy is happily married and is the father of a baby daughter, Lois Anne, born July 11, 1947.

THE END

what's on  
your mind?



The Question and Answer Clinic conducted by Ben Grauer

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

Q. I saw the most beautiful girl in the world the other evening on "Broadway Spotlight," a television show headed by Richard Kollmar. She was blonde and what a figure! If you know who I mean, would you please print her picture?



J. Gould, N. J.

A. This is a tough one because Dick has had a lot of beautiful girls on his show. But we'll venture a guess with Joan Diener and here's her picture.

Q. I am fond of Kate Smith and I'd like to know if Miss Smith is married and where I could get a story on her life.

Jennie McKenzie, Missouri.

A. Kate Smith is not married and a story of her life will soon appear in book form.

Q. The announcer on the "Ford Theatre" and also the "Lowell Thomas" news show sounds very much like the same voice to me. Am I right?

Henry Friend, Minn.

A. Yes. The announcer is Nelson Case.

Q. Would you please identify the names of the characters heard on the Fibber McGee and Molly program?

Mrs. Elsie Harrington, Wash.

A. Fibber McGee and Molly are played by Jim and Marian Jordan. Doc Gamble is Arthur Q. Bryan. Mayor LaTrivia is Gale Gordon and Wallace Wimple and Mr. Oldertimer are played by Bill Thompson.

Q. How much money is offered to winners on the Horace Heidt show?

Mary Lou Clayton, Conn.

A. Four contestants from a broadcast area participate. Winner gets \$250 and is eligible to compete for quarterly \$750 prize and annual \$5000 prize.

Q. Is Irene Beasley, the gal quizmaster of "Grand Slam," a former vocalist?

Helen Newton, Mass.

A. Miss Beasley was the singing star of many radio shows including the Phil Baker Show and the Fitch Bandwagon. She also appeared on Broadway in "Thumbs Up."

Q. I understand that my favorite singer, Jack Owens, is quitting the "Breakfast Club." How long was he associated with that program?

Mrs. Alma Glucksturn, New York.

A. Jack has just ended a fourteen year run with the popular daytime program. I thought you'd be interested in this picture taken back in 1935 when Toastmaster Don McNeil and Cruising Crooner Jack Owens were just beginning to make a name for themselves. They're shown below (l. to r.) with Mrs. Kay McNeill and Tommy McNeill (now aged 12) Mrs. Helen Owens and Mary Ann Owens (now aged 12.)



Martha Bohlsen—

# First Lady of Culinary Culture



**a**ll rigged up with a fancy collapsible kitchen, including scads of appliances sans brand names, Martha Bohlsen, the midwest's First Lady of Culinary Culture, made good on Omaha's "TV-Day" September 1.

Considering her experience (she's conducted 3,000 broadcasts and nearly 1,000 personal appearances), Miss Martha might be expected to take her new television project in stride. But, as she smilingly puts it herself, she's as excited about her new job as if she were getting ready for her own wedding!

"Marty," as the WOW boys and girls call their new fellow worker, has everything it takes for her new work. Proof that she has the "looks," may be found in the photograph on this page. Her experience proves that she has the technical "know-how." That same experience has given her a speaking acquaintance or better with thousands of Omaha and mid-west housewives. She's answered their telephone inquiries at all hours of the day and night for the past ten years or so. This she always does willingly and cheerfully, even in such cases as the

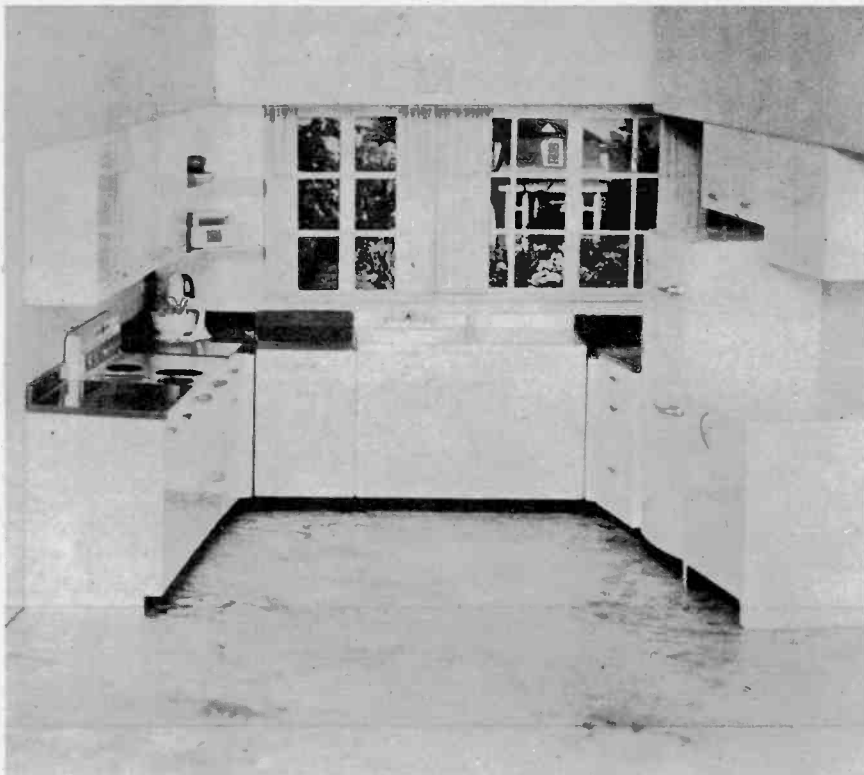
one lady who aroused her recently at 4:00 a.m. for advice on how to make biscuits for a breakfast party!

Miss Bohlsen came to WOW and WOW-TV July 1 after 10 years as Home Service Director of the Omaha Public Power District and then Nebraska Power Company, its predecessor. Prior to that time she was a "Prudence Penny" for the ill-fated Hearst Omaha Bee-News.

In her new work, she has been given every modern cooking aid that she has asked for. Her kitchen is built in sections like stage scenery and may be collapsed and stored between programs. Her stove, refrigerator and other items have brand names removed so they won't give away free advertising via TV.

In her years as a professional home economist Miss Bohlsen has acquired an unique "commercial sense" by the use of which she "sells" by small talk as she prepares various dishes.

She has a natural charm, a unique sense of humor, and WOW program authorities believe she'll be tops in her field in television.



This picture, made from miniatures, represent actual set which Martha Bohlsen used for her "Come In" show which premiered in September on WOW-TV.



The charming Martha Bohlsen whips up a cake in her new TV studio on WOW.

## jackpot winner

(Continued from page 27)

diamond ring, appraised at \$315. (It should be remembered that the given value of all merchandise is the retail price and that it is understandably difficult for an individual owner to collect the full sum.)

The artist who was to paint her portrait, valued at \$500, refused to wait until the babies were old enough to sit for a painting. "It would have been nice to show to them when they grew up as one of the things I won," she says. Although she sat for the portrait last year, the artist has not yet delivered it.

Much of the difficulty Mrs. Shelley has experienced in selling her winnings stems from the apparently widespread attitude that a person who wins a prize should not expect to receive any large amount in return for it, whatever its value. As she says, "They think that because I got it for nothing, I should 'sell' it for nothing."

One example is the trailer, with a retail value of \$2,850. The Shelleys offered it for sale at \$2,000 and turned down an offer of \$1,500. They later learned that the prospective buyer had bought a trailer of inferior quality for \$1,850, evidently because he resented their asking a price anywhere near the actual value of their prize. They would have accepted an offer of \$1,850 and finally sold it for \$1,000.

On the other hand, the Shelleys, who live in a small rented house in Levittown, Long Island, are the richer by a refrigerator and a washing machine (both in storage until they buy their own home), a three-piece living room set, nursery furniture, a motion picture camera, recording machine and, for the children, a chair and table set and the makings of a play yard, including portable swimming pool, all of which is being saved until the twins are a little older (they will be one year old on November 11th).

Mrs. Shelley's mother and sister, to whom she gave the automobile and the radio and television set, respectively, get much pleasure, she says, from their gifts.

"On the whole, our life is more comfortable than it would otherwise be. We wouldn't have been able to afford the beautiful mahogany bedroom furniture if I hadn't won the three-piece set for the living room, and the piano and the fur coat are other luxuries I wouldn't think of buying."

Mrs. Shelley was three-months pregnant on the day she wandered into the CBS offices and picked up tickets for two programs, "Singalong" and "Hit the Jackpot." On the former program, a morning show, she won \$6.05 and spent it on cake, rolls and other table delicacies. Her husband was on a business trip and she was living with her mother in Valley Stream, Long Island.

"You'd better not go to that other program tonight," her mother warned



Colman Wood

In a lovely grouping at one side of the room, also shown below, is an end table, made of two canisters once used in grocery stores for coffee and tea, which has been hand-painted, with an unusual floral decoration in colors, and two pale yellow chairs. Above the table is a large mirror, flanked by French costume prints.

The extent of Colman's ingenuity and imagination is further demonstrated by the hassock, shown next to the drum coffee table. The hassock was also a drum, made in 1888 and bought in New England for \$1; it was braced, upholstered and set on the legs of an old sewing machine at a cost of \$25. He has refused an offer of \$100 for it.

Lamps were made from two of the huge jugs, with spigots, which once dispensed rum and gin on old-time bars. Trivets are used as a wall decoration in the bedroom, and one has been converted into a lamp. Colman took an immediate dislike to the steam pipe which marred a corner of the

## hobbies of the stars

(Continued from page 6)

the huge jars formerly used in a p o t h e c a r y shops, and the jar itself serves as a goldfish "bowl." Above the lamp are prints of famous Greek statues, with wallpaper matings.

bedroom and designed a partition to hide it.

Every decorative object in the apartment has been hand-picked and hunted for in antique shops throughout the country: the little green pitcher with bells in its feet was made in Mexico and found in Missouri, and the tall bottle that holds four different liqueurs was picked up in Massachusetts.

In decorating for other people, Colman's basic thought is that the apartment must express the owner's personality and, therefore, he always builds his decorative schemes on their ideas, instead of insisting on his own. He has raised strenuous objections only once, when a woman wanted to decorate her living room with shrunken pygmy heads (real ones, right from Africa). He managed to "talk her out of it."

Although both interior decorating and radio (with newspapers) are considered the fields most conducive to ulcers, Colman prefers to work in radio and keep the other as a hobby. The pressure of time in radio work strains the nerves but is not so trying, he says, as the pressure caused by customers who choose fabrics and then change their minds after talking with a husband or friend, who must have their rooms ready by a certain date and can't understand why an upholstery man should get sick.

"I'll take my ulcers on the radio," says Colman.



Built-in shadow boxes convert a door into an ornamental feature; drum becomes a table.



An Empire candelabra stands on a pair of grocery canisters, hand-painted black to serve as a table; French costume prints flank the large wall mirror.

## junior miss

(Continued from page 50)



Flowers make a lovely gift from daughter Barbara to mother, widow of song writer Richard Whiting of "Sleepytime Gal" fame.

accompanying pictures Barbara did not hesitate to influence the actual shooting sequences. When sister Margaret suddenly arrived in New York on a surprise visit, it was Barbara who suggested the (accidentally-on-purpose) picture at Toots Shor's.

On the subject of romance, Barbara once again is the serious career-bent actress. She has few dates in Hollywood, not because she finds little interest in men but because dates merely take her away from rehearsals and studies in the many arts so important to good acting. Anyway, she prefers the company of older men but discourages frequent dates because older men are inclined to become serious. Marriage is unthinkable now.

The top show on Broadway today, according to Barbara, is not "South Pacific," but "Lend An Ear." The reason, Bill Eythe, of course. Bill used to date sister Margaret. Could be that Barbara would like to carry on the family friendship.

Back home, the full grown "Junior Miss" lives in West Los Angeles with her mother. Sister Maggie, who has divorced Hubell Robinson after six months of marriage, just bought a little house in the neighborhood and will live alone. Barbara expects to continue her special college courses, majoring in writing, and literature.

Next season, she hopes, playgoers will see her name in lights on a Broadway theatre.

THE END

## the joys and sorrows of a jackpot winner

(Continued from page 63)

her. "You've had enough excitement for one day."

But Mrs. Shelley, feeling that "this was my lucky day," insisted on going, in the company of her sister, aunt and uncle. The family had been listening to "Hit the Jackpot" for some time and had worked out, together, the solution to the "secret saying" that had been broadcast for the previous eight weeks. Somehow, Mrs. Shelley wasn't too surprised when she was selected from the audience as a contestant.

The program format requires that two contestants oppose each other, the one answering the questions, and the other challenging or accepting the answers; Mrs. Shelley's job was to answer the questions. Her advice to others who find themselves in the same position has been found useful as a formula for success in many situations entirely remote from quiz programs: "Always act as if you know all the answers."

Mrs. Shelley didn't know which was further south, South Africa or South America, but she answered "South Africa" with the same confidence she would have displayed if she had spent the day studying an atlas. It was the wrong answer but her opponent, misled by her attitude, accepted and Mrs. Shelley went on to the next question. In the same way, when emcee Bill Cullen asked which of the planets was nearest to the sun, she answered without hesitation and with all the aplomb of an astronomer,

"Oh, Mercury." Again, she bluffed her opponent with a wrong answer.

When she hit the jackpot by giving the solution ("Twenty-three skidoo") to the secret saying, she was the only calm person in the studio.

"All I could think of was that I was three months pregnant and that I might have a miscarriage if I got too excited. But it gave me a wonderful feeling to see all those people, so excited and happy, and not a bit jealous, because I had won."

One of the many letters she received as a result of her success was from a Canadian woman who wrote that she had listened regularly to the program but had missed the broadcast on which Mrs. Shelley had won. The Canadian newspapers, she said somewhat plaintively, had reported all the details of the event with the exception of the solution to the secret saying. Evidently consumed with curiosity, she enclosed a clipping from a local paper and asked if Mrs. Shelley would, in return, tell her the answer. Flushed with her triumph, the winner was glad to oblige.

With the birth of the twins, nine-and-one-half months after her marriage, Mrs. Shelley won the nickname "Jackpot Shelley." She sometimes wonders if the boys inherited their mother's good luck.

"Maybe they could get on the Toni program," she says, fondly stroking the blonde fuzz on Patrick's head, "and win themselves a couple of home permanents." THE END

## the new Vic Damone

(Continued from page 53)

four sisters couldn't have loved him any more than they did, anyway.

But during last summer he made his first stage appearance, at New York's Paramount Theater, and then embarked on a nation-wide tour of leading theaters. The climax of the tour was a screen test in Hollywood, which has become inter-

ested in the new Vic Damone. His contract for the "Saturday Night Serenade," on which he has been a featured star since 1947, was renewed in August.

Just a bit of flesh and bone in the middle of a face but oh, what a difference a nose makes!

THE END



most famous  
nose of all!

JIMMY DURANTE wears the most famous nose in history, as celebrated in his time as the face of Helen of Troy in Greek legend—and he does better with it. Hers was "the face that launched a thousand ships" but Jimmy's is the nose that's good for a million laughs.



# TURN-TABLE teens

They turn to "Queens" on popular Florida Disc Jockey show



Meet an announcer who talked his sponsor into having twenty disc jockeys on one half hour show. He's Damon Eckles, staff announcer at WDAE, Tampa, Florida.

The occasion presents itself every Saturday night with the Junior Disc Jockey Show. The program features the latest recordings which teen-agers dedicate on the air to their parents or friends. Highlight of the evening comes with the selections of the "Athlete of the Week" and the "Teen Queen of the Week." Emcee Eckles conducts the contest. As a special vacation feature, a contest was held to select a "Summertime Teen Queen" from eight of the most attractive Teen Queens. Miss Marilyn Wingo, the winner, was awarded a "Dream Vacation."

Damon got the idea for his show during a routine disc jockey program. Half way through the broadcast, a bad cold and a sore throat got too much for him. Turning to some teen-age studio visitors, he said:

"Read these dedications for me and I'll make you all 'Junior Disc Jockeys'."

The idea caught on like magic, and the next day, the studio was filled with teen-agers clamoring for a chance at the mike. In a few weeks, it was necessary to move the show to the City Recreation Department, where, after the broadcast, a dance continues for the rest of the evening.

At left emcee Eckles interviews pretty Marilyn Wingo after she was elected "Most Attractive Teen-Queen."



The "Teen Queen of the Week" contest brings out the city's cutest teen-agers on Damon Eckles' Junior Disc Jockey Show.

## mother wears a glittering gown

(Continued from page 41)

to have her and I wouldn't abuse that privilege for anything."

As she continued, it became obvious that when Peggy takes off her glittering gown and hangs it in the wardrobe, she sheds at the same time the stage personality that goes with it. She is no longer an entertainer, solely intent on winning the admiration of an audience, but an intelligent young woman who is well aware of her responsibilities as a mother.

Peggy Lee was born Norma Egstrom in Jamestown, North Dakota, one of seven children all of whom were expected to pitch in and help their mother, a housewife, with the household chores. Dishwashing was only one of her duties and, at high school age, she worked as a baby sitter, as did most of her friends, to earn a few dollars. It was a way of life familiar to thousands of American girls whose childhood is marked by neither poverty nor wealth, who acquire few luxuries but are never in want—a way of life very different from the one that Nikki might lead, with a father and mother who are successful entertainers. Nikki's mother has servants to wash the dishes and clean the house, and money for many luxuries.

But Nikki's mother also realizes "how much I learned because I didn't have anything lavished on me." Nikki will probably not have to wash many dishes—although she finds it fun now to help the maid—but she will be as different from the average pampered wealthy child as Peggy and her husband, musician Dave Barbour, can make her.

"It's hard sometimes not to go overboard," says Peggy, "and it takes a lot of restraint, but Nikki doesn't get everything she wants or everything that we could give her. Like those lovely little dresses in Saks-Fifth Avenue that I was dreaming over yesterday—but didn't buy. I've seen too many children who, at sixteen years of age, had had everything they wanted and didn't have anything to look forward to."

In line with this idea is the fund that Peggy and Dave have set aside for Nikki's college education. It's ample but not really large; there will be no convertibles in Nikki's college life.

At the age of 29, Peggy is still young enough to remember her childhood and in bringing up Nikki, she has put to practical use her vivid recollections of her experiences. She has combined these with information gleaned from numerous books and articles and, although her work requires that she be away from home a good part of the time, she seems to be doing very well with a job that is so often muffed by mothers who lead more conventional lives.

"I remember how big my problems seemed to me when I was a little girl," she says, "how very important they were.

Children understand more than grown-ups give them credit for, and they resent it when we punish them without any explanation. When Nikki does something wrong, I let her tell me why she did it—she usually has a reason—and then I tell her why it's wrong. That's a loving kind of discipline and I think that children appreciate it."

Nikki, for example, used to have a habit of giving any one of the men in Dave's band a solid whack with her little hand. . . . Questioning revealed that this was Nikki's way of showing her liking for a person. But Peggy suggested that she put her herself "in his shoes," and also, "Would you like him to say that 'Nikki Barbour comes and hits me?'" Put this way, it didn't appeal to Nikki either, and she soon lost the habit.

Like nearly all mothers, Peggy finds it necessary to discipline Nikki on occasion for being disobedient, but unlike many, she always remembers to keep herself under control.

"I never spank her when I'm angry—I wait until I cool off—because I know that then I'd just be venting my anger on her. One or two sharp cracks are enough to show her that she's been naughty. If she cries I tell her to 'go to your room and cry because nobody wants to hear you.' And when she comes out, I don't mention it again and ask her if she's 'going to be a good girl now.' That's not necessary and would just hurt her pride."

Discipline, Peggy points out, is a form of security for the child since she learns from it which is the "right road to take." She has told Nikki that "it's hard to be an adult and have to lay down the law" and the reasons for right and wrong are not too easy to explain.

"You shouldn't put your hands on the stove because you'll burn them. That's easy to understand, isn't it? But there are very good reasons, too, for not doing a lot of other things that I can't make so clear to you."

The special problems stemming from the fact that Peggy is often away for a stage performance or radio broadcast (she's on Bing Crosby's show right now) and must have a nurse for Nikki were solved when she made it clear to the child that the nurse had final authority when the mother was not at home, that the nurse was acting in Nikki's behalf and would never ask her to do anything unnecessary.

In general, Nikki sees little of the entertainment world in which her father and mother move. She seldom goes to a broadcast or stage performance in Hollywood and is allowed to accompany them during the summer when they tour the country as a special vacation treat. Even then, she visits the theater where they are performing only on rare occasions. Like other children on a visit to a strange city, Nikki, with her nurse,

visits the zoos and takes in all the sights, and manages to see much more of the city than her parents can hope to.

For a five-year-old, Nikki has a very inquiring mind. She has never wanted to be treated like a child and, as a result, Peggy has been confronted with many problems—relating to the explanation of sexual differences, for example—that do not usually arise until a child is many years older. Nikki refused to be put off by the usual "I'll tell you about it some other time."

"She insists that I tell her the truth," Peggy says, "and I do, because I don't want to destroy our friendship. Then too, I don't want her to get the idea that sexual differences are something to be whispered about in the dark. It doesn't make for a healthy attitude."

Peggy doesn't claim to be any braver than any other mother and she has often worried about the phrasing of her explanations. When one of their neighbors died, she waited somewhat tensely for the inevitable question.

"Mother, what was the matter with Mr. Hart?"

Peggy took a deep breath. "Well, it's like this, Nikki. Your body is like an automobile—the motor is your heart, the gasoline is the food, and the exhaust pipe is for elimination. When one of the parts breaks down, the body just can't keep going anymore."

The many questions indicate a high level of intelligence, however, and despite the difficulties involved in answering them, Peggy thinks she is very lucky. "Nikki makes it easy to be a mother."

There are deer in the neighborhood of their Beverly Hills home and Nikki had come to know and recognize many of them. On the day that one of the small deer was run over and killed on the road in front of their home, Peggy worried again about the question. Why should this friendly little animal have been killed?

"But Nikki came to me and said, 'Mother, did you see that? The deer's mother told him not to go across the street and he did and he was run over.' You see what I mean?"

A masculine voice boomed loudly in the hallway outside the dressing room. "Fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes!" It was almost time for the seven o'clock show. Peggy freshened her make-up, wriggled into the sparkling blue Florence Lustig gown and loosened her blonde hair so that it fell softly around her face again.

She certainly didn't look any more like a "typical American mother" than before, but there was a thoughtful look in her eyes. Was she thinking about her daughter, and wondering if she was eating all her string beans and drinking every drop of her milk, like a good girl?

THE END



Dave Garroway, emcee of "Garroway-at-Large" NBC-TV show heard Sundays at 10.

When she has to be stern, it is always with loving care; and when she is sympathetic of the problems of her two daughters or son, there is present a touch of humor that keeps the proceedings from being too sticky and too sweet. If you look at this TV "Mama" you will see a play worth coming back to, week after week.

### Academy Theatre

Monday, 8 p.m.

Experimentation must be encouraged on television, since the medium is so new and since so many of the people in it are still trying to find their way. An example is "Academy Theatre" for which NBC has hired a professor with imagination, Curtis Canfield of Amherst College.

Canfield, in charge of "Academy Theatre," has done an uneven job, so far. He started off with a Chinese romance—which was neither authentically Oriental nor credibly romantic. He followed with "Mr. Lincoln's Whiskers," which was charming and lovely and fresh and produced with a great deal of imagination. Then he came through with a Kipling tale that was corny when it was between covers and no better when brought to the screen.

Does that score indicate that the "Academy Theatre" was a failure? Nothing of the kind. It was frankly experimental in purpose—and that purpose was served by the production. If the series is off by the time you read these lines, just remember the name of Curtis Canfield. He is a man to watch as television grows.

### Lights Out

Thursday, 9 p.m.

Among last season's top dramatic programs on television were "Studio One" on CBS and "Philco Theatre" on NBC. The man who parlayed "Philco" into an outstanding production is Fred Coe. Now Coe is in charge of "Lights Out" which brings to the screen the title of some of

## seat at the dial

(Continued from page 14)

the best blood-and-thunder programs aired by NBC in the days when it still had Arch Oboler writing exclusively for this network.

Oboler is not identified with TV's "Lights Out," but the visual version still adds up to exciting drama (within its set format). On the opening of "Lights Out," Coe put on Harry Junkin's "Long Distance," a play praised highly in this very space a year ago. Another time, Coe brought the story of an Australian who kills his wife when her neuroticism drives him to near-insanity—and finally he commits suicide when he thinks the crime has been discovered. This latter piece could have been humdrum stuff; under Coe's hand, it held the viewer glued to his chair.

"Lights Out" scares the lights out of the kids, who may still be up to peek at the screen and who certainly can hear the weird, eery music and sound effects. But if the kids have nightmares on account of this show, they will be a comfort to the elders who may also have uncomfortable dreams as a result of the realistic recreation offered on this program. Blood-and-thunder can be awfully gory on TV. But some people do like that kind of fare. And under Coe's guidance they get it, with a cherry on top.

### Believe It Or Not

Wednesday, 10 p.m.

Robert Ripley's work comes home to you now. Through films or by live re-enactment, Ripley's bizarre items—all of them thoroughly documented—are spelled out for you on the home screen.

Master of ceremonies and guide of the Ripley number is one man who has been missing from the air far too long, Robert St. John. He is one of a number of people kicked, squeezed or eased out of network commentator spots within the last few years because some people considered them "too liberal" (whatever that means!) Now St. John is back, and he is in a safe spot. All he need do here is be his own quiet, sure, authoritative self. He measures up. It's good to have him back.

St. John serves the program nicely, guiding the viewer from one rare item to another. Believe it or not, it's not a bad show.

### Theatre Of The Mind

Thursday, 9:30 p.m.

Are you interested in psychology? If so, see this program. The TV medium is used very sensibly here. A problem in psychology is given you first through a dramatic presentation—no hint that this is "education"; it is simply drama. Then a panel of three people, led through their paces by Professor Houston Peterson of Rutgers University, discusses the problem presented in the drama.

Often, in TV as in other forms of show-business, there is a wide gap between plan and execution. The plan of the pro-

gram is outlined above. How closely it approximates success depends, however, partly upon the professor and partly on his guest "experts." The professor has not, as of this writing, learned quite how to be a successful tele moderator—he pouts, he appears to be a bit stuffy when he probably thinks he is being homy, he doesn't keep his panelists to the main points under discussion. Sometimes, those panelists are not quite as carefully chosen as they should be. But here, again, is a case of TV experimentation that should be encouraged. The idea of the program is splendid. And that's an excellent start.

### Garroway At Large

Sunday, 10 p.m.

We come to Dave Garroway. He is quite the stuff (I am told) out Chicago way. Surrounded by a cast of singers and musicians who are about as uneven as they can be—ranging from the very good to the sadly amateurish—Garroway takes an easy stride through his studio. There is no hurry, no mad rushing around. He gives you the impression of ad libbing his way through the half-hour. He kids around with the cameramen and the cameras, plays with the scene shifters, just joshes along. Thus he gives you a feeling of informality that's refreshing in itself—if you don't see it too often.

After you have seen Garroway roaming around a couple of times, however, the very informality can begin to take on an appearance of something forced. On the top of that—that talent is not always too talented. True, Garroway doesn't hurry—but then the show itself doesn't go anywhere either. Just lack of mad pace by itself—desirable as that trait is in an emcee—is not quite enough. There must be a show too. So far, Garroway hasn't quite wrapped it up.

### Hogan's Daughter

Tuesday, 8 p.m.

A pair of top radio writers, Sam Moore and John Whedon, are the scripters for "Hogan's Daughter." The program aims at swift-moving situation comedy with a nostalgic flavor. It achieves its purpose.

Shirley Booth (once upon a time in "Duffy's Tavern") is the daughter of Mr. Tom Hogan who lives with his family in the New York slums. Mr. Hogan likes to tinkle a bit, and lets his harried wife and lovely daughter worry about less important things like rent and other family expenses. He gets into scrapes. Sometimes, his daughter helps, unwittingly, to get Pop into those jams by trying to help matters along. Somehow, Pop comes out on top, as a rule.

Lesser writers could have made all these proceedings sound very cheap on the radio. A lesser actress than Miss Booth, and a cast below the quality of the group on this program, could have made pathos out of intended comedy. For-

## i'm just a mountain gal

(Continued from page 37)

team pulled it to town for me. Then I got the sad news that it would take overnight to fix.

Did I go to a hotel? Nossir. Not with those friendly mountain people there. Some of the folks around the repair shop insisted I go home with them, and I did, in a Model-T that made me homesick for one of my long forgotten Tennessee boy friends who used to take me riding on Sundays.

We drove around a little mountain road, and finally came to a cabin that was built from split logs. There were children playing in the yard, a little girl shelling peas on the back steps, and I could hear their mother singing while she was doing her churning. To me it was a perfect picture of Countrylife, U.S.A.

They cooked an enormous dinner—must have been seven or eight vegetables on the table. And good? The finest restaurant in New York can't serve corn-on-the-cob like those folks had . . . or such marvelous cornbread and blackeyed peas.

After supper I noticed everyone moving out to the yard at the front of the house. When I got there myself I saw why. We were on a high peak, and I could see the moon just beginning to rise, making mysterious patterns across the rolling valley.

A violin began to moan softly and other instruments took up the melody while the father of the group began to sing. The children joined in, and I might have too but for the catch in my throat. Maybe it was the moonlight that formed a soft golden mist across the hills. Maybe it was that haunting song. It always comes back to me as typical of the peaceful beauty of the mountain country.

We sat up 'til the small hours making music that night. For my benefit they all sang solos. And that included the 93 year old grandmother and a little girl who couldn't have been over four. It was a night to remember. But the next morning I got a jolt when I discovered that I was going to arrive in St. Louis next day too late to have my costumes washed and ironed for a performance I was scheduled to play there.

I mentioned my problem, and before I could stop them, two of the younger girls had grabbed up my Minnie Pearl dresses, and were giving them a good tubing. It was the kind of spontaneous generosity you know is sincere.

I left that little Kentucky farm with more than clean dresses and a satisfied appetite. I took with me a renewed love for these fine Cumberland Mountain people.

Folk music really had its start in the mountains. Basically it is a simple music, direct in both its melody and the story it tells. Then when modern progress opened up the mountains, this truly native American music moved throughout the land.

Not long ago I made a trip through the Cumberland Mountains. At every stop I made I discovered that someone—often everyone—in the family played a musical instrument. String instruments are still the favorites with the guitar, violin, banjo and zither high on the list.

But almost as popular as the playing of instruments is the singing which, after all, is the real reason for the importance of country music as a part of our folk heritage. The songs always tell of some historical event, and many of these musical pages in history date back more than a hundred years.

The church has played an important part in the growth of music in the country, both in the mountains and flatlands. Some of the prettiest singing and most carefree square dancing I've ever encountered have been at Village church "socials."

In my Grand Ole Opry career there have been lots of varied experiences, but none more interesting than playing tent shows in the country. These traveling tent caravans work exactly as they did in years gone by before there was such a diversion as picture shows.

We go into a town, set up the big tent and give an afternoon and night per-

### See . . .

the big picture spread on  
Television's comedy-drama  
"MAMA," starring actress Peggy  
Wood in title role, in the  
December issue of RADIO  
BEST.

formance. Many of us on the Opry make personal appearance tours between broadcasts this way every summer.

A tent show is most fun when it stops at some little place back in the hills. When this happens I always get a chair and sit out back, behind the tent, before the show starts. A performance by our crowd from the NBC program sometimes doubles the population of a village, and folks start arriving hours before showtime.

They come in wagons, walking, on horseback and in automobiles . . . anyway they can get there. And they always come 'round back of the tent to talk with me and other Opry entertainers such as Red Foley and Rod Brasfield. The sincere affection they express is the kind of thing that thrills an entertainer most.

Often they tell me little jokes on themselves and ask me to use them on the air. To them I'm not "different." I'm just an ordinary country girl—a little boisterous perhaps—but still a country girl who happens to make her living on the stage and radio.

I am one of them. And it's exactly what I want to be.

THE END

## seat at the dial

(Continued from page 67)

tunately, the teamwork here is excellent. I hope this program sticks around awhile—a long while.

### Four-Star Playhouse

Sunday, 8 p.m.

The stars here—all from glamor are Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Robert Cummings and Loretta Young. They are supposed to lend an aura to the program. But their vehicles are from the slickest kind of slick fiction. The stories are smooth—and meaningless. Meaningless, too, is the glamor—these people are, indeed, stars—but their radio work is, most of the time, second-rate. Maybe they'd be better if they had roles they could bite into—but you can't bite into fluff and whipped cream, and that's the kind of stories they are given. This whole thing is strictly from hunger—and NBC won't get Sunday night Hooperatings that way.

### Chicken Every Sunday

Wednesday, 8 p.m.

Billie Burke and Harry Von Zell are teamed here. Situation comedy laid in the horse-and-buggy era, it is carried off successfully enough. I don't mind Miss Burke playing the shrewd housewife of Tucson, Ariz., to Von Zell's shrewd characterization of the husband in the family. Some people seemed to feel, when this one came to the air, that neither Miss Burke nor Von Zell have any business stepping out of "type." For my money, that's malarkey. The questions are: Do they play their roles well? I think they do. Have they a story to tell? I think they have. Are they properly supported and well directed? Yes. That's all that matters. I'm willing to lend them a hand, even if the stuff with which they deal is not too new. This isn't great radio, by a long shot. But it's palatable.

### Ethel Merman Show

Sunday, 9:30 p.m.

If you know your musical comedy, you know the name of Ethel Merman. If you ever play recordings of popular numbers, you know her name too. She can send a song like few people can—providing it is her kind of song, for instance something like "You're The Tops" or "Falling in Love Is Wonderful." But give her "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—and she'll be beyond her depth. That's what happened one Sunday night after Miss Merman went on with this show which, presumably, has been tailored to her special talents.

The whole thing burst apart at the seams—except when Miss Merman sings her own type of song. The rest of the show just doesn't hold together. Leon Janney as her principal foil is excellent. Milton Katmis' orchestra leadership is tops. That's all you can say for the program. NBC has simply not fit the robe to the shape of Miss Merman.

THE END

## the quality of love

(Continued from page 33)

Craftily, Joan led him to the deserted loft, her own hiding place. The web was started; the threads were being drawn into a fabulous, intricate pattern of evil.

The cry broke the stillness of the night swiftly, sharply. "Walter! Miss Daisy! Somebody!" It was Portia.

Walter ran to her. His own mind was occupied with something he had just seen: Joan Ward hurrying off with a package under her arm. Where could she have been headed for this time of night?

"Darling, is anything wrong?" he begged.

"No, only that—it's time. Get Dr. Ramsey."

"Are you sure?"

"Very sure." In spite of the pain Portia chuckled. "Walter, don't hold me as if I were going to break. I'm not, you know. I'm—well—I'm a mama!"

But she stopped suddenly as pain commanded her. Walter pressed her hand. "Oh, my darling. How terrible for you."

"No, it isn't," said Portia, finally relaxing. "It hurts, yes, but once the pain is gone the peace that comes after is so deliciously lovely."

Walter laughed in relief. "Okay. You go ahead and float while I find you a pair of stockings for your bag. Where . . ."

"Walter!" Portia shrieked his name. "You can see! It's a miracle! Oh, tell me, what happened? Was it just this moment? Oh, my darling, I'm so happy."

Walter bit his lip. He had completely forgotten his pretense of blindness.

"Let's call it a miracle, sweet," he said

gently. "And I'll tell you all about it—soon."

A million questions rose to Portia's lips . . . but were forgotten in a swift onset of pain. The trip to the hospital was like a vague dream; she remembered seeing faces and answering questions . . . and then: a nightmare. Somewhere behind the curtain of pain, she knew Walter was in trouble.

Nurse Allison quieted her. The pains were coming faster.

"Where's my husband?" Portia insisted.

"Why, he's gone home," replied the nurse. And she didn't know that her sentence would long be remembered. For Walter was not at home . . . nor was Joan Ward.

Walter, on that fateful night, saw Steve Ward in the lilac bush near Kathie's. He hurried to telephone Clint Morley that his prisoner was at hand—but he didn't realize that he himself was unseen that night . . . that his whereabouts were to require more explanation than he could give.

And in the meantime, at the Baker home, Al Jacobs the milkman was pounding on the door. "Better come round in back with me and have a look," he said tersely to Bill Baker.

Kathie heard and hurried down. "What is it?" she demanded fearfully.

But they left her there. They left her there to go to the garage and look at a chilling sight: the body of Joan Ward, shot to her death.

Then they noticed that there wasn't any gun.

Murder.

"Get Steve Ward." Everyone said it. It was so clear that Steve was guilty. So no one was more surprised than Clint Morley, the D. A., when Steve breezed into his office one morning—complete with foolproof alibi. Oh yes, he could explain his whereabouts that night. He was in a long poker session with Nick Evans and some of the other boys at the Blue Ribbon. Could he prove it? Sure, just ask Nick.

And there was another factor to be reckoned with. Kathie Baker. Going only on what her sister had told her, about Walter's perfidy and viciousness, Kathie had to believe what Joan had repeated over and over: *if anything happens to me, Walter Manning is responsible*. So Kathie, bruised and bewildered by the death of the sister she had loved as a daughter, did what she thought she had to do . . . tell Clint Morley. Set everybody straight. Shout to the world that Walter Manning was the murderer of Joan Ward!

Portia lay in her bed, staring at the ceiling. Her little daughter Shirley had just been in to pay her regular morning visit; such a wrinkled, adorable little thing she was. How surprised Walter had been by all that fragility combined with all that noise!

But there were other things on Portia's mind.

Dr. Ramsey had said something about an incident on Peach Street. What? And her visitors had been so silent and mysterious.

Portia worried about Joan. Had she gotten into trouble again? Why, why was a wall of secrecy being drawn between her and the outside world?

She would have been more worried if she had known that at the very moment she was being tortured by doubts, Walter was facing Clint Morley.

"—so I went home and found Joan's room empty," Walter was saying, "and I thought I should tell Bill. About fifteen minutes later, I ran into Steve Ward, as I told you. I wanted to take him to you, Morley, but he got away. He was heading for River Street, so I telephoned from Snider's drugstore . . . then I came on home and talked to Miss Daisy until the hospital called at six o'clock to say the baby was born."

It was supposed to be routine questioning. But there was an ominous silence in the room that suddenly clutched at Walter's insides.

And still Portia wondered. As she picked pitifully at the bedspread, Miss Allison came in. "There's a Mrs. Miriam Staley to see you," she said.

Portia grinned. Of all people . . . Miriam was, to be quite frank, an old gossip. One of those souls who delight in prying into other people's lives. However—

Miriam entered. Her eyes were sparkling with interest and a sort of hidden



Al Jacobs, the milkman, recoils in horror as he comes across the body of Joan Ward lying in the deserted loft, her hiding place. Was it murder?

excitement that caused Portia to wonder. Her high heels tapped briskly on the hard floor and she walked over to Portia's side importantly.

"Oh, Portia, dear, I've just seen your baby and she's a darling! Isn't it funny that she's a blonde? So unusual when both parents are dark. Such a blessing all around." She heaved a great sigh. "Ah, well, enjoy your happiness while you may. One never knows when it will all end suddenly."

"You sound so morbid, Miriam," laughed Portia. "And you don't look as though there had been any tragedy in your life lately."

"Oh, not in *mine*," said Miriam, her eyes focusing brightly on Portia, "but murder is so terrible. Oh, what have I said?"

Portia grabbed her hand. "What murder? What are you talking about?"

But Miriam had completed her mission. Smiling mysteriously, she left—and Portia had a sleepless night. What did it all mean? Who was murdered? Why?

The truth came out when the cleaning woman found a button from a policeman's coat. Portia saw it . . . and realized that the policeman had been waiting for Walter when he visited her! Panicky, she rang for Miss Allison.

"Please, please," she begged the nurse, "get my home on the phone. Tell my husband to come at once! I—I have a feeling that something is very wrong."

Once again, Portia's sensitive subconscious mind had uncovered a basic truth. There was indeed something wrong—something wrong that was happening to Walter. (Even at the moment of Portia's panic, Walter was being told by Judge Tabor that his case would go before the Grand Jury, which would convene in a few days.)

And so, piece by piece, laboriously, and with a maximum of agonizing effort, Portia managed to learn the whole story. From her friends . . . and from her enemies . . . until she realized just what danger Walter was in and what she would have to do to help him.

It was while she was waiting that Kathie came in to see Portia. Kathie, so heartbroken, so divided in her loyalties between those she loved as friends and the person who had meant more to her than anyone in the world: her sister.

Portia had difficulty in keeping her voice steady. She stared at the ceiling for a moment, then spoke in a low, unnatural tone:

"Tell me, Kathie—how can you be so sure that Walter is responsible for Joan's death?"

Kathie looked childlike as she sat there, mouthing her words as if they were a lesson taught her in school. "The whole thing began . . . when Walter started poisoning our minds against Joan . . . trying to make us believe she was going insane. But Joan was afraid of Walter because she knew he was jealous, and because he was cruel."

"Oh, Kathie." Portia stared at her friend. "You know . . . you do know, don't you, that Walter isn't like that?"

And you know that Steve's alibi means nothing—that there is no clue that in the last analysis means Walter is guilty! *In fact, if it weren't for the fact that the gun is missing, I'd say it was suicide!*"

Kathie looked at Portia, a stricken little animal at that moment. "Oh, Portia. Do you think . . ."

"You see, Kathie, she was so unstable . . . and so unhappy. If only the gun were to be found . . . But tell me, suicide was the first thought that came into your head, wasn't it?"

Kathie rose as if to go. "Portia, I can't talk about this any more. Please . . ."

"Wait." Portia placed her hand on Kathie's. "You, too, are beginning to wonder if Joan was . . . quite sane. Aren't you? And your entire certainty of Walter's guilt hinges on the question of Joan's sanity. So if you've begun to doubt that . . ."

"For God's sake," screamed Kathie, "let me be!" And she ran from the room. But Portia, lying in the white bed, knew that a serious change was taking place in Kathie's thinking. And Portia knew, too, that Kathie would go to Clint, once she was convinced in her own mind of Walter's innocence. But what about Clint? Was Kathie's story the crux of his case—or would he persist in the prosecution?

The question was answered shortly and grimly when Clint visited the hospital. He admitted that Kathie's changed story made a difference, but "the evidence is there." And Portia realized that he had to do as he believed, even though it meant hurting her. From this point on, between Clint Morley and herself, there would be no quarter asked and no quarter given!

As if that weren't enough—that very afternoon, Miriam Staley chose to visit the hospital; of course, her visit was timed so that she had ample view of Clint Morley leaving Portia's room. Miriam's mouth opened wide—in surprised pleasure—and she knocked hastily on Portia's door. "I do hope I didn't wake you, dear," she cooed.

"No," said Portia, restraining a sigh. "I wasn't sleeping."

"How are you feeling, you poor dear? This must be such a dreadful time for you, with Walter in such *trouble*. And *who* do you think I just saw? Clint Morley! How you must hate him!"

"I don't hate Clint, Miriam," said Portia, her voice a bit unsteady. How she wished Miriam would go.

"Oh, but I was thinking of poor, dear Walter, too. How hideous it must be for him, locked in a cell in that dreadful jail, knowing that you and Clint are . . . well," Miriam giggled in a high-pitched voice, "of course, it means nothing, but it's so funny that Clint and little baby Shirley are so blonde, and you and Walter are so dark . . ."

"I'm tired, Miriam," Portia interrupted. "Do you mind going?"

"Well," gasped Miriam. "The very idea. Well, let me tell you, Portia Manning, you've made your bed and now you can lie in it. If ever there was a woman with a guilty conscience, it's you, Portia, and

I know perfectly well that you and the District Attorney are in this thing together!"

With an angry swish of her skirts, Miriam Staley left the room, eager to spread the scandal virus all around Park-erstown. But Portia was too tired to care. Her mind was filled with one idea: *save Walter from Clint, save Walter from Clint.*

How much can a woman love a man? To Portia, lying there, helpless, in a little room in a hospital, it was an unanswerable question. She loved Walter with every fibre of her being—yes, that was a phrase that other people had used before, but it assumed new meaning for her now.

In spite of the quarrels. Oh, those bitter quarrels—arising from Walter's restlessness, his desire to travel, from conflicts over her career. Yet, was it a conflict? Actually, Portia desired nothing more than to be a good wife and mother; yet, every time she was needed, a power stronger than herself made her heed an inevitable call, and she would defend the poor, the weak, the persecuted.

So it was a strange, ironic situation that now, at a moment when she herself was weak, Walter should be the person who needed her as a lawyer rather than a wife.

The bitter fact remained that he had not followed the good advice Portia had sent him by way of Kathie. No, instead of telling his story straightforwardly to the Grand Jury, he had become emotional, he had put the whole thing on a personal basis. Kathie had described the scene to Portia: Clint claiming that Portia had exerted undue influence on Kathie to make her change her testimony; and Walter hotly interrupting, "Kathie did not change her mind because of anything Portia said. She tried to explain to you, but you wouldn't listen for a very good reason . . ."

"Just a moment," someone had intervened, but Walter was too passionately angry now to listen.

"No," Walter had shouted, "Joan was not sane, and Kathie knew it but couldn't face it. I realize that Morley will not accept that because if he does, his whole case against me will go to pieces! This whole thing is a frame-up! Morely doesn't care whether I am guilty or not! *What he wants is my wife*, and he'll use every lie at his command hoping that if I'm convicted she'll be rid of me!"

Portia closed her eyes wearily. She could see the scene so well, and she knew, too, so well, how badly it would react upon the jury. Foolish, foolish Walter. Always thinking with his heart instead of his head, and plunging blindly into an abyss . . .

But nothing could cool her love and loyalty. Whether Walter believed the lies about Clint Morley and herself or not, nothing mattered—nothing except her love for Walter. It was the most important thing in the world; it counted for more than herself, more than her own health or strength . . .

Slowly, an idea shaped into her mind . . . but could she do it?

There comes a time in the life of a man when he believes that he is finished. Fate has dealt him an unanswerable blow; he cannot go on, he cannot summon the will to go on. And so Walter Manning felt as he faced the Judge that day. The Grand Jury had returned the indictment . . . Walter Manning would have to stand trial for the murder of Joan Ward!

Dully, Walter listened to Judge Tabor droning on and on. . . . The words meant nothing to him. Crazy, his mind returned to a scene that had no bearing on this courtroom drama: a scene that had taken place some years ago, when he and Portia were in California. Walter had just finished his story, "Challenge"; he knew it was fine, and in the middle of the night he had awakened Portia, made her put a coat over her nightgown, and together they had run up a high hill and had stood there together, gloriously happy . . . it was the kind of moment that stays with people—people who had been in love. Walter shuddered. Loss of money, loss of reputation, those things were nothing. It was loss of love that counted. If he had lost Portia, he would never go ahead with anything, because he would, in doing so, have lost a part of himself. The only part that he cared about.

Clint Morley was speaking now. Walter forced himself to listen as Clint demanded an immediate trial, claiming that all the evidence was in. (Then it would all be over sooner, thought Walter monotonously, then I'd be out of the way once and for all.) He came to attention suddenly as the realization struck him that Judge Tabor was addressing him.

"Where is your attorney, Mr. Manning?"

Walter stared at a point behind the Judge. He took a deep breath.

"I have none," he replied.

"In that case," said Judge Tabor, adjusting his glasses, "the state will have to appoint one for you . . ."

And then it happened. As it happens in life, sometimes, as miracles are wrought to change utter darkness to shining hope. All heads were turned toward the door, and slowly, Walter Manning followed the gaze of everyone in that room.

His breath stopped short. He opened his mouth as though to speak, but no words came.

There, looking pale and fragile, yet some how strong and valiant, stood Portia.

Portia, who had had her child only four days before . . . Portia, to whom love meant more than her own strength, to whom love was her strength, was entering the courtroom.

For a second, Walter did not move. A glorious flood of hope and love was surging through him, and with it, a burst of renewed confidence. For now everything was different: nothing could harm him because Portia was here. Portia loved him . . .

Tears came slowly to his eyes as Portia answered the Judge with an unfaltering voice.

"I," replied Portia Manning, "am the attorney for the defense."

THE END

## hollywood off the air

(Continued from page 12)

*Ginger Rogers is now holding hands with Greg Bautzer . . . Ditto Kirk Douglas and Ann Sothern.*

Gordon MacRae, this mag's favorite singer, was the recent recipient of a playpen for his three children. Now he sits in it every afternoon to read and study scripts so that kids can't get near him.

*Bob Hope says his recent hobby-horse injury was just a bad case of overacting.*

Milton Berle is back bigger than ever on his Texaco Star Theatre. Fans are now anxiously awaiting release of his picture "Always Leave Them Laughing," which he completed during his summer hiatus. The hard working comedian found little joy in picture-making and made it evident to this reporter just before he left for the East. "Making pictures is tough, much tougher than television in many ways. This business of waiting between shots often becomes exasperating. Why I could do a whole TV show between movie shots. It's true that I work hard on the Texaco show. As you know, I produce and direct it. But at least we don't get started until 10 in the morning. Here on the coast, we start at the wee hour of six or seven, and believe me, I'm just not ready that early. Besides, I'm here with my wife on our honeymoon." About his wife: She's the former Joyce Matthews whom he was married to before.

*Roy Rogers, who's starred on his own show every Sunday over Mutual, has a new hobby these days. He's training a six-month's-old Alaskan husky in the various tricks the dog will need to know to work with Roy in films. One trick the dog learned without benefit of special*

*training was to nick Roy's pants where the actor usually sits.*

MBS filmland commentator Sheila Graham's campaign to find out "What's Wrong or Right With Hollywood" provoked the following letter from a woman listener. The lady said: "There's too many double feature programs these days. My husband went to one three years ago—and hasn't come home yet!"

### News of people and shows:

The TV version of the Theatre Guild on the Air, which last season was aired by NBC, is being considered again as a TV possibility this month. . . . Tradesters are smiling at Lucky Strikes' possibility of sponsoring cigar-smoking Ken Murray's TV show . . . Ed Wynn's new kinescope TV series scheduled for New York debut on October 6, expected to give Berle a run for his money. . . . Herb Shriner still looking for a job . . . John J. Anthony clicking on TV . . . Abe Burrows proving his solid worth to CBS . . . Daytime dramas holding strong on radio . . . Bill Lawrence emerging as radio's most promising star . . . Gordon MacRae has already made the grade . . . "Seat at the Dial" a take-off of RADIO BEST's review section scheduled for early TV appearance. Panel members include critic John Crosby and editor Ed Bobley . . . Trade watching Garry Moore's new full hour daily program on CBS . . . "Tom Mix" show renewed for 26 weeks . . . Philco continuing with Don McNeil . . . Lobby busy in Washington for liquor advertising on the air . . . President Truman expected to kick off first annual affair of the Academy of Radio and Television Arts and Sciences, skedded for New York's Waldorf Astoria January 13th.



Alan Young sings a romantic tune for Virginia McCurdy (Mrs. Alan Young).

## love begins after 50

(Continued from page 21)

head of a Clark Gable or a Ronald Colman, for example, is just as bright as ever, these stars have built up a following through many years in a mass entertainment medium. Pinza, who could be over 55, making his first bow to the woman who had never set foot in an opera house, slipped easily into the men-to-dream-about category.

The handsome basso's success has "established" the middle-aged man, and given rise to a number of so-called "reports." Bob Hope reports that younger stars, with unlined faces and hair untarnished by age, are now begging their make-up artists for grey hair and wrinkles. Those who thought they had passed the "prime of life" at forty now wear these signs of the encroaching years with pride. Many leading men, so 'tis said, are regretting their lies about their age and some, who could always count on wringing a sigh from female spectators, are now smitten with the self-consciousness of a juvenile in their love scenes. These are probably the 40-year-old youngsters.

That Pinza's performance as a lover despite his age—or perhaps, because of it—is completely satisfying may be deduced from critic George Jean Nathan's report that 2,500 middle-aged men have been arrested for pinching young girls after seeing "South Pacific."

The rejuvenating effect of Pinza's success on this horde of males may last only a short time, until they discover that grey hair and wrinkles do not necessarily make the great lover. Pinza also has a bass voice, described as the "most beautiful heard on Broadway in an eon," an imposing six-foot-two-inch stature, an elegant carriage and the savoir-faire acquired through thirty years as a famous singer both in Italy and the United States. There are not many singers, middle-aged or otherwise, whose voice can carry such ardor as to make a woman dream, for just a moment, of "some enchanted evening," and of herself, as the "stranger" whose laughter is heard "across a crowded room."

Few reporters would dare to ask the singer for his "advice to other middle-aged men" or other questions in the same category. He has acquired a reputation as a "sphinx" because he does not like to talk and his demeanor, although he is polite and congenial, does not give the impression that he would appreciate being dubbed a "glamour boy." But a woman reporter, determined to get a story even at the risk of a snub, ventured to ask if, as a matinee idol, he had any advice to women who wish to be attractive to men. "I would tell them to dress as simply as they possibly can," the singer replied with great gravity.

"You mean by that, not much make-up and no artificiality?"

"Exactly," Pinza said.

"Would you think it foolish for a woman to have her ugly nose reshaped by plastic

surgery?" the reporter asked.

"Certainly," the singer said. "When she changes her nose, she changes herself, she makes herself a different woman."

The reporter persisted. "But suppose her nose is so ugly that it gives her an inferiority complex?"

Pinza stuck to his point. "A woman like that should take stock of herself, her assets. Certainly her personality doesn't lie in her nose."

Pinza's emphasis on simplicity and lack of artificiality is very typical of the man. He welcomed the offer to star on Broadway because it enables him to spend more time at his country home in Rye, N.Y., with his wife, Dora, and their two children, Clelia and Pietro, aged seven and five, respectively. While opera and concert commitments formerly kept him away from home for weeks at a time, today he can spend most of his time making repairs around the house, caring for the garden, helping his children with their electrical train equipment or preparing an occasional meal.

These activities are not out of character in the light of Pinza's early background. He was born in Rome, Italy, the first child of seven to live. His father "knew" he would become a singer because, on the day of his birth, a man of the name of Ezio, brother of a close friend of the family, was making his debut as a singer. The friend persuaded his father to name him after the singer.

"But when my parents marched me off to church to be baptized," Pinza explains, "the priest refused to give me a 'heathen' name. Ezio, you see, was the name of a Roman general who tried to suppress Christianity. I was baptized Fortunato Pinza."

Despite his father's presentiment, he began to work in the family carpentry shop at the age of 14 and later, as a baker's apprentice, had his first encounter with an honest-to-goodness American, none other than Buffalo Bill, then on his last European tour.

"As a European youngster, with wild ideas about a man who daily scalped Indians and made a fortune of three million dollars overnight, I anticipated the meeting with great nervousness. I so completely lost my composure when, with my self-baked bread in hand, I came face to face with the famous man that I lost my balance and fell at his feet as I introduced myself."

In his late teens, Pinza became a professional bicycle rider; he earned neither money or fame. After he had lost an unusually big race and, along with it, his clothes and license to a thief, his father decided to take him to a singing teacher.

Pinza recalls that both he and his father were thrown out by the famous Vezzani who listened to him sing for a polite five minutes. Undiscouraged, his father took him to the next best teacher, Maestro Ruzza.

"At the end of the year," says Pinza, "Ruzza became insane and died."

With fear and trembling he auditioned again for the great Vezzani who did not recognize him and was so impressed that he not only offered to teach the young singer but also to arrange for a scholarship from a "rich patron of the arts." He never knew it, but Pinza soon discovered that Vezzani himself was the "patron."

Concluding the account of his training, Pinza remarks, "I stayed with him for several years until he too went crazy and committed suicide."

Undismayed by this propensity for insanity among his teachers, Pinza began his career in earnest in 1919, immediately upon his discharge from the Italian Army as a captain. Since then, he has sung in almost every major opera house in the world. The role of the French planter, Emile de Beque, in "South Pacific" is his seventy-seventh.

His only problem in "South Pacific" has been one of pronunciation. Pinza speaks English with an Italian accent. Joshua Logan, director of the musical, like Toscanini, with whom Pinza has sung on several occasions, patiently endeavored to teach him to pronounce the English "sh" sound and finally admitted defeat. "My tongue refuses to obey," says Pinza and, for this reason, the rendition of "Some Enchanted Evening" presents certain difficulties.

Since the opening of the musical, Pinza has acquired a mine of practical information about New York. The curtain is supposed to go up on the first scene, which is very important in setting the mood for the entire play, at 8:25 p.m. When there is a large contingent of late-arrivals, the curtain is delayed and Pinza and Mary Martin, starring opposite him, wait in a dressing room.

"I offer Mary an extra cup of coffee and we discuss the New York traffic or weather situation. I might ask, 'Mary, is it true that the midtown traffic in New York is unusually heavy during the theater



"Charley, you've been watching Television again!"



hours?' or 'Why don't waiters bring you the bill right away, in some New York restaurants?' These pre-performance conversations are very enlightening."

Pinza is frankly amazed by the absolute unacquaintance with operatic acting displayed in the letters he has been receiving since the opening of "South Pacific." The writers apologize for having gone to the theater expecting to see a "ham" from the operatic stage. They make special mention of his take-off of Mary Martin singing "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair," a scene in which he clowns considerably.

"I'm deeply grateful for these letters," says Pinza, "but astonished. I'm doing nothing in this play which I haven't done for the last thirty years. Opera singers clown as much as Broadway actors do."

Pinza loves a joke—he usually spoils the point of the story by laughing too much—and once indulged his liking for horse-play ("A wonderful word!" he exclaims) to a disastrous extent. During the course of the opera "Mignon," the heroine, played by Lucrezia Bori, picks up a small bronze box, supposedly filled with family jewels. Pinza and tenor Richard Crooks one night filled the box with lead weights; poor Lucrezia pulled and pulled and finally gave such a tremendous jerk that she fell, box in hand, backwards to the floor.

Pinza is still proud of his early activities and fascinated by machinery. He has a passion for watches and a large collection, of which he wears at least two at a time; he considers them his own only after he has taken them apart and put them together again. His latest acquisition not only tells the time, but the day, month and year, and serves as a stop-watch. As Pinza says, "It can do anything except make love."

He enjoys driving immensely and does not allow anyone else at the wheel when he is in a car. Uniformed chauffeurs provided by the local concert manager are always politely requested to "move over." He has built everything from a dog house to an eight-foot high barbecue of brick which surprised everyone, except Pinza, when it functioned successfully.

Only theoretically does the electrical train equipment belong to the children. Pinza has built a highly ingenious three-level table for it and the children and their friends sit by and watch longingly while the singer handles the switches. When Mrs. Pinza suggests that he would need a full year to set it up completely, Pinza mumbles in reply, "Women always exaggerate."

Pinza's Broadway career will not interfere with his usual radio performances. Through one of the strangest contract clauses in Broadway history, "South Pacific" will be performed on Sunday night when Pinza is on a Monday night broadcast of the NBC "Telephone Hour," which happens about eight times a year. He is under contract to make his screen debut in "Deburau," a French play by Sacha Guitry, which will be produced next summer after he leaves the cast of the musical. **THE END**

## dumbness is her business

(Continued from page 17)

she inherited when she was 16. No sooner had the transfer been made than Marie moved her family, including mother, stepfather, two half-brothers, two half-sisters, and grandfather to Hollywood.

She paid a year's rent on a house, bought \$500 worth of canned goods, a car and clothes for the family, and took them to the dentist; for herself, she bought a \$900 mink coat, a fur neckpiece she lost three days later and enough evening dresses to keep five Park Avenue debutantes happy for a season. At the end of three weeks she discovered that she had overdrawn her \$11,000 account by \$1.38. But to her way of thinking, these various articles were necessary equipment for anyone preparing for a movie career.

To say that her assault on the movie citadel was not immediately successful is an understatement. She got a job as an extra chiefly because the man behind the desk at the Hal Roach studios thought



Cathy Lewis chats with her "friend, Irma."

her combination of evening dress and tennis shoes—the only pair she owned—was a good pitch for a comedy role. Her income as an extra during the next three years was so small that she frequently had to work at non-movie jobs. She recalls the time she was fired as a department store salesgirl. The boss didn't mind it so much that she gave away toys and games to customers who couldn't afford them.

"But he got mad when I talked a man out of buying a \$25 teddy bear. And I was sure the poor fellow really didn't want it."

Marie's extreme generosity and consideration for her fellow human beings, frequently pointed up as another aspect of a wacky nature, is an expression of her tact and kindness. As a child, she took her mother's best dress to a seamstress to have it altered for a "poor neighbor." At the time she married actor Allan Nixon, she was engaged to another man and, because she hated to hurt his feelings, she continued to have dates with him for three months before she told him she was married. In view of her tact, his annoyance was astonishing.

After working two years as an MGM bit player at \$75 a week, Jack Warner put her under contract and gave her what should have been her big chance, a major role in "Boy Meets Girl." The picture was a hit, but it did not establish Marie as a star. Anita Loos chose her

for a stage revival of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but the play folded after a few weeks on the road.

Back in Hollywood, Marie kept going with small parts in pictures and guest shots on radio programs until Ken Murray offered her \$250 a week for a part in his new "Blackouts," which had a life expectation of about two weeks. Marie retired from the revue recently after giving 2,332 performances. During seven years, she missed only 25 shows and ran her salary up to \$1,000 a week.

Marie does not hesitate to admit that her figure played a large part in her success in "Blackouts." Unlike many women gifted with beauty of face or figure, she displays no false modesty. To the inevitable question about her measurements—in every interview there is at least one—she replies that she weighs 121 pounds, that she has a 38 inch bust, a 22 inch waist and 38 inch hips.

"Sure, it's another asset," she says of her figure. "It's like being able to play the piano."

Although music teachers might shudder at the comparison, the point is clear. Again, when Marie is asked about the audiences at the revue and their reaction to her appearances, the sincerity and candour of her nature permit no arch make-believe.

"I like to be whistled at," she admits, and continues with a statement that belies her little-girl smile. "I think all women like to be whistled at."

When Cy Howard, creator of "My Friend Irma," asked Marie to play the title role two years ago, she hesitated. "I'd ruin it for you," she said. "You won't like the way I do it."

But Howard persisted, worked with her and talked her out of her feeling of inferiority. In her two years on the CBS program, she has become one of radio's leading personalities and with her success on the air, Hollywood finally opened the door to movie stardom. The opening of the Paramount film, "My Friend Irma," was scheduled for September 21.

Marie's success has had no effect on the serenity of her nature or her generosity. During the first broadcast of "Irma," with the entire cast in a dither, Cy Howard nervously waved a signal at her and she gaily returned his wave. Now she avoids such occurrences by broadcasting with her back to him. When a brick fell off a building and through the roof of her car, she refused to bring suit because she knew "it was just an accident."

Marie and her husband live in a one-bedroom cottage adjoining the house for her family. She has her heart set on a large, ranch-style house in the San Fernando Valley and she may yet live in one. The public isn't likely to get smart enough to realize she isn't dumb. Any man can tell you it would be too much to expect—brains, with a figure like that.

**THE END**

## watch out for Allen Funt

(Continued from page 39)

for every man wants to see himself on the screen, and once you've been caught by the Candid Camera, you eventually become part of the television show and are a star for a day.

Some of Allen's fun-provoking experiences have turned the tables on him. For example, he once decided to photograph and record what happens when a man tries to see the President of the United States.

Carefully the day was planned. The camera was hidden in the front seat of the car, and the microphone was concealed in a hearing aid worn by Allen. The car drove up to the gate of the White House and Allen jumped out, rushing past the guard to the huge iron gates.

"Just a minute!" yelled the special guard. "Where do you think you're going?"

"To see the President," answered Allen.

"Oh, no you don't, bub," said the cop. "Where's your pass?"

This kind of conversation went on for almost a half hour. Finally, when the guard threatened to call the FBI, Allen told him what was going on. All the time, the incident was being filmed and recorded.

"You'll need permission to even use that stuff," said the guard, and he promptly whisked Allen, his car and his friend off to the FBI.

Again, Allen told his story, and when the session was over, Allen admitted that this conversation, too, had been recorded.

"That's all right," said the Chief, "We've just recorded you for Government files."

Most surprised by the camera and mike's revelations is Allen himself. Posing as a garbage inspector, a barber, an average sucker in a hundred different guises, he has provoked so much candidly-recorded emotion that he has developed a fine scorn for the rich, mellow voices of high-paid actors.

Funt, himself, talks like the average New Yorker. He looks like any harassed young bank clerk struggling to make a living. His black hair is getting gray on the sides and thin on top; his eyes are sad, even poetic. He is casually well-dressed. When he first introduced the show, he intended to hire someone to be the man-with-the-mike, but fell into the job himself when it was discovered that he had the perfect personality.

After appearing on the show for a time, Allen decided one day to try something new. He wanted to find out if the average man would notice a celebrity if the latter was not pointed out to him and was placed against an everyday background. Cornel Wilde agreed to take over Allen's former role as a soda jerk and serve the customers as they came in.

The camera was placed behind Wilde

at the fountain to catch the expressions on the customers' faces. The actor served sodas all day, but not once did he get more than the right change. Finally, at the end of the day, a young woman came in and ordered a coke. As she was about to leave, she remarked, a dead-pan expression on her face, "You know, you're a dead ringer for Cornel Wilde."

Funt has been surprised at "how easily people will open up to a stranger." "People will give to any charity," says Allen. "I could have collected hundreds of dollars for needy Eskimos because I said it was a warm winter and their igloos were melting."

Everyone gave—until he met a man in the street who was an Eskimo. In an Oxford accent, this Eskimo gave him a brief lecture on the Arctic climate and explained why there was no such thing as a warm winter for Eskimos. This conversation wasn't used, because nobody would have believed it.

When Allen sums up his experiences, he sounds like a new convert to "Humanity." "The overall thing we've felt," he says, "is that people are really wonderful. More than that, they sound wonderful. There's a beauty in ordinary speech that I never realized was there. What's in people's hearts is mixed sometimes, but what comes out—it's great!"

THE END

## John J. Anthony says—

(Continued from page 29)

"It might be if you'll listen to me."

"Okay, I'll have coffee."

At that point, he removed his hand from his pocket and placed a pipe in his mouth. We both laughed. It was the "gun" he had shoved into my side. Several blocks away, we found an all-night diner and it wasn't long before my companion had told me his story.

"Twenty-eight years old . . . good background . . . tough breaks . . . 4F in the draft . . . broke. His many abilities, if channelled properly, would make him a useful citizen. When I offered him some money, he waved it aside. But when I invited him to have lunch with me the next day, he accepted.

"Going to have the cops there for me?" he asked.

"No," I said, "but I am going to do something else. After lunch you will go

into a radio studio with me. You are going to see real people bring real problems to me. You are going to see how happy they are when they leave because someone was willing to listen and help them. After that, you are on your own and your secret will rest with me."

He showed up on time for lunch and we went to the studio later. He listened intently as people spoke into the microphone. At the close of the day's session, he came to me and said, "You know, you never asked me my name."

"That's right. Why should I?"

"What now?" he asked.

"I'm going to hold another session in this studio tomorrow," I replied. "You might appear before my microphone and tell the world what kind of job you would be able to do if you could find one."

"Okay, preacher," he said, "you made a deal."

True to his word, he appeared the next day and told his story on the air—a story as full of real heartbreak as any I have ever heard. He ended by saying, "I am at the end of my rope. I had even thought of holding up someone, but that never happened—thank God!"

My remarks were few, but I knew how the collective heart of America would react to that story and, sure enough, our telephone soon began to ring, bringing offers of all kinds of work for the boy who had almost started on the road that leads to destruction.

This story has never before been told, even to my closest associates. I have heard from the boy only once, about two years ago. It was a short note that said only, "I still have that same job. Would you like a pipe to add to your collection of gifts from grateful people?"

I wrote that I should very much like to have a certain pipe, one that had been used on a warm night in May of 1946. Several days later a well-used pipe was in my mail. On the attached note was one word, "Thanks."

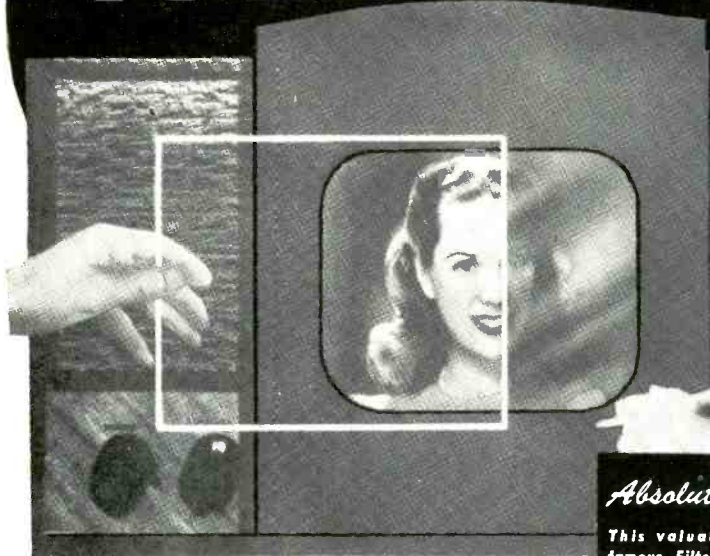
The story could end here except that when Mrs. Anthony reads this I will have to answer as to why I took a chance, walking alone at night, when the express duty of one of my staff was to make sure that I was never alone. I would be grateful to my readers if they would help me with my problem: what in the world am I going to tell her?

THE END

# Enjoy Television At Its Best!

**AMAZING  
FREE GIFT OF A  
"NO-GLARE"  
TELEVISION  
FILTER**

*No More* EYE STRAIN  
*No More* GLARE...  
**NOW YOU CAN ENJOY  
Clearer, sharper image and  
pleasant glare-free reception!**



**Absolutely FREE!**

*This valuable, nationally famous Filter is yours FREE with a year's subscription to RADIO BEST magazine!*

**This Improved TV Filter Is Nationally Famous!**

**★ NO GLARE ★ CLEARER IMAGE ★ EYE-EASE RECEPTION**

Thousands of television set owners who have purchased this famous Television Filter will tell what a difference it makes! Why is this valuable free gift offer made? To make thousands of new fans for RADIO BEST magazine — and to give television set owners new added pleasure in sharper, clearer reception and absolute eye-ease! Take advantage of this offer even if you don't as yet own a television set — what a welcome gift to a friend who has one!



As a regular RADIO BEST reader you know how enjoyable it is to read this big-size picture magazine chock-full of features and stories about your favorite radio and television stars and programs. Now at the regular subscription price of \$3.00—you get this valuable

No-Glare television filter absolutely free — plus every issue of RADIO BEST for a full year. Just mail the coupon on this page with \$3.00 now! This amazing offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. So act now!



**← IT'S FREE  
But Act Now!**

**Get this Gift Now!**

*Upon receipt of the attached coupon with \$3.00, you will get this remarkable TV Filter absolutely free — together with a year's subscription to RADIO BEST magazine.*

**TV Filter in Any Size to Fit Your Screen!**

*Before you mail the coupon, be sure to indicate the size of your television screen. Your Filter will be sent at once — and it's as easy to attach as a postage stamp!*

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!**

RADIO BEST Magazine  
Dept. E, 9 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription to RADIO BEST for one year and send me at once your Television Filter—BOTH for the enclosed \$3.00. I am indicating below the size of my television screen.

SIZE SCREEN  7"  10"  12"  15"  16"

Name \_\_\_\_\_ please print

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone & State \_\_\_\_\_

(You may take advantage of this offer for your friends and neighbors by using a separate sheet for additional subscriptions.)

Do you see  
the difference?



BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE



MAYBELLINE  
CAKE MASCARA  
in beautiful, gold-tone  
metal vanity, \$1. (Refills,  
50c.) Velvet Black, Sable  
Brown, Midnight Blue.  
(Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)

MAYBELLINE  
CREAM MAS-  
CARA (applied with-  
out water) comes in  
handy leatherette  
case, \$1. (Also in 25c  
and 10c sizes.) Velvet  
Black, Sable Brown,  
Midnight Blue.



MAYBELLINE  
EYEBROW PENCIL,  
soft, smooth quality—so  
easy to use! Purse size,  
10c. Professional size, 25c.  
Velvet Black, Dark Brown  
and Light Brown.

MAYBELLINE EYE  
SHADOW, smooth,  
creamy, in shades: Blue,  
Brown, Blue-Gray, Green,  
Violet and Gray.

# Maybelline DOES IT—

Compare these two natural color photographs of the same girl. Everything alike, except the eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means — plain faces become pretty, and pretty faces beautiful.

A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara gives lashes that long, curling, velvety-dark appearance. The depth and color of eyes are subtly accented by Maybelline Eye Shadow — and lovely, expressive eyebrows are easily formed with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Try these exquisite beauty aids and see the wonderful transformation in your charm and expression. For the finest in eye make-up — the favorite of millions of smart women everywhere — insist on MAYBELLINE.