EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES COVERING THE TOP SHOWS AND HEADLINERS

RADIO ALBUM

Magazine

DELL

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FALL

TV TODAY

Video's new stars on parade

MARIE WILSON has been playing the same wide-eyed, scatterbrained goof since 1936 when those original three men climbed on a horse. It looked like she was getting type-cast. She was. As a matter of fact, she was so well type-cast they threw a plot around the character and made it one of the most popular personalities in radio. *My Friend Irma* rang the bell on the Hooper check-up so often last season, it was bound to send a large group of Hollywoodsmen scurrying madly into their conference rooms wondering whether they had taken *this* dumb blonde too lightly. And so it came to pass that Marie Wilson parlayed *Friend Irma* from CBS into the celluloids. You'll be seeing Hal Wallis' movie version of this fast-moving radio show very soon, with boyfriend Al, roommate Jane, Professor Kropotkin and Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house all transported intact to the screen. Thrown in for good measure, and good measure it is, are those other radio jesters, Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin.

RADIO ALBUM
magazine

Cover by O. C. Sweet, courtesy of Newsweek Magazine

Program listings are subject to change without notice

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FEATURES

TV TODAY

Top level comedy is born of strictly serious debate. Above: The Jack Benny script conference. Remarks: okay for broadcast.


Tabber McGee & Molly
1935

15 year lease at

wistful vista

■ When Molly heard the door squeak, she knew what was going to happen. She waited. The crash was louder than usual. But the silence that followed was longer than usual, and that was most disturbing. It sent Molly out of the kitchen to find her husband. He was lying in his customary place on the floor. She couldn't see him, but she knew he was there. Everything he'd carefully stored in the hall closet was on top of him. The pile of paraphernalia moved. "Some day I've got to get around to fixing that closet," said Fibber McGee earnestly. It's getting so he says it more earnestly every year. But deep down inside their sense of comedy, Fibber McGee and Molly know that if he ever does get around to fixing anything, some 20,000,000 listeners will be mortified. And life at 79 Wistful Vista might never be the same. When the McGees first moved to Wistful Vista in 1935, they weren't quite sure just how life would be, or how long they'd stay. But as programs passed, their Hooper rating soared. Now it's so high, Mr. Johnson's Wax nearly breaks his neck looking up at it. With their sponsor in this position, the Jim Jordans, as Fibber McGee and Molly, could well afford to have their 15th anniversary cake this year and eat it, too. And when the last piece of icing was gone, they could retire to their Encino ranch until broadcast time. Here, they live quietly—a feat which is possible because Marian keeps the closets locked. Despite her precautions, however, accidents do happen. Take the time Jim decided to clean the inside of the car with the vacuum cleaner instead of the whisk broom and Mac, their red setter had chosen that very day to catch forty winks in the rear seat. It took Jim several hours to get Mac's red hair out of the cleaner. And to make matters worse, the indignant Mac wouldn't speak to him for days. "Blamed *me*," said Jim, amazed. "Like the time Marian caught her hand in the washing machine." If incidents like this seem to show Jim's resemblance to Fibber, it's only because they're so much alike. And through it all, Marian, same as Molly, can always be found standing by—with loyal heart and cryptic remark. This has been a habit since their wedding in Peoria, Illinois, in 1918, when Marian—standing very near by—was heard to remark, "I do." After their marriage, the Jordans' venture into radio was inevitable. This was because they liked to eat and, for Jim, money didn't grow on anything but microphones. He'd tried being a machinist's helper only to find he wasn't cut out for it. Then he had a fling at carpentry. That career was cut short the day he fell from an attic through the living room ceiling. For a fleeting moment he thought things couldn't be worse. Things were awful. He landed on his boss. Next he attacked a job selling vacuum cleaners. He met some charming people and cleaned dozens of rugs. Finally, after a tiring demonstration, he carted his wares back to the company and announced he was entering the insurance business. Between policies, he and Marian entertained at Peoria's civic affairs. And when a local booking agent mentioned that

more →

1936: For gag photos, Jim and Marian donned baby bonnets to celebrate their first year as Fibber McGee and Molly.

1937: Fibber's closet became a hit in show's early years. Listeners wanted to see the contents—so the McGees obliged.

1939: Marian (above with Jim, Jr.) en-route to Hollywood to resume role as Molly. Illness kept her away almost 2 yrs.

1940: The McGees, who once played all roles, celebrate their 5th anniversary with their cast.

After fifteen years, Jim and Marian Jordan have something better than their top Hooperating—a grubstake in 20,000,000 American hearts

1941: RKO Studios lured Fibber and Molly to Hollywood and starred them in *Look Who's Laughing* (above), *Heavenly Days*, and *Here We Go Again*. It took Molly quite a while to convince Fibber that he wasn't another Barrymore.

1941: Fibber and Molly represented the Wistful Vista Fire Department in Hollywood's famed Santa Claus Lane Parade. Jim also appeared for the real Encino Chamber of Commerce.

1943: Beginning their eighth year on the air, Jim and Marian, and writer Don Quinn hauled out the scrapbooks to reminisce. Don, who scripted their first show for Johnson's Wax, is also the fellow who invented Fibber and Molly in 1934.

1945: Though the Jordans live in Encino, they receive hundreds of letters addressed to 79 Wistful Vista. Their home, modernized last year, was formerly a clapboard bungalow.

wistful vista is home to the most fabulous array of characters in radio

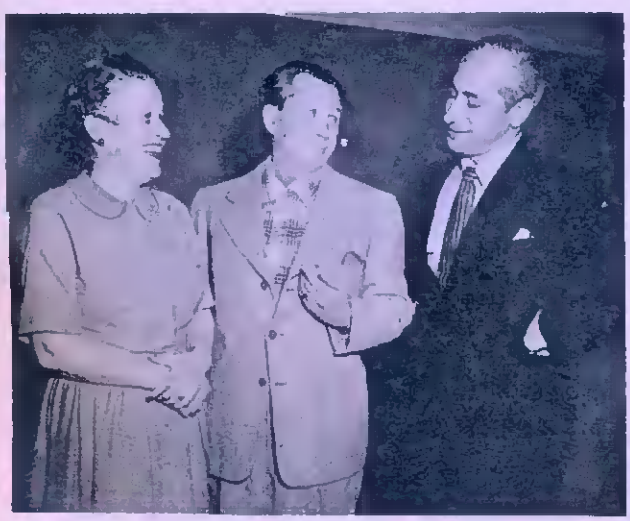
1948: St. Joseph's College gave the Jordans honorary Doctor of Laws degrees for good taste in entertainment. College Pres. Rev. Lucks, and the dean, Rev. Pax made the awards.

continued from page 5

the act showed promise, the Jordans sold their car, mortgaged their house, borrowed five hundred dollars from their Aunt Kate and went on the road—never guessing vaudeville was on its last stages. Rigor-mortis set in when they got to Lincoln, Illinois. They had to wire home for carfare. So all this and hunger, too, had made their radio career inevitable. It was also accidental. One evening when the Jordans were visiting Jim's brother in Chicago, the family gathered round to listen to a harmony team over station WIBO. "We could do better than that," Jim announced modestly. His brother brought out a ten dollar bill. "This says you can't," he dared. Marian glanced briefly at the bill and pushed Jim out the door. Twenty minutes later, the Jordans confronted the station's program director. "We'd like to sing for you," they announced. The man gave them a cold stare. "For free," Jim added. The afterthought was pure magic. The program director led them to a microphone. "Go ahead and sing," he said. They did. Next day, they had a sponsor. At first they plugged candy bars for ten dollars a week and all the sweets they could eat. Then gradually business became more profitable. But their increased and magnificent income of twenty dollars a week didn't change the Jordans. They were still down-to-earth. When S. C. Johnson & Sons, Inc. moved into their lives as sponsor in 1935, Jim and Marian became Fibber and Molly and began their trek to the top of Mr. Hooper's poll. They made movies, too. Fibber was his own severest critic. "My acting is only terrific," he raved. "They're begging me to test for Whom in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*" There was just one trouble with all that fame. Headwaiters could never recognize them as radio and film stars. Jim and Marian aren't too broken up about this because they're homefolks. That's their chief charm. The McGees—pardon, Jordans—are like next door neighbors to their fans. And a few million listeners would like to move in with them. One man did. He was a painter who came to do a couple of days work. He kept finding jobs for himself. After he'd been there a few months, Jim included another room in the guest house for him. The rest of the McGees' public has to be content to visit Wistful Vista once a week. But they still get in on the fun. After all, both places have closets. Those gadget-infested closets have become American institutions. But then, so have Fibber and Molly.

1942: The Jordans entertained as many army camps as possible during the war. Since visits were limited because of Marian's health, they concentrated mainly on special broadcasts.

1946: When the Seattle Ballard Elks Lodge gave the McGees a 500-pound stuffed elk, Fibber vowed he'd take care of it. He receives numerous gifts—everything from soup to suspenders.



1948: Jim and Marian went in for straight dramatics as guests on *Suspense.* "I know my way around on mystery programs; bub," Jim cracked. "I even brought my own private eye."

1949

The Great Gildersleeve gets ready to broadcast. Behind him, his friends, neighbors and relatives await their cues.
From left to right:
1. Peavey the druggist (played by Richard LeGrand)
2. Birdie, Gildy's maid (Lillian Randolph)
3. Judge Hooker (Earle Ross)
4. Cast extra, 5. Nephew Leroy (Walter Tetley)
6. Niece Marjorie (Marylee Robb), 7. extra
8. Floyd the barber (Arthur Q. Bryan), 9. extra

big time for gildersleeve

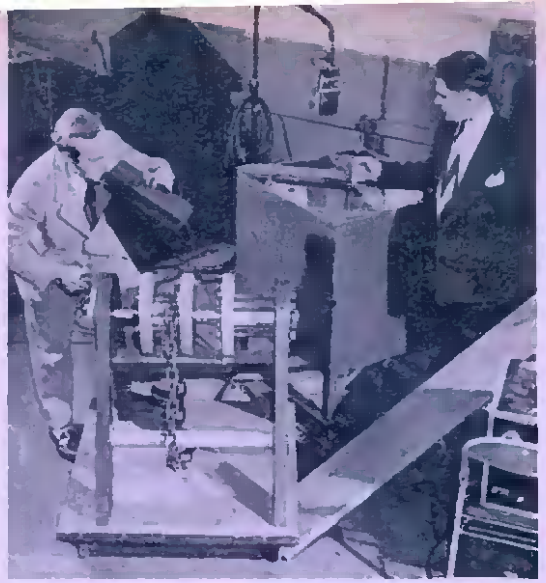
The big noise from Wistful Vista left Fibber for a show of his own

Peary revels in his Spanish-style home.

■ You can't help liking the guy for all his spluttering ways. Gildy may have a knack for making himself ridiculous with his amorous yearnings and well-developed aversion to work. But no matter how clumsily the plump one bumbles about, you always know that his heart is in the right place. Furthermore—and everyone in Summerfield knows this—for all the trials they put him through, Gildy is doing a fine job of raising his brat of a nephew, Leroy, and his niece, Marjorie. And then there's the man's laugh—that contagious boom which simply overflows with rare good humor. Who can help loving a guy who laughs like that? Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve—otherwise known as *The Great Gildersleeve*—has been winning fast friends ever since Hal Peary unveiled him on one of the first Fibber McGee and Molly shows back in 1935. In those days Gildersleeve was the rich next-door neighbor of lazy little Fibber out in Wistful Vista. Gildy and McGee would get involved in fierce arguments, with tempers boiling higher and higher. Then suddenly, Gildy's soft heart would be touched. *"Little chum,"* he'd exclaim in that deep mountain of a voice, and the listening audience would roar with delight. Since 1941, when he took Gildersleeve over to a full half-hour program of his own on NBC, big Hal has been strictly big-time. Besides the pleasant popularity of the radio program, Hal has made several successful movies in which he played Summerfield's favorite son. They were not, by any means, the first movies that Hal had been in. Back in the twenties, a slimmer Peary acted in several silent films, which failed, however, to establish him among movieland's mighty. It was at this period that Hal found himself out of work and with a thin dime to his name. He took to selling newspapers to pick up a few bucks, and then went to Japan with a musical show. When he came back, he worked in tent shows, road shows, burlesque units, and, finally, landed a radio spot in San Francisco. Peary, whose once-admired boy soprano had developed into a hot baritone, was billed as "The Spanish Serenader." It was with few regrets that he went on to NBC in Chicago, where his gift for dialect kept him busy in dramatic spots, and where he joined the new Fibber McGee and Molly show and hit the jackpot. Compared to his present trials and tribulations, Gildy's life was pretty simple then. Now he's got his teen-age niece and nephew to contend with, and, as played by Walter Tetley, clever little Leroy is as devilish a brat as you could find. In addition, there's Summerfield's Judge Hooker, who'd like to marry his maiden sister off to our Throckmorton, and who's been carrying on a running feud with him for years. Birdie, Gildy's maid, is apt to make things tough for him at times, and he's had his share of love trouble what with his tender sighing after the Southern widow Ransome and then her sweet-talking cousin Adeline Fairchild. In real life, Gildy's alter-ego Hal Peary has found *The Great Gildersleeve* extremely lucky romantic-wise. A few years ago, Hal married Gloria Holliday, who played a small part in the show. They have a little boy named Page, and are blissfully settled in the Los Feiz district of Los Angeles.

Young Page Peary relaxes in the back seat as his proud parents get set for a spin. Hal and Gloria met through *The Great Gildersleeve*. She had a small part in the show.

Keeping up with the headlines, *Counter-Spy* reports on the government's fight against foreign agents, drug smugglers and other racketeers. Lord (left) emphasizes authenticity in rehearsal with director, Don MacLaughlin (2nd from right) and cast.



The action calls for docking a ship in *Gangbusters*, another Lord drama. Sound effects men drop anchor and gangplank, blow whistle and crank water paddle.

meet the dynamo behind eighteen hit shows

■ Some 300 star boarders of the state penitentiaries would like to tell Phillips H. Lord what they think of his *Gangbusters*. The program that gives out real wanted-by-police bulletins with each week's show has alerted millions of listeners to watch for crooks on the lam. So it's thanks to this Lord fellow, who first dreamed up the idea, that 300 public enemies are now in the clink. A hound for realism, and one of the most prolific programmers on the air—Lord has produced 18 hit shows!—he's been busy most of his 23 years in radio proving that truth can be more sizzling than fiction. His *We, the People, Mr. District Attorney* (a radio version of the young Thomas Dewey.) *Commandos, Treasury Agent, Sky Blazers, Thrill Series, Policewoman* and *David Harding*, and *Counter-Spy* have carried out Lord's idea of how entertaining real facts are. Now he's startling TV with an unvarnished portrait of the seamy life in a night court. It's called *The Black Robe*, after that somber garment worn by the judge. For this show, Lord digs up his casts in strange, unlikely places. They come from the Bowery, the flop houses, the penny arcades, the front stoops of the East side—wherever Lord's roving scouts spot interesting types. No scripts are written for *The Black Robe*. The "actors" talk in their own homely accents—the language of the streets. Lord, a forceful, dominating character who knows what he wants, works on each recruit until he wrings from rank amateurs the most uncomfortably realistic performances ever seen in video drama. His cameras are equally uncompromising. As the *Robe's* defendants take the witness stand, all the wrinkles and crows' feet, broken noses and knife scars show up large as life on the television screen. Such stark, lower-depths realism is why Lord is hailed today as Video's first documentarist. Hard to remember that when he started in radio (back in 1926) he was that pious, kindly, hymn-singing Maine farmer, *Seth Parker*. Only 24 at the time, Lord played the graybeard with such overwhelming conviction that this was a top air show for eight years. *Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's* was the first and only program in radio to set aside a half-minute of silence for prayer. And when Lord cruised out to the South Seas in the schooner *Seth Parker*, the nation followed the voyage week by week via short wave. That was another radio first: first time a sponsored show was broadcast from foreign ports. But Lord's quest for documentary truth this time swung him into a more dramatic situation than he'd bargained for. Caught in a tidal hurricane, it took a British warship (and with no less than the Duke of Gloucester aboard!) to rescue the *Seth Parker*. The hymn-singing Maine farmer was left behind in the 30's by Lord's more suspenseful shows; but the man who created them is still a Down Easterner himself. With his wife and three daughters he lives on his own island in Maine—when he can sneak off from the studios.

Television audiences get realism in large chunks with Lord's new show, *The Black Robe*. The judge is actor Frank Thomas, but the defendants of this night court are average men and women who've never seen a camera or microphone before. Coached by Lord, they create their own dialogue, give performances more lifelike than professionals could do. The stories they enact are taken from actual court cases, the tragic and comic stuff of everyday lives. The case before the judge in this scene was brought by Gertrude Popkin, complainant, against Moses Bumpes, defendant. Moses, she said, vigorously demanding his arrest, had molested her in the hallway of her house. It looked bad for Moses until the judge's questions revealed that Gertrude had in fact lured him into the hallway to make another boyfriend jealous. Verdict: Gertrude had to pay a $5 fine for attempting to use the courts in promoting her mixed-up love affair.

→

First of all audience participation shows, since 1936. *We, The People* has been bringing ordinary folk to the mike to speak for themselves.

With spectacles and property beard, Lord played *Country Doctor* 15 years ago. Like *Seth Parker* he was a kindly New Englander with a warm heart for his neighbors.

RADIO

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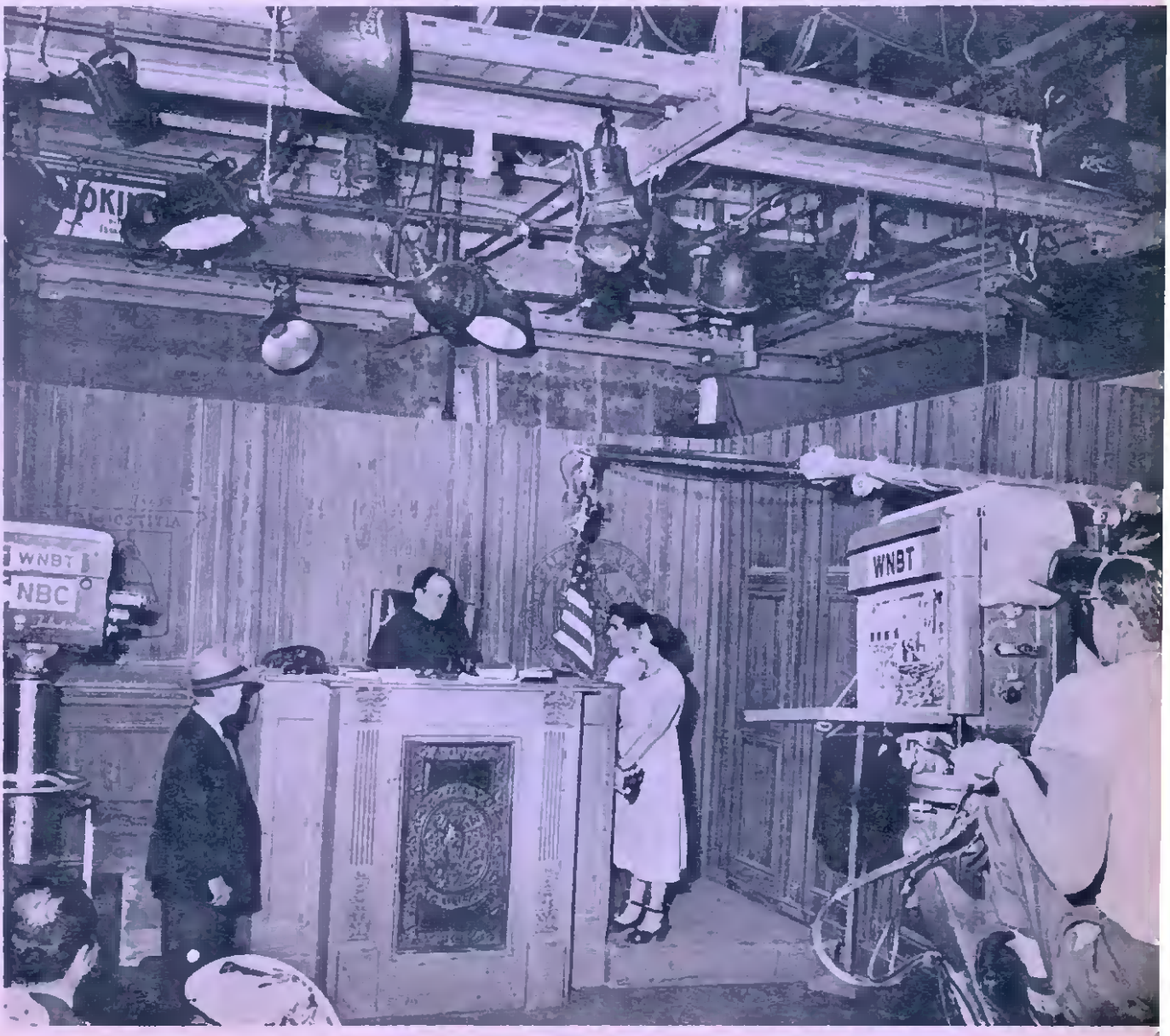
REPORTS,

NO. 6

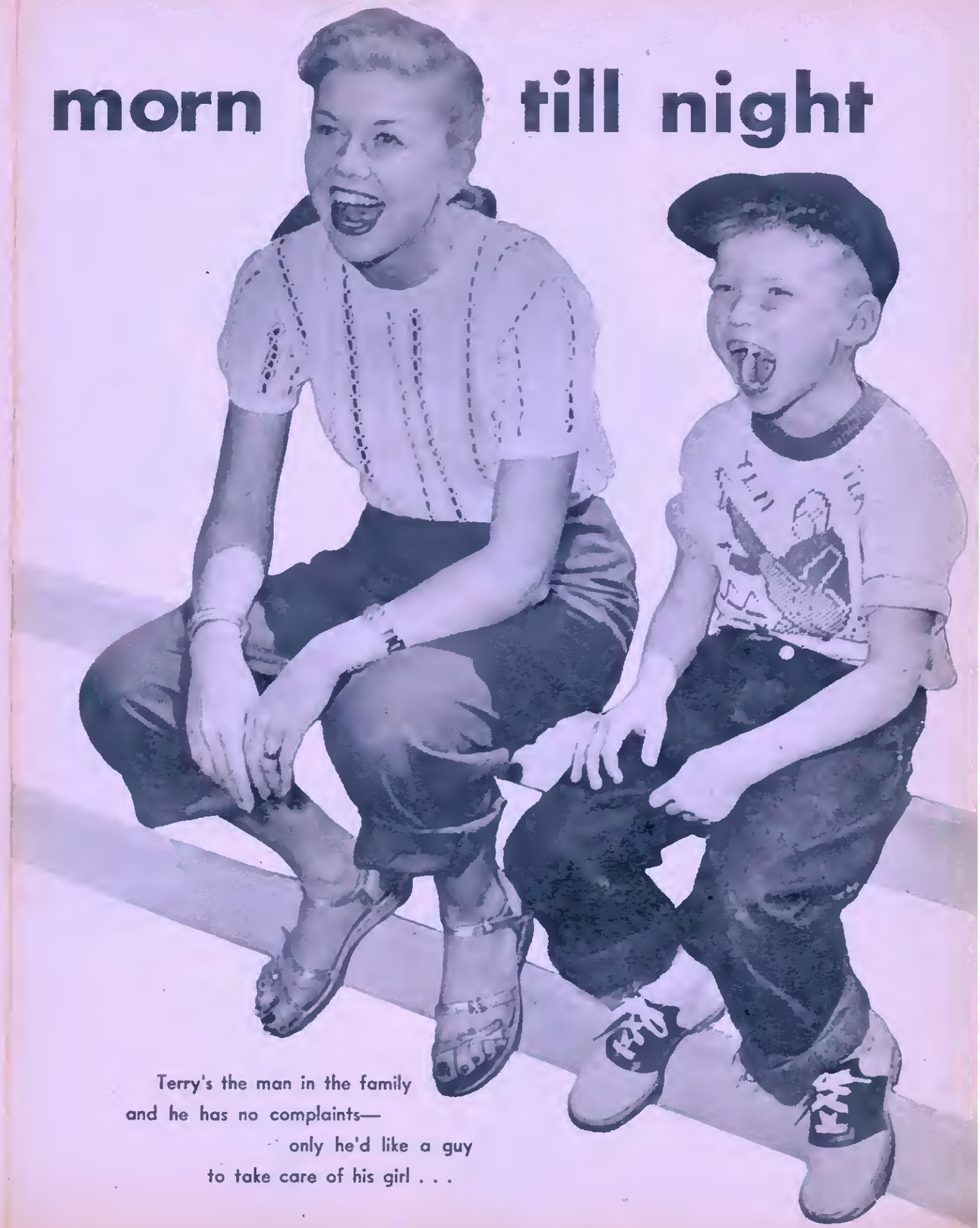


it's a great day from morn till night

Doris Day's mother keeps house for her in the San Fernando Valley, but Dor pitches in with the wash. Doris dreams of owning a Cal. ranch swarming wit dogs, horses, chickens and ducks; she's already started breeding her own turkey

Terry, who's 7 and a N. Hollywood schoolboy, is impressed with his mother's ath letic prowess. His only complaint is that she's never starred in a Roy Rogers film. Her appearance on Bob Hope's shows (below) leave Terry cold

■ Bob Hope isn't good enough for Terry Jorden. Terry's only seven, but he knows what he wants. He wants his mother to star with Roy Rogers. "You can do it, Mom!" he tells her. "Gosh," he continues, "it would make you famous!" Mama doesn't tell him she's as famous as Milwaukee. It might break up their friendship; he might stop giving her advice whenever he feels she needs it. Sometimes when they're playing catch or just sitting around on the lawn, he turns to her and says, "Dodo, why don't you get married?" "You want a stepfather?" she asks. "Sure," he grins. "We'll have a real gang for a family." So she's thinking about a man again, but she's thinking carefully. When she was 18 she was swept off her feet by Al Jorden, and swept off the stage into an apron and a small house in Cincinnati. It was a shock to discover, after the baby and the supper dishes were tucked away, that all she and Al could talk about was a divorce. In 1943, it became final. Doris went back to singing all night, sleeping all day and building a career. Suddenly, love hit her again like a midwest tornado. Only it was in New York at Christmas. She was a kid far away from home, wanting one of her own . . . George Weidler, she'll tell you even now, was a wonderful guy. She didn't get to see him much, though. He was in a band and she spent her time checking in and out of hotels and trailer camps while he was off blowing his horn. That sort of life couldn't last. After they separated, Doris came to New York to sing at the Little Club. California and a radio show of her own came next. That's when Bob Hope's manager saw her and got excited. Hope calmed him down. "Doris Day?" Hope said, "Who ever heard of Doris Day?" One afternoon Hope wandered into a movie theater where they were showing *Romance on the High Seas*, and he kicked himself all the way home. Doris has been on his broadcasts ever since. Ever since, she's been getting $2,000 every Saturday night. Her life is almost all she's ever dreamed it could be. She has a house with a white fence in front and turkeys in the back. She has two puppies who growl at the French provincial furniture, but keep their distance. She has Terry. Terry doesn't ask for much. He wants a pony and he wants to know what happened to all the Indians he expected to meet out west. She has everything she could possibly want—except this guy who'll turn the family into a gang. "It won't be love at first sight," Doris says, "it'll be a beautiful friendship, strong and solid. He'll be someone I can turn to once in a while and just say, 'What do you think, honey?'



Terry's the man in the family
and he has no complaints—
only he'd like a guy
to take care of his girl . . .

evening stars

As dusk settles over the hills, the sounds of muted trumpets dispel the hush of evening—the air is filled with the harmony of radio's top singing talent and radio's newest musical sensation: the supper clubs. Biggest name to join the array of evening stars is Frank Sinatra, following the lead of Bob Crosby, Jack Smith and the ladies, whose five-a-weeks are ever-growing in popularity.

Frank Sinatra

Dick Haymes and Martha Tilton

The Andrews Sisters

Jo Stafford

Peggy Lee

Perry Como

Evelyn Knight

Bob Crosby and Margaret Whiting

Jack Smith and Dinah Shore

Fred Stein and Mrs. Carhart met on the program and there they battle furiously. Off the air it's another story . . .

Don't say that everyone *must* grow old, or that romance *must* die— these octogenarians prove that

life begins at eighty

■ Some disenchanted Saturday evening when you're down in the dumps, twist the dial to Mutual at 9 o'clock. Guaranteed to get you out of that blue funk is Jack Barry's panel on *Life Begins at 80*. This crew, old enough to be your great, great grandparents are carrying on some of the funniest feuds on the air. No subject is taboo—except their age. The romantic gent pictured on these pages, name of Fred Stein, is strangely silent about having reached 81. And Mrs. Georgiana Carhart, the object of his affections, will confess to being 84 only before a notary public. But on every other opinion or conjecture all five members of the show will gleefully tear each other apart in their effort to help you solve your problems and tell you how to stay young. Star feuders are crackle-voiced Mr. Stein and a kindly youngster of 83 named Joseph Rosenthal. Rosenthal who is in favor of streamlining everything from courtship to cooking berates, "Mr. Stein's ideas are very old fashioned. Sometimes I can't believe he's only 81. His outlook is decidedly older than that." "Is that so," says Stein, letting him have it, "I want to tell you that I

A real estate man and farmer, Stein had settled down to a graceful old age. But came the program—life is fame, fan mail and Mrs. Carhart. When a man brings flowers he has intentions.

No feuding here. Georgiana, who has a reputation for being a great wit, makes the toast. She drinks chianti, but remembers her beauty course (started when she met Stein) permits only salads.

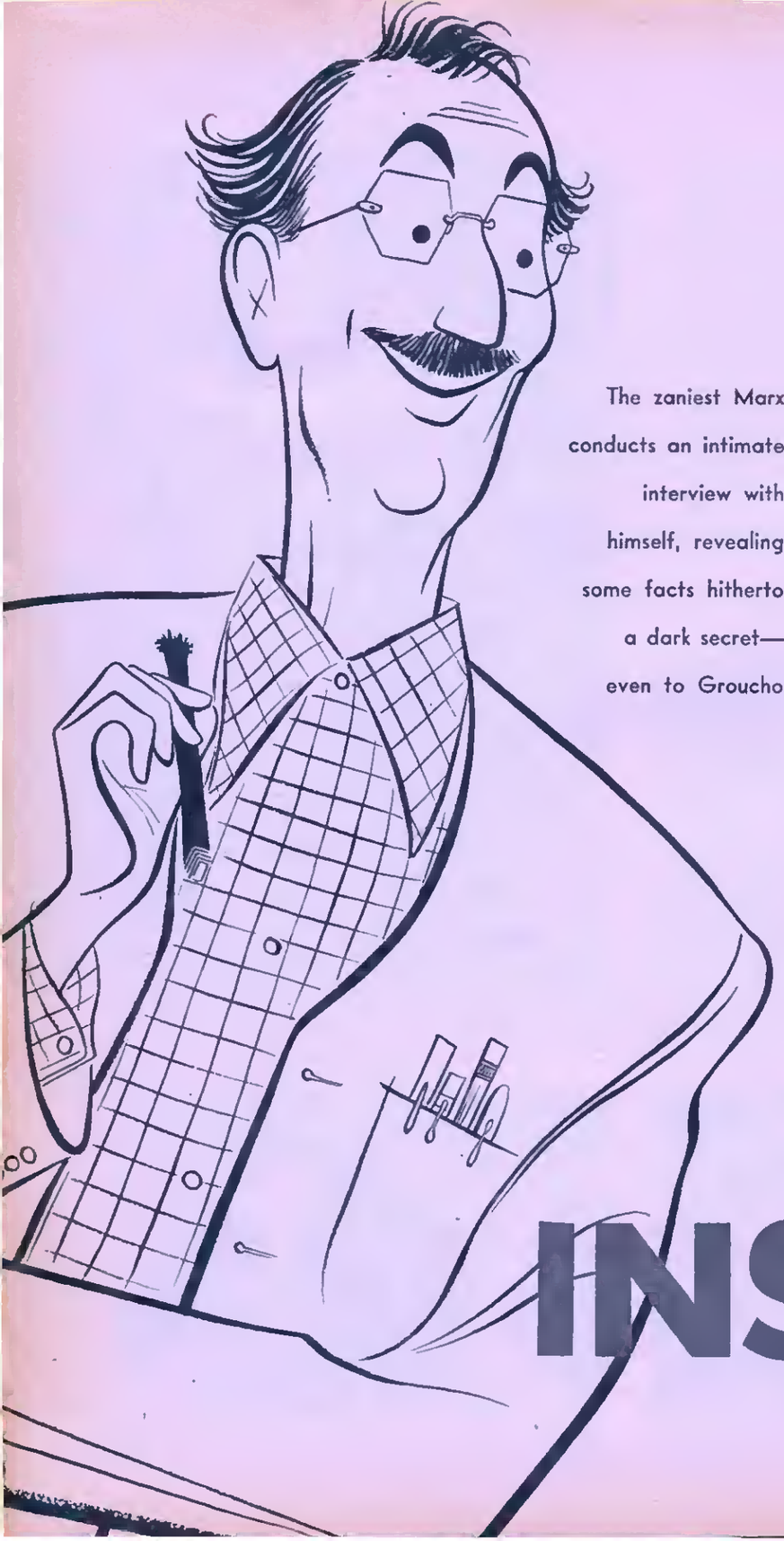
have no patience with these young girls who dash around to a delicatessen, open a few cans and think they've prepared a meal. Give me women like my mother who cooked all day and when she got a meal ready it was a *meal*!" "Naturally," Rosenthal grunts. .. . "Do you mean that women should stand over a hot stove all day when contraptions have been invented that cut the time 50 percent?" "And why not?" asks Stein, not wanting an answer. "Keeps them home where they belong—and out of trouble." Trying not to gnash his molars Rosenthal turns for sympathy to Mrs. Eugenia Woillard, the common sense member of the panel. "I'll modernize him yet," he promises. At this point emcee Jack Berry takes over and gives guesting Captain Ed Lane the mike. The Captain—who is a mere 82—gets all four to agree that spanking is old fashioned, that there should be an end to gangster movies, and that Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauty Comedies should be revived. On his own the Captain declares, "let's eliminate the new look so we can get a good look at beautiful women again." There's life in the old boy yet!—How about you?

Mrs. Carhart was a singer and actress in her day. A widow for 30 yrs., off stage for 40, she now stars again as glamor girl of the show. "Dating afternoons only keeps me young," she says.

Fred, whose thrown audiences into near hysterics with his saving spiels, likes early dates too—the movies are cheaper. A widower for 20 years, says it isn't true that two can live cheaper than one.

Georgiana was too tired to walk and Fred can take a hint (though it's tough where it involves money) so they taxied home. "A lady should turn away when the bill is being paid," says Mrs. C.

And a lady says goodnight *outside* her door. "This is as far as you go Mr. Stein," says Georgiana Carhart. "After all a girl has to watch her reputation, you know." Well, tomorrow's another day, Fred.



The zaniest Marx conducts an intimate interview with himself, revealing some facts hitherto a dark secret—even to Groucho

INSIDE GROUCHO

by Groucho Marx

THERE is more to Groucho Marx than meets the eye. For years I've been known to the public as a moustache with an attached cigar. Actually Groucho Marx (the Errol Flynn of 1920) is an intellectual. I have my serious side, even if it only shows up on X-rays. I am on familiar terms with Culture and Art (Hi-ya, Art!) As for world affairs—well you should have heard me only yesterday on the subject of finance. We were all sitting around in the basement discussing business conditions when someone said, "The trouble is, the prices are too high." 'Why don't the Prices move down to the third floor," I said. So much for world affairs. Perhaps you would like to hear something about the cultural background of the Marxes. We always have been high-strung, particularly old Joshua Marx who was strung high for running away with a worthless old piece of rope. Unfortunately, the careless old chap had neglected to remove the horse that was fastened to the other end. I was originally named for my Uncle Julius who was five feet one in his socks. In later years, he was five feet one in *my* socks. My mother somehow got the notion that Uncle Julius was wealthy, and she persuaded my father that it would be a brilliant piece of flattery if they were to name me after him. Uncle Julius was so flattered that he immediately moved in and lived with my family rent-free, and stayed 22 years. I am now called Groucho. My wife Kay and I love music, which accounts for the brilliance with which I handle musical questions on the air. It also accounts for the low prices of real estate in our neighborhood. We have a daughter Melinda who is going on 3—and she's going full blast around 3 every morning. I love to play games with Melinda—piggyback, especially. The trouble is she doesn't hold up her end of the game. I'm always falling off. Here in Hollywood where a man is considered poor if he isn't rich, I'm a social outcast. But that doesn't worry me. I have my own intellectual pursuits. Blondes. I don't go for these big fabulous parties where 360 couples disport themselves, where a satin tent covers three entire acres and as each couple arrives, they are given a private swimming pool and a ticket on Jane Russell. You'll find me at home in bed, as any decent man should be, drying cherry pits to make a bean bag for my cook's nephew. People constantly ask me how old I am. Actually, there's no one my own age left (you can't count Jolson). I won't tell you how old I am, but I'll give you a clue. I fought at the Battle of Gettysburg. I fought valoriously until Pickett's charge. Being a good union man, I refused to cross the Pickett line. Lots of people wonder about my moustache, including my wife. It used to be painted on, but it got so smudgy after a good piece of watermelon that I decided to grow my own. It was, if I may say so, a hair-raising experience. One of my intellectual pursuits was my recent book, "Many Happy Returns." It was written during a sandstorm at Palm Springs, and started out as a serious novel—real Hemingway stuff. But sand kept flying into the typewriter and to my surprise, I discovered that the finished manuscript was a book on how to reduce your income taxes. People ask me what I think of television. Personally I think television is a wonderful thing. It has taken people out of those germ-ridden baseball parks and into comfortable saloons. Why, you can throw pop bottles at the bartender—and get a refund! Just as soon as CBS can wangle the spare make-up, you'll see us televising *You Bet Your Life*—provided they'll remove the ban on horror shows before 9:30. I love to give out the prizes on my quiz show. Now that I'm over at CBS, though, I've been alerted to watch for Jack Benny. It seems he sneaks into quiz shows to make off with the jackpot, and fills the front row of seats in the audience with his writers. Prompting! This guy's got a whole script! Before the judges would give me that George Foster Peabody award, I had to prove that I didn't work with a script. People are going around saying that I have a set of answers written on my cuffs. I'd scotch that rumor—if I didn't have better uses for my scotch. The entire show is ad-lib. Why, I don't even have the sponsor's name written down. Say, is that one of the Elgin-American spies over there? So much for Groucho Marx. . .

My wife Kay sings. So does our 3 yr. old. Melinda. Neighbors always applaud—with old shoes.

You Bet Your Life is strictly an ad-lib show. Here, Groucho's writers demonstrate how it's done.

Groucho has his share of intellectual pursuits. He pursued *this* intellectual right to the jackpot

When Leader first asked Betty Grable to be *Suspense* murderess she thought it was a gag.

Confounding skeptics Betty turns in spine-

tingling performance as photog's model who plots murder of nagging mother, but poisons fiance by mistake in CBS's *Suspense* (Thurs. 9 p.m.)

Grable keeps you in SUSPENSE

**Betty Grable a murderess?
"She wouldn't have a leg
to stand on!" scoffed critics.
Then Super Suspense man Tony Leader
played Svengali.
And look at Betty now!**

■ Imagine Abbott and Costello as Romeo and Juliet. Or Margaret Truman dueting with Doodles Weaver. No more incredible is the casting of Betty Grable as a neurotic murderess. Yet you heard it. Here are pix to prove it. Betty poisoned a guy—on *Suspense*. And she did it superbly! Betty's stint isn't the only masterpiece of unconventional casting aired on "The Theatre of Thrills." Danny Kaye, Jack Carson and Gene Kelly all turned into violent villains; quiet Claude Rains almost talked himself to death in a half-hour monologue; Frankie Sinatra menaced Agnes Moorhead (Aggie donned bobby sox for that broadcast). Originator and guiding genius of this unique "un-type" casting is *Suspense's* 36-year-old producer-director, Anton M. Leader. Boston-born "Tony" began his radio career as an announcer on a local Massachusetts station, was promptly bounced off the job when he fluffed the word 'meteorologist' three times during one newscast. He's come a long way since then. Delighted studio audiences see two shows when they take in a *Suspense* broadcast. The histrionics of the stars on the stage are as nothing compared to Tony's act in the control booth. As he directs he emotes every role, waving his arms, clutching his throat and mugging shamelessly. He's limp at the end of the half hour, but the results are worth it. Leader became a director in 1940. He has won the coveted Peabody Award (Radio's Oscar) for his work on *Eternal Light*, and a string of other trophies for such shows as *You Make the News*, *Words At War* and *Reader's Digest—Radio Edition*. In February, 1948 he took over *Suspense*, itself holder of the Peabody Award and possessor of the accolade "most decorated show in radio." Because of its recognized quality as superior radio, most Hollywood dramatic stars are eager for guest appearances on *Suspense*. However it was another matter for Leader to convince comics Fibber McGee and Molly they could emote as well as gag. Stepping out of character with Leader's guidance, radio's top comedy team made drama as hysterical "ride" victims. The high script quality of the show is an important factor in its artistic success and helps to keep it consistently among the Hooperated top ten. No mere whodunit or ordinary ghost yarn will do. Leader is constantly searching for off the beaten track psychological melodramas. After all, although it's become a radio classic (been aired eleven times by popular demand), *Sorry Wrong Number* can't be done every week. Leader himself is author of another successful script, *No Escape*. This was aired with James Cagney as star and won the National Safety Council's award "for exceptional service in accident prevention." With expert Berne Surrey, the indefatigable Leader also checks on sound effects. A knife plunged into a head of cabbage produces a blood curdling "stab"; a minimum of twenty different kinds of door slams will be tested to get just the right shade of meaning when the sound is tuned to the action. At the moment, in addition to his show responsibilities, Leader is in the throes of being an expectant papa (for the second time) and, yep, you guessed it, he *has* an active ulcer! When the show was first aired, back in June 1942, CBS research man Dr. Gerhart Wiebe, bypassing Webster, came up with a new definition for *Suspense*—"a fear that a specific crucial and unpleasant event will occur." This mounting of goose pimple upon goose pimple to a final spine-chilling denouement provided the original and present formula for the show. But Webster or Wiebe, notwithstanding, millions of radio listeners have their own synonym for *Suspense*. It's Thrills. And producer-director Mr. Anton M. Leader is a *thriller* diller!

Minnie Pearl, nee Ophelia Colley, was a teacher. First prize in an amateur show led to her comedy spot in Opry company.

Star comedian on *Grand Ole Opry* is Rod Brasfield, veteran character actor who's been in the show since 1944. Rod once played villain in traveling tent company.

grand ole opry

Most famous Opry alumnus is Roy Acuff. Show appearances made him so popular, he was nominated for governor of Tennessee. Is a top hillbilly records singer.

It's a hoe down,
a family reunion, a
hillbilly fandango,
when mountain
music and
Kentuck' corn
take to the
air lanes

■ Radio's hardiest perennial is a twenty-four-year-old Mardi Gras, mountain style, called *Grand Ole Opry*. Born out of the necessity of filling up an hour's air time on the then infant station WSM, Nashville, *Grand Ole Opry* was the original idea of pioneer radio announcer George Dewy Hay. Talent on that first show consisted of Hay making with the folk jokes between selections played by an 80-year-old fiddler named Uncle Jimmy Thompson. Over the years *Grand Ole Opry* has expanded considerably but its basic formula hasn't changed. It's become opportunity night for local talent who sing and strum, and generally cut up on the air much as they would in a village grange hall. Even Opry's "stars" are gen-u-ine hayseeds albeit professionals. "Girl Reporter" Minnie Pearl, Emcee Red Foley, Comedian Rod Brasfield are all native small town Tennesseans. Illustrious former Opry-ites are Roy Acuff, Ernest Tubb and Pee Wee King who occasionally appear as guests on the show and tour with Opry p.a. companies. Today the show is 4 hours long, and airs before an S.R.O. audience of over 4,000 in Nashville's Ryman Auditorium. A half-hour portion of it goes out over the entire NBC network. Lots of city slickers now hold with rural rustics. They'd pass up a Hatfield-Coy feud any day, to listen to *Grand Ole Opry*.

Over 125 performers, mostly non-professionals, take part in every Saturday night airing of Grand Ole Opry. Emcee Red Foley is serious gent, extreme right.

1. Her roommate Bernice Van Eyck tipped off Ralph Edwards that Nurse Elizabeth Jane Boon of Grand Haven, Mich., aspired to job as TWA air hostess. Above, Edwards, unrecognized, interviews her.

2. Undergoing examination, Elizabeth tells what she would do for an injured passenger. Bandaged man is really her dad who was flown to Hollywood for the broadcast, along with her mother, whom nervous girl failed to spot in background of left pic.

3. As interview nears climax, Edwards reveals hidden mike, his identity. Elizabeth threw show personnel into a panic by failing to show up for her interview until just two minutes before they went on air.

4. Surrounded by mom, dad, four boy friends, numerous friends and TWA executives (all gathered together by Ralph Edwards), happy Elizabeth learns that despite the gag she really got the job and a *This Is Your Life* rosy future.

practical jokes pay off on:

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

■ Maybe you think your life is a humdrum affair. After all, you're just an ordinary Joe. Then you may someday find yourself "starring" on *This Is Your Life*. This half-hour program is an original idea of Ralph (*Truth or Consequences*) Edwards compounded of the drama, humor and human interest in the every day existence of "little people." Using every possible medium for discovering candidates, Edwards' research staff selects one likely prospect a week, combing back through his past for incidents which will have the most universal dramatic and moral appeal. The subject never knows which facts from his life will be in the script. Sometimes he doesn't even know he's broadcasting until the show is almost over. Then m.c. Edwards assumes his favorite Santa Claus role. He gave one guest a check to lift the mortgage on her home, arranged book publication for a housewife's original verse, presented a paraplegic vet with $3,000 worth of tools for his new gun shop. Far from humdrum, it's thrilling and heartwarming when your life takes to the air.

candid camera presents:

MAN IN THE TRUNK

■ What's wrong with commercial radio? A large segment of listeners and critics figured they'd found the answer in the fall of 1948. Allen Funt's *Candid Camera* had left the air for lack of a sponsor. Funt's show was new, daring, original. Sponsors were none of those adjectives. Listeners moaned their loss loudly. Funt, however, spent no time in self commiseration. He expanded his formula and switched to television and the making of movie shorts (for Columbia Pictures). His success in these new mediums has made radio sit up and take notice all over again. The *Candid Camera* is being called back to the air fold. A brash young man who never takes "no," Funt sets up concealed mikes in such prosaic but fertile spots as a department store complaint desk, a baseball park, a nursery or even his own office. Then he carefully steers an innocent bystander through a contrived situation. Sometimes the results are funny. Frequently they border on pathos. Always they're spontaneous and unrehearsed. Maybe it looks easy but a lot of tape goes down the drain in the effort to produce the four episodes used each week. Of greatest popularity with listeners are those set-ups in which fellow humans appear in a ludicrous light. Funt himself prefers sympathetic material. The show gives you both. Roughly only two percent of all Funt's victims have refused to allow him to use sequences in which they were unwitting stars. But in the course of gathering his material Funt has encountered a good many threats of physical violence. Probably the reason the would-be Dempseys have never made good is Funt's own ample person. A six-footer, weight 200 pounds, Funt was college letterman in wrestling, boxing, sharpshooting and fencing. All, he grins, sound preparation for a *Candid Camera* man.

1. Mike and camera hidden to record reactions, Funt has called truckman to move trunk.

2. Inside trunk is Funt confederate who groans as man undertakes the job.

3. Truckman is puzzled, then alarmed as groans increase and become louder. He starts to stall.

4. Funt begins to talk to him offering suggestions to help speed up moving operation.

5. Mover considers escape from Funt, and hurry-up call to police, as he continues to stall.

6. Towering over his victim, Funt feigns impatience and he threatens . . .

7. . . . to call the boss. Then trunk opens, confederate silently climbs out—truckman gasps!

8. Funt nonchalantly explains confederate can't talk, mover should deliver him without trunk!

Ed Powley, as Steve Wilson, faces death every week.

Only his superior strength saved fearless, crusading editor S. Wilson from being thrown from this roof, by two vicious mobsters.

Steve is tossed in. His assailants leave him for dead, floating in the river—but later he's rescued.

Whoops! What a time to drop a gun. But it's only part of the suspense. Bel: Steve's Girl Friday (Fran Carlon) comforts him.

Steve really stopped presses when his hand got caught. Bel: Trapped by the wheels of maniac's truck.

BIG TOWN HEADLINE:

one touch of MURDER

Violence dogs Steve's footsteps and as he spends a rare evening at home, a masked thug hopes to garrotte him and end his good deeds forever.

■Every week they're out to get him—but every week after the smoke has cleared away, he's the only one left standing. He's been stabbed, shot, strangled, drowned, and generally mauled with the wrong end of a blunt instrument. Bodies thud heavily to the floor, a woman screams, and a single revolver bullet ricochets off the ceiling—it happens every week in *Big Town* where Steve Wilson edits his newspaper, the Illustrated Press. In his fearless efforts to rid *Big Town* of organized crime and two-bit criminals, Steve uses the power of the press to expose the hidden rottenness of his or any big town. Tangling with vicious killers or international jewel thieves, Steve invariably brings them to justice for the greater good of mankind and without any hope of reward for himself. He's just that kind of a guy. Jerry McGill writes *Big Town* with the staccato tempo of city life, and is no stranger to Steve's way of life, because he used to be a newspaperman himself. He's written Steve into jams that even Superman wouldn't relish, knowing he can depend on him to pit brains and brawn against any adversary. Steve is expertly played by Ed Pawley, who got lots of first hand practice being a gangster in the movies. Aiding him is Fran Carlon (Lorelei). Besides being his ace reporter, the lovely Lorelei is often called on to exchange wisecracks, and sometimes get him out of a tight squeak. Justice triumphs each Tuesday at 10 p.m. on NBC.

Man in search of a needy character: Frank Moorehead, musician, told by Linkletter that an unknown uncle has left him $1000, is out to fulfill conditions of the will. Dressed as a needy character, but loaded with twenty $10 bills he's out to prove he's a charitable fellow.

Giving away money isn't easy. A tough guy fingers a bill, grins knowingly, bellows: "Get going, wise guy! Find another sucker!"

people are funny

Contestants, outfitted as miners, gather at an empty lot in Los Angeles for another *People Are Funny* adventure. They will dig for buried silver.

The starting gun goes off with a bang. Everyone falls to. There's no telling what treasures will turn up. The winners will appear on the program.

A few minutes later a contestant strikes it rich. The crowd, leaning on shovels, cheers. He loosens earth around his find with care.

At noon, only five bills gone, Frank pauses to ponder on the foibles of mankind. Giving away money is toughest job he's ever had.

Four o'clock, and Frank grins with pleasure at finding an unsuspicious female. The life of a benefactor, he decides, isn't so bad after all.

5 p.m.: The last bill gone. At NBC that night, given $1000, he learned the dead uncle was *People Are Funny*. He'd suspected it all the time.

■ If you see a fat man, dressed as Robinson Crusoe, sitting in a basket, knitting, on a traffic island; or two matrons leading a spelling bee on a busy corner, don't be alarmed. They're probably participants in that dizzy show, *People Are Funny*, (NBC, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.). The show, emceed by ad-lib artist Art Linkletter took its title from his fondest belief—and proved it. There's no telling how people will act. He once sent a sailor and a pin-up girl through the Tunnel of Love—the sailor never tried to kiss her! Kids are unpredictable too, says Linkletter. A six-year old, prescribing for hiccoughs, told the audience: "Hit 'em over the head."

"It's a box! It rattles!" The contestant's wife, slacks rolled up for action, abandons shovel to help hubby unwrap the treasure.

The treasure, a fine set of silverware, is held up to admiring gaze of neighbors. "People are Funny," Art says. "They're also lots of fun."

Ever since radio was in swaddling clothes, Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll —Amos 'n' Andy to you —have shared curtain calls on the nation's laugh circuit

THIRTY YEARS AGO Harding was president. Hitler was just an erratic ex-corporal dispensing hate in small soap-box lots. Prohibition was in sway, and you weren't in the swim if your bathtub wasn't full of gin. A dance, somberly titled "Black Bottom" had the people "hoppin'." As for radio . . . radio was a dangerously contagious bug. You were lucky if you didn't get bitten . . . smitten with its infernal paraphernalia of crystal sets, earphones and its raucous screechings out of the stratosphere. And just thirty years ago, two young men named Correll (just turned 30) and Gosden (just turned 20), were contributing to the general alarm by piping their voices through a long megaphone into the scattered crystal sets of the citizens of New Orleans. This was the first of the several thousand broadcasts that were to make them the two most beloved figures in radio. And, sure enough, they had one fan letter—from a remote admirer who lived fully a quarter of a mile away from the station. If by this time you have guessed shrewdly that Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll were none other than Amos and Andy, you are quite wrong. Gosden and Correll were just a couple of traveling troubadors who had been respectively a bricklayer and a tobacco salesman. Neither of them had ever heard of Kingfish, nor of Mme. Queen . . . nor for that matter of Pepsodent! A whole nation was getting by—austerely—without Amos and Andy. Of course, you know what was bound to happen. In 1929, this same nation slipped into a radical decline. At the outset of the depression which they were destined to dispel, Amos (Gosden) and Andy (Correll) had been working in blackface for three years—first as Sam 'n' Henry—and finally in their present status. The idea for Sam 'n' Henry had been a sudden, desperate creation to offset the suggestion that the two bachelors dramatize the married life of Andy Gump. Both men had ancestral ties with the South, and the blackface talk came easy. So easy that for many years, Charlie and Freeman played every role, male and female, themselves. But inevitably a not of big-time has crept into the doings of Amos and Andy. Scripts which they practically adlibbed in their carefree days, are now turned out by the combined man-hours of six writers. The nightly 15 minutes have been converted into a sedate, weekly half hour complete with musical breaks. Gosden is still Amos, Kingfish and Lightnin', and Correll is still Andy—but most of the other roles have been taken over by a mixed Negro and white cast. The two bachelors themselves have been taken over by marriage. Andy has two children. So has Amos—with a third on the way at present writing. They lead the bright, blooming life of Hollywood, except for the fact that they confess to having only one wife a piece. Above all, for two million dollars, a patriotic corporation which describes itself as the Columbia Broadcasting System, has taken over all rights to the show forever! Forever is a reassuring length of time and guarantees that our nation, free and indivisible, will never again endure another period of austerity without Amos and Andy like the one we muddled through from 1776 to 1928!

First radio audience, back in depression days, when A & A were sweet relief from the spare-a-dime blues.

After thirty years of inspired make-believe Gosden and Correll still toil tirelessly meeting their weekly quota of perfection.

30 YEARS before the mike

Against the storm:

no hearts and flowers

■ Did you ever listen to a daytime serial that wasn't up to snuff and find yourself saying, "who do they think they're kidding?" And then bless your ancestry 'cause they passed on to you the constitutional right of freedom from speech? Want to get your faith in the airwaves restored? Listen to *Against the Storm* on Mutual, any week-day at 11:30. You won't find yourself wondering whether John's other wife ever met his other wife. You won't find yourself caught up by the seat of your heart-throbs. What you'll hear will make you remember that people are basically the same the world over and have a natural gift for getting themselves into trouble. If you're counting on a fairy princess or knight on horseback to get Siri Allen and Hal Thomas out of

"Untruthful, undependable, a bad influence"—that's how Siri Allen (Joan Thompkins) had heard her parents describe Hal Thomas (Grant Richards). But when she met him the words didn't seem to fit. And later

when he asked her to marry him she could only say yes. But Siri and Hal knew they'd never get her parents' consent so they made their plans secretly. Footsteps at the door. Was that her father?

A bus ride wasn't Siri's idea of a glamorous wedding trip, but they had no choice. If they got a marriage license in their own town one of the Hawthorne gossips would surely see them and spread the news around.

They select a nearby Gretna Green as the locale of the quickie wedding. But when Siri learns that the man who'd perform the ceremony also doubles as the town barber, she can't go through with it.

the mess created by their secret and forbidden marriage—forget it. The university town of Hawthorne where they live starts a malicious whispering campaign. And Siri's father, who is a professor at the university, and her mother Margaret do not say all is forgiven. What they do say is "You chose this marriage against our advice, now make it work." So day by day these newlyweds are plagued by their own doubts. Not pleasant, eh? But for this moving reality that makes *Against The Storm*, authoress (pretty) Sandra Michael won the Peabody Award—radio's equivalent to the Pulitzer Prize. Says Miss Michael, the gal who thinks you can take it straight, "everytime I hear our program called a 'soap opera' I see red." She calls it a radio novel. What do you think?

No one come in, so Siri goes ahead with her plan to phone a minister whom she's regarded as a friend. He refuses to marry them without her parents' consent, and they are forced to try elsewhere.

Finally they find a minister. "With this ring . . ." he says. And it's *Mrs. Halloran Thomas.* Two strangers who agreed to be witnesses walk away. Siri bursts into tears. "What's happened?" she cries.

10:15 A.M. finds Ed Gardner relaxing at home on a Hollywood hillside with his Irish setter. Not having to get up early is one of Ed's reasons for liking radio, which he thinks is far easier than the theatre.

There's never quite time for the leisurely breakfast Ed and wife Simone have always dreamed of. Ed's now an ardent painter in oils, a talent he developed without professional instruction.

archie goes to work

■ To a lot of people it's going to be a surprise that Ed Gardner doesn't live in a sort of residential version of *Duffy's Tavern*—that broken-down beer barrel CBS has so successfully wired for sound. Such people feel that a guy would have to live in the stale-beery atmosphere of Duffy's to be able to get it across on the air so well. Truth of the matter is that to a great extent the life of Archie, bartender and wit of Duffy's, was the life of our own Ed Gardner. But during the eight years the show has been broadcast, the paths of Ed and Archie have separated a bit. Not that Ed and Simone Gardner regard themselves as tony characters just because he's one of radio's top comedians (and in the movies, too—*Duffy's Tavern*). Of course, they do live in a biggish house with a view and a swimming pool. They do have a chauffeur and a butler and a yacht. And Ed does spend some time on the rather genteel hobby of oil painting. No wonder, you say, Archie is always wanting to class up Duffy's, living like that at home. But for all his present-day class Ed Gardner is down-to-earth as ever. All the things they have are for use, not for show. He still talks out of the corner of his mouth—much in the manner of Archie. And when he's in New York he never fails to visit the tired old neighborhood saloon that gave him inspiration for *Duffy's Tavern*. His piano playing days—or rather nights—there at the impressionable age of 14 were hard work. But they not only provided an inexhaustible collection of mugs like Finnegan for the show, they made Ed the fast man with the comeback he is today. *Duffy's Tavern* was an idea Ed had been nursing ever since those days, but he'd never thought of playing a part. He's in it only because nobody else fitted his picture of Archie—how could they when he *was* Archie? Well now that *Duffy's Tavern* is an old established show why shouldn't Archie, I mean Ed, get out of that rattle-trap into the sun once in a while?

Ed Gardner is a guy who spends his nights in a broken-down bar, but his days are something else again—they've got class

A quick kiss sends Ed off for another day as Archie. Duffy undoubtedly wouldn't approve of his employee having such a set-up, but Ed and Simone live modestly by Hollywood standards. When Ed made $1,500 a week he lived in 2 small rooms in a side-street N. Y. hotel.

Pappa's delight is Stephen Anthony Gardner —born March 25, 1948. Stephen's already been aboard the Gardners' trim 55 ft. yacht.

The Gardners get real enjoyment from their home, lavish much of the profits from radio and movie work on new gadgets to make it even more attractive. The view from the terrace, where Ed and Simone spend some of their happiest hours together, is amazingly beautiful.

Ed Jr. (5), has been brought up with a pool outside his window, is an amazing swimmer for his age—a far cry from Ed's own childhood.

keeping up with junior miss

Barbara Whiting, above with her mother, was Fuffy in movies. Is Junior Miss on the air.

The teen-agers have a language all their own. Don't bother to learn it —the code changes daily

Beverly Wills, who's Fuffy, plans to give mom Joan Davis competition.

The current cast of *Junior Miss* includes Sarah Selby, Barbara Whiting, K. T. Stevens, and Gail Gordon.

B. Whiting and B. Wills are right at home playing best friends in the show. They were chums long before reaching their teens and fame.

■ The more cautious neighbors of a man named Henry Garson keep their teen-agers out of his way. This isn't because Mr. Garson eats adolescents or beats their heads together when he meets them in numbers. He simply immortalizes their activities on the *Junior Miss* show which he writes and directs. And since his six year old daughter isn't old enough to furnish material, Garson lends an ear to anyone between the ages of 13 and 19 who will talk into it. This is the main cause of Mr. Garson's ulcers only because neither adolescent thoughts nor problems are permanent. The poor man never knows when he'll be considered a square. One day at rehearsal Beverly Wills, who plays Fuffy, stopped right in the middle of "ginger peachy." "Mr. Garson," she said in a pained tone, "us kids used that word last month. I'll give you one we started using yesterday!" Another time Barbara Whiting, who's Judy on the program, was supposed to ask Fuffy to "continue your remarks." Again the action was halted, while it was explained to Garson that any girl Judy's age would just say "onward!" If Henry Garson ever does run short of material, he merely stops by to talk with Barbara's mother or her sister, Margaret. During one gabfest, he discovered that teen-agers have the curiosity of a playful kitten. For illustration he points to the time Barbara's family returned home to find her saying a fond goodbye to a Fuller Brush man. For the next two weeks they were barraged with brush statistics. Barbara never seemed to give out. This new wisdom confounded them till they found she'd talked to the man for *four* hours. It's also come to light that Barbara heartily hates to be called a teen-ager. "How would people like to be called twentiers, or thirtiers, or fortiers?" she asks. Even Henry Garson thinks she has something there. And that's the inquiring and original spirit that makes *Junior Miss* one of CBS's favorite offspring.

pandemonium

FOR TWO

Martin and Lewis demonstrate their respect for authority . . .

Lewis has a problem. "Dean, lissen to me. Look here . .

Dean, *why* can't I join Cary Grant's fan club? I . . .

You don't *dare* hit me. I'm just only 23 years old . .

■ The audience at Atlantic City's 500 Club had been sitting on its hands. The Manager said, "You're fired!" Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, going through their carefully planned act for the last time, were desperate. Suddenly they went off like rockets. They threw paper wads at the orchestra, clowned, startled each other with unexpected gags: "If I go wit' girls I get pimples," Lewis yelled. They whispered secrets, poured water on customers cigars, encouraged guests: "Dance, Mrs. Reznick, dance!" The audience went wild. That was three years ago. Since then the zany pair have broken night club records. They have a movie, *My Friend, Irma*, under their belts, a TV show in preparation and a Sunday evening radio program (NBC, 6:30 EST) where madness reigns supreme. Their expected income this year is $750,000. Martin, six-foot baritone and straight man, admits he never had it so good. But Lewis, described as a combination Bugs Bunny and Little Audrey, can't believe all this has happened. "Success," he whinnies, "Are you for real?"

Open your ear, Dean . . .Hmmm. This Martin is *all* ears . . .

Turn and look me in the eye while I'm talking at you . . .

You're stretching my bubble gum! I'm going to scream!

Turn in y'r microphone, Martin, you're fired. Ug blllb!"

Godfrey, Dean of the Love 'em and Rib 'em School of Sponsor Relations Is Currently Paid Half a Million a Year for Making Commercials Painless

this is

GODFREY

■ It's written in the Good Book that there's no commodity on earth as valuable as truth and sincerity. The Good Book probably has something there. Because for 20 years, Arthur Godfrey has been peddling a particularly warm brand of sincerity —and for at least five, he's been doing darned near as well with his homespun product as Henry Ford does with his assembly line stuff. Paradoxically, contented sponsors ply this slightly goofy Galahad with about a half million bucks a year to tell the truth about their products. Godfrey's knack for being on the side of the angels wasn't learned in Sunday school—nor for that matter in any other kind of school. At 15, little Arthur burned his books behind him, swapping whatever higher education he might have acquired in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., for the decidedly lower education offered by the slums of every U. S. A. city from N. Y. to L. A. These were Godfrey's primrose years. Years, too, for laying by that precious stock of modesty, pity, humor, worldliness . . . all the qualities that constitute his charm! It is a stroke of good fortune for his 40,000,000 loving listeners that their boy should have shown no divine spark of genius for mining coal, washing dishes, driving a cab or any other of the dozen vocations that kept him in nickels and dimes. The only asset that marked these 11 years of drifting was a relentless drive for easy living, which finally eased the red headed guy into radio—exactly 20 years ago to the minute. It has been submitted by experts that there are only 24 hours in the day. By Godfrey, you can't prove it. Boats, horses, kids (3), planes, wives (1), girl Fridays (Mug Richardson), Chesterfields and Lipton Teas keep your man Godfrey the busiest guy this side of Harry Truman. Easy living? "Sure," says Godfrey, who cannot tell a lie. "Easy living, if it kills you!"

TV today

It takes hours of rehearsal for the telegenic Toastettes, television's first permanent chorus line, to learn choreographer John Wray's intricate new dances each week.

TOAST of the TOWN

UP AND DOWN Broadway they call Ed Sullivan a sweet guy—and for some very good reasons. Whenever there's a benefit being lined up, Ed's there to be master of ceremonies, no matter how busy he is. Through his famous newspaper column, he's always ready to lend a hand to a good cause or a good pal that most people have forgotten. A guy like that's bound to have friends—good down-to-there friends—wherever he goes. And in 28 years of newspapering, Ed's been a lot of places. From his start as a sports writer for the New York Graphic, through his emceeing days at the old Palace when vaudeville was in its glory, to his now unique position as nationally syndicated Broadway columnist, Ed Sullivan has kept the same friendly good humor that shows up on *Toast of the Town*. Nobody but Ed, who first presented on the air such stars as Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante and Gertrude Niesen, could assemble the collection of comedians, acrobats, musicians and assorted other individuals that makes the show a hit. Only Ed's easy going interviews and friendly introductions could hold together a program that has presented composer Richard Rodgers, singer Juanita Hall and comedian Harvey Stone with a couple of snake dancers, a magician and the possibility that Bob Hope may be heckling from the audience. Ed's studio audience always includes celebrities too. People like Joe DiMaggio, New York's Mayor O'Dwyer, Gen. Wainwright and Irving Berlin. But in his quiet way Ed, who never tries to steal an act, is the star for sure . . . it is he who ties the whole thing together; who makes *Toast of the Town* one of TV's top programs. Ed was in a fair way of being a bigtime radio figure back in '32, but he let it slide after a whirlwind start. Now he knows better. He's got a head start in television and he means to hang on to it. In the meantime he's getting a king-size kick out of seeing his old vaudeville sports and Broadway friends.

Eastern viewers saw Rudy Vallee first on Ed's show

Stage-screen-radio star Lena Horne enjoys TV t

B. Goodman is one of the great musicians Ed hosts

Ed's show gives pal Bob Crosby a chance to try TV.

Beloved emcee of Broadway's benefits, vaudeville veteran Ed Sullivan brings his warm heart and fabulous friends to TV's most glittering show

Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson cower in terror before the camera. But don't let them kid you—they're just crazy about TV.

Family affair: The whole clan turns up at Olsen-Johnson jamborees. June Johnson and hubby Marty May perform. Ma Olsen, 87, is not too old to help.

Olsen and Johnson get the whole family into the act

A herd of midgets, made up as baboons, run amuck through the studio audience. A disembodied arm floats down from the ceiling. A tall, dignified man with grey sideburns, pince-nez glasses and opera hat rises and says, "Ladies and Gentlemen . . . He is hit by a pie. Someone fires a shotgun. Stuffed quail, by the dozen, drop from the ceiling. No, this isn't a rundown of an opium-eater's dream. It's the *Olsen and Johnson Show*, on view for a full hour every Tuesday night, (NBC-TV, 8 p.m., E.S.T.) Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson have been presenting much the same act for 35 years. The only changes, with the passing of time, were that the act kept getting bigger and more involved. Neither of the boys started out to be a comedian. In 1914 a brash, fast-talking young musician—his full handle: John Sigvard Olsen—dropped into a Chicago music publisher's office to catch up on the latest tunes. Demonstrating at the piano was chubby, baby-faced Harold Ogden Johnson. Olsen's first words to Johnson were: "I'll bet you're the worst piano player I've ever heard!" Chick nodded in sad agreement and a friendship was born. Also a partnership that was to become the most fabulous in show business. Olsen was no ball of fire as a musician, either, but they went into vaudeville with a comedy-song routine. They soon found it was not their songs or singing, but the props they used to bolster up their lyrics that brought the house down. They sang less, used more props. From props to stooges, from stooges to members of their families, the act grew to a full-sized review. The cast of the permanent company—not all used at once in TV of course—numbers 90, plus miscellaneous members of the Olsen Johnson clans. Chick's wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandson often take a hand in the show. So do Ole's wife and mother. Ma Olsen is 87 now, and is a prize bowler. Ole says, "she squirts a mean bottle of seltzer, too."

The baby howls. Goldbergs and neighbors wonder where his mother can be. But Mrs. Bloom enjoys Jake's expression.

Television is perfect medium for the beloved Goldbergs

■ TV has been blamed for the close of many a radio program, but in the case of *The Goldbergs*, off the air for two and a half years, it was TV that brought them back. That happened because of the tremendous success of *The Goldbergs* on the Sanka sponsored TV show (CBS, Mondays, 8 p.m., E.S.T.). Sanka, wanting to spread the wealth, is sponsoring *The Goldbergs* in radio, too (CBS, Fridays, 8 p.m., E.S.T.). The Goldbergs are the kind of plain, lovable family that might be the people next door. Their dreams, problems, joys and sorrows are those of any ordinary American family. So are their courage, warm, good humor and good sense. Jake, played by Philip Loeb, is a gentle, conscientious man, but a bit of a worrier. Gertrude Berg, who originated and writes the show, plays Mollie, a robust, warm-hearted woman. Sammy and Rosalie, the children, are played by Larry Robinson and Arlene McQuade. The program doesn't depend on hair-raising plot for audience appeal. It depends on character, on the every-day incidents of every-day life, on dialogue charged with humor and homely wisdom. Jake, having taken a cut in pay, frets about hard times. Mollie says comfortingly: "Better a crust of bread and enjoy it, than a cake that gives you indigestion." When Jake sighs that he'd like to be able to give the children everything money can buy, Mollie replies: "Better they should have everything money *can't* buy." Mollie's philosophy about people is contained in this statement: "The world would be a wonderful place to live in if people only had the courage to act as good as they really are." *The Goldbergs*, one of the most famous families in America, ran for 17 years before going off the air. A play, "Me and Mollie," based on the program, hit Broadway. The family has also been drawn into a syndicated comic strip. "That's all very fine," Gertrude Berg says. "So is being on TV. But to be back on radio, too? It's plain wonderful, what else?"

Mollie overflows with affection for her children, but can be very stern when Sammy, who's been out late the night before, yawns at the breakfast table.

Paul Tripp, Mr. I. Magination himself, engineers train to Imaginationland where young passengers' dreams come true.

Boy actor Clifford Tatum as Christopher Columbus confers with "Ferdinand" and "Isabella"; sets sail on Atlantic Ocean as Mr. I. Magination stands by.

Mr. I. Magination brings kids 3-dimensional make-believe

■ All aboard to Ambitionville, Seaport City, Inventorsville, I Wish I Were Town! All aboard to sheer and delightful fantasy as *Mr. I. Magination* takes over the tele-lanes, CBS-TV every Sunday evening (7 to 7:30). This one is aimed directly at the kids but breathes there a grown-up with soul so stagnant he hasn't dreamed of cavorting on the sands of Hawaii? . . . Re-plotted the stormy course of Chris Columbus? . . . Or envied the bravado of Jack The Giantkiller? Paul Tripp who's the brain behind *Mr. I. Magination* is that redoubtable character's living counterpart. New-York born and educated (at City College) Paul was writing prize plays for the Federal Theatre when he was only twenty-three; went on to tour with Walter Hampden in Cyrano De Bergerac; to act for Theatre Guild on Broadway; narrate his own works in performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and author such outstanding children's records as Tubby The Tuba and Pee Wee The Piccolo. And now Tripp, as *Mr. I. Magination*, is guide and general Mr. Fixit in the land of make-believe. Tripp's wife, blonde and pretty actress Ruth Enders, and actor Ted Tiller are also regulars on the show. Top child performers play the leading characters in scripts which dramatize important events in the lives of famous people. Material for the show is based on letters from young fans cueing Tripp on which subjects have widest appeal. Each half-hour consists of two or three parts. In Inventorsville, two Army experts demonstrate the latest in jet plane equipment. Then the scene shifts to I Wish I Were Town where twelve-year-old actor Jack Diamond debates with Douglas, proposes to Mary Todd and reads the Gettysburg address to the delight of junior would-be Lincolns. At Seaport City, Haitiian dancer, Jean Leon Destine and "king of the drum" Alphonse Cimber appear in native costumes to give an exhibition of their art. There's lots of fun to be had at every stop on the Imaginationland Express.

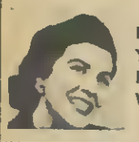
Kukla, Fran and Ollie with creator Burr Tillstrom recently signed a handsome, exclusive five-year contract with NBC-TV.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie lure kids and grown-ups alike

■ When he was three a doting aunt gave Burr Tillstrom two small teddy bears. Out of that gift grew one of TV's most enchanting half-hours, *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*. Like many children, Burr liked to pretend his toys were living people. Unlike most kids he never outgrew the habit. Rather, he was encouraged by a neighbor who happened to be the sister of puppeteer Tony Sarg. Thus Burr presently found himself following in Tony's path. His first original creation was Kukla, born in 1936 while he was performing with a WPA Theatre in his native Chicago. Kukla, Russian for doll, was named by ballerina Toumanova, and the earnest little imp is like Bergen's Charlie McCarthy, a sort of Tillstrom alter ego. Ollie, the dragon, is a sly take-off on all puppet show monsters. Ollie is different, though. He's wistful and given to swallowing up nothing more serious than double chocolate fudge sundaes. Ophelia Ooglepuss (an aging Shakespearean actress), Clara Coo Coo, Mercedes, Colonel Cracky (S'uthern, suh!), Fletcher Rabbitt, Buelah Witch and Cecil Bill are supporting members of the puppet cast. Each has a distinct personality. All the voices are provided by the talented Tillstrom. Fran, the only live member is to the puppets what Dorothy is to the people of Oz. Iowa-born Fran Allison was a rural school teacher, became a radio songstress in 1934 and starred on several coast to coast radio shows before joining Kukla and Ollie on TV in 1947. By then Tillstrom was a video veteran. He had appeared with a marionette show on Chicago tele-cycles as early as 1941, and had taken part in several experimental programs including the first ship to shore telecast off Bermuda. *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* goes on the air completely unrehearsed. Thus their antics have a spontaneity that makes them seem very much alive. Indeed, to their many fans, these wonderful puppets created by Burr's inspired fantasy, *are* real people.

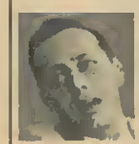
Kids love the puppets and adults get a laugh out of Tillstrom's sly wit as Col. Cracky tangles with Ophelia Ooglepuss or Beulah Witch takes the stage.

charting TV

SPOTLIGHT ON	DESCRIPTION OF SHOW	PROGRAM NOTES	PERSONAL DATA
 **Bert Parks Stop the Music Thurs. 8-9 p.m.* ABC**	Show has a different melody teaser than its radio counterpart. You guess the tune and if you're lucky you'll be swamped with thousands of dollars worth of clothing, household furnishings and even jewelry.	They were a radio show first, and then branched out into TV. Now, of course, they'll call only those people who have TV sets as contestants.	He emcee's three other shows for ABC.
 **Bob Emery Small Fry Club Mon.-Fri. 6 p.m. Dumont**	Emery runs this unique show according to what the kids themselves enjoy. He has a monthly Board of Review (kids from 9-13) to rate the movies and programs that kids of this age go for.	His was the first juvenile show on TV. Now they even have specially filmed newsreels, movies and slides.	Bob gets almost 450 letters per day from parents telling him how much the program means to their kids.
 **Dennis James Okay, Mother Mon.-Fri. 1 p.m. WABD**	He's a sportscaster with a very unusual style. The program is directed to a feminine audience, and he's endeared himself to them by explaining technical terms, techniques of sports. It's another milestone in the education of women.	Dennis was the first to introduce famous personalities to the TV audiences as early as 1941. Was also first to introduce wrestling to TV. Now he uses noise making props to bring the sound as well as the sight of wrestling to the home.	Dennis leads a busy life for besides his two television shows, he has a radio stint and is a commentator for Paramount newsreels.
 **Ted Mack Original Amateur Hour Sun. 7 p.m. Dumont**	Talented hopefuls appear for a hearing and maybe a career. They each perform and audience votes for their favorites by telephone calls or wires.	Ted gets over 300 applicants each week and then carefully selects 15 for each show. Some of the people he's helped launch are Regina Reznick, Frank Sinatra, Monica Lewis.	Ted understudied and assisted Major Bowes for ten years on his show. Before that he'd played in many name bands all over the country.
 **Morey Amsterdam Morey Amsterdam Show Thurs. 9 p.m.* Dumont**	Mostly gags and running patter. Morey uses a mike and checkered tablecloths to simulate a night club atmosphere. Ston Free and his orchestra provide a dance interlude.	He came to TV from vaudeville shows. After vaudeville, he did some radio skits, nightclub work, etc. which is responsible for his rapid sure-fire delivery.	Began his career as a cello player, then switched to gag writing and telling. He has a library of 8,000 jokes (all original with him), and used to write comedy for the movies and vaudeville.
 **Ireene Wicker Singing Lady Sun. 6:30 p.m. ABC-TV**	Story telling for kids with Ireene doing all the parts in several different voices. There's a new fairy story each week.	Stories are acted out by Suzarri marionettes and are a world apart from the gangster tales kids once got.	She started her professional career on the radio because she didn't like the sort of stuff kids had to listen to. She complained one day to a station manager, and he invited her to come down and change things. She did.
 **Kathi Norris Your TV shopper Mon.-Fri. 11 a.m. WABD**	Entertainment and shopping news for the lady of the house. Kathi goes out and buys things; shows terrific values to her audience and even aids them to make purchases.	Program began merely as a shopping guide, but so many housewives began sending in money to buy things they heard mentioned—that the program gradually evolved into a shopping service.	Her husband Wilbur Stark is the producer of the show and she got the job as a substitute for someone else.
 **Ted Steele Ted Steele Show Mon.-Fri. 7:15 p.m. CBS**	Ted's a one-man variety show, with popular music and chit-chat directed to a mainly feminine audience. He's friendly and direct and never talks down to his audience.	Besides the chatting, Ted's a whiz at the organ and piano. He can also play saxophone, and trombone.	Ted's 31, has been in show business since he was 15. Once had his own band and played almost every top night-spot in the country.

*All listings are Eastern Standard Time

top talent

SPOTLIGHT ON	DESCRIPTION OF SHOW	PROGRAM NOTES	PERSONAL DATA
 **Kyle MacDonnell Sings Sat. 8:30 p.m. NBC**	Singing plus comedy and it co-stars popular Earl Wrightson.	Kyle got her start in TV the night she opened as a singing ingenue in Make Mine Manhattan.	Though she's only 24, Kyle, who used to be a Conover model, is now known as Miss Television.
 **Tex and Jinx Preview Mon. 9 p.m. CBS**	Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg, radio's most popular radio couple, tell you what's new in the arts, sciences and professions. It's a complete digest of world news presented visually as a living magazine.	TV show grew out of their radio show. It was Tex's idea, since he believes very much in presenting an instantaneous kind of journalism.	Tex used to be an editorial writer on the N. Y. Daily Mirror. Jinx was an actress, model and well-known tennis player.
 **Fred Waring Fred Waring Show Sun. 9 p.m. CBS**	Music of a calmer nature for people who don't like bop. The show features Fred's fine orchestra as well as the choral group. Fred's one of the few bands that have been able to come through without changing their style.	The TV show has two new features: Video Ballroom—a contest for amateur dancers; and Song Trial where song-pluggers get a chance to sing their new numbers.	Fred started his band while he was still in high school. Then in Pennsylvania State, he began to play professionally. He's been in radio since 1933.
 **Milton Berle Texaco Star Theater Tues. 8 p.m. NBC**	This is a variety show to end all variety shows. Milton exchanges gags with the jesters, sings with the singers and dances with the dancers. Everyone from the kiddies to grandma loves Milton.	Milton recently took part in a 16 hour TV marathon show. It was a record breaking appeal for the Damon Runyon fund and Milton received pledges for over 1,000,000 dollars.	He's been in the movies, on the radio, and in vaudeville, but he's never been as funny as he is now. He made his debut at the age of 5.
 **Sid Caesar Admiral Broadway Revue Fri. 8-9 p.m. NBC and Dumont**	He does humorous sketches of a side splitting nature, imitations, gags. Specialty is double-talk, and he can give a perfect imitation of a person speaking almost any language in spite of the fact that he speaks only English.	Imogene Coco joins Sid on the show, and together they're just about as funny a team as you're likely to find. Imogene's specialty is in song, wit, and sarcasm which she picked up in her nightclub work.	At this writing, the Revue is off the telelanes. But Sid, who's been a terrific hit and is already an established TV personality is bound to be picked up fast.
 **Bob Smith Howdy-Doody Mon.-Fri. 5:30 p.m. WNBT**	Entertainment for kiddies mostly with a freckle-faced puppet named Howdy-Doody, whose adventures have become as famous as Robin Hood's.	Bob once had his own variety show. In this one he sings, plays the piano and emcee's the show.	Got his start in show business with a trio called the Hi-Hatters. Kate Smith introduced them to her audience and then they were in.
 **Paul Winchell Dunninger Bigelow show Wed. 9 p.m. CBS**	Wise-cracking by a very talented ventriloquist Paul Winchell and his side-kick, Jerry Mahoney. Jerry can sing, whistle and talk rings around Paul. Mind-reader Dunninger amazes people in studio audience—tells them what they're thinking.	Paul made the first Jerry when he was 13 and became interested in ventriloquism.	Paul's hobby is weight-lifting and he took it up to strengthen weakened muscles after an attack of polio.
 **Jack Eigen Jack Eigen Show Thurs. 7:45 p.m. WABD**	Jack gives out with entertainment world news and there are personalities as his weekly guests. Each week he introduces a new glamor-girl-of-the-week.	The show has had top-ranking stars like Peter Lind Hayes and Martha Raye as guests.	One of radio's most famous disc jockeys, Eigen broadcasts nightly from New York's famous night-club, the Copacabana.

studio snaps

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

Louella Parsons (left), Hollywood's famous columnist, party-thrower and top-secret dispenser, adds the songs of Jeanette MacDonald to her Sunday eve program. R. Armbruster, right, conducts orchestra.

Square dancing takes over at the big time party in Bel Air Hotel. Leading a fast round of "Hot Pretzels" are Gracie Allen and Chet Lauck (Lum), 'n Abner (Norris Goff) close behind. Left, Andy Devine.

Red Barber's mighty proud as daughter Sarah (12 yrs.) plays his favorite tune. Red's been CBS' sports chief since 1946, and has covered everything from a rattlesnake hunt to a snowshoe derby.

Before beaming emcee Johnny Olsen, conductor W. Hendl (guest-judge) presents Mrs. J. Wartell of Detroit prize for giving best reasons why her husband is a *Prince Charming*—name of Olsen's show.

Olan Soule, leading man on CBS' *First Nighter* program, aired Thursdays 10:30 p.m., relaxes at home with his children—Jo Ann, 9 and Jon, 7. The show's been on the air for 16 yrs.—Olan with it.

Ann Blyth *helps* photog shoot picture of Ray Milland in *Lux Radio Theatre's* Green Room. Ray played gin rummy to get rid of mike fright. On Oct. 15 program celebrates 15th anniversary.

BING CROSBY is one of the more promising newcomers to radio. He's only been around about 19 years, and according to the experts who are willing to creep out on a limb, he's here to stay. This season the groaner rejoins CBS after 14 years of Crosby wooing by the other networks, and continues his relaxed, back-porch-style presentation of weekly guests. Big news for Bing's fans is the forthcoming Walt Disney cartoon feature, *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad*, with the unseen Mr. C. narrating the story of Washington Irving's schoolteacher from Sleepy Hollow, slipping more than occasionally into a brace of delightful songs. Basil Rathbone, incidentally, tells the tale of the toad, adapted from Kenneth Grahame's fantasy *The Wind In The Willows*. Bing is one of the big names deep in dickering about television futures, and may be on the verge of announcing his plans. We, for one, are looking forward to the good word.

RADIO ALBUM

Magazine

RADIO ALBUM

DELL

SUMMER

Now 15¢

Magazine

TV SETS FOR LOW BUDGETS

WHY KATE SMITH NEVER MARRIED

LIFE WITHOUT CROSBY
By BOB HOPE

evelyn knight

"Since we had to lose Maggie Whiting," says Bob Crosby, "there's no one I'd rather work with than Evelyn Knight." It's easy to understand. Recently elected "Juke-Box Queen," her two discs *A Little Bird . . .* and *Powder Your Face . . .* are vying with each other for top popularity. The Starry Knight will alternate with the Andrews Sisters on *Club 15,* week nights, CBS at 7:30 P.M.

RADIO ALBUM

magazine

STORIES

PICTURE FEATURES

TELEVISION

PROGRAM TIMES LISTED ARE EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING
PROGRAM LISTINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

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BY LESLIE TOWNER

why kate smith never married

She gave her time and heart to a million people, but there was no room for any one man.

■ The stories they tell about Kate Smith are very domestic. She cooks, she bakes; she knits, sews, collects antiques. She loves little children. She acts as mother, sister, nurse to countless millions throughout America. How then can she live alone—and like it?

The trouble with all these stories—all of them true—is that they don't reveal the key to the whole picture. Kate Smith is far from the easy-going soul she appears to be. She is a woman driven by a vast ambition, an ambition that has given her the courage to face humiliation and ridicule without breaking stride, an ambition that has imposed on her a lonely, solitary life. To Kate, her career is her life. For a lesser personality, this sort of statement would be trite and empty, but Kate Smith has risen above triteness. Her singing has made her a national institution, and she accepts her responsibility.

Last year, 38-year-old Kate declared that she was going to marry . . . eventually. Several men had proposed to her, she said, but she was just too busy right now. She clarified that statement in another interview. "Marriage and careers don't mix," Kate told a reporter. She feels that marriage is a full-time job. You can't be a part-time wife, and—more to the point—you can't have a part-time career. "Everybody has to sacrifice something," she said. "If you want to marry the boy next door, you can't have a career. You've got to get out and work for it!"

Kate's been "working for it" since she was seventeen. The Smith family (father, (*Continued on page* 6)

Six months of every year Kate spends out at her Lake Placid home, where her favorite form of relaxation is a long and breezy speedboat ride on the lake.

Kate's spacious summer home is quite a change from her small N. Y. apartment. Ted Collins and wife live next door.

Kate Smith and Milton Berle cut up with GI fans.

more→

Good part of Kate Smith's time is taken up with Sister Kenny Campaign. She is National Chairman.

kate smith, cont.

Just one of her many rewards—Kate gets the Freedom House award for tolerance.

mother, Kate and sister Helene) lived in Washington, D. C. Kate had never liked grammar school (she claims she got through by the skin of her teeth, and a lot of coaching from Helene) but dancing school was another matter. She went to a class where the children were always putting on shows, and this she loved.

"I want all the singing parts," she'd inform the teacher regularly. "And a toe-dance, too." The teacher would occasionally hold out for a gypsy dance with a tambourine, but Kate ended up with all the singing parts, just the same.

Until she was fourteen, Kate was a little on the skinny side. When she was fourteen, some change in her thyroid set-up made her start piling up pounds until she weighed over two hundred.

Adolescence is painful enough to begin with. But what do you do if you're adolescent and weigh two hundred pounds? You either run and hide in the lap of your family, or you fight. You wilt, or you flourish. Kate kept on singing. From the first her voice pleased people. She went from an amateur show into a professional musical called *Honeymoon Lane,* on Broadway, when she was seventeen, and a few years later she was one of the stars of a George White show called *Flying High.*

But she wasn't happy in *Flying High.* It seemed as though audiences simply came to laugh at her girth. Her grandparents, who caught one performance, were shocked and grieved at the undignified spectacle, and this made Kate all the more miserable, since she was a strong family girl, and a great respecter of her elders. Still she refused to give up.

One night, a man named Ted Collins, who was sales manager of a record company, dropped in to see *Flying High.* He wasn't amused by the wisecracks, but he thought Kate's voice was terrific. He went backstage. "You don't have to put up with this sort of thing," he said. "Your voice is big enough to make you famous."

When she realized he was serious, she cried for an hour. After that, he loaned her his handkerchief, shook her hand, and they were in business.

In 1931, Smith and Collins incorporated into "Kated." The next year, they grossed three quarters of a million dollars. A few years later, Kate made an appeal over the radio for the Red Cross, and her listeners sent in four million dollars. This power of Kate's so impressed Collins he went to work on the *Kate Smith Speaks* show.

Today, *Kate Smith Sings* and *Kate Smith Speaks,* sponsored by Philip Morris, are still going strong. Both shows go over the Mutual Network to the largest daytime audience in radio.

Why isn't Kate Smith married? Why doesn't Einstein play polo? He might like it fine; he just hasn't got the time. Marriage is a big job and Kate Smith has a big job already. She has substituted a career for marriage. The ordinary woman's emotional needs, which are satisfied only by marrying and raising a family, Kate Smith fulfills by singing and doing good deeds for millions of men and women.

When Kate isn't working she's most of the time appearing at luncheons, and dinners and teas, and department stores, and book-shops and bazaars for various charities. You name it, and if it's a good cause, she's worked for it.

She makes between 70 and 100 commercial records a year, and donates about 50 others to her "causes." She and Collins covered 55,000 miles entertaining servicemen during the war. It cost them $215,000 of their own money.

Kate does so much good work, she can't keep track of it herself. The other day, some friend said, "I see you're going to be crowned Queen of Hearts because of the work you did for the Heart Association."

"Yes?" said Kate. "I had completely forgotten. . . ."

Speaking of Kate's friends, it's often noted that she has few intimates among her own profession. Most of her pals are well-to-do, middle-aged business people. She explains this by saying her feelings were badly hurt when she first started out in the theatre, so she's steered a little shy of other stage people ever since.

"It was one of those things," she says. "I was sensitive seventeen, and I loaned a couple of co-workers some money; I believed they were my friends. Then I heard them making fun of me. They said I was a sap, and a greenhorn from the sticks. I was really hurt. It was a bad thing to happen to a young person."

When Kate started out in radio, she used to be invited to a lot of cocktail parties, but she didn't drink, so she didn't go. This earned her a stuck-up tag. She wanted to tell people that that wasn't the way it was—it was just that she didn't drink, and she didn't think there was anything more uncomfortable-looking at a cocktail party than a non-drinker, only she felt silly making excuses, and after a while, everybody stopped inviting her.

"Professionals are funny," she says. "If you're nobody, they won't be bothered with you; if you get to be somebody, some of them are so jealous they can't be bothered."

When Kate's not living in her four-room two-terrace apartment on Park Avenue, she's out at Lake Placid where she has her summer home. From May till October, she broadcasts from Lake Placid, and she's never so happy as when she's heading there. She found her niche twelve years ago; she had trees hewn down, she had buildings put up, Ted and his wife built a place next to hers, and they've put a flagstone walk through the woods, and a granite sea wall along the lengths of their property. Kate has a waterfall, and a bridge over it, and gardens, and a speedboat, and a spaniel named Freckles.

Kate's biggest sorrow is that her father couldn't live to see her success—he died the year before she hit radio. Her biggest regret is that her mother can't live with her all year round. (Mrs. Smith divides her time between her two daughters.) And her biggest worry is Collins' health. Ted, who's not too husky, had a heart attack two years ago. "But he refuses to take it easy. He's not supposed to have coffee," Kate says anxiously. "But he won't listen."

That Collins should be hale and happy is essential to Kate. He's her partner, her manager, her friend. He's the man who took an unhappy mixed-up young girl and made her rich and famous and well-loved.

She enjoys being rich and famous and well-loved. She enjoys the memory of such glories as being introduced to the King and Queen of England by the late President Roosevelt. "Your Majesties," the President said, "This is Miss Kate Smith. And Miss Kate Smith is America."

Yes, there's a lot to do and live for, even if you are a woman and unmarried.

end

tv pulls the strings

Maybe you imagine
that all you can see on video
is Milton Berle
or the Brooklyn Dodgers.
Twist your dial to
the puppet
wonderland, tv's new sensation
for all ages.

■ They may be made only of wood and cloth, but brought to life by the skilled hands of their creators, video's puppets are giving real, live stars stiff competition with today's TV tots—and their parents too. They are transporting their audiences into a world of make-believe—a pixilated dreamland where the antics of nearly a dozen already famous characters are viewed.

If you hear Junior greeting his friends with "Howdy Doody," you can bet he's been viewing the adventures of video's top puppet of the same name—"Howdy Doody," the creation of former radio star Bob Smith. Featuring audience participation and a bag full of tricks to please the kids, Smith's show has been built around many suggestions sent in by his ever-growing audience. "Howdy Doody" himself is a grinning, befreckled moppet with a Charlie McCarthy mouth and an engaging personality.

Twenty-seven TV stations are airing "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," last year voted Chicago's top television show. "Kukla" is a balding, bulb-

more→

tv pulls the strings, cont.

nosed, would-be philosopher. His pal, "Ollie" is a ridiculous, one-toothed dragon. Fran Allison is their creator and foil—a personable and pretty gal, familiar to listeners of radio's "Breakfast Club" as Aunt Fanny, who adds lots of charm to the show.

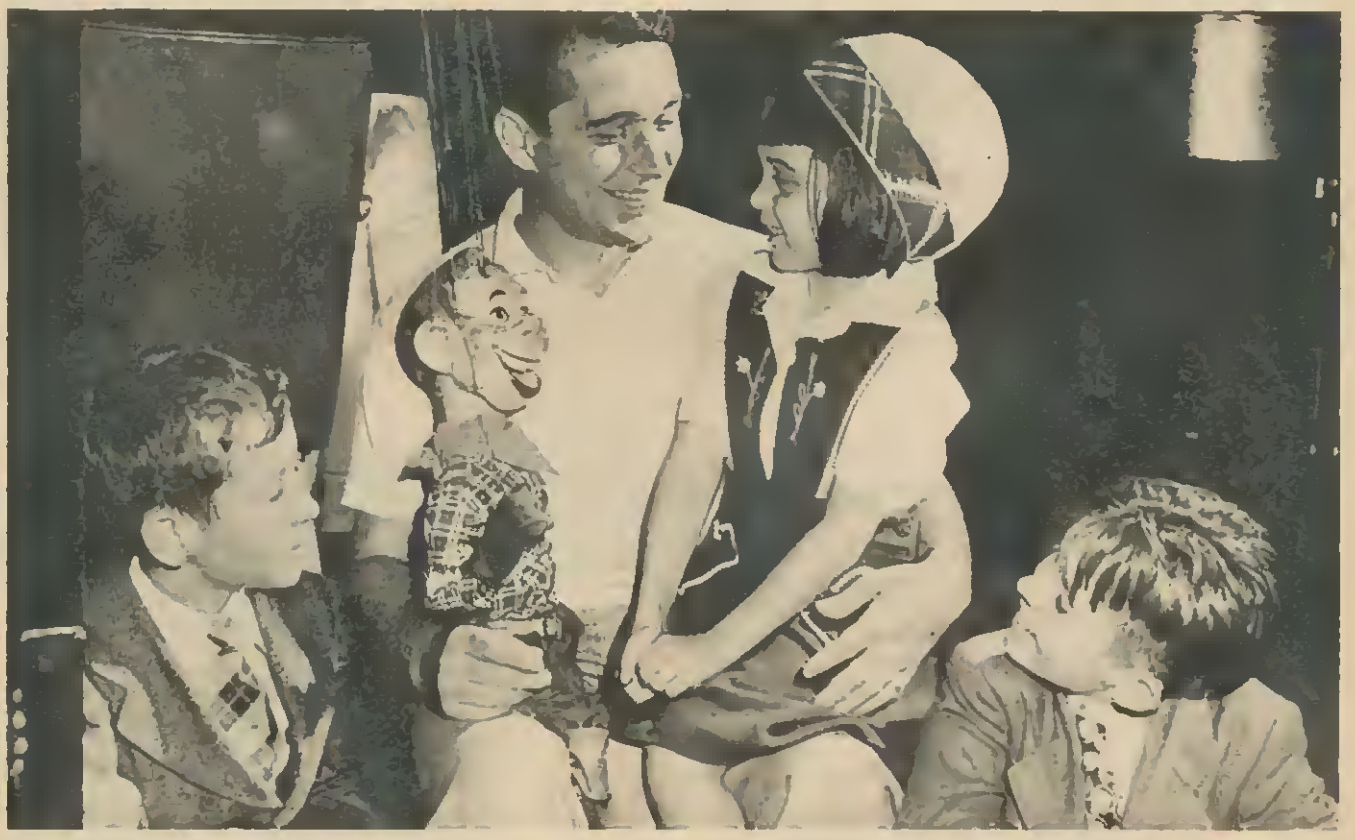
"Lucky Pup," a comic pooch seen on CBS-TV, has not only a big youth following, but many grownups too. Doris Brown is another pert narrator who passed up the stage and writing to make a career of television. She is a graduate of New York's Barnard College.

There is no stiffness to the popular puppet programs. A feeling of spontaneity and happy abandon—a contagious mood of whimsey rules them all.

With the success of puppets in video now practically assured, many more will probably join the ranks of today's pioneers.

The fact is, puppets are a natural for television. Edgar Bergen has known for a long time that ventriloquism would hit its high point with the visual audience, and has a whole cast of dummy characters carved and waiting. And for children's programs, what could be more effective to whisk you out of reality into the magic land of fantasy? Radio favorites like Ireene Wicker, the Singing Lady, have gained new appeal with the double dimension. And it isn't only Junior you'll find sitting wide-eyed at the TV screen. He has to fight Grandpa and Aunt Louise for the choice seat.

FRAN ALLISON and her two popular puppet pals, Kukla, left, and Ollie. Fran gets right into the act with these video characters, making one of the brightest half hours to be viewed in any living room.



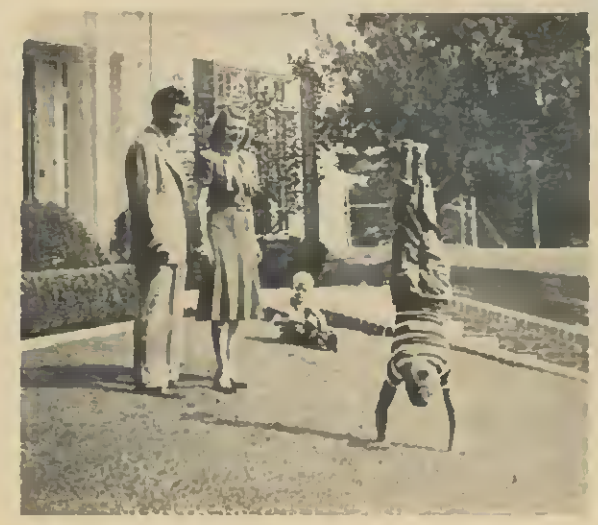
HOWDY DOODY, the hottest thing in television puppets right now, lets popular Perry Como provide a comfortable seat while he talks with some of his audience pals. This be-freckled moppet, the creation of Bob Smith, is entertaining both kids and grownups from coast to coast, riding on the crest of the new-found puppets-on-television craze. Howdy Doody gets the kids into his show as a "Peanut Gallery."

LUCKY PUP is CBS' highly successful entry in the puppet parade. This unusual view of the show in action reveals the hardworking puppeteers who never appear during the program. The manipulators are Morey and Hope Bunin who created the characters of Lucky Pup and his nemeses; Foodini the magician and his assistant, Pinhead both above. The show is telecast Mon. through Sat. at 6:30.

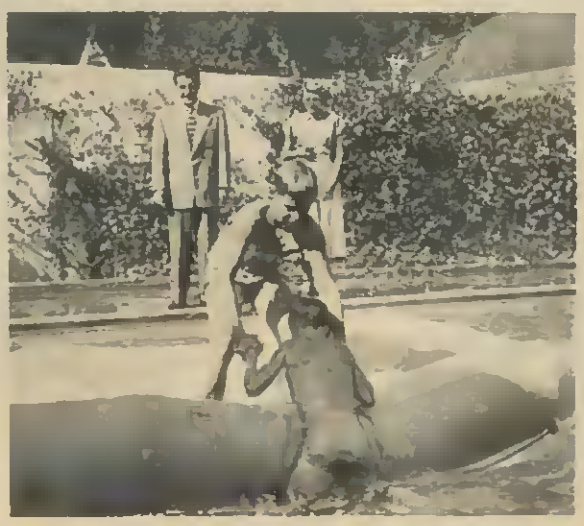
PIXIE PLAYTIME One of the more fabulous of the video puppets is Peter Pixie (left) the elfin lad sitting on the lap of his creator Frank Paris. The program is a real treat for children, and incidentally, mother, who is free to concentrate on dinner while the youngsters are glued to the television screen. Pixie Playtime is telecast over WPIX, currently available only to Eastern audiences in the New York area.

end

Ricky, Ozzie, David and Harriet take time out for music. The boys are new additions to the Nelsons' radio show, now on CBS.



Ozzie and Harriet longed for a real home while they were traveling with the band. Now they have a charming house in Hollywood; boast that, "It looks so lived in!"



Mom and Pop look on while the gang cavorts in the pool. In the course of a single day, the Nelson lads can sometimes provide enough laugh material for several air shows.

David and Ricky Nelson couldn't sit by their radio forever. They had to join the act.

four for the show

■ Four Nelsons stepped up to the microphone. Harriet's knees were shaking. She glanced at Ozzie. He looked a little pale. There was good reason. The other two members of the family, namely David and Ricky, were making radio debuts—playing David and Ricky Nelson. That should have been a cinch. But sometimes a "mike" has a strange effect on people. And when you're on the air, there's no second chance. As the show progressed, mom and pop relaxed. Their sons were right in character and having the time of their lives stealing the show. The boys had been on the sidelines for four years—until 1949. By then David, 12, wasn't getting any younger, and Ricky, the smallest Nelson, was pushing eight. They'd been gag men and critics since the show originated, but that wasn't enough. So after six months of studying dramatics at home, Ozzie pronounced them good enough to play his sons on the air. The results couldn't have been happier. Besides corpuscles, the kids have show business in their blood. Look at their old man. After college, he'd framed his degree and organized a band. And Harriet, then a vaudeville veteran, joined up as vocalist. She and Ozzie began to take their duets seriously and were married in 1935. One thing was missing. There wasn't much homelife in the band business. They could only dream about it during those one night stand tours, while David and Ricky stayed at Grandma's. In 1944, Ozzie came through with an idea for a radio comedy. His friends smiled, being too polite to laugh. They couldn't understand why anyone would give up an established career to chance falling flat on an airwave. "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" made its first radio appearance on the Nelsons' 9th wedding anniversary. It's safe to figure that it'll be going strong on their 90th.

Ricky and David are old enough to help Mom in the kitchen too. "For this we didn't have to take lessons," says Ricky referring to those long drama sessions preparing for the show.

Above, the Nelsons with their former radio family. Henry Blair and Tommy Bernard impersonated Ricky and David on the show for several years. The four boys played together, became good friends.

There's no puzzle to this one—it's a self portrait of television's newest fad master, Rube Goldberg. Lately Rube has subdued his zany wit for more biting sarcasm in his daily, editorial page, political cartoons.

Rube's got a new one

The inventive Mr. Rube Goldberg came up with a dilly—a picture quiz designed just for television that keeps his guessers at wit's end

1. A seven letter word relating to wrongdoing

■ Back in the early 1900's artists weren't considered respectable. That's why one mother urged her son to attend the mining engineering school at the University of California even though he had a clever talent for drawing. So he studied engineering but his heart wasn't in it and he got a job on a New York newspaper around 1910, drawing sports cartoons. Several years went by and the sports cartoon gradually turned into a humor cartoon.

"Son," said the mother, mournfully, "aren't you ever going to use your engineering experience?"

"I think so, Mother," said the young man, an expression of preoccupation on his face. "I've got a very special engineering job in mind."

Several days later Rube Goldberg published in his cartoon space the first of his celebrated inventions. No one but an engineer could have designed such an incredibly complex machine for putting out a cat. Other inventions followed, each more absurdly intricate and useless than the last. So it was that Rube Goldberg's name passed into the language.

Now when we see a crazily involved contraption we say, "that looks like a Rube Goldberg invention!"

Nowadays Rube Goldberg is exhibiting his fantastic inventions on the most fantastic invention of them all—television. He demonstrates his peculiar art on New York's telestation, WPIX. Latest word is that these Goldbergian exhibitions will soon be seen on a coast-to-coast video network.

Youthful, dignified-looking Rube adds zest to the drawing game on *The Rube Goldberg Show*, (telecast Mondays, 7:30 p.m. DST) by having four alert guests on each show. With them he plays a charade-like game, improvising pictures representing a word or phrase, and having them match wits in getting the answer. For example, Rube will sketch a postman knocking on a door and a barber standing by his chair saying "Next!" He'll explain, while he draws, that the answer is a musical composition. It's "nocturne" in this case. ("Knock" and "Turn'—get it?) Scattered about the page are several more that Rube drew up especially for us. How well could you come out as a contestant?

2. A three-word term employed by golfers, but not very frequently

Viewers get their chance to play, too. Rube draws a Home Charade at the end of the half-hour show and home watchers send in answers plus suggestions for other charades. Going carefully over the four to five thousand letters which arrive every week, Rube selects the best suggestion for a picture word, enclosed with a correct answer, and the lucky writer hits the jackpot and hauls off a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. Easy to carry is the watch which Rube sends to runners-up. All winning charades are used on the program.

3. Two words that mean a common pest found wild on highways

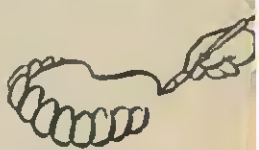
Rube's a family man—been married 32 years to the right woman, name of Irma. They have two grown sons, one an artist and the other a film scenario writer. But much as Rube loves his home life, he has a separate studio apartment where he draws his political cartoons for a top newspaper and plots out the picture he will sketch during the program. High up in his studio, in the vicinity of Carnegie Hall on 57th Street, city noise penetrates but faintly and the room has an air of standing still in time. There are two easels, a desk, a bureau and a day bed, all brown and battered, and the only frivolous note is a Stork Club ash tray filled with soap erasers. On the wall are framed cartoons by Rube which have a nineteen-twentyish air, and there are pictures from past years by other artists, including Charles Dana Gibson, inscribed to Rube. More recent is his Pulitzer Prize. And there's the erector set gimmick Rube built to set off his alarm clock. "Doesn't work very well," he confesses.

But televiewers can testify to his fiendish cleverness in inventing picture charades. The strangest people are clever at it, says Rube. He figures that the best guesser was Goddard Lieberson, Vera Zorina's husband, who heads Columbia Records' classical section. Patsy Kelly, couldn't guess anything.

"That one looks like a sick bear," said Patsy.

"Yes, but what does it mean to you?"

"Means I'm getting out of here," said Patsy. And she stood up in the middle of the show and started off.



4. Two words meaning type of water crossing

answers on page 50

The video cameras are trained on a trio of perplexed guests, comedian Benny Rubin, actress Muriel Kirkland and Staats [Crime Photographer] Cotsworth. Standing at center, emcee John Tillman.

Another session of *The Rube Goldberg Show* finds Joe E. Brown, Helen Jepson, Mischa Auer, William Harrigan up a tree. The contestants all seem to have as much fun as the televiewers at home.

A rehearsal starts: the **Hit Parade** troupe strips for action.

your **all-time** hit parade through the years

Do you keep track of time by the songs you liked most each year? If you do, then this story of **Your Hit Parade**, which starts its 15th year on the air this season, will bring back a host of fond memories.

1935. First year of **Your Hit Parade** starred Fred Astaire. Two sentimental songs tied for first place: **Chasing Shadows** and Fred's own **Cheek to Cheek.**

1936. A new singer named Buddy Clark skyrocketed to fame. Tied for top honors on the **Hit** roster were **Did I Remember** and **The Way You Look Tonight.**

1937. Freddo Gibson was vocalist and the top tunes were **Boo Hoo** and **Once In A While.**

■ Musical shows come and go, but *Your Hit Parade* goes on forever. On April 20, this perennial favorite began its fifteenth year. The show's history is the history of popular music that America loves best. To judge by the top tunes through the years, Americans are firmly in favor of the sentimental love song. From 1935 (*Chasing Shadows* and *Cheek To Cheek*) to the present (*A Little Bird Told Me*), love songs have topped the *Hit Parade* list. Just four songs have topped the list ten times during any one year: *I Hear A Rhapsody* (1941), *Peg O' My Heart* (1947), *Now Is The Hour* and *A Tree In The Meadow* (1948). Novelty songs attain rapid but short-lived popularity. Only *The Woodpecker Song* was a leader, tying *I'll Never Smile Again* for top honors in 1940 with seven first places. Ten numbers ranked higher than *Mairzy Doats* in 1944, and in 1948, *Nature Boy, Woody Woodpecker* and *Manana* never topped the survey. The show has been instrumental in bringing many vocalists to stardom—Doris Day, Andy Russell, Buddy Clark and Beryl Davis all hit the top. Some, like Fred Astaire, Lanny Ross and Dinah Shore, just stay there. Sinatra, a newcomer in 1943, returned in 1948 at ten times his earlier salary; is leaving shortly for a brand new show on CBS. *Your Hit Parade*, like Ol' Man River, just keeps rolling.

1938. Today Lanny Ross is a television star, but eleven years ago he was singing **My Reverie** to first place on **Your Hit Parade.** Lanny, bobby-sox idol of the day, was also in movies.

1939. A sultry tune called **Deep Purple** topped the **Hit Parade** survey, with **Over the Rainbow** second. Bea Wain sang and Mark Warnow started his eight-year reign as bandleader.

your **all-time** hit parade through the years

continued

1940. Singing sensation of the year was little Bonnie Baker. Tied for top honors was a sad song, **I'll Never Smile Again**, and the happy **Woodpecker's Song.**

1941. There wasn't any close competition for **I Hear A Rhapsody** as sung by Barry Wood. Second place went to **Daddy**, introduced by pretty Joan Edwards.

1942. Dinah Shore took time off from her USO war work to boost **White Christmas** to **Hit Parade** fame. Ginny Simms joined show in 1947.

1944. It began to look as if we'd win the war after all, and **I'll Be Seeing You**, as sung by Joan Edwards, led the list. Runner-up was the sadder **I'll Walk Alone.**

1945. Don't Fence Me In and **Till The End Of Time** were tops. Johnny Mercer (with friend Crosby) was star.

1943. Frank Sinatra was mobbed at his **Hit Parade** debut. His **You'll Never Know** was the year's top tune.

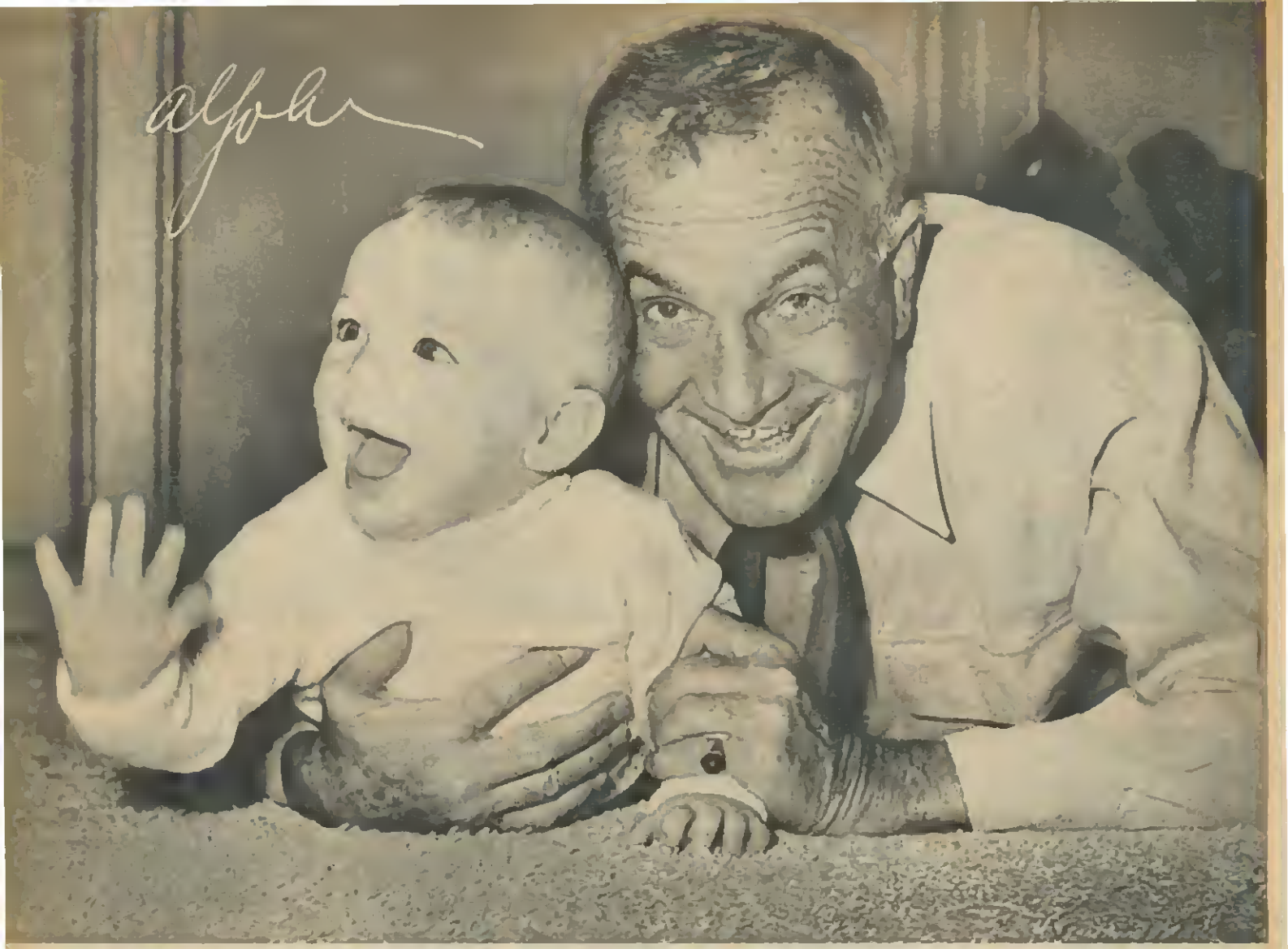
1946. Three songs tied for first place: **The Gypsy,. To Each His Own** and **Oh! What It Seemed To Be.** Andy Russell did the honors.

1947. Two old favorites took the spotlight: Martha Tilton and **Peg O' My Heart.** A talented newcomer also joined the **Parade** this year: Doris Day.

1948. Frank Sinatra was joined by Beryl Davis, who helped make two slow numbers the year's hits: **Now Is The Hour** and **Tree In The Meadow.**

1949. As **Your Hit Parade** starts its 15th year, starring Sinatra with bandleader Stordahl, **Buttons And Bows** and **A Slow Boat To China** lead.

end



"I'm getting along," Al admits as he picks up Asa, junior, adopted by the Jolsons last year. "Why I'm old enough to be his father!"

■ There was a time when only cats could lay claim to more than one life. But the cats have recently retired to the backyard fence to caterwaul their complaints against Al Jolson and his multiple lives.

There's a great span between sweet sixteen and sixty. Only when you turn sixty, you discover that you don't know all the answers. You acquire greater patience and understanding. If you're Al Jolson, you start looking for new worlds to conquer. Al admits to a full sixty years (some say sixty-five would be closer to it) but he never considers himself an oldster. Not by a long shot. For example, he had a chauffeur who'd been with him some 25 years. A few years ago the chauffeur's joints got a little too creaky for comfort, so Al had to retire him. Now Al drives himself. And he's 7 years older than the chauffeur!

Jolson has been rumored ready to retire, in recent months, but he is still toying with the idea of doing a TV series. "The demand for entertainers will far exceed the supply," he says. "I think three quarters of the current radio personalities are going to be lost in front of the hot lights of the video camera. Brother, when that big eye of the camera stares at you and says, 'Go on. Do your stuff!' you'll need to know something about acting. Like poise, presence of mind, stage manners. Only the newcomers who are getting this drilled into them today and us old timers will be able to look the camera in the eye with an 'okay, this is what I can do.' "

Al may most often look his age—but when he talks about the past, the future, his radio career, he sheds twenty years like he just stepped out of the fountain of youth. "What do you mean—*comeback?*" Al cries. "A whole new audience grows up in this country every ten years. The last one grew up while I was busy with army shows, but soon as I got back on the air we got together, the audience and I. I didn't make a comeback. They just sort of caught up with old Al!"

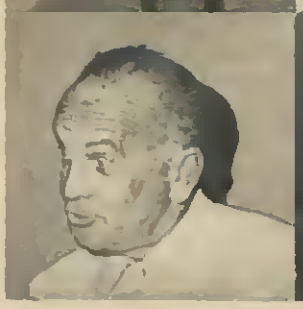
"That isn't the way I heard it," the writer said. "I heard that you didn't quite catch on until your Bing Crosby guest appearances."

"Oh, catch-shmatch!" Then Al took off his horn-rimmed glasses. His eyes twinkled, and the wrinkles subsided. "I was okay on the Crosby show, huh?"

The bug that got into Al's lung in North Africa has since been liquidated, but it took a major surgery and a long hospital siege to clean up the job. The story goes around that

Starry dreams come naturally at sweet sixteen . . . but the man who stays young in heart is never too old to conquer new worlds—all over again.

By LOUIS POLLACK



sweet sixty

right after Al made the deal to do *The Jolson Story*, he collapsed and was moved into the hospital. His producer, Harry Cohn, consulted with other Columbia executives, Al's doctor, and came to the conclusion that Al's chances of ever singing again were very slim, and that his contract should be dropped.

It was a difficult thing to do, but Cohn went to see Al to break the news. He was confronted with a strange spectacle. Al was out of bed, and sitting on a chair. His feet were up on a window seat. He looked relaxed, healthy, happy. During the visit he did a few *Shuffle Off To Buffalo* routines, sang some of his old hit tunes. Cohn left satisfied, and quite relieved. What he did not know was that the moment he stepped out the door, Al fainted. It seems he'd been preparing that scene for the past weeks, and though the doctors warned him that he was probably risking his life, he was determined to get well and make his picture. You know the rest.

Al Jolson is really more of an enterprise than an individual. He is a busy institution—what with his radio work, records and movie activities (he thinks *Jolson Sings Again* will be far better than *The Jolson Story*.) He has a half dozen people on his staff who've been under contract to him on an average of twenty years each. They think Al represents a going business. And since all this business is contingent on his general health, they take a personal interest. Should Al sing a shade off normal tone, they think it means a cold is coming on. His pianist immediately passes the word along to his associates. A general staff meeting is called to discuss remedies for the boss.

This second life of Al's belongs mostly to a couple of people who live in his Encino home in California. He calls them Erle and Asa, respectively. If you smile at them nicely, they will admit to being his wife and adopted son.

Al met Erle Galbraith at a Navy base in Arkansas. She was a laboratory technician, and he was entertaining there with the USO. She asked him for his autograph. They corresponded, became friends and six months later, when he was in California, he wrote her parents and asked them to send her out. He thought she'd be fine for the movies. He discovered she was too good for the movies. So he married her.

Asa, Jr., became their steady paying guest just a year ago. They think he is pretty cute—and in return for their love he pays them with the sunny laugher that only a child can bring.

video in review

■ People are staying home nights, psychologists are forecasting the rebirth of family life, movie moguls are worrying. And what's doing it? Why that blooming, howling infant television. Its cries have drowned out the nice easy patter that made a fine art of barroom conversation. But Toscanini *has* become a household word and things are in a state of growth.

Plans are . . . To offer a CBS package deal in many localities. Included in one such package will be several first run movies, short subjects, and Vienna Philharmonic concerts. The movies are guaranteed to be new ones and the concerts are 12 minutes long and definitely not long-hair . . . Now on the fire is a double-barreled educational series with huge entertainment value. Shows will originate from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York giving illustrated lectures on the museum's special collections and work of individual artists . . . News is that understudies are coming into their own. Getting on the front stage at last, the young group from Broadway's musical *Love Life* headlined the TV show *Young Broadway* . . . Clark Eichelberger, director of the American Association for the United Nations, presented a special award to NBC for "efforts toward the building of a better informed public-opinion in support of the United Nations." . . . Backstage with television is the general idea of *Rehearsal Call*. It provides video fans with a behind-the-scenes glimpse of cameramen, technicians and stage hands as they assemble a program (Sundays at 9:15) . . . *Through the Crystal Ball* tells its story by means of pantomime, dialogue and narration with *River Stay Way From My Door* Jimmy Savo as regular host and story teller. Savo adapts his yarns from classics like *Gulliver's Travels*. Program is telecast over entire CBS network, every Monday night at nine. Here's Morgan, but not too far away from the cigar store where he usually hangs out. Henry has a new show (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30) and plans to divulge such information as "How to Replace Front Wheels on Trolley Cars" and "Igloo Building Made Easy." It's typical Henry material, so be sure to catch it . . . Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians made their debut in April with CBS. It's a full hour show and a real must for Waring fans, and who isn't? . . . Hot jazz critics Mike Levin, Leonard Feather, Les Leiber and George Simon staged a jam session on the *Adventures in Jazz* show while regular musicians just sat and criticized. But it was real friendly . . . At a recent business meeting, CBS revealed the astonishing fact that although 14 per cent of New York families already had TV sets, the figure would undoubtedly rise to 21 per cent by next year . . . TV's here to stay . . . And that's the story this year. People are buying sets and landlords are finding them too numerous to tear down. The future looks bright for coast-to-coast television—predictions ranging from one to five years.

"A little to the left and not so crooked." The Hartmans, Paul and Grace, take time off from Broadway duties in the hit show *All For Love* to appear on NBC's hilarious new show dealing with family life.

That's Indian magician, Kuda Bux and no, his turban hasn't slipped. He wraps himself in lead foil, putty and bandages and then, assisted by Pierrette, performs sleight-of-hand tricks. Hasn't missed yet.

Part of NBC's educational series, Dr. Ray Marshall explains, in layman's language, the meaning of atomic energy and other phenomena. Dr. Marshall's illustrated talks are called the *Nature of Things.*

Preview is the new Tex and Jinx show. Presented as a living newspaper each Monday at 8, the show presents news gathered from the press, radio, and the theater and features prominent guests.

Radio gave you recipes; television shows you how. Dione Lucas, head of the Cordon Bleu cooking school reveals some of her secrets and if your TV set is in the kitchen, you can easily follow her.

The Korn Kobblers make their home at Shufflebottom's country store on CBS-TV, and that's where Nels Laasko and Korko (the monkey-puppet) share daffy monkey-shines and also trumpet playing honors.

The Goldbergs, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. Even more popular than on the radio, this homey show continues to captivate audiences. Creator Molly Berg is *Molly,* Philip Loeb is *Jake.*

Caswell Adams and Dolly Stark invite Stanley Woodward (center), editor of *Sports Illustrated,* to share their informal talks as they round-up the news on CBS-TV's informative new *Sports Special.*

No one was supposed to know about their elopement, so on the big day June went home and baked her own wedding cake.

I married a **genius**

by june havoc

She was warned that all geniuses were mad—especially bearded geniuses—and mystery expert Bill Spier happens to fit both categories. But June Havoc decided to take a chance . . .

■ How does a woman know when she's in love?

You've got me. Except that I was aware of a strange chemistry burbling inside. If a doctor had been around to take my blood pressure, he would have rushed me to a sanatorium. I couldn't control my sensory department to the point that when I squeezed the lemon over my shrimp cocktail, I squirted him in the eye three times. I had a sudden distaste for everyone at the table who talked to this man, this Bill Spier.

It was in March, in Malibu, and all I wanted was to pretend I was a woman of luxury, soaking up the warm sun without a worry on my mind, instead of just another actress working for a living. A friend broke into my dreams with a phone call. "You fool," he said, "you'll go right out of your mind hibernating like that. Come along to dinner—there's someone I want you to meet."

So that's how I met Bill Spier at Malibu Lodge. Bill Spier I had known, was the greatest producer in radio—the man who's responsible for *Suspense*, *Sam Spade*, and the *Philip Morris Playhouse*. In my delirium I must have indicated that I thought Mr. Spier was real nice. Anyway, the next day, a friend called and asked, "How could you stand that awful beard of his?"

"Beard?" I exclaimed. "What beard?" I didn't even remember that he had one. Now I swear that a beard is an adornment God provided for the beautification of the male species, and men are fools not to wear them. After all, they *have* all that wool. Why not put it to some good use? You can see that the beard never bothered me.

Bill Spier did, though.

He called me up the very next morning after we hadn't had our first date together. That's where the plot started. He needed an apartment, which is a ruse all men find very handy. It just happened that I was not at all tired or busy (a horrible lie), and I would just *love* to help him find one. That took about two weeks, because after the place was found it had to be furnished, and Bill said he was practically helpless about such things.

Some men go a long way with a romance—just being helpless. Bill wasn't. He did everything right, but there was so much of him, scattered all over town. His big concert grand piano, for one thing. I know now that he *knew* it wouldn't go into the apartment. At the time I was touched. Eventually, I had to take the piano. It came to my home and stood alone in quiet dignity in the living room. I liked living with the piano, and having Bill come over to wring melodious conversation out of it. Then, it turned out, Bill had a friend. They liked to make the walls rock with double piano. So I sent his concert grand to a friend and welcomed Bill's second piano, which was sort of a double decker better suited to two musicians.

I was in a new world. I admit I am brainless. I loved having a beau who spoke four languages, was a full-fledged music critic at age seventeen, and knew more than I would if I were marched over by a regiment of tutors every day for ten years.

Still, I couldn't just go around being happy. There was that business of a career. I went to Westport, Conn., to do summer stock in *Girl of the Golden West*. Bill showed up in New York with *Suspense* and *Sam Spade*. He moved the cast, conductors and orchestra cross-country to court me. Also an undiminished supply of nosegays. Some men send flowers. This fellow Spier sent floral dreams from another century and made me feel like the dainty Victorian beauties on book jackets.

One night our friend Lawrence Tangler stopped me just as I was going on-stage. "Pssst!" he whispered, "Marry him!"

That night it happened.

The place was the Silvermine Tavern, just outside of New Canaan, with the swans floating by in the moonlight and the waiters looking wise and discreet. Bill talked to me. Simple, beautiful, compelling, wonderful talk. I knew I had been proposed to—and, of course, I had to turn him down! You know how it is. You don't want to jump off the pier into the sea of matrimony the minute he has the idea you've had all along. So you say, probably not—with reservations though. I said, "Let us be temporarily, unofficially engaged."

For six months, after returning to Hollywood, we acted like nothing had transpired. My advice to all young lovers is to keep it a secret. That way you walk around in the world like an unopened package from Tiffany's, saying to yourself, "Look at all those poor, uninformed friends of mine who don't realize something special has happened—my heart has changed from a tomato patch to a garden of orchids."

I was making *Gentleman's Agreement* at the time, and Bill made an unusual discovery. He found out that the only way to get to CBS is to drive through the 20th Century lot and stop. I think he was around more than Darryl Zanuck.

more→

Nights when Bill and Howard Duff go over the scripts for *Sam Spade*, June is usually to be found hovering about.

June, Bill will tell you, is the original gal who talks to animals. They have a family of two dogs, three cats.

Bill really sweats over the scripts for his three radio shows. June keeps heavy-lidded vigil over her genius — with the ever-ready tea pot.

Before they were married, Bill moved his oversized grand piano into June's large living room. Then he moved himself in behind the keyboard.

I married a genius, cont.

You won't believe this, but after I asked him one night if the proposal still stood, I went home and baked a wedding cake. We jumped into his car and drove somewhere. Did you ever go to a place you wanted to share with someone someday, except that you still hadn't met the guy?

The place I wanted to share was a little Ghost Town. This one belongs to us, so if you want a Ghost Town to marry in, look one up for yourself. There are a lot of them.

By the time the ceremony took place the corsage Bill brought along for me looked like Great Expectations, and the bride and groom on top of the cake had sunk to the bottom.

We have now been married for over a year. Do you know what it's like being married to a genius? It's only a little more than inspiring, magnificent and quite all right, that's all.

We had a discussion. I said, "I'm dull, ridiculous and two yards this side of being a moron. I don't deserve you."

"Ha!" he exclaimed with harsh, cold logic. "That's a lie and I'll prove it!"

He got out pencil and paper. We made a list. On one side he marked, "Queen of the Dog Shows." That's me. I talk to dogs, they talk to me. I can walk into a room and know whether a dog has a fever or he's running a temperature over his domestic situation.

"Well," I said, "I suppose that's an asset, but what does it compare with in you? You are Mr. Radio himself," I pointed out.

"That is nothing, if true. Opposite radio I will put the Theatre. You are a walking encyclopedia on the subject."

"You have been all over the world. You speak five languages and know how to talk to me."

"Oh yes?" He wrote furiously. "You can cook. You once won a cup dancing, you work in movies, you collect antiques and make your own clothes. *I* don't deserve *you*."

He gave me a look which added a period to the argument and pumped up my ego to full size.

I'm terribly afraid that I can't do a thing for females who insist that if you want to be happy with a male he's got to be all muscles and no mind. Let's not be foolish. A man with a great mind can be even more helpless than one with no mind at all.

Take Bill. He hates plans. He'll murder you if you don't pick up a cue. He'll tear you limb from limb if you wander off a script and hang by your ad libs. But when it comes to something like picking up food for an ice box—no. Absolutely not. Even the thought of my preparing a grocery list makes him ill. I wait until I know he'll be out of the house for an hour. Then I call up the meat market and grocery store like an inhibited mouse reporting a murder in the next apartment.

There is another thing. My genius seldom goes to sleep before 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning. He does manage to drag himself out of bed to have breakfast with me. In the morning I am totally obnoxious. Ten seconds after I open my eyes I love my fellow man generally and my husband particularly. As for Bill, the best I can do is carry on imaginary conversation with him. Or address my remarks in his direction obliquely by way of my cats, Little Nemo, Sour Puss or Sam Cat.

A genius, they say, is supposed to be a man who can only talk to college professors. He's supposed to run around with a light fall of dandruff on his blue serge suit. Not my Bill. He can converse with my dogs, too. He chats with Suzetta, the three-pound poodle I use for smuggling into public conveyances, and Grumpy, the Black Poodle. But I like Bill most, I think, when he talks to me—in that simple, everyday genius way.

Instead of looking down his intelligence at my acting, he lured me into improving it by taking character roles anonymously on the *Sam Spade* show. In the space of one 30-minute broadcast, I was a Chinese witch on page eight, a Swedish maid on page ten and a dissolute movie queen on page eleven. In the end, the movie queen had to throttle the Swedish maid, so you can see how busy I was on pages twenty-six and -seven.

One night I asked Bill, "what's with you come television?"

"It'll be all right," he told me. "I worked in television for a couple of years about a decade ago. It'll make mystery and suspense twice as real as movies or radio." So I put on my best Mrs. Spier manner and said, "Well, don't worry about it, William. I can always sing, dance, and pass the hat!"

And have the last word.

end

You don't have to be a millionaire to own your own television set today. Here is some sound advice for shoppers.

tv for low budgets

■ Don't get the idea that you have to be an Irish Sweepstakes winner to be able to afford a television set. You can buy a good one—adapted to your needs and designed to harmonize with your home—for much less than $400. Naturally the expensive sets are more elaborate and luxurious, but not necessarily better performers. And—for the first time—television manufacturers are facing a buyer's market. That means you can shop and choose exactly what you want, at a price you can pay. The first step in shopping is to find out as much as you can about television. Ask your neighbors about their sets, see how they work. Then go to an established dealer and watch the most expensive sets he carries in operation. *Always judge a set by the way it operates.* There's no point studying the cabinet. Be sure there's a program on, or at least the station trademark. Take your time about buying. Shop carefully and don't get excited about the first set you see. Pick one that fits your needs, one that will look correct in your own home—not the show room. Now let's talk about the picture on the screen. Naturally the bigger it is, the easier it will be to look at. The screen size is determined by the size of the tube, which is pretty much the basis for the price. A ten-inch tube is about the largest you will find for under $400—unless you happen on a bargain. However, *the quality of the picture is more important than its size.* Study the set you pick out. Turn the tuning knob and note how quickly the image appears. A good set should produce a picture in less than 40 seconds. It should stand steady, not blur or shake. Be wary of vertical or horizontal distortion, and too-light or too-dark areas. It should resist outside interference from passing cars and other mechanical objects. Check the sound quality too. Most TV sets operate on FM and should be static-free. Ask the dealer about the Underwriter's Laboratory Label which guarantees sets against shock or fire hazard. Then study the manufacturer's guarantee and service contract. You should get a warranty on parts replacement and service for a year. When the year is up, by the way, renew the contract. It's smarter than having to call in a repairman when you run into trouble. And one more thing—remember that the price tag will not be the final cost. Add the Federal Excise tax, maybe the State sales tax. Then there is the cost of installation—usually from $40 to $90 on lower priced sets. However, many dealers nowadays are not charging for installation—giving it as a "buyer's bonus." Others have different discount forms. Once a television owner, remember that your set can't stand the rough handling many radios take. After it's installed, leave it there. And don't let your children put their noses on the screen. While the set is working this might cause slight burns. And finally, don't fool with the interior of the set. Let a professional mechanic take care of any problems that might arise. While televiewing, take care of your eyes. Get the brightest, steadiest picture. Avoid having a light reflect on the screen, but don't look at the picture in total darkness. Have a comfortable lamp, preferably indirect, behind the viewers. For a ten-inch screen, sit about six feet from the screen. Look around the room frequently to relieve your eyes. *And don't wear sunglasses.* There are special television glasses manufactured by "Rayex," optically prepared to cut down the glare.

Here are ten recommended low-priced sets:

ADMIRAL Model 30B-15, a floor model console which matches their radio-phonograph combinations. 10 inch tube, $329.95.

CROSLEY Model 9-403M a modern table model in blond oak. 10 inch tube and FM receiver. Recently reduced to $299.95.

OLYMPIC Model TV 922 (The StarBrite) comes in either mahogany or natural blond cabinet. 10 inch tube, $299.50.

PHILCO Model 1040 is a floor model consolette in mahogany, designed for modern homes. 10 inch tube, $349.50.

PILOT Candid TV model is portable and needs no aerial within 20 miles of station. 3 inch tube, $99.50.

RAYTHEON-BELMONT Model 7DX-21 (The Visionette) works on either AC or DC current. 7 inch tube, $179.95.

RCA-VICTOR Model 8-T-241 (The Bystander) is a floor model made in mahogany or walnut. $325, or $345 in blond.

SENTINEL Model 400 TV is portable, takes an AC plug-in. 7 inch tube, $199.95, antenna extra ($6.95).

SIGHTMASTER Living Stage Model comes in a dark walnut case with a rotating table, built-in enlarger. 10 inch tube, $395.

the FRED WARING show

He left the Penn State campus with a formula that has stood the test ever since 1921. Now the versatile Mr. Waring clicks on video.

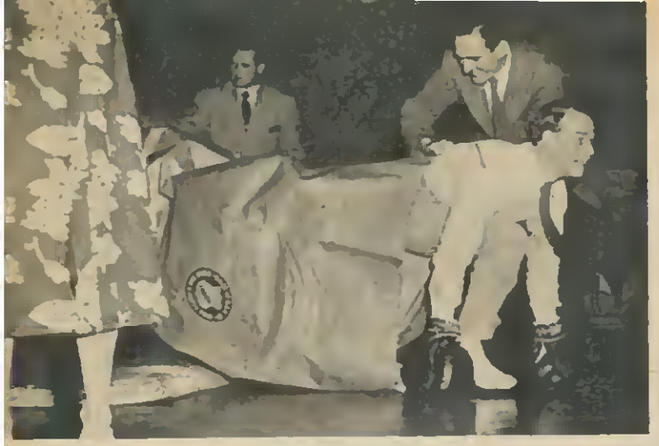
■ There's an old saying in musical circles, "If you want to jar your ears good and proper, listen to a chorus made up of star vocalists." Sounds true, doesn't it? Well, not always. Fred Waring's been disproving that bright saying for the past twenty years. And in case you're impressed by figures (and who isn't) he's been disproving it to the tune of $1,500,000 a year. How does he do it? There's a pat answer: hard work. But it's more than that. It's hard work plus. As early as 1937, Fred told an interviewer, "We're ready for anything, including television, when it comes." Versatility, that's the key word for Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Do you like ragtime music? They make it. Do you like zany novelty songs? Fred's outfit of 55 is a producing family that writes its own skits, lyrics, and original music. Do you go for choral numbers? It was Fred Waring's Glee Club that started the Pennsylvanians on their road to fame. And now, to top all this, comes the fulfillment of that remark of Fred's, made in 1937: He has proved he's ready for television. Fred's CBS television show adds two surprise features: a *Song Trial* in which professional song pluggers can be seen and heard selling their latest numbers, and a *Video Ballroom* in which amateur dance teams compete for valuable prizes. Who was it said you can't *watch* music?

You really get your money's worth when you flick the dial of your TV set to the Fred Waring show. Here's a musical extravaganza brought right into your living room. 20 Men 20. Count 'em.

Waring's show never has a dull moment. It moves fast, contains a variety of features such as this amateur rhumba team in action during the contest section of the show called "Video Ballroom."

The video screen is tough on even such handsome men as Mr. Waring. Faces must be made up to withstand the bright glare of camera lights and the close inspection of fans at their sets.

Daisy Bernier seems to have enough admirers in this shot from the glee club production of *Cecilia*. No wonder the 90's were gay—if the gals were like Daisy.



Many athletes tried to do it, but it took a young Worcester, Mass., couple to punch their way out of *County Fair's* eight-foot paper bag.

In this program's lady-or-the-tiger-act, the lady preferred to shower her husband and win a prize rather than douse the emcee for nothing.

A free-style, rocking-chair derby proves to be just as exciting—and much less predictable—than the usual sulky race at a real county fair.

In a test of nerves, contestants were told their cigars were loaded. When a pistol was fired, one leaped to his feet spilling both glasses.

How sardines feel about being packed in subways like human beings was described to Elliot by a volunteer.

How fast can you lace your shoes? With Elliot timing, two men race it out on the size 17½ shoes of a 7-footer.

fracas at the fair

Anybody can join the free-for-all at the County Fair—just bring a strong constitution and a sense of humor.

■ According to that free-wheeling, don't-look-now-but-you're-sliding-on-a-banana-peel carnival called *County Fair*, the world's made up of two kinds of people: the guy who's just taken the pratt fall and that laughing fellow alongside him who doesn't know he's next. Warning of what's to come are the raincoats, showercaps and towels the wardrobe department gets ready for the victims. But who's paying any attention? Every Wednesday night at nine, when the brassy circus music sounds off from the bandstand and Win Elliot, of the old straw lid and checkered vest, starts down the aisle calling for people to risk their dignities, three-fourths of the studio audience has a hand raised to try. Sure, they're liable to get squirted with a seltzer bottle, dunked in mud, smeared with lemon meringue, tossed into a bathtub. But what's that when you can be the center of attraction for once in your life? Besides this is a show that's always adding to the sum of human knowledge—for instance, by exploring such universal questions as, are people really kind to their mother-in-laws? who plays with Junior's electric train—Junior or Pop? and who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder? First to introduce the running gag on radio, *County Fair* spent 32 weeks proving that a growing farmboy could keep on lifting a growing calf. In four years of bucolic stunting it also proved, with the indispensable aid of volunteers, that it *is* possible to punch your way out of a paper bag, that you *can* teach an old dog new tricks, and that in the Spring some young men's fancies do *not* turn to thoughts of love.

Instead of "musical chairs" *County Fair* contestants play a game of musical bathtubs. The loser doesn't get dunked.

the new blondie If Blondie Bumstead sounds a little different to you, lately, it isn't because she has a cold. She *is* different. Name's Ann Rutherford. The way it happened—after 13 years someone decided that Dagwood needed a new kind of personality to pour his morning coffee. The people of NBC went out into the street and rounded up 88 citizens. They put these citizens into a room and said, "You have to pick a new Blondie." The citizens nodded their heads. They listened to 53 screen and radio actresses (without knowing their names) and before they went home they'd chosen Ann. Turned out she was a brunette, but a blonde wig fixed that and it's okay with Cookie and Alexander (the Bumstead kids) who love her. Andy Hardy loved her for many years (when she was Polly Benedict). . Walter Mitty *thought* he loved her, and Floria May—Ann's four-year-old—really does. As for Dagwood, he's hardly noticed the change. Lives in a world of his own, that man, so it's probably all for the best. Listen in for yourself these Wednesday nights at 8.

$26,000 prizewinner

An interview with the lady who landed the jackpot on Sing It Again—several weeks after the big windfall.

■ Mrs. Ellen Dunstan pulled out a dog-eared sheet of paper as she sat in her modest living room in San Diego's federal housing project. "Here is the list of prizes," she said. "The accountant I hired and I keep figuring and going over it. Oh, if we could just sell the prizes, pay the taxes, and go back to our nice normal life!" Mrs. Dunstan reminisced about the big night. "I was just scared, not a bit elated," said the slender, grey-haired woman who supports her two children and 81-year-old mother. "The family was terribly excited, and friends started calling as soon as the broadcast was over. We didn't get to bed till midnight. You know, just because I got the prizes for nothing, everybody expects me to practically give them away. They forget all the freight charges I had to pay. What am I keeping? First, I want to keep the 1949 Ford —and Harry." She glanced at her son who sat fidgeting nearby. "Harry has already banged in the side of it in traffic. Then I'm keeping the Laundromat and possibly the radio-phonograph. The rest I'm trying to sell." This includes a stove, two bedroom suites, 78 bath towels, one $1000 fur coat, $1000 wrist watch, $1000 wedding gown, a load of french perfume, a silver tea set, a deep freezer with a year's supply of vegetables, luggage, camera, $1000 worth of home movies, refrigerator, 5000 cans of food, dinette set, and sundry other items. Everything sold has gone for much less than its evaluation. Among the prizes Mrs. Dunstan refused were a La Jolla vacation (it's only 10 miles away), the services of a cook, maid and butler ("where would we put them?"), a complete paint job on their house (which they don't own) and the installation of a stall shower in the bathroom (which is too small). "If I had known what sleepless nights I was letting myself in for," said Mrs. Dunstan, "I'd never have answered the telephone."

Mrs. Dunstan recognized the "Phantom Voice" as that of Ida Cantor. Her new washing machine just fits her tiny kitchen.

"I still have to make a living," says Mrs. Dunstan. She has no intention of giving up her job at the Naval Training Station. The earrings were among her many prizes.

Laura, 14, attends Dana Junior High; Harry, 20, goes to State College. Driving their new sedan is difficult on the unpaved, rutted roads around the housing project.

1. Steve Casey, gang-busting crime photographer on the *Morning Express,* looks like a lost ghost as he staggers into the Blue Note Cafe. Reporter Ann Williams and friendly bartender Ethelbert are shocked. Casey isn't a drinker—especially mornings.

2. "He's been doped!" Ann cries, as Casey collapses. Though blanked out for 12 hours, Casey finally recalls drinking with Needles Jones.

3. Casey feels he *must* penetrate his "blackout." Ann, who loves Casey, hopes he wasn't mixed up with a girl. There are two clues: Casey's torn press card and some matches from the Wanderers' Bar & Grill.

4. The bartender won't say if Casey and Needles were there the night before. When Casey presses him, he gets tough. "Get out," he orders—then adds, "You might try 57 Coe St."

finger of suspicion

■ Steve Casey, the star photographer of the *Morning Express,* has become one of radio's most popular characters because of his successful sideline as amateur detective. Staats Cotsworth has played the role of Casey, "Crime Photographer," since the series went on the air five years ago (CBS, Thursdays at 9:30 pm). The script upon which this Photo-drama is based is one of Cotsworth's favorites, because it puts him into the role of the hunted—instead of the hunter. In "Finger of Suspicion" Casey goes it alone—even to the extent of teaming up with an underworld gang—to extricate himself from a murder rap. He even deserts his girl Friday, reporter Ann Williams (played by Jan Miner), in his desperate attempt to clear himself. All of the performers on the program appear in these pictures also—the cast is listed on the following page. John Gibson (who plays the part of Ethelbert, the loyal bartender at the Blue Note Cafe) and Herman Chittison (the Blue Note pianist) have also been on the show since it started; they enter into the opening and closing scenes of every script—which take place at the Blue Note. This cafe has become so familiar to radio audiences that many fans write to CBS asking for its address—so that they can visit it and buy Ethelbert a drink!

The worst of it was

that Casey couldn't remember . . .

the evidence pointed right

at him and he couldn't remember!

Was he really the killer—

or had he been framed?

5. At the door of the strange house, Casey has a foreboding. It becomes a terrifying reality as the door is opened by Captain Logan of Homicide. "Needles was killed here last night."

6. Ordinary gang killers use guns, Logan tells Casey. But Needles was *knifed* to death. Casey tremblingly pulls out a handkerchief to mop his brow, and Ann stares at it, horrified—it is covered with blood.

7. As the evidence mounts, Casey pays a visit to Logan. He turns white as he sees Logan's only clue—the missing corner from his own torn press card.

more →

finger of suspicion

continued

CAST OF "CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER"

Steve Casey.....Staats Cotsworth
Ann Williams.....Jan Miner
Ethelbert .....John Gibson
Captain Logan.....Bernard Lenrow
Chick .....Gil Mack
Buzz .....Lou Hall
Dan .....Dick Keith
Blue Note Pianist.....Herman Chittison

"Crime Photographer" is written by Alonzo Deen Cole and directed by John Dietz. The script of *Finger of Suspicion* (originally entitled *Blackout*) was done by Harry Ingram. Photos by R. W. Stahman, CBS. The show is broadcast on CBS, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m.

8. "You *can't* be a murderer," Ann insists. But Casey isn't so sure. How can he explain his torn press card, the bloody handkerchief? He must be involved.

9. Casey slaps Ann, as she grows hysterical when he discovers that the hunting knife he bought for the kid next door is missing. Ann's tears convince him he'd better join the underworld to search for a clue.

10. Buzz and Chick, a couple of gangsters, praise Casey for the job he did on Needles. Now that he's an outlaw, they tell him to lay low. "I'll never be safe until I get that knife."

11. As a solid member of the mob, Casey convinces Chick the police will tag him for murder if they find the knife before he gets it. Chick tells him to call a certain number. Ann spots him going into the phone booth, and hears him make an appointment to pay someone $1,000 for the knife.

12. Ann, very much upset by Casey's disappearance and strange behavior, tells Ethelbert she thinks Casey may be in serious danger. She gets his promise to accompany her to the restaurant she heard Casey name in his mysterious phone call as the gang's headquarters.

Scenes at the "Blue Note Cafe" taken at the Park Avenue Restaurant, New York

13. Casey's face is a hard mask, as he waits nervously for the stranger, who is going to "sell" him the murder knife in return for $1,000. Ann and Ethelbert find themselves shivering a little, not knowing what Casey may be up to, or what harm may come to him as the result of his odd bravado.

14. "Okay, bub, I've got you covered," Captain Logan says quietly, and grabs the startled gangster, who has just loughingly confessed to an amazed Casey that *he* killed Needles because "he talked too much," pinned the rap on Casey because "he found out too much."

15. At the Blue Note Cafe that night, Casey feels expansive. He crows just a little over the way he joined the mob so he could find out who had the murder knife, and track down the real killer. The whole thing looked a little too neat. Figuring he'd been framed, he'd told Logan.

16. Ann is furious to think that Casey trusted Logan, and didn't take her into his confidence. He explains simply that she was too jittery and hysterical, and he had to slap her. Ann retorts with a stinging slap. "In case you ever black out again, here's something to wake you up."

end

best dressed cowboy

Paris might

not like Gene's wardrobe,

but any cowboy

would give his horse

for those

rainbow togs.

■ He used to make $35 a week as a railroad telegrapher and the best thing he had to wear was a smile. In those days his tight pants had more shine on them than his high-heeled boots, and his hat wouldn't have minded if he'd used it for a bucket. Down in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, where he worked, people weren't sending messages sixty a minute, so he'd sit back and sing to while away the evenings. He'd sing about the days he remembered—when he was a kid on his father's ranch in Tioga, Texas, and when he was a cowpuncher there, riding the plains alone. He figured he ought to get himself a saxophone to pep up the office, so he ordered one by mail. When he held the sax in his hands he didn't know what to do except trade it in for a guitar. Later, he'd switch on the operator key and straight down the Oklahoma line they'd hear the cowboy ballads coming in sweet and sad. Could have gone on like that for years, but who should come wandering along Sapulpa way but Will Rogers? And what should he say, standing there scratching his head, waiting for this operator to finish a song? "Like to sing, eh?" he says. "Yup," says Autry. "Ever think of singing professionally?" says Rogers. "Can't say I have," says Autry. "Well, think about it," says Rogers, "because you've got something there." Autry really has something now. He has four radio stations, five ranches, six movie theaters, a music publishing house, a newspaper, a restaurant, a rodeo and part of a flying school. He has a Saturday night radio show (CBS at 8:00), and he makes records for Columbia, movies for himself, and more money than he and his wife and Champion, Jr., would dare to count. But the poor guy doesn't own a business suit. He has several closets full of clothes and not one pin-striped business suit. Yellow satin shirts with butterflies crawling up the sleeves—that's what his wife takes out to the cleaners. White silk shirts with flowers blooming round the elbows, red flannel shirts that glow in the dark, plaid wool shirts that a blind man could see—that's what his wife carries out. Autry wouldn't let a valet hang around those togs. He hands out $75 every time he wants another shirt. A cowboy suit sets him back $200. A firm out in Hollywood tailors them to order—gabardines and whipcords by the dozen, in powder blue and beige and colors of the rainbow. A pair of those handmade Texas boots costs him near $75 with pointed toes and soft leather over the ankles and butterflies like as not sitting on his insteps. His ten-gallon hats (white as snow) fit him like a million dollars, but they cost *only* $75. They have the Oklahoma crush in them—that means they're not the flat, Spanish type porkpie (otherwise known as the Arizona crush). When Autry walks out in public he tones things down. Wears his cuffs outside his boots, wears a long jacket to hide his waistline. You can tell he's a cowboy though, by his swagger and the click of those high-heeled Texan boots. And you can tell it's a very special cowboy. You can tell it's Gene Autry by the smile left over from the old days—when a smile was almost all he had to wear.

Cowboy clothes are natural to Gene who doesn't even own one business suit. This wardrobe is at his 390-acre Melody Ranch.

Autry buckles on a leather and Indian silver holster which he wears for decoration. He's a good shot, but dislikes firearms.

Despite his enormous wardrobe, Gene doesn't have a valet. His wife Ina, who's reconciled to his flashy getup, sees that everything's in its place.

Gene looks over his saddle collection with his trainer Jimmy Agee. Agee lays out Autry's togs when they tour with the rodeo.

1 As Hallmark Playhouse theme music opens the show, director Engelbach signals the control engineer: too high; tone it down.

2 Clearing the way now for the first announcement, he waves his hands calling for the music to do a fade-out at this point.

5 Now let's have deeper, louder sound—Engelbach gestures to the engineer who stepped in as a temporary replacement.

6 The sound is okay, but the director presses his ears to increase his sensitivity to the tonal balance of all the effects he is using.

radio album reports, no. 5

meet the director

■ The big studio clock says three minutes to go. The actors at the microphones, intent on their scripts, are now at the final scene of the play, their voices raised for the climax. From the soundproof control booth, the "fishbowl," comes a flurry of white: a man in shirtsleeves is waving his hand in a circle—the speed-up signal when time is running out. They catch his gesture and the scene moves faster, its tempo gradually increasing to the end. Then the music swells up. The man in the fishbowl puts his fingers to his nose. Right on time, it means, on the nose. At his cue, the announcer makes the closing speech. More music. And then the white-sleeved man draws his fingers across his throat: cut—the end. This is part of the graphic, silent language of radio, of which director Dee Engelbach is the performing maestro pictured above. Indeed a director,

3 Action! This cue, and not the script, tells the watching actors the exact moment at which they should start their performance.

4 That's fine! Engelbach gestures his approval to the cast, indicating they are to sustain the mood they have just created.

7 The curtain figuratively comes down. Now cueing the entire cast, the call is for actors, sound, music, crowd noises to mark finis.

8 But the end of one show only means a few hours time out before it's time to start thinking about what to do with next week's.

when a show is on the air, resembles nothing so much as a master conductor as he hand-signals to the actors, the announcers and for the music and sound effects that make the perfect program. Of all technicians the least known to radio audiences, he's the man to whom the author, the cast, the producer and sponsor look for final judgment on how to get the most out of the show. If you're thrilled, amused, stirred by what you hear, it's the director who has shaped these moods for you. His work starts weeks before the show goes on, when he confers with the script-writer, making suggestions for cuts and improvements. He diagrams a working plan of the whole program, choosing the kind of music he needs, the right sound effects and plotting on his own script the moods he wants to sustain. Only then does casting start and, at last, rehearsals. Engelbach, who doubles both as producer and director of CBS's Hallmark Playhouse, works on this show with Hollywood names. Such stars as Gregory Peck, Joan Fontaine, Bob Hope, Jane Wyman, Jack Benny follow his instructions intently, for an experienced actor—no matter how famous—is an obedient one. In rehearsals Engelbach must give each actor his interpretation of the character portrayed, set the tempo and blend sounds, music, voices, each to the right pitch. It's a keyed-up, nerveracking job, though you wouldn't think so from Engelbach's deceptively bland, cherubic appearance. The real wear and tear on his nerves starts, however, on the night of the broadcast, when he retires to that glass-enclosed booth, tuned to the required split-second precision. Snapped in action during a Hallmark Playhouse performance, these pictures show the director giving another show all he's got.

Bob met Dolores when he was in a Broadway musical. She was a night club singer. The proposal was via long distance.

The Hope family (including pets) numbers eight. Nora and Kelly, both 2½ years old, are napping. Tony (left) is 8. Linda (right) is 10.

Son Tony has his father's love of sports. Gives Bob stiff competition when they play golf. Hope threatens to quit the game cold the day the kid takes him over.

The Hopes keep adding to their chinaware collection — considered one of the finest in Hollywood.

life without crosby

by bob hope

■ Everybody seems to think that Crosby and Hope (beg pardon—Hope and Crosby) are the original Bobbsey twins in Hollywood. We travel down those celluloid roads together, we golf it together, we've got chunks of big baseball teams, we even have joint ownership of the same running gag. You might get the idea that we are as inseparable as Crosby and a nickel. That's a lie. I grant you that if all the divots we've dug were thrown into the Pacific, the Lincoln Highway would extend to Honolulu. But that's another story. *This* story is about Bob (bosom of his family) Hope, the Hope that almost nobody, except a few close relatives, notably my wife, knows about.

You hear a lot about the mythical life we lead—Bing and I—full of dates with Dottie Lamour and flirtations with Doris Day. That's for laughs, like Jack Benny's Maxwell (he really drives a new Stanley Steamer). Both Crosby and I are solid family men, who gallop home just as fast as the next guy after a hard day at the office to plant a loud buss on the wife, and horse around with the kids. And if you don't think I rate top rung in the American Fathers' Liars Club, just start talking children when I'm around—and give me an opening.

They are really wonderful, though, Linda (almost ten), Tony who's eight and Nora and Kelly, two and a half. They're wonderful even if they do keep Mrs. Bob Hope (hereafter to be known as Dolores) so busy she's slipped from a four to a ten handicap at our Lakeside Golf Club tournaments . . . she'll *love* me for this.

Yes, I'm a sentimental guy at heart. On the little finger of my left hand I wear a ring Dolores' father gave her on her thirteenth birthday. It never leaves my finger.

Have you heard the story of how Dolores and I met? It's been told before, but maybe if I tell it myself it'll come out right. It was George Murphy who got us together, the season I was appearing in *Roberta*, on Broadway. George took me over to the Vogue Club one night to hear a new singer—Dolores Reade. I liked her voice all right, but even more, I found myself liking her face—the kind of aristocratic face that romantic novelists dream about. George introduced us and I persuaded her to come and watch me work in *Roberta*. I found out later that she didn't know I was one of the stars of the show—she thought I was a chorus boy! Luckily the guy doling out the greenbacks didn't have the same impression.

Dolores took off for Florida, and I took to proposing over the long distance telephone. She accepted me every third call. Come to think of it, she always said yes on the calls when I didn't reverse the charges. Just coincidence. We were married soon afterwards by a Justice of the Peace in Erie, Pa., with my brother Fred and my friend Don Smith, as witnesses.

When I started to do radio, Dolores picked up a habit she's never broken—and I wouldn't want to work in front of a mike if she did—she listens to every one of my broadcasts. Hasn't missed one yet. And I still call her right after we go off the air to see how she liked the show.

more→

Family interludes are sandwiched between radio schedules and Bob's moviemaking at Paramount. His current film: *Sorrowful Jones.*

Bob and Dolores have a weekly grudge game, argue about how much of a handicap she should have. She beats him more often than Crosby does.

life without crosby, cont.

One of the things that first attracted me to Dolores—beside the fact that I couldn't take my eyes off her—was the way she played golf. For a girl, she packed a lot of power into her shots—and a lot more accuracy than I had. I knew she'd never be a golf widow. We have one endless argument, a regular part of our weekly game. She wants a stroke-a-hole handicap on all but the par threes. As a result, she beats me more often than Crosby. In my bets with her I'm so far down that I'm on speaking terms with a family of gophers.

That reminds me. They've been saying that Bing usually outscores me. Strictly propaganda. I'm on my game now, so it's nip and tuck. I wouldn't say the guy is scared or anything, but he hasn't been on the phone lately, yelling for me to play. Ed Dudley, the veteran pro over at Lakeside, has smoothed out my game until I can ring up a four handicap as a fairly steady thing. And I'm tickled pink that my boy, Tony, has a consuming interest in the game. One of these days, he's going to beat me in a match, and I'll admit I'm growing old and go borrow Crosby's Serutan.

When Dolores takes a night off for dinner with other wives in the neighborhood and leaves me at home with the kids, all the rules are off. The kids know they can get away with anything short of manslaughter, and the house turns into a miniature Barnum and Bailey circus. But when Dolores gets back—comes the accounting. In ten seconds she spots the broken lamp!

Linda makes me realize that not having a girl in the family must be a terrible thing for a father. I don't know how Bing has stood it all these years. When a fellow has a little girl of his own, he can indulge in a little "smooching" any time an affectionate whim moves him. If he walks into the kitchen while his wife is at the console of the mighty family stove, grabs mama around the middle and kisses her behind the ear, he's in trouble. She'll tell him there's a time and place for everything and to get the blank out of her kitchen if he expects any dinner. But your little girl . . . ah, that's a different matter! She'll put up with all your roughhouse, tell you you're silly and snuggle right under your heart. And as she skips away, she'll tell you, "Daddy, I've fooled around with you so much, I can't possibly do my homework before bedtime." And you know you've been done in again by a wise woman.

I've bounced around the world a lot in recent years, while Dolores has stayed home with the kids. But last December we took the fastest, most wonderful vacation a fellow ever took with his wife. Walter Sythington got me on the phone from Washington and we cooked up the idea of going over to Germany at Christmas to entertain the boys on the airlift. He asked me if Dolores would like to go along. We tussled with the idea for a while, then put it up to Linda and Tony. They said okay.

So we took off the Wednesday afternoon before Christmas with General Doolittle, Vice President Barkley and a lot of other bigwigs. I'd like to mention everybody who was along, but I learned in my vaudeville days that if you get too many names in the act, there isn't room for billing on the marquee.

Dolores was disappointed that we were flying nonstop to Brussels. She hoped we'd stop in Ireland. We climbed into our bunks early, and at five next morning she reached across the aisle and shook me. We were coming down for a landing.

"That," she said, pointing out the window, "is so green, it *has* to be Ireland!"

"Don't be ridic, honey," I declared. "I've been around long enough to recognize Brussels."

At that moment, the pilot came through and made a fool of me.

"I'm glad to see you're both awake," he said. "We've been bucking some bad headwinds and we're setting down to refuel here in Shannon, Ireland."

Those American boys on the airlift whooped a welcome I've never enjoyed more, even in war time. They gave Dolores and me a deeper understanding of what our home and children meant to us, as we talked to hundreds of men who can't have their loved ones with them.

On the way back from Germany, Dolores caught a cold. Twenty-four hours after our plane set down in Los Angeles, she had pneumonia. And twenty-four hours after that, stoked up with penicillin, she was sitting up with the germ licked. I don't know how she does it.

In contrast, I remember when I was writing my book a few years back, I went down to the home of director Dave Butler at Malibu. I sat on the beach and forgot where I was. What a sunburn! I had to stay in bed for two weeks. Honest, it was awful! It was ridiculous, too. My family gave me the "grave crisis" treatment, tiptoeing in and out, serving fruit juices and giving it all the other trimmings. Linda and Tony even took turns reading me all about Brer Rabbit and Little Red Riding Hood. I always meant to get at those books, but never found the time.

This summer, I'm going to go out and get myself a *real* sunburn. I've always wanted to get through all twelve volumes of the Book of Knowledge, but never could. With the kids' help, maybe I'll manage.

end

luncheon at sardi's

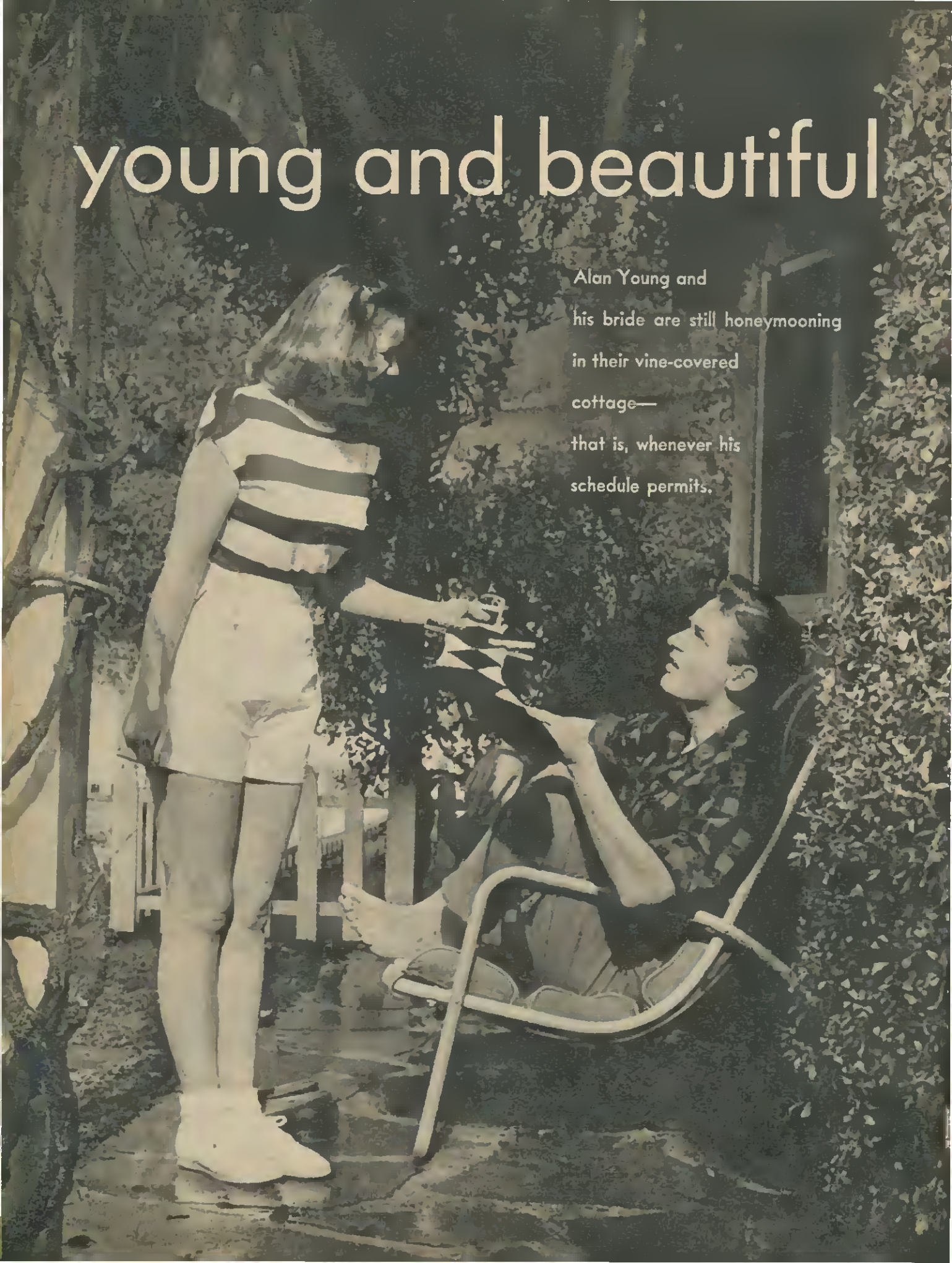
■ How would you like to be Bill Slater's personal guest at Sardi's? A versatile young radio actress named Jeanne Tatum was just that, when she visited the famous Times Square restaurant for the first time to watch the broadcast. Bill was waiting under the famous marquee just off Shubert Alley to escort Jeanne to his own table and to introduce her to the famous folk assembled to appear on the show or just to be on hand for the fine noon-day meal. Jeanne's reaction: wonderful place, Sardi's—wonderful guy, Slater.

Waiting under the canopy, Bill meets Jeanne Tatum, former WAC pin-up queen now acting on Cavalcade of America. Below, star Jeanne Cagney table-hops before settling down for lunch.

Slater briefs famous columnist Charles Seivert, below, while Sol Zacutto, Bill's special waiter, hovers helpfully. Sol speaks 5 languages, has been called in as emergency interpreter.

In the foreground, the Mutual sound engineer readies his equipment for the broadcast while Bill Slater introduces guest Jeanne Tatum to guest Will Rogers, Jr. Lunch is only slightly disrupted by table-sized microphones.

young and beautiful



Alan Young and his bride are still honeymooning in their vine-covered cottage— that is, whenever his schedule permits.

■ When Alan Young was six years old, he tossed aside his jacks, stepped clear of his tricycle and announced to his family that he had his future all mapped out. Did he want to be a fireman? A sea captain? No—Alan wanted to be a comedian. The elder Youngs discarded the idea of drowning him, resigned themselves to having a clown in the closet, and eventually found themselves sitting back to enjoy it. Today, some twenty-four years later, they still sit in on the laughs—only now there's a new member of the My-Boy-Alan society. Her name is Virginia, nee McCurdy, better known to Alan as wife Gini. They haven't been called newlyweds for about five months, but the honeymoon is far from over. And they are practically never apart, since Gini is a member of the vocal group—The Alan Youngsters—who appear on Alan's big new show. The program, launched last January by the way, was offered to him as a result of the tremendous popularity he's had with Jimmy Durante's troupe. The double duty has kept Alan pretty well occupied—he's kept both assignments—but his busy schedule was made even busier with the recent release of his first important movie, *Chicken Every Sunday*. Alan and Gini live in a little house in California's San Fernando Valley. It's full of comfortable chairs, well-worn books and Alan's hobbies, which are numerous. His favorite hobby, of course: Gini.

Favorite pastime for the newlywed Youngs is a fast and furious game of badminton before lunch. P.S. Alan doesn't *always* win!

Alan is one chap who enjoys talking over the phone. Gini, he's discovered, is a born phone heckler. It makes for some very bewildering conversations.

The Youngs like to dance, especially with each other, often get together with friends for some rollicking country square dances.

One of Alan's hobbies is sketching. He is a talented artist, and he probably has one of the best models anybody could find.

Whenever there's some extra time at home, Alan and Gini get out the deck for their running game of gin rummy. Secretly, each thinks the other plays better.

Alan's greatest peeves are early rising and its by-product—early to bedding. Gini has a difficult time holding him to schedule.

A rambling ranch type house in San Fernando Valley is home for the MacRaes, and checking a script for Gordon is one of wife Sheila's many roles.

the boy from syracuse

MacRae started selling newspapers with a song—now he's pushing Crosby

Gordon helps the family cocker, Cinder, balance the swing for daughters Meredith (age 4) and Heather (2). Meredith sings too.

Moments like these are scarce for the 5'11" baritone since Warners saddled him in the star seat. Gordon wears old clothes around the house, spruces up for shows.

"Life can be so lazy in So. California if you let it," says Gordon who grew up in the east, "but how I love the long golf season here!"

■If anybody is showing signs of threatening King Bing these days, it's a young man from Syracuse, currently master of the *Railroad Hour* and star of Warner Brothers' forthcoming *Look for the Silver Lining*. Name of Gordon MacRae. If you ask the gentleman what two things have contributed most to his rapid rise, he'll tell you determination and confidence. It isn't a stock answer. MacRae traces his determination back to school days when he found his off-hand street singing brought him new customers for his newspaper delivery route. "My subscribers didn't let me stop," he said, "so I kept right on singing till I made a career of it." Since then it's been an unbroken line through rough times, carried through with a supreme confidence in his ability to make it stick. Born in East Orange, New Jersey, Gordon moved in childhood to Buffalo, New York and later to Syracuse. And it was in Syracuse, when he was 12 that MacRae made his radio debut on station WFBL in a children's dramatic program. His voice, already much deeper than kids his age, cast him in the role of giants and ogres. Later, just when Gordon had enrolled for Amherst College, his father died and MacRae was thrown on his own resources. They were good, too. He entered and won a contest for a 2 week stint singing at Billy Rose's Dancing

Now that William is over a year old, Sheila has decided to take time out to co-author a play with Gordon, and make her screen acting debut.

Campus at the New York World's Fair. Following that, a season at the Millpond Playhouse in Long Island—earning $5 a week, plus room and board. "Millpond was the greatest experience in my life," says Gordon, "not because of the acting experience, but because of a gal I met there named Sheila Stephens—the company's leading lady. I fell in love with her faster than you can say 'Let's get married,' but didn't have enough money for a license." Money was around the corner and Gordon cornered it. It seems all you have to do is sing in the men's room (MacRae was a page at NBC then), have Horace Heidt hear you, and you're in. That is, if you have a voice like Gordon's. In a year's time when he was earning 75 big bucks a week, he popped the question, and Sheila Stephens joined the family. And in only 8 years—which includes time out for the Air Corps—he's lined up credits that would make the angels sing . . . In '46 on CBS' *Teen Timers* he was the idol of the bobby soxers, and Broadway raved about his vocalizing in *Three To Make Ready*. In '47 with two coast-to-coast radio shows he was touted as "most-heard singer on the airlanes." And in 1948 and '49 he was broadcasting his Texaco series and signed up by Warner Brothers for top roles in five A pictures . . . No wonder his wife and kids are proud!

double threat

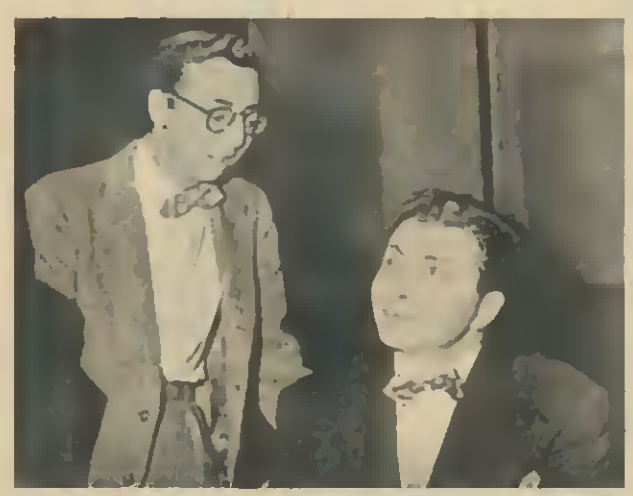
A non-temperamental artist, Hayes—singer, satirist and comedian—makes every rehearsal a clambake.

They've been calling Peter Lind Hayes a combination Godfrey and Crosby. Actually he's selling a brand of music and laughter that's magnificently his own.

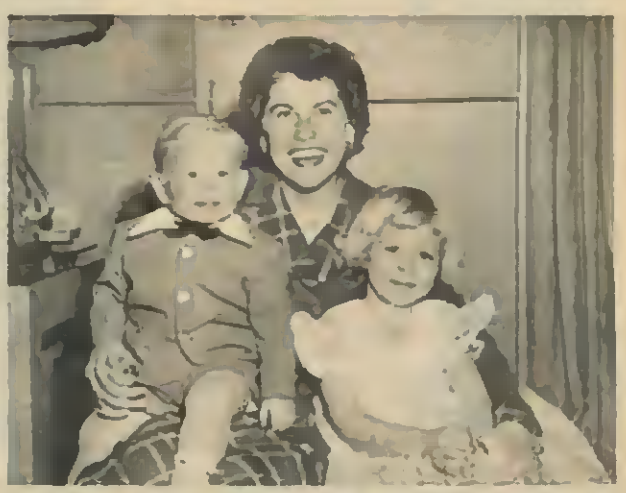
■ Peter Lind Hayes, the boy with the India-rubber voice to match that incredibly mobile face, was really discovered by the nursery school set. They heard him imitating everything from clocks to clowns on his fabulous *Magic Record* and promptly swooned and swore off *Mother Goose*. Now Decca's got him doing grown-up things like *My Darling, My Darling*, and he's currently guesting and being the Big Laugh on numerous radio and television programs. The moral is obvious. Never underestimate the power of the kiddies. Peter's mom, Grace Hayes, owned a night club in Los Angeles, where practically every big name in Hollywood entertained at one time or another, little dreaming they were providing inspiration for the—even then—slightly wild-eyed Hayes boy. School was entirely too yawn-making for a chap who'd rubbed elbows with Jack Barrymore and Marlene Dietrich, so in 1932 Peter went into vaudeville. He did 620 shows for soldiers in combat areas during the war and came out with a bronze star and an unshattered funny bone. Came the Decca contract and a history-making stint at Monte Proser's Copacabana. Then came radio. He guest-starred on *Jack Haley's Program*, the *Al Pierce Show* and did Fred Allen's nasal voice 15 times on *Jack Benny's Show*. He's a guy with a crew haircut, a yen for loud ties, a wedding ring he never takes off (he and dreampuss Mary Healy have been married 8 years), a lad to watch and to hear.

studio snaps

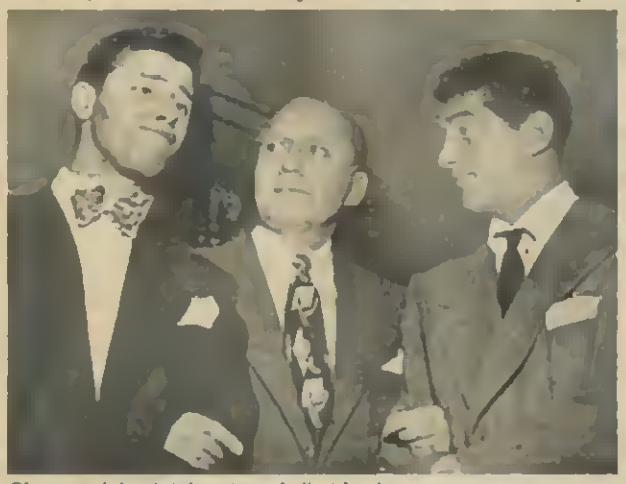
A glimpse of your favorite radio stars, behind the microphone and off the record.



"The nasty business is out," says reformed Henry Morgan to side-kick Arnold Stang; heard with Patsy Kelly, Lisa Kirk—Sundays at 8:30 p.m. over NBC. Morgan's on NBC-TV too—7:30 p.m.



Maxene of the Andrews Sisters forms her "at home trio" with son Peter and daughter Duchess. The vocalizing Andrews can be heard on CBS' popular *Club 15* at 7:30 p.m. on Mon., Wed., Fri.



Christened by Walter Winchell "the best comedy team since Gallagher and Sheean," bravoed by Jack Benny (above), Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis make with the business Sun. 6:30, NBC.

Jane Ace, queen of the malaprops, and patient mr. ace, unravel their fantastic home life on Tuesday evenings at 10:30. Mr. A. is the writer, producer and director of *mr. ace & JANE*.

Ronald Colman's program *Favorite Story* features a famous yarn chosen by a famous personality. Dawn Bender and Herbert Vigran, above, go through the paces of *Alice In Wonderland*.

Singers Kay Armen and Dick Brown stand by as emcee Bert Parks *Stops The Music* [ABC, Sunday at 8 p.m.]. The show just passed its first birthday, has given away a total of over $400,000.

Answers to Rube Goldberg quiz (page 13): 1. Illegal 2. hole in one 3. Sunday driver 4. Draw bridge.

charting the dial

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

ALL PROGRAMS E.D.S.T.

Curley Bradley
"ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX"

Ed Prentiss
"CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT"

Joe Kelly
"QUIZ KIDS"

"ROY ROGERS SHOW"

Bud Collyer
"SUPERMAN"

Name	Time & Network	Storyline	Personal Data
Abbott & Costello Kid Show	ABC, Sat. 11 AM	Kids quiz show. Lou Costello, Jr. award made to hero of the week.	Bud and Lou donate program to encourage kids to be better citizens.
Straight Arrow	MBS, M 8 PM; T, Th 5 PM	Adventure stories with Rancher Steve Adams disguised as an Indian Chief and battling the evil forces.	Howard Culver plays the dual role, Rancher and Chief "Straight Arrow".
Buster Brown Gang	NBC, Sat. 11:30 AM	Stories and songs strictly for children.	Smilin' Ed McConnell relates the tales.
Captain Midnight	MBS, M-F, 5:30 P.M.	Capt. Midnight and his Secret Squadron Agents combat crime, theft, delinquency.	Ed Prentiss, who portrays Capt. Midnight, first encountered a mike in 1932. Now well-known Chicago actor.
Children's Hour	NBC, Sun. 10:30 AM	Ed Herlihy emcees this children's amateur hour.	Program first began on June 4, 1939.
House of Mystery	MBS, Sun. 4 PM	Dramatizations that reveal logical explanations for ghosts and other fantasies of the imagination.	Roger Elliott, the Mystery Man, is portrayed by John Griggs, who was once a library story-teller.
Juvenile Jury	MBS, Sun. 3:30 PM	Panel of 5 children answer questions submitted by guest-youngster. Deals with parent-child domestic problems.	Announcer Jack Barry originated idea for program. He also emcees *Life Begins At 80, Daily Dilemmas.*
Let's Pretend	CBS, Sat. 11:05 AM	Fantasy tales with a hidden moral.	Nila Mack is producer-director-writer of show that began in 1930. Top B'way-movie juveniles began on this program.
Quiz Kids	NBC, Sun. 4 PM	Five quiz kids answer submitted questions. Three top-scorers are held over week to week.	Joe Kelly acts as question-man for the panel. Program began in June, 1940.
Roy Rogers Show	MBS, Sun. 6 PM	Western adventure tales with songs by Roy Rogers and Riders of the Purple Sage Vocal Group.	Show stars Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and Gabby Hayes. Roy is Iowa-born boy and well-known as singing cowboy.
Superman	MBS, M, W, F, 5 PM	Further adventurers of the comic-strip man of tomorrow, who's actually Clark Kent, newspaper reporter.	Bud Collyer portrays Superman, is a much-in-demand radio announcer. Began his career as a radio singer.
Tom Mix	MBS, M-F, 5:45 PM	Tom Mix and his straight shooters work together tracking down evil forces.	Curley Bradley portrays late Tom. He worked with him in 1926 movies. Made radio debut in 1928.
Triple Branch	NBC, Sat. 9 AM	Audience participation show—mainly for youngsters.	Emcee of show is Bob Smith.
WNBC Stamp Club	NBC, Sat. 9:45 AM	Informal discussion on the stories behind the stamps, including occasional stamp quizes.	

RADIO ALBUM *Magazine*

DAVID, OZZIE, HARRIET and RICKEY NELSON