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George, Melissa Ann and Dinah make an appealing threesome.

High on the list of the many entertaining features scheduled for the next issue of **RADIO BEST** is the story of Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, the songstress and the cowboy actor who are one of the most happily-married young couples in the entertainment world. Dinah and George, along with their daughter, two-year-old Melissa Ann, will be on the cover.

You're sure to chuckle when you see the pictures of "The Easy Aces," on television now after 19 years of radio, and read our hilarious report on a visit to their Park Avenue apartment. Look for the exciting feature about Ralph Bellamy and how New York detectives trained him to act the perfect sleuth on television and the Broadway stage, and we promise a new kind of treat in a story in which "Ma Perkins" herself will give you her version of an absorbing experience in her life. There will be a "Big Sister" novelette and a picture story from "Martin Kane, Private Eye."

Among our regular features you won't want to miss John J. Anthony's column and his personal answer to a letter from one of our readers, and the "Hobbies of the Stars" story about Bob Foole and his recipe collection.

and TELEVISION
RADIO BEST

JUNE, 1950 Vol. 3, No. 3

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Chautauqua Player Settles Down

Tess Sheehan



TESS SHEEHAN has become accustomed to it but when she first turned to radio, she was very much intrigued by the idea of acting in an air-conditioned studio every day. Tess, who plays Aunt Dorrie in CBS's "Wendy Warren and the News," and Nora in NBC's "When A Girl Marries," has played to audiences in extremes of heat and cold, in freight sheds and tents, and under American, Canadian and European skies.

Dramatic training, at the time that Tess studied to become an actress, consisted of a complete course in elocution. A Detroit girl—her father worked his way through the University of Michigan by running a dancing academy—Tess began her career in Canada as a reader. During her 20 years as a headliner on the Chautauqua circuit, she appeared in almost every county seat in the 48 states and every province in Canada.

"Those were the days," she recalls, "when it was all in a day's work to start out in horses and sleds at seven in the morning, with the temperature at 30 degrees below zero, and drive until six at night to put on an evening's entertainment."

One evening her company played in a freight shed where the "heating system" was an oil stove on the platform and the audience sat bundled in furs and blankets because of the intense cold.

During the summer months, the company often played in a tent in heat so intense that the grease paint melted as the actors dabbed it on their faces. Sometimes, when violent thunderstorms bent the supporting poles of the tent and heavy rains made the stage a mud slide, Tess dispelled the audience's fears with a reading of "How Frogs Go To Sleep," a humorous monologue which she has often rendered on the radio.

During the war, Tess joined the USO and toured the European theatre with Raymond Massey in "Our Town," and followed this up with a tour of the Pacific bases in "The Ghost Train." Curious from all over the world line the book shelves of her New York apartment.



"It happened just as I tuned in that new mystery program!"



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If your television becomes a terrible vision, call the expert who displays the Sylvania service sign. He knows these complex sets inside out . . . has the "savvy" to make the delicate adjustments and repairs they sometimes need. He relies on super-keen Sylvania testing devices to detect and diagnose troubles accurately . . . Sylvania radio tubes, the proper television picture tubes and other custom parts to restore perfect sight and sound. Stop at the shop showing the Sylvania sign for top television and radio repairs.

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this month's
disc jockey



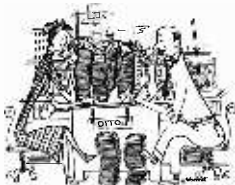
Meet Bea Kalmus

BEA KALMUS, the fair-haired songstress of night club, stage and radio, was the first of her sex to step into the role of nocturnal disc jockey. She originated the "Bea Kalmus Show" back in 1947 when the talented songstress played her selected recordings and interviewed stars of the theatrical world direct from the glamorous Riviera at Fort Lee, New Jersey. After a successful season at the famed night spot, Bea moved her show to New York's Harem night club and finally to Hutton's where she is now playing to one of the largest nighttime audiences in the New York metropolitan area over station WJMG.

The success of the Bea Kalmus show is a tribute to the star's ingratiating personality and ability to sing with the records she spins. A familiar and beloved personality in show business, stars of radio, television, stage and screen flock to her microphone for nightly interviews. Her program is currently sponsored by Ripley Clothes, a nationally famous men's clothing chain.



letters to the editor



On The Cover—Next Issue

To The Editor: Doris Day's automobile accident has been played up in all the magazines, until, no doubt, my dog knows about it. But did you know that Dinah Shore overcame polio? Not many people do and to look in *Radio Best* you would think Dinah didn't exist, instead of being the truly great singer she is. All is forgiven though, if you feature a nice big write-up on her real soon. How about it?

ELINOR PHELPS
Denver, Colo.

Radio's Best Comics?



To The Editor: My nominations for the best five comedians on the air today are: 1. Herb Shriner, 2. Groucho Marx, 3. Milton Berle, 4. Henry Morgan, 5. Robert Q. Lewis. Do you agree?

HERBERT SLOW
Flint, Mich.



Toasts Sullivan

To The Editor: Your feature story, entitled, "Tolerance Toasts the Town," was a worthy tribute to Ed Sullivan who, in my opinion, is a great American. It was so nice to see him pictured with his happy little family. He's our favorite master of ceremonies and our family find his smooth and unadorned introductions very refreshing.

Mrs. MAURICE FENBERG
Bronx, New York

Take a Bow, Saul

To The Editor: Many kudos to you for your department, "Seat at the Dial." I think Mr. Carson's astute reviews of the radio and television shows make him the number one critic.

FRANCIS J. MCGOY
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Tribute to Buddy Clark

To The Editor: I enjoy your magazine very much. However, I was disappointed that you did not print anything about Buddy Clark since his untimely death. It seems to me that when a popular radio and recording star like Buddy Clark dies, a magazine such as yours should print a story about him. His singing brought so much pleasure to countless listeners everywhere that he will be missed by many. I think it would mean a lot to his fans if you would carry such a tribute.

GLORIA CULLATI
Natick, Mass.

Att! Publisher

To The Editor: I saw your picture in your magazine showing you making the Silver Mike Award to the sponsor of Theatre Guild On the Air. My, my, aren't you the good looking one, though.

MILDRED DAY
Toledo, Ohio

Unsinkable Al

To The Editor: I am writing in reply to "Jolson's Voice." In my opinion, for a man who is more than 63 years of age, Jolson's singing is wonderful. That he sings with one lung is really something. I think, as Jolson ages, his voice improves, which is most unusual for a singer. I'm a vocal impersonator and I get many many requests to impersonate Al Jolson. Another good thing about Jolson is that he's more of a natural singer and showman than any of the singers today.

RICHARD MELARI
Cleveland, Ohio

Majority Rules

To The Editor: Must you listen to just a few disgruntled readers who have objected to the publicity you have been giving to Dick Contino? I haven't seen a picture of Dick in *Radio Best* for the past few months. The majority of your readers want to read about Dick Contino and the majority opinion should rule.

REANNA GOLDSMITH
Seattle, Wash.

Pinza Fan

To The Editor: The article you ran on singer Eric Pinza was interesting—at least, he is. I am not so strong for this idea of poking into all actor's private lives. The pictures tell all the story needed, and so I'd say—more photo-stories, particularly more on Pinza, who has the top voice on the air today, as well as being the top Broadway actor at present.

BOS JAMES
Chicago, Ill.



New Nose, Same Vic

To The Editor: Your story about Vic Damone was very humiliating and discouraging. You have hurt my feelings as well as the rest of his fans. Vic Damone was just as popular before as he is now.

MISS LAURETTE PERCIAVALLE
New York City

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



by Viola Moore

Hollywood *off the air*



Five-year-old Frankie Sinatra Junior gets a lesson in microphone technique on Art Linkletter's "House Party."

Art Linkletter's guest of honor on Pillsbury House Party really brought-down the house, the other noon. Such shriekings and hand-clapping you never heard! The occasion was the singing of Vic Damone, new bobby-soxers' idol on the coast, as he gave his own interpretation of "You're Breaking My Heart."

During the show a housewife, Mrs. Virginia Fogg was chosen from the audience to sing a chorus with Vic, and though she admitted to a little choir singing, the stately brunette got her first chance to sing coast-to-coast, with curly-haired Vic as he put his arm around her and led her to the microphone to duet in "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

Fibber McGee told me that the nicest compliment he and Molly have had in recent months came from Keystone Heights, Florida. Seems that the members of the board of the Chamber



Loretta Young wipes a spot off Van Johnson's coat before their Lux Theatre broadcast of "Mother Was A Freshman."



Producer Bill Spier of "Suspense" and his pretty wife, June Havoc, at breakfast in their lovely Malibu home.



Bob Crosby left the mike to Earl Wilson when the columnist and singer Kitty Kallen guested on "Night Shift."



Mel Blanc gets a workout while Judy Canova cracks the whip between NBC rehearsals.

of Commerce voted unanimously to hold their weekly meeting an hour earlier each evening, so that they could rush home and get Fibber and Molly on their radios. Someone on the Board wrote to the McGees to tell them of this decision and in answer, Fibber wrote the laborious verse printed below:

In Appreciation

Because you changed your meeting time
To catch our Tuesday monkeyshine
We send this token of our love
To Keystone Heights, the council of
Fibber McGee and Molly.

The Chamber of Commerce immediately decided to frame the poem for its wall!

• • • • •

When good Danes get together a merry time is had by all. When Carl Brisson, the pre-Pinza "mature" lover, took to the Coconut Grove recently to present his individual style of singing, the be-diamonded dowagers were swooning right along with the teen-agers, and on hand to clap his approval of his fellow countryman's vocal efforts, was Jean Hersholt. "Dr. Christian," a first-nighter at the Grove, then invited Carl to attend his radio broadcast the following night, when Carl took over the control booth and applauded Jean's efforts in return.

• • • • •

Palm Springs in mid-winter is an ideal spot for speedy tennis matches. At Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club, "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran and her partner, movie agent Pat de Cicco, were pitted against strong and glamorous competition in the person of (Continued on page 10)



Robert Walker tells all to Louella Parsons, as the gossip lady gets set for her Sunday broadcast on ABC.

At left, emcee Steve Allen interviews Dinah Shore and George Montgomery on the CBS-TV "Ed Wynn Show."

Hollywood *off the air*



Sinatra sends 'em; a young admirer at the Methodist Orphanage, Richmond, Va., is overcome by confusion and joy.



Virginia Mayo and Jo Stafford, on one of their visits to Birmingham Hospital, give their autographs to a veteran.



J. Carol Naish, star of "Life with Luigi," owns through inheritance a 200-year-old ancestral castle in County Limerick, Ireland.

Orchestra leader, Horace Heidt, started the grand-daddy of the giveaway shows in the mid 1930's with "Pot o' Gold."

Alan Dale, radio and television singing star, became a professional vocalist as a result of a "dare."

Opera Star Robert Merrill at one time wanted to be a crooner—a la Bing Crosby.

Jack Owens, the cruising crooner, is also the composer of the "Hut-Sut Song"—a hit tune of a few seasons ago.

At the age of 17, conductor-composer David Rose was engaged as pianist for the Ted Fio Ritta orchestra.

Jo Stafford's musical career began as a member of a trio composed of her two sisters and herself.

Jean Herholt, star of "Dr. Christian" show, owns the world's largest collection of Hans Christian Andersen stories.

John Reed King, genial emcee of "Give and Take," has given away more than a million dollars in prizes in the last nine years.

"Her Nibs, Georgia Gibbs" was known as Fredda Gibson back in her home town of Worcester, Massachusetts.

Gabriel Heatter, noted MBS news commentator, started his radio career on WMCA, a local New York radio station.

Instead of collecting stamps, match covers or other ordinary objects, Bob Casey, the "Henry" of NBC-TV's "The Aldrich Family," collects guns used in the American Revolution.

When Chet Lauck and Norris Goff, CBS' "Lum 'n' Abner," teamed up, Lauck was managing an auto finance company and Goff was a grocery wholesaler.



Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are glad to take refuge behind Hopalong Cassidy when the shootin' starts.

Hollywood *off the air*

the lovely Ginger Rogers and darkly handsome attorney Gregg Bautzer. To everyone's surprise, Ginger and Greg downed their rivals in the finals, to win the mixed doubles championship and to get the solid silver cup known as the Pimm's Cup. Ginger in white sweater and shorts looked all of sixteen on the courts, but dining later in a stunning black lace gown, she was every inch the sophisticated glitter queen with her handsome escort—you guessed it, Bautzer again. Bets are on that this twosome will

turn into a permanent institution.

Previewing a Durante show is always an occasion, but the small audience that got a glimpse of Jimmy's New York stint at the Copacabana felt doubly privileged. You see, the day before Jimmy left Hollywood, he put on his entire Copa routine in studio "B" at NBC. Eddie Jackson and Durante's radio show writers performed as Copa chorus girls. The audience was composed of one building maintenance man, one sound effects man, two stenographers and Teddy Lukoff, the newsboy who delivers papers to the NBC offices. It was quite a show—and for free!

(Continued on page 58)



"You can't back down now"; three contestants on Ralph Edwards' "Truth or Consequences" play a trick on the startled emcee.

Silver Mike Award for Outstanding Performance



This is the final Silver Mike Award by RADIO BEST.
There will be a complete explanation in the next issue.

to Lever Bros.

George B. Smith receiving the Silver Mike Award in behalf of Lever Bros. Company from Edward Bobley, editor of RADIO BEST, while Edith Spencer, star of the "Aunt Jenny" program, looks on. Mr. Smith is advertising manager of Spry and several other products of Lever Bros. Company.



DURING the 13 years that "Aunt Jenny" has been on the air under the sponsorship of Lever Bros. Company, the kindly, middle-aged lady who enacts the title role has told hundreds of stories to a growing body of listeners. Aware of the needs of public service agencies and of the human drama that lies behind their work, she has often converted cold facts into dramas of intense human interest that have consistently resulted in increased public support.

RADIO BEST presents the April Silver Mike Award to Lever Bros., not only because of the assistance rendered to a variety of worthy causes by "Aunt Jenny," but also because the program itself has contributed to the improvement of a certain type of radio drama, the documentary broadcast.

"Aunt Jenny" was designed by Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc., the Lever Bros. advertising agency, to promote the sale of Spry. (Since the program was launched, on January 18, 1937, there has been no change in sponsor, agency, the actress who plays the title role, Edith Spencer; or the announcer, Dan Seymour.)

Convinced that what is "good for" the public, or the agencies that serve it, is by its very nature "good for" a product, Lever Bros. has spared no expense in employing the very best skills available to dramatize the story of a public service project. Instead of "giving a plug," or a few kind words, to a good cause, the program has presented the agency's story in dramatic form, thus appealing to listeners through their natural interest in the welfare of other human beings. To incorporate a plea for public support in a drama that will hold the attention of an audience requires considerable skill. This has been the responsibility of the team of workers at Ruthrauff & Ryan.

An excellent illustration of the type of story dramatized and the results accomplished is "The Problem Drinker," a series of ten broadcasts covering the work of Alcoholics Anonymous, presented in picture story form on page 18 in this issue. In little more than a month after the series was broadcast, AA headquarters received over 300 letters, asking for help, from people all over the country.

For the American Cancer Society, this difficult subject was treated in a broadcast that was commended by listeners, the press and the clergy, and won a plaque for public service from the Society. Plaques and certificates of commendation were awarded to "Aunt Jenny" during the war for her persuasive messages in behalf of the Red Cross, the SPARS and the WAVES. More recently, scripts dealing with the Girl Scouts and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis have been presented.

RADIO BEST is proud to add its Silver Mike Award to the many honors which "Aunt Jenny" has received.

● THE
● STARS
● RECOMMEND
● OF TELEVISION
● RADIO BEST

The stars themselves hail Radio Best as the leading magazine of its kind in the nation.



WALTER WINCHELL
says
"finest magazine of its
kind I've ever seen"

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Mail this coupon to RADIO BEST, 9 West
57 Street, New York 19, N.Y. R111



"City At Midnight" goes out "on location" to televise a drama in its natural setting; here the background is a bar on New York's East Side.

seat at the dial



by Saul Carson

NBC Theatre



Sundays, 2-3 p.m.

Did you ever wish that radio programs (or those on television) could carry a "stamp of approval"? Under such a system, the first words you would listen for, when a program went on the air, would be the approval notice. The show would open with words something like this: "This program is approved by the X-Y-Z." Those initials would stand for whatever academy or award organization meant most to the listeners. And the listeners, when they heard that approval notice, would know immediately that there would be nothing phony about the program. They would glue their ears to the loudspeaker and stick with the show.

There are arguments for and against such a system of program approval. For

one thing, it could get into the wrong hands. It did under Hitler, if you will bother to remember. However, right now we could not go wrong—short of such an approval stamp—if a program opened with the line: "This is a genuine AFRA program." That, at least, would assure you of really good, thoroughly competent, acting—by actors trained to use the microphone.

The initials AFRA stand for American Federation of Radio Artists. Other kinds of actors—those who specialize in work for the Broadway stage, or in work for the movies—also belong to AFRA, or join it, when they go on the air. But for public purposes, they are not genuine AFRA-ites; they're sort of fellow travelers. When a program on the air is done by these interlopers from the other media—it may turn out good, and it may not. When it is done by genuine AFRA peo-

ple, it is sure to be good at least on the acting side. Because it is the real AFRA boys and girls who really know how to do the best acting before the cold but so-sensitive mike.

These remarks are born of the fact that NBC has a program which earns the accolade: "A Genuine AFRA Article." The show is "NBC Theatre," which takes an entire hour Sunday afternoons, from two to three. And a more enjoyable, as well as more profitable, hour there isn't on the radio kilocycles.

This is the program on which great works of literature are translated into dramatic terms for the radio listeners. Here, this season, have been heard novels of note like Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," and Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." The acting is not done by Hollywood glamorusses, but by genuine AFRA-ites who know how. The adaptations are by top scripters. There are intermission commentaries by some very prominent and extremely competent writers and critics. The hour is sixty minutes' worth of college education made easy and tasty. There is a good reason why this is education; actually, this hour is part of NBC's University of the Air. But if you distrust anything sounding so awfully highbrow, forget that detail. Just listen. You'll enjoy the hour. If you learn something in addition—well, that's your own fault.

City at Midnight

11 p.m. to midnight

Here is a program that goes out "on location" to dramatize its stories in their natural settings. If the story calls for a night club, the setting is a real night club—not an imitation created for a studio. If it's the Brooklyn water front that's desired, the cameras are taken to the waterfront—instead of to a phony dock-side built between some broadcasting station's four walls.

By using the camera's mobility, the
(Continued on page 72)

Inge Adams resists Richard Frazer during a hair-raising scene in "Lights out."



Fred Vanderverter checks a fact in the den of his home in Princeton, N. J.



subject is animal

with ink in its veins

by Fred Vanderverter

(Regular penelist on RONSON'S "Twenty Questions")
Mutual Broadcasting System



SINCE my wife, Florence Rinard, wrote about our family in last month's "Radio Best," there isn't much else I can tell you about our home life . . . she's said it all! As for myself, I was born in Tipton, Indiana, and am a graduate of Butler University in Indianapolis.

Actually, I've been more of a newspaper man than anything else. I've worked with the Associated Press, International News Services and most of the Hearst publications. I broke into radio back in 1942 when I went to work for WJR in Detroit as a news commentator. From there I came to WOR in New York in the same capacity and I've been there ever since.

Off the record, I've always been proud of the fact that I'm one of the few commentators who writes his own copy. Although I love radio dearly and am quite anxiously awaiting the televising of "Twenty Questions," I guess I'll always have ink in my veins. At long last I'm realizing a life-long ambition—to own and edit my own newspaper. Although I still have a long way to go, plans are afoot and I ex- (Continued on page 60)

If you like hunting, turn to page 60 where 20 clues submitted by Fred Vanderverter will help you to track down the subject of the

Twenty Questions—Radio Best Contest

Winners of the contest will receive valuable prizes.

Names of winners of the Herb Polster and Florence Rinard contests will be announced in the next issue

My Husband, GENE AUTRY

RADIO BEST
EXCLUSIVE



by Ina Mae Autry

the man who
came to breakfast
stayed for a lifetime



LIKE most girls, if I had been given a chance to select the ideal time for meeting my prospective husband, I would have chosen the evening when the silver glow of the moonlight fatters a girl's features and the cares of the day have obligingly folded their tents for a while. I thought that only old married couples, who can't avoid it, should have to look at each other in the morning over the breakfast table in the bright glare of the sunshine.

But I was given no choice in the matter and Gene Autry saw me the first thing in the morning the first time we met. I was studying at a teacher's college in Springfield, Missouri, where my uncle, Jimmy Long, and his wife lived, and they had invited me to live with them. Uncle Jimmy had recorded several hit tunes with Gene and he never tired of talking about him. By the time my uncle told me that he was coming to town—he was on a vaudeville tour at the



My Husband, GENE AUTRY

time—I had the feeling that I knew him very well. His train was to arrive in the early morning and he was to have breakfast with us.

Of course, I dressed a little more carefully than usual that morning and I was as wide-awake and alert as anyone can be in the morning just before breakfast when my uncle brought Gene home from the station. We were introduced and then we sat down to breakfast. Evidently he enjoyed the experience—as much as I did—because we've been having breakfast together almost ever since.

After that first meeting, Gene's scheduled appearances frequently brought him into, or near, Springfield. I never did get to teach. As soon as he was offered a position that permitted him to stay in one place for

(Left) The cowboy star is a busy man but he often takes the time to enjoy a cup of tea with Ina in their living room.

any length of time—on the radio program, "National Barn Dance," on which he became really famous—we were married. That was in 1932.

I wouldn't say that Gene's an "ideal husband" because I don't think I'd want to live with an absolutely flawless specimen of the human male. But if an easy-going, tolerant nature, an inquiring, observant mind, and a sense of humor don't add up to the nicest bunch of characteristics you'd want in a husband—well, if that's not true then Greer Garson has three heads and Stalin is a member of the Republican Party. It's as basic as that.

One of the qualities that makes Gene so eminently easy to live with is his tolerant attitude toward other people's foibles—particularly mine. Gene likes to drive fast, for example, and it makes me nervous to go whizzing down the road like a streak of lightning that never hits anything only by sheer good luck. When Gene realized that I was a back-seat driver because I was frightened, he began to slow down and now he never goes over forty miles an hour when he's with me.

He didn't argue about it and tell me that he was watching the road carefully. In fact, Gene won't argue about anything (Continued on page 68)



Against a background of sky or living room wall, Gene often sings for the exclusive pleasure of his severest critic: here he sets Ina's opinion on his songs from "Mule Train," his latest picture.



Ina is as fond of horses as any cowgirl; here she and Gene admire one of the prize steeds trained at his San Fernando ranch.



Gene enjoys a good game of golf and he sometimes practices when he's at home.



The cowboy packs a mighty wallop when an outlaw makes him mad in "Mule Train."

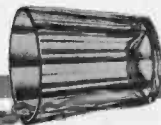


1. A member of Alcoholics Anonymous (her features blacked out) tells Aunt Jenny and announcer Dan Seymour how AA helped a man with a problem that brought him and his family to the brink of disaster.

WHEN the "Aunt Jenny" program dramatized the work of Alcoholics Anonymous in ten documentary broadcasts entitled "The Problem Drinker," the series aroused tremendous interest because of its unusual nature, and resulted in what AA termed a "remarkable response" from listeners. The series is presented here in the form of a picture story, in which the names of all characters are fictitious. Portraying the same roles in the pictures as they did on the air are:

Edith Spencer..... Aunt Jenny
 Bill Smith..... George Grant
 Grace Coppola..... Ruth Grant
 Ed Collins..... Oliver Grant
 Donald Row..... Billy Grant
 Susan Ortega..... Mr. Rogers
 Scott Teasymore..... Jack Cole
 Helen Skadden..... Mrs. Cole
 Al Morgan..... Harvender
 Janet Felm..... Secretary
 Ethel Everett..... Mrs. Banks

"Aunt Jenny" is heard on CBS, Monday through Friday, at 12:15 p.m. EST, sponsored by Lever Bros. Co.



2. George Grant loved his wife and son; he had a good job and many friends. But he couldn't overcome his craving for liquor. Friends have been invited to dinner one night when he comes home, drunk, and a guest has to help Ruth get him into the house while Billy, who has often seen his father in a drunken stupor, looks on contemptuously.

3. It was a humiliating experience and George swore he would never drink again. A few days later, however, Mr. Rogers, a company official, who has been suspicious because of George's frequent absences, finds him drinking in his office and fires him.



"Aunt Jenny"

Alcoholics Anonymous helps a "problem drinker" to stave off disaster

Aunt Jenny



4. Although he has lost his job, George continues to drink; deaf to Ruth's pleas, he searches for liquor in the closet where she has hidden it. In desperation—their home isn't paid for, there is little money in the bank—Ruth goes to her doctor who advises her to go to Alcoholics Anonymous for help.



5. Ruth hates to go to strangers but George has become an all-day drinker. When Jack Cole, an AA member, and his wife call on her, they tell her that George, like other alcoholics, is sick, emotionally and spiritually as well as physically, and that sobriety will not help him. Jack had lost more than one job because of his constant drinking but had not touched liquor since joining up with Alcoholics Anonymous.



8. Talking with George, Jack suggests that he turn for aid to the Power, greater than himself, which George says he believes in; the other AA's will help him. They plan to go to a meeting the next evening but during the day, George succumbs to his craving. Jack, who has told Ruth to call him in such an emergency, arrives just as the bartender is pouring the drink and George, much relieved, says, "Thanks a lot, pal. Stick with me."



9. After talking with other AA members, George is encouraged and begins to look for a job. But every secretary tells him "the boss is out"; he's known as a drunkard. He loses his courage and heads for a bar but again Jack finds him and persuades him to visit another alcoholic who needs help more than George does; he forgets his thirst.



6. Heartened by her talk with people who understand her problem, Ruth decides to follow their advice. One night George is picked up by the police and spends the night in jail. Instead of nagging the next morning, she shows him the AA leaflet but he insists he is not an alcoholic.



7. But Ruth knows that George has suffered a blow to his pride, that he is frightened now because he knows he cannot control his thirst, and she leaves the book on his desk. In spite of himself, George becomes interested and without enthusiasm tells Ruth he will see Jack Cole.



10. In a letter to his former boss, George reveals how very delinquent he was while with the company. Amazed and impressed by his honesty, which George explains he has learned from AA, Mr. Rogers gives him his old job. While waiting for Ruth to join him at a celebration dinner, George drifts into a bar and Jack finally finds him and takes him home, very drunk.



11. From that last binge, George learned that there is no cure for alcoholism, that he can't drink for pleasure. Two years later, having slipped only once since he joined AA, he and Ruth see sent to help Mrs. Banks, whose husband is drinking just as George was when Jack Cole first called on him.



no other voice could vibrate with such
happy discord on the eardrums . . .
no other nose could cast such a shadow—

It's JIMMY DURANTE

by Judith Cortada

I WAS walking down a corridor of the Hotel Astor, looking for Room 472, when I heard a hoarse voice coming from around the corner. It sounded familiar.

"I lived in this room once for ten years, and every time I come back to New York I gotta get the same room. I love it, lookin' down on Broadway with all the lights and all the noises. Like when a strange taxi gets in line, y'know, and two of the other drivers get his taxi in between them and squeeze him up like an accordion. It's wonderful!"

Turning the corner, I saw a long shadow, cast on the opposite wall by the bald-headed figure coming toward me. No other voice could vibrate with such happy discord on the ear drums, no other nose could cast such a shadow. Jimmy was in New York for a night club engagement and I was supposed to interview him, but I had caught him on his way to a guest appearance on a radio program. With him were piano player Julie Buffano and drummer Jack Roth, his constant companions; Jack Barnett, who writes Jimmy's songs with him, and another friend.

"C'mon, honey," Jimmy said, grasping my hand. "You come with us and we can talk on the way."

"Did you ever try living in the country?" I asked, while we waited for the elevator.



The bullboys know that the fellow in Room 472 is a "celebrity" but they think he's just a swell guy with a big nose and a great sense of humor.

The "Jimmy Durante Show," sponsored by Camel cigarettes, is heard on NBC, Friday, 9:30 p.m. EST.



it's Jimmy Durante

"Ain't Broadway wonderful! So many People, so much noise!"



"Honest, I was only tryin' to have a little fun!"

... "I got a million of 'em!"



"Yeah, for one night." Jimmy laughed. "When my wife and I went to live in California, she found a little house in Westwood and I put a two-thousand-dollar deposit on it. We seen it in the daytime and it was beautiful. I noticed there wasn't many neighbors but I didn't say nothin' until I went to bed and started thinkin' if there might be burglars. There was nobody for miles around, nobody to yell to. The next day I stopped the check and we found a house next to a gas station. Lotsa noise, lotsa people—wonderful!"

We created a sensation when Jimmy yelled across the lobby, "Hiya, honey!" to a girl in the hotel cashier's booth, and he was about to get into an earnest conversation with one of the bell-boys when I dragged him away.

"I need a story, Jimmy," I said. "What was the biggest thrill of your life?"

His face sobered up immediately and when he spoke, the harshness of the famous voice was tempered by a note of reverence and affection. "Well, I was the very last entertainer that President Roosevelt ever saw—the very last one. Two weeks later he went to Warm Springs."

As we went through the revolving doors in the street, his face broke into a grin. "And then I had a big thrill at the Newspaper Photographers Ball in Washington. They told us that President Truman was comin' in to see us and all of us entertainers lined up. Then the President comes in and this fella was sayin', 'This is Mr. So-and-So—I forget all the names—and then he said, 'And this is Mr. Jimmy Durante.' And the President steps back and he ups and says, 'In poison!'" Jimmy shook his head in pleasure and amazement. "I could've fell through the floor."

Once on Broadway, we made slow progress. Everybody who recognized Jimmy's face—and who wouldn't?—had to stop him for a little chat. Jimmy never steps out of character. Walking down Broadway, he pulls everybody into his act, greets every one of his friends—and who isn't?—with the same exuberance, the same gleeful disregard of the consequences he exhibits at the microphone.

On Jimmy's first day in town, Jack Barnett was a guest on George Putnam's television program. He was on the air when Jimmy walked into his room at the Astor and Jimmy immediately tuned in to the program. A few minutes later, he picked up the telephone, called Putnam and asked him to "put Barnett on the phone." "For cryin' out loud!" he said to Jack. "You're disgracin' me! Why don'tcha shave? You're woikin' for a high-class guy!"

"I did shave," Jack replied, while the television audience watched and listened. "This guy is wearing make-up. Do you want me to be a sissy?"

Jimmy thought about it for a minute. "No, just stand further away," he said finally. "The bum is makin' us both look bad."

While Jimmy was exchanging greetings with a taxi driver, Jack, who (Continued on page 66)

Julie Conway
is her own
best dressmaker



First I drape the muslin on the dummy . . .



then I cut and pin it to my own design.



"How do you think it's gonna look?"



Julie wears her own creation, a short evening gown of flowered organza.

She makes 'em herself

THE feminine half of the juvenile population had not yet discovered the cowboy when Julie Conway was a little girl in Granite City, Illinois, and she and her sister spent much of their time making clothes for their dolls. Today, having outgrown dolls, Julie spends what spare time she has—after giving due attention to her husband, daughter, home and career—in making clothes for herself.

Millions have heard Julie's unique commercials on scores of shows. She became known as the "sparkle girl" with her delivery of the Oxydol

commercial: a squeal of delight followed by "That Oxydol sparkle!" in a voice expressing complete amazement. Before coming to New York, Julie was the vocalist with Kay Kyser's orchestra, playing more than 1,000 service camp shows with the band during the war, and also had the feminine lead in the Dwight Wiman musical, "They Can't Get You Down."

In New York, she has starred in her own show, "Yours Truly, Julie," and co-starred with Johnny Desmond in the CBS "Musicomedy" series. (Continued on page 67)

☆ *Hobbies of the Stars*

RADIO BEST
READER BONUS

A Victory for Love



"WHEN A GIRL MARRIES" NOVELETTE
by Dena Reed

Kathy Cameron (Rosemary Price)
promises Phil Stanley (Michael
Fitzmaurice) to keep their secret.

"When A Girl Marries" is heard on NBC Monday through Friday at 5 p.m., EST sponsored by General Foods

A young girl's love is put to the test in her struggle with all the forces that can wreck a marriage

AUTUMN is a time of wonder, thought Kathy, as she sat beside Phil, their shoulders touching in his sleek little convertible. He was driving her back to school and they had gotten an early start so that they might go steadily over the ribboned roads before the press of traffic slowed them down. She breathed deeply of the crisp, clear air of early morning and caught back some curls which had been blown free of the bright kerchief which held them.

Autumn is the best time of all, she thought. Summer was fine, but lazy. It made you want to lie in the sun like a kitten and purr with happiness. But Autumn's happiness was a cup, running over. Its rich golden browns and reds went to your head like the wine she had sipped at Phil's country club. It sent your blood racing and brought the color to your burning cheeks. It made you come alive, eager to meet the promise of fulfillment the harvest brings.

Yet, she might be mistaken. A girl of nineteen, so full of her own emotions, might easily mistake kindness, generosity and friendship for love, she told herself. Without moving her shoulder from Phil's, she stole a glance at him. She knew that she loved everything about this man—his fine mind, his quiet, capable ways, his sense of humor, his strengths and his weaknesses. Their eyes met and they smiled at each other.

"Was it a good vacation, Kathy?" he asked.

"Marvelous! I'll never forget it. And these last two weeks at your mother's home! I was like Cinderella at the ball. I've never had such lovely clothes or so much fun."

"Mother can be charming when she wants to be," he agreed.

"I suppose you had nothing to do with it! Taking me everywhere, night and day."

"I enjoy doing things with you, Kathy. You have such a good time. You know you gave every woman at the country club a run for her money; yet you charmed them so, they wanted you to have a good time."

"Do you really think your friends liked me, Phil?" Kathy asked anxiously. "I'm still so—unsure in your world."

"Unsure! Kathy, you're more sure every day. All your sweet gaucheries are giving way to the self-confidence of a beautiful woman."

Kathy shook her head. "I've a long way to go yet!" "You've come a long way," he reminded her. "Kathy, I'm proud of what you've made of yourself."

So she was proud too, because she wanted to please him. At first she had thought it was because she was so grateful but now after these last two weeks, she knew it was more than that. How strange life was. Only a few short years ago, she had been little Kathy Cameron, who knew no world beyond her capable mother's farm. She might still be that farm girl had not Joan and Harry

Davis, her mother's friends, moved to Beechwood after their marriage to make a new life together. Harry had been poor and Joan rich so they had started anew away from her family and friends. But some, like Phil, followed because Joan, being Joan, would always gather real people around her whether they were rich or poor.

Next to her mother, Kathy loved Joan best. She had a way of getting to the heart of things; she could sift values and find the right ones. She knew what friendship meant. So did Phil. That was why he had offered them a helping hand in reclaiming their farm, wanting no return but the pleasure of helping. That was why, too, he had asked to send Kathy, the daughter of Joan's good friends, to a good private school.

At first her mother had had misgivings. If a girl as poor and as pretty as Kathy should be brought up with rich youngsters, her head might be turned. But Joan had confidence in Kathy and in her mother's upbringing, so she talked Irma's objections away. Why shouldn't Kathy have her chance? They were all good friends—why shouldn't they do for one another? So away Kathy went to her fine school. And it hadn't spoiled her—she was



Mary Jane Higby
as Joan Davis

A Victory for Love

glad she had justified Joan's faith in her.

She blushed when she remembered the long weekly letters she had written Phil during that first year. They were full of gratitude and gossip but he had chosen to find them full of life and youth. He had never laughed at her girlish enthusiasms. And always he had unobtrusively augmented the knowledge which she had acquired at school so that, almost without her realizing it, each day she had learned more about the standards of the young women of his own set. Phil, of course, claimed that she came by them naturally.

"Kathy, you're wonderful," he had told her a thousand times. "I'm so proud of you!"

She was glad but she told herself, "Careful, Kathy, he's thirty-five; you're nineteen. And you're in different worlds."

But her heart wouldn't let her be cautious. And she took courage from the success of Joan and Harry's marriage. Love made everything right. If only Phil loved her. For she knew she loved him. She knew it when he held her close as they were dancing; she knew it at every touch of his hand and press of his shoulder against hers. But she knew it too, when there was no physical contact—when they just laughed into each other's eyes or looked at each other across the room.

And now they were going to separate, she to go back to school, he to go to Europe on business. Every instant the car was speeding their separation. The knowledge of it made her heart heavy and her eyes sting with unshed tears. They had grown silent. Was he, too, thinking of the moment of their parting?

Suddenly, he brought the car to a halt on the side of the highway and put his hand over both of hers.

"Kathy, darling, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, really."

"You don't like this parting any more than I do. Kathy, I know this is sudden but I want you to marry me, now, today. We could go to New York for our honeymoon over the weekend. It isn't at all the way I planned it but it's because I love you so."

"Oh, Phil!"

Passing motorists blew their horns at the young couple, entwined in each other's arms. But Kathy didn't know or care. All she knew was that Phil loved her and wanted to marry her right away. Oh, she loved him so much!

She let her tears spill over now because they had become tears of happiness and she was in his arms. Then she took the kerchief from his top pocket and wiped them away. "But what about your mother—and mine?" she asked practically.

He frowned. "I know, darling. I know. But what can we do! Mother would be sure to kick up a fuss—she'd do that no matter whom I married. She's getting on and wants to keep me by her side."

"She's no different from most mothers, I guess. Mine would want preparations."

"That's it. We just haven't time for them. I know what they mean to a girl and I'll try to make it up to you, darling, all my life. But Kathy, let's seize this moment. We'll keep our marriage a secret until I come back and can take you home with me as my wife. This way, we'll have something to work and plan for."

If Kathy had any other argument against their elopement she couldn't remember what it was for it was lost in their next kiss. . .

Was every bride as happy as she, Kathy wondered, as she looked down from her window high in the Towers Hotel. Below, New York City was like a fairyland with its myriad of lights. But here, with Phil, was her own heaven. Now she knew why her heart had pounded last week in the car. Now she knew the fulfillment of the harvest.

Unable to tear himself away, Phil had cancelled his sailing and stayed over two days longer than he should—which meant that Kathy was late for registration at school. She wondered idly what would be said to her but it didn't seem to matter.

This was their last night. Tomorrow Phil would be tak-



Marion Barney
as Mother Davis



John Raby
as Harry Davis



Jeannette Dowling
as Irma Cameron



Anne Burr
as Anne Dunn

Phil came in, as always with a box of flowers. This time, it was a dozen red roses.

"Darling, not more flowers!" she exclaimed. "Our rooms are like a bower."

"I can't forget you didn't have any flowers at your wedding. So you'll have flowers all your married life." He turned on the radio and drew her into his arms. "I want to dance with my beautiful wife." He held her close as they danced and whispered, "This is the way it must be for us, darling—soft lights, music, flowers and the two of us always. Are you happy, Kathy?"

"Oh Phil, 'happy' is such a small word. You've made it so perfect, darling. I'll remember every minute, all my life."

"And you'll keep our secret till I get back?"

"Of course, only—hurry back, won't you, darling? You're going to have the most impatient wife on the North Atlantic Coast."

"And you'll have the most impatient husband in Norway. I can't wait till I tell the world that you're Mrs. Philip Stanley."

"Mrs. Philip Stanley—I still can't believe it! It's as if I'm in a dream and I don't want to wake up."

Phil kissed her eyes. "You never shall, darling! I'm going to keep you dreaming the rest of our lives."

But what a difference twenty-four hours can make! Kathy went to the boat to see Phil off. Then, still in a blissful trance, got on her train for school.

"He's gone, he's gone," the wheels seemed to be shouting. What a melancholy refrain it was! She felt a sharp stab of loneliness. To console herself, she relived her honeymoon, moment by moment, but in her dreams, as in reality, it had to come to an end and she was desolate once more.

At school she tried to return her friends' gay greetings. But her heart was heavy. She knew she was no longer of their world. She was married now and, without her husband, she would feel sad and lost.

Like a sleepwalker she made her way to the office of Miss King, the registrar, and there her awakening was sudden and rude.

"Where have you been, Miss Cameron?" Miss King asked her. "Are you aware that you're two days late? Your mother is frantic."

"My mother!" Kathy was startled.

"Certainly. Didn't you expect us to call her? We thought you must be at home, detained, perhaps, by illness in the family or something equally as important.

ing a boat and she a train in opposite directions. But now they would be apart for only a little while. He would come back to tell the world she was his wife. Meanwhile she would keep their secret and wait as patiently as she could.

Phil had ordered dinner by candlelight in their sitting-room. Kathy slipped on the pale blue hostess gown which he had bought for her at the hotel shop and was putting a pink rose in her hair because he thought it set off her gold hair and blue eyes, when

Your mother told us you had left several days ago in the company of a friend of the family. I assume you can account for your tardiness?"

"Naturally. I—" Kathy stopped short, remembering her promise to Phil. She could feel herself flushing. "I'm sorry. I'm not at liberty to tell you where I was."

"In that case, Miss Cameron, I'm afraid we must expel you."

"Expel me!"

"You understand that a school such as ours must maintain only the very highest standards. We can't be too circumspect with regard to our young ladies. Now it appears that two days have dropped from your life—days which you cannot or do not choose to account for."

"I'm sorry."

"Then we have no alternative but to expel you. We will notify your mother formally, but I suggest that you call her at once and put her mind at rest about your safety." Miss King hesitated. "We all had great hopes for you, Miss Cameron. Perhaps if you tell your mother who chaperoned you each night—"

"No," said Kathy wearily. "I'll go home."

If only Phil hadn't had to rush off and leave her face this. It was a bitter after-taste of her lovely honeymoon. She began to realize that her husband's absence would make life very difficult. And he would be so disappointed to learn she hadn't been able to finish her second year, as he had hoped. Perhaps if she wrote and asked him—no, he wouldn't want their marriage to be made public like that. They must announce it to the world together. If it cost her her school, that was the way it had to be.

Home was even worse. Kathy and her mother had always been so close. Never before had Kathy gone anywhere without telling her mother where she was. It was all very well for her to say, "It's a secret, Mums. School made it sound messed up but it's not that way, honestly."

"I believe you, Kathy," Irma told her. "You're grown up now and you know right from wrong. I'm sure you have nothing to hide. Is it to protect someone, darling, that you can't tell us?"

"Not exactly. But I just can't tell you. I gave my word."

"I see."

But her mother didn't see. She looked hurt and frightened so that Kathy had to assure her. "Oh darling, it will be all right, if you'll just be patient."

"Of course, dear. I was just thinking of Phil. What will he say about it? He so wanted you to go back to school. And he's been so good to us."

"I know, but—"

"All right, Kathy. You must do as you think right. You know that I trust you."

Joan Davis was troubled too. One afternoon when Irma was out she said, "Kathy, it's none of my business and I'm not prying. I just want you to know that whatever is troubling you, I'm your friend. If you're in some kind of jam and you can't tell your mother, that's what friends are for. And you needn't think I'd betray your confidence."

"Joan, I know you wouldn't. I wish with all my heart I could tell everyone—Mums and you—but—"

Kathy shook her head helplessly and Joan said, "Okay. We won't talk of it again. I just wanted to get over that I'm here if you need me." (Continued on page 61)

Your  Monthly Bonus Feature

commentator

BOB MONTGOMERY



the movie lover is fascinated and frightened by his new role as radio newscaster

by Harriet Evans



Whatever Montgomery is up to, in this scene from "Once More My Darling" with Ann Blyth, he is definitely not analyzing the latest news.

"NO, I don't have to worry about make-up, or the position of the cameras, or memorizing my lines when I sit behind the ABC microphone on Thursday nights—but that doesn't mean I don't worry."

After 25 years in a profession where frequent rehearsals are an established convention, where an actor knows his lines long before he steps in front of a camera, Robert Montgomery sometimes finds his new job as a news commentator a rather hair-raising experience. An event in a distant city might render a carefully-prepared script completely useless an hour before he is to go on the air, and at broadcast time, which cannot be postponed to a more convenient hour, an audience whose size he can only guess at will be waiting to hear him.

Montgomery wrote one broadcast around an aspect of the disastrous crash between a commercial transport and

a military plane piloted by a Bolivian flyer. That afternoon, the flyer, in critical condition in a hospital, learned from an incautious visitor that the crash had resulted in 55 deaths. This development prompted Montgomery to call a friend in Washington, D.C., who told him that the flyer was a hero in his native country where he had once rescued numerous children from imminent peril at the risk of his own life.

This was a new angle and Montgomery, knowing that the flyer had suffered a relapse after hearing of the tragedy, decided at eight o'clock to rewrite the script for his 9:45 broadcast. Again, during the time he was broadcasting from England (he launched the series while at work on a movie in London), the unexpected news of the devaluation of the pound necessitated a complete change in script. (Continued on page 53)

Movie
Radio &
Television

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| 3. Roy Rogers & Dale Evans | 16. Robert Young | 28. Gene Autry |
| 4. Lane Turner | 17. Elizabeth Taylor | 29. Elio Pinta |
| 5. Perry Como | 18. Phil Harris & Alice Faye | 30. Fred Skelton |
| 6. Al Jolson | 19. Eddie Cantor | 31. Groucho Marx |
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| 8. Howard Duff | 21. Abbott & Costello | 33. Richard Widmark |
| 9. Betty Grable | 22. Sid Caesar | 34. Mickey Rooney |
| 10. Arthur Godfrey | 23. Vera Vague | 35. Dorothy Lamour |
| 11. Bob Hope | 24. Jimmy Durante | 36. Ray Milland |
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a day
with *Margaret Whiting*

Maggie Whiting's new home is a gray California cottage, set on a sloping hillside, where the terrace catches the morning sunlight.



Maggie's day begins about 10:30 with breakfast (fruit juice, egg, toast, jam, coffee), served by Wille Mae, her maid and old family friend, in her bedroom, decorated in shell pink and gray-blue, with white curtains.

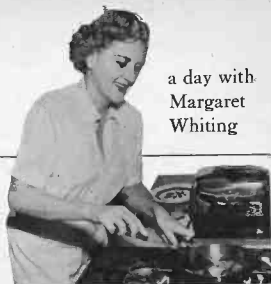
*she lives in a sunlit,
fun-filled cottage
on a
grassy slope—*

Margaret Whiting's gay spontaneous personality is reflected in the informal atmosphere of her new home on Cashmere Street in West Los Angeles. Decorated by Maggie herself, the California cottage looks as if it were specifically designed to accommodate a popular young radio and recording star whose friends and family are always dropping in to see her.

Of the seven rooms—living room, dining room, kitchen and breakfast room combined, den, two bedrooms and two baths, not to speak of the large dormered room now used for storage purposes and the two-car garage with maid's room and bath attached—the favorite gathering place for guests is the den. The couch, on



If she has time, she dons shorts, picks up the watering can and heads for the yard where she babies the ailing plants the gardener wants to replace; it's a nice way of getting a sun bath.



a day with
Margaret
Whiting

Wille Mae is straightening up the house now so Maggie fries eggs and bacon, puts it on a tray and lunches on the terrace.

which Maggie is stretched out in the picture, is covered with chintz and the Modern Provincial coffee tables, desk and other furniture are of walnut to match the panelled walls. The rug is of brown flax.

Incidentally, the stuffed dolls that can be seen in the pictures of the den and bedroom are souvenirs of personal appearances. Maggie collects them whenever she goes on tour and at the end of the year presents them to a children's home.

(Continued on page 64)



Her mother drops in to see her and they chat over a cup of tea in the living room. Mrs. Whiting lives about a mile away with Maggie's aunt and her sister, Barbara, and they are often together.



Wille Mae is most famous for her lemon pies and in the kitchen, panelled in knotty pine, Maggie tries to talk her into making one for her dinner guests.

Maggie relaxes in the den, where she keeps her television, radio-phonograph and 3,000 records and usually entertains her guests.



At the dressing table in the small dressing room adjoining the bedroom, Maggie applies perfume; if you're curious, the little crank under the center drawer opens windows above.



A beautifully-appointed dinner table, with lace cloth, glittering glass and shining silver, receives the final touches from a lovely hostess just before she welcomes her guests.



The Harris family enjoys that famous California sunshine after a dip in the pool outside their Hollywood home; Phil and Alice Faye with Alice Jr. and Phyllis.

Walter, the O'Keefe's chief cook and bottle washer, does the tast-



ing while his wife, with Anthony and Mike, prepare a meal for him.



Kathi Norris, star of "The Television Shopper," and husband Wilbur Stark, well-known television program producer, celebrate daughter Pamela's third birthday.



Hoti Shelton supervises the art session, while one-year-old Richard, in Georgin's arms, laughs at the efforts of his big sister, two-year-old Valentina.

Let's meet the family

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



The Great Gildersleeve, an eligible bachelor, drops his radio role when his son Page is around to become Hal Peary, a fond papa.



Bob Poole is content to relax on a Sunday afternoon, after his twice-daily stint on Mutual, and let his daughter Michelle and wife Gloria do all the talking.

John J. Anthony says



If there is freedom
in loneliness,
this bachelor is "free
as a bird."

ONE of my bachelor friends always gives me the same answer when I ask why he never married. He likes being free, he says. Doesn't want responsibility. Wants to live his own life in his own way. Wants to choose his own friends. Wants—oh, well, he goes on and on, building up his alibi, but never convincing me that he couldn't have more freedom in the right kind of marriage than he has now.

For one thing, whether he admits it or not, I know he is lonely. He goes out with the boys and drinks too much because he is lonely—lonely in heart, I mean, for someone who takes him as he really is, not as he seems to be, who takes the bad and good in him, understands his weakness and even likes them. Someone who is always there to help when he needs help, and willing to leave him alone when he wants solitude. A loyal someone who is ready to fly blindly to his defense and still readier to sing his praises, whether deserved or not.

I know he has a home. That is, he lives at an expensive club where he has two rooms comfortably furnished and equipped with kitchenette, bar-ette and the rest of it. But he often feels like a prisoner there. He can't have the boys in often; they make too much noise. He can't play his costly radio when he wants to; it's too late and the old men in the club are disturbed. He says he lives a free life there, but in his heart he knows he doesn't.

He would like to travel but hates to do it alone. Besides, he's tied down a good deal at the office and can take only a few days off now and then, or a weekend—

and none of his friends is free to go with him because they have families. He would be happier to have a wife who would leave the dishes in the sink at a word from him, fling on coat and hat, grab an overnight bag and rush off with him at a moment's notice.

He has never said he is fond of children, but I notice he often looks at them as we walk along the street together. If I suggest that he'd make a swell dad, he pooh-poohs the idea and repeats the old line about being free and untrammelled. But he isn't free. He deceives himself. Deep within himself there are natural, normal needs that he denies every day of his life. He is always hunting for ways to satisfy his energy and his gregarious tendencies. He plays golf, he rents a saddle-horse from a riding school and gallops around in the park, and now and then he plays tennis on the court of some friend who has a real home.

He seems set in his idea that solitude spells freedom and spends most of his time thinking up things he can do alone, "without having to bother about someone else all the time and having to consider what they want." Unconsciously he longs for a full life, yet he crams his time with superficial occupations and has never in his thirty-eight years of existence had any roots.

Roots are necessary to every (Continued on page 65)



Mr. Anthony" will be devoted to a letter from a reader seeking advice and the marriage counsellor's answer.

As founder and director of the famed Marital Relations Institute, John J. Anthony has acquired an extraordinary knowledge of human nature and the various factors that make for happy or unhappy marriages. RADIO BEST is pleased to introduce two new features by Mr. Anthony. In "John J. Anthony Says," he will relate stories about the people he has encountered in the course of his work and his reflections on the problems they illustrate. "Dear

Dear Mr. Anthony

Readers are invited to write to Mr. Anthony in care of RADIO WEST, 9 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y. The letter which, in Mr. Anthony's opinion, is most deserving of a reply will be printed along with his answer. No letters will be held in confidence. All letters will be answered personally and name will be returned.

Dear Mr. Anthony,

I have a son who is overseas nearly a year now. His wife, to whom he's been married 4 years, has lived with us ever since he left the country. She has been working in a factory about 10 months now.

Shortly after she went to work she became acquainted with a single man and has been dating him quite regularly; she's been seen by us and many of our friends and almost everyone knows about it. My husband has talked to her several times about stepping out, but she sees no wrong in it and, in fact, claims to be so much in love with this other man that she's going to marry him, but doesn't want her husband to know about it until he gets back, and then she'll tell him.

My son has gotten wind of this somehow and has written home asking what the whole thing is about. Now I want to know if we should tell him the truth or just keep him guessing. Do you think we should keep her here in our home since she has a mother but will not go to live with her since she can not get along with her stepfather?

Our home isn't the same as it used to be before our daughter-in-law came here. It isn't that the girl's too young that she could be excused for what she's doing--she's 25 and my son is the same age. My son had a good Christian upbringing and it seems that his wife only went to church before they were married in order to make a good impression on us folks. My son neither smokes nor drinks and was always a good provider, but the man she's chasing with now takes her to beer gardens and dance halls, and she said she likes this kind of life much better. She does as she pleases in our home, but we never have any words with her, and she admits to her friends that we are much too good to her.

We have taken this so long and it seems that we cannot take it much longer. Would you please advise me what to do?

Mrs. O. V.

(For Mr. Anthony's reply
turn to page 65)



Ham cornets with rice salad, and maple cake are both tasty and unusually decorative luncheon dishes.

Around this time of year, when the flowers, the trees and the grass are beginning to deck themselves in the bright colors they put away for the winter, when the urge for a new dress, a new hat—anything new—takes possession of the feminine mind, the hostess usually begins to feel a strong distaste for the dishes that have been so acceptable all winter. They seem as dull and uninteresting as her winter hat and she is suddenly imbued with the desire to place something new and different before her guests.

With this particular type of spring fever in mind, I suggest, as a menu for a bridge luncheon (for four), cold cornets of ham with rice salad (cornets de jambon lucullus)—to be served with a green salad—and maple cake. The cornets of ham is a colorful and decorative dish, and the cake, with its layers of frothy icing, is extremely ornamental; they complement any table decoration suggestive of the season.

Cold Cornets of Ham

- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| thin slices of cooked ham | 1 tablespoon tomato paste |
| 1/4 pound liver sausage | 2 tablespoons red wine |
| 3 tablespoons butter | 3 stiffly beaten egg whites |
| salt and pepper | 1 1/2 cups rice |
| cayenne pepper | 2 cups dried, cooked green beans and carrots |
| truffles or ripe olives | |
| 3 cups strong stock | |
| 4 tablespoons gelatine | |

TO THE QUEEN'S TASTE



by Dione Lucas
proprietor of the famous Garden Blue Restaurant and Cocktail School, New York.

Take as many cornet molds (or make cornets of double wax paper) as there are people to serve. Line inside with a thin slice of cooked ham. Fill the center with liver paste or liver sausage rubbed through a strainer and mixed with creamed butter, seasoned with salt, pepper and cayenne pepper. Fill into a pastry bag with a round tube and pipe



get out a new

SPRING MENU



into cornets. Put a truffle or a ripe olive on top of each and cover with aspic.

Aspic: Put strong stock, cold and free from fat, in a pan; add gelatine, tomato paste, vinegar, wine and egg whites. Beat over a slow fire until the mixture comes to a boil; draw aside and let stand for 10 minutes. Pour through a cold, damp cloth, stir over ice until on the point of setting and put some in the refrigerator to chop later; cover cornets with the rest. Serve on a bed of rice salad.

Rice Salad: Boil rice for 13 1/2 minutes in salted water, drain and wash well in cold water. Add diced vegetables, cool and mix with French dressing, fill into round cake tin and press down gently; turn out on a serving dish. Unmold the cornets and arrange in a crown on top of the rice; garnish with chopped aspic and serve.

Maple Cake

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1/2 cup butter, white sugar | 1 stiffly beaten egg white |
| 1 cup granulated sugar | 2 1/2 cups maple syrup |
| 4 eggs | 1 1/2 cups cake flour |
| 1 1/2 cups cake flour | 1/2 cup egg whites |
| 1/2 cup milk | few chopped pecan nuts |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | |

Cream the butter, add the sugar and beat until white; beat in the egg yolks. Sift the flour and add with the milk. Add the baking powder and 1 stiffly beaten



egg white. Butter 2 shallow layer-cake tins. Line the bottoms with waxed paper and grease again. Divide the cake batter in the two tins and bake in a 350 degree F. oven for 15 minutes, until the cakes are a golden brown on top. Turn out on waxed paper; cool slightly.

Put the maple syrup in a pan and cook to a light thread. Pour onto the stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating until quite thick. Spread between the layers and cover the cake generously and decorate the cake with the chopped nuts.



Program Network Rating

Favorite News Commentator

Walter Winchell.....	ABC	29.2
Lowell Thomas.....	CBS	18.0
Gabriel Heatter.....	MBS	14.8
Edward R. Murrow.....	NBC	6.6
Drew Pearson.....	ABC	4.8

Favorite Comedy Program

Jack Benny.....	CBS	26.6
Blondie.....	NBC	19.3
My Friend Irma.....	CBS	13.4
Fibber McGee & Molly.....	NBC	6.8
Red Skelton.....	CBS	6.7

Favorite Dramatic Program

Lux Radio Theatre.....	CBS	33.4
Theatre Guild.....	NBC	11.4
Screen Guild Players.....	NBC	11.0
Hollywood Star Theatre.....	NBC	6.5
Dr. Christian.....	CBS	5.4

Favorite Daily Musical Program

Club 15.....	CBS	13.3
Light Up Time.....	NBC	13.3
Supper Club.....	NBC	6.7
Jack Smith.....	NBC	6.8
Breakfast Club.....	ABC	-5.9

Favorite Light Classical

Telephone Hour.....	NBC	25.8
Album of Familiar Music.....	NBC	25.0
RCA Victor Show.....	NBC	19.2
Voice of Firestone.....	NBC	9.6
Red Waring.....	NBC	9.5

Favorite Husband and Wife Programs

Burns & Allen.....	CBS	20.9
Ozzie & Harriet.....	ABC	20.8
Fibber McGee & Molly.....	NBC	10.9
Jack Benny & Mary.....		
Livingston.....	CBS	10.8
Phil Harris & Alice Faye.....	NBC	10.0

Favorite New Radio Personality

Herb Shriner.....	CBS	12.8
Martin & Lewis.....	NBC	11.8
Arthur Godfrey.....	CBS	10.0
Luigi.....	CBS	8.6
Abe Burrows.....	CBS	5.8

Herb Shriner

voted most popular new radio personality

FOR every issue, Radio Best Magazine tabulates opinion poll ballots sent in by Listeners Panel members from across the nation. This month Walter Winchell was again voted the most popular commentator on the air, an honor accorded him in five consecutive tabulations. Gabriel Heatter, Lowell Thomas and Edward R. Murrow maintained their popularity. In other categories, Ed Wynn and Arthur Godfrey lead as television favorites. Herb Shriner, in spite of the fact that his radio contract was cancelled, was selected as the most popular new radio personality. Following are the complete results of the poll:



WALTER WINCHELL

Walter Winchell left school at 13 to join the Imperial Trio, singing ukeles in a New York movie house who didn't create much of a stir at the time. (Other members of the trio were Eddie Cantor and George Jessel.) In vaudeville, he earned \$100 a week as a hoodler but left the stage to write a gossip column for the New York "Vaudeville News" at \$25 a week. The New York Graphic offered him \$100 a week, which became \$200 four years later and when the Graphic editors objected to his writing for magazines, he moved to the New York Mirror. He made his first broadcast in May, 1930.



JACK BENNY

Benny K. Benny, the violinist, had been on tour for some years when World War I broke out and the Navy put him in a revive to aid recruiting. The crowd roared with laughter one night when he paused to make a few watermarks. Thereafter he used his fiddle only as a prop in a highly successful vaudeville career. He had already made his movie debut when, in 1932, columnist Ed Sullivan asked him to guest on his radio program. Benny, dubious about the new medium, agreed to appear gratis the same year he had a sponsor and an NBC network show which was a trail-blazer in radio comedy.



Van Heflin rolls a good one to Lana Turner and Peter Lawford during a tiff in a "Lux Radio Theatre" rehearsal.

LUX RADIO THEATRE

During its more than 15 years on the air, "Lux Radio Theatre" has presented approximately 500 of Hollywood's leading players in virtually all of the screen successes of the period. Its inaugural broadcast in 1934, the adaptation of a screen hit, "Seventh Heaven," for an hour-long radio program, was considered a risky experiment, but the show soon became a top radio attraction and has been a consistent winner of awards. It made radio history when, in 1936, it shifted its base of operations to Hollywood to be near the source of its talent and material. Heading the list for the most performances on the show by Hollywood stars are Loretta Young and Dan Amico, with a score of 21 each.



CLUB 15

At 13, Bob Crosby appeared on an amateur show just long enough to fee in terror after the orchestra had played five introductions to his solo. He was not at all discouraged and when the wall-to-wall craze hit his home town of Spokane, Washington, he was often heard on the radio broadcasts from these centers. In 1935, two years after joining Arson Weeks, he became the leader of "The Bobcats" which hit the big time in records, movies and network radio. During the war, Bob spent 15 months in service and in the fall of 1945, organized a new Bobcats group.



THE TELEPHONE HOUR

"The Telephone Hour," launched more than ten years ago on NBC, has featured concerts by the greatest names of the music world and has introduced many young artists to the public. Ezio Pinza is one of the famous performers who appear regularly, and among others are Jascha Heifetz, Lily Pons, Johnnie Thomas and Marion Anderson. It was on this program that Fritz Kreisler made his radio debut and Ferruccio Tagliavini his American debut. Such personalities as Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman and Mary Martin have appeared in departures from the regular concert format.



BURNS AND ALLEN

Daughter of a San Francisco song-and-dance man, Grace Allen quit the Allen Sisters' song-and-dance act after a disagreement with the company manager and enrolled in a New York secretarial school. At the time, George Burns, born on New York's East Side, was doing a comedy act and Grace met him in 1927 when she called on a friend who was appearing on the same bill. They joined hands in a vaudeville act and married in 1932. In 1932, the year after Grace guested on Eddie Cantor's radio program, they launched their own air show.



HERB SHRINER

Herb Shriner made his bow in show business at 17 as "Harmonica Herb" with a band of four other boys in his home town of Fort Wayne, Ind. He went from radio stations to vaudeville houses to travelling shows, his harmonica becoming a secondary part of his act as he discovered that audiences liked the humorous chatter, cracker barrel style, that he delivered on his air show. He began to get chafed after a season with the Philip Morris show in 1946, he sought a handier act, a bus-size vehicle complete with living quarters, and covered 7,000 miles playing dates around the country.

by Vivian Kennedy



I'm the guinea pig for COUNTY FAIR



the fall girl Vivian Kennedy looks to a future on Broadway

IF "COUNTY FAIR" ever goes television—and I hope it will—you won't be able to avoid seeing me. I'm the one who tells the contestants where to stand and when to move. If they're frightened, I tell them "just listen to the emcee and nothing will happen." It's rather difficult sometimes because they're so interested in what's going to happen to them that they don't listen to me, and I'm responsible for getting them to the right place on the platform at the right time.

I'm the "production assistant" on the show, but if you should ever go to a broadcast and want to speak to me, just ask for Susy Satchelstern. It was a gag at first but it's been used so much that everybody's forgotten my real name.

You may wonder, if you've ever seen the show, just how and why somebody gets to do a job like mine. Well, I took it because I want to be an actress and I got it by going around in circles.

It all started when I was in high school, in Mount St. Ursula Academy in the Bronx, New York. I'm quite tall and it always seemed to me that I towered over everybody else. As a result, I was shy and self-con- (Continued on page 64)



As pre-tester of "County Fair" stunts, Vivian tries out a new type broom for witches' Halloween rides.

Below, it may be fun for Vivian but the contestant isn't a bit happy about the cold bath.



"County Fair," sponsored by the Hudson Co., is heard on CBS, Saturday, 8 p.m., 8:30.



While emcee Win Elliot talks to him, Vivian gives a

contestant a gentle shove toward the microphone.

IT'S ALL "IMAGINATION"



At his own request, child actor Donnie Harris played Jack the Giant Killer, with Ruth Tripp as the giant's wife and Paul Tripp in his usual role.

Mr. I. uses a little train incident of a magic wand to take his audience to Imagination Town where young and old play the game of make-believe.



the man with
"magic reputation"
can make your
fondest dreams
come true

by Jan Forsythe

"Mr. I. Imagination" is heard on CBS-TV, Sunday, 6:50 p.m. EST.



Cliff Tatum, young stage and TV star who wished to live the life of Christopher Columbus, watches as Mr. I. accepts the jewels of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, played by Mrs. Tripp and Ted Tiller, to finance the great explorer's voyages.

WHEN the villain in "Mr. I. Imagination" draws a dagger, nobody in the television audience catches his breath or grips the arm of the chair. He's such a clown, winking broadly to show that he's discovered the hero's hideaway and twirling his obviously false moustaches, that he hasn't frightened a soul and everybody knows darned well he's not going to use that dagger. And anyway, the hero would stand behind something more substantial than a rubber plant if he were really afraid of being killed.

This sense of the ridiculous permeates the whole of "Mr. I." and, judging from the show's success, captivates its audience. Mr. I. Imagination not only whisks his hero through time and space to become whatever legendary, fictional or historical character he might choose to be, thereby fulfilling the dreams of many a youngster, but he does it in such engaging fashion, breaking out into song in musical-comedy fashion whenever he pleases and generally showing a great disrespect for the formalities, that he tickles the sense of humor of the adult who has known the story for many years.

Certainly, Hercules cleans the Au-



Little Lee Graham wished for Christmas in the middle of the summer and in no time at all, with the help of Mr. I., he found Saint Nicholas himself, complete with white beard and red suit, in Imagination Town.



Paul Tripp and Jack Diamond, who wanted to be a "root-in', tootin' forty-niner," read the story of the California gold rush before playing it on "Mr. I. Magination."



Above, Jack and Mr. I head for California behind their painted oxen and below, beside a cactus tree that makes it clear he's in a desert, Jack takes a drink of water.



IT'S ALL "I. MAGINATION"

gean stables in Mr. I.'s version of his life, but he does it with a vacuum cleaner and when his twelve great labors are done with and he seeks new tasks, he turns boxer and, appropriately enough, becomes the heavy-weight champion of the world. Ridiculous, isn't it? That's exactly what it's meant to be.

Primary aim of Paul Tripp, a tall, slim, young man with a smile as wide as his favorite character's, is entertainment and in this regard, he draws no line between young and old. Although "Mr. I." is usually referred to as a "children's program," Paul, who conceived the show, produces it and plays the central character, does not "play to children" and there is plenty of evidence that adults are liberally sprinkled throughout his audience. He has received many letters from parents who say, in effect, "Our kids love it. P.S. We do, too."

Paul's explanation is that while grownups hesitate to admit it, they share with children a love of fantasy. "Alice in Wonderland" and "Gulliver's Travels" are supposed to be for the little ones, he points out, but the big boys and girls are enthusiastic readers.

The basic idea of "Mr. I." is, as Paul puts it, that "anything is possible if you imagine it hard enough" or, as Mr. I. himself often says, "Right you are if you think you are." So you want to be Christopher Columbus, Robin Hood or the Count of Monte Cristo? It's easy. Just hop on the little train with "Mr. I. Magination, the man with the magic reputation" and in a minute's time, you'll be living your dreams. Such a show, of course, will never die for lack of material; "wishes come by the bushels."

Setting the "let's make believe" tone of the entire production is Mr. I. Magination's personality. Paul's broad grin and gay good humor suggest from the very start that "you know as well as I do that this is just for fun, not for real."

Paul makes no attempt to be realistic. The central character of each show, who says "I wish I were" is always played by a child actor, thus allowing the children in the audience to identify themselves with the hero and contributing to the show's hilarious quality. The child actor also takes the "horror" out of any story that might otherwise excite a sensitive child. A one-eyed king can be a menacing character but not if he's a little boy with a patch over one eye.

When the little boy wanted to be an actor and Mr. I. suggested that he play the leading role in Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew," the idea of a child (Paul chose the smallest actor he could find) subduing the waspish Katherine was funny in itself. As the curtain was going up on the "stage," the television camera pulled away to show that a piece of silk, the size of a handkerchief, was being rolled up on a pencil.

In Mr. I.'s version of the adventures of Christopher Columbus, the audience saw three boats bobbing around on a mighty ocean. For this scene, Paul used motion picture technique but he went one step further. In an instant, the camera revealed that the boats were tiny models and the ocean, a galvanized tub filled with water.

Paul was probably the only television producer who was not concerned when the scenic designers went on strike. Mr. I. doesn't need snow-covered wastes to show his audience that a story takes place in Dawson City, Alaska. All he does is (Continued on page 69)

TV TeleVision

across the nation

Opera comes to life on NBC-TV (left); Tomiko Kanazawa as Cio Cio San, Dennis Magid as the Baby in "Madam Butterfly."

Meg Mundy, Kim Hunter, June Lockhart and Patricia Kirkland (at the piano) as the March sisters in the "Ford Theater" production of "Little Women."

Nina Foch looks disarmingly innocent as John Conte gives her a piece of his mind in "Temporarily Purple," a presentation of the "Chevrolet Playhouse."



At a testimonial party for Ken Murray: (standing) Andy Russell, Murray, Boris Karloff, Billy Gilbert; and Van Heflin, A. A. Busch, Jr., Lloyd Nolan, Jack Mulhall, Walter Abel, Charles Korsin.



Franchot Tone as a private eye, with Ruth Matteson and Haila Stoddard in "Murder At the Stork," based on a homicidal happening at the famous Manhattan nitery, presented by "Phileo TV Playhouse."





Producer-director Bob Stevens briefs the largest cast ever assembled for a TV production.

"suspense" play shows TV producers mastering new problems

4 cameras and



a wrestler

★ RADIO BEST TELEVISION



Left, a Manhattan slum section of the 1890's, complete with pushcarts and a gas street lamp, was re-created for the main set; the wrestler who played a Mafia killer is shown above (in cap and shirt sleeves).

"The Grey Helmet" was one of the most ambitious television productions ever staged on the CBS "Suspense" series. Four cameras were used, instead of the customary three, and the unusually large number of 39 actors were employed for the climax scene. The sets portrayed a Manhattan slum section, complete with pushcarts and tenements, and at times the camera shifted to a tenement rooftop.

A wide variety of talents were employed in "The Grey Helmet." The part of the Mafia killer was played by Joseph Norock, a professional wrestler, because the role called for a big man of brutal appearance and no actor who looked the part could be found. Norock's cauliflower ears were a valuable asset. Stunt men were hired to hurl knives into walls and table tops, and an organ grinder and his monkey, who was terrified throughout the entire proceedings, played small roles.



Above, the hero (Jack Lemmon) darts his trousers in the locker room of an East Harlem police station; below, he and his girl (Roberta Haines) admire the helmet he has recovered from the Mafia.

IN the 1890's, the dreaded Mafia Society was in virtual control of certain sections of New York City. Thousands of honest Italian immigrants lived in terror of the Black Hand, trademark of the Society which enforced its blackmail demands by beating and murdering its victims.

Even the sturdy members of the New York police force stood in awe of the Mafa. When a rookie cop, Sean Michael O'Drohin, is assigned to Little Sicily, "the bloody, bleedin' center of the Black Hand itself," he begins his first day on the new beat with the knowledge that four of the five men who preceded him have been killed—by knives thrown from darkened doorways or open windows.

Pretending a bravery he does not feel, Sean Michael strolls through the main street (Continued on page 74)



(Continued from page 31)

"For a man who's always insisted on having a script before he starts producing," says the actor, "Bob is a man who can be pretty hard on the nerves."

Montgomery, who has been a top box-office attraction for many years, admits that while it fascinates him, he is "scared to death" of the work which takes him into the ranks of H. V. Kaltenborn. Having appeared on scores of radio programs, he is accustomed to work with "big fright" but the thought that he may be influencing an untold number of people gives him a feeling of "tremendous responsibility."

"I have to be honest and do all I can to make my point of view clear, because somewhere, somebody, listening to me on one of 287 stations, may misinterpret or hear only part of what I say."

While his good looks and the engaging manner with which he can sweep a young lady off her feet are of little help to him in his new role, Montgomery appreciates that he is not a stranger to the thousands who have seen him on the screen and that many will like him more readily because he has so long been a familiar figure. This does not mean that he designs his program for the feminine half of the population and he was, in fact, very pleased to find evidence that some of his listeners are more interested in his opinions than his profile.

At a recent conference for editors of high school and college newspapers, his questioners veered away from political and social topics only to daily briefly with a comparison of Betty Hutton's recent movies. When, after an hour and a half of steady talking, he was asked by his manager if he wished to call a halt, Montgomery arose and said: "I'm having a good time. Does anyone want to go home?" Nobody did, and the conference continued for another 40 minutes.

His fast mail, which he reads carefully, ranges from flat denunciation—"Why don't you get off the air?"—to undiluted praise—"Thank God you're here!" In Hollywood, where money and the population are fearful of expressing a forthright opinion on any subject for fear of antagonizing some portion of the public, the general reaction to his new departure is, "You ought to have your head examined!" His new association with NBC, producing, directing and acting in television programs, is more in line with his previous Hollywood experience.

But Montgomery never did learn to keep his mouth shut and has opened it to voice forceful opinions on many subjects of an explosive nature. As a former president of the Screen Actor's Guild, he is remembered for his fight against racketeers in the motion picture industry, and when, after supporting President Roosevelt for two terms, he turned to the Republican Party, he was active in the campaigns for Dewey and Wilkie. He

was one of the first Hollywood stars to go to war, serving first as an ambulance driver in France in 1918, and in 1941, entering active duty in the Navy from which he was honorably discharged as a Commander three and a half years later after having served in actions ranging from Guadalcanal to Normandy.

Among other qualifications for his job are his intimate knowledge, acquired while traveling while solving problems in many parts of the world, his personal acquaintances in almost every city in the world, and "an abnormal curiosity about people and events."

At the same time, he does not pretend to be an expert in the field of national and international affairs—"A \$60 typewriter doesn't make you an expert"—and thinks that he will have accomplished his aim if he can stimulate discussion on the questions that are in the mind of the average man.

"I don't speak for any party, committee or cult," he says. "But I present my point of view, without censorship, and whether or not it's in line with what people are thinking, it will help to bring the subject out into the light where people can examine it more closely."

Feminine admirers will be relieved to know that while Montgomery occasionally pauses, as he walks down the street to examine the typewriters in a shop window, his interest is not limited to the tools of his trade, and that even in real life, he is at times the gay and impulsive fellow who has captivated them in so many romantic American comedies. He tells the story on himself, of his walk down a London street and the five china dogs used as decoration in the window of a men's clothing shop. They were very unusual, in various postures and stitutions, and together made a charming display.

"Just what Betty (his wife) would like," said Montgomery to himself, marched into the shop and asked the salesman to "wrap up the five dogs" for him.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said the salesman, as if he had not heard correctly. "The five china dogs in the window," Montgomery repeated. "I want to buy them."

The salesman hesitated for a moment, disappeared and came out again with one of the dogs in his hand. "This is a very nice one," he said.

Montgomery was getting impatient. "Yes, but I want all five of them!" The salesman's expression impassive, did not move but looked at the china dog on the counter. "The price of this one," he said slowly, "is 135 pounds." (At the present rate, 135 pounds is equal to about \$325.)

As Montgomery concludes the story, "I simply evaporated—disappeared in a cloud!"

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 they are. We expect to get thousands of poems because everyone is a poet at heart... we have a copy of your poem and don't expect us to acknowledge it in any other way than by publishing here if it seems worthy. Good luck, poets, and let's hear from you. "Say It In Poetry!"

IT'S not often that a girl will come right out and say that what she lacks and wants, specifically, is a husband. It's done more unusual when, instead of shedding tears about it, she writes with a whimsical sense of humor.

HOUSEBUILDER

My house of wood and stone is built
And furnished all complete,
From opily-painted kitchen shelves
To iron-oom window seat.

Light skimmers on the polished floors,
The picture window gleams,
And all about are books and flowers
And soft, deep chairs for dreams.

Yet something's missing, there's a lack,
I cannot rest at ease,
We need—my house and I—a man,
A husband, if you please.

—Grace Jacobs,
Newton, Ia.

THE writer of "Deduction," who's expressed in verse what many women have figured out before.

DEDUCTION

That woman is incarnate Mystery
Is legend known, an Ancient History.
But time and you have made me realize
The reason for that veiled look in her eyes
Is this, the link, in vain, to understand
The paradox that maddens as a Man!

—Mary L. Wantner,
Philadelphia, Pa.

IT'S fun to be wild and free, to sail on clouds of fancy, but when at times you miss the feel of the "good earth" beneath your feet. And very often there's someone who's more important to you than all the beauty to be found on the "highest hill."

NEW DIRECTIONS

Remember when you burned our treasure map,
And tore our scribbled plot across the middle?
You swore you would not walk into my trap.

Nor would I catch you playing second fiddle
To cunning. But I laughed as I upbraided
My hat and climbed the highest hill; I knew
That I belonged to time and space and wind.

That I was too alive for earthily you,
But all the gold and acrid of the season,
And all his magic could not compensate
The loss of you, for you were will and reason.

And substance, and a firm and steadfast weight.
Am I forgiven? May I share your chair
That I might find the cross-roads of your heart?

—Cassie Middleton,
Bettendorf, Ia.

THE LOVE OF A LITTLE CHILD

Some talk of how they went riches,
Some silver, and others went gold;
Others long for nice clothes and jewels
While others big lands wish to hold.

I love all the riches I could ask for,
And it's love—no freest and mild.
True love, so truly given,
The love of a little child.

Yes, I'm rich in love and happiness,
In something that's undadled.
The precious trust and goodness
And love of a little child.

So I have something much dearer than gold,
Something from such things apart;
Most precious of all earth's treasures,
The love of a child in my heart.

—Annie Waugh,
York Village, Me.

BUDDING trees and blossoming flowers are an age-old inspiration to poets.

NATURE

I see the kiss of nature in every plant and flower,
In every little sprig I see the imprint of God's power.

His fast mail, which he reads carefully, ranges from flat denunciation—"Why don't you get off the air?"—to undiluted praise—"Thank God you're here!" In Hollywood, where money and the population are fearful of expressing a forthright opinion on any subject for fear of antagonizing some portion of the public, the general reaction to his new departure is, "You ought to have your head examined!" His new association with NBC, producing, directing and acting in television programs, is more in line with his previous Hollywood experience.

—L.V. Angeles,
Los Angeles, Cal.

THE writer of "Basic Training" suggests that the woman who wants to marry must not take her dreams too seriously.

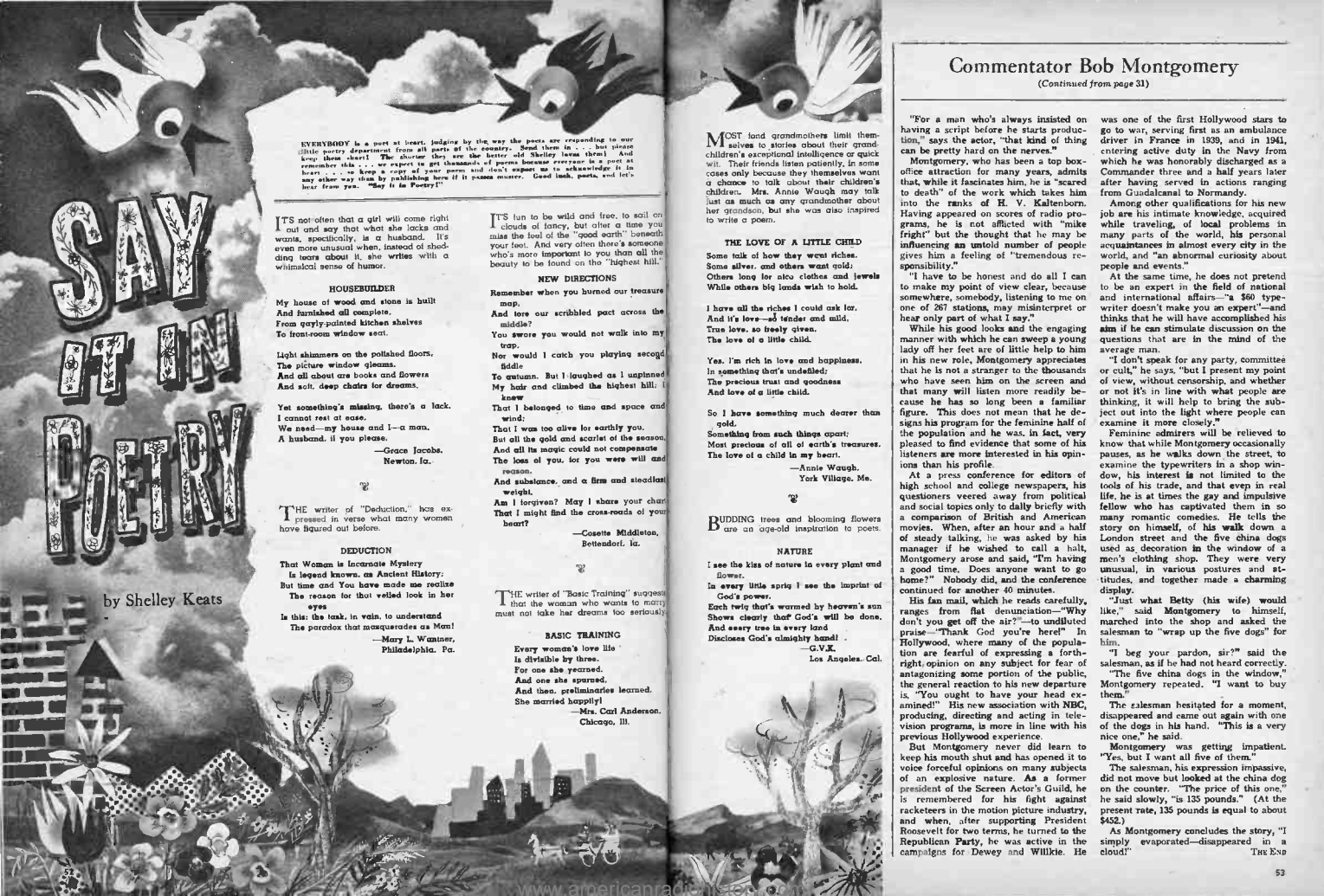
BASIC TRAINING

Every woman's love life
Is divisible by three.
For one she yearns,
And one she spurns,
And then, preliminaries learned,
She married happily!

—Mrs. Carl Anderson,
Chicago, Ill.

SAY IT IN POETRY

by Shelley Keats



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.

CLAIRE HEDEN
Presents Mary Naldon on serial drama, "Backstage Wife."

BRIAN DONLEY
Stars as Steve Mitchell, soldier of fortune, in NBC "Magnum, A.A. Magnum."

MARGARET WHITING
Emotionally singing star of "Fanny Hill" heard on CBS.

JIMMIE FIDDLER
Reports Hollywood news and reads on ABC "My Sunday Evening at 10:30."

VICKI VOLA
Presents Mr. D.A., charming secretary Miss Miller.

BILL STEAR
Noted comedian can be heard on "Myers Newsweek" on NBC at 8:30.

FANNIE BRICE
Sings the troublemaker Baby Saxe's song, "Tuesday Into a NBC at 8:30."

JAMES MELTON
Tears! Melton is singing and reading of NBC's "Harvest of Stars" show.

ELEANOR STEEBER
Reads poetry Monday on "Voice of Eleanor."

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Living Church			Carole's Calling
9:00	Wanda News Story to Order	Happiness Hour	Jenny Manning Concert Hall	News E. News Bites
9:30	Country of Music	Disc Quartet	Bob Hope's Playhouse	Tracy, Star of St. Paul's Chapel
9:45	D & H News	Religious Program		
10:00	Highlights of Bible	White Cross	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Children's Hour	Voice of Prayer	Southwestern	Church of the Air
11:00	News Highlights	Back to God	Harvey Reporter	John Jackson News
11:15	Children's Time	Reviewing Stand	Frank & Ernest Hour of Faith	John Jackson News

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	De You Remember			Deans For Thought
9:00	Live With			Jack Preppers
9:15	Good News Show	Baker/Hughes	Breakfast Club	This Is It, N.Y. Burport Falls
9:30	Cheerleaders	John Henson	Mr. Guss A-Shopping	
9:45	Weekend Traveler	John Henson	John Henson	
10:00	Marriage For Two	Marriage For Two	Marriage For Two	
10:15	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	
11:00	We Love and Love	We Love and Love	We Love and Love	
11:15	John Barry	John Barry	John Barry	
11:30	Jack Bush	Jack Bush	Jack Bush	
11:45	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	

Afternoon Listening

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
12:30	American Forum	Chuk Series	Bernie Hoffman	Vanishes to Lorraine
12:45	Edward Light	Lutheran Hour	Phyllis Playhouse	People's Platform
1:00	1:00	Sidney Walker	Time Arts Concert	News
1:15	Chicago News Bulletin	Radio Warblers	National Yappers	News
1:30				George Hicks
1:45				George Hicks
2:00	NBC University Theater	Chamber Music	This Week Around the World	Chapelairs
2:15		Bob Cunningham	Victorian Interludes	Frank & Ernest
2:30	Our Misses' Family	Tracy's Varieties	This Changing World	N.Y. Philharmonic
2:45	Our Misses' Family	Tracy's Varieties	This Changing World	N.Y. Philharmonic
3:00	Lewis & Hill	Wagoning Country	How's That Love	4:00
3:15	4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00
4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30
4:45	4:45	4:45	4:45	4:45
5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00
5:15	5:15	5:15	5:15	5:15
5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45

Evening Listening

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00	The Catholic Hour	Ray Rogers	Grove Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15
6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30
6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00
7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15
7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
8:15	8:15	8:15	8:15	8:15
8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45
9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00
9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15
9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00
10:15	10:15	10:15	10:15	10:15
10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	De You Remember			Deans For Thought
9:00	Edna Albert Show	Robert Hurligh	Breakfast Club	This Is It, N.Y.
9:15	Cheerleaders	John Henson	Mr. Guss A-Shopping	
9:45	Weekend Traveler	John Henson	John Henson	
10:00	Marriage For Two	Marriage For Two	Marriage For Two	
10:15	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	
11:00	We Love and Love	We Love and Love	We Love and Love	
11:15	John Barry	John Barry	John Barry	
11:30	Jack Bush	Jack Bush	Jack Bush	
11:45	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	De You Remember			Deans For Thought
9:00	Edna Albert Show	Robert Hurligh	Breakfast Club	This Is It, N.Y.
9:15	Cheerleaders	John Henson	Mr. Guss A-Shopping	
9:45	Weekend Traveler	John Henson	John Henson	
10:00	Marriage For Two	Marriage For Two	Marriage For Two	
10:15	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	
11:00	We Love and Love	We Love and Love	We Love and Love	
11:15	John Barry	John Barry	John Barry	
11:30	Jack Bush	Jack Bush	Jack Bush	
11:45	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	Dorothy Day	

Afternoon Listening

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
12:30	American Forum	Chuk Series	Bernie Hoffman	Vanishes to Lorraine
12:45	Edward Light	Lutheran Hour	Phyllis Playhouse	People's Platform
1:00	1:00	Sidney Walker	Time Arts Concert	News
1:15	Chicago News Bulletin	Radio Warblers	National Yappers	News
1:30				George Hicks
1:45				George Hicks
2:00	NBC University Theater	Chamber Music	This Week Around the World	Chapelairs
2:15		Bob Cunningham	Victorian Interludes	Frank & Ernest
2:30	Our Misses' Family	Tracy's Varieties	This Changing World	N.Y. Philharmonic
2:45	Our Misses' Family	Tracy's Varieties	This Changing World	N.Y. Philharmonic
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3:15	4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00
4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30
4:45	4:45	4:45	4:45	4:45
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5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45

Evening Listening

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
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6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15
6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30
6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00
7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15
7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30
7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
8:15	8:15	8:15	8:15	8:15
8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45
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9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15
9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30
9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45	9:45
10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00
10:15	10:15	10:15	10:15	10:15
10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30



GROUCHO MARX
Master of the ad-lib
"You Bet Your
Life" every Wednes-
day



NINNIE PEARL
Comedy star of "Grand
Old Opry" on NBC



GORDON MACRAE
Singing star of NBC's
"The Railroad Hour"



VIRGINIA GREGG
Leading lady of Ma-
crae's "California
Caucasian"



EJ GARDNER
"Archie," the Manager
is back at NBC's
"Duffy"



DOROTHY KIRSTEN
Female half of NBC's
"Eight Up Times"



**MR. & MRS. DONALD
COLMAN**
Parody College Pra-
fessor and his wife in
their first radio, tele-
work act



CLAIRE NISSEN
Parody Mary "Ma-
de on serial drama,
"Bookings With"

program highlights on the TV networks

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
9:00	Edie Albert Show	Bobbi's High School Register Television Jamboree	Brantley Club	Local Programs
9:30	Charade			
10:00	Weekend Travelers	John Deakin Paula Ann Ryan Say It With Music	My Time Story	Home For You Arthur O'Connell
10:30	Marriage For Two	Betty Crocker Mag Home of the Jay Wicker Landmark		
10:45	Dorothy Clay			
11:00	My Love and Learn	Modern Romances		
11:30	Jack Benny	Bob Fosse		
11:35	Paul Harte			
11:40	Richard Herman		Grand Slam	

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
9:00	Edie Albert Show	Robert Hartley Tall Year Mopler Television Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is N. Y.
9:30	Charade			
10:00	Weekend Travelers	John Deakin Paula Ann Ryan Say It With Music	My Time Story	Home For You Arthur O'Connell
10:30	Marriage For Two	Betty Crocker Mag Home of the Jay Wicker Landmark		
10:45	Dorothy Clay			
11:00	My Love and Learn	Modern Romances		
11:30	Jack Benny	Bob Fosse		
11:40	Richard Herman		Grand Slam	

Afternoon Listening

Time	Station	Program	Time	Station	Program
12:00	WABC	Kate Smith Speaks Lenny Ross Katie Smith Sings Heather's Melody	12:00	WABC	Wendy Warren Lenny Ross Katie Smith Heather's Melody
1:00	WABC	Loechan With Lopez New Henry Hading George Hicks Lory Lottman	1:00	WABC	Loechan With Lopez New Henry Hading George Hicks Lory Lottman
2:00	WABC	Heads to Win Ladies Fun Ladies, Chicks Light of the World	2:00	WABC	Heads to Win Ladies Fun Ladies, Chicks Light of the World
3:00	WABC	Life Can Be Beautiful Head of the Line Peggy Young Night of Happiness	3:00	WABC	Life Can Be Beautiful Head of the Line Peggy Young Night of Happiness
4:00	WABC	Bookings With Celia Dallas Loretta Jones Young Wilder Band	4:00	WABC	Bookings With Celia Dallas Loretta Jones Young Wilder Band
5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries Helen Fromm Ltd. Just Plain Bill Frank Page Farrell	5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries Helen Fromm Ltd. Just Plain Bill Frank Page Farrell
6:00	WABC	Client Robin Clio McCarthy	6:00	WABC	Client Robin Clio McCarthy
7:00	WABC	Frank Sinatra Helen of the World 7:30 Richard Haythe	7:00	WABC	Frank Sinatra Helen of the World 7:30 Richard Haythe
8:00	WABC	Alvin Karpis Luther News Best	8:00	WABC	Alvin Karpis Luther News Best
9:00	WABC	Success Acts Guild Cathy's Tavern	9:00	WABC	Success Acts Guild Cathy's Tavern
10:00	WABC	Jigger Club	10:00	WABC	Jigger Club
10:30	WABC	Stragat	10:30	WABC	Stragat
11:00	WABC	Edie Albert Show	11:00	WABC	Edie Albert Show
11:30	WABC	Charade	11:30	WABC	Charade
12:00	WABC	Do You Remember	12:00	WABC	Do You Remember
1:00	WABC	Loechan With Lopez	1:00	WABC	Loechan With Lopez
2:00	WABC	Heads to Win	2:00	WABC	Heads to Win
3:00	WABC	Life Can Be Beautiful	3:00	WABC	Life Can Be Beautiful
4:00	WABC	Bookings With	4:00	WABC	Bookings With
5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries	5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries
6:00	WABC	Client Robin	6:00	WABC	Client Robin
7:00	WABC	Frank Sinatra	7:00	WABC	Frank Sinatra
8:00	WABC	Alvin Karpis	8:00	WABC	Alvin Karpis
9:00	WABC	Success Acts Guild	9:00	WABC	Success Acts Guild
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4:00	WABC	Bookings With	4:00	WABC	Bookings With
5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries	5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries
6:00	WABC	Client Robin	6:00	WABC	Client Robin
7:00	WABC	Frank Sinatra	7:00	WABC	Frank Sinatra
8:00	WABC	Alvin Karpis	8:00	WABC	Alvin Karpis
9:00	WABC	Success Acts Guild	9:00	WABC	Success Acts Guild
10:00	WABC	Jigger Club	10:00	WABC	Jigger Club
10:30	WABC	Stragat	10:30	WABC	Stragat
11:00	WABC	Edie Albert Show	11:00	WABC	Edie Albert Show
11:30	WABC	Charade	11:30	WABC	Charade
12:00	WABC	Do You Remember	12:00	WABC	Do You Remember
1:00	WABC	Loechan With Lopez	1:00	WABC	Loechan With Lopez
2:00	WABC	Heads to Win	2:00	WABC	Heads to Win
3:00	WABC	Life Can Be Beautiful	3:00	WABC	Life Can Be Beautiful
4:00	WABC	Bookings With	4:00	WABC	Bookings With
5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries	5:00	WABC	When A Girl Marries
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2:00	WABC	Heads to Win	2:00	WABC	Heads to Win
3:00					

hollywood off the air

(Continued from page 10)

They say in Hollywood that the current styles in both hair and dress indicate that we are in for a lightning-swift return to the styles of the early twenties. Shingled necklines abound on the West coast, accompanied by long, dripping earrings, and lowered waistlines. Lana Turner's hair is short and a shade of silver-gold. To top off our prediction we hear that the revival of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," by Anita Loos, the daring writer of the twenties, is playing to packed houses on Broadway. Now how about getting out those raccoon coats, fellows, and boning up on your Charleston routines?

Milton Berle's smash hit movie, "Always Leave Them Laughing," has given producer Jerry Wald some fancy ideas for a repeat performance. Out at Warner's, youthful, dynamic Jerry is scribbling portraits of a rabbit on his desk pad as he mulls over the teaming of Miltie and Bugs Bunny for a possible picture in the near future. Milton will have to work hard to steal scenes from his lop-eared friend with the ferocious front teeth.

Things we are looking forward to seeing: Maureen O'Hara wearing male attire in "Sons of the Musketeers." She'll star with Cornel Wilde in the RKO version of a Dumas tale—and in technicolor, natch! . . . Kinuyo Tanaka, billed as the "Bette Davis of Japan," has come to Hollywood to study film make-up with Max Factor. She's been a star for 25 years in her own country and is set to invade Hollywood. This we must see.

When Greer Garson chatted with Queen Elizabeth at the Royal Film show in England, the Queen told her how much she and the King were looking forward to seeing the sequel to "Mrs. Miniver" which Greer is now making in London. In an excited note to her mother, Greer told of the highlights of the evening when "The Forsyte Woman" was shown to the Royal Family. With thirty other Hollywood players including Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett, Rosalind Russell, George Murphy and Ann Sothern, Greer was presented to their Majesties. She wore a gown of ivory satin with a twenty-yard gathered skirt encrusted with jewels.

With her bridegroom, Buddy Fogelson, Greer has been shuttling back and forth between Scotland and England on her few days off from picture-making, as she picks out some sturdy Highland cattle to enrich their stock in New Mexico. They'll be home shortly, as Greer writes that she is terribly homesick, not for Hollywood, but for Santa Fe, where she is mistress of "Forked Lightning Ranch."

Other romantic couples in the news . . . Linda and Tyrone Power are getting

down to the business of furnishing a new house. Lana Turner and Bob Topping have just about completed their re-decorating, with the arrival of some old masters from Europe. Lana's new home is a spacious Spanish mansion reputed to have cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000. As soon as she has put the finishing touches to her dream house, Lana goes into a new movie at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in which she will play an Airline stewardess with two boy friends (what, only two?). . . . Dick Powell and his Junie head for the Hawaiian Islands and a little of that tropical tan. And Esther Williams gets to Hawaii by proxy—background for her new film.

That Lucille Ball! How she does get around. First we hear that she is going on a brush-selling chore for Columbia pictures, as "The Fuller Brush Girl." She's going on a campaign to three different cities on a door-to-door selling deal to find out just how it's done, and to pick up some ideas for her part as a brush saleswoman. But not only is the dynamic carrot-top packing brushes in her suitcase, she's also off to visit several college campuses. Seems Lucille is the choice of co-eds as their "Favorite Comedienne." So—she will be off to thank the gals and to tell them about her Paramount picture "Fancy Pants," which she filmed with Bob Hope.

Where will Crosby and Hope go on their next "Road" picture? That is the question that has them beating their brains in indecision. Script writers are burning the midnight oil over atlases and maps of the world as they come up with one idea after another. At present writing, it looks as though "The Road to Paris" is next for the boys, and will join the procession of zany streets that these top comedians have paved with gold in the past.

Vaughn Monroe is beginning to think that making movies is a hazardous profession. On his first day's shooting of "Singing Guns" at Republic, Vaughn cut a wrist on a razor-sharp axe, missing an artery by a hair's breadth. It happened when he slid his hand across his saddle bag, while dismounting from his horse. Strapped to the bag was a double-edged axe which served as a prop in the scene.

"Who'd expect to find an axe on horse-back?" cracked Monroe. "If this is the kind of deal you get in Westerns, I'm going to have to toughen up."

Girls are going to appear in rainbow-colored hair this season, says Stephanie Garland, Republic pictures hair stylist. "You are going to see a lot of hair tint used from now on. Various shades to heighten personalities will be used. Greens, blues, orange, even pinks will be in vogue. I know a secretary to a movie chief, who tints her hair slightly green every time she wears a green dress." Miss Garland is busy touching up the locks of Allene Roberts, in "Bomba on Panther Island," because, she says, Allene's personality undergoes distinct changes in the course of the film.

Roy Rogers has set up a board of five trained assistants to help him answer the pleas from parents for "influence" letters to their children. These letters make up a good proportion of the 50,000 pieces of mail that Roy gets every month. Most of the pleas request that Roy influence their offspring to eat their suppers, pick up their clothes, and not to throw tantrums before bedtime.

Romance department. . . Janet Leigh seems to be in a dither whether to concentrate on Arthur Loew or to go into a Little Theatre production, between pictures. Arthur is very charming, y'know.



"I see what you mean": Ronald Colman, starring in NBC's "The Halls of Ivy," listens as writer Don Quinn whispers.

... Lew Ayres is back with Jane Wyman, at least for a couple of cosy dinners on the Sunset strip. Arlene Dahl, who had his devoted attention while Jane was in London, is now playing the field once more. ... Anne Sheridan and Steve Hanagan continue to date.

Motorists in the San Fernando Valley could hardly believe their eyes when they saw a patch of tobacco sprouting in somebody's backyard. They could hardly believe their ears when they learned the tobacco belonged to auctioneer "Speed" Riggs, of the well-known radio voice. Speed is just growing the weed for fun. Says it reminds him of his childhood in the deep South. Says the tobacco, grown in California's clay-filled soil, is no good for smoking—just looks purty, to him.

She was eighty-nine years old, and she had never been kissed. Such was the plight of Johanna Oleson of Beverly Hills as she stood before Art Linkletter on the "Pillsbury House Party." Art fixed that for her with a loud smack on her cheek that resounded round the auditorium. Johanna blushed, and smiled. She had won the contest conducted to find the oldest living old maid in the U.S.

"I may not have been kissed," said she, "but I did have dates, about seventy years ago. Nobody asked me to get married, though."

Esther Williams is back in the swim again, and she has her four-months-old son for company. Starting young Benjamin Gage out on his first splashing lessons in a plastic wading pool, Esther plans to graduate him to the family pool in another month. Tiny babies can be taught to swim almost from their first few weeks of life, Esther believes, and with the James Mason's baby swimming across the pool at the age of eight months, young Ben Gage has a goal to aim at. We bet he makes it at six months!

Larry Parks just can't get away from Al Jolson. Though he was determined that he had played his last imitation of Al, Larry isn't so sure at the moment. The Warner Brothers have been dangling a fine fat contract over his nose that Larry can't resist. Seems likely he'll do "The Jazz Singer," one of Al's early "talkie" hits. And who'll do the singing? Why Mr. Jolson, of course.

Something new in movie gossip commentators is presented over ABC with the movietown scribe William Tusher taking to the air in a completely unrehearsed fifteen minutes with a Hollywood star. Bill Tusher says his commentary is "strictly outspoken, free from gossip, but with plenty of legitimate criticism." Tusher is a veteran newspaperman and was an Army correspondent during the war. He was awarded the Army Certificate of Merit for his GI newscast, and received a commendation for his coverage of First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt's wartime tour of Caribbean bases.

News and Notes from here and there. ... Those Screen Publicists know a good thing when they see it. To add to the gaiety of their annual "Panhandle" dinner, the scribes decided to have a luscious lady to m.c. the proceedings. Some voted for Jane Russell, others wanted Marie Wilson. Result—they got them both. The ladies of the plunging neckline have fanatic devotees. Both being exponents of the feminine form divine, it's just a matter of whether the gentlemen prefer blondes or brunettes.

Ladies attending the 36th annual canvas goods manufacturers' convention in St. Louis have voted CBS' Arthur Godfrey "The Man We Would Like Most To Be in a Tent With." They say they are sending him a tent. ... Fashion note from Betty Hutton. She designed herself a black astrakan sweater with a ribbed waistband and a boat neckline. She wears it with colorful skirts, and certainly was the high spot of interest at the Brown Derby as fashion-conscious females took note of her striking outfit. ... Tiny Mona Freeman is bravely facing a tonsillectomy, to take place as soon as she finishes "Shoplifter." ... Linda Darnell wants a try at the stage. She feels she isn't ready for Broadway yet, but will try her wings in summer stock this coming season. So far Linda has been one of the few top-ranking stars to stick exclusively to the movies and to radio. ... Shy Jimmy Stewart and his equally self-effacing bride joined a party of preview-goers the other eve and wound up for a late supper at La Rue. Bill Dozier escorted Margaret Sullivan, and the Van Johnsons were other members of the party. ... Claudette Colbert is waxing up her skis for an anticipated jaunt to Squaw Valley, near Lake Tahoe. ... George Burns tells us in all earnestness that he is working out a reunion of honorary Kentucky Colonels. George got his title in 1933 from Governor Ruby Laffoon. Other members are Mae West and Bing Crosby.

Out to Warner Brothers studio we went last week to chat with former radio writer Ronald MacDougall who is considered one of the top screen writers in the industry. Over our roast duck in The Green Room, he told us that he is planning a series of stories for television production which he will do between his screen chores. Handsome young Mr. MacDougall was slapped on the back at least a dozen times as fellow writers dropped in for lunch and paused to congratulate him on his wonderful screenplay of "The Hasty Heart." Radio fans will remember Ronald MacDougall's excellent series, "The Man Behind the Gun," while Bette Davis and Joan Crawford remember him with gratitude for their screen vehicles, "June Bride" and "Mildred Pierce."

If only somebody would invent cowboy sleeping suits to get enraged tots out of their Hopalong Cassidy outfits at bedtime! Herb Stein of the Hollywood Reporter suggests that a Roy Rogers Pyjama Suit might do the trick.

radio detective

QUIZ

Below are the pictures and names of some well-known radio actors. Guess the names of the microphone sleuths they regularly portray and check your answers at the bottom of the page.



1.
Statts Cotsworth
He can be found at the Blue Note Cafe.



2.
Stacy Harris
J. Edgar Hoover approves his methods.



3.
Vincent Price
He always leaves his calling card.



4.
Gerald Mohr
He gets slugged very often.



5.
Jack Smart
He usually weighs in at the drug store.

Answers: 1. Casey, "Crime Photographer"; 2. Jim Taylor, "This Is Your FBI"; 3. "The Saint"; 4. "Ad-ventures of Philip Marlowe"; 5. "The Fat Man."

THE END

subject is animal

(Continued from page 13)

pect to open my own printing and publishing plant in Princeton, New Jersey, where we are now living.

My newspaper training has been invaluable on the "Twenty Questions" show. Having a general knowledge of all news, I've been able to contribute many straight logical questions which have helped us to identify a subject. Actually, the only thing I try to do on the show, aside from guessing the answers, is to keep the panel on an even keel. Herb Poleis is the humorist, Florence is the musical expert, and Johnny McPhee, the genius, so I just plug along in my own way.

In addition to participating in "Twenty Questions," I handle the business affairs. I'm quite eager to see the show on television because I think it is the nearest thing to a perfect TV show. The format will not be changed at all; our settings probably will be. But our chief aim will be, as always, to provide the public with entertainment.

While I'm talking about the show, an amusing incident comes to my mind. One night, completely unaware that the subject we were trying to guess was "an expectant father," I couldn't understand why the audience roared every time I asked a question such as, "Can this person be identified because of something he has done?" and "Can he be identified because the thing that he did was done with someone else?" I found out later that we almost were cut off the air!

THE END

Robbery Revives Furniture

Walter Kiernan (ABC, "Kiernan's Korner") was talking about a robbery at a Boston men's club. It wasn't until the day of the hold-up, Kiernan said, that the club steward realized that the two members seated at the window were alive. He'd been dusting them off for years with the rest of the furniture.

Credits

P. 62, "To the Queen's Taste"—photos by Irv Haberman; table settings by Carole Stupell

P. 18, "Aunt Jenny"—CBS photos by Bill Warnecke

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Autry cover Kodachrome courtesy of Columbia Pictures

Bet you can't guess it!

But you can try—and it's fun to compete in the "Twenty Questions" quiz contest

Twenty clues, submitted by Fred Vanderveer

SUBJECT IS ANIMAL

1. Is it a whole animal? *No*
2. Is it part of a human being? *Yes*
3. Is the human being living? *Yes*
4. Is it a man? *No*
5. Is the woman famous in her own right? *Partly*
6. Is the part located above the shoulders? *Yes*
7. Is it some woman's hair? *No*
8. Is it part of her head? *Well, no*
9. Is the part of her, which is the subject, ordinarily visible? *No*
10. Is this woman an American? *I'll say*
11. Is she in the government? *No*
12. Is she in the entertainment world? *Yes*
13. Is she a comedienne? *No*
14. Is she an actress? *No*
15. Is she a singer? *Yes*
16. Is her husband in the government? *(Laugh) No*
17. Does she have a husband? *No*
18. Is her father in the government? *Yes*
19. Is the part of her, which is the subject, in her throat? *Yes*
20. Does she use them in the entertainment world? *Yes*

TWENTY QUESTIONS CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to all readers of Radio Best, except members of the Mutual Broadcasting System, anyone associated with the program, Twenty Questions or the sponsor, Ronson Lighters.
2. Clip the coupon which contains your answers and fill in your name, address, age and occupation. On a separate sheet write, in 50 words or less, why you enjoy "The Twenty Questions" program. Then mail at once to Contest Editor, Radio Best Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. All entries become the property of the Contest Editor and winners will be judged by the Editorial Staff of Radio Best.
3. The best winners will receive a Ronson Mayfair pair, valued at \$16.50, plus tax. The next four winners will receive a Ronson Standard Turtleneck, valued at \$7.50. All winners will receive, in addition, a Ronson beverage kit.
4. This contest closes June 15, 1959, and entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of that date.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. No entry will be returned, and decisions of the Contest Editor will be final.
6. A new Twenty Questions contest will be conducted for four consecutive months. The first winner in each contest will then compete in a 4-act "Twenty Questions" game, the winner receiving the Grand Prize of a Ronson solid gold Adonis, valued at \$200.00 plus tax. The three runners-up will receive a handsome Ronson Mattresscase valued at \$19.00.

▶ The subject is.....
(Print your answer)

TWENTY QUESTIONS CONTEST ENTRY

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Occupation _____

(Be sure to indicate your answer in the space after the 20th question. Please print your name and address above and mail this coupon to Contest Editor, Radio Best Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.)

a victory for love

(Continued from page 29)

"I know that, Joan. And thanks. Thanks a million. You've been a wonderful friend—to all of us."

Phil's letters were her only source of comfort. They were forwarded from school but no longer could she hand them over to her mother as she used to. Now she would read them aloud herself, omitting many passages but trying to make it seem that she didn't. If her mother was aware, she said nothing. But these days there were shadows under her eyes and an extra wrinkle on her brow.

Add then terror seized Kathy—terror mingled with joy—for she recognized what might be symptoms of pregnancy. It would have been so wonderful if Phil were there to tell, or if only she could have run to her mother and said, "Guess what! I'm the happiest girl in the world—and you're going to be a grandmother."

Of course, she couldn't be sure. She didn't dare consult a doctor. In a small town like Beechwood, it would spread like wildfire that Kathy Cameron was going to have a baby and she wasn't married. A rumor like that would devastate her mother. No, she had to keep her own counsel and wait, even though the waiting had become torture.

Somehow the days went by, and then it was time for Phil to come home. So eager was he to get back, he was going to catch a plane and would be home in twenty-four hours. It would all be ended now—the agony of keeping her secret to herself, the doubts, the fears, the hopes. In their place would be the reality and peace of Phil's love.

The radio broke into her reverie. "Plane crashes—. Passengers and crew missing." Kathy didn't wait to hear the details. It was Phil's plane.

"What's the matter darling, are you ill?" Irma was asking.

She mustn't, she wouldn't faint. "No, just need a breath of air. Maybe I'll drive over to Joan's." It was her voice but she couldn't remember speaking. What was this nightmare? Phil—Phil darling. You'll never see the baby now. How can I go on living? It's more than I can bear.

Kathy started the car. She had to talk to someone. Perhaps Joan would find the words to make her want to go on living. It would be so easy to follow Phil. So easy, away from grief, away from her unshed tears. Yet the baby—

Shaking off her trance, Kathy threw the emergency brake. The car skidded and threw her forward. . . .

She opened her eyes in a room of Joan's home. Dr. Ralph was taking her pulse.

"She's coming around," he said.

"Thank God!" her mother answered. Kathy saw that she had been crying. Joan had an arm around her shoulder, comforting her. It was Joan who said in

a steady voice, "Kathy, darling, you've had an accident. Your car nearly hit a tree but the doctor says you're just shaken up."

"It's a miracle, young lady. I don't need to tell you how lucky you are."

Lucky? Memory flooded back. She thought of the baby. She thought of Phil and began to cry.

"Here, here, we can't have any of that," the doctor said. "You have someone else to think of now."

So they knew! Poor mother, Kathy thought. She couldn't control her sobs. They shook her like a strong wind. The doctor made her drink a sedative and mercifully, she slept.

When she awoke the sun was high. Her mother was sitting by the bed. Joan brought in some broth and went out.

Her mother made her drink it and then she said, "Darling, you're not to worry. You're my first-born. No matter what you've done, I'll stand by. If you want to tell me—"

"I can't! I can't! Please don't ask me, if you love me."

"All right, darling. I won't ever ask you." Irma's voice broke suddenly and she fled from the room.

Have I the right to do this to her, Kathy asked herself. She thinks I've been a bad girl. I ought to tell her. But she had promised Phil she would keep their secret until he came back. And now he was never coming back. She turned her face to the wall and tried to smother her sobs in the pillow.

Joan came in and shut the door quietly behind her. Then she sat on the bed and took Kathy's hand. "Darling, you've got to stop crying. Kathy, dear, listen to me. Your mother is my best friend. I feel almost as if you were my own daughter. You can't keep this to yourself—it will kill you. We want to help you. You must think of the baby. You'll need help—all you can get. If you can't talk to your mother, maybe you can talk to me. It doesn't matter who the man is—"

"Oh, Joan! You and mother make it sound so awful and it's not, it's not. Please don't ask me to talk about it. Please, not now."

"Very well, Kathy. There'll be time enough to make plans when you get on your feet. Meanwhile, know that everyone loves you just as much as ever."

"That's what hurts so."

"We won't talk about it any more. Did your mother tell you the good news about Phil?"

Kathy sat bolt upright in bed. "What good news?"

Joan eyed her speculatively but her voice was even. "We learned from his mother he had planned to take a plane—the one that crashed. But by some miracle, he was detained—he didn't take

that one. He's leaving on tonight's plane and he'll be in Beechwood tomorrow. That reminds me. Your mother asked me to give you this cablegram. Do you think it's from him?"

With trembling fingers, Kathy tried to tear it open. Then without a word, she handed it over to Joan who opened it and gave it back to her. Kathy didn't mind now that Joan was watching her face as she read. "Yes, Oh, yes. He'll be home tomorrow." She lay back on the pillows weakly and her lips formed a silent prayer. "Thank you, God, thank you for bringing him back to us."

Once more, Kathy was wearing the blue hostess gown. She had insisted on being up when Phil arrived and there he was, her husband, smiling into her eyes and near enough to touch. It was a miracle—a greater miracle, almost than their marriage.

She heard him say it—just as she had heard it so often in her mind. "Irma, Joan, we have something to tell you. Kathy and I were married before I went abroad. Please forgive us for eloping, Irma, but there just wasn't time for a wedding with trimmings."

"Married! Kathy, you're married!" Her mother wept with relief and joy. Everyone kissed everyone else and Joan pretended to have known it all along.

"As if I didn't guess!" she said. "Phil, I could wring your neck—making her keep it a secret. Kathy, I could spank you." But she hugged them both. "Imagine, two of the nicest people I know! I'm so happy for you both."

Phil grew grave. "If I had any idea of what Kathy had to go through, getting expelled and all—"

"It's the 'all' that I'm concerned with. Come on, Irma, we have the fattest calf to prepare for the prodigal, while Kathy briefs her husband."

When they had gone, Kathy went to Phil's arms again and from their depths she said, "We're going to have a baby, Phil. I suppose you want a boy?"

"Kathy!" Then he held her away and looked at her as if he had just now realized what she had suffered for his sake. "Darling, I'm so glad—so happy. But you never said a word to them. You let them think—heaven only knows what they thought!"

"But it was our secret, Phil," Kathy protested. "You asked me to keep it until you returned and I did."

"I know, darling, but I never dreamt—. Will your mother ever forgive me?"

"Of course. She's forgiven you already, darling."

"And my mother—I can't vouch for how she'll take our news but I'm anxious to take you to her, Kathy. So get well fast so we can go home."

Home! What a lovely word it was. It meant Phil, Kathy and the baby. Life

would be different now, she was sure. The heartbreak of the last few months would be forgotten. Phil was alive Phil was back. She was safe in his arms where she belonged. Nothing could hurt her any more, as long as Phil was there. . .

Kathy sat sewing in her sitting room in the Stanley mansion at Stanwood. This was what Phil meant when he had painted so glowing a picture of home. She looked out the window at the distant horizon and with a pang she thought of her mother's kitchen in Beechwood. Why should she be unhappy when she had the best husband in the world and a baby would soon make their life complete?

Kathy shook her head and was impatient with herself. In another part of the house she could hear the nurse, Anne Dunn, as she attended to Mrs. Stanley. She was a broken old lady, tired, sick, losing her hold on those nearest to her but in spite of this or because of it, she seemed to take pleasure in destroying Kathy's happiness day by day, ever since Phil had brought her home.

For it had been one thing for her to receive Kathy as a poor but pretty Cinderella the previous summer. It was quite another to be forced to receive her as Phil's wife, the woman who was to be the mother of his child. And old Mrs. Stanley had made no secret of her feelings. "This marriage is a mistake, Philip," she had said. "You and Kathy are of different worlds. It is madness to think you can ignore this. If you hadn't been hypnotized by a pretty face—"

"Mother, there's no sense in going on like this," Phil had told her. "Kathy is my wife. We love each other. Naturally, you're upset by the suddenness of it, just as Kathy's mother was. But we must all make a new beginning. I want the two Mrs. Stanleys to love each other."

Poor Phil! How like him to suppose that words would change his mother so that she would come to see Kathy through his eyes.

Kathy knew now that this would never be. Mrs. Stanley hated her—though each day Kathy tried by kindness and by the soft answer to win her over. Every afternoon, after the house was spotless and dinner prepared, she visited her mother-in-law. She wrote letters for her, ran impossible errands up and down the stairs, though they were becoming increasingly difficult, read aloud and did any of a dozen chores that might convince the invalid she bore her no ill-will. But at every turn, just when Kathy thought she was softening, Mrs. Stanley turned to granite again and plotted some new unpleasantness for her.

Today, when Kathy came in, her mother-in-law told her, "I'm glad you're here. I want you to know I sent for the family lawyer."

"Oh?"

"I've decided to change my will. Unless you take this last chance and divorce Philip, I'm going to cut him off without a penny."

"Disinherit your own son! You can't mean that."

"I see that, in spite of these months of living under my roof, you know me very little. He'll have only you to blame. You trucked him into marriage with your pretty face and your baby."

"How dare you talk to me like that!" Kathy cried. "I promised Phil I'd be patient with you and I've done my best. I've tried to make allowances because of your age and infirmities. I've let you say horrible things to me and I've kept my temper and not told Phil half of them because I kept hoping that we might find some basis to live together in peace."

"Soft talk doesn't get me the way it got my son."

"Then I'm done with soft talk. This is too much!" Kathy's head went up. "You can threaten all you want. I don't care about your money and Phil won't either. He loves me and he'll take care of me. But why you should take out your hate on your son is more than I can understand."

"He deserves it for letting you make a fool of him. Now with a divorce naturally I'd make some settlement."

Kathy lowered her voice and repeated as to a child, "Mrs. Stanley, I'm Phil's



Anne Dunn listens as Mrs. Stanley (Irene Hubbard) tells her son his marriage was a mistake.

wife. Money didn't make me that and money won't buy me off! We love each other."

That night Phil got home to find his wife sick and in tears. "Darling what is it? Mother again? I've told you, pay no attention."

"It's gotten beyond that, Phil. She's going to disinherit you unless I give you a divorce. She acts as if she hated you. I can't bear to come between you like this."

"Nonsense, darling. She's just trying to bully you. She wouldn't dream of cutting me off. So Kathy darling, please

stop worrying about it and think of your own health."

But Kathy knew Mrs. Stanley meant it this time. Anne Dunn, the nurse, told her that the lawyer was coming the next day. Anne, Kathy knew, was more than a little interested in Phil.

"Mrs. Stanley, I'm embarrassed in telling you this," she said to Kathy. "But she claims she's going to make me her heir."

"Instead of her son?"

"Yes, she says that now I'm the only one who cares about her. She seems very determined. Perhaps if you want to save Mr. Stanley's interest, you will want to consent to a divorce."

"Never," Kathy told her. "Never, unless he asks for one himself."

"I don't like to upset you, but I ought to tell you that that's not unlikely. I hear old Mrs. Stanley has always had him under her thumb. You can see that."

"Perhaps before," Kathy conceded. "But not now. And I don't think it wise for you to gossip with the servants, Miss Dunn."

"Naturally, if they talk, I can't help hear. As I told you, it's difficult for me all around. But I though it only right to tell you how things stood; you might want to alter your decision."

"Thank you," Kathy eyed her coldly. "But I won't change my mind. And neither will my husband change his. We took each other for better or worse, richer or poorer."

But these days, Kathy was heartsick and very tired. Could there be any truth in what Anne Dunn said? Could Phil be swayed? Could he want his mother's money and be too gallant to ask her for a divorce because of the baby? With love, she could make any sacrifice. But he had been rich and pampered all his life. Was the sacrifice too great for him?

Kathy didn't know. But as the days went by, she longed more and more for the peace of her mother's farm. She needed that peace for the strength of her soul and the strength of her body. She had to know, too, where she stood with Phil. Just how much did she and the baby mean to him when his mother's fortune was in the balance?

So without telling Phil where she was going, she went home to Beechwood. The note she left for him was non-committal:

"Darling: I want to get away to think and perhaps it would be best if you did some thinking too. I never meant to complicate your life nor to come between you and your mother. My future is in your hands but I hope I'm strong enough to meet it, whatever you decide it is to be. Love, as always,

Your Kathy."

Just as she had expected, the farm was a source of strength to Kathy. If Irma said that anything was amiss, she said nothing.

"I had to have a look at you, Mums," Kathy explained lightly. And Irma answered in the same tone, "I'm glad. I love having you, Kathy, but don't make me one of those mothers you can't live without. With the baby coming any day,

shouldn't you be staying put? Won't Phil worry?"

"No. I'm in good hands."

But when a few days went by without any word from him, panic seized Kathy. Could his mother and Anne Dunn be right? What if he had decided that she and the baby weren't worth his mother's fortune! Perhaps he had grown tired of her already, as Mrs. Stanley always predicted he would. No, it was unthinkable—Phil wasn't like that. But could he stand on his own feet and take care of a wife and child—his who had had everything so easy, all his life?

It was Joan who laid these ghosts. She drove over the next morning and said, "Shouldn't you be with Phil now? I heard from my neighbor that Mrs. Stanley died suddenly this morning."

"No! I can't believe it. Oh, I must call him right away." She took the receiver off the hook and jiggled the phone impatiently while her mother asked, "Was it another stroke?"

"Yes, Kathy, why don't you let me drive you home?"

"Thanks, Joan, but—operator, please get me Stanwood 420. It's an emergency so can you rush it? Thank you." Then to her mother and Joan she explained, "There's been so much talk about her disinheriting Phil—I've got to let him know that if she did, it doesn't matter." "Then it's true," exclaimed Joan. "Rumor has it she's left her money to the nurse. But darling, don't worry, you and Phil have the best fortune in the world with your love and the baby."

"I know. That's what I want to tell him. I'm not sure I can get home. The baby hasn't been letting me forget him."

"Pains?" asked Irma anxiously.

"Well, not exactly, but—oh." She stopped, gripped the chair and gritted her teeth. "I guess maybe it is a pain," she finished lamely.

"Darling, you get to bed at once," her mother ordered. "I'll telephone Dr. Ralph. You can't possibly get home now."

"But Phil—I want to reach him—"

The phone rang and since the pain had passed, Kathy took a deep breath, then seized the receiver. "Hello? Yes, operator. . . . He's not? . . . Do they know where to reach him? . . . Oh," she said, tonelessly. "Never mind." She replaced the receiver and told them dejectedly, "Phil's been away. Only Anne Dunn is there. Maybe he doesn't even know what happened."

"Never mind, darling," Joan said, "I'm sure he'll come over just as soon as he can. Why maybe that's where he is, on his way over."

"How can he be? I didn't tell him where I was going."

"Don't be silly, darling," her mother comforted her. "Where would a girl go when she's going to have a baby? To her mother; naturally Phil will be here. Be a good girl now and go to bed."

Toward midnight the doctor came and immediately sent for a nurse. But Kathy knew she was very ill. She had been under a terrible strain these last months

and now it was taking its toll of her. Maybe she'd die without seeing Phil again. "No! No!" she screamed. The nurse gave her a needle and some pills which she fought for she wanted to be conscious if Phil should come. The doctor told her they were trying to help her and she was making things difficult for the child, so she promised to do as she was told.

While she slept, she called out Phil's name. Once she became conscious and heard the doctor telling her mother, "I can't promise anything. She's a very sick girl." She grew frightened again, thinking she might die before Phil got there. Tossing and turning, she slept fitfully and always awoke with his name on her lips. Once Joan was there, holding her hand and saying, "Kathy, do you hear me? I'm going to find Phil. Do you understand, darling?"

"Phil!" she cried. "Phil!"

The baby didn't seem to want to enter the world without his father being there. Kathy was in a bottomless pit of pain—for how many hours, she did not know. Once she dreamt that Phil was dead and the baby was dead and Mrs. Stanley stood laughing over them. Kathy woke up screaming again.

Phil seemed to be there. "Kathy—Kathy, do you hear me? It's Phil. I'm here, darling. It's all over."

Kathy struggled to open her eyes. Phil was there—but perhaps she was still in a nightmare. She closed her eyes but his voice was there, strong, urgent. "Darling Kathy, I need you. The baby needs you. Please—please try to make the grade for us."

"The baby died."

"No, darling. He's a fine boy. He looks just like me. I'm so proud."

"Phil," she whispered. "Phil! If I die—"

"You're going to be well, darling, because you're going to win this fight—for us. I need you so, Kathy. I'm no good without you. Nothing matters to me but you and the baby. We'll stand on our own feet, won't we, darling?"

"Yes, oh yes, Phil. That's what I wanted to hear."

"Go to sleep now, darling, and get strong." She closed her eyes and fell asleep with a prayer on her lips. "God, please let me live for Phil and the baby."

The sun streaming in her window woke her as it had on so many mornings of her girlhood. Only this morning was different. She tried to remember how Phil dozing in the chair by the bed, stirred and woke too. "Kathy?" he asked. "Kathy, are you all right?"

"Oh yes, darling! I'm all right—now."

Her mother and Joan put their heads in the door, but the nurse asked them to wait for she was going to bring in the baby.

Kathy held her son for the first time. This is what I've lived for, she thought, Phil Stanley, Jr. This is worth it all!

Phil, Sr., put it into words: "Kathy, darling—you and the baby—you're all the world I'll ever want. I'll spend the rest of my life making you happy."

THE END

MICRO fun

Pops: Tom Hinkle's hardworking, honest and reliable. When a girl has a date with Tom she isn't ashamed to bring him home to her parents, is she?

Joan: Not if she can leave him there and go out with somebody else.

—CBS, "Leave It To Joan"

Sergeant (to recruit): You certainly were celebrating last night. I hear you were drunk and pushing a wheelbarrow down the company street? Where was I at the time?

Recruit: In the wheelbarrow.

—MBS, "Can You Top This"

Backus: On my mother's side, they were all Swedes.

Bergen: What about your father's side?

Backus: We never knew. He always kept a mustard plaster on it.

—CBS, "Edgar Bergen Show."

NBC's Henry Morcan is thinking of putting out a new magazine called "Unpopular Mechanics." It's for people who like to break things.

Marx: So you're 35. How old do you think I am?

Contestant: I'd say you were going on 50.

Marx: I'm going on penicillin. And I make my own. I scrape it off moldy old jokes.

—CBS, "You Bet Your Life."

Hy Gardner, on MBS' "Twin View of the News," says, "There's talk around that we've perfected a space plane that will fly 10,000 miles per hour. That's so fast, the pilot can take off from LaGuardia Field, sneeze and land in Berlin before his co-pilot can say 'Gesundheit!'"

Harry Hershfield tells the story about the aged, walrus-mustached Englishman who ambled into his favorite pub and asked for a beer. Downing it in one gulp, he walked up the wall, strolled across the ceiling and floated out of the door.

"That's odd," commented one of the customers.

"Yes," replied the barmaid, "he generally orders ale."

—MBS, "Can You Top This."

I'm the guinea pig for "County Fair"

(Continued from page 45)

scious. But I joined the dramatic club—more because I didn't care for sports than for any other reason—and as the nuns worked with me, I began to get really interested. When, in my senior year, I was chosen out of 100 girls to play Juliet in a scene from Shakespeare's play and one of the nuns said that "nobody had ever done it better" and the monsignor, who rarely expressed an opinion, said that I shouldn't have any trouble on the stage—well, I decided then and there on a career in the theatre.

I can't say I got any encouragement from my family. I'm the fourth of six children, four girls and two boys. Dick, the oldest, is married, and I can assure you he wouldn't have married any girl with ideas about a career; my two older sisters are married and quite happy with their husbands and babies. My father is a special policeman (Dick is a cop, too) and he's a very realistic, down-to-earth man.

My family had heard of careers for women, of course, but they seemed to think of it more as if it were a foreign custom, like the veils that women in the Far East wear in public—something not for Kennedy women. When I got out of high school, my father said that if I didn't want to go to college, I had to go to business school—no fooling around with the stage, you see—so I learned how to type and take dictation.

My family's attitude didn't make me change my mind. Through the year in business school, I was thinking about getting a chance as a radio actress and with that in mind, I took a job as a clerk in Kenyon and Eckhardt, an advertising agency whose clients do a lot of radio advertising. When I became secretary to a radio time buyer six months later, I was thrilled. I was sure that now I would get my chance. But I never saw the radio directors and all I did was make schedules for commercials.

One day a man from the Richard Hudnut company (a client) came up to my desk and asked me if I wanted to model for the pictures in the booklet of instructions they give with their home permanent kit. I laughed because I thought he was joking. Me—a model! But he was quite serious so I took the job. I got only \$25 for all those pictures and I had to have my long hair cut but it led to something important.

While we were working on the pictures, the photographer remarked that I could hold a pose steadily and he suggested that I would make a good model. He didn't have to say it twice. I knew that I could earn more as a model than as a secretary and I figured that I could save money and later take dramatic training. In no time at all, I had left my job and was learning to be a model at the Barbizon School.

My family never thought I'd make the

grade as a model. They were sure I was meant to be a secretary—except for my mother who stood up for me during the tough time when I wasn't making any money. I had to do pictures on speculation; that means that I posed for a picture and if the photographer couldn't sell it to an advertiser, I didn't get paid. It took time but eventually, the assignments began to come through.

After modeling clothes for manufacturers for a time, I wound up doing bathing suits, anything that requires a good figure. I'm a photographer's model—pictures for advertisements—and I also model at fashion shows. I like it very much and although it's free-lance work and it isn't steady, I get \$15 an hour and I have sometimes made as much as \$350 a week, more than the whole family makes.

Then—and this is where I completed the circle—I met somebody from Kenyon & Eckhardt who asked me to pose for some publicity pictures and that's how I got the job on "County Fair." (The program is sponsored by the Borden Company, a K&E client.) I grabbed it because I thought it meant a chance to act. It doesn't.

Actually, I'm the fall girl—and I love it. In addition to lining up the contestants, I'm the guinea pig for all their stunts. Once they had me ride a kiddie car down a slide into a water tank. If I could do it without breaking a leg, you see, it was safe to try it on a contestant. They also try their quiz questions on me, and if I can answer three-quarters of them, they're all right for the contestants.

Usually it works out fine, but once they asked me, "Where would you find an Indian—in New York, Pennsylvania or Texas?" Of course, I answered "Texas," but when they asked it on the show, the kid who was the contestant said, "New York" and it was the right answer. They weren't thinking, and neither was I, that the rodeo would be in New York at the time of the broadcast.

Of course, I haven't given up my idea of being an actress. I'd like a part in a daytime serial, with the idea of using it as a stepping-stone to the stage. But the work on "County Fair" is good training for the stage and modeling is too, because it requires some acting ability to get the right expression without saying anything. Since the program keeps me busy only one day a week, I continue working as a model.

I'm too busy to think much about marriage but I'd consider it only if I didn't have to give up my work. Once I became engaged to a fellow who I'd wouldn't mind if I continued working, but when I got a modeling job that required me to go to Texas for six weeks, he told me to "quit or else." I took the "or else." We're still very good friends.

The idea that models are in any partic-

ular danger because of men in general is quite foolish. The photographers are usually too busy to realize that they're working with a girl, not a bunch of flowers. Pretty girls swarm into the studios by the hundreds and I'm just another one—something to fit into a picture layout.

As for my family, they take me seriously now when I talk about a career. Even the neighbors pointed me out when they saw me in the streets after I came home from that trip to Texas. Nobody in the family has ever done anything quite like it, you see.

My father used to tease me a lot. When I was chosen as May Day Queen, he said that they wanted somebody who looked like a tubgoat, and when I got the job on "County Fair," he said that "something must have happened to Elsie, the Cow."

So I got the thrill of my life the other day when my mother told me, as a big secret, that my father has a photograph of me—a composite that shows me in different poses—in his office. I think maybe he's a little proud of me.

THE END

a day with Margaret Whiting

(Continued from page 35)

Knowing that Maggie is likely to bring ten or twelve people home for a meal after her radio broadcast. "The Jack Smith, Dinah Shore and Margaret Whiting Show" on CBS, or one of her many recording sessions, her maid, Wille Mae, keeps the refrigerator and the freezer well-stocked with food. Happily, Wille Mae likes company as much as her mistress does.

Maggie describes herself as a "reasonably good cook," specializing in barbecues and barbecue sauces, and Italian spaghetti. She believes that the kitchen is a very important room in any home and hers is the only room in the house that she completely "did over" when she bought it. She took out the wall between the kitchen and the breakfast room to make one room which-is, she feels, "more homey."

Hominess is one of the predominant qualities in the atmosphere of the Whiting home. The house looks lived in, the chairs look sat in and the hostess is always charmin'.

THE END

Mr. Lee Merman is on vacation. His column, "Music on a Platter," will be resumed in the next issue.

John J. Anthony says—

(Continued from page 38)

normal person. Without them everything is transitory. A man without roots lives from day to day. A man rooted in the deep companionship of wife, home and family lives in the future as well as the present. The more substantial interests he has, the freer he is. Everyone should look to the future and plan for old age. The world is cluttered with elderly persons who have failed to do this. Are they free? No; they are pitifully dependent, often with no one to be dependent upon. The sweetest sight in the world to me is an elderly pair walking together, talking together, enjoying simple pleasures together—and looking happy. They are the ones who, though tied with the strongest bond in the world, are free.

A Bad Promise

Fay, a pretty girl with gay, blonde hair and eager eyes, came to me with her worried parents. She was smartly—rather too smartly—dressed, and self-confident to the point of defiance. She was 22 and apparently as immature as a child of 13. She was spoiled, selfish, utterly vain, and obviously expected the world—especially the world of men—to kneel at the altar of her charm. To “have a good time” was the object of her existence.

She was engaged, and to a serious, good-looking, hard-working young man who adored her and excused her perversity with the moth-eaten defense of “Oh, she doesn't mean it; she's kind at heart and once we're married, she'll settle down.” Her mother and father were somewhat doubtful.

Said her mother to me privately: “I want my daughter to be happy, but I don't feel she realizes what marriage means or even what an engagement calls for. In short, Mr. Anthony, I am sorry for this young man Fay is engaged to. He is trying to deceive himself about her. But she is not ready for marriage; she wants every boy she meets to ‘fall’ for her. She wants gaiety and excitement and hasn't the slightest wish to think about what Ben calls ‘settling down.’”

I wanted to talk to little Miss Fay alone:

“Ben is a fine chap, I'm told. You must be very fond of him.”

“Oh, of course,” came her light reply, “he's a darling. But he's too damn jealous. He practically collapses if another man so much as speaks to me, and dies if I dance with anyone but him. All he thinks of is work and saving money, he doesn't know how to have fun.”

“Does he take you out a lot?”

“Oh, sure. But I like going with different fellows, too. Ben always wants to leave around eleven o'clock. Why, a party or a dance just gets going at midnight! Other fellows have to go to work, too, but they can stay out till two or three in the morning and get by at the office, too.”

No use going into further details of our talk. I knew this girl's juvenile type, her lack of love and loyalty, her frivolous conception of her engagement to a man like Ben. It was easy to foresee what would happen if they married, and what a tragic farce it would be on his part to try to make a go of it. A full portion of misery for two would be the outcome. So I began to point out reasons why a bad promise is better broken than kept. I think I sketched a clearer picture of herself than she had ever seen before. I hope I defined the meaning of engagement and marriage in a way to help this girl eventually make a good life for herself. At all events I saw relief in the faces of her parents when I won a promise from their child to end the engagement.

Next to marriage itself, a betrothal is certainly the most serious relationship between man and woman. It is a pledge of lasting fidelity and the intention of making life a complete partnership in all

No Annie Oakleys At the Opera

Milton Cross, who has been the ABC music commentator on the Saturday afternoon broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera since Christmas, 1931, has to buy a ticket if he wants to attend a performance at the Met on any other day.

the experiences it brings. It is a time to prepare for responsibilities and is not to be thought of as a mere tribute to one's charm, as Fay had regarded it. A man's “I love you, will you marry me?” doesn't stand for just a trophy of the chase, another scalp to hang at the belt. It stands for the dedication of one's life to a cause—one that reaches far into the future and into many lives.

Yes, an engagement to marry is the announcement to each other and to society that two persons who truly love are going to merge their individual selves into the most important partnership there is, and that they are ready to adapt whatever selfish desires—sacrifice them, if need be—for the common good.

Nowadays it is all too common to read of men and women who publicly announce their “engagement” to So-and-So, while their divorce from Who's-This is still pending. Often the same person does this several times. Off with the old, on with the new—an attitude which seems to destroy every fine aspiration a real plighting of the troth symbolizes. To keep one's plan of life right, one must first have a sound basis for marriage that will last and not be merely an adventure along the way.

THE END

Dear Mr. Anthony

(Continued from page 39)

Dear Mrs. O. V.,

What a paradox life is! Doesn't it always seem that those who are so underserving always get the best that life has to offer? Your daughter-in-law was fortunate in securing not only a good husband, but also good and intelligent in-laws.

The wise thing for you to do at this moment, so long as your son does know the truth, is to give him whatever information you have, should he request it. Trying to keep from hurting your son by revealing the truth to him was noble, but you know that the truth always has a way of coming to the surface.

I don't think that you can help matters by requesting her to leave your home, for should you do this, she will mistake her new-found freedom for license. Certainly your daughter-in-law's actions at this time must be more restrained than they would be away from you.

There is, however, hope in the situation, in view of the fact that your daughter-in-law will do nothing to break this marriage until your son returns. By then she may realize how utterly ridiculous her actions have been. It may even make a better wife of her.

There is further hope in the recognition of the fact that your daughter-in-law knows you are good people. This cannot fail to leave a lasting impression and a lasting effect upon her.

Your duty as parents now becomes a very difficult one, and in my opinion you must not give advice or counsel to either your son or daughter-in-law, unless they specifically request it. If you desire to help this marriage remain intact, you must be doubly patient and tolerant, sometimes perhaps even to the point of despair.

There is, however, one bit of advice I should like to give your son. It seems, from the tone of your letter, that during the three years he actually lived with his wife, he forgot that he and she were both very young. The fact that your son does not drink or smoke, that he provided a good home, does not mean that the marriage was a happy one. There must be more than that. There must be some fun, some pleasure, and a spiritual mating which seems to be lacking in this marriage.

This marriage can be saved, if both your son and daughter-in-law want to make a genuine effort to save it. The wisest thing to do at the moment is not to interfere; wait until your son returns and have him face his problem in a thoroughly mature fashion.

John J. Anthony

THE END

“Martin Kane, Private Eye” will search for a missing RADIO BEST reporter and find a murderer in the picture story in our next issue.

It's Jimmy Durante

(Continued from page 24)

has been working with him for about three years, told me that he once prepared a script for Jimmy and, not knowing the name of the announcer, wrote "ANN" to indicate the announcer's lines.

"Hey, Jack!" cried Jimmy, when he saw the script. "Who's this dame, Ann, you got workin' with me?"

All Durante script writers have to be careful to take into account Jimmy's genius for mispronouncing words. Any slightly difficult word must be written in simplified fashion. For example, "alien" is written "ALE-IEN" and "alienation" would be written "ALE-IEN-A-SHUN." Jimmy once fluffed a line in which the words were written out in 'this way and his ad-lib was pure Durante.

"I da pronounced it right," he said plaintively, "but they gotta write it out and syballize it for me."

But the writer who wants him to deliberately mispronounce a word—such as "souffle" or "misapprehension"—dares not write it out as "shuffe" or "mispreepprehension" for fear that Durante's contempt

for any word, as written, will lead him to pronounce it correctly.

All this I learned from Jack during the half hour or so it took us to walk about two blocks, what with Jimmy's having to shake hands with anybody and everybody on Broadway. His extreme friendliness, Jack reminded me, has on several occasions resulted in severe headaches for himself and his partners, once while he was operating his own cafe in New York during prohibition days. The head waiter, more discerning or less warm-hearted than Jimmy, was using the brush-off technique on two strange men when Jimmy came on the scene.

"C'm on in," he cried, cordially slapping them on the back and leading them to a table. "Give 'em anything they want," he said to a waiter.

"The next day the joint was padlocked," as Jimmy puts it "How was I to know they were government men? After that I couldn't say hello to my own brother."

Even in the taxi we finally decided to take because time was growing short, Jimmy's desire to make contact with as

many of the human family as possible was not wholly subdued. When the taxi stopped for a red light and another car drew up next to us, he stuck his head out of the window.

"Hey, you!" he called. "Why don'tcha look where yer goin'?"

The driver relaxed, a scowl on his face and on his lips some impolite words that were never uttered because when he caught sight of the famous nose, he couldn't suppress a happy smile. "Hiya, Jimmy!" he cried.

But when Durante relaxes, he likes to talk about his favorite city, his home town, New York. Jimmy grew up on Manhattan's East Side where his father had a barber shop and Jimmy helped out after school by lathering the customers—among them, Al Smith—before his father shaved them.

"It was a one-man barber shop," he says, "but we had five chairs—just to impress the customers."

About the only subject which Jimmy ever studied seriously was his piano-playing. He took lessons for about five years, and really worked at it.

"The teacher gave me classical things, like the 'Poet and Peasant,' y'know, but I practiced because I wanted to lorn to play ragtime."

Once out of school, he began his long career in show business by playing at the local athletic and social clubs. "When I got two dollars for a Saturday night, I was very happy." Some years later, he had progressed to a steady job in a cafe and was earning what he considered at the time a very good salary—\$100 or so weekly—when some one suggested that he open his own cafe. Shortly after, the team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante went into the cafe business. One of the cafes they operated was called the Ambassador.

"We couldn't spell it so we changed it to Rendezvous and that was wise. But we had to have a high-class name and we had a lotta trouble until we got a rubber stamp so we wouldn't have to write it out."

The taxi let us out on Sixth Avenue, opposite Radio City and as we crossed the street, Jimmy came face to face with two women. Their faces lighted up when they saw him and one of them grasped his hand. "Hello, Jimmy!" she gasped with delight.

Surely old friends, I thought, as Jimmy stopped to shake hands with them while the lights changed and traffic began to whizz by us on both sides. "Well, I gotta go to a broadcast," he said finally. "So long. Nice to've seen you."

"Know them well?" I asked.

"Not very," Jimmy said. "They musta hold me on the radio."

Jimmy's appointment was with Tex



Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton have been Jimmy's pals and partners ever since the three opened the Club Durante in 1923.

McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg who had asked him to appear as a guest on their daily broadcast on Station WNBC, New York outlet of NBC. While even veteran radio performers show some signs of strain or tension while at a microphone, Jimmy laughed and chatted with Tex and Jinx, about his life in New York and his experiences in show business, as easily and naturally as if he were a guest in their living room.

Once, after mentioning his mother, his voice dropped to a whisper and the radio audience may not have heard his words as he said, "God have moicy on her soul." Jimmy is a very religious man and he seldom refers to his father and mother, or to his wife, who has been dead about ten years, without asking God's blessing.

Jimmy laughed when Jinx asked him about his moviemaking experiences with the Danish-born Lauritz Melchior, the Spanish-born Jose Iturbi and the Mexican-born Xavier Cugat.

"Every time I improved my English, they put me in a pitchur with one of those guys. They speak worse than me. They're a bad influence on me."

"Influence?" Jinx repeated.

Jimmy didn't get it. "Sure," he said. "They're not good for me."

While he was talking about his latest picture, "The Great Rupert," he had some difficulty in finding the word to describe the scenes in which Rupert, a squirrel, appears.

"What do they call it?" he asked, thinking out loud. "Amitated . . ."

"You mean 'animated'?" Tex prompted him.

"Yeah, that's it," Jimmy said. "Animated."

"What did you call it, Jimmy?" Jinx asked.

But Jimmy was not to be caught; he grinned at her. "I said 'animated' in the foist place!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

The broadcast over, Jimmy and I shook hands and said goodbye outside the NBC studios. "So long, honey," he said. "Hope y'got your story."

I didn't realize until later that he had kissed each other, like we was old friends, while shaking hands. It seemed the natural thing to do. After all, if Jimmy's everybody's friend, he's a friend of mine too, ain't he? Y'know that old song he useta sing, "I Can Do Without Broadway But Can Broadway Do Without Me?" Well, I wanna be one of the foists to say that the whole darn United States can't do without him. He's the sweetest guy, the sweetest poisonality from Broadway all the way to Hollywood, and I ain't hold or seen nothin' like him. And I seen a lot of guys, in and outa show business. There just ain't nobody like him!

THE END

Editor's Note: The writer of the above article on Jimmy Durante has been relieved of her responsibilities until such time as she may loin—pardon me—learn to speak and write English again. In the future, she will be restricted to interviews of less "contagious" personalities. There is a certain limit to the enthusiasm which a writer should feel for his subject.

she makes 'em herself

(Continued from page 25)



Julie Conway and her daughter, Miss Michael, smile prettily for the photographer—who is husband and father Bob Sherry.

Right now she is the Quaker Girl on CBS' "Theatre of Today" and she also delivers the singing commercials on "This Is Nora Drake" and numerous other shows.

Julie not only makes but designs her clothes, using a dummy (named Suzy) made to the measurements of her own figure. Spurning the standard patterns because she likes really distinctive styles, she drapes muslin on the dummy, pins, cuts and marks it to her own satisfaction, and then cuts her material accordingly. The finished product is a dress, superior in every way, which she could not afford to buy ready-made.

"I can make a pure silk, tailored shirt with long sleeves for \$10," Julie points out, "and I couldn't buy it for less than \$20 or \$25."

The fact that Julie's mother always made her clothes accounts for her insistence on the very best in fabric, workmanship and design, and she herself feels that she "always had a knack" for making them. She learned how to handle fabrics when she made the dresses for her dolls, and acquired some knowledge of designing by watching a friend, a designer with a shop in California, at work.

On an evening when Julie goes to work on a new dress, her husband, Bob Sherry, curls up in a nearby chair with a book and an apple, and occasionally they chat and listen to music as she works. Any woman who has paraded a new dress before her husband in a vain effort to elicit a compliment—or even a comment—from him will understand what Julie means

when she describes Bob as a "dream husband." He is not only appreciative of her dress-making efforts but is most critical, in a constructive way, of her costumes as a whole.

"That purse doesn't match," he will say as they're about to leave the house. "You have time to change it." Or it might be, "I don't like those shoes. Why don't you wear the brown ones?"

The Sherrys make a working team, Bob being a radio announcer, on "Theatre of Today" among other shows, but Julie ascribes his eye for detail to his hobby, photography. (He took the pictures of Julie illustrating this story.) She regrets that she can be of little help to him as a photographer because he specializes in bridges and dotes on pictures of them from all angles. His best efforts are framed and hanging along the stairway in their home in Harrison, N.Y.

"Of course, I'm always handy," she adds, "if he wants somebody on the bridge."

Bob and Julie have a four-year-old daughter, Miss Michael. Julie's explanation of the unusual name is that they had decided to call the baby Michael "whatever it was." When "it" turned out to be a girl, they compromised on Miss Michael.

Miss Michael is in the cowboy stage—her father calls her Rodeo Joe—and not at all interested in clothes, either her mother's or her own.

"I can't get her out of her levis," says Julie, "and I'm lucky if I can keep buttons on them." THE END

the question & answer clinic

conducted by
Ben Grauer



what's on your mind?

Q. Why hasn't Walter Winchell, the most popular man on the air, received the Radio Best Silver Mike Award?

Harold Burke, Mass.

A. I myself made the Silver Mike presentation to Walter Winchell back in January, 1949. And here's the picture to prove it.



Q. Who plays the role of Mother Dawson in "Rosemary" and would you please publish her picture?
T. R., Vermont.

A. Actress Marion Barney, pictured here, plays Mother Dawson.

Q. Who is Jack Eigen in New York radio?
Harold Spier, Oregon.

A. He's an all-night disc jockey whose show originates from the lounge of the famous Copacabana night club.

Q. Why does Arthur Godfrey refer to the Mariners as "Three Pops and a Poop"?
G. H., New Jersey.

A. The answer is simple. All four of the Mariners are married and have children, except Jim Lewis, the biggest of the group.

Q. Is there a general ban, this year, on televising professional baseball?
Fan, Conn.

A. No.

Q. What is the name of the star who plays "Luigi" in *Life with Luigi*? It isn't Carol Nash, is it?

Mrs. Harriet Walton, New York.

A. It's he all right, but he prefers to spell his name, J. Carroll Nash.



Q. Is Lucille Ball of "My Favorite Husband" still married to Desi Arnaz?

Hilda Mergenthaler, Wis.

A. Lovely Lucille and bandleader Arnaz celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary in December, 1949. Yes, they're still happily married. (See photo above.)

Q. How long have George Burns and Gracie Allen been married?

J. L., Arkansas.

A. According to my records, 24 years.

Q. I understand a recent issue of *RADIO BEST* printed a family picture of the Ed Sullivans. Would you print it in your column?
Selma Carpenter, Ga.

A. Glad to oblige. The photo shows Mr. & Mrs. Ed Sullivan, pretty daughter Betty and her dog, Bojangles.



my husband, Gene Autry

(Continued from page 17)

and he absolutely refuses to allow anyone to get him really mad. I remember the time he was to appear at a benefit performance and the rather suave and pompous individual who was in charge reminded him, unnecessarily, to wear his costume. "All that paraphernalia you usually wear," he added condescendingly. "You know, the bright shirt and the boots."

"Sure I'll wear my boots," Gene drawled, "because I never take 'em off except in bed."

Of course, I seldom insist on anything, either, and the few times I have succeeded in persuading him to do something he didn't want to do, I've always regretted it. Gene usually refuses to be coaxed into seeing a Broadway play—most of them, he says, are "too highbrow"—but everybody was talking about the musical, "Oklahoma," and I wanted to see it so much that he finally consented to go. We paid premium prices for the seats.

It was a wonderful show and I so thoroughly enjoyed one scene that I turned to Gene to share a laugh with him. He had fallen fast asleep, sitting upright in his very expensive seat. He was almost as embarrassed as I was but he just couldn't keep his eyes open. I had to keep nudging him throughout the whole performance. You can be sure I won't ask him to go to the theatre again.

There's no sense in arguing that the theatre has provided entertainment for millions of people since the time of the ancient Greeks. I think his mind is too active to allow him to sit and watch a performance of any kind without taking part in it. Gene's idea of a good time, outside of his work, is a game of golf—he often plays at the Lakeside Country Club with Bing Crosby or Bob Hope—or an informal conversation with friends.

Newspaper reading is another of his pastimes and, unlike most people, he reads the local paper in every city he visits. He takes a lively interest in every aspect of his surroundings, whether he's at home in Hollywood or in some strange town he never saw before and never expects to visit again.

In one such town, where he was to give a performance, Gene made a speech, at a luncheon given for the press, in which he complimented the municipal government on the improvements made during its administration. Since he had arrived only the night before, a curious guest asked him how he had acquired so much information.

"That was easy," Gene said. "All I had to do was read the little booklet on the table in my hotel room."

Maybe this story was in my mind the night that Gene and I had an appointment in Brooklyn during one of our visits to New York. We decided that the subway would be faster than a taxi and we

All answers are confined to this column. Do not send stamped envelopes.

Send all questions to Ben Grauer, Radio Best Magazine,

8 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

didn't bother about getting directions through the underground route because it was the supper hour and we were sure that there would be plenty of people to direct us.

Our train, however, was almost deserted and the few people in it were not very helpful. They included a young couple whom we couldn't question because they were too obviously in love, an old lady who was deaf and another woman who couldn't speak English. When we finally found a fellow who could hear and understand us, he didn't know if we were going the right way. You can believe me that if Gene were a New Yorker, he would know how to get to Brooklyn, or any other place in the city.

It's rather amusing, come to think of it, that Gene should fall asleep during a performance of "Oklahoma." You might think he would take some interest if only because he was brought up in a small town in that state. (It's my home state, too.) His father had a small ranch and Gene practically grew up on horseback. At the time, the railroad was the center of activity and Gene got a job in the local office in Ravia and eventually became the telegrapher.

It was a typical small-town railroad office and, between wires, Gene used to play on his guitar and sing with the people who dropped in to see him. He had been singing since he was a boy at local parties and church socials—his grandfather was a minister. One day a tall, lean fellow came in to send a wire. While he was waiting, he evidently noticed the guitar because he said, "How about a song?"

Gene was glad to oblige and when he finished the song, the stranger asked, "Why don't you try singing for the radio and records?"

"Never thought of it," Gene said. "But, if you don't mind, who are you?"

"I'm Will Rogers," said the affable stranger.

It was a tip from the horse's mouth and soon after, Gene decided to try his luck in the big city. He went to New York, on a railroad pass, and learned that radio and record company executives can be most indifferent to new and unpublished talent. Furthermore, it was a depression year and he was advised to return home and get some professional experience on local Oklahoma stations.

On his second visit to New York, in 1928, he was really broke but he finally met Art Satherley, whom he credits with his discovery. Satherley was and still is head of the country music division of Columbia Records, and for him, Gene recorded "That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine." In 1948, Columbia gave him a gold record of the same song in recognition of his twenty years of successful recording.

The record was a great success and Gene, who was billed as the "Oklahoma Singing Cowboy," began his vaudeville tours. After we were married, in 1932, and he had achieved some fame on the radio, we went to Hollywood. Western pictures had no box-office appeal then and his first appearance in a film was as

a singer—of a single song. His second venture, a serial, was so successful that he was starred in the third, a full-length feature.

I was happy, for more than one reason, when Gene clicked in Hollywood. It meant that, for the first time since we were married, we could have a permanent home and we soon established ourselves in one in North Hollywood.

In 1941, Gene was appearing at a rodeo in Boston. One night, he was seated on Champ, ready to ride into the arena, when someone came up to him and said, "Your home is on fire."

"Anybody hurt?" Gene asked. "No, but it's burning to the ground." "Well, I can't put it out from here," Gene said, and rode through the gates to begin his act.

Gene never reveals any great emotion but I know how much he regretted the loss of the many mementoes he had collected, like the expressions of admiration from children. He saves them all, including the paintings on which the first-graders write, "We love Gene" and "We love Champ," and sign their names.

Until last year we lived at Melody Ranch, in San Fernando Valley, which was originally built as a weekend home and where Gene now keeps all his horses, including Champ, Champ, Jr., and Little Champ.

During the war, Gene was a co-pilot in the Air Transport Command, flying cargo into North Africa and Asia and while he was on recruiting duty, I accompanied him to the various bases of operations, so we had no need for a home for some time. We bought the land in Laurel Canyon in 1948 and moved into our new home in the spring of last year.

It's a big, sprawling two-story house in Early California style, very much like the ranch, with a red tile roof and many windows. There are Western touches throughout the whole house, but chiefly in Gene's den. The built-in bookcases

are decorated with a carved rope design and in one wall is a large shadow-box in which carved and painted wooden figurines of cowboys, horses, a corral with stables and fences, are set against an oil-painted backdrop of snow-covered mountains.

In the center of Gene's dressing room, which is decorated in blue, his favorite color, is a round pillar with four doors, opening on a steam cabinet, a chest of drawers and two closets. A bin, specially designed for the purpose, holds his 32 white hats. Western fans in general might be interested to know that Western hats are crushed in a certain way so that the dent has a special meaning, some dents, like the Arizona crush, indicating the wearer's home state. The dent in Gene's hats is the foreman's crush.

Gene himself designs his hand-painted neckties.

The house has fourteen rooms, including quarters for a cook, laundress, two maids and gardeners. We both enjoy company and there's always someone there from out of town.

Except for the fact that Gene is away about six months of the year—at rodeos in New York and Boston and on personal appearance tours—a cowboy star, even a famous one, is not very much different from any other husband. He does not clap me on the back and say, "Hiya, pardner," and when he's not on tour, he goes off to work every morning. Only his cowboy hat and boots, which he always wears, distinguish him from other business men, and in his Hollywood office he makes arrangements for his pictures, records, tours and his CBS radio program, "Gene Autry's Melody Ranch."

It's almost nineteen years since I met the "Oklahoma Singing Cowboy" on a sunny morning in Springfield. You can't blame me for thinking that the morning, before breakfast, is the most beautiful time of the day.

THE END

it's all "I. Magination"

(Continued from page 48)

put up a sign, "Dawson City, Alaska."

The trick, Paul says, is "not to be scared of using things." The average television show would probably need time out to recover if a stagehand should walk in front of the camera by mistake, but Paul would merely introduce him to his audience as "the fellow who moves the scenery around back here."

When a youngster wrote to Paul and asked him to stand still for a minute on the next show so that he could take Mr. I's picture with his new flash-bulb camera, Paul obligingly posed for the picture and told the television audience why he was doing so.

The acting and the format of the show as a whole are no more conventional than the scenery. Annie Oakley, in the story

of Buffalo Bill, was in imminent danger of being scalped by the Indians when Mr. I broke into a song. To the CBS producer's protest that "you can't sing a song at a tense moment like this," Paul replied that "everybody knows she's going to be rescued anyway."

Paul's actress wife, the former Ruth Enders, Ted Tiller and Joe Silver make up the permanent cast of "Mr. I." and each one, with Paul, plays several roles in each show with little attempt at disguise. Within 28 minutes, Mrs. Tripp once portrayed such varied characters as Queen Victoria, Tom Thumb's mother, Jenny Lind, a tattooed lady and a trapeze artist.

It added immensely to the fun in "The Count of Monte Cristo" to see that the doctor who pronounced Edmond Dantes

dead (so that he could get him out of prison) was obviously Mr. I. with a false beard and a black coat over the overalls he always wears as the engineer of the little train. After Edmond was supposedly dead, he coughed loudly and the "doctor" explained to the prison guard that this was merely a "last gasp."

Although his stories may point a moral or be of educational value, Paul does not emphasize the moral or the learning, first, because he aims above all to entertain, and secondly, because he believes that any "lesson" should be implicit in the characters and stories he presents.

"When I did the life of Abraham Lincoln," Paul says, "someone asked me if I couldn't get God in somehow" in connection with the Gettysburg Address. But the spiritual quality of a man like Lincoln suggests the presence of God; his story is an education in itself. There's no need to hit it hard."

Mr. I. Magination's formula for making dreams come true has not proved entirely satisfactory for Paul himself. As a child, growing up in New York City, his first great ambition was to be an opera singer. He wished very hard and his singing was generally applauded but when he grew up, he discovered that his voice was too light for the operatic stage. Now, of course, he sings his own songs, but, he confesses, he still can't read a note of music.

"After all these years," he says, "I find myself singing my own songs—and I can't read a note of music."

Always stage-struck, Paul turned to the theatre and, after graduating from the City College of New York, took a job as actor, writer and director of plays at the Christadora Settlement House. It was here that Mr. I. Magination first saw the light of day. Lacking a good assortment of theatrical props, Paul conceived the idea of a man who could make anything come true and imagination supplied the most sumptuous scenery. Actually, Mr. I. is an American version of the Chinese

property man who brings a ladder out onto the stage when the hero is supposed to climb a mountain.

A protege of Mrs. Richard Mansfield, the young actor later appeared with Walter Hampden in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and in other Broadway productions. He also wrote, directed, produced and acted for the Federal Theatre, for Civilian Defense in Cleveland and for the Army.

But children have always been involved somehow in Paul's most successful ventures. While on Army leave, he wrote "Tubby, the Tub," which is now a record-album classic and which led to other children's stories, including "Peewee the Piccolo." The same imagination which saw human beings in musical instruments can be seen at work in his television show.

Working for the experimental theatre in New York, at a salary of five dollars for three months, he directed "Seeds in the Wind," a play with a cast of 16 children and one adult which eventually appeared on Broadway.

"Even in my first Broadway production," he says with a grin, "I had to have children in the cast."

It was a valuable experience, if only because he learned how to handle "stage mothers"—there were 16 of them—a problem for any producer. He sums it all up by saying that the first step in casting a child actor is a quick appraisal of the mother. If the mother is a "nice woman" who allows the child to work out his own problems, the child might be a good actor. The child who is constantly being pushed by his mother is likely to be too precocious.

When the success of Paul's children's stories—he has written ten—prompted Norman and Irving Pincus to suggest that he create a television program, he went searching for ideas and found Mr. I., sound asleep in his old files. Paul wasn't very interested in television—he hadn't even seen anything on the TV screen except a baseball game—and he wanted

to be free to continue his career in the theatre. But "Mr. I. Magination" intrigued him.

Then began a ten-month round of agencies and networks. Paul did some 35 live auditions, because the quality of the show could not be set down on paper. Everybody thought it was "too simple to succeed." But the more Paul played it, the more enthusiastic he became. He was offered about ten jobs but rejected them, having decided to gamble everything on "Mr. I." Mrs. Tripp brought in a small income by doing monologues at colleges and little theatres. As the months went on, the Tripps began to pawn their belongings and borrow from their friends.

By Christmas of 1948, their resources were exhausted; they had nothing more to pawn and they were in debt for about \$2,200, a very serious state of affairs for a man with a three-year-old daughter. It was a real "cliff-hanger," with Paul watching himself, as the hero, and wondering if he would be rescued before that thin thread broke. The rescue came in the form of a call from CBS—when Paul was in bed with a cold and ready to give up—and the Tripps managed to hang on to the cliff until April when the show went on the air.

Paul might be described now as "television-struck." Braving the wrath of theatre-lovers, he declares that "the theatre is dying but television is alive and vibrant."

"It's new and it combines a wealth of talents in a single production. It's the biggest challenge to an actor because it's so personal; the actor must play to the individual. And there are no retakes, as in the movies."

Like every actor accustomed to the legitimate stage, Paul found it difficult to talk into the camera. He invented names for it, sometimes gave it his wife's name, as a means of breaking down his resistance. He had to learn, too, not to blink when the lens was close to his eyes and other tricks peculiar to television acting.

But with the television camera, he points out, anyone can be a magician because "the camera shows only what you want it to." While the camera is giving a close-up of his face, a stagehand slips something into his hand and "Voilà"—a feat of magic is performed. Even his daughter thinks he can "do magic."

Although Paul is very pleased with Mr. I., the latter does get him into trouble on occasion with his theory that "anything is possible if you wish it hard enough." For his little girl, Paul has a split personality: he is Mr. I. and then, he is "just my daddy." But there was another little girl who asked, "Can you turn me into a ballet dancer?" Paul thought hard for a moment and then told her that if she worked at it, he would try to help her. And then there was the little boy who said, "I wish I had a gun." "I wish I had a gun," "I wish I had a gun," time after time for hours in succession.

"He was furious with his mother and me when he didn't get it," says Paul.

THE END



"Mr. I." comes out of his disguise as a dancing girl to fight two renegades in a story devoted to the Klondike Gold Rush.

THE SHOW'S ON,
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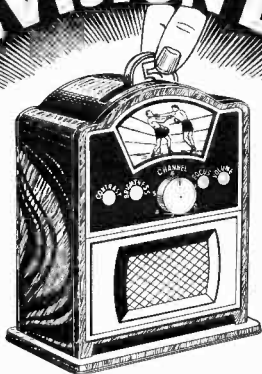
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seat at the dial

(Continued from page 13)

producers of "City at Midnight" have been able to bring to the screen at home an amount of realism that has not been seen as yet over the air, except for sports or parades or other "special" events.

The only trouble with this show is that it hasn't developed some of its other techniques. The acting is only fair. And the dramas that have been used are—as a whole—second-rate or worse. Often, also, the sound is bad—sometimes, even non-existent. But the central, basic idea of the program is excellent.

It is possible that by the time this review gets into print, the producers will have found some more original scripts and will have tightened up on some of their other sectors to make this the excellent program that it could be. This reviewer hopes so, sincerely. For "City at Midnight" has in it the possibility of being a top contribution to enjoyable, realistic television.

Romance

Thursdays, 8:30

If you like syrup and pap, take a look at CBS-TV's "Romance" program. Here it is splashed on in full measure. Of course, the title tells you what to expect. But it is surprising to note how the writing, production and direction here to that romantic formula. It is all sweetness and light or roses and honeysuckle or tears and heartbreak. You may like that kind of stuff. So here it is—in full measure.



Suspense

Tuesdays, 9:30 p.m.

This program—from its long life on the radio—is too well known to need long discussion here. You know what to expect from a "Suspense" show on the air. The only question relevant here is: "Does it go over on TV?" The answer is a big-boldface-type YES!

Watch, particularly, for the camera work on this show. It is, in this reviewer's opinion, superb. Here you see how much can be done with this wonderful new instrument. Anyway, watch "Suspense" on TV. You can't go wrong.



Lilli Palmer in a scene from "The Comic Strip Murder" on "Suspense."

The Play's The Thing

Tuesdays, 9 p.m.

"The Play's The Thing" was on the ABC-TV network last season, and copped all kinds of credit. It rated with the very best of the dramatic offerings on television. So ABC dropped it this season! And quicker than you could say "tropicserp interference," CBS picked up the program for its own video operations. It was a smart, fast move. For "The Play's The Thing" is still one of the finest dramatic half-hours on the air, visual or aural.

Very often, you will find on this show dramatizations of some short stories from the pens of the ablest writers we have. The adaptations are always solid and sensible. The acting is all that the stories call for. The direction is tight and smooth. There may be humor or pathos or tragedy in the story; but whatever its mood, the television version reproduces that mood faithfully. You can't do better in the drama department anywhere.



"The Play's The Thing" presents Arthur O'Connell and Kim Hunter.

Lights Out

Mondays, 9 p.m.

At one time, "Lights Out" was a radio program on which the famous Arch Oboler produced all kinds of hair-raising effects with pure sound. Oboler once got tired of a series of whodunits he was doing, and so he devised a way of ending the run. On the program (this was still in the old-fashioned days of radio) he had the writer killed. That was that, as far as Oboler was concerned. But "Lights Out" is a title owned by NBC, and it may



be seen now—not merely heard. Further, it is quite worth seeing, for those who want to forget themselves through this type of show which sometimes tries to scare the daylight out of them and sometimes tries just to intrigue them with neat story-telling, perhaps involving scary doings and/or crime.

Sometimes you will find that the narrator of the show, who opens with an eerie kind of laughter, doesn't really contribute to the mood he wants to establish. Always you will find on this program that, once the mood is established, it stays that way—there are no middle commercials to break up the atmosphere. Anyway, it would be a good idea to make sure that Junior is tucked into bed and that his bedroom door is closed before "Lights Out" goes on. It's for grown-ups only.

Paul Whiteman Revue

Sundays, 7 p.m.

When you get Paul "Pops" Whiteman himself at his best—that's plenty good. And that is exactly what you do get on this Sunday evening program on the ABC-TV network.

ABC has rather fouled up its schedules of late. First, it became frightened of Milton Berle's opposition on NBC and decided that, on Tuesday nights, it would not even start programming until Berle's antics were over. Then it cut out all programming on Monday and Tuesday nights except the Roller Derby. Finally, it killed the Derby's Monday appearance, and just called it a pair of black, vacant nights—doing nothing at all either Monday or Tuesday nights.

Well, it has made up in a way by giving us the Whiteman show on Sunday night. "Pops" has known for a long time how to put over a number. And he does it here, before the cameras, in such a way as to make for showmanship. Furthermore, he has guests who really mean something—these have included Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, Charles Laughton, Mady Christians, and Hoagy Carmichael. This department recommends the Whiteman show most heartily.

This department—as all its conductor's enemies contend—is all-out for a straight deal—which is what the Whiteman show gives you. And to prove how straightforward this department is, it is going to sneak in a review or two under the Whiteman heading—although their relationship to "Pops" ranges from the remote to the non-existent.

Somewhere or other, this department simply must mention two programs that television has done and which—by the very nature of things—you cannot see, for the simple reason that they cannot be repeated. The two are ABC's telecast

(Continued on page 74)

RING BARGAINS



3⁵⁵
BIG FIVE for BIG MEN

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3⁵⁰
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2⁹⁷
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1⁹⁸
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2⁹⁷
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4⁸⁹

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2⁹⁶
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2⁹⁹
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1⁹⁴
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1⁹¹

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of the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, last November; and CBS's fifteen hours a week of telecasts from the General Assembly of the United Nations, for nine weeks.

Here were two "special events" that were really special. Along about that time, our Veep (the real one, in Washington) also got married midst a lot of television (and press, and radio) ballyhoo. But if that event had anything special about it, it was the specialty of boudoir-peeping. The ABC and CBS jobs, however, were really great public services.

The CBS-United Nations telecasts were sponsored. In the opinion of some critics, that should not entitle the program to rating as a "public service." Which is sheer nonsense and hogwash, of course. It was a great public service of genuine importance. The Ford Company, which paid the bills, probably sold few cars on the strength of the program. But it got itself a lot of goodwill—and good luck to it. For three hours a day, five days a week, the television cameras gave us the opportunity of looking in on, and listening in on, the doings of statesmen and politicians and power-grabbers and peacemakers and war-stirrers over at Lake Success. If some of the doings were not pleasant or peaceful, that was not the

fault of television. Television was there to report, and it did its job in splendid manner.

Then there was the Met's one-night stand on the ABC-TV network. A year earlier, ABC televised the Opera's opening. So that this year there was a basis of comparison. ABC did much better this year than last. There were still some snafus. Sometimes a trio was cut in half, literally one and a half people being shown. Sometimes a singer's hand was shown but not the face or body, or else a group of singers was so far from the cameras that you could hardly see them. But those are not the faults of the cameramen and director. The Met stage is a vast platform, and the places assigned to the singers are not assigned on the basis of the television camera's requirements. Television, here—as at the United Nations—was actually only an interloper, a trespasser, an eavesdropper.

The fact is that ABC's telecast of the opera was an excellent job within its limitations. Everybody concerned earned a lot of credit. And that "everybody" again includes the guy with the dough, in this instance the Texas Company (the same outfit that sponsors Milton Berle). It is my humble opinion that the two works done by CBS and ABC—the UN and Opera telecasts—deserve more than

mention here. They deserve wide applause. I hope you saw both of these productions and I hope you let the respective broadcasters know that you approved of such fine work.

Out in Los Angeles, over Station KFMV—which broadcasts on FM only—there is a program called "The Listener Talks Back." It's a weekly show run by the Southern California Association for Better Radio and Television. The program does exactly what its title promises—it gives the audience an opportunity to sound off about the air-fare offered by broadcasters. I am all for that kind of backtalk. But backtalk can be positive as well as negative. When the broadcasters—on radio or television—do something very good, they should hear from us; just as they should hear from us when they snarl the air with stuff we don't like. I am letting CBS and ABC hear from us—if you will allow me to act as your spokesman.

Do you mind this sermon under your program's heading, Pops? Thanks. I knew you wouldn't care. You're too conscientious a showman yourself to care if you are used as an excuse for plugging somebody else that's good in his own way. See you Sunday at seven on ABC-TV, Pops.

THE END

4 cameras and a wrestler

(Continued from page 51)

of Little Sicily, lined with pushcarts and crowded with people. Suddenly he catches sight of Fabio Stuiigi, chief courier for the Black Hand's extortion attempts, in the act of putting a note under a door. After reading the note, which is a demand for money, he follows Fabio to the roof where they fight and Fabio escapes with the rookie's helmet. (Members of the Mafia regularly steal policemen's helmets as a gesture of contempt for the law.) The mob, which has been watching the rooftop fight from the street, jeers and Fabio struts cockily into the pool parlor from which the Mafia operates.

When Sean Michael knocks on the door where Fabio had left the note, the girl who opens it tells him that her father has "gone away." Her eyes wide with fear, Theresa will give him no further information because "they'll think I'm informing." Trying not to look like the shorn lamb he feels, without his helmet, Sean Michael walks through the crowd, silent now, to the police call box. He calls the Captain to report the incident but he has not been talking very long before a great paw comes down over the mouthpiece and he recognizes the Bear, a ferocious brute who is the Mafia's chief killer.

As the crowd, anticipating another fight, forms a circle around the two men, the Bear breaks the telephone cord and the young cop drives his fist between the killer's eyes. In a rage, the Bear lunges

with a knife but Sean Michael is too quick for him. He sidesteps, gives the Bear a terrific uppercut and the killer falls backward, hitting his head on the cobblestones. He is obviously dead.

The next morning when Sean Michael, after telling the captain that "when you see me next, I'll have me helmet," returns to Little Sicily he finds a rope stretched across the street and on it a sign, "Any cop that crosses this line gets killed" with a rudely-painted black hand. While he is standing there, trying to get up enough courage to cross the line, Theresa passes and does her best to warn him, in a low whisper, not to lift the rope. She has seen Fabio and a few other members of the Mafia, all armed with knives or guns, peering from the rooftop. In the pool room, the "uncles," leaders of the gang, are watching.

Twice the rookie swings his leg across the rope, twice he retreats. While the "uncles" smile at his cowardice, he walks back to the rope for a third time and suddenly charges over it, firing his revolver as he heads for the pool room. The "uncles" flee and Sean Michael crouches behind a pool table to wait for the gang.

In the street, Fabio and his men, from behind a barricade of pushcarts and barrels, fire into the pool room and throw knives through the broken window. The firing becomes intense and Fabio is about to give the signal to storm the shop when

he sees a column of policemen, their guns drawn, advancing down the street. A real battle breaks out but gradually the police, with Sean Michael in the thick of the fighting, take over and the gang is lined up against a wall. Only Fabio is missing.

While Theresa bandages the rookie's wounded wrist, he learns that she had gone to the police that morning and pressed charges against the Mafia. The police had never been able to take action against them because no one had had the courage to report them, but now the gang can be put in Sing Sing. When Sean Michael leaves, unaware that Fabio has been listening, Fabio pounces on the girl. They struggle and he begins to reach for his knife as he gets her by the throat.

But Sean Michael returns to tell Theresa to go to headquarters in the morning and Fabio flees to the roof. In the course of a fierce battle, Fabio falls over the edge to the lower roof. Beside his lifeless body is the grey helmet.

As Sean Michael strolls through the street again, casually swinging his night stick as if this were the safest beat in the world, the shops are beginning to open up and the women and children come back on the streets. He tips his helmet in courteous response to the people's admiring smiles. They seem relieved. The honest Italians can live without fear because Little Sicily is no longer under the rule of the evil few.

THE END

"My Pop is the smartest man in the world!"

Don't be too hasty to argue the point, because in a way Junior is quite right.

True, Johnny's father never won a Nobel Prize, and he isn't one of the learned few who can expound authoritatively on Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

But Johnny doesn't measure smartness that way. He has a more realistic gauge. Living in his own little world of awe-inspiring wonders, Johnny has his own collection of everyday questions:

"What is lightning?"

"Why does it snow?"

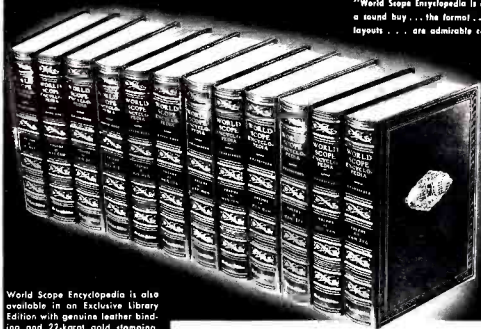
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