

and TELEVISION

RADIO BEST

**SPECIAL
BIRTHDAY
ISSUE**

April • 25¢

Complete Novelette

"DRAGNET"

**PEPPER
YOUNG'S
FAMILY**

Story In Pictures

ALSO —

IRENE BEASLEY

Dr. CHRISTIAN

H. V. KALTENBORN

JOHN J. ANTHONY

**ARTHUR
GODFREY**

**"If I had it to
do over again!"**



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

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



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

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

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

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

✓ SIZE SCREEN 7" 10" 12" 15" 16"

Name _____ please print

Address _____

City, Zone & State _____

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

*A New High
in Popularity!*

1945

1946

1947

1948

1949

1950

Theatre Guild on the Air

During the past season, *Theatre Guild on the Air* reached a new peak in listenership. This is particularly gratifying to all who have participated in attaining this goal.

For our part, we'd like to take time out to say "Thanks" to the outstanding stars of stage and screen and all others who have helped us present full-hour programs of top-flight entertainment to our many new and old friends across the nation.

We plan to continue to present radio drama at its best—over the 164 coast-to-coast stations of the NBC network.

UNITED STATES STEEL HOUR



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



**COMING
ATTRACTIONS
For Radio Best
Next Issue**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Michael Fitzmaurice
as Phil Stanley



Rosemary Rice
as Kathy Stanley

We promised this full length novelette vividly told for the first time in story form—for this issue. Terrific clamor by readers for a novelette on the new NBC series, "Dragnet," prompted us to postpone "When A Girl Marries" until the next issue. And so be sure to read "Bunco Romeo" based on the Dragnet series, in this issue and look for "When A Girl Marries."

Gene Autry on the Cover

Ina Mae Autry tells how the famous cowboy singer proposed to her—they were both on horseback—and other fascinating stories of their life together in a full-length feature exclusive with RADIO BEST.

Robert Montgomery from actor to commentator

After 25 years as one of America's top flight movie stars, Robert Montgomery, has taken to the air as a national news reporter and commentator. Why this favorite star has decided on a brand new career is told for the first time in an exclusive interview scheduled for the next issue. It makes thrilling reading.

OTHER FEATURES

Saul Carson's Seat at the Dial . . . intimate news and features direct from Hollywood . . . John J. Anthony's inside stories . . . and many more features that have made RADIO BEST a favorite family magazine.

and TELEVISION RADIO BEST

APRIL, 1950 Vol. 3, No. 2

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RADIO AND TELEVISION BEST is published bi-monthly by Radio Best, Inc., New York 19, N.Y., Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. Registered as second class matter September 6, 1949 at the post office at New York, N.Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Mount Morris, Ill. Price 25c per copy. Subscription rate: 12 issues \$3.00 in U.S.A., Canada \$3.50. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. The cover and entire contents of RADIO AND TELEVISION BEST are fully protected by copyrights in the United States and in foreign countries and must not be reproduced in any manner without permission. Unsolicited manuscripts, cartoons, pictures, etc. accompanied by return postage and addresses will be given prompt consideration, but we cannot assume responsibility in the event of their loss. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1949, by Radio Best, Inc.

memory lane

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



1. A not-to-be-forgotten matinee idol of the early 1930's. Was born in Westbrook, Maine and received his schooling at the Universities of Maine and Yale. A recent television appearance seems to be reviving his popularity. Can you name him?

2. You've seen her frequently on the stage (most recently in "Follow the Girls") and heard her many times on the radio. Best known for her 'torchy' delivery of the popular tunes of the day. What's her name?



3. A mother and daughter team famous in daytime soap opera. Their very successful career was ended by the untimely death of one. Remember?

ANSWERS

1. Rudy Vallee 2. Gertrude Niesen
3. Myrt & Marge



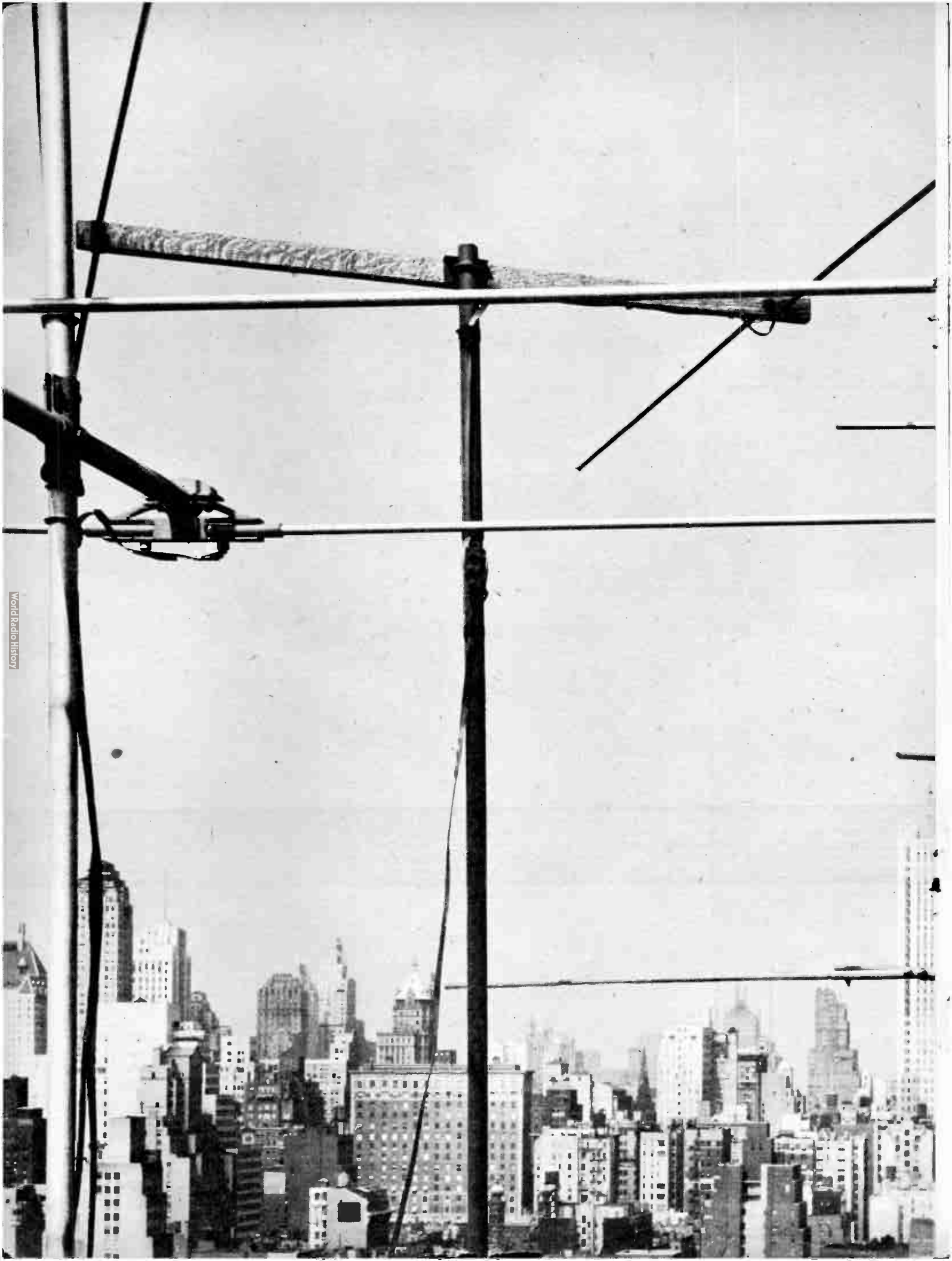
LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN OF DEPENDABLE
RADIO SERVICE

Does your radio give out with squeals and grunts? Then call the serviceman who displays the Sylvania sign. Because your radio needs expert care, the kind this fellow is trained to give. He has Sylvania test equipment to root out trouble spots . . . high-quality Sylvania radio tubes to bring you the crystal-clear reception you want. Hear your old set perform as it did the day you bought it. Get it fixed at the Sylvania sign of dependable service.

SYLVANIA

RADIO TUBES

PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.





it is now tomorrow...

Look closely at your new horizon.
These are not the shapes of things
to come, but of things already here.

For today, television in its
full proportions is clearly visible
...creating new patterns in the
basic habits of Americans.

It is changing the way they work
and play; the way they think and
talk, and buy and sell.

In this pattern, the habit of tuning
to CBS Television is firmly fixed
—held fast by powerful programming
like *The Goldbergs*... *Studio One*...
Arthur Godfrey... *Ed Wynn*... *Mama*
... *Suspense*... *Inside U.S.A.*...

For in television as in radio when
you tune to CBS, you know you're
tuning in the kind of entertainment
that satisfies the largest audiences
in the world.

CBS television

first in audiences

this month's
disc jockey



Meet Jim Creed

IF YOU are ever in Laredo, Texas, and have a few minutes to spare, drop in the studios of KPAB about 8:15 AM, and you will see a six-foot four-inch Texan in action, spinning platters and having coffee with what he says is one of the finest audiences that he has ever spun the wax for.

One of the main reasons why Mutual's outlet in Laredo, Texas, KPAB, dominates the listening area (Robert S. Conlan & Associates October, 1948 survey shows 54.9 percent of the listeners in Laredo tuned to KPAB) is a genuine Native Texan, Disc Jockey Jim Creed, whose shows carry some of the best local ratings. Everyone outside of Laredo has heard of coffee with cream, but everyone in Laredo has heard of "Coffee With Creed"—it's Jim Creed's morning disc jockey show at 8:15 to 9:00 daily.

In addition to "Coffee With Creed," Jim does a Housewife Show at 11:00 to 11:45 a.m., Monday through Friday. Besides his salary, Jim gets paid off two ways, talent fees and all sorts of home-made cooking from his listeners. The KPAB staff certainly enjoy having Jim work for KPAB because they all like to pitch in and devour the cakes, pies, and cinnamon rolls sent up by the Anglo listeners and the delicious tamales and enchiladas sent up by his Latin housewife listeners.

letters to the editor



Report on Howard Duff

To The Editor: Thanks for the wonderful story and pictures of Howard Duff. I enjoyed the feature very much. I hope to see more of Howard Duff in RADIO BEST . . . he's one of my favorites.

LILLIAN STENSWICK
Salt Lake City, Utah

"Take It or Leave It"

To The Editor: In my opinion, Eddie Cantor, can never take Garry Moore's place on "Take It or Leave It." I'll admit Eddie has been a great showman in his day, but he's much too Cantor conscious for a program of this type.

JEANNE ANDERSON
Johnstown, Pa.

● As an ardent Take It Or Leave It fan, I'm delighted to hear Eddie Cantor as the MC. I think he does a marvelous job—in fact he's the best MC the show has ever had. Hope he'll be on for a long, long time to come.

C. L.
New York City

You Shall!

To The Editor: We have been listening with great interest to one Robert Q. Lewis, Arthur Godfrey's summer replacement, and think he is a very brilliant comedian with a delightfully pleasing singing voice and personality—and what a salesman!—What talent!!!

May we hope to see some pictures and information about this very charming Mr. Robert Q. Lewis in our favorite magazine, RADIO BEST very soon?

MRS. M. A. G. KIRKWOOD
Montreal, Canada

Oh, Berle!

To The Editor: If you ask me, the only reason Milton Berle is Television's No. 1 star is that there are really no big stars on TV to compete with him (except Godfrey). Just wait till Al Jolson and Jack Benny get on . . . Milton won't be Television's No. 1 star any more.

I hear that ole man Berle wants to do a movie of "The Jazz Singer," which Al Jolson made in 1927. How can Milton hope to compare with Jolson? Gad, I'd rather see the old Jolson pictures even if most of it is silent. Tell Berle to stay where he belongs.

JUNE KNUCK
Oshkosh, Wis.

Westerns for Kids?

To The Editor: In the October issue one man had the nerve to say you were paying too much attention and space to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans because Western Stars appeal to kids, not adults. I'm not exactly a kid and neither are my sister or my folks and we all love articles on Roy and Dale; in fact we buy many magazines

only because of stories and pictures of them. I say keep it up. After all they aren't just "Western Stars" but among the most beloved and famous radio and movie stars and are swell people besides.

BARBARA GANDER
Blue River, Wis.

● In your October issue of RADIO BEST there was a letter from Ralph DeMott, denouncing Western Stars for adults. I wish to state that Mr. DeMott has either been sleeping or has had his head in the sand. Western Stars are not only for kids, as he puts it. I, myself, am an ardent fan of good western movies, such as those Roy Rogers and Gene Autry star in. And I'm not the only one! Many, many adults prefer good wholesome movies instead of the hysterical mental stories which the screen is overrun with lately.

As for RADIO BEST magazine, I think it's wonderful to put the public's choice in their magazine . . . and Roy is one of the public's choice!

Roy Rogers is swell—but, now, how about a story on Gene Autry?

MRS. JANE DIVOKY
Oxford Junction, Iowa

● I enjoy your magazine very much. I liked the pictures and story on Roy Rogers. I don't agree with Ralph DeMott that Roy Rogers and Dale Evans just appeal to children. I'm an adult and like all Western Stars and Western movies. So please have some more pictures and stories on Roy real soon.

EDNA TOBAKEN
1121 East 10th
Sedalia, Mo.

Attention, Photo Editor

To the Editor: It may be RADIO BEST to you—but it's Radio at its worst to me!

There's enough drowsy chatter on the radio dials all day long without continuing it on the pages of your windy magazine.

Let's have more pictures—more inside "dope" and the stories BEHIND the stars of radio. After all we never have chance to see the faces, except in your publication—and all we get is pages and pages of type about what should be done to better radio.

Give us MORE PICTURES! Leave the crusading to John Crosby.

A.M.B.
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

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

HANDS OF MURDER



Terror reigns during the drama.



Another act of violence has been committed.

Punishment for the crime.



Look at my hands. Now, look at yours. Go on, look at them! Look at my hands. These are the HANDS OF MURDER.

Hands commit murder. But why? Is murder a disease that can be prevented, treated, cured? Tonight's story...

* * *

Thus begins each weekly half hour of "Hands of Murder" (Fridays, 8:00-8:30 p.m., Du Mont Television Network.) Currently pulling one of the largest segments of the TV audience in 8 cities, "Hands of Murder" offers many entirely new techniques in the presentation of crime. Written by Lawrence Menkin and Charles Speer, and directed by Frank Bunetta, the accent is always on "why done it," rather than "who done it." Each of these murder mystery dramas, complete in itself, presents an intense story of subjective, psychological terror.

Hands commit murder. But these hands merely obey the mind of the murderer. Hands are the vehicle through which the depths of human passion are funneled into one final act of violence. Therefore, this program presents one of the first murder mystery devices designed exclusively for television.

The television camera is utilized to its fullest extent, bringing to the audience close-ups that would be impossible in any other medium—close-ups into actual character, motivation and conflict. With many scenes, plus tricky lighting and a minimum of settings, "Hands of Murder" gives the impression of a rapid-fire, suspense-packed movie—without the use of film. For example, a recent "Hands of Murder" script called for 34 different scenes and more than 100 shots, and yet, not one set was used during the entire play!

In the few short months since "Hands of Murder" began, the show has received wide critical acclaim, in addition to gathering a large viewing audience. In Cincinnati, its rating has soared to 24.0, while it pulls a sensational 30.7 in Philadelphia. Fighting the stiffest competition in New York City. Pulse gives "Hands of Murder" 14.8.

Hands commit murder. But why? Is murder a disease that can be prevented, treated, cured?



Fredric March and Lilli Palmer enjoyed their work on "Twentieth Century," opening play of the season on "Ford Theatre."



Eva Gabor consoled Burgess Meredith in "L'Amour the Merrier," an original romance presented on "The Silver Theatre."



Elizabeth Watson and Charlie Hankinson, panel members of "Juvenile Jury," brush up on their *s'il vous plait* and *parlez vous* in preparation for the visit of a French child in May.

seat at the dial



by Saul Carson

*His play . . . pleased not the millions,
'twas caviar to the general.*

W. Shakespeare

If the current theatrical season on Broadway can open with the Bard, so can this department. True, this is a different kettle of fish we cook here. But the remarks by the script writer of Avon happen to fit. Look down the lineup below—and see how your dial-sitter has sold out to the Interests.

Of seventeen programs reviewed herewith, fourteen deal with television, only three with radio. Is there any comparison with the number of people reached by each of these media? There sure is. Take the stand, Dr. Hooper:

"In January, 1949, the radio audience comprised 94.59 percent of set owners, while 5.41 percent looked at their TV sets. This ratio changed by August, 1949; in that month, TV's share of audience was 11.49 percent. All these figures are based on measurements between six and ten at night, local time."

Thank you, Hoop! On the basis of your figures, it's fair to assume—what with more TV stations being opened, more TV sets being sold—that maybe 15 percent, maybe between 15 percent and 20 percent of what you call "share of audience" will be tuned in to TV by 1950. That will still leave 80 percent of the audience with ears glued to the old-fashioned radio, with nothing to look at but the wife.

In the face of these statistics, is it fair to brush off radio with a 14-3 score? And yet the responsibility lies with broadcasting, not with the reviewer dedicated to reporting and/or evaluating programs.

Yes, TV is decidedly for the classes—not for the masses. To the people it's caviar, but for the boys in the Cub Room it's beluga. Fish for the few, sugar for the snobs—and let the mobs mope at that sound box without pictures.

Those are harsh words—and are not to be taken like certain brands of caviar, without salt. The fact is, however, that geographically the country is still overwhelmingly a radio country rather than a TV onlooker. The Big Money, however, is being sunk into TV. That's praiseworthy, as far as commercial enterprise is concerned. But when will the overwhelming majority of our air-audience get a break too?

Someone You Know

Thursday, 10:30 p.m.



Are you frightened by labels? If so, go on to the next paragraph. Here I want to paste the tag (Continued on page 69)



When Bobby Colt's parents died and the boy was left penniless at the age of 14, the neighbors sadly shook their heads and said, "That kid's going to become a gangster."

Ten years later, at the age of 24, Bobby has made his debut in motion pictures, in "Catskill Honeymoon," in radio, on his own daily program on WINS, New York, and two of his records have been released. His story is a fairy tale come true.

There was good reason for the neighbors' pessimistic attitude. Bobby's parents had provided him with a comfortable home but his father, a presser in the clothing department of a New York store, had never made enough money to enable them to move out of a poor neighborhood in Brooklyn. Left to his own devices, Bobby stayed away from school—"I was afraid they'd put me in a home." His older brother went to live with an aunt but Bobby, knowing that she had barely enough for her own needs, insisted that he could get along without her help.

Bobby "got along." He slept in parked cars in the winter and on a park bench, carefully chosen so that the police would not find him, during the warm months. He sang in bars and with the quarter or half-dollar he earned bought a plate of soup. Occasionally, kind friends—he remembers particularly Mrs. Elena Perette and her daughter, Marian—lent him small sums of money and gave him a meal.

When Bobby visited his aunt, he borrowed \$20 and changed it to singles so that when she asked if he was eating regularly—he was losing considerable weight—he could show her a fat roll of bills as proof that he was earning money.

Almost a year passed before Bobby was able to get a job, with a jewelry firm, at \$16 a week, and at the age of 16, he obtained a driver's license, by misrepresenting his age, and a job as a truck driver at \$30 a week. Most of it, he says, he spent on food.

After 10 months of war service, Bobby, having always had an urge to sing, was having very moderate success as a night club performer when Nicholas R. Carrano, a Brooklyn industrialist, heard him at a religious benefit and, impressed by his talent, took over the role of Bobby's fairy godfather. As a business man, Carrano believes that a singer, like any commercial product, must be carefully developed, packaged and promoted.

Accordingly, the new "product" began to take lessons in singing, diction, dramatics and dancing and, after some hard work, was signed for "Catskill Honeymoon," for station WINS in New York, under sponsorship of Ben Tucker, a furrier (he received 700 fan letters during his first seven days on the air), and by Admiral Records. His estimated minimum income for 1950 is \$50,000.

Bobby does not sit back and think about what has happened to him, fearing that, like a dream, the events of the past five months might dissolve under careful examination.

Meet Bobby Colt

He's a kid from Brooklyn
whose future looks as bright
as his long shining dream



portrait of a trade mark

many stars grow up the hard way,
but few have climbed the stairway
to the stars in a trade-mark costume

Anne Francis, hailed by critics as a "younger version of Susan Peters," has taken the path that most youngsters have followed to break into the movies, radio and television. That, of course, is the earnest pursuit of a career in one or more of the many branches of show business starting almost in infancy. That she was chosen by Bonafide Mills, linoleum manufacturers, as the "Bonnie Maid" trade mark for their television program, was the big break which skyrocketed the slim, beautiful, blue-eyed blonde youngster to overnight fame.

Anne was born in Ossining, New York, in September, 1930. She made her professional debut as model at the age of 6—for John Powers. At 8, Anne displayed her first real acting ability. She appeared in a whole series of children's shows and won many roles in daytime radio. Many years later, in 1943, she played Kathy Cameron on "When a Girl Marries." Her Broadway experiences included a role in "Lady in the Dark" in which she portrayed Gertrude Lawrence as a child in the dream sequences. On the screen she appeared briefly in "Summer Holiday" and "Portrait of Jennie." Now she is a featured player with Paul Henreid in a yet untitled movie which will be released through United Artists.

As the "live" trade mark of a TV sponsor, the vivacious Anne has set a new pattern in television advertising. Her natural beauty and unsophisticated charm brought to life a dull trade mark that had long been confined to the floor covering trade. But if Anne has set a new trend for TV advertising, she's set a mark that leads to the stairway of the stars.



hollywood



OFF THE AIR

Mrs. Dick Haymes denies pending visit from Sir Stork. . . . Lena Horne says she will continue to sue anybody who denies civil rights on racial grounds. . . . Carmen Miranda and husband David Sebastian are past the "separation" stage . . . the pair were married in 1947. . . . The Jimmy Dorseys, divorced in September after 21 years of marriage, have agreed on a financial arrangement which gives Mrs. Dorsey \$850 a month and 25 per cent of any income above \$20,000 a year.

"Jumbo" the story of two feuding circus families whose kids fall in love,

is now on the Metro lot with Judy Garland and Frank Sinatra as the romantic kids. . . . Janet Blair, the little gal who battled so hard with Columbia, now nets herself a neat \$5000 a week as a night club star. . . . Doris Day, who made \$250 a week a few years ago, now earns about \$75,000 a year on records alone, plus a nifty salary from Bob Hope, a good income from pictures and complete TV rights. . . . Abbott and Costello, no longer clicking on radio, are still hot movie favorites . . . their pictures, admittedly poor in quality, are packing in the customers anyway. . . . Now you'll hear



A big click on the air again, Frankie Sinatra is now singing nightly with Dorothy Kirsten on NBC's "Light Up Time."



Clark Dennis and screen star Nancy Kelly were a happy twosome at Mel Torme's recent appearance at Los Angeles Casbah Nightery. Mel's beautiful wife (left), formerly Candy Toxton, is delighted at hubby's big reception.



things you never knew till now

Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen paid \$35 to a Chicago whittler 30 years ago for Charlie McCarthy's head.

* * *

Singing star Dinah Shore switched from a lyric soprano to contralto after two months of cheer-leading in high school.

* * *

Bazooka playing Bob Burns was once the leader of a jazz band.

* * *

Gordon MacRae's mother was a concert pianist and his father was a baritone star, known to early radio fans as Wee Wully MacRae.

* * *

James Melton owns some ninety automobiles. Collecting ancient cars is the singer's chief hobby.

* * *

Edward R. Murrow, famed newscaster, has twice won a George Foster Peabody Award.

* * *

Ozzie Nelson, while attending Rutgers University, was varsity quarterback, a letterman in lacrosse, diver on the swimming team, middleweight boxing champion and just missed Phi Beta Kappa.

* * *

Clifton Fadiman, host of "This Is Broadway," got his nickname, "Kip," during a hiccoughing spell in childhood.

* * *

Tex Beneke's saxophone originally cost \$200. He's spent over \$750 within last 10 years keeping it in repair.

* * *

Eddie Cantor's first appearance on the stage was in an amateur show at a Bowery Theater where he won the \$5 first prize.

* * *

Alice Frost, star of "Mr. and Mrs. North," is a descendant of King Carl XV of Sweden.

* * *

"Gangbusters" program has helped catch more than 300 "wanted" criminals in 14 years by broadcasting their descriptions.

* * *

Robert Q. Lewis owns 5,000 old vaudeville records, 1,000 cylinder recordings, 100 miniature totem poles.



Looking very pleasant for the cameraman, Cary Grant and new film star Laura Elliot pause a moment during recent appearance on "Hollywood Star Theatre." Audience acceptance of the team was very enthusiastic.



hollywood OFF THE AIR

Beverly Hills and Barbara Whiting (r.), stars of "Junior Miss" program stop for a double ice cream soda.

Don Ameche (below) and Jack Benny shake hands at a chance meeting after Jack's broadcast on CBS.





A cute interruption during Jimmy Stewart's rehearsal on Lux Radio Theatre play by Bette Davis in CBS corridor.



Glamorous Hungarian-born screen star Eva Gabor co-starred with Burgess Meredith on CBS "Silver Theatre" premiere.



Doris Day and Dennis Morgan enjoy studying their lines for a guest shot on "Hollywood Calling," NBC giveaway show.

Ronald Colman as a college professor in his new radio serial. . . Fans looking forward to Paul Douglas' new picture, "The Jackpot," in which the former radio star plays the role of a man who wins \$24,000 on a radio giveaway show.

Bob Hope's latest, "The Great Lover," was once a screen vehicle for none other than Bing Crosby back in 1934, under the title, "Here is My Heart" . . . Jo Stafford is currently the hottest thing on wax . . . six of her platters are on the "best seller" and "most played" lists. . . Berry Kroeger, who plays the title role of Sam Williams in "Young Dr. Malone" is the star in the Cardinal Mindszenty documentary film . . . Gladys Swarthout clicking beautifully as a TV star.

Radio actress Jan Miner recently came down with a virus illness at the same time that the script of NBC's daytimer, "Road of Life," called for "Beth Lambert," the role Jan portrays, to become ill with measles. You guessed it—when the doctor arrived he diagnosed Jan's illness as a rare type of measles!

Actress Gloria Blondell, who is featured with Vincent Price on Mutual's "The Saint" series, proved herself to be the best sailor on a Pacific fishing boat recently. Operating out of San Diego, the boat plunged through some of the roughest water ever experienced by West Coast fishermen
(Continued on page 58)



Just returned from Europe, Marlene Dietrich gives Perry Como the latest foreign news during rehearsal for his "Chesterfield Supper Club" show, on which she made her first radio appearance in more than three years.

**“If I had it to do
over again!”—**

ARTHUR



GODFREY

by Judith Cortada

IN THE year 1907 in a public school in rural Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, a red-headed kid surprised the ladies present at the kindergarten recital by his complete self-assurance and the noticeable lack of awe in his attitude toward his audience, both astonishing in a child of four performing before his elders.

All through grammar school and the year of high school he completed, the same kid always offered to be the spokesman for his classmates when they wished to approach a teacher or a principal for some special purpose. The others couldn't understand how he could speak so easily with his superiors, and his only explanation was that "I just got up and said what I thought."

Later on, when the redhead, pursuing one of many different ways of earning a living, became a door-to-door salesman of cosmetics, he invariably astonished the ladies who cautiously opened the door a few inches and peered with one lack-lustre eye at the smiling young fellow who stood on the steps.

"Now I don't like this doggone blackberry color lipstick," he would say in the course of his sales talk as the door slowly opened. "But if you want to go around looking as if you had just swallowed a mouthful of blackberries, don't let me stop you from buying it."

You couldn't help liking the fellow, and his chatter was amusing and refreshing. The ladies usually bought something, even though they shied away from the blackberry lipstick.

The red-headed kid was Arthur Godfrey, of course, and at 46 years of age, he still laughs when others keep a respectful silence, still gets up and says what he thinks, selling his products with a "line" that combines sincerity with wit. If his violations of radio decorum, sometimes condemned as "bad taste" by radio critics, have not diminished, but possibly increased his popularity, it is probably because he pronounces his quips with the unself-conscious air of a youngster who does not realize the import of his words, and his listeners take the attitude of indulgent adults who chuckle and say, "Kids come out with the darndest things!"

When I walked into his office at CBS the other day and asked him what he would do if he could start in from the beginning again, he gave me the three incidents as evidence that he was born with his \$600,000-a-year personality, and that he could not have acquired such a gift through any amount of study or experience. Psychoanalysts may emphasize the importance of early environment but Godfrey is a firm believer in heredity.

"My father was a helluva toastmaster," he (Continued on page 72)

that
man
Godfrey
says:

"My gripe against the colleges is that they do nothing for a boy except kick him out at the end of the year when they suddenly discover that he hasn't been studying."

• • •

"I don't like these short hairdos the girls are wearing. They always remind me of a guy who needs a haircut."

• • •

"The most attractive women in the world aren't the pretty ones."

• • •

"There's too much debunking going on. I think it's a darned shame to tell kids that George Washington didn't chop down that cherry tree."

• • •

"The average American is a fellow who's keenly conscious of his own rights and has no consideration for the rights of others."

• • •

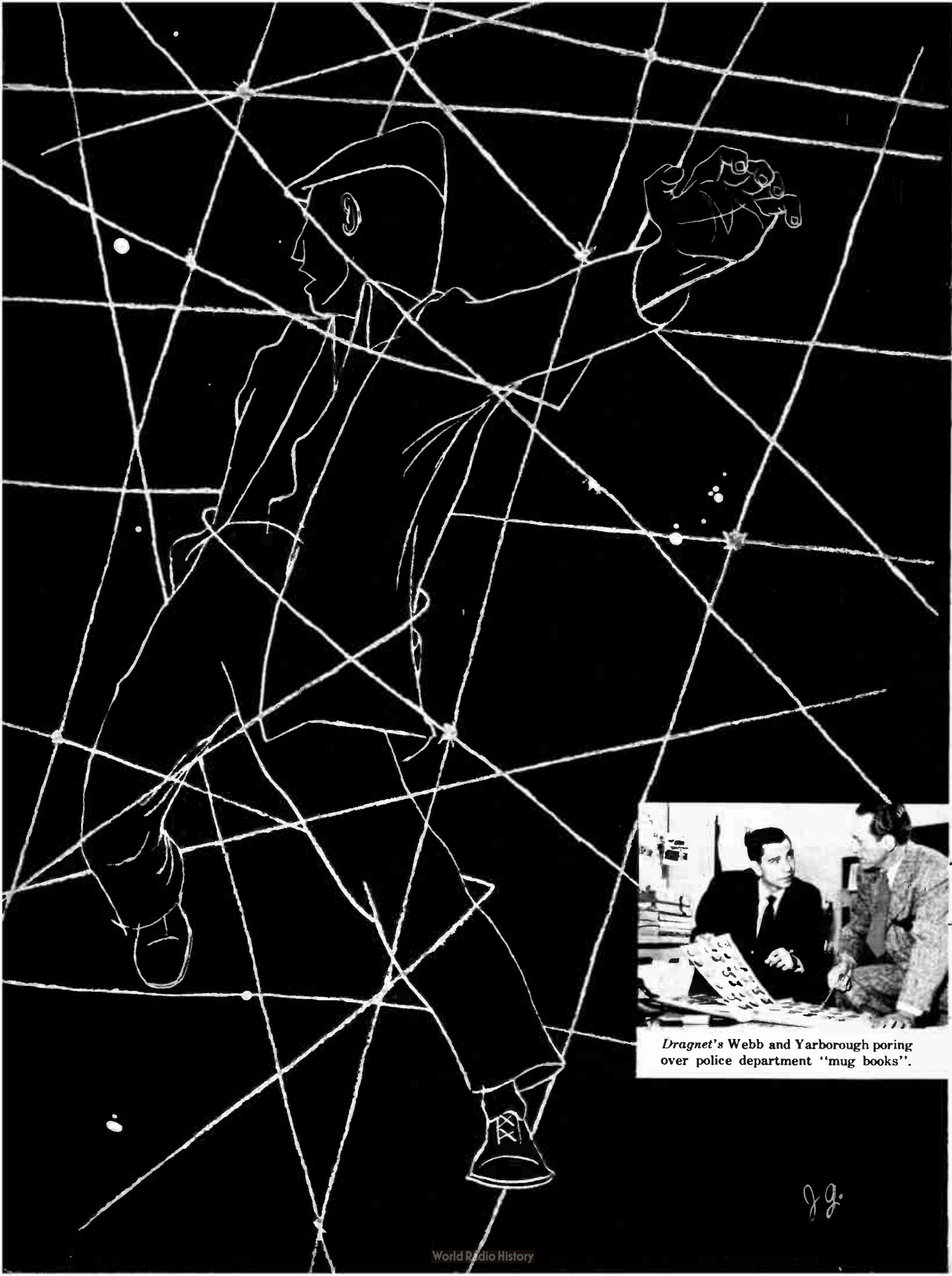
"People are trying to live beyond their means. They're under so much pressure, from guys like me, for example, on the radio, and from the movies, to go out and buy things, that they can't save money and they have to have a forced pension plan."

• • •

"Why should a girl louse up a sweet-looking, kissable mouth with a lot of paint that makes a fellow afraid to kiss it?"

• • •

"The 'glamor girl' always has an air about her—as if she smells something."



Dragnet's Webb and Yarborough poring over police department "mug books".

J.G.

DRAGNET

From the files of the Los Angeles Police Department and the studios of NBC comes *Dragnet*, one of the most gripping detective dramas ever heard on the air.

For here is sleuthing as it is in real life—unromanticized, painstaking, relentless . . . the tense story of crime and punishment in a great American city . . . and of the quiet, day-to-day heroism of typical police-force detectives, men whose courage is taken for granted in the never-ending struggle against the underworld.

For authentic detective drama that even the police listen to, hear *Dragnet* . . . every Thursday night . . . over your NBC station.



Stories are based on actual cases taken straight from Los Angeles police files.



At headquarters—two famous radio detectives concentrate on real-life sleuthing.



Nerve center of a police dragnet—the Los Angeles Communications Center at work.

listen to Dragnet every Thursday at 10:30 p. m. (E.S.T.) on

NBC

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — A Service of Radio Corporation of America



A "small-town" marriage weathers the storm
artificially created by a greedy woman

Pepper Young's Family



1. Carter Trent and his wife, Peggy, with Pepper and Linda Young, are enjoying a pleasant evening at her parents' home when Hattie, the Young's maid, enters to tell Carter his mother is calling; his father has been badly hurt.



2. Carter's father dies and, in Chicago, he realizes that his mother expects him to stay there and manage the great Trent fortune. Actually, she sees the turn of events as an opportunity to recapture him from his "small-town" wife. To be sure he will not leave her, she feigns a very serious heart ailment.

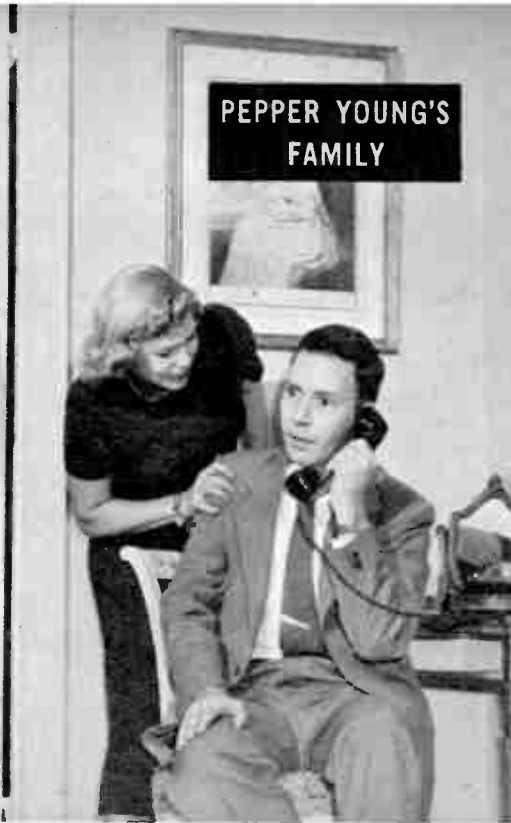
3. At his mother's wish, Carter returns to Elmwood to get his son and takes him back to Chicago. Trying to win Hal, too, from Peggy, Ivy Trent showers him with gifts; he is fascinated by her horses and she promises to give him a real pony.

In this picture story, based on an episode in "Pepper Young's Family," the characters are portrayed by the actors you hear on the air:

Mother Young.....Marion Barney
 Father Young.....Thomas Chalmers
 Pepper Young.....Mason Adams
 Peggy Young Trent.....Betty Wragge
 Carter Trent.....Michael Fitzmaurice
 Linda Benton Young.....Eunice Howard
 Mrs. Ivy Trent.....Irene Hubbard
 Hattie.....Gretz Kvalden
 Gil.....Larry Haines
 Min.....Joanna Roos

The program is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday, at 3:30 p.m.





4. Back in Elmwood, Peggy is becoming increasingly anxious. She realizes her mother-in-law thinks Carter married beneath him and that Mrs. Trent would stop at nothing to break up their home. Carter doesn't return her calls. Mother Young, too, is suspicious. Finally, Pepper calls Mrs. Trent and tells her that if Carter does not call his wife, she will follow him to Chicago.

5. Carter does not call and Peggy goes to Chicago. Carter is out and Mrs. Trent, to keep her from her son, will say only that Hal is "in a hospital." After a violent disagreement, Peggy goes to a hotel.



6. In the meantime, Hal, who is beginning to feel homesick, is in another room of the Trent mansion and he sees his mother as she leaves. He runs after her but, losing sight of her, he wanders through the streets until a rather coarse man forces him to stop.

7. Panic ensues when Mrs. Trent discovers that Hal, heir to the Trent fortune, is missing. Peggy and Carter are frantic. The police are called in and Mrs. Trent, thinking that Hal might have been kidnapped, offers a reward. In Elmwood, Father and Mother Young, much disturbed by the news, tell Hattie what has happened.



8. Gil, who found Hal in the street, is very interested when he learns the boy's identity. Scheming to collect a reward, he takes Hal to his tenement home where Min, his work-worn wife, tries to soothe the frightened child. Then Gil hears on the radio the news that a reward will be paid.



9. Gil calls the Trent home and Ivy Trent herself answers the telephone. Seizing the chance to make herself a heroine in Carter's eyes, she arranges a secret meeting and, arriving in a taxi, gives Gil \$2,000, double the promised reward. He gives Hal to her and the boy is turned over to his parents.



10. Carter and Peggy are now happier than ever but Mrs. Trent will not accept defeat. Playing on Carter's gratitude to Gil for returning Hal, she persuades him to get Gil a job in Elmwood. She plans to pay Gil to act as her spy in Elmwood.



11. Carter, Peggy and Hal are joyfully welcomed home at the airport. The whole family, except Mrs. Young who is still suspicious, think that Mrs. Trent wants to make peace and only she and Gil know her hatred of Peggy is as fierce as ever.

Dr. Christian



Jean Hersholt as "Dr. Christian" with Rosemary DeCamp as Judy Price, his secretary-nurse, and announcer Art Gilmore.



Now he is a saint with a little black bag who labors incessantly to make life happier for his people.

Then (in 1923) he was a vulgar character with greasy hair whose leer betrayed his sensuality.



JEAN HERSHOLT
did not always radiate
brotherly love

was a villain!

by Harriet Evans

After twelve years on the air as "Dr. Christian," the quiet, soft-spoken country doctor, Jean Hersholt has become fixed in the public mind as a benign and kindly figure who devotes his professional and private life to the service of humanity.

Hersholt is often addressed by strangers as "Dr. Christian"—a hotel clerk once registered him under that name—and his listeners often write to him for medical advice (which he cannot give, of course). A doctor in St. Petersburg, Florida, wrote of a patient who called *him* "Dr. Christian" when she regained consciousness after a stroke. "She still does," the doctor concluded, "and since she's one of your radio fans, I'm flattered to be associated in her mind with such a lovable character."

Most of Hersholt's admirers, who think of him as a benefactor of humanity, have forgotten or are too young to know that the Danish-born actor first achieved fame in this country as a deep-dyed villain, a really despicable character who took advantage of helpless (and always beautiful) young women and wouldn't hesitate to cut a friend's throat.

Hersholt was an established star of the Danish stage and screen when he came to this country during World War I. After touring the country in a series of Danish plays, he sought a job in Hollywood and finally found one, at \$15 per week. He succeeded in making a living, alternating between villains, romantic leads and old men roles, but it was as the "heavy" in "Tess of the

Who would recognize the benevolent doctor in this savage brute, smiling with animal lust on his trembling victim (with Eleanor Boardman in "Mamba")?





The gentleman with the untidy hairdo, at the left, who is obviously trying to hear what Warner Oland and Douglas Fairbanks are talking about, is Hersholt in "Don Q," 1925



Hersholt began his climb out of the depths of iniquity in 1927 as the professor in "The Student Prince" with Ramon Novarro; below, he had thoroughly mended his evil ways by 1931 when he played Marie Dressler's sweetheart in "Emma"



Hersholt really earned his hisses as the ruffian who dared to lay his hands on America's sweetheart in "Tess of the Storm Country" in 1922



Dr. Christian was a villain

"Storm Country," with Mary Pickford, that he finally achieved fame.

His success in "Tess" made him one of the most popular bad men in Hollywood. Few other actors of the time were greeted with more hisses than Hersholt when he appeared on the screen, in such classics of the silent movies as Douglas Fairbanks' "Don Q," Erich VonStroheim's "Greed," and "Stella Dallas."

Hersholt's reform, professionally speaking, began with his role (Continued on page 63)



A documented story of a case from official police files, adapted from a script written for "Dragnet" by James E. Moser in cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department. "Dragnet" is heard on NBC, Thurs. at 10:30 p.m., EST.

by Audrey Ashton

"I'M tired of the same old beefs from love-sick women—'He promised to marry me.' I don't care if they are stupid. He stole their money. Find him."

That was my boss, Chief of Detectives Ed Backstrand, talking to me, Joe Friday, and Ben Romero. We're both detective sergeants, assigned to bunco detail in the Los Angeles Police Department.

Detectives know, from first-hand experience, how much loneliness there is in a big city. They know about all the older women—nice, educated women,

B

His victims were middle-aged women—his weapons were kisses and flowers

THE BUNCO ROMEO

THE BUNCO ROMEO

with good jobs and enough money for good food, attractive clothes and comfortable homes. Everything except the one thing that money can't buy—companionship. Women so lonely that when an attractive man shows up and offers to marry them, they think with their hearts instead of their heads and give him their life savings on the flimsiest excuse. We know they're not stupid, just so desperate for a friend that they don't allow themselves to think, and we're sorry for them.

But if a detective stopped to cry over every woman who was cheated in a lonely-hearts racket, the crooks would have a wonderful time and the bunco detail of the Los Angeles Police Department, where we work to catch the bunk men, would be washed away by the tears. That's why the Skipper sounded so business-like. A fast-talking confidence man had swindled a dozen women out of more than \$200,000 in seven months and it was our job to catch him before he found any more suckers.

It was around noon on a Tuesday when the Chief told us about the con man's two newest victims and shortly after, Ben and I drove out to see the first one—she lived on Olympia Boulevard just off La Cienega.

"What makes it tough to catch this guy," Ben was saying, "is that even his victims won't believe us when we tell them he's a con man."

"Yeah," I said. "Remember that Miss Barker? She was all up in the air because she thought he'd met foul play and we weren't searching for his body."

Ben laughed. "He steals their last dime and makes them love it. How much did he take her for?"

"About \$6,500," I said. "He was letting her in on a 'big oil deal.'"

"What's the name of this woman we're going to see now?" Ben now asked.

"Mrs. Eleanor Wilson. She's the owner and operator of the East Wilshire Repertory Theatre. Little theatre stuff, you know."

"Look." Ben pointed up the street. "That must be the place."

It was a big, white house, old English style, set back from the street and surrounded by trees and shrubbery. The lawn was well-kept and there was a small flower bed in the center. A sign, nailed to one of the trees, said: "School of the Drama. Train Now for Motion Pictures. Television, Radio."

The woman who opened the door was in her late fifties, tall and rather imposing. She had a high forehead and her grayish-brown hair was brushed back from it in a soft wave.

"Mrs. Wilson?" I asked, although I knew right away who it was.

"Yes?" she said, a question in her voice.

She was looking us over. Ben and I were in plain clothes but I'm sure we didn't look as if we might be students for her drama school. When we showed her our

cards, she opened the door and led us into her office. It was a pleasant room, with a small desk, and a few comfortable chairs and a couch covered with flowered chintz. Two whole walls were lined with books and on the window sill there was a small bronze bust—Shakespeare, I think.

Mrs. Wilson pointed to the chairs with a magnificent gesture, and seated herself at the desk.

"We want to ask you some questions about this man you called the police about," I began. "The one who took your money and disappeared. We think he's a confidence man, the same one who's been taking money from a lot of women in this territory lately."

Mrs. Wilson was so surprised that she didn't say anything for a minute, and then she laughed, contemptuously.

"You're quite mistaken about Mr. St. George," she said. "He's a charming British gentleman, very polished, distinguished—so much like my first husband."

Ben looked at me. "St. George. So that's the name he used."

"That is his name," Mrs. Wilson said firmly. "William Eric St. George, from Manchester, England. I'm sure he's not one of those confidence men."

Ben coughed a little. "Then why did you notify the police, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"Well—" She hesitated a minute and fingered the gilt-edged, leather-bound book on the desk. I stretched my neck a little and saw that it was "The Complete Works of Shelley." "He's been gone three weeks now and I think perhaps something has happened to him."

"Did this William St. George propose marriage?" I asked.

Mrs. Wilson pursed her lips. "I can't see how that's germane to his disappearance."

"It's part of his M.O., his modus operandi, Mrs. Wilson," I explained. "He always proposes marriage."

"Well, he did propose, yes." She paused for a minute, her eyes fixed in a dreamy way on the opposite wall, as if she could hear him again. Then she shook her head firmly. "But Sergeant, this can't possibly be the same man. He's so cultured. Shakespeare, Gold-

smith—the words flowed from his mouth in a smooth, steady stream."

Ben sighed and looked at me again. "Same guy, Joe."

The rest of her story was pretty much like the others. She had given him \$4,383 for a "very secure" oil investment and he had contacted her through an advertisement she had placed in a local newspaper. "I believe in being practical about these things," she said, a little on the defensive. He had "lovely brown hair," blue eyes and was about five feet, eight inches in height.

"And a very distinguished figure," she concluded.

I could see that if she had any doubts, just the picture of him in her mind had dispelled them. She wrung her hands.

"Oh, I do hope you find him! I have a premonition poor Will is hurt somewhere, calling for me . . ."

"Did he write you any letters—or write his name on anything?" I asked.

"Well . . ." She hesitated again. "He did send me some flowers, with a card. I—I just happen to have it here."

She opened the book of Shelley's poetry and I saw a card and a flower that had been pressed between the



Peggy Weber
plays Emilie Butterworth

pages. She took out the card and shut the book quickly—afraid, I suppose, that I might want the flower, too.

"Thank you, Ma'am," I said. "This might help us."

She didn't seem to hear me, but went on talking, as if the book had reminded her of something. "The first time he came to see me—he sat in that very chair—he recited a stanza from Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound.' I had never realized it was so beautiful."

I suppose the expression on our faces made her forget her poetry, because she said, "You will try to find my money, won't you?"

We were walking to the door. "We'll try, Mrs. Wilson."

As she arose from the desk to go to the door with us, she looked sad and old, and there was nothing theatrical about the way she put her hand on my arm. "And bring Will back to me..."

"We can't promise you that," I said, rather gruffly. "You may have to argue with the court."

As we drove out to the valley to see Margaret Snyder, the second of the con man's two latest victims, Ben and I talked it over.

"It's the same guy, Joe," Ben said. "Same height, color hair, eyes. He's a good change artist, maybe as good at changing his act as that 'Duke of Wilshire'."

The "Duke of Wilshire" was a guy who spoke eight different languages fluently and could quote anything from the Bible to the Penal Code. He had a library of 2,000 books, all classics—and 85 suits in his wardrobe. He lived off women like Mrs. Wilson until his luck ran out and we put him in San Quentin.

I was wondering just what it was that made fellows like him, and Mrs. Wilson's friend, prefer to play it crooked all their lives, forever running away from the police, instead of using their brains and education in a profession or business where they might earn the respect of other people. I was coming to the conclusion that I'd better leave it to the psychiatrists to worry about when we found the address we were looking for.

It was a store, Snyder's Pet Shop, a neat-looking little place, with a litter of puppies in the window, tumbling around and playing with each other. We got out and Ben tried the door. It was locked. I looked through the window and saw that, although it was a dark day, there were no lights on inside the store. Right then, I began to get a feeling that something was wrong.

"No 'closed' sign on the door and it's the middle of the afternoon," Ben said, as if he had the same idea. "Odd time of day to close up shop."

Thinking there might be a back door we could try, we walked around to the rear of the shop. A short distance away there was a small cottage, with curtains on the windows and flower pots in some of them. It looked like a home.

"She probably lives here, Ben," I said. "Let's have a look."

We went up the little flight of stairs and rang the bell. While I was telling myself that she must have gone home to have a cup of coffee or something, Ben lifted his head and sniffed. I smelled it, too. It was gas, and coming from inside the house. The door was locked.



Barton Yarborough and Jack Webb, who portray Sergeants Ben Romero and Joe Friday in "Dragnet," inspect the IBM unit at police headquarters.

"C'mon, let's hit it!"

Both of us hit the door with our shoulders. On the third try, the door gave and we found ourselves in a small living room. The door on the opposite side of the room was closed.

"It's coming from the back of the house!" I yelled. "Let's go!"

Ben and I raced across the room and flung open the door. We could hear the hiss of the gas coming from the open jets of the kitchen stove and the odor was so strong in that little room that we both reeled a bit when it hit us. A woman was lying on the floor. After Ben turned off the gas and opened the windows, we picked her up and carried her into the living room. While Ben called the rescue squad, I began to give her artificial respiration. There was no heart beat and she wasn't breathing.

"Too late?" Ben asked, coming back from the telephone.

"I don't know. Let the doctor tell us. While I'm working on her, maybe you can find a neighbor who'll identify her."

A few minutes later, he returned with a woman. "This is Alice Snyder, Margaret Snyder's sister, Joe," he said. "This is Sergeant Friday, Miss Snyder."

Alice Snyder didn't look at me. She was around 55, a colorless woman, and the lines around her eyes and the grooves between her nose and mouth seemed to grow deeper as she stared at the woman lying on the couch.

"Yes," she said quietly. "That's my sister—Margaret."

If she had cried, shown any emotion, we might have tried to soothe her. But she (Continued on page 64)

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature

Playing the game with

GRAND SLAM

The Grand Mistress
of Grand Slam tells you
♠ how to play ♦ why
you must sharpen your wits
♣ what a lot of fun you
can have ♥ where she
got the idea

After more than three years as mistress of ceremonies of "Grand Slam," Irene Beasley is willing to bet on Mr. and Mrs. American Public as worthy competitors, in the creation of ideas, of the most highly-paid radio writer.

"There is no limit to their ingenuity," says Irene. "They can take the simplest kind of material—and twist it into a good idea."

On "Grand Slam," which is in its fourth year, the listener, whose entry has been accepted, competes with the studio contestant for the prizes, all of which are in the "practical" category—vacuum cleaners, hair driers, radios, waffle irons and other articles that any housewife can use in her

home. Ingenuity and a knowledge of music are the determining factors in the contest.

"When I started 'Grand Slam,'" Irene recalls now, "I was worried about whether my listeners would submit enough questions to keep us going. They have sent us not only enough, but more wonderful questions than we ever dreamed of."

The reason for the success of her show, Irene believes, lies in the American people's fondness for a good game. They welcomed the opportunity to enter into a battle of wits, to match their skill with the studio contestants'. In the questions they submit, ranging in subject matter from food and flowers to Communism and juvenile delinquency, they display not

(Continued on page 68)

Irene Beasley



Irene, with assistant Roger Strouse holding the microphone, gets her audience into a jolly mood: "Grab your ears with right hands, noses with the left, squeeze tight and reverse."



Performances by the Itsy-Bitsy Quartet "set radio back 20 years;" announcer Dwight Weist, pianist Robert Downey, Irene and organist Abe Goldman are "not good hut loud."



A young member of the audience is confronted with a serious problem as Irene gives him his choice of one dollar, perfume for his mother or a cake; P.S., he chose the cake.



"He's not too old to enjoy the title," said Mrs. HVK, when told that her husband's fan mail puts him in the "glamor boy" category.



"She's the type of woman who always gets what she demands—chiefly, her husband's unflinching love," comments the newscaster.

40 years
of love, honor
and *analysis...*
with

H.V.K. Kaltenborn

by Jan Forsythe

"GOOD evening, everybody. The Russ-eean people . . ." Only a few phrases, and any radio listener over the age of 16 knows that the dignified voice, with its precise enunciation of words, belongs to H. V. Kaltenborn. He has become as much a part of the American scene as automobiles and advertisements. Evidently, "age cannot wither" him—he is 71 years old—and his critics might be excused for thinking of him as inevitable.

Because of his eminence in his field, and the 27 years he has been pouring analyses and interpretations of news into a microphone, Kaltenborn's name has become a synonym for the radio news commentator, and he has been the butt of jokes aimed at his colleagues as a whole. During the last war, a cartoon pictured the crew of a sinking ship being lowered over the side as an officer sticks his head out of the radio room; the caption read, "Hold on, men—I've got Kaltenborn on the radio. He's analyzing our predicament." In another, a bearded GI, with a battery radio, is saying to another, "Hey, here's Kaltenborn. He'll know the name of the place we've captured."

The wives of other celebrities of comparable stature are of assistance to their husbands, so far as their work is concerned, only when they appear in pictures which indicate that famous people, like the average citizen, have homes, with wives and children. Although the most ardent admirer of Kaltenborn's skill as a news analyst may not be aware of her existence, his wife has played a very active role in his career since its very beginning.

Mr. Kaltenborn met the former Baroness Olga Von Nordenflycht on shipboard during the course of a transatlantic voyage. He was returning from a winter spent in Berlin as secretary of the Harvard Exchange Professor. She was accompanying her father to Uruguay, where he was to be Minister for Germany. The young newspaper reporter had resigned from the Brooklyn Daily Eagle to enter Harvard University but, after his graduation as a special student, and a short time spent as tutor to John Jacob Astor's son, Vincent, he returned to his first love, newspaper work. He had saved \$1,000 and, before settling down to his job at the Brooklyn Eagle again, he returned to Berlin in 1910 and married Miss Nordenflycht.

(Continued on page 34)



Kaltenborn and his grandchildren on Christmas Day, 1948; Karen, on his lap, and Kurt, on the floor, are Rolf Kaltenborn's children; and Erika, standing, and Annette, are Anais Robinson's girls.



Not satisfied with the exercise they get in their journeys to every continent, the Kaltenborns, shown here with champion Alice Marble (left), are enthusiastic tennis players.



The commentator's son, Rolf, now his editorial assistant, has also acted as producer of his program; below, Kaltenborn is shown with his daughter, Mrs. Attmore Robinson Jr.



"Hold on, men—I've got H. V. Kaltenborn on the radio. He's analyzing our predicament."

In this cartoon, like several others which appeared in national magazines during the war, the artist uses Kaltenborn's name in a good-humored joke at the expense of all newscasters, with their analyses and predictions.

H.V. Kaltenborn

The Kaltenborns have two children, Anais, the older, who lives with her husband, Attmore Robinson, Jr., and two children, in Stony Brook, Long Island; and Rolf, also married and the father of two children, who is now acting as editorial assistant to his father.

Mrs. Kaltenborn is an excellent illustration of her husband's theory that a woman can pursue an active career as an assistant to what he would undoubtedly call her "better half." He is no less emphatic in stating his stand on a woman's proper role in life than he was in predicting President Truman's defeat last year.

"The average career woman (Continued on page 61)

Mrs. Kaltenborn accompanies her husband on his many news-gathering voyages; here they chat with announcer Ben Grauer at a Tokyo radio station while on a visit to Japan.



poll consensus

FAVORITE MALE SINGER:

1. Bing Crosby 2. Vaughn Monroe



FAVORITE MALE CLASSICAL SINGER:

1. Nelson Eddy 2. James Melton



FAVORITE FEMALE SINGER:

1. Doris Day 2. Jo Stafford



FAVORITE FEMALE CLASSICAL SINGER:

1. Rise Stevens 2. Jeanette MacDonald

FAVORITE POPULAR ORCHESTRA:

1. Vaughn Monroe 2. Guy Lombardo

FAVORITE CLASSICAL ORCHESTRA:

1. Boston Pops Orch. 2. N.Y. Philharmonic

FAVORITE SINGING GROUP:

1. Ink Spots 2. Andrew Sisters

FAVORITE INSTRUMENTAL GROUP:

1. King Cole Trio 2. Three Suns



*FAVORITE RECORD SPEED:

1. RCA Victor's 45 RPM system. 2. Columbia's 33 1/2 RPM system

* Many voters hadn't heard either of the new speeds but of those who had, the majority cast their votes for the RCA Victor setup. Many noted the fact that they, of course, liked the standard 78 RPM records and also voted for one of the two new setups, which votes we accepted.

young America likes it *Corny* and semi-classical

by David R. North

Although American teen-agers are supposed to have a strong yen for be-bop, they are turning their backs on discordant sounds and have developed a strong enthusiasm for the softer rhythms of semi-classical music and ballads. In orchestral music, they like a slow, sweet delivery, often described as "corny," which has been considered a favorite only among older people.

These are some of the facts uncovered by a poll of high school editors and students, conducted by RADIO & TELEVISION BEST in cooperation with Gale Agency, Inc., one of the country's largest theatrical agencies. Thousands of votes were cast in 14 sample communities, with local disc jockies acting as pollsters.

Not only do young Americans like semi-classical music and ballads, for which radio can take a deep bow, but radio and movie names had a wide lead in the various personality (Continued on page 74)

About the Author—

Karl Swenson is probably the only actor who was ever reprimanded, very sternly, for over devotion to his art. The man who was to win fame among radio listeners as the portray-er of "Lorenzo Jones" was expelled from Marietta College, Ohio, for con-centrating on his extra-curricular activities as a member of the drama-tic club at the expense of his pre-medical studies.

Swenson took the hint, decided that he wouldn't make a very good doctor anyway and, after extensive experience with various stock com-panies, made his Broadway debut as the phantom in "The Miracle of Verdun." His subsequent success has been anything but spectral.

In 1935 he turned to radio and in 1937, when "Lorenzo Jones" was launched on NBC, he was cast in the title role. In addition to playing the part of the amiable young fellow who dreams of becoming an inventor, he also stars in "Mr. Chameleon" and appears regularly on "Our Gal Sun-day," both CBS programs. Broad-way theatre-goers have seen him in numerous plays.

Swenson was born in Brooklyn, New York. He revealed his talent as an actor while quite young as a Sunday School elocutionist and choir boy at a local church. Among vari-ous jobs he held during his vacations from school was one as a photog-rapher's assistant which accounts for his current interest in photography.

Swenson also spends some of his spare time making furniture for the farm home in which he lives with his wife, Virginia, and their four sons, Peter, 13; David, 10; Stephen, 8; and John, 6.



what Security means to me!

by Karl Swenson

star of "Lorenzo Jones"

SECURITY is like the road over the horizon. As soon as we get to it, it looks different or it has become something else. Perhaps many of us would be surprised to learn where our real security lies.

I think most of us feel insecure but don't know what to do about it. Perhaps, like Brown, you say, "If only I get a certain amount of money saved, or a new car each year or a college education for my children, we'll be secure." Today, more than ever before, more people are achieving all of these. But security doesn't seem to come with them, so people become disillusioned and bitter.

I don't believe that any one thing by itself makes us secure. Certainly security doesn't lie in material ad-vantages or prestige, yet we need a modicum of those to keep us from being harassed. But you can probably point out people who don't have any and yet have a feel-ing of security.

Maybe these people are the simple and naive souls like Lorenzo Jones whom I portray on the air. To Lorenzo, a million dollars mean security and he is always trying to find it and living on hope. He won't ever know that it's a false hope and his sense of security a false one.

To my way of thinking, we have security if we are able to meet any change which comes, and what's more, enjoy it. Enjoyment is important. This means we can't cling to the past nor live in the future—we have to learn to enjoy each day.



Karl Swenson's features, along with his blonde hair and blue eyes, reveal his Swedish ancestry; he also speaks Swedish, plus French and German, and is a master of some 15 dialects.

Perhaps Mrs. Brown looks back to the "good, old days." She wishes her husband hadn't changed his job or that the children were as easy to manage as when they were little. She doesn't see today because she's looking back and either sighing for the past or regretting it. On the other hand, Mrs. Greene, who lives next door, is the original "manana" girl. Tomorrow she will learn to share her husband's interests, tomorrow she will begin to live. But tomorrow comes and she is still insecure.

We cling to the past or live only in the future because we have grown inflexible and afraid, and are prone to think that change must be bad. Our education is largely at fault. We are taught that life fits into certain pigeon-holes and that we must try to make ourselves fit them too. When we don't succeed at that, we become badly adjusted and unhappy.

The person who learns to stand off and observe himself and others with an unprejudiced eye, so that he may be aware of his weaknesses and strengths and how to handle them, grows better adjusted and gains security. It is a job he must do for himself and though his minister or his

psychiatrist may lend him a helping hand in seeing himself and others more clearly, no one can do it for him.

For we have to live in the world as it is and as it changes each day. Education, if it doesn't prepare us for this, fails in its chief function. Yet it is making strides. There are now classes in human relations and kindred subjects so that young people may learn to use the new tools.

But most of us, who are adults have to seek out this learning for ourselves by the kind of detached observation I speak of. Nothing is more satisfying. With it comes the return of proper values. After World War I, integrity didn't seem to have much value but today it is back in vogue. I don't believe there can be any real security without it.

If you can cope with your world, no matter what tomorrow brings, and have learned to go farther and enjoy it, then, I believe, you have the kind of security that is lasting.

What is your definition of "Security?"

Certainly I would be very happy to read your comments and opinions.

Because the urge for security seems to be uppermost in the minds of the American people today, RADIO BEST has asked the nation's leading personalities in radio and show business to outline their thoughts on the meaning of this magic word. "What Security Means To Me" presents, each month, an article by a different celebrity. Readers are invited to send in their comments.



The Listeners Panel
chooses the

TOP TEN

Evening Radio
and Television Shows

THE RADIO BEST *Listeners Panel* again reports on the nation's preferred listening habits. Walter Winchell, who has led every Panel Report, again takes the lead and tops every other type of radio program on the air. Jack Benny, the perennial pinch-penny comedian, is a close runner-up. The status of favorite network television programs remains the same with Milton Berle in the lead followed by Arthur Godfrey and Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour.

In a breakdown as to "network" popularity, the Columbia Broadcasting System netted five shows in the first top ten evening radio category; the National Broadcasting Company had three in that category, and the American Broadcasting Company, two. In the TV department, CBS again leads with six top shows and NBC followed with four favorites. *The complete breakdown of the ten most popular radio and television programs follows:*

Radio Programs

Program	Network	Rating
Walter Winchell	ABC	18.0
Jack Benny	CBS	16.5
Lux Radio Theatre	CBS	14.4
Godfrey's Talent Scouts	CBS	12.3
Theatre Guild On The Air	NBC	11.7
My Friend Irma	CBS	11.5
Stop the Music	ABC	11.4
The Railroad Hour	NBC	10.9
Suspense	CBS	10.5
Bob Hope	NBC	10.4

Television Programs

Program	Network	Rating
Texaco Star Theatre	NBC	32.8
Talent Scouts	CBS	24.8
Amateur Hour	NBC	23.7
Ed Wynn	CBS	23.3
The Goldbergs	CBS	22.2
Toast of the Town	CBS	21.1
Fred Waring	CBS	20.6
Television Playhouse	NBC	20.0
Inside Show Business	CBS	19.7
Godfrey and His Friends	CBS	19.6

Ten favorite evening radio programs chosen by Listeners



Panel



WALTER WINCHELL
He's number one
on the radio dial



JACK BENNY
Number two with fans, one
with Mary Livingstone



LUX RADIO THEATRE
Milton Kennedy with
producer William Keighley



TALENT SCOUTS
Arthur Godfrey with
producer Irving Mansfield



**THEATRE GUILD
ON THE AIR**
Roger Pryor and Irene Dunne



MY FRIEND IRMA
Marie Wilson and
Cathy Lewis



STOP THE MUSIC
The indomitable Bert Parks



THE RAILROAD HOUR
Gordon MacRae and Dinah Shore



SUSPENSE
Peck awaits the signal



BOB HOPE
Kisses his first love

Silver Mike Award for Outstanding Performance



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

To Gene Autry

Because of the moral value of the inspiration he has given American youth for the past 15 years, the RADIO BEST listener panel has selected Gene Autry to receive the Silver Mike Award. A cowboy in the best rip-roarin', broncho-bustin' tradition, Autry has become an idol to American boys and girls and, while exercising all the fascination of this picturesque calling, has held up moral virtues as indispensable qualities of all who would emulate him. Cowboys and clean living are practically synonymous in Autry's vocabulary and what little boy would risk his reputation as a real Western guy by cheating or stealing! Autry was the first of the singing cowboys and is largely responsible for the fact that small figures topped with large felt hats and equipped with gun holsters can be found hiding behind bushes and strutting in high boots on almost every street in America.

Western pictures were not boxoffice attractions when the "Oklahoma Singing Cowboy" arrived in Hollywood but his first movie, in 1935 when the Legion of Decency was campaigning against films because of their corrupting influence on youth, reversed the downward trend and opened numerous theatres to children. It was undoubtedly wholesome fare.

In his radio program on CBS, "Gene Autry's Melody Ranch," he has always made it clear that the model cowboy is not only a crack rider who can track down the villain who stole his neighbor's cattle but also an honest fellow who respects his parents.

In recognition of this lesson to American youth, RADIO BEST is proud to present the Silver Mike to Gene Autry.



Joanne Phillips, a cowgal on Gene Autry's "Melody Ranch," hands the Silver Mike to the celebrated cowboy.



Comedian Hank Ladd, after an extensive survey, is prepared to disclose the names of the five pests rampant in the homes of most television set owners. In these pictures, Ladd and his wife, Francetta Malloy, illustrate the manner in which the pests operate.

TV pests



The "dial gypsy"—this cute guest wants football when a fight is on, Berle when Ladd is on, and music instead of drama, and always contrary to the wishes of his hostess.



The "ham"—the exhibitionist who fights the competition of the screen. He must always outdo the show—no matter what the cost, even to wearing a lampshade for a big howl.



The "standee"—he can't be made to sit down. When he does finally settle down, it's usually the arm of the hostess's favorite chair in which the annoyed gal sits with distress.



The "firebug"—if he doesn't set fire to rugs, drapes or the hostess, you'll usually find he burns holes in tables. If that's not enough, he keeps chiselling the lady's cigarettes.



The "engineer"—he's the toughest of the telepests to cope with. Just when you're engrossed in a drama, he'll decide that the set is not in focus and proceed to take it all apart.



Putting the script into action, Bob Fryer, assistant producer, confers with Eleanor Kilgallen, CBS-TV casting director.

THOSE who have always insisted that consistent presentation of top-flight dramatic entertainment would find an enthusiastic audience among radio and television set owners have been encouraged by the success of "Studio One." As a radio program, "Studio One" received the George Foster Peabody Award for outstanding radio drama and it has won even more acclaim for its work in this field as a television show. Launched on CBS television on (Continued on page 44)

Behind the scenes at—

studio One



Producer Miner and the cast at the first reading of the script. Left to right are Lotte Staviskey, Joseph Silver, Bramwell Fletcher, Ruth Ford, the star; Tony Miner, Charlton Heston, Henry Lascoe, Ethel Everett and Bill Mims.



Above, Miner and director Paul Nickell iron out some kinks; at right, makeup artist Bob Giras at work with Ruth Ford.



Since studio rehearsals, involving 50 technicians, are expensive, the first six rehearsals are held in a ballroom without cameras. Above, in the background, Nickell sets the camera angle with a viewfinder while his assistant, Lela Swift, makes notes from which she will instruct cameramen, through earphones, in the studio. Below, the same scene in the CBS studio with television cameras.

... a popular novel
comes to life
on the TV screen





Again, director Nickell works on a camera angle in the ballroom as Ruth Ford and Bramwell Fletcher rehearse a hospital scene. TV actors must remember body positions.



The scene on the left as it is shot in the studio. Nickell has kept within his production schedule and cut expenses by setting camera angles before the studio rehearsals begin.



Lotte Stavisky and Joe Silver, in center, leave the roof so that Charlton Heston and Ruth Ford may be alone. Charlton had found Ruth after her escape from a mental hospital.



Joe Silver, Ruth Ford and Lotte Stavisky at the final dress rehearsal two hours before going on the air. The cast will receive final instructions from both Miner and Nickell later.



The cast gathers at a restaurant near the studio for dinner and relaxation before theatre-time.

November 7, 1948, "Studio One" was presented every other week on a sustaining basis until May 12, 1949, when it became a weekly program under Westinghouse sponsorship.

Producer Worthington (Tony) Miner, who is CBS-TV director of program development, brings to the show an entirely new craftsmanship based on his experience on Broadway where he directed such famous plays as "Reunion In Vienna" and "Five Star Final," and in Hollywood where he has been author and director for RKO motion pictures. With "Studio One," he expects to prove his theory that Americans would learn to appreciate the (Continued on page 63)



"My Life"
by Florence Rinard

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

After reading Herb Polesie's article on his mother-in-law in last month's issue of RADIO BEST, I was approached by editor Ed Bobley, who asked me to write a few hundred words on myself. Believe me, that sounds much easier than it is. After all, I'm just an average housewife. Sure, I do a radio and TV show once a week but the rest of my time is spent at home—cooking, cleaning, puttering around in the garden and mainly taking care of my husband and two children.

But to go way back, I was born in a little town, Farmland, Indiana, by name, and attended public school there. I studied music and art at DePaul University and the State Teachers College. Although I taught all phases of music, I specialized in the piano and organ.

While attending a convention in Chicago one year, I was introduced to Fred Vandeventer, who was then associated with the Hearst Wire Services. Fred fell into the job of squiring a group of us girls around town. He made such a (Continued on page 74)

Bet you can't guess it!

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

Twenty clues submitted by Florence Rinard

The subject is animal.

1. Is it a whole animal? *No*
2. Is it human? *Yes*
3. Is it part of a human being? *Yes*
4. Is this part above the neck? *Yes*
5. Is it hair? *No*
6. Part of the face? ... *Yes*
7. Part of a woman's face? *Yes*
8. Is she living? *No*
9. Is she dead? *No*
10. Is she in fiction? *Yes—of a type*
11. Is she in a current cartoon? *No*
12. In poetry? *A form of poetry*
13. In a song? *Yes*
14. In a current popular song? *This song is always popular—but not new.*
15. Is this the type of song a crowd sings around the piano? *Yes*
16. Is the song the type such as "Sweet Adeline," "The Old Mill Stream," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"? .. *Yes*
17. Are we after eyes? ... *Yes*
18. Are the eyes in the title of the Song? *No*
19. Are they described by a word such as beautiful, large, etc.? *Not by one of these but they are described by a certain word.*
20. Do we know the girl's name? *No*

TWENTY QUESTIONS CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to all readers of Radio Best, except members of the Mutual Broadcasting System, anyone associated with the program, Twenty Questions or the sponsor, Ronson Lighters.
2. Clip the coupon which contains your answer and fill in your name, address, age and occupation. On a separate sheet write, in 50 words or less, why you enjoy "The Twenty Questions" program. Then mail at once to Contest Editor, Radio Best Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. All entries become the property of the Contest Editor and winners will be judged by the Editorial Staff of Radio Best.
3. The first winners will receive a Ronson Mayfair pair, valued at \$16.50, plus tax. The next four winners will receive a Ronson Standard Tortoise, valued at \$7.50. All winners will receive in addition, a Ronson Service Kit.
4. This contest closes March 30, 1950, and entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of that date.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. No entry will be returned, and decisions of the Contest Editor will be final.
6. A new Twenty Questions contest will be conducted for four consecutive months. The first winner in each contest will then compete in a 4-category Twenty-Question game, the winner receiving the Grand Prize of a Ronson solid gold Adonis, valued at \$200.00 plus tax. The three runners-up will receive a handsome Ronson Masterease valued at \$10.00.

▶ The subject is
(Print your answer)

TWENTY QUESTIONS CONTEST ENTRY

Name

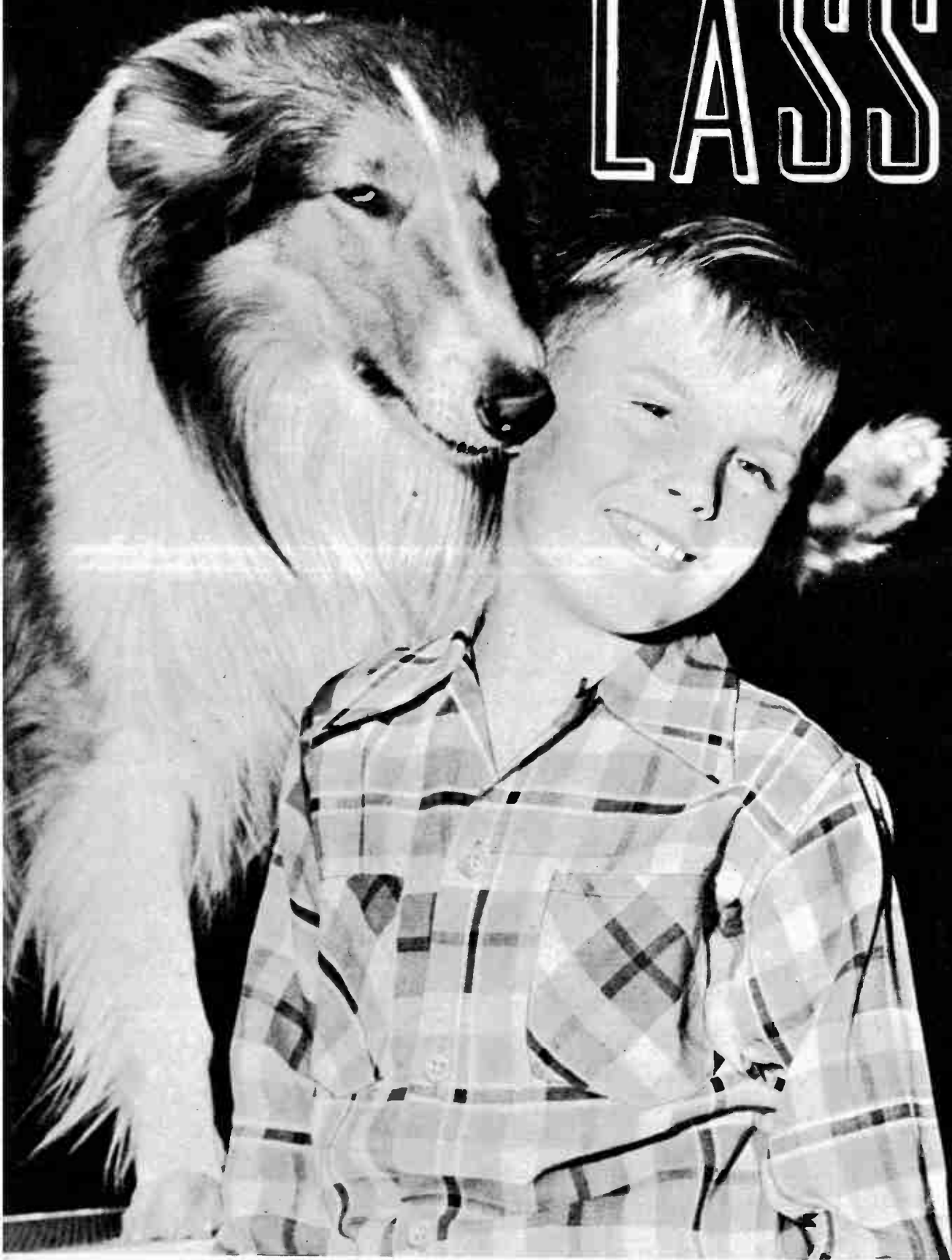
Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

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

LASSIE



Lassie shows her affection for seven-year-old Robert Weatherwax, son of her owner and trainer, with a kiss on the ear and a pat on the shoulder; at right, she leads Robert down the studio aisle toward the stage from which she will broadcast her show.

at work

the four-footed star

is a seasoned radio actress

Some years ago, the owner of a collie pup, unable to pay the \$10 he owed for her board, gave her to dog trainer Rudd Weatherwax in lieu of the unpaid bill. Today the pup, known to millions as Lassie, is a radio and motion picture star whose earnings are comparable to the salaries of the top stars on the MGM payroll, and her NBC program is in its third year on the air.

Lassie has her own dressing room. Unlike other leading stars of the entertainment world, she never has to worry about a plane reservation or other means of transportation; she has a special plane and station wagon.



Not only does Lassie herself get to the studio on time, but she rounds up other actors, like Shorty, her dancing partner.



Although she modestly insists she can play the piano with only one paw, Lassie often accompanies Robert in a song.

(Continued on next page) 47

Lassie at work



The famous star shows Laddie, her stand-in (right), how to "take applause" as she greets the audience at her show.



Mindful that artists need constant encouragement, Robert shakes hands with Lassie and wishes her the best of luck.



At the NBC mike with her owner-trainer Rudd Weatherwax, the star does her famous "bark-on-cue" into the microphone.



Obedying a command from Robert, Lassie (right) and Laddie show the audience how they have been taught to crawl.



Her body hanging limply from her owner's arms, Lassie demonstrates how she "plays dead" after a hard fight.



It's time to go off the air, and Lassie and Rudd Weatherwax bow in response to the audience's enthusiastic applause.

Why Am I Here?

by Shelley Keats



MARJORIE WINTERS didn't tell us but our guess is that she's either a mother or baby-sitter.

QUESTIONS

Never have I met a child of three
Who isn't forever asking questions of me;
"Who puts the stars in the sky at night?
Why don't they fall? Are they screwed
in tight?
What makes the trees green? Why aren't
they blue?
Who gets up early to spread the grass
with dew?
Who paints the flowers? Who colors the
sky?
Who does this? Who does that? What for?
Why?"
But, don't get me wrong! Make no mis-
take!
For all the questions they give, I can
take.
I'll have an answer ready for each one
they ask.
I'll tell you right now, it's never a task.
I've had experience, so it's nothing new,
When one child asks questions,
Think what it's like with *two!*

Marjorie R. Winters,
48 Washington Ave.,
Albany-Schenectady Road,
Albany 5, N.Y.

RUTH VOLK poses a few questions that should sound familiar to us all—the kind of questions that come to our minds, usually, at night, when the house is dark and quiet and there's no one to answer us.

WHY?

Why is it the things we should forget
Are the things we always remember?
Why do we always wish for July
When the calendar says December?
Why is it the fellow we hated so much
Is a "swell guy"—after he's dead?
I'd like to know the answer to this
For it's true, every word I have said.

Ruth E. Volk,
1822 W. 5th St.,
Beaver Falls, Pa.

EVERYBODY is a poet at heart, judging by the way the poets are responding to our little poetry department from all parts of the country. Send them in . . . but please keep them short! The shorter they are the better old Shelley loves them! And remember this . . . we expect to get thousands of poems because everyone is a poet at heart . . . so keep a copy of your poem and don't expect us to acknowledge it in any other way than by publishing here if it passes muster. Good luck, poets, and let's hear from you. "Say it in Poetry!"

THE writer of "Inventory" reminds us that "it's the little things in life that count," and that it's a good idea to take stock of them.

INVENTORY

I have watched a cloud that passes,
The sun has kissed my hair, and I have
seen
The wonderment of bubbles in tall
glasses,
And grass that has been newly dipped
in green;
I have picked cool grapes from sweetly-
scented vines,
And walked along a silent river bed;
I have toasted my dear friends with scar-
let wines,
And lit a tallow flame when light was
dead;
I have thrilled to summer storms and laid
my cheek
Against the softness of a velvet bow;
I've wished there were two Sundays in
each week
And I've helped a lad stand soldiers in a
row;
I've lived with wind and rain and tossed
the snow
That spread its greatness in the Christmas
weather;
I am so very happy for I know
The world and I walk hand in hand to-
gether.

Helen Remington,
577 Winchester Ave.,
New Haven, Conn.

EVERY judge does not wear a black robe. The average individual, in his daily life, is constantly passing judgment on his fellow human beings.

JUDGE NOT

Judge not a person by his race or creed,
But by his actions, and words or deeds,
Judge not a person by his high or low
birth,
But by what good he has done on this
earth;
Rich man, poor man, beggar, cook or In-
dian chief,
Banker, lawyer, doctor, judge—yes, and
even a thief;
All were judged equally by God above
Who has handed us down here His broth-
erly love,
So remember only God, not you or I,
Has any right to judge a person as he
passes by.

(Mrs.) Jeannette Lundberg,
2139 North Clark St.,
Chicago 14, Ill.

WE hope that James Bado doesn't feel so bad now that he's expressed his grief in a rhyme.

I'M FACING THE MUSIC

I'm facing the music,
While you dance with someone new
I'm facing the music
Pretending that I don't see you.
I'm facing the music
And it hurts so that I want to cry
Gee, how I long to
Reach out for you, when you dance by . . .
I may look carefree
But it's just an old trick
For as long as my life is wasting
I'll be facing the music.

—James Bado
(Torrington, Conn.)

MY BUSINESS IS KILLING



John J. Anthony says:

The story of a young man who decided to kill the husband of the girl he loved . . . doesn't have a storybook ending.

THE BOY sitting opposite me was frail and his face was drawn. He was obviously upset. The customary phrase, "All right now, your problem, please," had sounded through the studio, but the petitioner sitting opposite me didn't say a word. I repeated, "Your problem, please," and almost with a start, he began.

"Mr. Anthony, the man never did me any harm personally—I don't even know him—I never saw him—but I am going to kill him!"

You must grant me that such an opening is certainly not likely to make me feel easy.

"Who is this person you are talking about?" I asked him.

"He is the husband of the girl with whom I am in love. They haven't lived together for three years. She wants a divorce so that we can get married and be happy. We have tried everything, but still he will not divorce her. So I simply feel that the world holds nothing for me if I can not have this girl for my wife, and the least I can do is to help her by getting rid of him."

During this recital I rapidly scribbled a note to my announcer asking him to have my client's coat searched out in the coat room. He flashed the note to the control room and our Pinkerton came back with a jack handle taken from

(Continued on page 62)



Let's Meet the Missus



with
Harry
Von
Zell



Emcee Harry Von Zell has what he considers an ideal job—he is swamped by women five days a week on the Columbia Pacific Network's "Meet the Missus" program, broadcast from KNX in Los Angeles.

The program is aired from the famed Earl Carroll's Theater Restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, which has a seating capacity of more than one thousand "missus." And often this isn't enough room to accommodate Harry's fans.

Von Zell's career is the converse of the Horace Greeley admonition about the west—he went east to gain success. Greeley and the compass were squared later, however; Harry's taken out his first papers and is a confirmed Southern Californian.

Like most Californians, Von Zell is a Midwesterner by birth. His father was a sports reporter for the Indianapolis (Indiana) Star, and young Harry helped his father cover many events, learning to like most sports along the way. (Continued on page 74)

Everything goes when the missus meets the emcee with the infectious chuckle



Rosemary La Planche, a former "Miss America" and Carol Lampe, Nevada beauty, typify the glamor contestants on "Meet the Missus" show. (Right) 1200 fans line up daily to see program.



What's on the air

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



HELEN CHAPMAN
Co-star of video series
"Jackson & Jill"



ARTHUR HUGHES
Barber Bill Davidson in
"Just Plain Bill"



PEGGY LEE
Blond songstress of
Bing Crosby show

SUNDAY

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

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember Lew Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
8:45				
9:00	Honeymoon in New York	Robert Hurligh	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15	Tell Your Neighbor	Tennessee Jamboree		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15	Faith in Our Time	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Marriage For Two		Victor Lindlahr	
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00	We Love and Learn	Behind The Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	Dr. Paul	Your Marriage	Buddy Rogers	
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm		Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton			Rosemary

Afternoon Listening

12:00	Silver Strings	Choir Series	Music	Invitation to Learning
12:15			Foreign Reporter	
12:30	Eternal Light	Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	People's Platform
12:45				
1:00	America United	Sidney Walton	Song Salesman	News
1:15			Hollywood Byline	Elmo Roper
1:30	Chicago Roundtable	Michael O'Duffy Show	National Vespers	Treasury Bandstand
1:45				
2:00	NBC University Theater	Chamber Music	This Week Around The World	Longine Symphonette
2:15		Bill Cunningham	Mr. President	Syncopation Piece
2:30		Veteran's Information		
2:45				
3:00	One Man's Family	Treasury Varieties	This Changing World	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15		Juvenile Jury	Music	Southern Baptist
3:30	Quiz Kids			
3:45				
4:00	United Nations	House of Mystery	Show Time	
4:15				
4:30	Voices & Events	Wm. Gargan	Milton Cross Opera Album	Sunday at the
4:45				
5:00	Surprise Serenade	The Shadow	Family Close up	Music For You
5:15		True Detective	Greatest Story Ever Told	Symphonette
5:30	James Melton			
5:45				

12:00	Home Towners	Kate Smith Speaks	House Party	Wendy Warren
12:15		Quiz Club		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Sings	Walter Kiernan	Helen Trent
12:45		Heatter's Mailbag		Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15		Harvey Harding	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Music	Dorothy Dix	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Easy Listenin'	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Ladies' Fair	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Brighter Day
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Bob Poole	Talk Your Way Out of It	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins		Ladies Be Seated	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young			Garry Moore
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Melody Promenade	Winner Take All
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoodown Party		Treasury Bandstand
4:45	Young Widder Brown			
5:00	When A Girl Marries	B-Bar-B Ranch	Challenge of Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Tom Mix	Sky King	Martha Tilton
5:30	Just Plain Bill			
5:45	Front Page Farrell			

Evening Listening

6:00	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson	Family Hour of Stars
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Hollywood Calling	Nick Carter	Buzz Adlam	Our Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	The Saint		Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild	Enchanted Hour		Red Skelton
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre
9:15			Louella Parsons	with Helen Hayes
9:30	American Album	Sheilah Graham	Chance of a Lifetime	Horace Heidt
9:45		Twin Views of News		
10:00	Take It or Leave It		Jimmie Fiddler	Dress Parade
10:15			Ted Malone	
10:30	Pet Milk Show	Music	Music	

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



SIDNEY WALTON
Analyzes the news
every Sunday at
1:00 on MBS



DOROTHY RICHARDS
Portrays Jane Baxter
in "The Guiding
Light"



BERT PARKS
Genial emcee of quiz
show, "Break the
Bank"



ANGELYN ORR
Portrays secret agent
Joyce Ryan for aviator
"Captain Midnight"



RED SKELTON
The "mean little kid"
is now heard Sundays
at 8:30 p.m. on CBS



MARY LIVINGSTONE
Wise-cracking girl
friend of Jack Benny
every Sunday on CBS

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember Low Webb		Gems for Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dr. Paul Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind The Story Your Marriage Temptones	Modern Romances Buddy Rogers	Grand Slam Rosemary

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember Low Webb		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dr. Paul Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind The Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Buddy Rogers	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Listening

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Betty Harris Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Quiz Club Kate Smith Sings Heatter's Mailbag	House Party	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Easy Listenin'	News Harvey Harding Music Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Garry Moore
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoe Down Party Two Ton Baker	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Winner Take All Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight	The Green Hornet Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Martha Tilton

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	The Playboys The Hometowners Echoes from the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Quiz Club Kate Smith Sings Heatter's Mailbag	House Party	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez George Hicks Easy Listenin'	News Harvey Harding Music Misc. Programs	Baukhage Talking Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies' Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Talk Your Way Out of It Ladies Be Seated	David Harum Hilltop House Garry Moore
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Stella Dallas Hoe Down Party Young Widder Brown	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Winner Take All Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	B-Bar-B Ranch Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Martha Tilton

Evening Listening

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	B-Bar-B Ranch Local Programs News		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Alan Young Show	Gregory Hood Official Detective Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele, Adventurer Mysterious Traveler	Erwin D. Canham We Care	Escape It Pays To Be Ignorant
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	News Mutual Newsreel	Time For Defense A. F. of L.	Hit The Jackpot Music

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Ted Drake Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music H. V. Kallenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	This Is Your Life Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? Intern'l Airport	Amazing Mr. Malone Sherlock Holmes	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Henry Morgan Mr. District Attorney	Scattergood Baines Family Theater	Boris Karloff The Croupier	Groucho Marx Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	News Mutual Newsreel	Music On Trial	Burns & Allen Capitol Cloak Room



EZRA STONE
Always the bewildered
"Henry" of "The Aldrich Family"



ELAINE VITO
Only female member
of famed NBC Sym-
phony



BOB HOPE
Still laughing it up on
Tuesday at NBC



HENRY MORGAN
The unpredictable
Morgan heard
Wednesdays



MORTON DOWNEY
Popular singer of bal-
lads heard thrice
weekly at 11:30 p.m.



ARTURO TOSCANINI
Conducts the NBC
Symphony Satur-
days at 6:30

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember		Gems For Thought	Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Housewives Moneymaker	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dr. Paul Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Your Marriage Against the Storm	Modern Romances Buddy Rogers	Grand Slam Rosemary

FRIDAY

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

Afternoon Listening

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

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

Evening Listening

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	B-Bar-B Ranch Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Fishing & Hunting Club	The First 100 Years Ozzie & Harriet	The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Actors Guild Duffy's Tavern	Comedy Playhouse	Amateur Hour Name The Movie	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Supper Club	News Mutual Newsreel	Robert Montgomery Someone You Know	Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	B-Bar-B Ranch Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45		Plantation Jubilee Blue Barron	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	The Goldbergs My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Life of Riley	Air Force Hour Radio Newsreel Meet the Press	The Sheriff	Joan Davis Abe Burrows
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dr. I. Q. Sports	News Mutual Newsreel	Boxing Bouts	Young Love

program highlights on the TV networks

SUNDAY

- CBS** 6:00—Chuck Wagon; 6:30—Mr. I. Magination; 7:00—Tonight on Broadway; 7:30—Tonight on Broadway; 8:00—Toast of the Town; 9:00—Fred Waring; 10:00—The Week in Review
- NBC** 7:00—Leave It to the Girls; 7:30—Aldrich Family; 8:00—Supper Club; 8:30—Video Theatre; 9:00—Philco Television Playhouse; 10:00—Garroway at Large
- WABD** 7:00—Front Row Center; 8:00—Land Mystery Players; 8:30—Film; 9:00—Cross-Question; 10:00—Bowling
- ABC** 6:00—Cartoon Tele Tales; 6:30—The Singing Lady; 7:00—Stained Glass Windows; 7:30—TV Players; 8:00—Music Room; 8:30—Film Shorts; 9:30—Skip Farrell Show; 10:00—Celebrity Time; 10:30—Bowling Liners.

MONDAY

- CBS** 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Roar of the Rails; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:45—Cliff Edwards; 8:00—Silver Theatre; 8:30—Talent Scouts; 9:00—Phillip Morris Show; 9:30—The Goldbergs; 10:00—Studio One
- NBC** 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—Chevrolet Tele Theatre; 8:30—Musical Show; 9:00—Light's Out; 9:30—Band of America; 10:00—Quiz Kids; 10:30—News
- WABD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Magic Carpet; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—News; 8:30—Al Morgan; 9:00—And Everything Nice; 10:00—News
- ABC** 7:00—Film; 7:15—Mr. & Mrs. Fitzgerald; 7:30—On Trial; 8:00—Travel Films; 8:30—Science Circus; 9:00—Pet Show

TUESDAY

- CBS** 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Prize Party; 7:15—Ted Steele; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:45—Sonny Kendis; 8:00—Feature Film; 9:00—Actors Studio; 9:30—Suspense; 10:00—This Week in Sports; 10:15—Blues by Bary
- NBC** 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Roberta Quinlan; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—Texaco Star Theatre (Milton Berle); 9:00—Fireside Theatre; 9:30—Life of Riley; 10:00—Amateur Hour
- WABD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Magic Carpet; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Eloise Salutes the Stars; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—Court of Current Issues; 9:00—The O'Neills; 9:30—Film; 10:30—News
- ABC** 6:45—Okky Doky Ranch; 7:00—Ship's Reporter; 7:15—Film Shorts; 7:30—Feature Film; 8:30—Feature Film; 9:30—Film Shorts; 10:00—Boxing

WEDNESDAY

- CBS** 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Music; 7:15—Paul Arnold; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:45—Earl Wrightson; 8:00—Godfrey & His Friends; 9:00—Bigelow Show; 9:30—Boxing; 11:00—Newsreel
- NBC** 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:30—The Clock; 9:00—Kraft Television Theater; 10:00—Break the Bank
- WABD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Magic Carpet; 7:00—Wendy Barrie Show; 7:30—Manhattan Spotlight; 7:45—Easy Aces; 8:00—Film; 9:00—Program Playhouse; 9:30—Boxing; 11:00—News
- ABC** 6:00—News; 7:00—Film; 7:15—Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald; 7:30—Film Shorts; 8:00—Film; 9:00—Film Shorts; 9:30—Wrestling

THURSDAY

- CBS** 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Dione Lucas; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:45—Sonny Kendis; 8:00—Front Page; 8:30—Inside U.S.A.; 9:00—Ed Wynn
- NBC** 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Roberta Quinlan; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:30—Mary Kay and Johnny; 9:00—Kay Kyser; 10:00—Martin Kane—Private Eye; 10:30—Hank McCune
- WARD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Manhattan Spotlight; 7:45—Lopez; 8:00—Film; 9:00—Morey Amsterdam Show; 9:30—Boxing
- ABC** 6:45—Okky Doky Ranch; 7:00—Ship's Reporter; 7:15—Kieran's Kaleidoscope; 7:30—Blind Date; 8:00—Stop the Music; 9:00—Crusade in Europe; 9:30—Dramatic Series

FRIDAY

- CBS** 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Kirby Stone; 7:15—Paul Arnold; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:45—Amazing Polgar; 8:00—Mama; 8:30—Man Against Crime; 9:00—Ford Theater; 10:00—People's Platform
- NBC** 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—One Man's Family; 9:00—George Givot; 9:30—Big Story; 10:00—Boxing, Madison Square Garden & Elsewhere
- WABD** 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Magic Carpet; 7:00—Captain Video; 7:30—Manhattan Spotlight; 7:45—Lopez; 8:00—Front Row Center; 9:00—Bill Slater; 9:30—News
- ABC** 6:45—Travel Film; 7:00—Mr. & Mrs. Fitzgerald; 7:30—Film; 8:00—Think Fast; 8:30—Treasure Quest; 9:00—Break the Bank; 9:30—Fun for the Money

SATURDAY

- CBS** 6:30—Red Barber; 6:45—Lucky Pup; 7:15—Film Shorts; 7:30—Quincy Howe; 7:45—Blues by Bary; 7:55—Herb Shriner; 8:00—Ken Murray Blackouts; 8:30—Film
- NBC** 7:30—Nature of Things; 7:45—Leon Pearson; 8:00—20 Questions; 8:30—Musical Sessions; 9:00—Who Said That; 9:30—Meet the Press; 10:00—The Black Robe
- WABD** 8:00—Spin the Picture; 9:00—Cavalcade of Stars; 10:00—Wrestling
- ABC** 6:45—Film Shorts; 7:00—Shadow of the Eagle; 7:30—Hollywood Screen Test; 8:00—Teen Club; 9:00—Roller Derby

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Folks
9:30	Coffee in Washington	News		Garden Gate
9:45		Misc. Programs		
10:00	Fred Waring	Magic Rhythm	Music	Red Barber's Club House
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols		Escape
10:45		Helen Hall		
11:00	Lassie	Coast Guard		Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smiñn' Ed McConnell	Man on the Farm	What's My Name?	Junior Miss
11:45				

Afternoon Listening

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair		Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Luncheon With Lopez	Campus Salute	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey	American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15		Jerry & Sky		
1:30	Report from America	Music		Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Report from Europe	Football	Football	Handyman
2:15				Get More Out of Life
2:30	Football			Columbia's Country
2:45				Journal
3:00				Report From Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30				Cross Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00				
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00				Philadelphia Orchestra
5:15				
5:30	Air Force			
5:45	Closeups			

Evening Listening

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Fantasy in Melody	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Church & Nation	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds	Harry Wismer	Red Barber
6:45			Music	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Here's Hollywood	Spin To Win
7:15			Bert Andrews	
7:30	Oragnet	Quick as a Flash	Sports Reporter	Camel Caravan with
7:45		J. B. Kennedy	Music	Vaughn Monroe
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Music	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Heater Opportunity Show	Heine & Band	Adventures of Philip
8:45				Marlowe
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Take a Number	Treasury Show	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Dennis Day	Guy Lombardo	Navy Hour	Tales of Fatima
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	Introduction to Music	Sing It Again
10:15			Irving Fields	
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	



**MUSIC ON A
PLATTER** by Les Merman

BURL IVES (Columbia 38591) The happy troubador continues with his standard folk fare for the collectors. The first side, "The Worried Man Blues," gets a helping hand from guitarist Tony Mottola. The other side, "Mr. Froggie Went a-Courtin'," is a humorous piece accompanied by two guitars.

• • •

DORIS DAY (Columbia 38595) The song is "Canadian Capers" and Doris turns in a good interpretation of the old tune just as she did it in one of her recent movies. The other side of this record is a surprise Calypso-styled novelty, "It's Better to Conceal Than Reveal," charmingly executed by Doris Day and Dinah Shore. A good collector's piece.

• • •

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia 38556) Frankie is not up to par on this recording of "Bye, Bye Baby" and "Just a Kiss Apart."

• • •

MEL TORME (Capitol 57-743) The "Fog" has a women's choir helping him in this lovely dreamy tune, "The Meadows of Heaven." He doesn't fare too well with "Sonny Boy," which Torme bops. It's the kind of hodge-podge that will make you be thankful for Al Jolson.

• • •

JO STAFFORD (Capitol 57-742) This standard folk number, "Red River Valley," is given plenty of quality by the top flight songstress. The other side is a slick piece called "If I Ever Love Again," quite reminiscent of "I'll Never Smile Again." You will like the way Jo does this tune with the aid of a quality vocal group.

• • •

TONY MARTIN (Victor 47-3049) This is a surprise for Tony Martin fans since Tony's high quality, virile style is dropped for a deep, mellow crooner routine. The song is "You Call it Madness, But I Still Call it Love." Brings back pleasant memories of Russ Columbo. On the other side, Martin is back with his robust interpretation of Jolson's "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye" and turns in a wonderful job.

what's on
your mind?



The Question and Answer Clinic conducted by Ben Grauer

All answers are confined to this column. Do not send stamped envelopes.
Send all questions to Ben Grauer, Radio Best Magazine,
9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Q. Would you please identify the names of the characters who play the leading roles in "Just Plain Bill"—also print their pictures.

Mrs. Harrison Davis,
Wisconsin.

A. They are Ruth Russell and Arthur Hughes. She portrays Nancy Donavan and he is Bill Davidson. Both have been with the program since its inception in 1932.



Q. Was the late Buddy Clark a former lawyer?

A Fan, New York City.

A. The ill-fated singing emcee quit a law course in his native Boston when his singing at school affairs and private gatherings aroused enthusiasm in professional circles. He won a commercial contract on WBZ in Boston and made his network debut in 1934.



Q. I have often wondered what Everett Sloane, the actor in "Road of Life" looked like. Would you please oblige?

Helen Lederman, Texas.

A. Here's Everett Sloane as he appears before the "Road of Life" mike. Everett is one of the top radio actors of today.

Q. Could you please tell me what is Lanny Ross doing now? What program can he be heard on? He is my favorite singer.

Marton Sloan, Illinois.

A. At the moment, Lanny Ross does not have his own program. But, we hear that it won't be long before he'll be back on the airwaves.

Q. Is Milton Berle returning to radio this Winter? If so, which network will his program be on?

Richard Battaglia, California.

A. Doing a television show and radio program once a week is just too much for anyone, so Milton will just concentrate on his video show.

Q. Would appreciate some information about my favorite singer Ginny Simms. I'd like to know if Ginny Simms will be heard on radio or television soon.

Arlene Stahl, Minneapolis

A. Miss Simms has been in temporary retirement while awaiting the birth of her second child, which was born December 28th.

Q. Would you please tell me where I could send for an autographed picture of Dick Contino?

N. J., Wisconsin

A. You may send your request to Dick Contino, c/o Horace Heidt, Columbia Broadcasting System, New York City.

Q. Does Gene Autry have any children? If so, how many? Also how about a picture.

Marylou Allen,
Michigan.

A. Gene Autry and his wife have no children. But here's a picture of Gene.





Vickey Corey,
educational director



Paul Shannon,
announcer



Jack Swift,
news broadcaster

How do radio staffers occupy their spare time?—in radio, of course!

IT'S radio daytime, and radio nighttime, for four staff members of Westinghouse Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, who devote their out-of-station hours to the teaching of various phases of broadcasting in the city's educational centers.

Dale Jackson, KDKA continuity chief, is instructor in radio writing and broadcasting technique at Duquesne University. From 1921, when he came to this country from England, to 1926, Jackson traveled with various road companies and then joined the Hollywood Playhouse where he remained for nine years. He later worked in Pittsburgh as a free-lance radio actor, writer and singer, at the World's Fair in New York, and in Plattsburg, N.Y., as continuity chief of WMFF, until 1940 when he joined KDKA.

In addition to his routine duties at KDKA, Jackson also wrote and produced, for five years, the Westinghouse School Science Service's program, "Adventures in Research," and has been pressed into service as a

speaker at the workshops of KYW in Philadelphia, and WOWO, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Vickey Corey, who combines the duties of a housewife with those of a lecturer, teacher and writer, teaches radio writing at the University of Pittsburgh, and conducts KDKA's Radio Workshop in cooperation with the University. Her first KDKA duties were to coordinate all of the station's broadcasts relating to World War II and, at the close of the war, she became KDKA's educational director and instituted the station's "School of the Air," a daily series used in schools throughout the area.

Jack Swift, who is the University of Pittsburgh's instructor in radio newscasting, has been in radio since his college days when he was announcer at the University of Florida station. After serving at WSUN and WTSP, St. Petersburg, and at WSB, Atlanta, he joined KDKA as a news broadcaster in 1944.

Paul Shannon, speech instructor at St. Bernard's School in suburban Mount Lebanon, joined KDKA in 1929 as an actor and soon became a staff announcer. Shannon won honorable mention in the H. P. Davis Memorial Announcers' Awards in 1943 and 1944, and first place in 1948.

Dale Jackson,
KDKA continuity
chief, with three
students from his
radio class at Du-
quesne University.



hollywood off the air

(Continued from page 15)

... and Gloria was the only one who refused to occupy the rail during the return-to-port trip.

Best dressed caddy in Southern California is the lad who lugs Bing Crosby's clubs around the Lakeside Country Club course in North Hollywood. The millionaire star has a standing agreement to buy the caddy a new tailored suit, every time the Groaner breaks 70 on the course. The kid now has more suits than Adolphe Menjou.

Profile

Pat McGeehan, a regular on the Red Skelton Show, possesses one of the most familiar voices on the air. Pat, who plays a number of roles on the show including the uproarious fellow conspirator of Skelton's laughable Deadeye the Cowboy, is a kind of actor the radio producers call "utilitarian." Talent and hard work account for his versatility, but an interesting sidelight on his career is that at one time or another he has been most of the characters he has been called upon to play. At 14, he left his home in Steelton, Pa., to become an apprentice seaman. Since then he has been in circuses, vaudeville and musical comedies, a steeplejack, dishwasher, WPA laborer and ditch digger. His first radio job was in 1929. Since then he has been heard on as many as 40 programs a week. He is married to Karen Holdt ... you guessed it, a radio actress.

Lucille Ball, who loves to play in the sun, says that play suits for women are much too daring. "There's too much play and not enough suit."

Bea Jay, who is currently being hailed as a new "Sophie Tucker," became the first woman to triumph in the weekly Horace Heidt competition show. The young, 220 lb., six-foot tall mother of four small daughters, was born in Chicago, and know where she got her voice training? ... driving a truck for the army during the war!



Ben Grauer, RADIO BEST columnist and NBC special events reporter, has just revealed the reason he recently sported a full-grown mustache. An avid New York Yankee baseball fan, Ben was assigned to

cover a session of the United Nations General Assembly when the star reporter discovered that U. N. President General Carlos P. Romulo was also a baseball fan. The two were discussing

pennant contenders in the American League and decided to bet on a particular game involving the Yankees. The wager? The guy who lost would have to grow a full mustache. (See picture in this section.)

Stars at Night

Dick Haymes a big hit at famous Cocoanut Grove. . . . Billy De Wolfe tamed by Amy Arnall, she's awaiting final divorce papers. . . . Bob Montgomery locking chic and handsome for new commentary series. . . . Burns and Allen rehearsing for movie version of a "Mr. & Mrs." radio couple. . . . Mary McCarty's brother a big hit in London's "Death of a Salesman". . . . Olivia DeHavilland's baby christened Benjamin Briggs Goodrich. . . . Larry Parks' missus, actress Betty Garrett, expects an arrival in March. . . . Kirk Douglas still alternating affections between Rhonda Fleming and Evelyn Keyes. . . . Greta Garbo registered here as Helene Brown. . . . can't believe she's past 44. . . . Jack Dempsey conferring with studio heads on his forthcoming film, "Manassa Mauler". . . . George Raft sailing with Ann Sheridan, his New York steady was Mary O'Connell. . . . Mischa Auer back sans wife. . . . they were divorced in Rome. . . . Marge and Gower Champion, first big TV clicks, groomed to replace the team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . Dorothy Lamour may forsake radio and TV for her new dress design business.

Bob Hope, who is hardly ever home wherever his home is, and who now has his big house in North Hollywood and a cozy little winter home in Palm Springs, is thinking of buying another one—a little summer place on the inlet at California's Balboa. And they say Uncle Sam takes all the money.

When Horace Heidt takes his CBS Sunday night show on tour, everyone connected with the trek has one or more duties to perform besides appearing on the program. Even Mrs. Heidt, who accompanies her husband, has an extra-curricular job. She's Horace's press agent and no press agent was ever as "sold" on a "client" as she. If you don't believe it, ask her own press agent, Jay Scott of Benjamin Sonnenberg's office.

Show Stoppers

Ed Wynn's TV series. . . . Gloria Swanson's film return in "Sunset Boulevard". . . . Gordon MacRae's singing. . . . ZaSu Pitts' interpretations on the "Lum 'n' Abner" show. . . . Anna and Eleanor Roosevelt's adult radio show. . . . Billy Vine's routines on Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town". . . . Milton Berle. . . . The homey, beautiful philosophy projected on the "Goldbergs". . . . John J. Anthony's authoritative manner on TV.

THE END

Let's meet—

The Royal Family of ABC

Here's the picture RADIO BEST readers picked this month for our "Meet The Family" series. It's the Ozzie Nelson family, now being publicized by the American Broadcasting System as the "Royal Family of ABC." Left to right, David, age 11, Ozzie himself, wife Harriet and Ricky, age 9. All have been signed to a full non-cancellable ten-year contract for "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" heard over ABC on Fridays, 9 p.m., said to be the most unique contract in radio history. Anyway, ever see a better looking family?

CREDITS

P. 20 "Pepper Young's Family"—NBC photos by Sy Freidman—Stables and horse courtesy of Claremont Riding Academy, New York—Settings of Young and Trent homes by Mrs. Mitchel Samuels—Airport office courtesy of Northeast Airlines—
On the cover: Arthur Godfrey, color portrait by Ozzie Sweet.

The Ozzie Nelson
Family





dana andrews

is still torn between sailing
and rare roast beef



WHEN Dana Andrews, one of the motion picture stars now regularly appearing on CBS' "Family Hour of Stars," first arrived in Hollywood from Texas in 1931, he had time for only one hobby—making a living. This he did by working in a gas station in a suburb of Los Angeles.

As his fame grew, however, Andrews came to realize that no respectable movie actor goes without a hobby, and he finally concocted a list of answers to the inevitable question: photography, Grant Wood, vegetables, Rachmaninoff and rare roast beef.

Even after he had achieved a large measure of success and the financial stability that goes with it, hobbies remained a mystery to him—until the day that Jerry Sheldon, his stand-in, took him for a sea-faring spin on his sailboat.

That did it. Andrews, whose nautical knowledge had been as dry as the Texas plains, became a yachtsman. He bought his own boat, the 55-foot yawl, "Katharine," which he has since sold and bought again. Later, he purchased the 85-foot ketch, the "Vileehi," and both of these handsome sailing vessels are currently moored in Los Angeles harbor.

At least once a week, when shooting schedules permit, Andrews and his wife, and their four children—David, 14; Kathryn, 7; Stephen Todd, 5; and Susan, 2—take a trip aboard one of the boats. Their favorite short sail is the 22-mile voyage to Santa Catalina Island.

Whatever leisure he has left—and it's not much after the hours he gives to maintenance of the boats—Andrews devotes to study of books on navigation.

"I was right all the time," he remarks with a grin. "Hobbies and work are pretty much the same."

Although taking care of the "Katharine" and the "Vileehi" is hobby-work the whole family enjoys to the fullest, Andrews still maintains that they can't beat rare roast beef.

Screen star Andrews turns sailor on his cutter, the "Katharine," with brother Charles (above) as mate.

H. V. Kaltenborn

(Continued from page 34)

neglects her husband and her home. She cannot give her full energy and enthusiasm to her job and then be prepared to deal with a tired husband and fretful children.

And hired help cannot give them what they deserve.

"I have no doubt," he adds, a smile on his ruddy face, "that this is a 'completely mossback and reactionary' attitude, but it's true."

A woman should be able to earn her own living so that she will not be "the prey of the first man who offers to marry her," and Kaltenborn does not say that "woman's place is in the home." She can pursue a career in social service in her community and, once her children are grown, be of great help to her husband.

"But only one woman in 20 can combine a career and a home, and we are doing wrong when we lead other women to believe that they can do the same. The career woman cannot 'love, honor and obey' her husband."

He smiles again when he uses the controversial word "obey" and explains that he does not believe a woman should submit to her husband but should "obey his interests, which are certainly hers." As for the woman whose talents lie in a direction entirely apart from her husband's, Kaltenborn's view is that she must choose between marriage and a career—unless, of course, she is one of those "one in twenty" women.

Some of this Mrs. Kaltenborn herself would dismiss as due to "male egotism." "You just laugh at that," she says.

A vigorous woman in her sixties, Mrs. Kaltenborn is not the kind of wife who feels she must be dignified and "careful" because her husband is a famous man. On the contrary, she has a ready sense of humor and is always prepared to demolish, with a single quick sentence, those women who grow too ecstatic about the "interesting life" she has led as the wife of the "dean of American radio news commentators."

On the career-plus-home question, Mrs. Kaltenborn believes that it can be managed by a woman whose husband has a routine job, but "when a man has a vital career, he needs a woman around."

For her own husband, she has been official photographer for 25 years, she has accompanied him on his many voyages to every continent and has "sat in" on his interviews with world leaders, both famous and infamous, such as Gandhi, Hitler, Churchill, Mussolini, Pope Pius XII and General Smuts. After an interview, she often contributes something of value to his notes, something that he may have missed. Like him, she speaks four languages.

When they are not travelling, Mrs. Kaltenborn's chief responsibility is the entertainment of newspapermen, statesmen and other celebrities at their five-floor renovated brownstone house in



Jack Benny

Manhattan's East Sixties. They often dine outdoors in the patio where flowering vines and tall, leafy trees offer a welcome and surprising contrast to the surrounding brick buildings.

As the daughter of a diplomat, Mrs. Kaltenborn was an experienced hostess even before her marriage. If she is asked in what way she has been of the greatest help to her husband, she will say that she has rendered the greatest assistance "by interrupting at the right point."

"A woman's chief function is to interrupt," she says, speaking in her abrupt fashion. "At luncheons and dinners, most people talk too long and forget that there are other subjects of interest. So, in the interest of tact and diplomacy, I manage to change the subject."

It is very easy, after talking a short time with Mrs. Kaltenborn, to imagine her, every bit the gracious hostess, in the act of offering a glass of wine to the guest who has grown too loquacious.

Mrs. Kaltenborn has also helped her husband by stimulating and keeping alive his sense of humor, particularly as concerns himself. "Men are likely to take themselves too seriously, because their work requires a serious attitude, and they never think of laughing at themselves."

Many of the humorous stories which Kaltenborn has "told on himself" were suggested by his wife. "I don't think that he himself would have chosen them—at least not always—and they have always been a great success with his audience."

Although some might take it for granted



The world traveler and reporter takes on new pleasures as he romps and plays with two of son's children, Karen and Kurt.

that Kaltenborn's audience is largely masculine, his fan mail indicates that women constitute a large proportion of his listeners. The letters express not only agreement or disagreement with his political views, but many are of the "lonely hearts" variety from women seeking advice on their personal problems, and some listeners are so carried away that they express a desire for personal acquaintance.

"The day after the first Roosevelt election," says Kaltenborn, his cheeks growing a bit pinker as he speaks, "I received letters from a thousand women who said they had 'spent the night' with me. And they did. I was on the air all night and they were listening to me. That's another thing we don't realize—how many lonely women there are."

The fan mail he answers personally, "except for the requests for rendezvous, which I leave to my wife." He adds that "evidently age is not communicated by the voice."

Mrs. Kaltenborn disposed in characteristic fashion of one woman who was most persistent in her requests for a meeting. Browsing through a second-hand book store one day, she came across a photograph, in tintype fashion, of a man, with a huge beard, surrounded by some 16 children. She sent this with a note saying that she was sure his admirer would appreciate a picture of "Mr. Kaltenborn and his family."

Letters to the commentator are sometimes accompanied by personal gifts, such as embroidered handkerchiefs and towels,

and hand-painted neckties.

Kaltenborn credits the radio with having stimulated women's interest in government and politics. He points out that even the daytime serials sometimes touch on political and international issues. The demand for lecturers on current events has increased immensely since 1914, when he entered this field, and he estimates that today, women constitute three-quarters of the lecture audience of the United States.

A Helen Hokinson cartoon, which is framed and hanging on the wall of his study with the two others mentioned, shows a typical club president addressing her "ladies," while the caption reads, "Shall we carry our surplus over to next year, or shall we squander it all on H. V. Kaltenborn?"

Contrary to some predictions—one critic wrote a venomous letter which concluded with the threat that "TV will be the end of you"—television has added to Kaltenborn's followers. One woman said that she was pleasantly surprised to see him in person; she had expected to see "a little man with a goatee." Another wrote that "after seeing your nice, good-natured Teutonic face, I no longer feel sorry for your wife." His diction had given her the impression that he was nervous.

As Mrs. Kaltenborn says, "he doesn't look the way he talks." The commentator's peculiarly distinctive speech has been a tremendous asset publicity-wise, in that it has made him the target of a host of mimics, including President Truman. At the inauguration dinner, the

President imitated Kaltenborn as he spoke on his broadcast on election night: "When the country vote comes in, Mr. Truman will be defeated by a considerable majority." The story was carried by newspapers all over the country.

Kaltenborn wrote to the President, saying, in effect, that he had enjoyed the jest, and in reply, the President wrote: "I appreciate most highly your good letter . . . and I assure you there was no malicious intent in the attempted take-off of your broadcast of election night. It was merely for a good time and a little enjoyment after a terrific campaign. You were very kind to write me as you did. Sincerely yours, Harry Truman." The letter, in a frame, with a few clippings of the newspaper stories about the event, and an invitation to the inaugural dinner, hangs on the wall of Kaltenborn's study.

Mrs. Kaltenborn attributes her husband's diction to the fact that the German-American school he attended as a boy in Wisconsin placed great emphasis on precise enunciation in the reading of poetry; at Harvard, he won prizes for public speaking and debating. A citation from Stage Magazine in 1939, following his coverage of the Munich crisis in 1938, described him as the commentator ". . . whose meticulous articulation in a dry, sparse voice, carried more excitement and drama than the veriest crime thriller."

Collaboration is the keynote of the relationship between the Kaltenborns. Instead of allowing their divergent interests—hers in music and art, and his, in political science and government—to create a wall between them, each has broadened the other's understanding. On the tennis court, they pool their skill as they wield the racquet; both are enthusiastic players.

When Mrs. Kaltenborn tells her dinner guests to "come at 7:45 for cocktails, but you'll have to sit still for fifteen minutes"—to listen to her husband's broadcast—she is quite serious. For both the commentator and his wife, the broadcast is a part of the day's work. **THE END**

my business is killing

(Continued from page 50)

this man's overcoat pocket. The news was relayed to me and now I was more than worried.

At this point I asked my client, "What is your business?" and in the same dull voice he answered, "My business is killing."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I am a soldier," he answered.

Obviously no man sits down at a microphone and recites the story related above unless he is desperate or sick. I asked him whether he had the young woman in question with him, and he said, "No, she doesn't even know I am here—I don't want her to know. But if ever I do a

good deed, my killing this man will be one."

I asked the soldier (he was on leave) why he had told me this story. Didn't he know that it would be a simple matter for me to turn him over to the military police?

"Yes," he said, "I know, but you are not the kind of man who would do that. You know what it means to want to marry someone more than anything else in the world, what it means to find that Someone who means everything. You wouldn't have me arrested, Mr. Anthony, not you!"

"Soldier," I said, "you know as well as

I do that killing a man in battle and murdering a man in cold blood are two entirely different things. You mustn't commit this great crime. I think I can help you if you will, in turn, do something for me."

He asked what that was and then I said to him, "The note I was scribbling a few moments ago was a request to have your coat searched, and if you will turn around and look into the control room for a moment, you will notice a private policeman. He has the jack handle you had in your coat."

He turned and was truly startled. "You won't have me arrested, Mr. An-

thony!" Before he could go on, I said, "No, I won't have you arrested, if you remain in this studio until my session is over so that we can talk at great length." He promised to do this, and at the close of the hour we talked in my office.

I explained to him that I knew exactly how he felt. I understood the great love he had for the young woman involved, but that killing her husband wouldn't help her at all, for he would then be removing himself, the man she truly loved, from her life. Certainly no happiness could be hers under these circumstances. He argued, but he obviously saw the logic of this reasoning.

"But what am I to do?" he asked. I told him that he required psychiatric attention, that I would be happy to provide it if he would accept my offer of help. At this point, he began to sob and I knew my battle was won.

Mrs. Anthony was with me in my office—incidentally, she has always directed my radio shows—and I asked her to call a very dear friend of mine who was one of America's leading psychiatrists. She got him on the phone and I rapidly explained the case to him and asked him, as a personal favor, to dash over to my office. He arrived very soon afterward and talked to the boy in private. I was then called into the conference and the doctor assured me that the man would not commit a crime and that he had agreed to accept treatment gratuitously from my friend.

Now we must skip a period of about nine months. After this length of time the boy was completely relieved of his obsession to kill the husband of his sweetheart and realized he had contemplated a foolish deed. Even more important than this was the fact that the young woman in question was also called in by my friend and he discovered that not only did she, too, need psychiatric attention, but that she also was suffering from a severe physical illness that needed surgery. This, too, was provided for and as a result she was a far happier and healthier person after several months. Almost as a miracle her husband, who happened to be one of our listeners that evening nine months before, consented to give her a divorce.

You might assume that after all their problems had been solved, the two young people would have married and lived happily—possibly with a son named John J. Anthony—. The irony of it is that the boy who was prepared to commit a murder for the sake of the woman he loved, and the girl who was so sure she wanted to marry him, went their separate ways. Once their physical and mental ailments had been cured, they realized that they were never meant for each other.

I followed the boy's war record. He is buried overseas, a casualty of World War II. The girl married again, happily this time, and in her home there are two portraits, placed side by side in a single frame. One is of a boy who almost killed for her, and the other is of the man who prevented that killing.

THE END

studio One

(Continued from page 44)

better type of drama if they were presented with a sizable sample of it week after week.

In other words, Miner believes in playing up, not down, to his audience. Although television is still an expensive medium, production costs are not nearly so high as for motion pictures, and on the television screen, a potential audience of six million persons can see, week after week, plays which are otherwise enjoyed only by those who can visit a Broadway theatre.

Miner's success is arousing envy among motion picture producers, notably John Ford, who has said that if he could produce ten or twelve movies a year, instead

of the three to which he is limited by production costs, he could then afford to produce some which provide "food for the mind" as well as entertainment. Miner's shows go on every week.

Miner is also setting a precedent by emphasizing the psychological mystery type of program, instead of the boy-meets-girl kind of play which was not successful. The accompanying pictures illustrate the various steps in the production of a "Studio One" play, "The Outward Room," adapted from Millen Brand's novel about a psychiatric patient who escaped from a mental institution. The adaptation is typical of the shows produced by "Studio One." THE END

Dr. Christian was a villain

(Continued from page 26)

as the good-natured, old professor in "The Student Prince," which was followed by "Abie's Irish Rose," "The Old Soak," and "Men in White." With his portrayal of Dr. Dafoe, with the Dionne quintuplets, in "The Country Doctor," Hersholt's conversion was complete. He has never since slipped from the path of virtue.

He himself devised the "Dr. Christian" series after playing a bit from "The Country Doctor" on the air. The enthusiastic public response convinced him that the theme would make an excellent series. Since November 7, 1937, when Dr. Christian performed an emergency appendectomy on the son of a fisherman, using knives instead of scalpels, the amiable country doctor has been ministering to the physical and emotional ailments of the people of River's End. With his sec-

retary-nurse, Judy Price (Rosemary DeCamp), always in attendance, he has prescribed for croup, delivered babies and performed all the other tasks required of a physician in a small town, dispensing with his medicine, fatherly advice and down-to-earth philosophy.

The man who once lived a life of sin is so well established in the public mind as a good Samaritan that he receives numerous appeals in behalf of charitable causes. He lives a quiet life with his wife, Via, to whom he has been married for 35 years; they have a son, Allen.

Hersholt's fans have increased tremendously since he shed the cloak of a villain. While they once took him to task for his iniquities, they now warmly approve of his virtues. No miscreant can hold a candle—or a Hooper rating—to Dr. Christian. THE END

Jean Hersholt presents a check for \$500 to Peggy Mann of New York for her play, a top award winner in the Dr. Christian Annual Award Contest.



the bunco romeo

(Continued from page 29)

didn't say a word, just sat down on the edge of a chair and stared at her sister. We couldn't say anything to encourage her, either, because her sister didn't seem to be responding to the treatment.

When Ben relieved me, I looked around the little cottage to see if I could find any clues. It was comfortably furnished, and there were a lot of books around—evidently the home of a woman of some taste and education. On a little table, next to the bed, I found an old family Bible, and in it a pressed gardenia with a souvenir menu from a Hollywood nightclub and a white card which read: "To my dearest Margaret . . . Ricardo."

The ambulance arrived and Miss Snyder came with us. On the way to the hospital, the doctor went to work with a resuscitator and administered oxygen. It was a little before five o'clock when we reached the Georgia Street Hospital and while we waited in the bare, little receiving room, listening to the steady throb of the pulmotor, Ben and I talked with Alice Snyder. She seemed to be breaking down a little under the strain, and it was easier to talk with her.

The man who had sent flowers to her sister was a Ricardo Calante, she said, whom her sister had met through an introduction club. He had said he was an importer with a tremendous business in Argentina. Her sister had become infatuated with him and, after he had proposed to her, she had given him all her savings and mortgaged her shop to give the money to him for a mining stock venture. His description tallied with that of William Eric St. George, except that Calante had a Spanish accent.

"I tried to warn her," Miss Snyder concluded.

Nobody said anything for a minute and the only sound we could hear was the throbbing of the pulmotor. Miss Snyder was listening to it, intently.

"Did your sister have any pictures of this Ricardo Calante?" Ben asked.

Miss Snyder nodded. "At first, she did. She got it through the introduction club. But about five weeks ago, when they started going together, she gave it back to him. He said he wanted to have another one made for her."

"You're sure that your sister's unfortunate experience with this man made her do this?"

We could see the tears in her eyes but she held them back. "She wanted companionship so badly—she was ready to believe anything. Then when this man took her money and walked off, I guess it was too much for her."

While she was speaking, the room became very quiet. Ben and I looked at each other.

Miss Snyder gasped. "The pulmotor! It stopped!"

A second later the door opened and the doctor came in. "I tried everything. Joe."

Miss Snyder buried her face in her hands and now she let the tears come. "Margaret was sensible but she loved company and she wasn't young anymore. What do you do when you're alone and you're not young anymore—all alone?"

It was a question I couldn't answer—I wish I could—so I said, "Don't sell her short, Miss Snyder. She may be ahead of the game."

At 5:43 p.m., Margaret Snyder was pronounced officially dead and about an



Sarah Selby
as Policewoman Mary Burke

hour later, Ben and I got into the car again to follow through on our first big lead—the introduction club. The Snyder case was the only one in which the suspect worked through a club. In all the other cases, his M.O. was to answer lonely-hearts ads in the newspapers. Judging from the information his victims had given us, he was a pretty smart guy and knew all the tricks of his trade, but he might have forgotten one thing: legitimate introduction clubs usually keep pictures and biographies of their members on file.

The Old Friends Introduction Club was down on Figueroa Street near Third. There were desks and files and typewriters in the office but it was dressed up to look more like a home than a place of business, with curtains, easy chairs and floor lamps. The woman in the office was seated at a desk on which there was a little sign: Miss Adeline Pettigrew.

She was in her sixties, with white hair, and when we walked into the office, she got up and came forward with a very friendly smile on her face.

"Good evening, gentlemen," she said. "What can I do for you?"

As she looked at our identification cards, her smile faded and I could see that she was stiffening up. The sight of a

policeman does that to most people, whether they're honest or crooked.

"We'd like to check on one of our members, Miss Pettigrew," Ben said. "His name's Ricardo Calante."

She looked relieved. "Oh, Senor Calante—a fine gentleman. That's the type of person we cater to, Sergeant."

"I hope not, Miss Pettigrew," I said. "He's a confidence man and we want him."

She stared at me for a minute. "There must be some mistake. Senor Calante is a gentleman. That's all we handle here—gentlemen."

"When did he join the club?" I asked.

"About two months ago. I handled his application myself. We found a very nice woman for him—a Miss Snyder. She lives out in the valley."

I took out the paper on which we had written the suspect's description. "Does that description fit Calante?"

I guess the way in which I spoke had rattled her because her hand shook a little as she took the paper. "Let me see—five feet, eight, 160 pounds, blue eyes. Yes, I believe so."

"Do you have his address?" Ben asked.

"No, we don't. You see, he was in and out of the city so much that it was easier for him to have his mail sent to a post office box."

"But did you have a file on him—his picture and general information?"

She bridled a little. "Of course. We have a file on all our members—pictures and biographies."

"May we see that file, please?"

She hesitated only a second. "Well, it is against the rules, you not being members but—I guess this is an exception. Will you step this way, please?"

Miss Pettigrew led us behind the little wooden railing where the desks and files were and as she opened the drawer of one of the big files and started looking through the cards, she said, "I just know you've made a terrible mistake, gentlemen. I've handled hundreds of clients in the past ten years and I should know who's a gentleman and who isn't."

"You should, ma'am," I said. "Can we see the file?"

"Yes." Her voice was very cold. She was thumbing through the files. "Hm. That's funny." She closed the drawer and opened another. "Certainly strange."

"What's that?" Ben asked.

"Senor Calante's file," she said. "It's gone."

"Maybe you put it in the wrong file," I suggested, in a sort of half-hearted way.

Miss Pettigrew was so upset by now that she didn't object to our going through the files with her. We searched them from top to bottom, although I had a feeling we were wasting our time. Every once in a while, Miss Pettigrew would shake her head and say, "I just

can't understand it." Half an hour later, when we still hadn't found any sign of Calante's membership application, she heaved a sigh and sank back on a chair.

"I can't understand it," she said again, "but there's a possibility—"

"Yes?" Ben asked.

"Well, Miss Butterworth—she's co-owner of the club with me—has access to the files and she might have mislaid Senor Calante's papers. She's out to dinner but she'll be back in a little while."

It was a chance, so we waited another half hour until Miss Butterworth returned. She was just like her partner, friendly, until Miss Pettigrew told her we were detectives, and then she froze.

"And it's the strangest thing, Emilie," Miss Pettigrew said, "but I can't find Senor Calante's file. Did you have it out for any reason?"

"But didn't I tell you, Adeline? The senor dropped in yesterday to say he was cancelling his membership."

Miss Pettigrew looked annoyed. "You told me nothing of the kind, Emilie." Her voice was sharp. "Why did he cancel?"

Miss Butterworth evidently couldn't understand her partner's annoyance. "He said he was leaving town—going back to Argentina on a business trip. But he will look us up when he gets back. He told me."

Ben and I looked at each other. "But you still have the file on him, don't you, Miss Butterworth?"

She fingered the catch on her pocket-book. "Well, sergeant, usually we return the photograph and keep the rest but in this case, well—"

"Yes, Emilie?" Miss Pettigrew's voice was sharper than ever.

Her partner smiled fondly. "The senor was so sweet. He said he wanted to keep the whole file, as a kind of memento, so I gave it to him."

Ben grunted. "Fine."

Miss Butterworth was simpering now. She leaned toward her partner and lowered her voice. "He kissed my hand, Adeline."

It was my turn to get annoyed. It wasn't Miss Butterworth's fault, I suppose, that we couldn't get the dope on our suspect—he had fooled smarter persons than she was—but to see her simpering over a man who had used her as a tool to work his own crooked game—. Even Miss Pettigrew looked embarrassed.

"Do you have any idea when Calante was planning to leave the city?" I asked.

"He said he was taking the eight o'clock plane—or maybe it was the nine o'clock plane—tonight for Mexico City!"

I looked at my watch. It was 7:48. "Call communications, Ben. Give 'em Calante's description. Have 'em alert the details at the airports, and then double-check the details at the Union Station and the bus depots."

Ben sat down at the nearest telephone and Miss Pettigrew leaned back in her chair. She didn't look nearly so confident

now as she had an hour ago.

"What's the trouble, Adeline?" Miss Butterworth asked. "Is there something wrong?"

Miss Pettigrew's voice was flat and listless. "They think Senor Calante is a crook."

Her partner gasped. "A crook! But Adeline—he kissed my hand!"

My anger had passed and I was able to take it a little more philosophically now. "First rule of the con game, lady," I said. "A kiss works better than a gun."

Miss Butterworth was still in a daze when we left the office of the Old Friends Introduction Club. Back at the office, we checked the details at the Union Station, the airports, and the bus terminals. We waited a few hours. There was still no sign of Calante when we went home.

But a germ of an idea had occurred to me. I turned it over in my mind as I lay in bed. There were several things in this bunk man's M.O. that fell into patterns. He had six stock impersonations—a British writer (always from the same town, Manchester), a South American importer, an Oregon lumber man, a French artist (he could paint, too), a Nebraska cattle rancher and an Italian count. He never used the same alias twice, and never the same act twice in a row. He had always used the characters in the same order, without a change. On the last two jobs, he was the British writer and the South American importer.

Maybe I had something, and maybe I didn't.

On Wednesday morning, first thing I did was to turn over all the information about the suspect to the Statts Office. I had four pages of M.O. on this fellow and he had used 27 different names. It was quite a handful, but I was hoping that the Colator might come up with something for me. To use the Colator, an operator punches out, on a key card, the basic information on a suspect. Symbols are used instead of words. The card is then run through the machine with the cards we already have on file on bunk men and those with records that match the key card fall into a slot. I had it pretty well narrowed down, so I didn't think I'd get many.

When Ben and I went into Chief Backstrand's office, he was looking pretty sour. "Understand you had some bad luck yesterday."

"Mostly bad," I said, "but I've got an idea."

The Chief got it fast. Before I'd half-finished, he said, "So on his next job, he ought to be an Oregon lumber man. Where does that leave us?"

"Coming to that," I said. "This guy's used an introduction club only once as a hooker. Rest of the time he's answered lonely-hearts ads in the newspapers. In other words, he's only changed his M.O. once in 19 tries."

The Chief was impatient. "Go ahead."



Harry
Wismer

Happy Birthday
to
Radio Best

"Now if he sticks to his regular approach, we might be able to trap him with an ad in the daily papers. Lonely hearts stuff. A widow with money and—"

"I get it," the Chief said. "Then plant a policewoman in a hotel." He pulled at his chin, thinking. "Yeah, it might bring him calling."

"It's a good standby, Skipper," Ben suggested. "We can be working different angles at the same time."

"Okay, move on it."

About an hour later, we were told to report back to the Chief. At first sight of him, I knew he had some news for us—maybe good news.

"The Stat's Office came through with a make for you," he said. "Three names. Pulled packages on all of 'em." He picked up the papers on his desk. "Number One is Everett Bromley—he died last year in 'Q.' Two is George Donnelly—he's still doing time in Folsom."

"Yeah—and the third?" I was sitting forward in my chair.

"The third is Harry Girard, paroled from Joliet in 1946. Worked San Francisco last year. Spotted down here nine months ago."

"Looks like everything ties in," Ben said.

The Chief picked up another paper. "Yeah, and I just got another bunco complaint. Same guy. Proposed marriage, took her dough, left her flat." He stopped and looked at me. "You got it tagged, Friday."

"How do you mean, Chief?"

"He posed as an Oregon lumber man."

Ben and I got up and moved for the door. "We'll get started right away, Chief."

"Okay," he said. "The Colator found the card. You find the guy."

That was a busy day. Ben and I interviewed the con man's latest victim, a widow. Her story followed the same line as the others. We knew we were working at least two or three weeks behind the suspect, since each of the victims waited that long after the man disappeared with her money before reporting it to the police, but I felt sure that he was still in the city somewhere—doing his act as a French artist, a Nebraska cattle rancher or an Italian count.

We didn't make much progress with the suspect's coming-out mugg, the picture taken when he got out of Joliet. When we interviewed the women who had been victimized by the bunk man during the past seven months, they all agreed that the man in the picture could be the guilty man, but all of them said they'd have to hear his voice and see him in person before they could be sure.

An APB and a radiogram had already been sent out on Harry Girard, so our next job was to write up the lonely hearts ad. When we finished with it, it read like this: "Widow with business, desires to meet clean, educated gentleman, with or without means. Own home, thriving wholesale grocery business. Crave good companionship. Cultured foreigner preferred. Phone for appoint-

ment." After the Chief had okayed it, we placed it to run beginning the next morning, Thursday.

By ten o'clock that night, Policewoman Mary Burke had checked into Room 410 of the Wilson-Plaza Hotel, registering under the name of Mrs. Thomas Kincaid. The next morning, the dictaphone man from the Crime Lab checked into the adjoining room, 412, with Ben and me. There were connecting phones in both rooms. The dictaphone was planted and the equipment adjusted.

Then the long wait began. On Thursday, five prospects appeared in person in answer to the ad. None of them came close to Harry Girard's description. There were about a dozen phone calls, half of them from practical jokers. The other half made appointments for the following day. By the end of the second day, Mary Burke had interviewed more than a dozen callers. We looked at them as they entered the room, listened to their voices on the dictaphone. Still no



Raymond Burr
as Detective Captain Ed Backstrand

sign of Harry Girard. On the fifth day, Sergeants Harris and Jacoby from Bunco Detail took over to relieve Ben and me.

We were feeling pretty discouraged. I had been sure that by this time Girard would have answered our ad. Either he had gotten through the heavy guard we had placed around the city or he had found out we were looking for him and was suspicious. At the office, we found a few answers to the radiogram we had sent out on him. The police were looking for him in Seattle, Portland and Reno for the same kind of jobs.

Ben and I were in our office, going over the case again, inch by inch, in an effort to find out if we had slipped up somewhere when the phone rang and Ben answered it.

"Bunco Detail, Romero. Oh yes, ma'am. What's that, ma'am? I will. Thanks for calling. Goodbye."

He hung up the receiver, his face expressionless. "It was Miss Butterworth at the Old Friends Club."

"What'd she want?"

"She was just checking her books," Ben said. "She's got a message for Girard if we find him."

"What's that?"

"He forgot to pay his club dues last month."

It didn't even sound funny at the time. I kept looking through the papers on my desk, wondering if we had slipped up somewhere. When the phone rang again, Ben pointed to me.

"You take it, Joe," he said. "It might be Miss Butterworth again."

But it wasn't Miss Butterworth. It was Harris, calling from the Wilson-Plaza Hotel.

"We got a good prospect, Joe," he began.

We had had a lot of "good" prospects. "What about him?"

"A smooth-talking Britisher with a thick accent, name of Anthony Reginald Montague. He made an appointment for about an hour from now."

"Did he describe himself?"

"Said he was about five feet, eight, medium build," Harris said. "But here's the clincher."

"What's that?"

"He says he's a writer—from Manchester, England."

It was about 10:30 a.m. Within 35 minutes, Mrs. Eleanor Wilson and the two owners of the Old Friends Introduction Club who knew the suspect as William Eric St. George and Ricardo Calante, respectively, were gathered with Harris, Jacoby, Ben and me in the room next to the one occupied by "Mrs. Thomas Kincaid." They had agreed to help us identify the man we were quite sure was Harry Girard.

We had about 25 minutes to wait and it was the longest 25 minutes I've ever sat through. Miss Butterworth, Miss Pettigrew and Mrs. Wilson had to sit pretty close together because it was a small room, and they were very stiff and formal with each other. I guess they were embarrassed at having to admit, in public, that they had been fooled. The two Old Friends ladies, on the one hand, and Mrs. Wilson, on the other, acted as if each suspected the other of having come from the wrong side of the tracks. Actually, they had a lot in common. They had been taken in by the same crook.

The period just before a detective closes in on a suspect is always pretty tense. Will he turn up? Have you made some mistake and will he get suspicious and run just before he gets within your reach? Maybe—and it's happened before—you've laid your trap for the wrong guy.

I kept looking at my watch and Ben was fiddling with a nickel, trying to make it stand on end. I was thinking I'd like to pick it up and throw it out the window when the door buzzer sounded in the room next door. We all sat forward, listening to Mary Burke's footsteps. The door opened.

"Good morning, ma'am, sorry I'm rather late." The woman's voice came over the dictaphone. "Can I clean up your room now?"

It was the chambermaid. Ben threw his nickel on the floor in disgust. Mary told the chambermaid to go away and stay away, and then we all settled back again. The room was very quiet. Ben

picked up his nickel and I started to count the flowers in the wall paper.

Five minutes later, the door buzzer sounded. Again, we listened to Mary's footsteps and the opening of the door. The tension had gotten the better of the three women and they started mumbling excitedly.

"Mrs. Thomas Kincaid?" asked a man's voice.

"Mr. Montague? Won't you come in please?"

"Quiet down, ladies, please," Ben said in a low voice, holding up his hand. "Dictaphone set, Joe?"

"Yeah," I said, and motioned to the women. "You keep 'em quiet."

Ben moved over next to the women and I moved closer to the speaker, waving to Mrs. Wilson at the same time. "Over here, Mrs. Wilson. Listen carefully."

She looked excited and afraid at the same time. I think she was hoping against hope that this man was not the cultured gentleman who could recite Shakespeare like another John Barrymore. Maybe he had taken her money but it was a nice dream.

Mary's voice came over the speaker. "You mentioned on the telephone, Mr. Montague—you're from Manchester, England?"

"Yes, I've been in America only three months now," the man said. "I must confess I'm still a little homesick."

"How do you feel about settling down over here, Mr. Montague?"

"Oh, I've quite made up my mind on that score, madam. The films, you know. I've signed a contract with one of your cinema studios here and now my main interest is to find a home and—well, everything that goes with it."

The accent was perfect—as British as Winston Churchill's. I looked at Mrs. Wilson. The excitement had faded out of her expression and her eyes were dull.

"You recognize the voice?"

Her voice broke a little as she spoke. "Yes, that's—that's Mr. St. George."

I jumped out of the chair. "Harris and Jacoby, cover the door to the room. Miss Pettigrew, Miss Butterworth—wait here 'til we call you."

Miss Butterworth was trembling with excitement. "Will there be shooting, Sergeant?"

"I don't think so. Mrs. Wilson, you wait here, too. Come on, Ben."

We knocked on the door of Room 410 and opened it. Girard, seated on a couch at the other end of the room, was talking with Mary. When we walked up to him,

he just raised his eyebrows and looked at her, as much as to say, "What's all this about?" He was a really handsome guy—well-built, well-tailored, well-groomed—and it was easy to understand how a lonesome woman, even a smart one, could fall for him.

"We're police officers, Girard," I said. "Shake him down, Ben."

"I demand an explanation for this intrusion," he said, getting up from the couch.

Ben was shaking him down. "He's clean, Joe. Call in the women."

"I don't think I quite understand," Girard was saying, when the three women marched into the room.

When he saw them, Girard stepped back and Ben grabbed hold of his arm. Police officers he could take but he cringed a little before the women he had duped.

"What is all this? Who are these women?" he cried, but his voice didn't carry any conviction.

"That's the man, Sergeant," Mrs. Wilson said, and then she turned to Girard. "Where's my money?"

"I don't know you," Girard spluttered, forgetting for the first time that he was supposed to be a suave, sophisticated Englishman. "I don't know what you're talking about."

The "Old Friends" closed in.

"Yes, I'm sure of it," Miss Butterfield said. "Senor Calante—without the moustache."

Miss Pettigrew waved a paper under his nose. "You didn't pay your club dues last month, Senor. Here's your bill, right here."

While we slipped the handcuffs on Girard, the three women watched. Mrs. Wilson was holding herself erect, with a disdainful expression on her face, but the Old Friends hadn't had the benefit of any theatrical training.

Miss Butterfield took out her handkerchief. "Just think, Adeline. I let him kiss my hand."

"All right, Girard," I said. "Let's go."

He tried to shake his finger at me, but the handcuffs got in his way. "I'm warning you, sir. There will be grave repercussions."

As we walked toward the door, I heard Miss Pettigrew say, "A perfect cad." She sniffed a little. "But so good-looking."

Her co-partner sniffed again. "And his voice was so soft. He spoke like—well, like—"

"Like a smooth, steady stream, Miss Butterworth," I said. "Come on, Girard."

THE END

crooners

have such interesting faces



Perry Como makes like Frankie



Bing Crosby makes like Vaughn



Bob Crosby makes like Bing



Jack Smith makes like Jack



In the next issue of RADIO BEST

Read About The Lovable JIMMY DURANTE In An Exclusive Interview With Author Judith Cortada.



"Welcome to 'Grand Slam' . . ."



"And what's your favorite song?"



"He'll kiss you good morning right now."



"Sure, it's just a microphone . . ."



"I'll remember in a minute . . ."



"There's no need to be bashful . . ."

playing the game with Irene Beasley

(Continued from page 31)

only creative imagination but a knowledge of, and interest in, world affairs and social problems.

For each of her daily 15-minute programs, the judges on Irene's staff choose three entries submitted by listeners, a total of 15 entries a week. Each entry, dealing in some way with popular songs, consists of five questions; for each correct answer, the studio contestant gets a prize which goes to the listener if the contestant misses. A "Grand Slam"—or five prizes to either the listener or the contestant—carries a bonus of \$100.

At the time of her third anniversary, Irene had used 2,140 sets of questions submitted by housewives, clerks, bankers, lawyers, teachers and youngsters of various ages. Each one differed in some way from the others, demonstrating that the ingenuity required to give a new twist to a simple subject is more important than the ability to dig up fantastic material.

Although each set of questions used on the air is considered from all angles, and its presentation is carefully planned in the light of "what might happen," Irene, like any other radio emcee, must be prepared to cope with the unpredictable. The most unsophisticated and innocent contestant can floor the most suave and experienced emcee with a casual word.

Like the quiet, middle-aged woman who was chosen from the audience one day and asked to list five well-known song titles which would describe the various things she had to do before going to the broadcast that morning. She was given pencil and paper and time to think. When she returned to Irene, and the microphone, a short time later, the paper was still absolutely blank. Irene was prepared for this.

"Oh," she exclaimed confidently, "there are several titles you might have named! How about 'Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee'?"

"I didn't have any breakfast," the woman replied.

"Well, couldn't you have used 'Leave the Dishes in the Sink, Ma'?" Irene rejoined.

The contestant shook her head. "I'm staying in a hotel."

Irene was not giving up so easily, but the studio audience had begun to chuckle. "There's always 'Powder Your Face With Sunshine,'" she suggested, her voice losing only a fraction of its confident tone.

Not a flicker of expression crossed the woman's face. "It's raining," she answered.

The audience's laughter was growing louder. "Here's another one for you," Irene continued. "How about 'Roll Out of Bed With a Smile'?"

Again, the woman shook her head. "I didn't roll out of bed and I wasn't smiling," she said.

Irene took a deep breath. "Here's one you can't say 'no' to—'Singing in the

Bathtub'."

"I did that last night," the woman said.

The audience burst into uncontrolled laughter and, for half a minute, Irene was stricken dumb. Throughout the conversation, the contestant had maintained her dead-pan expression—she was really serious about it—and her attitude of calm self-possession. Irene quickly made up her mind.

"A 'Grand Slam' for both the listener and the contestant," she shouted above the tumult of the audience.

As she explains it now, she had two reasons for her decision to award a "Grand Slam" to both: (1) the contestant had justified her inability to name any song title that was applicable to her actions, and (2) the listener who had submitted the entry could not be penalized for such an unpredictable circumstance. In this case, the contestant's failure to react according to plan, combined with her appearance and demeanor, drew enough laughter to make many a famous comedian bite his nails in envy.

On another occasion, a stunt didn't work out as planned because it was impossible to prepare the audience for what was coming. Five members of the audience, seated on the aisle one behind the other, were selected and Irene whispered a song title into the ear of the first in line. It was to be whispered from one to the other to see how the title would have changed by the time it reached the last in line, all this based on the well-known fact that a rumor always changes as it is whispered by one gossip to another.

It was a good idea but—it took the first woman much too long to put down her bag and turn around in her chair, the man behind her whispered loudly, "What did you say?", the woman behind him didn't "get it" on the first whisper either. At the end of the allotted time, three minutes, Irene put a stop to the stunt and admitted defeat.

Such small failures as this have their happy side in that they bring out all the warmth in the relationship between Irene and her listeners. "We couldn't get those contestants to talk up yesterday, could we?" one member of the audience said to her the next day. Another remarked, "Had a little difficulty, didn't we?" Her listeners seem to take the attitude that they are all members of a family, playing games directed by Irene.

In reality, the games Irene played with her family as a child are in the background of her present role as a mistress of ceremonies. All of her summers were spent on her grandmother's plantation, which was 12 miles from the nearest railroad in Mississippi. Her mother's six brothers and sisters visited the plantation during the summer, too, and without movies, radio or victrola, they created their own entertainment.

Everyone, from her grandmother, who played the piano until she was 85 years old, to the tiniest tot, took a turn as emcee in the evening when the family gathered in the parlor, and everyone had to perform in some fashion, with a song, a stunt, a speech or a game—like “Button, button, who’s got the button” or “I’m thinking of something in this room . . .” At the plantation, Irene became accustomed early in life to being the center of attention, but she remembers most clearly the atmosphere of the old house—“where no voice was ever raised in anger or no word said that would hurt anyone, where there was religious fervor without

fanaticism, where the idealism was punctuated with salt and humor . . .”

“I acquired there my love for people and music,” she says, “and also my Achilles’ heel—that I can’t do anything to hurt someone unless I know it’s a fight for survival.”

The people who come to Irene’s microphone today illustrate a cross pattern of human behaviour and bring into play all her knowledge of human nature. The nervous ones she soothes with questions about their families, or anything familiar, and she is careful not to give “too much rope” to the smart alecs.

“They don’t get a chance to say any-

thing except the answers.”

Almost everyone is nervous but all are cooperative and enter into the spirit of the game. Most of them are so intent on meeting the challenge that they don’t hear Irene when she tells them what they have won.

The one who has the most fun on “Grand Slam” is the emcee. There is no doubt that often, at the height of the merriment, she gets a mental picture of the little girl who stood in the middle of the parlor of the Mississippi plantation home and recited, “Here I stand all ragged and dirty; if you don’t come kiss me, I’ll run like a turkey.” THE END

seat at the dial

(Continued from page 10)

on this show it is religious programming—at a high level. The responsibility for this program belongs to the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The Council is out to prove that pastors can be human and that the preacher understands human problems. Q.E.D.

“Someone You Know” has marital troubles, or has been drinking too heavily, or has violated a commandment (sacred or secular). Of course, you are an upstanding citizen—but you do know someone else who isn’t quite, shall we say, upright? You know also that of such deviations from the normal, drama is made. That’s what this show brings you—drama cut from ordinary situations which might involve “someone you know.”

The dramatic portion is mounted well: professional talent carries the ball under George Weist’s capable management (he is one of the better directors at ABC). The last ten minutes or so are given to a discussion. Very likely, that discussion of the problem just dramatized is kicked around by a minister, a psychiatrist, a professional social worker of high standing, or someone else who really knows the score. When you’re through, the situation seems, somehow, not quite so hopeless. With dramatic lead-in, the show has taught—not theology but human understanding.

Juvenile Jury

Sunday, 3:30 p.m.



What’s new about this program? Nothing. The emcee, Jack Barry, is the same. Barry’s co-producer and co-brain, Dan Ehrenreich, is the same. It seems to me that the kids are also the same little smart-alecks I heard when the moppets first entered the jury box about four years ago.

But I like to mention this program at least once a year just by way of showing that I am no slave to modern “progressive” theories of child education. (Some who worship at that altar hate this show.) “Juvenile Jury,” in its fourth season is as

lively and amusing as it was when it first hit the air—and that was lively enough.

Whether it is smart to schedule “Jury” at the precise hour when the “Quiz Kids” show off their superior I.Q.’s on NBC—that’s something else. The two programs, for my money, complement one another and should not compete for the same set of listeners. I like them both. And having started this sector with “Juvenile Jury”—I’ll add to the confusion and say: Listen, also, to “Quiz Kids,” Sundays at 3:30 on NBC. (Let me know how you made out, listening to both at the same time.)

Ford Theatre

Friday, 9-10 p.m. (every other week)



This is an hour of drama which—if it keeps up the pace—will certainly be among the best on television this season.

The opener is still memorable at this date. Fredric March and Lilli Palmer played in the smart, swift, sophisticated Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur comedy, “Twentieth Century.” The stars were backed by a tremendous cast of stupendously competent actors. Marc Daniels directed the amusing doings to a fare-thee-well. Production, camera work, lighting were superb.

The second time out, Ford Theatre brought “On Borrowed Time,” starring Basil Rathbone. The line-up should give you a hint—big names, famous plays, the old unbeatable formula. But worked scientifically (meaning, in this case, with artistic understanding), the mine should pay off. Here’s hoping that, as the season progresses, we viewers won’t mind lending our time for a pay-off.

Cavalcade of Stars

Saturday, 9-10 p.m.

Seen on
DuMont

The word “cavalcade” means procession. But my dictionary gives two definitions: one is a pedestrian procession, or any kind of procession at all; the other is a procession on horseback or in carriages. I offer to tomorrow’s lexicographers a third variation: something that just wob-

bles along, for instance, like the Saturday night show on Du Mont.

Jack Carter emcees this one. In my book, Carter is famous for one vast accomplishment: when Milton Berle was on a brief vacation last year, in mid-season, Carter subbed for Berle two weeks running. That made Berle!

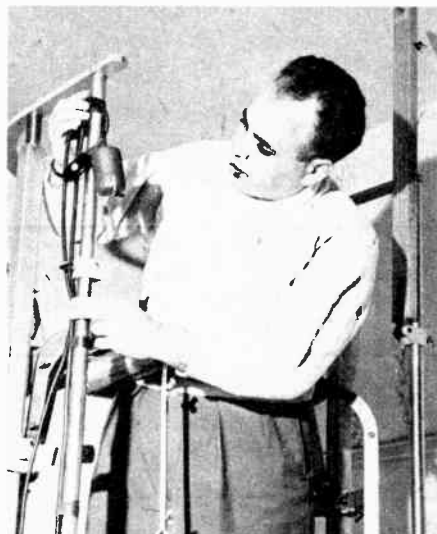
There is no procession here, in the accepted term, and the stars are on the tarnished side—at least the way they are used by the Du Mont people. Skip along to the Bijou and see Mack Sennett if that’s all video can offer of a Saturday night.

Candid Camera

Monday, 9 p.m.



If you remember “Candid Mike” (it used to be on the ABC network) you recall how Allen Funt, the maestro, used to trap people into frank talk because they didn’t know he was recording their voices—and what fun resulted for the listener. Now Funt plants not only a microphone but also a camera, so that the



Allen Funt hides a microphone near the ceiling to catch the voice of an unsuspecting visitor to his “Candid Camera.”



Dramatist George S. Kaufman, Clifton Fadiman, writer-critic-lecturer who is host and moderator, and comedian Abe Burrows form permanent panel of "This Is Broadway."



Veteran film star Lois Wilson returns to the "screen" in the TV "Aldrich Family."

situations into which he places his unsuspecting victims are recorded on film as well as on sound-tape.

Funt adds a few harmless gimmicks to the video version—for instance, he manages to bring to the "candid camera" somebody or other who, presumably, really prefers Philip Morris cigarettes (by a strange coincidence, that's the brand of smokes sponsoring the show). Some of Funt's "victims" are also brought live to his program. It is an amusing, sometimes an interesting, divertissement.

Silver Theatre



Monday, 8 p.m.

There are times when production and acting can raise a play to a level far superior to the script itself. That was true when "Silver Theatre" first came to the video air this year.

For years, Conrad Nagel emceed this one on radio (the metal mentioned has to do with the sponsor, who—surprise!—makes silverware). On radio, it was a good, but not outstanding show. On television, so far, it is top fare.

Frank Telford, who produces and directs, wrapped up an unnoteworthy script, "L'Amour the Merrier," by Richard Steele and Sid Slon. A piece of farce that left logic behind, it was about an ex-GI whose plans to latch on to his rich boss's daughter is snafued by a little Frenchie gal at whom he had made passes while in the service. But Telford had Burgess Meredith, Eva Gabor, Luis Van Rooten and Gloria McGhee as principals in the cast. Together, they put it over. At that rate, "Silver Theatre" is here to stay awhile.

The Aldrich Family



Sunday, 7:30 p.m.

One of the toughest assignments in television is to project visually a character familiar to millions who had heard him on radio for years. When the Aldriches were being prepared for video,

the problem was very acute. Ezra Stone has always answered "Coming . . . Mother!" whenever the "Aldrich Family" took to the air via radio. But Stone is now no longer a boy in appearance, or in fact; he is a solid citizen—literally, physically, in many ways. To cast Stone as "Henry Aldrich" on television would have been ludicrous.

After lots of searching, the producers found a chap named Robert Casey, a young actor who had played previously only in summer stock, as the television prototype of "Henry." He had to look himself—and yet he had to have certain vocal qualities and vocal mannerisms similar to Stone's. They found the perfect video "Henry."

That's the big news about this show. For the rest, it's "The Aldrich Family" with which you are already familiar.

The other principals—Jackie Kelk as "Homer," with House Jameson and Lois Wilson as "Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich," do well. Jameson (who plays the same role on radio) appears somewhat too old for Henry's father (especially by comparison with Miss Wilson's mother role). Couldn't Jameson—who does the role well—be given younger make-up? Maybe he will be, by the time this hits your eyes.

Tonight on Broadway



Sunday, 7 p.m.

Martin Gosch is an old hand on Broadway who had a terrific idea last season. His idea was to take television's cameras into a legitimate theatre and show you a play right from stage. This year he is back on the video air, sponsor and all.

He started off the season by showing us scenes from "Lend An Ear," one of the more spritely musical revues. Then there were recreations from "Twelfth Night." An improvement over last year was the fact that Gosch now has John Mason Brown as emcee. The well-known drama critic doesn't have much to do, but his

very presence lends an amount of authority to the show. But there is also something missing by comparison with last season.

Last year, Gosch showed us not only scenes from the plays but also some of the off-stage or backstage participants—author, director, stage designer, etc. These belong in the television version. Another fault is that, at the beginning, Gosch did not rearrange his numbers so that they would fit the smaller video screen, letting them go on as if the television camera were merely eavesdropping on the live stage.

Those mistakes, however, can be—and undoubtedly will be—rectified. That guy Gosch knows his stuff.

Author Meets the Critics



Monday, 7:30 p.m.

The two best book shows on the air in the New York area have been, for a number of years, Martin Stone's "Author Meets the Critics" (which was on NBC last year) and WMGM's Tuesday-night-at-eight "Books on Trial." Now "Author Meets the Critics"—which certainly deserves network operation—is on the ABC's video works. See it. Books here are discussed—not merely fought.

CRIMINAL DOCKET

The Big Story
Friday, 9:30 p.m.



Man Against Crime
Friday, 8:30 p.m.



Plainclothes Man
Wednesday, 9:00 p.m.

Seen on
DuMont

Famous Jury Trials
Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.

Seen on
DuMont

Starting from the bottom of the list, I advise you to look at "Famous Jury

Trials." Charles Harrell, one of the brainiest of producers-directors in the broadcast business (this is not saying he has always been the most effective) is in charge of the program which brings the former radio "trials" to the viewing screen. In this case, Harrell is effective. The trial is credible (even though court procedure does have to be telescoped into a mere half-hour, with time out for commercials). Through the "trial" of some luckless person accused of crime, the action is brought forth, and it is done dramatically and well. A "jury" on the set renders a verdict at the end. You don't have to agree with the jury's decision. But you'll have to see the show to qualify for your dissent.

"Famous Jury Trials" occupies the second half of an hour of mystery slotted by the Du Mont network on Wednesday nights, from 9 to 10. For my money, that first half-hour is wasted. "Plainclothes Man" shows little skill either in story telling or in use of the acting talent. I had the feeling when I saw it that the director was doing a lot of experimenting. That "experimentation"—I put the quotes around the word because the effort here was so futile—proves nothing whatever. For instance, there was some fancy camera work. But the angling or focusing of the lens had nothing whatever to do with the action at hand. And there wasn't much of a story to play with. Too bad.

Now in "The Big Story" there is also experimentation—but here it means a good deal. This program accomplishes a great deal through integration of films with live action. The program is a video version of the one by the same title on radio, dramatizing "the big story" uncovered by a real newspaperman.

I don't think the producers of this show will thank me for putting it in the crime department. They fancy it as reflection of "real life." Well, it's true that crime often grabs the headlines—in the tabloids and tabloid-minded "standard" press. But there is no reason for television (or radio) to work that side of the journalistic street almost exclusively. There are Big Stories that may deal with crimes of a different sort—for instance, social, cultural or political crimes. The owners of this package, and its writers, know that fact as well as I do. But then there are more bucks in the tab-type of journalism. Having delivered myself of *obiter dicta*, my advice is: "The Big Story" is worth seeing on television, nevertheless.

For sheer artistry in this department, however, give me "Man Against Crime." Ralph Bellamy stars in this one (they tabbed him for this package because he stars in "Detective Story" on Broadway). A script by Lawrence Klee, with direction by Paul Nickell, brought imagination and imaginative execution to this show, when it first hit the air last October. On the opener, the guy who committed the crime was a ventriloquist who always carried his dummy with him, and the dummy was actually part of the plot. It was all done very well—once you accept the conventions of crime stories which have the private dick wandering in and out of places at will.

PALEY'S PARADE

The Front Page

Thursday, 8 p.m.

Inside U.S.A.

8:30 p.m.

Ed Wynn Show

9 p.m.



It was on the Ed Wynn show opener (whereon the star identified himself to the audience as "Keenan Wynn's father") that "the perfect fool" quipped, "Open those curtains, Paley." The latter, you should know by this time, is chairman of the board and genuine master-mind (along with prexy Frank Stanton) of the CBS network.

Paley got himself a real line-up for Thursday night, and it deserves assessment as one package running an hour and a half. This is studio stuff. I make my peace now with Lawrence W. Lowman, CBS' topside veepee, who was awfully hurt a year and a half ago when I wrote that CBS was weak on studio originations. Well, that was true, then. It ceased being true as last season rolled along. It's an outright falsehood now. And Paley's Thursday theatre proves the point.

In the order of their theatrical value (thinking of theatre entirely in video-genic terms), "The Front Page" is just right in the opening spot. It is a good warm-up number. It is the old Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur melodrama which wowed us on stage and films earlier. Only this time, the serial for air starts where the original play left off—at the point where the reporter is snagged by his managing editor and forced back into pulling a big "scoop."

On the opener, there were certain gross exaggerations which—quite properly—annoyed a number of newspapermen. Some of us in the trade (of journalism, not radio) can remember that there were managing editors and city editors who would condone any crime—including murder—as long as the victims were people of lower status—foreigners, an oppressed minority, or somebody else extremely unpopular with certain elements of the population. But the "Front Page" episode showed the managing editor practically plotting for the murder of the mayor of the city. That isn't done—the mayor may have friends.

Biggest surprise to me was the acting of John Daly whom many of us have known as a top CBS newscaster and commentator. Here, Daly plays the role of that vile m.e. And he does it up brown. As the opener of the Thursday night CBS parlay, "Front Page" is not earth-shaking, but it's good stuff.

Then comes "Inside U.S.A." ("with Chevrolet" says the plug). Now this is a number of another order. Here I make a prediction: what Admiral's "Broadway Fevue" was to the networks on video last year, "Inside U.S.A." will be this year. It started out like a house afire.

Oh, to be sure, there were some snags. But what opener doesn't have them? Peter Lind Hayes as the emcee was excellent; the sketches were good; the musical numbers were from the top drawer

(with Ira Gershwin and Oscar Hammerstein II among the lyricists) and the staging, except in isolated instances, lively and serviceable. There was one sketch involving little Margaret O'Brien that couldn't be beat; she was cast in the role of a child star in the movies—it takes genius to think of thus doing the obvious thing.

The credits for "Inside U.S.A." are too numerous to list here. But chief credit must go to Arthur Schwartz, impresario and producer of this package, plus writer Sam Taylor and director Sherman Marks.

And the Paley Parade marches! At 9 o'clock, we have the Ed Wynn show. This one is supposed to be significant because it is one of the first big productions staged for television in Hollywood (instead of New York) and shown in the east by video recording. In other words, films are taken off the viewing screen, and the sound is recorded at the same time. In still other terms, this is video's version of electrical transcription.

Well, as far as those technicalities are concerned—do you care *how* the show is brought to your screen, as long as it is a good show? I don't care. Some of the super-critics in New York insisted there were differences in "viewing quality" because the show was on films. I love them (most of them) but they were talking through their spats. I detected no loss of quality—and my oculist is good as any of theirs. It's the program that interested me—and that was very good.

CBS almost overshot the mark with its advance ballyhoo on the Wynn show. It let on as how this was the network's answer to NBC's Milton Berle. That stuff and nonsense led me to expect some super-duper, super-noisy super-racket. It is nothing of the kind.

Wynn has been in show business so much longer than Berle that Milton could still be doing "Perils of Pauline" cliffhangers as far as the original "Perfect Fool" is concerned. Wynn paces the program in his own way. His old routines may seem like steals from Berle—to those who don't know that he invented them. He is genial, funny, and never a strain on your nerves. Wynn is a fitting feature for that Thursday Columbia Cavalcade.

Take a bow, Paley!

THE END



The Perfect Fool performs some magical skullduggery in the CBS "Ed Wynn Show."

arthur godfrey

(Continued from page 17)

said, leaning back in his chair and putting his feet up on the radiator, "and my mother could play and sing. I was always uninhibited, an extrovert—almost. I had a natural attribute for getting along with people, making them like me."

But if Godfrey had it to do over, he would acquire an education so that he might be better equipped to take advantage of his natural gifts. The wise-cracking Godfrey can be surprisingly serious on this point.

"I would go to college, the very toughest school in the country," he said, shaking his finger to emphasize his words, "and then I would know enough not to miff my big break."

Godfrey's "big break" came in 1934 after some 18 years of aimless drifting. He had completed about one year and three months of high school when his father "went broke" and he decided that he could no longer be a burden to his family. His story, from the time he sold newspapers on the streets of New York City and slept in warehouses with more experienced down-and-outers to today, when he adds \$6,000,000 annually to the CBS coffers, is hardly the "typical American success story" because the hero, instead of steadily working his way to the top, blundered in and out of countless dead-end streets before he finally stumbled onto the right road.

Godfrey gives himself very little credit for his success and is not likely to describe himself as a "self-made man." His talent was a gift, like the "green thumb" of the plant lover, and it was transformed into a commercially valuable asset by Lady Luck and an "endless chain of people."

After two years of assorted jobs including office boy, dishwasher, farm hand, lumberjack and coal miner, he drifted into the Navy and served for four years as a radio operator. There followed another odd assortment as auto plant worker, dishwasher, short-order cook, salesman of everything from cemetery plots to cosmetics.

Godfrey's experience as a door-to-door salesman of lipsticks, mascara and face creams—which he brought up as proof that he has always spoken his mind about his wares—reminded him of his aversion not only for blackberry but all color lipsticks. Before I realized we had strayed from the purpose of my visit, Godfrey was vehemently expressing his opinions on the subject of make-up and women in general with characteristic unconcern for the feelings of cosmetic manufacturers.

"If a woman's mouth is clean, then it's sweet-looking and kissable, isn't it?" he asked.

I nodded in earnest agreement. After all, my own lipstick had probably worn off a bit during the three hours since I had applied it.

"Then why does she louse it up with a lot of paint that makes a fellow afraid to kiss it?"

"Well," I began hesitantly, "men seem to be interested and they turn around and look at the models and show girls you sometimes see in the streets with a lot of make-up on."

Godfrey took his feet off the radiator and leaned forward in his chair. "Sure, they look at them," he said, "but not because they think those girls are attractive. When they look, they say to themselves, 'What a shame! A beautiful woman all spoiled!'"

Godfrey's passion for honesty is evident in every opinion he expresses, whether the subject be housewares or women, and he often uses the word as a synonym for cleanliness. Heavy make-up,



Mrs. Godfrey's loving son remembers her before he sets sail for Turkey.

except at night, is neither honest nor clean, but an obvious and unsuccessful attempt to deceive the beholder. His theory is that if a woman is immaculate, she can outshine the "glamor girl" just by being herself; her personal care is reflected in every action, with the result that she is more considerate of others.

"The 'glamor girl' always has an air about her, as if she smells something—you know what I mean?—and she's self-conscious because of the attention she gets. But the plainer girl has to be charming. The most attractive women in the world aren't the pretty ones."

Godfrey blasts the notion that "men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses" with the single statement, "It's a lie!"

"When I was single," he continued reminiscently, "I went for a girl who wore glasses. You could see the charm

underneath them."

Godfrey thinks that long hair is beautifully feminine and he does not like the short hair-dos that are so popular today—"they remind me of a guy who needs a haircut"—but the woman who fears that men will pass her by when she reaches 35 will be encouraged by his statement that women are at their most attractive when they are between the ages of 25 and 45—assuming they are "clean and honest," we suppose.

I was just about to throw my lipstick out the open window when Godfrey remembered that 15 minutes ago we had been talking about his career. It was when he joined the Coast Guard in 1927 that young Godfrey was introduced for the first time to serious study. In order to pass his examination at the radio material school, "I had to learn in six months all the mathematics I would have studied in four years of high school."

Godfrey immediately sent for the math course of the International Correspondence School which he describes as "my alma mater, the greatest school in the world," because its instructors forced him to dig the necessary knowledge out of the books for himself.

"My gripe against the colleges," he said at this point, "is that, with rare exceptions, they do nothing for a boy except to kick him out at the end of the term when they suddenly discover he hasn't been studying. No college can teach you very much, but it should help you to discipline your mind and learn the process of reasoning."

Godfrey had served two years in the Coast Guard when his pals urged him to compete in an amateur contest at a Baltimore station where he was offered a job as staff announcer and billed as Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist (he had learned to play the banjo in the Navy). As emcee of two early morning programs, he drew 12,000 fan letters over the year. While Godfrey, to all appearances, had finally found his niche, by his own account he did not realize that he had stumbled on a career that might bring him fame and fortune.

"I was a smart-alec kid with a sense of humor," he said, "and this was just another job, except that they paid me for talking, instead of washing the dishes or digging coal."

From WFBR, the trail led to WRC in Washington, D.C., where the red-headed disc jockey steadily increased his following. On a night in January, 1934, he launched a new series of programs on WJSV, also in the capital, with an all-night broadcast and Winchell and several other Broadway personalities, quite by chance, tuned in on the show from a Manhattan apartment. The next morning Winchell's column carried the news across the country about the stranger in Washington who was "big-time" and belonged in New York. Within two weeks, Godfrey

had been signed by CBS to appear on a twice-weekly network show.

Godfrey shook his head as he recalled his debut as a national figure. "I was an uninhibited, undisciplined jerk sitting at a microphone, without the brains to take advantage of the break that Winchell gave me."

"From \$75 to \$750 weekly was certainly a very satisfactory raise in salary," I suggested.

Godfrey waved the thought away. "I had a God-given wit and voice and I got by at first, but I couldn't have continued that way indefinitely because I hadn't developed them. I wasn't really doing a job for my sponsors."

For five years, he listened to the recordings of his programs with disgust and despair. His usual reaction was "Good Lord! Did I say that?" He has a mental picture of his listeners saying, "That guy's terrible, but sometimes he comes up with something that makes it worthwhile." It wasn't until about ten years after Winchell began to beat the drum for him that he hit his stride and was recognized as one of the three or four top radio entertainers. This waste of time could have been avoided, he believes, if he had been taught, in a "tough" college, the value of mental discipline.

Although Godfrey regrets the years he spent in a succession of dead-end jobs, he appreciates the intimate knowledge of the average man he acquired as he drove taxis and served at lunch counters, and believes it to be an important factor in his appeal as an entertainer.

"The average guy is bitter and skeptical because he doesn't get the breaks and he's been gypped so often. The best service I can give him is to show him that the world isn't the miserable place he thinks it is, that there are good, substantial things in life."

Godfrey smiled. "And he likes me because when I talk back to the stuffed shirts, he fancies himself doing the same thing."

A list, in fine print, of the people to whom Godfrey is indebted for his success, he claims, would run from one end of New York City to the other—"and I don't remember half of them." He is particularly grateful to the newspapermen, the radio columnists who, without realizing what they were doing for him, helped build his reputation by constant mention of his name.

As Godfrey dashed across the room (he was already half an hour late for an appointment), I called him back for one last question. Knowing that he had married at the age of 36, I asked him if he didn't think it wise to marry in early youth.

Godfrey waved an emphatic negative. "By the time a man is 35, he knows that there are other qualities to consider in a woman besides a beautiful figure." With his hand in the air, he traced an exaggerated outline of a woman's body.

Going out of the door, he paused and added, with a grin, "Not that he shouldn't appreciate that, too!"

THE END

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florence rinard

(Continued from page 45)

wonderful impression on me that it was love at first sight and three months later we were married. For the following year and a half, we traveled around the country and after our daughter, Nancy, was born, we settled in Detroit. Five years ago we moved to Princeton, New Jersey, where we have lived ever since.

So you see, my "off-the-air" life is no different than the average housewife's. Of course, a few things have changed since we've gone on the air with RONSON'S "Twenty Questions." There was a day when our friends would come over to the house and play the game with us but now, since we've become professional "Twenty Questionites," they refuse to play with us.

A lot of people have asked me how we manage to guess the answers so quickly at times. All I can say is that all of us are blessed with retentive memories and so, with the knowledge that we manage to retain, some answers come easily to us. We all watch the current issues of the day carefully for future usage on the show. But everything, such as quick answers, etc., can always be logically explained.

Another interesting factor about the show is that we are probably the only show-folk who aren't allowed to read their own fan mail. It's not that we don't want to, but the majority of letters sent in also contain subjects for us to guess on "Twenty Questions" and these we never get to see.

Of course, there are a few incidents that seem amusing to me. For instance, one summer while Fred, Nancy and our son, Bobby McGuire (he used his grandmother's name for professional purposes), were vacationing in Virginia, we went into a coffee shop for a quick snack. As we were leaving, a young girl came over to me and asked if I wasn't Florence Rinard. "Yes, I am," I said. "Then that must be Bobby McGuire—do you think I could get his autograph?" It seems that she overheard Bobby talking to me and recognized his voice from the show.

Another thing that I found is that since we've been on the air, our family tree has grown. Relatives suddenly discover that they are related to us. Many of my old pupils and schoolmates have called and asked if I wasn't the Florence Rinard that they knew back in Indiana.

But for the most part, I content myself around the house. I've taken up painting as a hobby and love to play ping pong, bridge and badminton.

We should be going on television soon and though I think the show is a natural for TV, I'm still just a bit nervous. I've never been nervous on the air but when I have to give a concert, my knees still quiver. However, I still have hopes of being a concert pianist and maybe by that time, I'll be cured.

THE END

young america

(Continued from page 35)

divisions, with such perennial favorites as Bing Crosby taking over the popular male singer class and Nelson Eddy, the male classical division. Doris Day won the popular female class, and Rise Stevens, Metropolitan Opera star and frequent radio guest, the female classical section.

Vaughn Monroe's orchestra, a dominant unit in radio music, captured the popular orchestra division, with Guy Lombardo, who has been called "too corny" for youngsters by misguided critics, coming in a very close second. The Boston Pops Orchestra, whose radio concerts are national favorites, flooded the first place slot in the classical music branch of the poll.

The Ink Spots, a disc jockey delight for many years, edged out the Andrews Sisters for first place in the vocal group class, while the King Cole Trio took first place, and the Three Suns, second place, in the instrumental units division.

In the favorite record speed class, RCA Victor's 45 RPM system was favored, with Columbia's 33½ coming in second. This vote surprised the poll editors, who had thought that the standard 78 RPM system would surely win.

In its effort to find out what and whom the American teen-ager prefers in music, RADIO & TELEVISION BEST decided to use the disc jockies as intermediaries because it was discovered that record dealers depend on youngsters, for the most part, for their sales, and that disc jockies aim their programs at the younger listeners. The 14 communities selected represent a typical cross-section of the country. In some towns, where there

were few high schools, the entire student body was questioned by the disc jockies and in larger cities, the editorial staffs of school papers acted as sounding boards for their classmates.

Cooperating were Jack Harrell, WOPS, Jacksonville, Fla.; Dana Adams, KTBB, Tyler, Texas; Roland Dumas, WMAS, Springfield, Mass.; Bill Mims, WCON, Atlanta, Ga.; Rex Dale, WCKY, Cincinnati, Ohio; Art Hellyer, WMIL, Milwaukee, Wis.; Vera Trexler, WLOW, Norfolk, Va., and youth editor for the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch; Shelly Rothman, WTTT, Coral Gables, Fla.; Art Pallan, WWSW, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jim Boysen, Station WTCN, Minneapolis, Minn.; Roy Mitchell, KGHI, Little Rock, Ark.; Leo McDevitt, WAAB, Worcester, Mass., and Harry Light, WSAN, Allentown, Pa.

Some of the pollsters gathered sensational facts and others received amusing answers. Art Hellyer's listeners rated polka music highest, and Atlanta students, according to Bill Mims, are crazy about Lombardo. Two Springfield, Mass., youngsters gave their female vocalist votes to Gypsy Rose Lee, whose voice has not been exploited to any extent, and another teen-ager in the same city voted for Gail Russell, of the motion pictures, who does not sing—at least in public.

RADIO & TELEVISION BEST wishes to thank the disc jockies who asked thousands of questions in order to get the facts from Young America, and the Gale Agency, who helped conduct the poll. To the stars and orchestras who came out on top we offer our congratulations.

THE END

let's meet the missus

(Continued from page 51)

He attended high school in Sioux City, Iowa, and when the family moved to California, the "Meet the Missus" emcee enrolled in the University of Southern California. Football was just about his major course, until he was benched by injuries. Next he became a boxer. Harry won three of his first five bouts, but decided they were to be his last five, too.

Radio entered the Von Zell life via an amateur contest over an Inglewood (Calif.) station. Soon he had a regular job and was able to resign his position as payroll clerk for Union Pacific.

The big break came when he was selected as announcer for Paul Whiteman's first radio show, back in 1929. He won out over 250 applicants.

When the Whiteman series was finished, Harry signed as staff announcer for CBS in New York. He announced many top-flight radio programs, including the New York end of the spectacular broadcasts

from the South Pole by Admiral Byrd.

Although Harry Von Zell's name has been synonymous with the radio business since 1929, Columbia's "Meet the Missus" program is the first to be entirely his show—shared, of course, with those thousand women. In the half hour each day he can be himself. He chats and jokes with the participants from the audience, supervises stunts, and interviews them.

The Von Zell family is composed of Mickey (Mrs. Von Zell), a nineteen year old son, Kenneth, and four year old Linda. The family lives in Encino in the San Fernando Valley. Mickey and Harry play golf at the Lakeside Golf Course, when they have the chance.

The five-foot-ten-inch tall "Meet the Missus" emcee, who weighs in at two hundred pounds, has blond hair, blue eyes and an infectious chuckle which earned him, early in life, the nickname of "Giggles."

THE END

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

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

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

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

"What is lightning?"

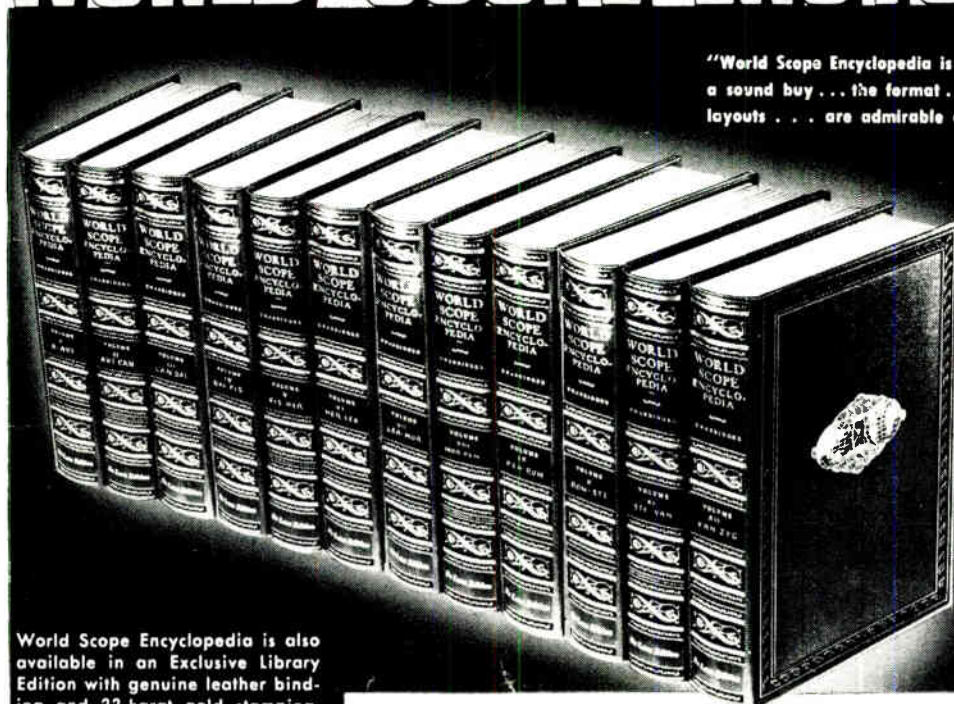
"Why does it snow?"

"How does television work?"

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