

and TELEVISION

RADIO BEST

What Security
Means To Me
by
KATE SMITH

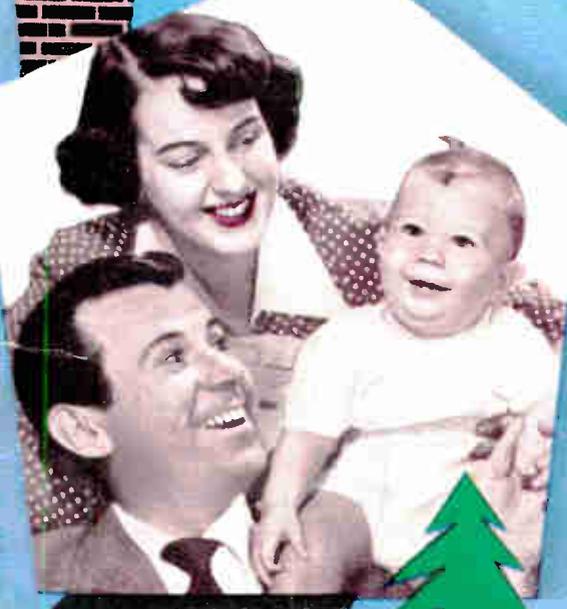
January • 25¢

Full Length Novellette
ROAD OF LIFE

•
ED SULLIVAN

Champion of Tolerance

•
Confessions of a Gal Vocalist



The Dennis Day Family



**"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?"

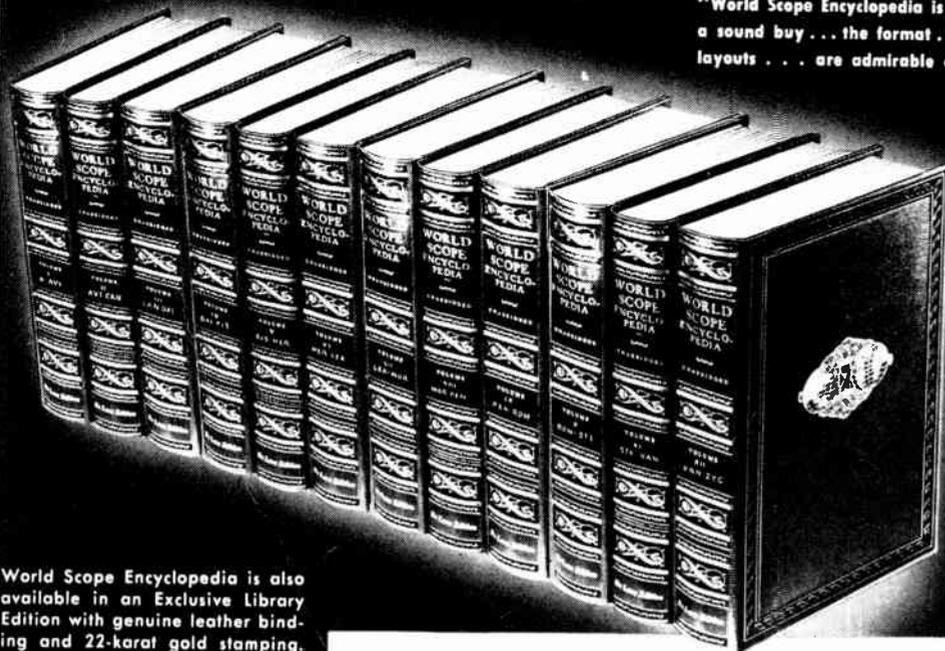
"Why does it snow?"

"How does television work?"

To Johnny it takes a heap of learning to answer those puzzlers—and his Pop *always* has the answers . . . quickly, accurately and completely, with the help of this brand new De Luxe Edition of World Scope Encyclopedia.



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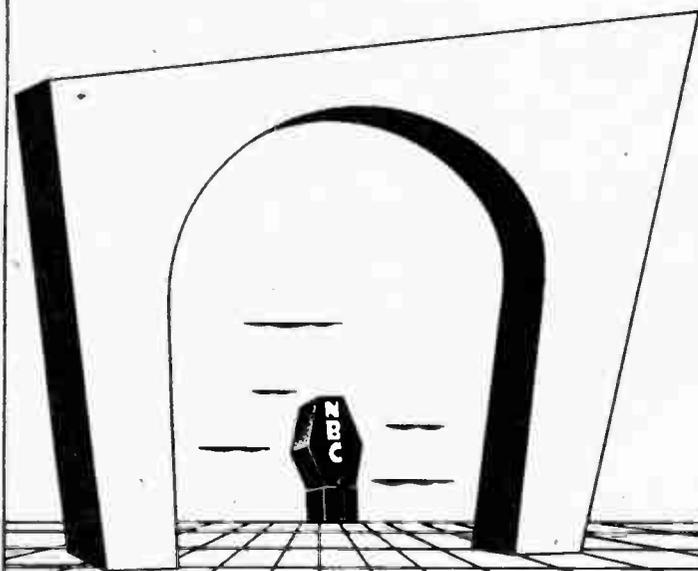
Thanks to

and TELEVISION
RADIO BEST

for presenting the
SILVER MIKE AWARD
to
THEATRE GUILD on the AIR

SPONSORED BY U.S. STEEL

And thanks to YOU readers of this distinguished magazine who have been among the millions of listeners enjoying *Theatre Guild on the Air*. Your radio attendance—and the letters you have sent us—have helped to inspire the outstanding performances of the best stars . . . in the best plays . . . on this Sunday night program.



Now... NEW TIME, NETWORK
SUNDAY NIGHTS 8:30 P.M. (EDT)
NBC NETWORK



U.S. STEEL HOUR

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

A full length novelette vividly told for the first time in story form—the inspiring experiences of a young married couple and their two children . . . highlighted with living portraits of the actual stars who play in this famous daytime serial.



PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

For many years you have heard this famous daily story of the Youngs, an average American family, their friends and neighbors in the little town of Elmwood. In the next issue, RADIO BEST takes you into the little town of Elmwood and into the home of the Youngs and tells you in picture form a thrilling experience in the lives of this famous family.



THE DEAN OF RADIO

RADIO BEST has assigned a top-notch feature writer and photographer to tell the story of H. V. Kaltenborn, the Dean of American Commentators. The story gives an insight on the thrilling life of one of the world's most-traveled men and reveals a philosophy that even greater men have feared to tread.

OTHER FEATURES

Saul Carson's *Seat at the Dial* . . . *John J. Anthony's stirring stories* . . . *Irene Beasley's Grand Slam success* . . . *Hollywood off the Air* . . . *Memory Lane* . . . *Complete radio and television listings* and many more features that have made RADIO BEST a favorite family magazine.

and TELEVISION RADIO BEST

JANUARY, 1950 Vol. 3, No. 1

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memory lane

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



1. She rose to fame with her rendition of "My Man" about 25 years ago. She emerged as America's best known comedienne and in later years made history with her characterization of an impish little girl. She's now a grandmother. Do you remember?



2. He's crammed more living into his life than any man on earth. He headed a number of expeditions to the sub-Arctic, and became a lecturer—all before he was twenty-five. He discovered T. E. Lawrence, the mysterious white leader of the Arabs, and was an eye witness of the German Revolution before World War I. He began a career in broadcasting in 1930 and is today one of the best known commentators on the air.



3. Slim, dark, vivacious and beautiful, she has long been one of radio's leading gal singers. Suffering an almost fatal plane crash a few years ago, her courage to return to an active career has been hailed by many.

ANSWERS

1. Fanny Brice 2. Lowell Thomas
3. Jane Froman

I COULDN'T SEE THE GAME,
NOW I CAN'T HEAR IT!



RADIO SERVICE

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES
Authorized Dealer

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DEPENDABLE
RADIO SERVICE

If your radio gets its signals crossed or calls time out at a crucial moment in the Pulse Normal game . . . don't growl, "the 'helmet' it!" Call the man who works behind the Sylvania sign. There's no substitute for the expert service he gives. He'll tackle your failing set with Sylvania test equipment . . . scout for and repair hidden faults quickly, accurately! He will, if needed, replace tubes with high-quality Sylvania radio tubes (the finest sound receivers in the world) to assure you of more enjoyable listening. When your radio gives you trouble, call the serviceman who displays the Sylvania sign of dependable repair!

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

PRODUCT OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.



this month's disc jockey



Leo McDevitt

back in 1936, the teen-agers of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, spent many hours of their time broadcasting over what was believed to be the first "wired-radio" system. It was the hobby of Leo McDevitt, now Central New England's leading disc-jockey. Later upon completion of a radio course at Boston University, Leo became a staff announcer at WLLH in Lowell; then on to WFEA Manchester, N.H., and back to Boston, his home town where he conducted a nightly three-hour disc slot on WCOP until the Air Force suggested he wear its uniform in 1942.

Upon his discharge in 1945, McDevitt joined the Yankee Network in Worcester, Mass., where as senior announcer he now pilots most of WAAB's top shows.

27 years old and still single, Leo now has music for his hobby. He's an extremist, in that he prefers jazz or classical music to commercial pops. However, he has a record show for each type; Worcester's only jazz record show, "Knights of the Whirling Disc,"—"Dinner Concert" has selections of music by the Masters and the daily afternoon "Million Dollar Ballroom" during which Leo includes the top three tunes of the day.

Although grinding out the platters keeps Leo plenty busy each day, he MC's the Tellotest quiz evenings and special events frequently call him from the turntables. But he is proud of the distinction of spinning the discs for Central New England since 1945, thus becoming one of the earliest jockeys in the area.



letters to the editor

More Dignity, Please

To The Editor: Enjoy your magazine immensely. But please spare us and our sensibilities; don't let M. Friedman and all your staff indulge in these "inside" sensationalist stories (i.e., "Who Put the Hex on Haymes"). Leave that to those sheets with the orange and magneta covers.

Your Silver Mike and Panel ideas, as well as the Radio Academy, are truly interesting and worthwhile. Keep on the job—we love you!

STANLEY SINCLAIR
Sonora, California

Wants More Lewis

To The Editor: In several of your recent issues, you have featured my favorite radio personality, Mr. Robert Q. Lewis. I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed these features on Mr. Lewis!

I feel that Robert Q. is the outstanding young comedian on the air; and I consider any information on him of great interest. I am sure that all of his many other fans feel the same way I do about this.

I am looking forward to seeing more features in your magazine on Robert Q. in the near future.

TERRY DAVID
Rochester, New York

Como for Cover

To The Editor: I would like to see a really handsome man on your magazine cover. A man who also sings and who scored a big hit in Words and Music. Naturally, I mean Perry Como. How about it

PATRICIA BADEN
Minneapolis, Minn.

Exchange Dept.

To The Editor: Over the past few months I have read a few issues of your excellent magazine. I would like to subscribe to "Radio Best," but unfortunately dollar restrictions prevent this. I was wondering if you could find someone in New York who would be prepared to exchange a subscription to "Radio Best" for a subscription to a couple of Australian radio magazines.

Incidentally, congratulations to you on the excellent radio magazine you produce. It is very interesting to read, working as I do on an Australian country station, about American radio and television.

BEDE G. TOOHEY
Radio 2 DV
Dubbo 4 W
New South Wales, Australia

Radio vs TV

To The Editor: What do all the people see in television to make it seem so wonderful? I have seen quite a few television programs and personally I don't see anything wonderful in it. I have never received that "Oh, what a wonderful thing television is!" impression. In my opinion, nothing is as great as radio! Especially since my fiance is connected with radio. What are the people's impressions on this and why do they like

television as opposed to radio?

J. C.
New Haven, Conn.

• To The Editor: They go to great lengths to produce a radio program and what have you got when it's finished . . . nothing but a voice. After all a person talks, sings or emotes with his entire body, and that's what makes television so wonderful and complete.

We would like to see more space in your magazine devoted to the real thing, television.

Mrs. E. H. REICH
Woodlawn, Maryland

Damone Fan

To The Editor: I'm a Vic Damone fan and I'd sure appreciate a good article and some pictures of Vic. I'm sure all his other fans would too.

CLAIRE OLDAK
745 E. 175th Street.
Bronx, N. Y.

The Jolson Story

To The Editor: Why doesn't reader Stein crawl out of his cave and tune his crystal set in on some really good singers as Gordon MacRae and Perry Como? If he wants good tone he should listen closely to these fellows' voices. As for Jolson's tone, I think it is as sharp, corny and repulsive as any singing voice can be.

DON SMITH
Elkton, Va.

• To The Editor: What's all this fuss about my boy Jolson's voice? How can anyone compare Haymes or Como to the man who has thrilled millions for so many years with his wonderful voice. For proof, just look at how "The Jolson Story" and "Jolson Sings Again" has broken all movie records.

Mrs. A. ROBERTS
Monroe, New York

Down With the Disc Jockeys

To The Editor: I am really infuriated at the disgusting jockeys that continually play records of Monroe, Como, Damone and Torme. It is absolutely disgusting! I haven't heard a Crosby record in so long I have forgotten if he is a tenor or a basso. I do recall, however, that when they used to play Crosby discs it was soothing to my nerves as Bing has a "gift" and until some goofy publicity made a star out of Sinatra everything was peaceful. It is not television that is killing radio, it's the disc jockeys with the miserable selections they play!

IRVING BURSTEIN
3450 W. Grenshaw St.
Chicago, Illinois

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

SATURDAY'S THE DAY

FOR THE KIDS

... it's "Small Time" with Danny Webb, Toby Sommers, Bozo and a host of talented young performers from the soda circuit.



FOR THE FAMILY

... there's "Four Star Show Case" the star-studded variety review that features songs, comedy, music, dancing ... plus the TV girls with the most beautiful legs.

FOR SPORTS FANS

... It's Boxing at Ridgewood Grove with enough knockdowns and knockouts to more than satisfy the most ardent fight enthusiasts.



Channel 11 TV's the place ... tune in early and stay late. ... There's something for every taste ... no age limit on PIX fun and entertainment.



FOR YOU NIGHT OWLS

... It's Art Ford's Saturday Night ... a full hour of informal variety fare with Milkman Art Ford delivering a host of famous guest celebrities to sing, dance and play for you.



House Jameson and Catherine Raht (Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich) join Ezra (Henry) Stone and Jackie (Homer) Kelk on Aldrich doorstep after the usual Christmas Day escapades with Aldrich family.



Gracie Allen has that twinkle in her eye that forbodes usual trouble for badgered, ever patient hubby, George Burns.



Lucille Ball and Richard Denning rehearse their laughable roles as Liz and George of "My Favorite Husband".



Fannie Brice, incomparable comedienne of radio, stage and screen, poses for her most recent and welcome portrait.



Joan Davis pouts tearfully as she is scolded by Joseph Kearns as her "Pop" on the comedy hit "Leave It to Joan."

hollywood

OFF

THE

AIR



Basil Rathbone reads Dickens' "Christmas Carol" to his 6-year-old daughter Barbara. Basil portrays Scrooge on Christmas Day "Stars Over Hollywood" broadcast.



Here's the personnel of the Sam Spade Detective Agency as they wind up another case. Howard (Sam Spade) Duff dictates solution to Lurene Tuttle, his secretary Effie.

News Digest

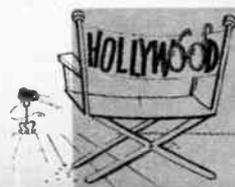
For the first time in many a picture, Rosemary DeCamp, who has scored as nurse Judy Price on CBS "Dr. Christian" series, is playing a motion picture role which does not cast her as a mother. You'll be seeing her as a slightly touched young woman in MGM's "Big Hangover" . . . The roles of William Arnold and Tom Morely in "This is Nora Drake" are played by a father-son team, Frank Readick and son Bob Readick . . . Penny Singleton who was replaced by Ann Rutherford in the "Blondie" role, has just turned down an offer to do a TV version of the same show . . . Alexis Smith has been mentioned to star in a TV domestic-comedy series from Hollywood . . . Loretta Young, Fred MacMurray and Don Ameche have again signed for Lux Radio Theatre roles . . . all three hold something of a record, having headlined the show 21 times . . . The Dennis Days expecting any minute (see this month's cover).

* * *

John Beal, who recently appeared on "We, the People," to describe his Actor's Hobby Shop, reported that Red Skelton once came in and bought a bottle of olive oil made by Frank Capra. Asked if he wanted the bottle gift wrapped, the comic replied, "No, thanks, I'll drink it here." And he did.

* * *

Gregory Peck, who starred in CBS' Suspense (Continued on page 11)





RADIO BEST

5 star bulletin

a monthly newsletter of information and rumors.



WYMAN

The undercurrent that forced a rift between Bob Hope and Bing Crosby is now ended . . . the famous two are going to make another road picture, "The Road to Paris" . . . Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman clicking again . . . As if to deny the stork rumors, Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes has lost eight pounds . . . Eloise MacElhone and radio director Bill Warwick have that serious look

. . . Xavier Cugat, now estranged from his present wife Lorraine Allen has been slapped with an attachment for back alimony on his \$3000 bank account by his former wife Mrs. Carmen Cugat.



CUGAT

Don De Fore has just completed the movie sequel, "My Friend Irma Goes West" with Marie Wilson at



HEIDT

twice the salary of his original role . . . Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have settled in a New York apartment nailing the rumors of a rift . . . Bill Gargan who plays a detective in "Martin Kane Private Eye" was twice relieved of the contents of his wallet during recent rehearsals of the TV show . . . Dick Haymes getting kudos for his special recording of "House of St. Francis" a religious show now being aired

on many independent stations across the nation . . . Walter Winchell continues a leader in the Hooper parade . . . Ditto Horace Heidt.



WHITING

TV expected to make its greatest gains in 1950 . . . Experts give radio five more big years with daytime soap opera becoming bigger with the decline of nighttime shows . . . Margaret Whiting is completing her tour of West Coast colleges which she fitted in between her CBS airshows Mondays and Fridays.

Betty Hutton reported doing a great job before the cameras of "Annie Get Your Gun" in the role originally intended for ailing Judy Garland . . . But Judy insists on doing "Summer Stock" scheduled for shooting this month.

hollywood OFF THE AIR



Ed Wynn in full fire house regalia, dog and all, arrives on coast to resume his incomparable, hilarious role on video as Texaco's fire chief. Is your teleset smoking?

"Nightmare," was so intrigued with the script as a study in sustained suspense that he has decided to make a movie version of the story written by Samuel Blas.

* * *

Marie Wilson, star of "My Friend Irma," now has been designated "the girl with the million dollar legs," by a national organization of stocking manufacturers. We can't help wondering what size price tag manufacturers of the upper part of bathings suits will place on Marie's other outstanding virtue.



Marie Wilson enjoys cool soda before dash to studio for another hilarious adventure in "My Friend Irma" series.

Berry Kroeger, who plays "Sam Williams" in "Young Dr. Malone," went into show business because he was too shy. At luncheon recently, he revealed that he started out to be a concert pianist but he was so terrified of performing that his teacher suggested a series of dramatic lessons to improve his stage presence. One day someone suggested him as a fill-in for a radio role. He quickly sold his piano for a mike.

* * *

To the list of unusual "breaks" which catapulted show business people to star- (Continued on page 59)



Abe Burrows breaks out in song in his inimitable voice and gets a big assist from Milton DeLugge on the accordion.



Groucho Marx, star of "You Bet Your Life," got started in show business as a boy soprano, back in 1906.

* * *

Screen and radio star, Eddie Bracken won the Queens County (N.Y.) Baby Contest when but four years old.

* * *

Don Ameche made his first film test for MGM, but it was Twentieth Century that gave him his movie start.

* * *

It was on Rudy Vallee's broadcast back in 1931 that big-eyed Eddie Cantor made his network radio debut.

* * *

Married early in 1926 George Burns and Gracie Allen didn't portray a married couple on the air until 1942.

* * *

Dick Haymes, singing emcee of Club 15 held the swimming championship for two years in meets held at Cannes, France.

* * *

Since, "We, the People's" inception 13 years ago, more than 4,000 people have appeared to tell their stories.

* * *

Bob Crosby, while attending school in his hometown of Spokane, was a devotee of Swinburne's poetry as well as an all-around athlete.

* * *

Rosemary DeCamp, actress secretary to radio's "Dr. Christian," had a childhood ambition to become a doctor.

* * *

Van Heflin's true moniker is Emmet Evan Heflin.

* * *

H. V. Kaltenborn, noted news analyst, worked as a lumberjack in Northern Wisconsin in his early twenties.

* * *

Radio and screen actor, Red Skelton, always carries a cigar in his mouth—but doesn't smoke.

* * *

Jackie Kelk, squeaky-voiced "Homer" of "The Aldrich Family" found his first real heart interest, actress Nancy Walker, while attending Professional Children's School. She was eight . . . Jackie nine.

* * *

Ken Carpenter, for 15 years in radio on the West Coast, won his spot on the Crosby show following a brilliant sports-cast of the Santa Anita Handicap in 1935.



Betty Brady, daughter of an Iowa farmer, calls on her childhood experience as she helps prepare feed on "Everybody's Farm"

It's "Everybody's Chortime"



with Betty Brady,

Farm Home program director of WLW, Cincinnati.

SHE'S up with the chickens, in good farm tradition, for her show, "Everybody's Chortime," but her day ends long after her feathered friends have closed their eyes.

The daughter of an Iowa farmer, the good-looking brunette traces her career back to her 4-H work in high school which frequently required radio appearances. She became actively interested in radio as a means of reaching women with homemaking news while she was a student at Iowa State College and was called on to pinch-hit for a commentator on the campus station.

Besides "Everybody's Chortime," other shows which have made her popular with her rural audience are "Take a Hint from Me," "Family Fair," and her video show, "Teletips."

Of all her trips to state fairs and civic group meetings, Betty remembers best a recent gathering of the National Association of Farm Directors in Washington, D. C., when she met President Truman. Betty admits that she doesn't remember exactly what she said to the President—she thinks they discussed the relative merits of Iowa and Missouri—but she was definitely thrilled and excited to stand between the President and Secretary of Agriculture Brannon while they addressed the group.

Not long ago Betty casually remarked on "Family Fair" that she had never tasted sassafras tea. Four hours later she received more than a year's supply from the president of a tea company who had heard the broadcast.



Always interested in people's hobbies, Betty interviews Mrs. William C. Howard (center) about her collection of dolls; Bob Merryman, WLW announcer, assists on her Saturday "Family Fair" show for rural listeners.

seat at the dial



by Saul Carson

Back on the television screen are the redoubtable Milton Berle, and challenging his NBC success is the threat of the Ed Wynn show through which the "perfect fool" is trying to entice TV audiences to CBS. What's new—and really worth talking about—on radio, you can put into a thimble with room enough left over for a flea circus. So we'll examine some of the oldies this trip, both on television and on that old-fashioned instrument which brings sound without flickers—radio, remember? So, on with the agenda.

The Goldbergs

Radio: Friday, 8 p.m.
TV: Monday, 9:30 p.m.



There may be those among you who are disposed to cavil, to demand how come? You are either very, very young—or your memory is unusually bad—if you think that the radio Goldbergs are new. They're not. On radio, they have merely come back from a lengthy rest, a hiatus somewhat broader than most. And on TV, of course, they were with us last year. Now they may be seen-and-heard, or they may be heard. Friday night's radio script is on Monday night's television show. Not only is the show the same, but so are sponsor and network. And so is the cast. Particularly important is the fact that the sameness applies to the originator, writer, and star of *The Goldbergs*, Mrs. Gertrude Berg.

Now, on whichever medium you prefer (or whichever your receiver is equipped to pick up) there is no reason for going a whole week without the visit to the living room of *The Goldbergs*. There you will find Mr. Goldberg, played by Philip Loeb, Uncle David portrayed by Eli Mintz, Sammy and Rosalie done by Larry Robinson and Arlene McQuade, and a host of neighbors, visitors and bit-players, each cast to perfection. Ruling the roost is the lady herself, Mrs. G., usually thinking up grand schemes to do grand things for people.

The people in Mrs. Berg's Fables of the Bronx are real, their situations and complexities are real, and the solutions to the very problems presented are never beyond logic or reality. If you find yourself becoming a Goldberg addict, you needn't be ashamed or to think you've gone soft or mushy. They are among the nicest neighbors on the kilocycle block. In fact, if you haven't yet acquired the Goldberg habit, hurry up and get it. Either on radio or TV, you miss a lot if you miss the Goldbergs.

Thank you, Mrs. Berg.



Opening '49-50 season of "Theatre Guild on the Air" presented hit show, "Dream Girl" starring Betty Field. Here Homer Fickett gives direction to Betty Field, Keene Crockett and musical director, Harold Levey.



TV and radio program, "The Goldbergs" continues to serve top entertainment to nation's listeners. Here are the "Goldbergs" with "son" Sammy.

Theatre Guild on the Air

Sunday, 8:30-9:30 p.m.



This program is the backbone of NBC's bid for recapture of lost Sunday night Hooper glory which went the way of all Jack Bennys when stars started moving to CBS last year. There isn't a better
(Continued on page 72)

CONFESSIONS OF

by Laura Leslie

Fun and Frenzy
during three years
on the road
with
Sammy Kaye's
band



Laura Leslie and Don Cornell featured with Sammy Kaye and his orchestra.

A GAL VOCALIST...



2:00 a.m. We leave town after the dance. I try to sleep but usually don't. The boys in the band are talking or roads are bad.

IF you'd like to have a lot of fun and a nervous breakdown at the same time, I'd suggest that you get yourself a job as a singer with a band that does one-night stands.

I've been the vocalist with Sammy Kaye's band for almost three years and although I haven't had a breakdown yet and don't expect to have one, maybe it's just because I thrive on the kind of life that doesn't give a girl time to eat and sleep, much less to attend to her personal appearance. Also, I can recuperate when we're recording for our radio program, "Sammy Kaye's Show-

room."

To make myself clear, when a band does one-night stands it makes one-time appearances, usually at dances. on a tour so arranged that the band performs every night in a different city or town. Nearly everyone is familiar to some extent with the unpleasant side of travelling—uncomfortable hotel rooms, untidy or unclean clothing, the feeling of not really belonging anywhere. Can you imagine what it's like to sleep in a different hotel room every day, with all your supposedly free time consumed by travelling?



1:00 p.m. After 7 hours in bus we reach our next stand. Three hours of sleep. Up at noon for guest appearance and then my first snack since 6 p.m. dinner night before.



2:30 p.m. I make a wild search for a tailor who might iron my dress in a hurry—there's so much left for me to do, but I usually end up by doing this pressing chore myself.



3:30 p.m. For the next hour and a quarter, all my time will be given over to answering fan mail, writing to my mother, family and many friends.

confessions of a gal vocalist . . .

In case you still don't understand, I'll tell you how I spend an average day and night while we're making a tour of one-night stands:

2 a.m.—we leave town, after the dance, in a bus
2 to 9 a.m.—we're travelling to the next town; I try to sleep but usually don't, either because the boys in the band are talkative, or the roads are bad, or both

9 to 12 noon—sleep—oh, wonderful sleep!—in the hotel

12:30 to 1 p.m.—I make an appearance on the program of a local disc jockey

1 to 1:15 p.m.—a sandwich and coffee (I haven't eaten since dinner the night before at 6 p.m.)

1:30 to 2:30 p.m.—I auto- (Continued on page 70)



5:30 p.m. There's always rehearsal before usual mad pace to get ready for the evening performance and make time for dinner unless personal appearance has been arranged.



8:00 p.m. If the dance is to begin at 9 o'clock, we have to be there an hour ahead of time. This brush with the law is make believe, but is an idea of how fast we must move.

Stella's visit to the Grosvenor home on wealthy Beacon Hill ends
in frustration —for mother and daughter



1. Stella, whose daughter, Laurel, has married into a rich Boston family, arrives with her friend, Minnie Grady, at the Grosvenor's Beacon Hill mansion. While her domineering mother-in-law is away, Laurel has seized on the chance to show her love for her mother, whose arm was burned in a fire.

(Continued on next page)

Stella Dallas

"Stella Dallas," based on the famous novel of that name by Olive Higgins Prouty, is produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, and is heard on NBC, Mon. through Fri., 4:15 p.m.

Stella Dallas

THE characters in this episode from the life of "Stella Dallas" are portrayed by the same actors whose voices you hear on the air:

Stella.....Anne Elstner
 Laurel.....Vivian Smolen
 Dick Grosvenor.....Spencer Bentley
 Minnie Grady.....Grace Valentine
 Gordon Crale.....Ray Johnson
 Mrs. Grosvenor.....Jane Houston
 Ora Mount.....Elizabeth Morgan



2. Once in the guest room, Minnie removes her shoes, an almost automatic gesture when she is tired, and Stella, laughing at her old friend, forgets for a moment her fear that this visit to Laurel and her husband, Dick, might result in unhappiness for herself and Laurel, even though Dick's mother is not home.



3. Her arm on the mend, Stella, in no time at all, is relaxing in her daughter's company. When Laurel married into wealth and society, Stella had stepped out of her life, rather than be a detriment to her but now they are happy. Laurel does not even think of her husband's anxiety about Stella's visit.



4. Dick Grosvenor loves Stella but, aware that his mother looks on her as socially inferior, he is worried about Stella's presence at Beacon Hill. A violent argument ensues when Dick receives a cable announcing his mother's imminent arrival.



5. The two mothers, representing two different ways of life, confront each other on the arrival of Mrs. Grosvenor. She is horrified to find Stella in the house, particularly since she has brought some friends to Beacon Hill with her for a visit.



6. Mrs. Grosvenor is very pleased with her friends—the suave and distinguished Gordon Crale, and his sister, Ora Mount, who spends a great deal of her time painting daisies and birds in water color. Ora likes to paint in Laurel's room, because of the favorable lighting, and makes herself at home there.



7. When Stella meets Gordon Crale and his sister, Ora Mount, in the hallway she immediately gets the impression that there is something sinister behind his debonair exterior. On his part, he wonders whether Stella has money or "influence."



8. While Stella considers the motives that Gordon Crale might have for visiting the Grosvenor mansion, and Mrs. Grosvenor maintains her aloof attitude, Ora Mount is constantly talking with Laurel and Dick about her skill as a painter of daisies and birds, a subject which rapidly becomes most monotonous.

(Continued on next page) 19



9. Stella finally tells Laurel that she must leave the Grosvenor home because she feels her continued presence there is not at all to their advantage. She is very suspicious of Gordon Crale, and would like to stay to protect her daughter.



10. Minnie Grady, too, senses that sinister influences may be at work in the Grosvenor household and, while the two make their preparations to leave, Stella again voices her fears. The mother is torn between her desire to be with her daughter if trouble should come, and her feeling that she should leave.



Stella Dallas

THE END

11. Once more, Stella Dallas is forced out of her daughter's life because of the gap between the society into which Laurel has moved with her marriage, and her own background. Her native wisdom is not appreciated on Beacon Hill because she cannot boast of a college degree. As she and Minnie Grady take leave of Laurel and Dick, Stella realizes once again that her and her daughter's worlds do not mix and fears the sinister influence which Gordon Crale will have on Laurel's own happiness.



Say It in Poetry

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!

ONCE MORE we borrow one of Nick Kenny's wistful poems . . . always touched with whimsy . . . which appeared in a recent edition of the New York Mirror. It answers the urge in the heart of everyone, whether they drive an auto or not—a nameless desire to explore enticing places. Poet Kenny was recently described in a profile in a large weekly magazine as the widest read of all American poets, since his poems appear in Hearst papers and other periodicals throughout the country.

"Strange Roads" is surely one of the reasons for Kenny's popularity. And incidentally, "Scattered Toys," a new ballad by Nick and Charles Kenny, is making the music business sit up and take notice. We predict that it will be a perennial Christmas favorite. Get Vincent Lopez or the Three Sons to play it for you!

STRANGE ROADS

I'd like to leave the wide highway,
So straight, and traffic-filled,
And take a winding side-road that
Can always leave me thrilled.

A yellow road, with grassy sides,
'Neath shadowed, arching trees,
Where flowers smile and seem to dance
To the music of the bees.

I always pass that gypsy lane
That winds behind the hill,
But I'd love to know just where it goes . . .
And I think some day I will!

—Nick Kenny

HAVE YOU EVER shed tears for a discarded cigarette pack, twisted and mutely empty, dying a dusty death in the gutter? Has your heart ever sorrowed for a burnt out match-stick, thrown aside carelessly because its usefulness was done? Gentle reader, if you have tears prepare to shed them now for aren't we all akin to these matchless lines?

TO A MATCH

Floating down some guttered stream,
Cast aside like an ugly dream . . .
Useless, now that life is dead,
Now that we have lost our head,
No spark, no fire, no gleam to light
The memories vanished with the night . . .

We, too, alas, must start from scratch
Beginning and ending . . . like a match!
—Peggy Fay

MURRAY NADEL sent in "Endowment," written by one of his fellow prisoners of war, Frank Stebbing, in Stalag 17B—the German concentration camp, for seventeen months. It is a masterpiece—a trumpet call of cheer and consolation for every shut-in.

ENDOWMENT

Shall I be lame, because I am imprisoned?
Shall I be blind, for bars that split the sun?
Shall I be deaf, because my ears are pinioned?
Shall I be mute, for musics that are done?

My eyes are fuller if my feet are captive;
My ears are richer in the silent hour
And strange new senses rise above my shackles
And suffering bestows a monstrous power!

When I was in the world I saw no people . . .
When in the garden I could smell no rose . . .
I listened to the strings and heard no music . . .
I kissed warm lips and yet my own were froze.

I saw the sky but not the great eternal . . .
I sniffed the bloom but did not smell the seed . . .
I harked to music, hearing no Jehovah . . .
I smelt my wealth but did not smell my greed.

Now I am banished from the chant of color
And exiled from the scent of laughing rhyme
But suddenly I see and hear beyond me
Life's music, rising up, for the first time.
—Frank Stebbing
(P.O.W.)

NECROMANCER Carla Patsuris, gifted poet of the upper west side of Manhattan strolled through Central Park and came up with this soul-searching tribute to people.

PEOPLE

Trees are trees
No matter where they are;
Clinging to the earth
Or reaching for a star.

Warped and weafed
The same as you and I
Rooted to the ground,
Groping for the sky.

—CARLA PATSURIS

LIFE CAN be as sweet as a wedding cake if we mix the ingredients the right way. Love, understanding, patience, trust and a sunny disposition are all part of this frosted delight. Mrs. Terry McGowan, of East Orange, New Jersey, sent in this poetic recipe for honeymooners.

WEDDING CAKE

Take a heaping of better, a pinch of worse,
A measure of grit and a fatted purse,
Blend a will to give with a wish to share,
Mix a little of dash with a lot of dare;
Have a level of head for the ups and downs,
Be lavish with smiles and sparse with frowns,
Season with tolerance, garnish with love,
Fold in some flattery, sweet as a dove,
Sprinkle with humor, the whole gives this:
An excellent mixture for wedded bliss!

—Mrs. Terry McGowan

Tolerance Toasts the Town

Ed Sullivan's belief in the basic equality of all peoples makes his TV show one of the nation's best



Lena Horn and Ed Sullivan

By Judith Cortado

IN THE REAR of the theater, behind the rows of seats, a chorus girl pirouetted on one toe and bowed gracefully to a non-existent audience. A weird medley of sounds came from the orchestra. On stage, a young fellow in shirtsleeves tested the microphone in the glare of the hot lights, and wiped the perspiration from his face. In the wings, a young Spanish dancer fresh from her native country, a hooper from a Broadway musical comedy, and a Negro night club singer, brushed elbows.

It was dress rehearsal time for "Toast of the Town," CBS television variety program. The buzz of conversation ceased occasionally when the director's voice boomed from the glass-enclosed booth.

"One of the reasons I'm so enthusiastic about television," (Continued on page 24)



Long a maker of stars, Ed Sullivan brought back Rudy Vallee to his "Toast of the Town" TV show to launch the original crooner on his successful comeback tour.



Portrait of a happy family: Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sullivan, daughter Betty and their dog Bojangles.



Recognizing talent in every field of endeavor regardless of race, color or creed, Sullivan scored a big hit with baseball stars Jackie Robinson and Stan Musial on a recent program.



Buddy Rogers (left) was another star who made his comeback trail on Toast of the Town. That's Ed Sullivan lighting a cigarette and Marlo Lewis, producer, looking straight at us.



Ed Sullivan
Toasts the
Town

As a newspaperman turned emcee, Sullivan's dignified handling of his master-of-ceremonies post seldom finds him "getting into the act." Here he gives cameraman a break by posing with show's chorus line.

said master-of-ceremonies Ed Sullivan, snatching a few moments to talk before the rehearsal began, "is that it is such a wonderfully effective means of promoting tolerance. There's nothing like it."

A Broadway columnist for 17 years and equally celebrated as an emcee of benefits which have raised huge sums for charitable and civic purposes, Sullivan has seized on every possible opportunity to spread his belief

in the basic equality of all peoples. Television, he points out, brings the performer into the living rooms of millions of homes in every part of the country.

"That's why I always try," he continued, "to have good Negro entertainers on 'Toast of the Town.' They appear on the television screen, not as servants waiting on a table or saying, 'Can I carry your bag please, Mr. Jones?' but as competent (Continued on page 69)



Another famous personality who scored on Toast of the Town was talented Hazel Scott shown here rehearsing a number for Ed Sullivan. She too proved that talent has no color lines.



Tune in any time to Toast of the Town and you'll find sitting in the audience some of Hollywood's top stars. Here's handsome Kirk Douglas acknowledging thanks to toastmaster Ed.

Silver Mike Award for Outstanding Performance



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



To

Arthur Godfrey

Arthur Godfrey accepts Radio Best Silver Mike Award from his "gal friday," Mug Richardson.

By wide public demand, by the almost unanimous choice of the Radio Best Listeners Panel, this month's coveted Silver Mike Award goes to Arthur Godfrey, radio's, and now television's most refreshing personality.

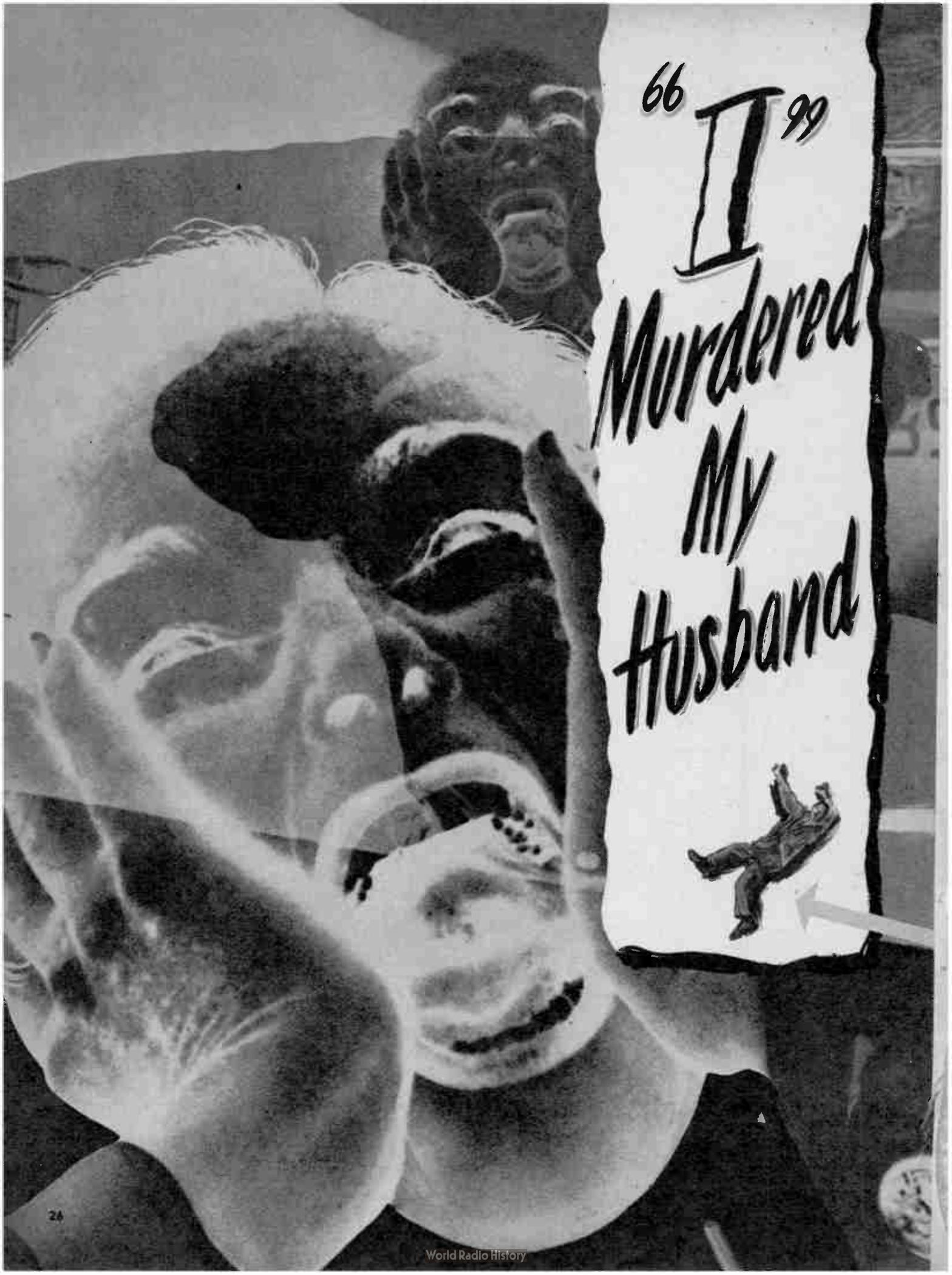
For years, the rasp-voiced redhead's inimitable Fine Art of "The Rib" was enjoyed by a legion of early-morning listeners confined to the New York and Washington areas. Now, thanks to Godfrey's network programs, the whole nation is treated to his charms and humor, an enjoyment that comes as a welcome to millions of radio and TV fans.

As the king of commercial kidders, his strange alchemy of brewing gag and timing, has made the sponsor as well as the audience chortle at his jibes. No one has been able to make the commercial aspect of radio so palatable, no one can glamorize a Tea Bag with more sugar or needle a Noodle

with better finesse.

Dubbed by Fred Allen as the "Huck Finn of Radio," Arthur Godfrey's career reads like a thrilling novel. He left home at 15 and since then has been a coal miner, architect's office boy, Navy radio operator, insurance and cemetery lot salesman, taxi driver, vaudeville artist, radio announcer, horse and dog breeder, aviator and finally, in 1933 a radio disc jockey.

Today he is the despair of advertising agency copy writers and radio "routinists." Making notes on match-book covers, dirty envelopes and unused scripts, Godfrey has developed an uncanny way of losing prepared copy and speeches. In making this Silver Mike presentation to him, may he continue to ad lib his way into the hearts of millions of American families. Arthur Godfrey is heard on CBS Monday and Wednesday evenings.



66

I

99

Murdered
My
Husband



FOR every radio performer, the moment of silence that precedes the flashing of the "on the air" indicator is an awesome period of time. To me, especially, it is frightening, and even though I am in my twenty-first year of radio, I still have butterflies in my stomach until I hear the announcer say, "And now the John J. Anthony Hour is on the air." Since my radio sessions are entirely ad lib, without any rehearsals, the added hazard of speaking extemporaneously keeps me rather tense.

Once we are on the air, the broadcast should not be interrupted. Absolutely nothing should be allowed to disturb the tranquillity of the studio. Imagine then, if you can, how startled I was when my secretary opened the door of the studio during a broadcast some ten years ago and escorted a woman to my table, indicating that the latter was to be my next client.

This was completely contrary to all the rules and I knew that only an extreme emergency could have caused her to take this step. I continued to talk to the client seated at the microphone, doing my best to concentrate on his problems. Had I known what was about to happen, I probably would have been tongue-tied.

As my secretary, a rather imposing young woman, seated the strange woman she had brought into the studio, she had an almost unholy gleam in her eye.

I said, "Your problem, please."

"Mr. Anthony," said my new and unexpected client, "I murdered my husband."

Please project this statement against the background of fact given above. We have an ad lib program. My clients had been selected and seated in advance of the program, and I had expected to go through with the broadcast as scheduled. My secretary's entrance into the studio with a strange woman whom she seated at the microphone almost immediately caught me absolutely by surprise and almost threw me off my guard. And don't forget the ominous gleam in the young lady's eye. It was a billboard that said to me, "All right! Let's see how you handle this one!"

Your columnist, with what might be considered a lack of modesty, must impress upon you now that split-second thinking is of the utmost importance in my radio work. The number of thoughts that can flash through a person's mind in less than a second is

astonishing. When my client said that she had murdered her husband, questions began to tumble over one another in hectic confusion in my mind. Did she murder her husband before she came into the studio? Did she come here to make a confession? Are policemen waiting for her? Has the body been discovered? These and many others occurred to me before I said, in a surprisingly steady voice, "Go on with your story."

Luckily, as it turned out, none of these questions was important at the moment. True, she had murdered her husband, but the murder had been committed many years ago and she had subsequently been acquitted by a court of law. After the woman had relayed these few simple facts to me, my next obvious question was, "Well, what is your problem?"

She went on to tell me that she had come from Nebraska to consult with me. She had arrived only ten or fifteen minutes before and that accounted for my secretary's bringing her in during the broadcast.

After she had been acquitted of her crime, which was committed in self-defense, she had gone to Nebraska and there she had fallen in love with a man by whom she had been employed. He had proposed marriage a day or

two before she came to see me. She wanted to ask me if she should tell him that she had killed her first husband.

I felt extremely relieved when she completed her story. There were no policemen waiting for her, there were no dead bodies awaiting discovery, and I wasn't receiving a commission of a recently committed crime. Actually, it was a simple story. Yet few, if any, of the many stories I have heard in my long career had a more dramatic beginning.

I advised my client to tell the man who was interested in her the whole story—that her husband had been a brutal drunkard and that she had killed him to save her own life when he had attacked her with a carving knife. If this man really loved her, the recital of her unhappiness and suffering would only bring them closer together.

As it developed, I was right. She told her prospective husband her story and they were married shortly afterward.

About a year later I received a letter telling me that they were very happy and were the proud parents of a nine-pound boy—who had been named John Anthony.

THE END

John J. Anthony says:

"Suppose you were
sitting in my place,
how would you react to
a woman who just admitted
she killed her husband?"





My SON Is An Orphan



As she talks with Dr. Jim Brent, Maggie Lowell realizes that he cannot "see" her, or her love; he is still enamoured of the dead woman who had been his wife.

A "Road of Life" Novelette
by Dena Reed

*A woman triumphs over
the most potent enemy
she can meet on life's highway—
her own desire to
escape from reality.*

This novelette presents in story form a sequence from "The Road of Life," radio serial written by John Young and William Morwood, and heard on NBC at 3:15 p.m., Monday through Friday.

THE little Hawkins boy was having his daily visit with Maggie Lowell, the patient in the next room, and the pair of them were now laughing so much, they could be heard down the corridor at the charge nurse's desk. Their laughter made Vera Roberts happy, for little Jimmy was the gamest patient on the floor while Maggie, her best friend and roommate, had been carrying more than her load of trouble lately and it was a long time since Vera had heard her laugh like that.

Nurse Roberts couldn't resist sticking her head in and teasing, "Hey you two! What's going on in here? Jimmy, aren't you tired of Miss Lowell yet?"

"Tired of her!" echoed Jimmy indignantly. "I'll never get tired of Miss Lowell. She's more fun than the circus."

"What greater praise could I ask?" demanded Maggie.

She was sitting up, wearing the pale yellow bed jacket which set off her dark hair and white skin and there was more color in her cheeks than Vera had seen since her illness. Jimmy's warm little hand lay in Maggie's; it seemed to belong there. They needed each other, those two. They were better for each other than medicine.

"Miss Roberts, want to hear the new name I have for Miss Lowell?" Jimmy was asking.

"Sure enough!"

"It's Captain Flint, after Long John's parrot."

"Oh, you two are still on Treasure Island."

"Yep. And Miss Lowell can make just like a parrot, too."

Vera said, "I agree that Miss Lowell is pretty special but now, young man, it's time you both had a nap."

"Oh gosh—do we hafta?"

"You sure do if you want to get strong like Long John. So say 'bye for now and I'll roll you back to your own quarters."

"'Bye for now, Miss Lowell. See you tomorrow," cried Jimmy.

"Make way for the pirate ship."

When Vera returned, she found Maggie dejectedly pressing her eyes with her hands, her gaiety utterly

dispelled. After her happy times with Jimmy, she was always like this, as if the hammers of memory were beating too hard on her tired brain and weary body.

"Listen, Goodlooking, you've been overdoing."

"No, Vera, honestly."

"Then why the glum looks. You were okay with Master Jim."

"Yes, he's a darling but—"

"But he reminds you of your own youngster, is that it?"

"If Tommy had lived, he'd be just Jimmy's age. He brings it all back—"

"It's the Island Fever, honey. Don't forget it's knocked the stuffing out of you. You're weak and naturally you get the blues. But you have a good sleep now and later you can get out of bed for ten minutes."

"I'm going to sit up for fifteen minutes today."

"Says you! But we'll leave it up to Dr. Brent. He's coming down to see you. For a patient, he got to be a visitor real fast."

"But I thought he was ordered back to bed for more rest." Dr. Brent had caught the fever too. It was as if the dangerous germ were revenging itself on them, the scientist and his assistant, for finding something to fight it.

"Sure," laughed Vera. "But what's Island Fever to the two of you! You invented the serum to cure it."

"Don't give me the credit with Dr. Brent. I'm only the technician. He's the doctor."

"Okay. You share the honors between you. Now be a good girl and sleep. I'll be in later to help you doll up."

Maggie closed her eyes dutifully. "How glad I am to be a lab technician," she thought. "My life's a mess-but I've got my work."

She had always loved her work but now after the

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature

My Son Is An Orphan

Fever, she could appreciate it even more. How lucky she was to be able to work side by side with men who were fighting the battle of science against disease, no matter what the cost to themselves. She wondered about Jim Brent. He had scarcely gotten out of his sick bed and now he was going to visit her. Did it mean anything beyond the interest of a chief for his aide?

No use hoping in that department, she told herself sternly. What did it matter that she loved him—had always loved him from the moment she went to work for him? Jim was irrevocably lost to her—now, more than ever. While his wife, Carol, was alive Maggie used to hope—in her most secret heart, of course—that some day he might get his freedom and discover that she was waiting for him, her love warm, unselfish, eager.

When Carol died, Maggie told herself, "In time he'll get over it and begin to live again." But Jim wasn't getting over it. A hospital is a hot-bed of rumor and she had heard that Jim Brent was so weak in his loneliness that he went on thinking about Carol, talking about her, glorifying her with virtues which she had never possessed in life. And who would tear down the monument of his devotion? Not she. Not even Dr. Carson McVicker, head of the hospital and a psychiatrist. No, everyone was letting Jim work out his own salvation and only time would tell whether he would succeed. Maggie had her own life to put straight and she might as well begin by facing the fact that Jim Brent would not turn to her.

She fell asleep and when she awoke an hour later, she felt much stronger. She drank a glass of milk and then Vera helped her change to her rose housecoat and try out her legs again. She walked about the room determined to get her strength back. How the Fever had taken its toll of her! She studied her face in her compact mirror by the window's light and was shaking her head over it when Vera came and took the mirror away.

"Put on some goo," she commanded. "It'll make you feel better."

"No use. Makeup just disappears."

"Try it anyway. It's good for the morale—Dr. Brent's morale," she added with a grin.

Maggie applied powder and lipstick and settled down in the easy chair as Jim appeared at the door. He looked crisp, as always, but far too pale and wan. "I'm glad to see you up, Lowell," he said, taking her hand. "How do you feel?"

"About as you do, I imagine," she laughed. "Please sit down. I'm sure you shouldn't be on your feet."

"Oh, I'm taking it easy, Lowell. Just loafing around the house now. Only McVicker calls it mooning."

Jim sighed heavily, his eyes far away and Maggie knew he was thinking of Carol again.

"Lowell, tell me something."

"Yes, doctor?"



Alice Yourman
plays Mrs. DeWitt



Don McLaughlin
plays Dr. Jim Brent

"Did you feel like this after your husband died?"

"Like what, Dr. Brent?"

"It's the most extraordinary thing. Carol seems more alive to me as time goes by. I sit in her room by the hour. I can smell the fragrance of her hair and almost feel she's there. She had a great gift for living, Maggie. She'll go on living—"

His voice was vehement, as if he were trying to convince himself. It's funny, Maggie thought, the quirks of the human mind and heart. At some time, Jim must have known the truth about Carol—that she wasn't worthy of him. But he had to have something to cling to, so he created a Carol of his own making, above reproach, wonderfully understanding, so alive she lived in death. He had put her on a pedestal and would go on worshipping her because this was the way he wanted it. It would never matter what Maggie would be feeling because he just wouldn't see it. For him, she was Lowell, efficient lab worker, a woman who, like himself, must be living in the past.

"Tell me, Lowell," he repeated again. "Was it that way for you too?"

Maggie answered quietly, "I don't think so, Dr. Brent. You see, my husband was killed suddenly, in an accident. I was almost too numbed—by everything—to realize what had happened. And then on top of it—my baby—" Her voice wavered for a moment. "I had to give him over to my husband's family. I thought at the time it was the right thing—I had no money, no job. I was beaten down by grief—afraid of the future, afraid for myself and for Tommy. So I let them take him. And now he's dead. I've thought and thought, till it's driving me crazy. Oh Jim, how could I have let them take Tommy—" She broke down into such uncontrolled weeping that Jim became alarmed and rang for the nurse.

"Now, Lowell, stop that! Pull yourself together. You need a sedative."

"No, I'll be all right. I guess I'm just overtired."

"Of course you are and it's all my fault. I'll leave now and you get right back to bed. And remember, Lowell, you have nothing, absolutely nothing, to reproach yourself for."

Maggie looked at him with haggard eyes. "I don't know," she whispered. "I'll never know. Maybe if I'd fought harder to keep him, he'd be alive today. He'd be seven years old. We'd have been wonderful pals."

"Of course, of course. But the world is full of youngsters who need mothering. I hear young Jim next door has improved immensely thanks to you."

Your **RADIO BEST** Monthly Bonus Feature



Helen Lewis
plays Maggie Lowell

"I haven't done much. Just some pictures and stories—"

"Good! Good for you both—keep it up. You'll be yourself in no time. But hurry up and get well." He smiled. "We all miss you. When I get back to the lab, I'll be lost if you aren't there."

Maggie managed a smile as she absent-mindedly took the medicine a nurse brought. "I wish that were so, Doctor. Don't worry—I'll be back sooner than you think."

"Good. Good. We've got something exciting for our next project. But don't I always say that!"

After he'd gone, Maggie was glad enough to get into bed again. She lay thinking of his words. She must do better, stay up longer, brood less. She wanted to help young Jimmy, to keep him laughing.

"If I really worked at it, it would be like having Tommy back," she told herself.

But it wasn't. After each visit with Jimmy, gay and happy though they were, Maggie was filled with an overpowering melancholy. Her yearning was the oldest known to woman. She wanted her baby, flesh of her flesh, the child she had borne and given up and who now was lost to her forever. It was bad enough to know that he was dead but to feel guilty of having given him up and perhaps sped his death, was almost more than she could bear.

It was about a week later that Maggie returned to the room she shared with Vera. She had looked forward to the day of her discharge, but now she felt no excitement, no yearning to get back to her work again. She sat at the window and stared out into the street. Merrimac, always a warm, friendly little town, suddenly seemed cold and alien. The unfriendly atmosphere pressed down upon her. Maggie arose from her chair.

I must get away from here, far away, she told herself. Quickly, she donned coat and hat and made her way through the streets to the station.

"I'd like a ticket for the first train out," she told the man behind the little glass window.

"The first train to where, Miss?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter. Anywhere."

She immediately regretted her words. The ticket agent's piercing stare was frightening. Maggie turned to flee and collided with a middle-aged woman.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured automatically, and rushed out of the waiting room. She was suddenly very dizzy. With unseeing eyes she groped for a bench, stumbled toward it and sat down.

Sunshine was streaming in through the window when Maggie opened her eyes again. She was in bed and for a moment she thought, gratefully, that she was back in her hospital room. Then thoughts came crowding back and her eyes travelled to a calm, smiling woman sitting beside the bed. She remembered now that this was the woman she collided with at the station. Maggie thought she had never seen anyone so serene and peaceful.

"Are you awake, my dear?"

"Yes. Where am I?"

"You're in my home. I'm Mrs. John DeWitt. My husband is the Reverend DeWitt. You fainted at the Station and I brought you home."

"I remember seeing you at the station. I wanted to go away but I guess I wasn't up to it."

"Shall I call someone? Your friends or perhaps a relative?"

"No. No, please. If I could just rest a little—"

"Of course. You're welcome to rest as long as you want. We'd like to help you, my dear. My husband thinks that you need a doctor. He has a good friend—Dr. James Brent at the hospital—"

Maggie sat bolt upright. "Please, please, don't call a doctor! I know what's the matter with me. I'll be all right in a little while."

"Don't worry. We won't call anyone unless you say so. Only it's hard for us to help you—and we want to help you," she added with a smile.

"Even though you don't know who I am or what I have done?"

Maggie had never seen such a wonderfully kind smile.

"Would you like to tell me what it is you've done? I'll try to understand if you want to tell me."

"Oh I do," cried Maggie. "I'd like to talk to someone and you'll understand—I feel it. You remind me of my own mother."

"Well mothers are pretty much alike, aren't they! And then I'm the minister's wife. Everyone tells me their troubles. I've had my own, too."

"Trouble—you? One would never think so—you look so serene and strong."

"We have to learn. That picture over there—they're our two boys. We lost them in the war."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I—I lost my son, too." Suddenly it was all back. She turned her (Continued on page 63)



Luckily for Maggie, Mrs. Amy DeWitt, the minister's wife, is at the railroad station when dizziness comes upon her.



The mad fellow with the mustache looks like a sane and steady fellow as he joins his family in waving goodbye.

the
happy
home
of the

*Not
50*

Groucho Marx

Groucho, his wife Catherine and their two-and-one-half-year-old daughter, Melinda, live in a recently-acquired home in the Beverly Hills section of Hollywood. The house is on the fringe of the campus of the University of California and Groucho, when he's not leering or striding around in his frock coat, is sometimes mistaken for one of the professors.

Groucho and Catherine have been married since 1945.



Never did a father take work so seriously as Groucho when he strains the sand for Melinda in yard behind the house.



On stage Groucho does everything but sing so Catherine, with wifely tolerance, lets him exercise his vocal chords.



Catherine may not be so expert at billiards as Groucho is but she'd make a pretty adornment for anybody's table.



There's a lovely view from the window but Mr. and Mrs. Marx are more interested in winning a game of gin rummy.

It's the
only estate
in
Beverly Hills,
says
Groucho,
without
a
swimming
pool



Groucho's leering at the cameramen, not his family.

What *Security*

Means to me!

by Kate Smith

EVERYONE is talking about security today. On the front page of your newspaper it's national security. Most of us agree that national security means guarding our liberties and the democratic principles which are our birthright. Without national security you don't have the luxury of worrying about personal security.

Yet if you listen in on the passing conversation of your neighbors, you hear that word "security" again and again, on the lips of everyone from our teen-agers to Grandma.

"How can we get married when we haven't any security?" I heard a young couple ask. Yet they had youth, good health, love, jobs to feed them and a little money in the bank. Our grandmothers would have thought that a pretty good start to build a marriage on but these youngsters were too afraid of the future to meet it.

How often do you say, "If I only had a little security, I'd live differently"? Wouldn't we be telling the whole truth if we dropped the "differently" and just said, "I'd live." We don't live today because we are afraid of tomorrow.

What is security anyway? I suppose it has nearly as many meanings as there are people for it is as personal as your inner convictions. It goes to the core of your life. When we are very young we imagine that security comes with a fat bank account, a rich husband and a home of our own. These are all very pleasant to have but don't imagine you are secure if you have them and insecure if you don't. People with material riches are still hunting for security, serenity, peace of mind.

To me, security means faith in God and because of it, faith in the plan of life and whatever tomorrow brings. I believe that we are all endowed with the strength to

meet it and manage it without being thrown off-course, if we only act with courage. With faith and courage you greet tomorrow not with fear, but with pleasant anticipation and healthy curiosity and if it should disappoint you—as it sometimes must—you make a game of turning your disappointment into something that serves you. Perhaps it makes you a more understanding person. Trouble is no stranger to any of us. The trick is to make friends with trouble so you take the sting out of it and find something good in it.

I know a widow who has very little but her own inner resources. She has no children, but she mothers every child who crosses her path. She has a small job and not much money but she manages to have enough to help those who have less. She's not afraid to invest in life today and she's "secure" in the belief that she can meet it.

Contrast her with her neighbor who seems to have everything—a good husband, devoted children, more than enough of this world's goods. Yet she is one of the most insecure women you could find because she is consumed by fear. What if her husband should leave her for another woman? What if the children marry and leave her alone? What if their income continues to drop and they lose their money?

Her life is walled up in "what ifs" and she is too petrified to act.

If she really believes she is on the brink of these dire events or even if she just imagines them, wouldn't she be more sensible to learn how to support herself and make friends with herself? If she could feel she'd go on being a person in her own right without money and if necessary, even without her family, she would indeed have real security and very likely the things she worries

"What Security Means to Me" is the first in a series of articles written expressly for Radio Best by some of the nation's leading personalities in the fields of radio and show business. You're invited to send in your own comments and opinions pertaining to this series of articles.



Kate Smith, the first lady of radio, as she looks today.

about will never happen. Because she'll be alive instead of being entombed in her own fear, her children, even if they marry, will go on loving her. How could they help it if she's an out-going and a happy woman! Change does not mean disaster and if we are secure we know this. Security means I have the courage to let the past go and let the future wait a small moment while I live today.

I like to remember a woman who was well into her forties when her husband died. Her son was grown and living his own life. She wanted to be independent and decided to try a professional field, one in which she had some small experience. All the world and his brother told her it couldn't be done at her age. She refused to listen. "If I fail, at least I'll have had the satisfaction of trying," she insisted stubbornly. She worked hard as a girl of eighteen and she thrived on it. She succeeded too and now the very friends who told her it couldn't be done are insisting they always knew she could do it. For today at about seventy, she is still going strong. She still looks forward to tomorrow, knowing that she can cope with it.

How can we grow more secure? First by knowing that there is a Higher Being who shapes our lives, "rough hew them, though we may." I've found that

people with a real sense of security pray. A quiet period daily for prayer or meditation brings us back to the fountainhead of inner strength and calm. The next step is to make the right attitude a habit. You remember that well-loved Sanskrit verse:

Look to this Day!

For it is Life, the very Life of Life

And in its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence:

The Bliss of Growth

The Glory of Action

The Splendor of Beauty.

For Yesterday is but a Dream

And Tomorrow is only a Vision;

But Today well-lived makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness

And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.

Look well, therefore, to this Day!

That's a wonderful yardstick to live by. Live by it long enough and you have security.

Then, no matter what, act, don't brood. If trouble comes, DO something. It's the doing that will get you over it. Tell your self, "This, too, shall pass," and wish it godspeed by asking (Continued on page 70)

RADIO
BEST
Fashions

she's
lovely—

she's on skis



Warm underwear is a basic necessity for the skier; Dee's long undies are red, with soft cotton inside and wool outside.

THE girl who wants to be a successful skier should be more discriminating about the fit of her ski clothes than the fashion. Carelessly fitted clothes, even in the latest style, may hamper her style on the icy trails. DeeGentner, of MBS' "True Detective Mysteries," shows how to dress—from inside to outside layer—for the ski slopes.



Two pairs of socks, under one of cashmere and outer pair of wool, are worn to keep the feet warm; the size must be right so that there will be no wrinkles at the skier's toes or heels.



Ski pants should be taut from thigh to ankle; notice how the bands of Dee's pants fit very snugly under her instep.

Well-fitted boots are the foundation of skiing and should be chosen with care; feel snug when new, stretch when wet.

Cotton shirtwaist and heavy sweater (over Dee's arm) come next; a belt bag for cosmetics and change is worn at hip.



Jacket of water-repellent cotton poplin with windbreaker of nylon, left, completes the outfit and Dee is off for the ski tow in an Austin with sliding roof through which she props her skis.



Clothes by Picard of Sunvalley; New York outlet is Bloomingdale's



**As you read this story,
the stork is hovering over
the happy home of the Days**

happy Dennis Days are here

he was only 21 years old and this was his first big chance. One of the most famous stars on the air needed a vocalist for his network radio program. The youngster's sweet Irish tenor rang clear and true in the songs he sang during the first half of the audition, and then he paused to rest.

But while he was talking with the pianist about his next number, the voice of his prospective employer broke the comparative silence in the studio. "Dennis," he called. Tense and nervous, the young singer swung around and (Continued on page 68)

Last year, on December 10, 1948, to be exact, the Dennis Days were blessed with a son, Patrick James McNulty Day. In this picture series Dennis practices up in anticipation of a second child expected any minute now.





World Radio History

When baby James Patrick was born last December, Dennis shelled out \$25 to his pretty wife. He guessed it would be a girl.

Dennis and his proud Ma, Mrs. McNulty, discuss the coming blessed event. Dennis says he hopes that this time it will be a girl.



let's meet the

Here they are, the five most wanted family portraits of the stars and their children—requested by you, the readers. They're all here—Art Linkletter, his Mrs. and brood of five; the Ted Malones and their two beautiful daughters; the Buddy Clarks and daughter Penny; the Al Jolsons and little Asa, and Nancy Craig with her son and daughter.

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



Mr. and Mrs. Ted Malone enjoy an evening of song and fun at home with their two attractive daughters, Elaine, 17, at the piano and Happy, 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Linkletter at home with all the little Linkletters: Sharon, 2, Dawn, 9, Art Jr., 11, Robert, 4, and Baby Diane atop piano.





family



Nancy Craig holds undivided attention of her two youngsters, Billy, 5, and Alice, 3, during story book session in studio of their Bayside, L. I., home.



The late Buddy Clark posed for this family picture just before his fatal accident. Here's the beloved crooner with wife Nadra and daughter, Penny.



Al Jolson plays Santa Claus' little helper and gets a very pretty thank you from his tiny son, Asa, for a very pretty gift that Al explains fell out of Santa's overloaded bag. Al's pretty wife, Erle, is there to corroborate the story.



speaking of old bats

... which belongs

to my wife →

My Mother- in-law

by Herb Polesie

Regular panelist on
RONSON'S
"Twenty Questions"
(MBS)



IT ALL started at the wedding. We were married at the Astor Hotel. Midge and I wanted a quiet little ceremony someplace but her mother picked the Astor so there'd be enough room for *her* friends . . . it was sooo nice not knowing anybody! I can remember when she got off the elevator and proudly said, "Grand Ballroom," and one of the attendants said, "Are you with the groom?" She answered, "I should say not! I'm the bride's mother!"

Then came the big moment when we walked down the aisle. I felt as nervous as a pitcher with the bases full and Ted Williams coming up. When the minister said, "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" I didn't mind when both Midge and her mother said, "I do," but when we got back to the house and I had to carry the two of them over the threshold, that was too much. But we three had a pleasant honeymoon that's still going on.

Now don't get me wrong—I really love my mother-in-law. This sounds like a paradox because I kid her every week on Ronson's "Twenty Questions" show. But if I didn't love her, I couldn't kid her. I've been in the business of getting chuckles, titters and yuks for a long time and when I like a person, it seems easier to rib them—there's no bitterness or animosity. Things they do strike me humorously cause I have a genuine warmth and affection for them. *That's* the way it is with me and

my mother-in-law. If I thought for a minute that she resented my little quips about her, I'd stop—but she's a great old gal and of late I suspect there's a little bit of ham in her too because being mentioned every week on the radio has made her a star attraction at her little mahjong game in her home town, Weehauken, New Jersey.

Although I don't play the game, I sometimes look over her shoulder to bring her a bit of hard luck. She makes with the "bams" and the "flowers" and I make with the "cracks" (editorial note: that guy sure knows his mahjong!) I like to feel that in establishing a nice kinship with my mother-in-law, I might, in some small way, influence other guys in their in-law relationships.

There are lots of times when you can avoid a big family squabble by seeing the humorous side of the situation—even if the joke is on you. Laughter is like one of those Coney Island mirrors that turn perfectly serious people into joyous objects. If you can get your mother-in-law to realize that "life—with you—can be beautiful," the whole household can run smoothly.

For example, my mother-in-law is alright in her place but her place is my place and she's always over at my place. So one morning Midge and I packed up our kids, Bobby, 10, and Terry, 7, and went over to her place! The boys must have been playing "cowboys and Indians" cause suddenly the (Continued on page 74)

Name this famous Mother-in-law!



Conducted by
HERB POLESIE

**Here's your chance to compete in the
"20 Questions Contest" radio's favorite family quiz show.**

No doubt, as you've sat in your living room tuned to the enjoyable "Twenty Questions" program you have often said to yourself, "that's an easy one, wish I were a contestant." Well, here's your chance to play the "Twenty Question" game and win valuable Ronson lighters, just as if you were an actual contestant on a broadcast. Beginning with this issue, RADIO BEST will publish a "Twenty Question" contest in four consecutive issues, conducted by members of the "Twenty Question" panel. The first contest, which follows, is composed by Herb Polesie. By reading the twenty questions carefully

you should be able to identify the name of a famous Mother-in-law. The contestant who sends in the first correct answer to the Contest Editor, will receive a handsome Ronson Mayfair Lighter, valued at \$16.50 plus tax, and the opportunity to compete for the Grand Prize, a solid gold Ronson Adonis, valued at \$200.00 plus tax. The next four contestants who send in the correct answer will receive a Standard Tortoise Ronson Lighter.

Competitors for the Grand Prize will consist of the top winners in each of the four contests. For complete details read the list of rules on this page.

TWENTY CLUES, SUBMITTED BY HERB POLESIE

What famous mother-in-law is this?

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Is she human?..... <i>Yes—we hope so!</i> | 12. Has he retired?..... <i>No</i> |
| 2. Is she living?..... <i>Yes—if that's what you want to call it!</i> | 13. Does he sing in night clubs?..... <i>Yes</i> |
| 3. Is she European?..... <i>Yes</i> | 14. Can he be identified by one particular song?..... <i>Yes</i> |
| 4. Is her husband living?..... <i>Yup</i> | 15. Are his initials the same as Bing Crosby's?..... <i>Yes . . . but you figure out which way.</i> |
| 5. Is he famous?..... <i>He sure is</i> | 16. Is she famous in her own right?..... <i>No</i> |
| 6. Is her husband in the entertainment field?..... <i>Yes</i> | 17. Has she a well-known son?..... <i>Yes</i> |
| 7. Is he a performer?..... <i>Yes</i> | 18. Is he also in the entertainment world?..... <i>Yes</i> |
| 8. Is he in the movies now?..... <i>No</i> | 19. Has she a famous son-in-law?..... <i>No</i> |
| 9. Has he ever been in the movies?..... <i>Yes</i> | 20. Then is her famous daughter-in-law an actress?..... <i>Yes</i> |
| 10. Doing romantic parts?..... <i>Yes</i> | |
| 11. Does he sing also?..... <i>Yes</i> | |

TWENTY QUESTIONS CONTEST RULES

- 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.
- Clip the page which contains the list of Twenty Questions, fill in your name, address, age and occupation and print your answer carefully in the space allotted. Then mail at once to CONTEST EDITOR, RADIO BEST MAGAZINE, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
- The first correct answer reaching the desk of the Contest Editor will receive a Ronson Mayfair Set, valued at \$16.50, plus tax. The next four winners will receive a Ronson Standard Tortoise, valued at \$7.50, plus tax. All winners will receive in addition, a Ronson Service Kit.
- First contest closes November 30, 1949, and entries must be post-marked not later than midnight of that date.
- In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. No entry will be returned, and decisions of the Contest Editor will be final.
- A new Twenty Questions contest will be conducted for four issues. 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 Masterpiece, value at \$10.00 plus tax.

▶ She 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 page to: Contest Editor, Radio Best Magazine, 9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.)



1. The Hansen family: standing, Ruth Gates as Aunt Jenny Arhborg, Judson Laire as Papa Lars Hansen, Peggy Wood as Mama Marta Hansen, Malcolm Keen as Uncle Chris Halvorsen; seated are Dick Van Patten as son Nels, Rosemary Rice as daughter Katrin, and Iris Mann as daughter Dagmar.

SO YOU'LL REMEMBER

MAMA

Mama rescues
her son's reputation
as a poet

AN episode, in pictures, from the CBS television program, "Mama" (Friday, 8:00 p.m.), written by Frank Gabrielson, and produced and directed by Ralph Nelson in association with Carol Irwin. The program revolves around the activities of a Norwegian-American family of the early twentieth century and was suggested by Kathryn Forbes' book, "Mama's Bank Account." The book was a hit on the stage and screen as "I Remember Mama."

Cast

Mama.....	Peggy Wood
Papa.....	Judson Laire
Nels.....	Dick Van Patten
Katrin.....	Rosemary Rice
Florabelle.....	Bethel Leslie
Sarahanne.....	Rosalie Alter
Pete.....	Ben Cooper
Harold.....	Philip Krim
Librarian.....	Abby Lewis



2. Over the telephone, Nels receives the dreadful news that his sweetheart, Florabelle, who has been visiting her Uncle Jim, must now go back to her home in Dallas, Texas. Mama and Papa sense his sorrow as he leaves the house to visit his Florabelle.

3. Nels finds Harold and Pete, two other beaux of Florabelle with her, and he and Harold get into a heated argument as to whether it's nice to use slang in front of the young lady. While they argue, Pété seizes the chance to talk with the darling of his heart.



4. Imbued with the desire to write a poem for the lovely Florabelle, Nels goes to the local library to ask for a "book that tells you how to write poems." He is dismayed to learn from the librarian that Pete and Harold, with the same idea in mind, have been there.



5. In an agonized effort to compose a poem for his sweetheart, Nels writes "Who is Florabelle, What is she?" It sounds silly, maybe because Shakespeare wrote it, "Who is Sylvia?" Thrusting the books aside, Nels writes "Florabelle, fair Florabelle . . ."



6. Sarahanne, the little girl who lives next to the Hansens', finds the poem and memorizes it. Nels is horrified—"I'd never hear the end of it"—when she threatens to tell the family, and bribes her with a nickel.



7. Mama thinks it would be nice if Nels had some little present to take to his lady friend on her last evening in town so she makes a bouquet of flowers and ties a ribbon on it. Katrin is scornful because she doesn't like Florabelle Jones and Papa Hansen is very much amused about the whole thing. Nels is upstairs getting dressed; he's very much excited about his poem.



8. Nels has already borrowed Papa's nicest tie, without permission, and now he asks if he can wear his watch. Papa thinks it would be simpler if he himself made the visit to Florabelle but Nels has no mind for jokes.



9. Just before he leaves for Florabelle's house, Nels discovers that Mama has burned his poem. Mama is very much upset because she realizes now how very important the poem is to Nels. "I was only trying to pick your room up," she says. Nels cannot remember the poem and, insisting that Mama has ruined his life, he goes out, the bunch of flowers in his hand.

RADIO BEST

★ Television

MAMA

10. While Nels is trying, in the face of Harold's and Pete's scorn, to make Florabelle believe that he did write a poem, Mama discovers that Sarahanne remembers Nels' poem. In no time at all, she is on the telephone, reciting the poem to Florabelle who says it's the best of all and rewards the "poet" with a kiss.



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.



MILTON BERLE
Tuesday's MC on
"Texaco Star
Theatre."



MARY JANE HIGBY
Portrays blind Ann
Morley on "Thanks
for Tomorrow."



FRANK SINATRA
"The Voice" vocalizes
Monday through
Friday on
NBC at 7 p.m.

SUNDAY

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

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			Local Programs
8:45	Lew Webb		Gems For Thought	
9:00	Honeymoon in New	Robert Hurleigh	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15	York	Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Folies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Tennessee Jamboree		
9:45				
10:00	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		Arthur Godfrey
10:30	Marriage For Two	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air	
10:45	Dorothy Dix		Victor Lindlahr	
11:00	Dr. Paul	Behind The Story	Modern Romances	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Your Marriage		
11:30	Jack Berch	Against the Storm	Buddy Rogers	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	Chamber Music	This Week Around	Longine Symphonette
2:15	Theater	Bill Cunningham	The World	Syncopation Piece
2:30		Veteran's Information	Mr. President	
2:45				
3:00	One Man's Family		This Changing World	N. Y. Philharmonic
3:15	Quiz Kids	Variety Show	Music	Symphony
3:30		Juvenile Jury	Southern Baptist	
3:45				
4:00	Voices & Events	House of Mystery	Show Time	
4:15	News	Wm. Gargan	Milton Cross Opera	Sunday at the Chapel
4:30	NBC Concert		Album	
4:45				
5:00		The Shadow	Family Close up	Music For You
5:15		True Detective	Greatest Story Ever	Symphonette
5:30	James Melton		Told	
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		Dur Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	News	Baukhage Talking	Big Sister
1:15			Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	George Hicks	Harvey Harding	Checkerboard Jamboree	Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Easy Listenn'			The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	BKst. 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	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins		of It	Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young		Ladies Be Seated	Garry Moore
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Galen Drake	
4:15	Stella Dallas	Misc. Programs	Music	
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Hoedown Party	Irene & Allan Jones	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widdler Brown			Treasury Bandstand
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	Dur Miss Brooks
6:45				
7:00		Adv. of the Falcon	Think Fast	The Jack Benny Show
7:15	Alice Faye and Phil	The Saint		Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	Harris			
7:45				
8:00	Sam Spade	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen
8:15				Red Skelton
8:30	Theatre Guild	Enchanted Hour		
8:45				
9:00		Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre
9:15	American Album	Sheilah Graham	Louella Parsons	with Helen Hayes
9:30		Twin Views of News	Chance of a Lifetime	Horace Heidt
9:45				
10:00	Take It or Leave It		Jimmie Fidler	Dress Parade
10:15			Ted Malone	
10:30	Pet Milk Show	Music	Music	

6:00	Bob Warren	Local Programs	News	Eric Sevareid
6:15	Clem McCarthy		Local Programs	"You and—"
6:30	Milton Shrednik Dich.			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	The Railroad Hour	Straight Arrow		Inner Sanctum
8:15				Talent Scouts
8:30	Voice of Firestone	Affairs of Peter Salem	Henry Taylor	
8:45				
8:55		Sill 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	Martin & Lewis	Mutual Newsreel		The Bob Hawk Show



LON CLARK
Leading sleuth on
MBS' "Nick Carter—
Master Detective"
series.



HARRIET NELSON
Ozzie's better half
now heard on ABC.



DEAN MARTIN
Vocalizing half of
Martin & Lewis team
heard on NBC.



GERTRUDE BERG
Lovable Molly on
"The Goldbergs"
heard on radio as
well as TV.



FULTON LEWIS, JR.
MBS News analyst
from Washington.



EVE ARDEN
Romantic school
teacher on CBS'
"Our Miss Brooks"

TUESDAY

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

Afternoon Listening

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

Evening Listening

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	B-Bar-B Ranch Local Programs News		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Herb Shriner Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Music Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Alan Young Show	Count of Monte Cristo 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	We The People 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. Kattenborn	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Today in Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hogan's Daughter Great Gildersteave	Can You Top This? Intern'l Airport	Amazing Mr. Malone Sherlock Holmes	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Break the Bank 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



CURLEY BRADLEY
Star of radio's "Tom Mix and His Straight Shooters."



VIRGINIA GREGG
Feminine heart interest of the "Count of Monte Cristo."



ROBERT TROUT
Genial MC of NBC's "Who Said That?" TV and radio program.



CHARLOTTE MANSON
Nick Carter's right hand gal, Patsy.



DINK TROUT
Portrays meek, mild Mr. Anderson on "A Day in the Life of Denis Day."



ANN RUTHERFORD
Brunette Ann wears blond wig while playing part of "Blondie."

THURSDAY

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

FRIDAY

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

Afternoon Listening

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

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

Evening Listening

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

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

program highlights on the TV networks

SUNDAY

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

NBC 7:30—Broadway Spotlight; 8:30—Leave It to the Girls; 9:00—Philo Television Playhouse; 10:00—Garroway at Large

WABD 6:30—News

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

MONDAY

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

MONDAY—Continued

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—Chevrolet Tele Theatre; 9:00—Colgate Theater; 9:30—Black Robe; 10:00—Quiz Kids; 10:30—News

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

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

TUESDAY

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

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Roberta Quinlan; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—Texaco Star Theatre (Milton Berle); 9:00—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—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—Court of Current Issues; 9:00—Talent Jackpot; 9:30—Film; 10:30—News

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

WEDNESDAY

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

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:30—The Clock; 9:00—Kraft Television Theater; 10:00—Believe It or Not

WABD 6:00—Small Fry Club; 6:30—Magic Carpet; 7:00—Wendy Barrie Show; 7:30—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—Swing Into Sports; 8:30—Growing Pains; 9:00—Program Playhouse; 9:30—Boxing; 11:00—News

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

THURSDAY

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

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Roberta Quinlan; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:30—Mary Kay and Johnny; 9:00—Olsen & Johnson; 10:00—Martin Kane—Private Eye; 10:30—News

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

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

FRIDAY

CBS 6:30—Lucky Pup; 6:45—Bob Howard; 7:00—Your Sports Special; 7:15—Ted Steele; 7:30—Doug Edwards News; 7:45—Amazing Polgar; 8:00—Mama; 8:30—Man Against Crime; 9:00—Ford Theater

NBC 7:00—Kukla, Fran & Ollie; 7:30—Morton Downey; 7:45—Camel News Caravan; 8:00—Film; 9:00—George Givot; 9:30—Lights Out Alternate, with 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—Woman to Remember; 7:45—Manhattan Spotlight; 8:00—Front Row Center; 9:00—Key to the Missing; 9:30—News

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

SATURDAY

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

NBC 7:30—Nature of Things; 7:45—Leon Pearson; 8:00—Meet Your Congress; 8:30—Mixed Doubles; 9:00—Who Said That; 9:30—Eddie Condon; 10:00—Meet the Press

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

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

SATURDAY

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

Afternoon Listening

12:00	Arthur Barriault		Girls' Corps	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez	Campus Salute	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Joseph McCaffrey	American Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15		Jerry & Sky		Give and Take
1:30	Report from America	Music		
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	Dave Garroway	Quick as a Flash	Sports Reporter	Camel Caravan with
7:45		J. B. Kennedy	Music	Vaughn Monroe
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	The Eye	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Heater Opportunity Show	Heine & Band	Adventures of Philip Marlowe
8:45				
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		Hoytiff Hoedown	

Your Christmas



Plum pudding, with a gay topknot of holly, is served by the hostess, and brandy-flavored hard sauce is passed separately.



Dinner

No one finds it very difficult to plan a menu for Christmas dinner. "Soup, turkey, vegetables and plum pudding," any housewife will tell you as she names the traditional dishes for the festive holiday meal.

But if she is the type of housewife who looks on her cooking as an art—not merely a means of satisfying her family's appetite—she will give some thought to the making of a new and different kind of soup or turkey dressing, Christmas candies, and other ways of adding zest to this traditional meal. In line with this idea, I suggest:

Appetizers served with sherry or cocktails

Chestnut and apple soup

Roast turkey with oyster dressing

Christmas plum pudding with hard sauce

Brandied cherries Chocolate truffles

Sweet potatoes, Petits pois a la Francaise (French peas), Carrots Vichy and cucumber salad can be served with the turkey.

Appetizers afford an excellent means of translating the gay seasonal mood into food. Red caviar, with black caviar for contrast, lends a bright note; spread it on crackers, toast or small pastry boats. Cream cheese can be mixed with finely chopped fresh chives, and spread on small rounds of toast, sprinkled with the chives; or pimento cheese on heart-shaped slices of bread or toast, topped with a fresh pimento. Decorate the dish with sprigs of holly, watercress or parsley.

As an alternative to wine served with the dinner, try a wine cup—for example, a large glass jug filled with sauterne, sparkling water, lemon and orange juice, and garnished with thin slices of lemon and orange, and maraschino cherries.

The plum pudding should be served hot and brought to the table alight with flaming brandy (heat the brandy in a small copper saucepan, light it and pour it over the pudding).

*

Chestnut and Apple Soup

1½ lbs. chestnuts
1 large Bermuda onion

4 level tablespoons flour
6 cups light chicken stock
1 tablespoon freshly chopped parsley
4 tablespoons butter or chicken fat
a little sliced carrot and celery
1 lb. greening apples
1 large clove of garlic
1 heaping teaspoon B.V. meat glaze
1 cup light cream
salt and freshly cracked black pepper
2 tablespoons oil
1 bayleaf
4 tablespoons mazola or wesson oil

Put the chestnuts in a deep pan and cover with water, bring slowly to a boil and allow to boil for 2-3 minutes. Turn down the heat and keep the chestnuts as hot as possible without actually boiling. Take out the chestnuts one at a time and remove both the outer and the inner skins with a sharp knife. Heat the olive oil in a deep thick pan. Add the onion (which has been sliced), the carrot, celery and 2 skinned and sliced apples, salt and black pepper, and cook slowly 5-6 minutes. Then add the chestnuts and cook slowly together for 2-3 minutes. Pour on the chicken stock and bring slowly to a boil. Simmer very gently until the chestnuts are soft, then rub through a fine strainer. Heat the butter or chicken fat in a pan and add the garlic which has been finely chopped. Cook for 1 minute then stir in, off the fire, the flour, mix in the meat glaze and pour on the chestnut mixture, stirring all the time. Bring to a boil. Add a little more salt and pepper and simmer 10-15 minutes, with the bayleaf. Remove the bayleaf, add the light cream and parsley. Skin, core and cut into thick slices the rest of the apples, dust with flour and fry in hot mazola or wesson oil until golden brown on each side, and use to garnish the soup.

*

Brandied Cherries

Put 5 oz. dark sweet chocolate on a plate and dissolve over a pan of hot water. Carefully line small fluted paper cups



Lining paper cups with melted chocolate for the brandied cherries.

with the melted chocolate. Put in refrigerator to set. Remove. Put into each cup a ¼ teaspoon of brandy and a maraschino cherry. Cover with melted chocolate. Put to set in refrigerator.

*

Oyster stuffing

2½ cups cooked wild rice
1 cup diced celery
1 cup diced onions
½ cup shortening
salt and black pepper

½ teaspoon dried thyme
2 doz. oysters
white wine
bayleaf
peppercorns

Wash rice thoroughly in cold water several times. Add salt to boiling water (3 cups water to one cup rice) in pan. Add rice slowly so water will continue to boil. Do not stir, but shake pan to prevent rice from sticking. Cook 25-45 minutes, or until rice is tender and water is entirely absorbed. Simmer onion and celery in fat until tender and yellow, but not brown. Simmer oysters until plump in ¼ cup white wine and ¼ cup water, with a little salt, bayleaf and peppercorns. Remove bayleaf and peppercorns and add to the rice. Add onion and celery and thyme. Fill into turkey.



Hard sauce should be creamed with a wooden spoon in a small bowl.

Christmas Pudding

¾ cup sifted all purpose flour
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ teaspoon mace
⅓ teaspoon cloves
½ lb. currants
1 cup chopped raisins
1 cup chopped mixed candied fruit
½ cup fine breadcrumbs
1 cup hot milk
¼ cup brown sugar
4. eggs separated
½ lb. suet (ground)
½ cup boiled molasses
2 tablespoons sherry
2 tablespoons brandy
½ cup sultanas

Sift together flour, salt and spices. Add fruits. Soak breadcrumbs in milk for 5 minutes. Beat sugar into well beaten egg yolks. Add suet and soaked breadcrumbs. Stir into flour and fruit mixture. Add molasses and sherry and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Fill into well buttered mold, cover and steam 4 hours. Turn out onto a serving dish and pour over 2 tablespoons flaming brandy. Serve hot.



TO THE
QUEEN'S
TASTE

by DIONE LUCAS

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



MUSIC ON A PLATTER by Les Merman

WOODY HERMAN (Capitol 57-720)
The Walter Gross tune "Tenderly" finely performed by the Woody Herman orchestra with Woody turning in a nice alto. The other side features Mary Ann McCall singing "Jamaica Rhumba" with top draw music furnished by the Herman band.

* * *

ROSE MURPHY (RCA Victor 20-3534)
The chi-chi gal gives "You, Wonderful You" a typical run-over. The same goes for the other side of the platter "Don't! Stop!" You will like these tunes if you like Rose Murphy.

* * *

SARAH VAUGHN (Columbia 38559)
That wonderful new tune, "That Lucky Old Sun" gets a wonderful lift with Sarah's tasty job. Joe Lipman accompanies. The platter is backed with "Make Believe" with another fine job by the gal vocalist.

* * *

TONY MARTIN (RCA Victor 20-3535)
Tony's rendition of Irving Berlin's "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor" emphasizes an anthem quality beautifully interpreted by the handsome singer. The other side "Thursday Would Have Been A Year" is a sentimental pop waltz.

* * *

VAUGHN MONROE (RCA 20-3531)
The song is "Make Believe" not the "Show Boat" tune but a number taken from the files of the 1920's. Nothing outstanding. But Monroe's robust rendition of "That Lucky Old Sun" heard on the other side of the record looks like another sure winner.

BEST SELLING DISCS

Not in order of popularity here they are:

1. Room Full of Roses
2. Some Enchanted Evening
3. Someday (You Will Want Me To Want You)
4. You're Breaking My Heart
5. That Lucky Old Sun
6. Hucklebuck
7. Jealous Heart
8. Just One Way to Say I Love You

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. How about printing a picture of the gal who plays Dick Powell's girl friend on his "Private Detective" program?
Alber Stein,
New York.



A. Happy to comply. Here she is, the beautiful and talented Virginia Gregg.

Q. Does writing for radio and television offer a lucrative career?
A. D. A., Cal.

A. To answer your question I must quote from Paul Denis' fine book, "Your Career in Show Business," . . . "there are about 1500 radio writers—the biggest group earns \$4,800 to \$5,200 a year. The highest bracket, \$50,000 a year or more, includes Norman Corwin, Arch Oboler, Clifford Goldsmith, Elaine Carrington . . . (and others.) The top 30 gag writers, who supply 90 per cent of radio's jokes, reportedly earn a total of \$2,000,000 a year."

Q. Is Frank Kingdon, the news commentator, still on air?
Rose Isaacs, New York.

A. To my knowledge he is not broadcasting at the present time.

Q. Do you agree with the FCC's ruling on Give-a-Way programs?
Bert Strand, Chicago.

A. I disagree with any rulings that might result in Federal policing of radio freedom. Freedom of the press and radio far transcends the pros and cons of "Giveaways."

Q. Who was the recipient of the RADIO BEST Silver Mike award for the month of

October? I forgot for the moment.

Frank Fuller, R.I.

A. Eddie Cantor.

Q. What's happened to that delightful program sponsored by the Association of American Railroads? Can't seem to get it anymore.

G. G., Conn.

A. The program switched from ABC to NBC on October 3rd. It's now heard on 111 NBC stations from 8:00 to 8:30, Eastern Time.

Q. I've been hearing so much about the beauty of Maggie McNellis that I'd appreciate it if you would please print her picture in your interesting column.

Hal. G. Georgia.

A. Will this photo of vivacious Maggie do?



Q. Please name the players who portray the featured roles in "Backstage Wife"

Helen Mentor,
New York.

A. Mary Noble is played by Clair Niesen, Larry Noble by James Meighen, Maude Marlowe by Ethel Wilson and Tom Bryson by Charles Webster.

Q. Do Pegeen and Ed Fitzgerald really broadcast their daily program direct from their apartment?

George Peary, Long Island.

A. Yes. And here's a photo to prove it.



Bob Hope stopped swinging his golf club . . . after he had almost knocked down a lamp in his hotel room . . . and began to talk. Everyone else in the room stopped talking. When Hope talks, everyone listens.

"Golf is a great game," he said, directing his remarks to the RADIO BEST reporter and to the dozen or so others who were crowded into Hope's suite. "It keeps me going. How could I do a weekly broadcast for NBC and the Lever Brothers, take a couple of 30-day tours about the nation, do a charity show every couple of days and turn out those pictures for Paramount if I didn't have golf for relaxing?"

It's probably hard to imagine how Hope—who seemingly never stops—can find any relaxation in a sport that takes him up and down hill for 5 miles everytime he plays. But it's true that without golf Hope wouldn't be Hope. And for that matter, either, would Crosby be Crosby. If you're looking for the reason behind the success of this fabulous pair—well, stop looking—it's golf.

Wherever Hope goes, his golf bag goes with him. One of the things he said he liked about his two big tours of the U.S.A. last winter (he covered some 35 states in 45 days playing a matinee and evening show in a different city every day), was the fact that the trip gave him time to get acquainted with a bunch of new golf courses. And, believe it or not, Bob played 18 holes every day.

Bob finds plenty of humor in golf, too. For instance, Hope said "the idea of golf is to knock an object from one place to another in a certain number of strokes. It's played with a club, a ball and a little cup. In Hollywood, it's played with automobiles, a pedestrian and a manhole."

There's no question that Hope is one of America's best comedians—and maybe, if he wanted to give up his radio and movie acting career, he could be one of the nation's best golfers, too. Although his golf is strictly a hobby now, he shoots in the low 70's. Last spring in the National Celebrities Golf Tournament at Washington, D.C., Hope, despite a gallery of nearly 8,000 persons, shot a 72 for 18 holes—one stroke better than his old friend Bing Crosby.

Bing and Bob play golf quite frequently. Up until about a year ago, Bing was consistent winner. But in the last year Bob has caught up with Bing and has been beating him regularly on the links. Like everything else the pair does, Bob has found his recent victories over Bing the subject for many stories.

But probably his best came when the RADIO BEST reporter asked, "Do you have trouble winning over Bing?"

Bob said, "I don't have any trouble winning over Bing. My big trouble is trying to collect!"

(Bob Hope is heard every Tuesday night over NBC.)



Illustrating what golf can do to a man, Bob Hope displays more interest in his golf ball than in lovely Jane Russell.

a celebrated comedian talks about his favorite sport for Radio Best's "Hobbies of the Stars"



out of the rough

with *Bob Hope*



Report from the National Listeners Panel

THE comedian most preferred by the Radio Best national Listeners Panel is the perennial Jack Benny. Walter Winchell was chosen the top radio commentator for the fifth consecutive time. Daytime serial enthusiasts selected "Ma Perkins" as the most preferred program in that category. Complete results and other interesting findings follow:

Are you in favor of outlawing "giveaway" programs?
Yes . . . 37.8 No . . . 62.2

What program, no longer on the air, would you like to have back?

Fred Allen Show	Eddie Cantor Show
Baby Snooks	Ginny Simms
Date With Judy	
(first five listed only)	

Do you watch television during the daytime? (Asked in TV areas.)

Yes . . . 14.2 No . . . 85.8

Do you listen to the radio during the evening? (Asked in TV areas.)

Yes . . . 8.5 No . . . 91.5

Name your five most preferred radio comedians.

Jack Benny	Red Skelton
Bob Hope	Fred Allen
Abe Burrows	

Name your five most preferred radio news commentators.

Walter Winchell	Gabriel Heatter
Lowell Thomas	Edward R. Murrow
Drew Pearson	

Name your five most preferred daytime drama shows.

Ma Perkins	Stella Dallas
Road of Life	When a Girl Marries
Right to Happiness	

Favorites chosen
by listeners
across the nation



FRED ALLEN
fans want him back



JACK BENNY
most preferred comic



WALTER WINCHELL
top commentator



MA PERKINS
top daytime show



Survey No. 1

Mystery
Programs

Special Listeners Panel Survey:

Radio's Most Unforgettable Characters

HERE are the first results of the Radio Best Listeners Panel survey which names the "most unforgettable" all-time characterizations portrayed on the air. The first survey, reported on this page, was con-

ducted on mystery programs, and asked panel members to name six radio players who have projected the most lasting impressions in the roles they have portrayed. Here they are pictured in roles they've made famous.



HOWARD DUFF
Sam Spade



BASIL RATHBONE
Sherlock Holmes



JACK SMART
The Fat Man



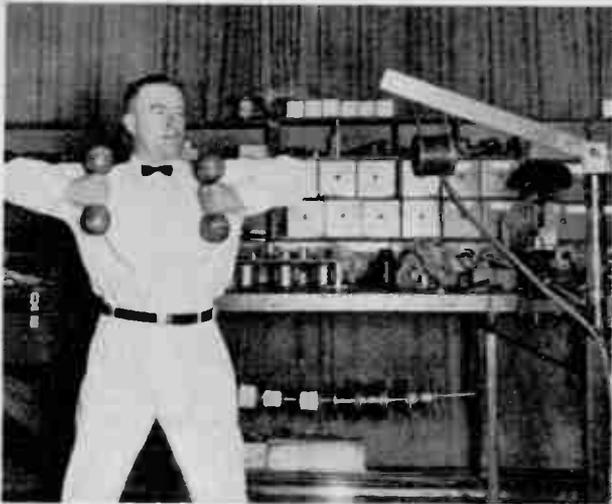
AGNES MOORHEAD
Suspense



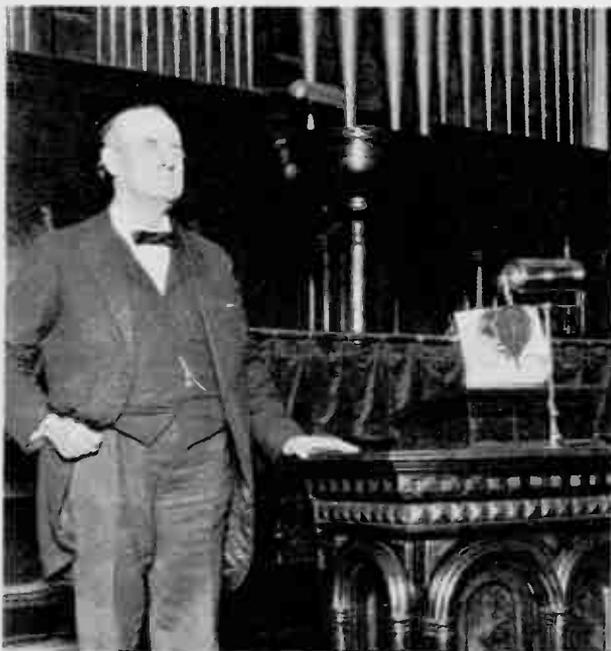
JAY JOSTYN
Mr. District Attorney



LON CLARK
Nick Carter



"Spike" Shannon was the announcer on one of the early morning physical culture broadcasts on KDKA in 1924; 1923 picnickers, at right, tune in with a one-tube set.



In the "good old days," William Jennings Bryan, the "silver-tongued orator," was heard over station KDKA with other famous people, such as David Lloyd George.



The mobile transmitter that Westinghouse developed in 1924 to relay programs attracted crowds wherever it went.



Edward B. Landon has no desire to return to those

"GOOD OLD DAYS"

ALTHOUGH the early period of radio broadcasting was exciting, Edward B. Landon, like other pioneers, remembers the heartbreaks and the hard work and has no desire to bring back the "good, old days."

Landon, of KDKA's technical staff, joined the Pittsburgh Westinghouse station in February, 1921, four months after it had introduced radio broadcasting to the world. The "growing pains," amusing as they seem today, were intense.

When Westinghouse engineers pitched a tent studio on the roof of a building, the whistle of a passing freight train became a regular 8:30 p.m. feature. A well-known tenor, while singing in the tent, opened his mouth wide to sing a high note and almost swallowed an insect; his forceful comments were not in good radio taste and a vigilant operator took the station off the air in a hurry. One day after the first indoor studio had been built, a stray dog ran in while the baseball scores were being read, upset the microphone, and added his excited barks to the pandemonium that resulted when the announcer scrambled his scores and notes.

"Those were the 'good, old days,'" says Landon, "but for my part, give me radio as we know it today."

hollywood off the air

(Continued from page 11)

dom, add the strange story of Jan Miner, vivacious, blonde radio actress who portrays "Beth Lambert" on NBC's popular daytime serial, *The Road of Life*. Early in her career, Jan auditioned for a minor part in a well known radio drama. Jan lost out—only because she sounded too much like the leading lady. But three weeks later, the show's director called and asked if she were still available—not for the minor role, but to play the heroine. The original leading lady had decided that she didn't like the show!

The souring fame of Al Jolson has prompted Warners to remake the old hit, "The Jazz Singer." They're looking to borrow Larry Parks to play old Jollie since if they use anyone else, the whole thing could be mighty confusing. Incidentally, "Jolson Sings Again," is expected to ring up about \$15,000,000 at the box office. This excludes the foreign market.

If Rita Hayworth decides to snub Hollywood, rumors have it that she will star in a series of pictures made exclusively for television . . . Dorothy Kirsten is still singing her love songs to a San Antonio doctor whom she may marry in May when she wins her freedom in May . . . Former radio sportscaster Paul Douglas, now the rage in Hollywood, is in love with a beautiful German girl . . . Now Jack Benny says he may not be ready to debut the TV scene with his own show, says he will probably guest on some CBS shows first . . . The young DeMarcos sisters, skyrocketed to fame on the Fred Allen show last season, are clicking big in theatres and clubs . . . The mad Ritz Brothers are being groomed for TV . . . The Bill Goodwins reconciled on their recent trip to Mexico . . . What's this talk about Milton Berle berling with marital troubles again?

The maid who serves breakfast to the Graves family on CBS' "Junior Miss" is the very social dowager on "My Friend Irma," Mrs. Rhineland. Fuffy Adams, best friend of "Junior Miss" Judy Graves, is the daughter of a slightly wacky salesgirl who works, to use the word loosely, at Willock's department store. And Judy, to complicate matters, borrows the clothes of a CBS singer. To gnarl up the situation still further, Mrs. O'Reilly, "Irma's" landlady, could be the grandmother of Judy Graves.

Well, maybe this explanation will help you: Myra Marsh plays Hilda, the maid with the bum hip and a mounted policeman for a boy friend, on the "Junior Miss" show. She's also Mrs. Rhineland, whose son Richard III is the target for "My Friend Irma's" friend Jane Stacy's affections. Fuffy Adams, is the salesgirl star of "Leave It to Joan." Gloria Gordon

is Mrs. O'Reilly at the mike. At home, she's the mother of Gale Gordon, who is the radio father of Judy Graves, as well as the high school principal who nags "Our Miss Brooks." And Judy, the crux of this geneological jigsaw, is played by Barbara Whiting, young sister of Margaret Whiting, famous songstress.

You needn't worry that television viewing is harmful to the eyesight. Without exception, leading optometrists and other eye specialists agree that TV does not have a detrimental effect on your eyes, even your children's. Video viewing can no more be blamed for tired eyes than watching a movie or reading your favorite book. But, we may add, some TV shows we have seen have really been eye-sores.

MGM, aware of radio's great success with family-serials, has finally decided to enter its stars and story properties in radio. Plans call for Mickey Rooney for the "Andy Hardy" series; Ann Sothorn for the "Maisie" stories and Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres for "Dr. Kildare."

Abe Burrows, comedy star of "Breakfast with Burrows," offered to accompany a volunteer vocalist at a recent private party. Burrows noodled around on the piano in his I-never-took-a-lesson-in-my-life type way, and the singer, to get things right, asked, "What key are you in, Abe?"

"I don't know know," said Abe. "This is not my piano."

This magazine has watched with sheer delight the rapid rise of young Gordon MacRae. Radio Best readers will recall that it was this magazine which first recognized in Gordon, a wonderful talent, and "nominated" him for stardom. Now he's way up there and going stronger every day. Movie fans will soon see him in "Working Our Way Through College" with Debbie Reynolds, a 16-year-old Burbank High School girl who replaced Shirley Temple in the gal-lead.

Program Profile

Preparations for a broadcast of the "Bing Crosby Program," are as casual and lacking in stress and strain as the finished product that you hear on the air.

The groundwork is begun when Bing and his producer-writer, Bill Morrow, have their first huddle to develop a central idea for a program—and the inspiration may come when they are on the golf course, swimming, at the races or playing a sizzling game of gin rummy.

The next move is to fit a guest star to the idea, rather than sign a personality strictly because he or she is particularly "hot" at the moment. Guests for the first four programs, for instance, were, Judy Garland and CBS comedian Abe Bur-



Beautiful Eve Arden and daughter just back from a trip to New York.

Have you entered the "20 Questions" contest? See page 43



Meet the newest "Miss Duffy,"
Gloria Erlanger, in full regalia.

rows; Burrows and song stylist Peggy Lee; Bob Hope; and Judy Garland.

The objective always is to produce a good show rather than provide a showcase for talent that someone else thinks is ripe for an appearance with Der Bingle. This rule also applies to regulars who are under contract, such as The Rhythmairs, vocalists Peggy Lee and Carol Richards. They'll appear when they fit definitely into the show idea.

With program idea and guest star settled, Morrow retires to his abode and whips out a "rough" on his typewriter, keeping constantly in touch with Crosby as the script develops. Quite frequently, Bing takes the first draft of the script and inserts some whimsies and flamboyant phrases of his own. During the actual pre-broadcast taping of a show, Crosby often is moved to wander away from the prepared dialogue and launch into an eloquent dissertation. However, he always gets back to the script to give the right cue to a performer who has the next speech.

The shows always are rehearsed in segments—no "dress." John Scott Trotter rehearses his bandmen the day before the

taping and the cast has an informal script-reading session on the day it is transcribed. This is done in a thoroughly relaxed fashion, around a table in a room offstage. There may be some clowning but it has to be good, and brief.

All the songs are then pre-recorded, and Crosby carefully makes his selection from his platters and those of guest singers. Yet, in the long run, the renditions made for the tape may prove the most effective.

The days have long passed when they attempted to create the illusion that there were no studio visitors. As it is, announcer Ken Carpenter comes on stage before the show and introduces Bing with a few snide remarks. Crosby bids the visitors welcome in his own fashion (and in his own careless clothes), whereupon he tells the "live" audience that they are a part of the proceedings and that their applause will be welcomed.

Murdo McKenzie, co-producer, gives the opening cue from the control room and the show is on the air. From there on in, there rarely is a fluff, but if there is, Bing makes capital of it for an impromptu gag. **THE END**



Hattie McDaniel warms up a tune
for her popular "Beulah" program.



Ronald Reagan and Celeste Holm
find a lot in common before airtime.

Don't Miss- **THE RADIO BEST (Big) ANNIVERSARY ISSUE . . .**
AT YOUR NEWSDEALER FEBRUARY 3rd.



"Relax," is Vern Hansen's advice to emcees of audience shows

CONTESTANTS can make life very difficult for the emcee of an audience participation show. Although most of them are cooperative, there are always a few who are so nervous that they mumble their words—"Speak up and into the microphone, won't you please," pleads the emcee—or forget that they are on the air and speaking to an audience numbering thousands.

Speaking out of his experience as the emcee of an audience-participation show heard twice daily, five days a week, Vern Hansen of Station WTOP, Washington, D.C., prescribes a casual good humor as the only attitude for an emcee who does not wish to court a nervous breakdown. People will come up with the most unexpected remarks and the fellow who relaxes at his work is best equipped to cope with them.

A contestant on Vern's "You're the Top" blandly told the listening audience that the lady in his company at the show was the wife of another man. The laughter had scarcely begun to flow from the studio audience when Vern was off on another subject; the remark was brushed over so quickly that it was almost immediately forgotten.

The blonde young Phi Beta Kappa entered radio while still at the University of Wisconsin, and later worked at Station WGN, Chicago. While there he made what he considers his most appalling "spoonerism." The script, for an introduction for Paul Whiteman's orchestra, read "from the newly redecorated Silver Forest Room of the Drake Hotel," but Vern said, "the newly resilvered decord room."

He joined WTOP in 1942 and has been a mainstay of the CBS station ever since.

"You're The Top"



Vern Hansen deals with people of all ages, occupations and personalities in his job as emcee of the audience participation show, "You're The Top."

Jane Todd, son Peter, and his pal, Henry, the dachshund, devote a few moments to serious study.



This is Jane Todd speaking—

"I like it here"

"EACH FIELD I explored—the theatre, education, advertising and motherhood (not an exploration but a career in itself)—seems to me now to have been a stepping stone to my daily broadcasts on KCBS," says Jane Todd of her work as woman commentator on the San Francisco station.

Jane's job is to ferret out and re-create for the busy housewife those fascinating personalities, events, and fashion trends which she, for lack of time, might not discover. Whatever subject she chooses to discuss, whether it be hats, a new play or a children's book, she can always call on her experience as actress, teacher, public relations expert and homemaker.

Jane began her radio career when she was only 19 in the role of a Scotland Yard female detective. From that time to the present, she has been active in radio, taking part in programs with such Hollywood stars as Van Heflin and Eleanor Powell, and in the theater, notably in a "Straw Hat Revue" starring Danny Kaye, and the Pasadena Playhouse production of "Candles in the Sky" with George Reeves as co-star.

Her extremely feminine appearance—she is small and pert—gives no hint of the pertinacity that is largely responsible for her success. In order to get through Wellesley, even with two scholarships, she had to work

her way through by doing odd jobs around the campus. She lived in a house where all the students did their own housework, which proved to be valuable experience when she was married soon after graduation.

Soon after Peter's birth, Jane found other means of expressing herself. Teaching in nursery school appealed to her because "it enabled me to widen my parental perspective." Some time later, she became active in advertising and public relations.

When Peter was a year old, the Todds took a trip from New York to California. Jane herself drove the entire distance—12 days of rigorous driving—because "when I decided to do something, I don't believe in putting it off."

Jane lives in what she calls a "character of an apartment." She wants her home to be, above all, a "serene place, simple and comfortable, where the members of the family can relax and enjoy one another's company." Both Peter and Henry, the dachshund, love the small apartment house yard where Peter has planted a vegetable garden and Henry has found some choice spots to bury his bones.

Jane has found, in her home and her radio work, the perfect media for self-expression; she hopes to help her listeners to do likewise.

my son is an orphan

(Continued from page 31)

head to the wall and said tearfully, "I wish that I were dead."

Mrs. DeWitt's voice was calm and firm as she answered. "No one has the right to wish that. It's a wish that forgets the others about us."

"But I mean nothing to them," Maggie protested.

"Do you love any of them?"

"Oh yes. I—I love a man—terribly—a man I can't ever have. And now he knows I abandoned my baby. It's just come to me but I think that's the reason I ran away."

"But you didn't abandon your baby, did you?"

"I—I don't know. I couldn't take care of him so I gave him over to my husband's family. But now I can't feel it was right. I'm so mixed up."

"You're tired and bewildered. I know how that is. But I know you couldn't have done anything wrong either. I'm sure of it. Would you like to tell me your name?"

"You won't tell anyone where I am?"

"Not if you don't want me to. We want to protect you."

"My name is Margaret. Margaret Lowell."

"If you'd like to pray, Margaret, it helps sometimes."

Maggie almost forgot Mrs. DeWitt was there as she prayed fervently, "Oh God give me light for I see nothing but darkness."

"Margaret, running away doesn't ever do any good," Amy DeWitt observed.

They were sitting in the twilight at the kitchen table. As always, Maggie found Amy DeWitt's words full of wisdom and solace, as nourishing to the soul as her good food was to the body. "The reason is obvious," she went on. "You can't run away from yourself, can you, no matter where you buy a ticket to?"

"I know. I've come to see that. I'll never be able to thank you and Reverend DeWitt enough for what you've done for me in these few days."

"We don't want any thanks, child. We just want to see you strong. Face up to life—whatever it holds for you. That's all anyone would expect of you. And I know now you'll be doing that. You have good friends, very good friends. I stopped by the hospital today and saw Dr. Brent."

"Oh, Mrs. DeWitt! You didn't tell him I was here!"

"Do you think I'd break my promise to you?"

"No. No, I'm sure you wouldn't."

"He's worried about you, Margaret. They've been looking for you everywhere."

"Well, I'm stronger now. I think you must have given me some of your courage. I've made up my mind. I'll go back tomorrow."

"I didn't mean for you to go right away, my dear. I only meant for you to let me tell him where you are. We'd like you to

stay with us until you feel yourself again. You're beginning to look much better."

"You're sweet. It would be easy to stay, but I'd be faking. If I'm ever going to face up to life, I'd better start in right away, don't you think?" Maggie asked gaily.

And Mrs. DeWitt, seeing the twinkle in her eye, felt a great relief. "You'll be all right now, I'm sure of it, Margaret. You'll make a good life."

Maggie smiled a bit ruefully. "Well, at least I'll be trying, which is more than I dreamt I'd be wanting to do a week ago!"

Mrs. DeWitt hesitated. "There's something I'd like you to know, though I don't know how to tell you. It would be cruel to get your hopes up—"

"Hopes? Of what, Mrs. DeWitt?"

The good woman was troubled. "I don't know my dear, exactly. But there's a man, a Mr. Tanner, been trying to find you. The doctor told me."

"Mr. Tanner?" The name meant nothing to Maggie. "What did he say he wanted?"

Mrs. DeWitt hesitated a moment and then she said, matter-of-factly, "He didn't say. But he's connected with an orphan home. Do you think your boy might possibly be alive?"

Maggie stared at her, hardly daring to think of the possibility she had suggested. Tommy, her son, alive! Could it be true? Could her husband's family have been so cruel as to lie to her about the only human being who made life worth living?

She spoke slowly and with determination. "I'm going to see Dr. Brent at once. If Tommy is alive and I can have him once more for my own, I'll forgive anything." She turned to the DeWitts who sat watching her, quietly. "I'm going to leave you now, but I can't thank you enough for what you've done for me."

"Don't talk as if you were never going to see us again," Mrs. DeWitt said. "We've grown very fond of you, Margaret. Now John will drive you to Dr. Brent's. I know you can't wait to find out about Tommy."

Maggie could see in Dr. Brent's face, even before she spoke to him, that the miracle had come to pass. He grasped her hands. "It's true, Lowell. Tommy is at the Ambrose Foundation, and this Mr. Tanner is the director. He said that your sister-in-law sent Tommy to the Foundation."

Her head whirling, Maggie sank back into a chair. Tommy was alive! She quelled the upsurge of fury she felt at the thought of what Tommy must have suffered at the hands of her sister-in-law, when all the time he had a mother eager to care for him. Gradually, she became aware that Dr. Brent was speaking.

"You must stay here until this affair is settled, Lowell," he was saying. "Let Tanner see that you are respected and

have good friends. You have to prove to him that you're in a position to provide for the child."

"But my salary is adequate," Maggie protested.

"Tanner knows that," Dr. Brent replied. "But he also knows that you ran away from the hospital and have been staying with Mrs. DeWitt—a 'stranger,' he calls her, even though she is the minister's wife. He says that your actions show 'instability of character' and that the boy needs stability more than anything else."

Maggie almost leaped up from her chair. "You can't mean that I won't get my son after all these empty years!" she cried.

"All of us will move heaven and earth to help you get your son," he said. "But you must be prepared to meet Tanner's objections to you as a mother."

The preparation did little good. When Maggie met Tanner, he seized on the fact that she did not have a home, but was visiting the Brents, just as she had visited the DeWitts. He had also discovered that while in New York, before she had come to Merrimac, she had been in such despair that she had once been on the brink of suicide. All these facts added up to "instability of character."

His decision was inevitable: "The Foundation will let you have your son after you have proven, for a full year, that you are a responsible person. This means that you must return to work, establish a home and cease to act on impulse and mood."

Maggie's gloom was not alleviated too much by the efforts made by Francie, wife of Dr. Brent's foster-son, Butch, to create a romance between her and Frank Dana, owner of the town newspaper. When Francie pointed out that Frank would make a very good husband, Maggie's only response was that he impressed her as very much the "bachelor type."

Although she enjoyed Frank's company, she thought only of Tommy. Sometimes the prospect of a year of waiting seemed more than she could bear. She had just returned from a visit to Mrs. DeWitt one day when Francie told her, "There's a Mrs. Agnes Lowell waiting to see you, Maggie."

Mrs. Agnes Lowell, her mother-in-law! What could she want from Maggie after seven years, after making her give up her son? Conquering her fears, Maggie faced the older woman in the Brents' living room.

"What can you want of me, after all this time? What could we possibly have to discuss?"

"That sounds so unfriendly, Margaret," Mrs. Lowell replied, her voice sad with self-pity.

"We never were friends," Maggie returned impatiently. "I don't think we

have to pretend about that."

After a moment's pause, Mrs. Lowell continued, "I understand from Mr. Tanner of the Foundation that you have a very responsible position at the hospital."

Maggie sat forward in her chair, her eyes alight. "You've seen Tommy?"

"No, my dear. Mr. Tanner wouldn't permit it. He said it might be too unsettling. What nonsense, when I'm the boy's grandmother!"

"Well, I haven't seen him either and I'm his mother."

"I know. I heard all about it. Such a stupid man!"

"Then you know that I have to wait a year for my son."

"Yes, and I told him it was an outrage."

Maggie was uncertain. "You mean you took my side?"

"Of course, Margaret. We're both Lowells. We must stand together in this."

Maggie was bewildered. She didn't trust her mother-in-law. She trusted her least of all when she seemed sympathetic.

"How you must have suffered. When I think my own daughter put Tommy in a home!"

Maggie ignored this. "What about you?" she demanded. "You took Tommy from me. You were responsible for him too!"

"If I had been, this never would have happened. But I thought him safe with Bernadette. How was I to foresee the future? Naturally, she wants to marry again but I never dreamed that her selfishness would make her do what she did and lie to you."

Maggie was shaken by the old grief. "How could she! I've lost seven years—seven years of his life."

"The important thing is not to lose any more time. You two shouldn't be separated another moment. And Margaret, I can get you your son."

Margaret was startled. "You can. How?"

"I've spoken with Mr. Tanner. He agrees that Tommy would be in a stable home if we all lived together."

"I see. And if I were to agree where would you want us to live?"

"Why right here, of course. I wouldn't dream of disturbing your associations and the position you've made for yourself."

"And how would we share Tommy?" Margaret pursued.

"Well, I would take care of him during the day—while you're away at the hospital. I trust the monetary rewards are sufficient?"

"Oh! You have no income," Maggie stopped. In Mrs. Lowell's circle one didn't talk about money or the need to earn any.

"Unfortunately, it has all melted away. And at my time of life too—tragic! But I would bring a willing heart and hand—"

"You don't really care for Tommy at all," Maggie burst out. "Now I understand. You're out to feather your own nest and you think this is an easy way to do it."

Mrs. Lowell rose from her chair.

"I've never borne such insults in my

life!" she cried, her voice loud with anger.

"Wait, please. Where are you going?"

"Back to the hotel. I doubt now that I'd want to share a home with you."

Maggie bit her lip. "I'm sorry if I've offended you, Mrs. Lowell. But you're coming here so suddenly like this—"

"I suppose it is upsetting. Well, I'm not one to bear a grudge. Let's both think it over. If you change your mind, you know where to reach me—that is, if you want your child back right away."

If she wanted her child back! Did she want her right arm or air in her lungs! She wanted Tommy more than anything else in the world. But she wanted him all to herself out of Mrs. Lowell's reach. However, if her mother-in-law had convinced Mr. Tanner that she could bring stability to the home, Maggie knew she must accept her offer or wait out the year.

Perhaps, she told herself, she was being unjust to Mrs. Lowell. No one remains unchanged through the years and it was possible that Mrs. Lowell had changed for the better. No matter what she is, Maggie



LYLE SUDROW
plays Frank Dana

concluded, it's worth anything to get Tommy.

Maggie would never forget her first meeting with Tommy—not if she lived to be a hundred. Alone, she had taken an early train to the Foundation, so that she might get acquainted with her son. Mr. Tanner, unexpectedly kind, tried to tell her what lay ahead. "Tommy is a sensitive youngster and he's been moved around a lot. That's made him insecure. He doesn't like strangers. Doesn't trust them."

"But I'm not a stranger," Maggie cried. "I'm his mother."

"He doesn't know that," Tanner reminded her gently. "Mrs. Lowell, it's not going to be easy, these next few weeks, but remember, no matter how hard it is, it will pass. Just be natural with him and I'm sure he'll grow to love you."

"Oh, you do think that, don't you, Mr. Tanner?" Maggie asked anxiously.

"Yes, but remember, make haste slowly. He's often on the defensive."

He let her watch the children at play. They couldn't see her and that made it easier. She had no trouble in finding her

son. He looked a little like Allen, a lot like her. And he had her habit of biting his lip when in thought. It was strange since he hadn't been around her.

He seemed happy enough when playing with the children but when Mr. Tanner sent him in to talk with her, he wore a worried look that seemed to say, "Grown-ups again? What can this be about?"

Maggie, frozen with terror, managed to say "hello."

"Lo," he said and waited expectantly.

"What's your name?"

"Tommy. What do you want to know for?"

"Nothing special. I just think it's nice to know people's names, don't you?"

He shrugged, not answering and she tried again.

"Do you like it here?"

"It's all right I guess."

"Do you remember anything about where you lived before you came here?"

Tommy frowned. "I guess I'll go back and play," he said, half turning to the door.

"Wait!" Maggie cried, her words spilling out. "You don't have to stay here at all. I'm going to take you away—home with me. You see, I'm your mother."

Tommy winced. "I haven't a mother."

"Of course you have, darling. I really am your mother and I've been looking for you so long. We'll get to be great friends."

But Tommy had turned tail and was calling wildly, "Mr. Tanner! Mr. Tanner, don't send me away. I want to stay here with you."

Maggie felt as if her heart would break. She tried to fight back the tears. Tanner had warned her and yet she had made a mess of it. She hadn't expected this.

Mr. Tanner soothed the frightened child and the more frightened mother. "There, there. This is nothing. Tommy—you and mother and I—we'll go down to my office and have a little talk."

Maggie never quite remembered what was said, but in the end, Tommy agreed to go home with her and see how he would like it. An hour later they were on the train to Merrimac—Maggie, Tommy and Mrs. Lowell who had met them at the station. Tommy, worn out by the events of the day, fell asleep. Maggie was lost in a blue fog of depression and didn't emerge from it until Mrs. Lowell reminded her they would soon be in Merrimac. It was Mrs. Lowell who nudged Tommy saying "Thomas—son, get up, it's almost time to get off."

"Huh?" Tommy rubbed his sleepy eyes, saw Mrs. Lowell and scowled. Maggie took his hand reassuringly and smiled. But he pulled it away.

Mrs. Lowell pursed her mouth. "When an older person speaks to you, Thomas, you shouldn't say huh! Only little toughs answer that way. You must say 'I beg your pardon.' Will you remember that?"

"Yes," said Tommy.

"Yes, grandmother or 'grandma' if you wish."

"Yes, grandma."

"Good! Now for being such a bright little boy, here's a piece of candy."

Maggie protested. "That's the way you train dogs. I'm not sure it's right for children."

"I suppose you're criticizing."

"I don't mean to but—" She broke off as Tommy returned. "Come sit down beside me, Tommy," she urged. "I haven't seen you in such a long time."

The boy fidgeted uncomfortably and countered, "When do we get off the train?"

IT was only when Mrs. Lowell said, "Sit down when your mother tells you to, Thomas," that he sat down beside her, not very happily.

"I didn't tell him to," Maggie put in.

Despairingly she had to admit to herself that Mrs. Lowell seemed better able to reach her son than she did. He was used to discipline but love only made him uncomfortable.

"We're staying at Dr. Brent's house, Tommy," Maggie explained. "But only till we get one of our own which I hope will be very soon. Meanwhile, Dr. Brent is a good friend. You'll like him."

"Won't! I don't like doctors," he told her.

"You'll like this one. He's not an ordinary doctor. He does research in a laboratory—with test tubes. Do you know what that is?"

"You mean like chemistry?" Tommy showed a glimmer of interest.

"Yes, that's right. I work with him down at the hospital."

"Ladies don't do chemistry," he said scornfully.

Maggie laughed. It was the first time the tension was broken the whole afternoon. "Oh, but you're wrong. I do, Tommy. You'll see."

He looked as if he were going to call her a liar, but just the same, she had found one faint spark of interest and that was something to build on, she told herself.

Then Mrs. Lowell swept this small comfort away. "Your mother will be out working all day, Thomas. You'll spend your time with me and I want you to pay particular attention to what I have to say."

"Yes, grandma."

"Why, Thomas! You remembered. I think you deserve another piece of candy for that."

Maggie was so edgy by the time they reached the Brents' she could hardly keep back the tears. While Mrs. Lowell went with Tommy to see that he washed up properly, Maggie poured out all her fears to sympathetic Francie.

"Oh, Francie, it's awful! He stares at me as if I were his enemy. It will take weeks, months, to make him feel secure and happy."

"Now, honey, it just seems that way. You know how kids are. Even when they're used to you, they don't like to be fussed over—and he just isn't used to anyone of his own."

"I know. It would be bad enough if he were an average little boy, but he's

not. He's been kicked around so that he likes the Foundation. He didn't want to come home."

Francie was trying to comfort Maggie when Frank Dana entered the room.

"Well, where is he?" he demanded gaily. "I want an introduction. I brought him a little something."

He pointed to the bicycle in the rumble seat of his car.

"Oh Frank, you shouldn't have," chided Maggie.

"Why not? He's a boy and over six, isn't he? I'm no dope. How'm I going to get in good with him if I don't give him a bike? And if I don't get in good with him, how am I going to get in good with his mother?"

Maggie couldn't help laughing. It was funny how Frank could take the terror out of things. In the days that followed her gratitude grew. For Frank's light touch won Tommy over, too. That, and the bike. Frank came over faithfully, whenever he could, to teach Tommy how to ride it. The two got on famously.

Maggie stood watching them one afternoon. Her heart was in her mouth. But Tommy was pedalling and Frank held on to the seat while he gave him encouragement. "Now just keep on pedalling. I've

got you, so you won't fall. Don't be afraid. Easy does it. Hooray!"

"Hooray!" screamed Tommy. It was the first time he had really forgotten himself and seemed to be having fun.

"You know what?" said Frank. "That last time—I hardly held on at all. You were going all by yourself. Maggie," he called, "did you see Tommy going by himself?"

And Tommy chimed in, "Do you see?" "Oh yes. Yes, Tommy. It was by yourself."

"She saw," relayed Tommy.

"Well, sure," went on Frank seriously. "Why wouldn't she? She's your mother. She'll be so proud of you—"

Dear Frank—all the time trying to make Tommy know that she was there, caring—that's what they had to do—make Tommy know he had a mother who loved him. And Frank seemed able to do it so easily, just as he did everything easily.

"Come on now. Right up to where Mother is standing."

Tommy started off well enough but lost his balance and went over, the bike on top of him.

"Oh, Tommy," Maggie cried in terror. "Are you hurt?"

Frank had already lifted the bicycle

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and, seeing that the boy was not hurt, he said with gentle firmness, "Stand up, old boy. The broncho threw you. And what does a cowboy do when his broncho throws him? He just gets right on his back again."

"Lemme," urged Tommy.

"But Frank, his knee—he should have iodine," remonstrated Maggie.

"Sure," Frank agreed. "He's riding right back to the emergency station for treatment, like any cowboy would do, ma'm. How about it, puncher?"

"Let's go," said Tommy, getting on the bike again.

"And you, Mother, you be on the porch with the iodine because this time, we turn right into the driveway. On our way!"

"On our way" echoed Tommy. "Watch me, mother, watch me."

"I am, darling, I am!"

"See! I made it!"

Maggie's heart was so full she thought she was going to cry. He had called her "mother"; he had wanted her approval! But how can you cry when two cowboys are waiting for a pat on the back?

"I'm so proud, Tommy," she said. "Oh Frank, I'm so proud."

It was a wonderful afternoon and it was only the beginning. Frank kept coming and teaching the boy all the things a normal kid of seven should know—how to fly a kite, swing at a ball, even how to swim. Slowly but surely Tommy's fears melted away in the warmth of Frank's patience and humor and his mother's pride.

Dr. Brent did his part too. He took the boy over to the lab after hours and showed him where his mother worked.

"You mean—ladies do know chemistry?" he asked uncertainly.

"Your mother knows a lot more than that, young man. I couldn't have made my discoveries without her. You can be mighty proud."

And Francie told him how Maggie, single-handed and alone—since his father died when he was little—had worked to

get a nice home for them because she loved Tommy so much and wanted him with her always.

Dr. McVicker had helped them get a house. It wasn't long before they were settled in it. Frank set up a shop in the basement and gave Tommy a set of tools, while Dr. Brent gave him a chemistry set.

It was difficult to know which was the more excited and happy—Tommy or Maggie. Slowly and surely, they began to relax, the boy secure in the knowledge that he was loved and wanted, and Maggie in the feeling that her son was turning to her for affection.

Mrs. Lowell's annoyance was obvious—and understandable. If Maggie's feeling of gratitude toward Frank or Dr. Brent should develop into love, Mrs. Lowell would lose her comfortable nest. Slowly she conceived the idea of undermining the boy's affection for Frank. One day, when Maggie came home, she found the boy in a tantrum.

His bicycle was missing and Mrs. Lowell had told him that it had been returned to Frank.

"I want to go back to Mr. Tanner," he sobbed through his tears. "He gave me a toy mouse once for my very own and I didn't have to give it back."

Realizing at once what had happened, Maggie tried to soothe him. "The bike is yours, Tommy. Uncle Frank will bring it back tomorrow."

Once the boy had left the room, she turned to the older woman. "Mother Lowell, it's time you and I had this out. I won't get into a discussion of morals with you, but that bike was a present to Tommy, not to me."

Mrs. Lowell nodded solemnly. "An expensive present. A bachelor can't give expensive presents to a widow's child without expecting to have the neighbors talk. I'm responsible to Mr. Tanner for the atmosphere that surrounds Tommy."

"I can guess who started the talk if there is any. Tommy is just beginning to feel secure and happy. I want him to stay that way," Maggie cried. "And I'll send him back to Tanner and wait out

my year rather than let you ruin that security."

"You can't mean that."

"But I do! I've thought it all out. I want my son, yes, but I want him a normal, happy youngster, one who loves and believes in people, especially those who have come to mean something to him. If you won't let him go on feeling this, he's better off at the Foundation. But if you make me do this, you know that you will go out of my house and you can worry about making your own living."

Mrs. Lowell grew pale but Maggie saw the disbelief in her eyes.

"Yes, I've changed," she continued.

"Like Tommy, I'm not afraid anymore. Whatever life brings me, I feel that I can take it. I'm young and I can wait. So is Tommy. But how about you?"

"Now, Margaret, really—I don't know what brought on this outburst."

"I thought I was making it very clear. This is my house and Tommy is my son. I want a free hand in raising him."

"Margaret, there's no need for such strong language. There's no need for us to be hasty," Mrs. Lowell said, trying to gather together the remnants of her calm.

"Exactly!" said Maggie, following up her advantage. "I'm glad we understand each other."

Tommy got back his bike but refused to touch it. When Mrs. Lowell tried to persuade him to ride it, he shook his head and she lost her temper.

"I don't see why you're sulking, you ungrateful boy!" she cried. "If your mother chooses to have you keep the bike in spite of how the neighbors talk—go ahead now, stop your nonsense."

Tommy took it out and Mrs. Lowell felt better. She had accomplished what Maggie and Frank couldn't—which only went to prove that children are raised too easily nowadays. Discipline them and they know where they stand and where you stand.

She went out front to see if Tommy was turning into the driveway but it was the grocery boy. Anxiously, she looked out in front of the house. He was nowhere in sight. She phoned around to some of the neighbors but when no one had seen him, she felt she had to call Maggie at the hospital. She didn't like to but it had begun to rain and Tommy had left his lumber jacket at home. She was really worried.

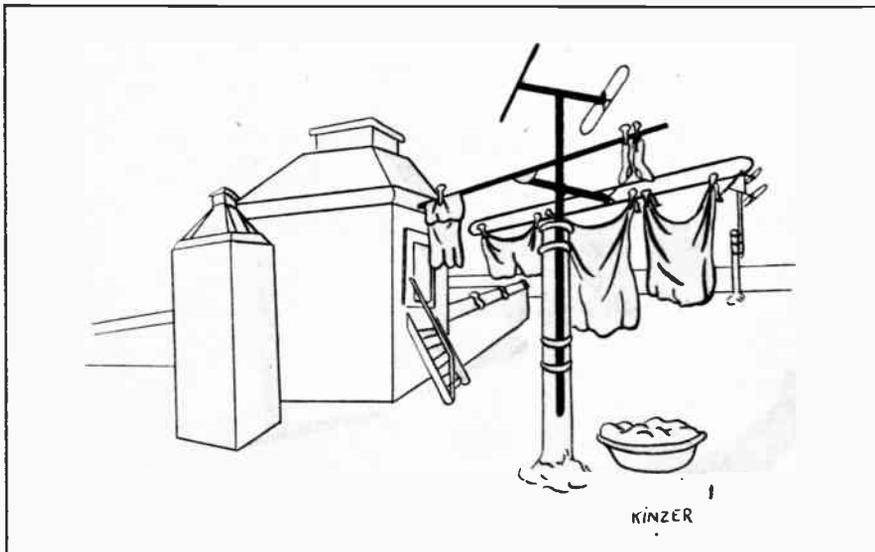
Dr. Brent drove Maggie home. After they had combed all the familiar streets in the driving rain, Maggie called the police. An hour later, Tommy was picked up, huddled under the porch of an empty house on the other side of town, where he had tried to take refuge from the downpour. When Maggie came, she found him drenched to the skin and he bawled with terror and the cold.

"Oh darling, whatever did you go so far away for?" she asked.

"I was looking for Uncle Frank's house."

"But why, darling? Doesn't he always come to our house?"

"Yes, but I wanted to ask him over



there, away from Grandma, whether he really gave me the bike for keeps."

"Of course he did, Tommy. I've told you and Uncle Frank told you too. Even Grandma—"

"Yes, she told me to take it out. But I knew she didn't want me to. And then I wanted to ask Uncle Frank about the neighbors."

"What neighbors, darling?" Maggie asked, bewildered.

"I dunno, but Grandma says there are some neighbors who are talking about my bike. I don't understand it exactly."

"Oh, there's nothing to understand. Grandma gets funny ideas about things sometimes—different ideas."

IT seemed pointless to say anything further to Mrs. Lowell. Tommy had to be put to bed, given a hot drink and a sedative. Maggie read to him until he fell asleep. But his hand was hot and he was running a temperature.

The next day he had the flu. In twenty-four hours it had turned into pneumonia and in forty-eight hours into double pneumonia—the kind that the new drugs wouldn't touch. Vera came over to nurse him while Maggie went around hollow-eyed, refusing to eat or sleep, refusing to move out of Tommy's room for more than half an hour. Mrs. Lowell, too, kept the vigil, though Maggie wished she might be alone. Mrs. Lowell seemed a broken, old lady now.

"Margaret," she said, "Margaret, if there were only something I could do—"

Maggie wanted to keep quiet but her anger flared and tumbled out. "Haven't you done enough! This is what comes of your meddling!"

Mrs. Lowell looked as if Maggie had slapped her. She apologized. "I'm sorry, Mother Lowell, I shouldn't have said that. Our nerves are on edge."

"I deserve it," Mrs. Lowell replied in a low voice, "I'll never forgive myself. If anything happens to Thomas—"

"Please—please—I can't take any more."

Mrs. Lowell bowed her head and said nothing. But it was she who saw that Vera had her meals and who tried to press hot coffee and sandwiches on Maggie.

The doctor and Vera did what they could but Tommy had to fight his battle alone. Though it was touch and go for several days, in the end he opened his eyes, smiled at Maggie and said, "Mother, I'm hungry."

Maggie thought they were the most beautiful words she had ever heard.

Tommy got well fast after that and had a great time convalescing. Maggie, Frank, Dr. Brent and Francie were his willing slaves. And grandma—well one day Tommy put his hand in Maggie's and told her confidentially, "Grandma's different, isn't she, Mother?"

Maggie looked across at a chastened woman with whom she felt she could now live in peace and said, "Yes, darling, we all change. That's because she loves you—we all love you—very much."

Tommy grinned up at her. "I love you too, Mother. You know something? I think I like it here better than at the Foundation!"

THE END

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Happy Dennis Days

(Continued from page 38)

his voice rose four tones above its normal level as he said, "Yes, please."

These two words, like a verbal charm, opened the door to stardom for Eugene Dennis McNulty who shortly thereafter became known as Dennis Day on Jack Benny's program. "Yes, please," suggesting unassuming youth, intrigued Benny's fancy as much as the young singer's voice pleased his ear.

When trembling slightly, he walked up to the microphone on the night of his debut, Benny said, "This is the mike, Dennis; say hello to the people," and Dennis parroted, again in a high-pitched voice, "Hello to the people," he was definitely established. Ten years later, both on Benny's show, and on his own, "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day," he is still the shy, deferential young fellow whose naive and general ignorance always get him into trouble.

At the time, Dennis was not acting. He was not only shy and naive; he was very new to radio and the idea of singing on Benny's program was so awe-inspiring that it affected his speaking voice. He has not sung "Goodnight, My Beautiful" since the first broadcast for fear of being reminded how nervous he was that day.

"I didn't know from nothing about show business," he says now, "and I didn't have to strain myself at all to act like a half-witted ignoramus. That's just how I felt."

Although, after ten years in show business, Dennis now acts the part he plays on the air and is hardly a simple-minded youth, he still carries with him a piece of the Blarney stone he got in Ireland during the summer of 1935. His success as a singer and comedian have helped to overcome the shyness that appealed so much to Jack Benny, but it reveals itself when he is praised. Compliments embarrass him and he still cannot quite accept the obvious fact that his voice is more valuable than the legal training he received in college.

A shrewd business man and no longer lacking in self-confidence, Dennis does not shrink from asserting himself even in matters which other men gladly concede are "in the laps of the Gods." He was so sure that his first child would be a girl that he bet his wife \$25 on it, and proceeded to decorate the nursery of his home in pink. When Patrick James McNulty was born on December 10, 1948, he manfully shelled out the \$25 but, at latest reports, he is taking no chances on the second child, expected this month.

So far as his parents know, Dennis' talent is the first of its kind in the McNulty family. He was the third son of, and the first to be born in this country to, Patrick and Mary McNulty who left the County Mayo, Ireland, early in 1918, the year of his birth, and settled in the Bronx, New York. He had an older brother



The Day's may again be singing this lullaby for their second child as you read this.

er and sister, and his arrival was followed by three more brothers.

Entertainment was a family affair for the McNultys and Mrs. McNulty encouraged her children's love of music by playing her accordion at the family song fests, when they sang and danced Irish melodies, and by giving them a chance to study music. Eugene had the kind of childhood familiar to millions of other New York children—baseball, swimming, delivering papers and fist fights—and his voice rang high and clear when he sang in the high masses at St. Benedict's. The black eye or puffy lip he occasionally wore did not detract from his mother's pleasure at the sight.

She wanted him to study music but, while in high school, Dennis decided that he would like to be a lawyer. He received a B.A. degree at Manhattan College in 1938 and was planning to continue his legal studies when an operation and a lengthy period of convalescence interfered with his plans and sent him looking

for another job.

A scholarship at college had given him a chance to sing on a New York City radio station, and he decided to try his luck on the air. He was singing regularly over an independent New York station in 1939 when he heard of Benny's search for a vocalist.

Mary Livingstone was impressed with the voice she heard on the records that Eugene sent to Benny's agents in Hollywood. Benny was non-committal, and proceeded to New York for the live auditions.

One day some time later, Eugene was asked to "come down to the studio to meet somebody." He had no idea who the "somebody" was until he arrived and was introduced to Jack Benny.

"I was so astonished that I almost fell flat on my face," said the young singer.

Benny maintained his "no-comment" attitude until Eugene came out with his "Yes, please," and Dennis Day, the junior Casper Milquetoast, was born. **THE END**

tolerance toasts the town

(Continued from page 24)

artists. They're Negroes, it's obvious that they're talented and—there they are in your living room. It should have a powerful effect on the minds of children."

Sullivan told the story of a Southern couple who bought a television set. At first, their guests turned away from the screen when a Negro entertainer was performing but, as the weeks went by, their heads turned slowly back, as if drawn by the irresistible force of the entertainment, and finally faced the screen again.

Among the Negro entertainers who have appeared on "Toast of the Town" are pianist Hazel Scott, singer-and-actress Lena Horne, dancer Bill Robinson, the King Cole Trio, the Ink Spots quartette and W. C. Handy, composer of the "St. Louis Blues."

"Talent like that," Sullivan remarked, "can wear down prejudice more effectively than any speech."

Sullivan, whose "Little Old New York" column is syndicated throughout the United States, has been a reporter since 1919, when he took a job in his home town of Port Chester, N. Y., as sports editor of the *Daily Item* at \$10 a week. Today, his reputation as a newspaper man is almost overshadowed by his fame as a television emcee and as the organizer-emcee of benefit shows.

It was Sullivan's contact with world celebrities that drew him into show business, and his acquaintance with the big names of Broadway and Hollywood, and with people of world renown, is an important aspect of his success. Celebrities appear on his program as entertainers, and about ten minutes are devoted to introducing others who attend as members of the studio audience.

In the audience one evening were Joe Louis (still wearing the black eye he received during his first fight with Joe Walcott), Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein, General Jonathan Wainwright, Sister Elizabeth Kenny, Adolphe Menjou and Bob Hope. Such an aggregation of celebrities would be difficult to assemble without personal acquaintance, and Sullivan's fan mail indicates that his television audience looks forward to the moment when the spotlight seeks out the famous faces in the darkened studio.

Sullivan began to acquaint himself with celebrities back in 1919 when he was still in Port Chester. Babe Ruth was in town for an exhibition game and the young sports editor interviewed him at a local hotel.

"Ruth was the first honest-to-goodness celebrity I ever met," Sullivan recalled, "and, like all the others, he was very easy to get along with. I had more trouble with some of the local residents than I did with him."

Throughout his long period of contact with famous people, Sullivan has discovered that it is always easier to do

business with the really "important" people than the "little half pints."

"They are so completely confident of themselves that they don't find it necessary to put on an act when they talk to people," he said. "The secretary is always more of a pain in the neck than the celebrity."

Describing John Barrymore as one of the most sparkling and vivid personalities he had ever met, Sullivan recalled the day he interviewed the famous actor, and Barrymore told him about the letter he had received from George Bernard Shaw. The "Hamlet" that Barrymore had presented in London was minus many passages of the play as Shakespeare wrote it. In his letter, Shaw congratulated him on the acting and staging of the performance but, as for the deletions, he wrote, "I wish to assure, you, my dear Barrymore, that Shakespeare was a far greater playwright than you will ever be an actor." Barrymore rolled on the floor with laughter as he quoted the lines from the letter.

Eleanor Roosevelt, for whom he has great admiration, is probably one of the most famous personalities among Sulli-

van's acquaintances. "I've met her in airports all over the country."

He has been particularly impressed by the manner in which Mrs. Roosevelt gives of her time to all kinds of organizations, to big and little people, in spite of the bitter criticism to which she has been subjected and the general misunderstanding of her motives. He mentioned her appearance at a fund-raising luncheon given by the Fifty-Two Association in the basement of Reuben's, a New York restaurant.

"She makes no distinction," Sullivan said, "between Madison Square Garden and Reuben's basement."

Sullivan began his secondary career as a master of ceremonies when he was a sports writer for the *New York Graphic*, at a dinner featuring outstanding figures in the world of sports (Walter Winchell was in charge of the entertainment at the affair). In 1932, while he was writing Broadway news for the *Graphic*, Anatole Friedland, the song writer, asked him to handle a fund-raising show for the Jewish Federation; \$120,000 was collected.

"Of all the many affairs I have put on since then, I got the most satisfaction out

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confessions of a gal vocalist

(Continued from page 16)

- graph records and pictures at a local record store
- 2:30 to 3:30 p.m.—I make a wild search for a tailor who might press my dress in a hurry and usually end up by doing it myself
- 3:40 to 4:45 p.m.—I answer my fan mail (fans are inveterate letter writers, you know) and often write a letter to my mother, other members of my family or friends
- 4:45 to 5:30 p.m.—there's always laundry to take care of
- 5:30 to 6:30 p.m.—a full hour for dinner (unless another personal appearance of some kind has been arranged) after which I get ready for the evening's performance
- 8 p.m.—if the dance is to begin at 9 o'clock, we have to be there an hour ahead of time
- 2 a.m.—we're off!

When a girl follows a schedule like this day after day—once for a period of three months—her greatest problem is keeping her clothes clean and tidy. I usually take at least three or four evening gowns with me, even on a short tour, just for my own moral support. They need cleaning occasionally and pressing all the time.

Most tailors are cooperative but nobody can expect them to be standing there, iron in hand, when I dash in with a dress and ask them can they please press it immediately, if not sooner. More often than not, they're being besieged by six local girls who want their dresses for the same dance that I'm thinking about. So I go back to the hotel, my dress over my arm, and press it myself with an iron borrowed from the wife of the ballroom manager. Ironing board? Don't be silly. I usually use a suitcase and sometimes do a better job than the tailor.

A bottle of spot remover is one of the most important items in my equipment. With this I keep my dresses as clean as possible until, on a rare occasion, we stay in a town for two days and I can take one of them to a cleaner. I keep away from cleaners as long as possible—ever since the time my taffeta gown came back six inches shorter.

The difficulty in laundering my underwear and stockings is finding a place to hang them. I suppose hotel guests don't usually do their own laundry but try to find a chambermaid when you want one in a hurry! So I string a rope, which I carry with me, across the room, in case the hotel builder wasn't considerate enough to leave a water pipe outside the walls.

When I finally get to the ballroom with my gown in fairly presentable condition, another problem confronts me. Where am I going to dress? Don't the people who build ballrooms know that bands have girl vocalists and that girls need dressing rooms? I usually have to use the ladies' room which is already packed with the

girls who have come early to the dance—why I don't know.

Once the ladies' room was so crowded—at eight o'clock—that I had to go to the men's room; one of the boys held a coat in front of me while I dressed.

Are you wondering why I think it's fun? Well, people are fun and we see a different crowd night after night, in big cities and in towns with a single main street and a few shops, so small that I often wonder how they can afford a band. I hear all kinds of accents—New England, New York, Western, Southern—and I eat all kinds of food.

Then, too, it's fun to work with the boys in the band. I was 18 when I joined them and, since there are 22 men (including 18 musicians, a few members of the office staff and Sammy Kaye himself) and I'm the only girl, they act pretty much like big brothers to me. On cold winter nights, during the long ride by bus from one town to another when I try to get a little sleep, I usually wake up to find a flock of their coats thrown over me.

At my age, I can hardly be a mother to them, but I do the best I can by sewing the buttons on their jackets or fixing the torn linings in their coats.

I'm not bothered very often by stage-door johnnies. The men at the dances, whether in big or little towns, seem to realize that I wouldn't go out with strangers so they express their admiration, silently, with flowers—no name attached. That takes less nerve than coming to the stage door. But on the rare occasions when I find an unwanted suitor at my heels, one of the boys will scare him off by acting as if he were my sweetheart.

They're a big bunch of hams, frankly, pulling gags on each other on and off the stage, and I think I get more fun out of the gags than they do.

Sometimes we make a long tour and then we travel by train and live in a Pullman which is shunted off the tracks in whatever town we have to perform. Of course, there's a ladies' and a men's room but, with 22 men, I don't feel entitled to a bathroom all to myself. I usually have to stand in line with the boys and wait my chance to get into the "ladies'" room.

With a bass fiddle in one corner, a tuba in another and saxophone and trumpet cases all over the floor, I run an obstacle race to get to the mirror and the dressing table. And what a display of shorts I've seen!

In my home town of Baltimore I sang at the local radio stations and had an occasional night club date, but this is my first job with a band. It's the kind of work I've always wanted—good training for a singer and a wonderful experience all around. It's accepted that "people are funny" but in a job like this you learn that they're darned nice, too.

THE END

Radio Best's
Special Anniversary Issue
goes on sale in February
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at your local
newsdealer!

tolerance toasts the town

(Continued from page 69)

of the hospital shows I handled during the last war," Sullivan commented. "There was no glamour, but the kindness and cooperation between people, the absence of discrimination—the colored kid in one bed trading books with the Alabama white boy next to him, their prejudices levelled off by war—made for an atmosphere of complete happiness. Those hospitals offered a good example of the way society should function."

These hospital shows were only one phase of Sullivan's activities during the war. Outstanding among the really big events were the two shows at Madison Square Garden for the Army Emergency Relief and the Red Cross (boxes were sold at \$5,000 each) which raised a total of \$500,000 in two nights.

Now the chorus girls were lining up on the stage and Sullivan arose to take his place for the opening number.

"I still consider myself primarily a newspaper man," he remarked, "but when I meet people, they never ask me about my column—just 'who've you got on Sunday night?'"

THE END

what security means to me

(Continued from page 35)

yourself, "What will be next?" Having a job helps. But if you don't have one, you can make one by keeping busy. The best jobs are those which pay you a bonus, not in money, but in the chance to serve others and forget yourself. Replace your losses as fast as you can. If a friend moves away, make two in her place. I know a man who got over the hard places in his life and was able to start again in his business by telling himself firmly, "All doors don't close at once. I've got to find the open door."

Looking for the open door in your life can be more exciting than exploring the North Pole. For it restates your faith in God, in yourself and in the future.

When we are eager to accept today's challenge, whatever it might be, we don't have to define security. We have it!

THE END

Joseph "Sebastian" Myers, emcee of WKY's "Opus Pocus", feels quite at home in the august company of Mendelssohn and Mozart.



The William Hill Quintet sinks its hooks into music and makes with

OPUS POCUS

adagios, fugues, lagrettos and andantes hit the musical road to ruin when the William Hill Quintet sinks its hooks into a composition over WKY-TV, Oklahoma City television station.

Disguised under the title, "Opus Pocus," the Quintet takes a 30-minute weekly ride on the musical merry-go-round delivering clowning blows at every turn.

To the television viewer-listener, the commentary of the program suggests a classical musical show—chamber style. But there all resemblance fades. For at the end of the flowery, restrained introductions, the Quintet takes charge with unsubdued abandon, turning out masterpieces of hoedown, west-ern melody and hillbilly specials.

The surprise formula—a half-promise of a very high-brow concert, and a reward of snappy, foot-tapping melodies of the barn dance variety—has piled up the fan mail from a delighted audience always eager for the unexpected. An added grin-twister is the fact that the Quintet delivers the music with the most solemn demeanor—never a smile or any other expression of emotion. The deadpan background is a natural laugh-getter.

Commentator is Joseph "Sebastian" Myers, who doubles as WKY traffic manager. In his austere introduction, Myers admits he is the author of such musical classics as "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Key of C."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this evening's program opens with the William Hill Quintet performing a work more in keeping with the classical idiom of musical expression than many of you will hear on these concerts. The composer intended, we feel quite sure, to embody a certain romantic tenderness in this work. For throughout, he pays tribute to the undeniable charms of his beloved.

"At first the theme is expressed on the strings, and then is taken up anew by the voices of the ensemble. It is here that the work reaches its stirring climax, with the predominant theme being expressed: 'Ida Red, Ida Red, I'm a Plumb Fool About Ida Red'."

And as a member of the Quintet remarks: "The music that comes out may not stir your heart, but it sure shuffles your feet around."



The William Hill Quintet, with emcee Myers and guests, stands ready for a telecast of their own version of "classical" music.

seat at the dial

(Continued from page 13)

hour of drama anywhere on the air, on TV or in radio. The ether version of Theatre Guild has what it takes to attract listeners—plays, production, directing, cast, general know-how. This reviewer—who has often advised audiences to voice their gripes when the broadcasters fail to come through with service—now has another song to sing. Hear Theatre Guild—and if you agree with my evaluation, let yourself be heard in praise. A postcard to the network will do.

I remember when Theatre Guild first came to radio—this is its fifth season. It started off quite well. But it had notable faults too. Brought to radio by highly experienced stage producers, the radio version of the Guild program knew too much about the stage—and not enough about radio. The originators thought, at first, that all you had to do was shorten a full-length play to an hour (minus time out for the commercials), line up a top cast—then place a microphone on the stage. They found out that there was more to it than that.

Now, with four notches in its belt, Theatre Guild is really radio. On the opening of this season, for instance, Betty Field played her former stage role as the star of "Dream Girl." I saw her on the stage in that very amusing play (written by her husband, Elmer Rice). But as adapted for radio by Robert Anderson, this play was purest radio. John Lund, who played the male lead on the air, was tops. So was the rest of an excellent cast. Director Homer Fickett held the sizeable cast together tightly and kept the action going at proper pace. It was an excellent, all-around job. And the rest of the Guild's productions are on a par with the opener. Even the commercials, spoken by George Hicks, and the mere announcements, by Norman Brokenshire, are handled with taste.

The ABC network may well feel sorry it lost Theatre Guild on the Air to NBC. But the listener has lost nothing by the shift. It's a fitting hour for a Sunday evening at home—especially if you have no television.

The Big Story

Wednesday, 10 p.m.



I speak here of the radio version of this program. When it first came to the air, I had the feeling that there was a lot of phony journalism here. It is nothing of the kind. In each instance, the "Big" story is one that had really been covered, or uncovered, by some reporter on some newspaper around the country. The sequence of events may be changed, or the dialogue altered, but the story is from life.

Very often, the story may be one of crime and violence. Nevertheless, both the telling of the tale and its re-enactment come close to reality on this program.

Kraft Television Theatre

Wednesday, 9.10 p.m.



This one was called—because of its sponsor—"The Big Cheese." That was a couple of years ago, when it was virtually the only drama program on television. Well, there are others. That cheese has not always seemed the tastiest—that is, dramatically. But it is still, very often, a very good program and worth your hour on Wednesday nights.

Sometimes, indeed, Kraft Theatre is an excellent show. The casting, most of the time, is from among the top-drawer people of capability. The production and directing is good—with less reliance than might be shown on newer techniques, but little trickery too. The stories have been solid, too, at times. And once in a while, a degree of reality is reached that is far beyond the legitimate stage's possibilities.



While not the best of TV dramatic shows, Kraft Theatre continues to entertain fans.

As of the present writing, Kraft Theatre has been on the air for something like 130 weeks. For television, that's certainly par for the course. Or, to change similes in mid-air, Bingo. I can still take that "big cheese" on Wednesday nights.

Philco Television Theatre

Sunday, 9-10 p.m.



Competing against itself—see above, where Theatre Guild on the Air is discussed—NBC puts forward its best television foot of the week while half of its top radio production is still on the air. Well, if the sponsors want it that way—who am I to kick. (In fact, NBC is about to separate its radio and TV operations completely; and this kind of conflict is one of the reasons.) The fact is that, to this writing, Philco Television Theatre leads the season in TV drama.

This year, the Book of the Month Club is picking the novels to be dramatized for the Philco sessions. It's an excellent idea, for the BOM is certainly a rich store

house for literary thinking, and its judges know what's what.

On the opening program, Philco had scripter Sam Carter dramatize the Frank Yerby novel, "Pride's Castle." Starring Anthony Quinn, and featuring Louise Allbritton and Catherine McLeod, the hour resulted in an excellent presentation worthy of being rated as the season's first fine play on TV.

It was interesting to this viewer to note that certain puritanical taboos that might have frightened radio broadcasters did not seem to scare the producers on the TV side. It is true that on major radio productions—for instance on Theatre Guild on the Air—bluenoses usually get short notice. But here the heroine was a lady who, like her brutal and immoral husband, had been immoral herself. And yet she remained to triumph in her own illicit, if justified, perfidy.

What I'm trying to say—if all this double-talk is over your head—is that Philco started out by calling a spade by its name, because the story it told demanded such telling. The TV program's business was to dramatize—and that it did, very well. If Philco keeps going in that way, TV might have a grown up theatre of its own. Is that too much to expect? Well, we can hope, anyway.

Court of Current Issues

Tuesday, 8-9 p.m.

Seen on
DUMONT

Most forums—on radio or TV—are pains in the neck. Supposedly devoted to the discussion idea, broadcast forums rarely give anyone a chance to discuss anything. On the theory that conflict makes for excitement—and, on the whole, that is true—such shows overdo the nervousness but underplay the reason for all the to-do, which happens to be a desire to understand some subject just a little bit better. There is so much battle that real casualty is the listener, or viewer, who had hoped to learn something from what's laughingly called a "forum" show.

In recent years, several forum programs have learned to do better. But when they were transferred to television, they were still quite dull. Now, however, TV can boast of one forum program that's neither all chatter and fireworks, nor an inducer of sleep. I refer to DuMont's "Court of Current Issues."

On this program—I know I mentioned it here a year or so ago—there is a genuine effort to balance the think-budget between sides dedicated to opposing views. It's a "court." A "judge"—who has little to do but call the people and bang a gavel—acts as moderator. An "attorney"—sometimes he really is a member of the bar—runs the case for each side. Each lawyer calls his witnesses, who "testify" for their own prejudices, biases of beliefs. Then there is a summation. Finally, a "jury"—of twelve



Win Elliot and two winners on "County Fair," now celebrating its fifth year on the air.



Lucille Ball talks of "My Favorite Husband"

members of the studio audience, or from club or lodge invited by the producer—renders a verdict. Except for the latter part, which sometimes results in "juries" of too-similar thinking, this comes very close to being a real forum. It's far better than most of them on radio, and certainly the best on TV.

My Favorite Husband

Friday, 8:30 p.m.



Lucille Ball is back with this vehicle, and Richard Denning plays the lady's other half. The situations developed by a team of three writers for this comedy may range from the corny or homey to the hackneyed and the trite—certainly not a very broad range. Just the same, the deft handling of the lines by Miss Ball and Denning and their thoroughly capable team-mates makes for a good deal of fun. Sometimes, the dialog punctuating the action is more imaginative than the plot itself. But always, the punch is provided by the actors, principals and supporters alike. In other words, they're funny.

County Fair

Saturday, 2 p.m.



Does it seem strange to go into another program that's in its fifth season? You'd think I touch such shows because I like them. Well—the fact is that I do.

The subject of giveaway programs has been so often in the press of late that everybody—except the Federal Communications Commission, which weasled—has taken a definite stand on programs that try to bribe listeners. (The FCC thinks it spoke out when it "banned" the giveaways; but actually it skirted the issue by ruling only on a technicality.) "County Fair" comes to mind midst all this jabber because, though it has some aspects of a giveaway, it isn't. It has also aspects of a quiz show, signs of an audience-participation program, hints of being a public service item. It is none—and a

little bit of each—of all these things.

Primarily, it is a great gag—a gag pulled on listeners and sponsor alike, quite to the satisfaction of all concerned. When "County Fair," last summer, succeeded in making a Mountain out of a Mole Hill—it really achieved something. (If you missed that accomplishment and want to know how it was done, drop me a card and I'll tip you off.)

"County Fair" is just sheer fun. It belongs on the Saturday afternoon air; it just fits there. In fact, if I were to be highbrow I'd pull a line about it being the perfect and restful integer for the hebdomadal twilight. But I like to keep this column clean. So all I'll say about "County Fair" is: Listen, bud, and grab yourself a fast and easy coupla yaks.

The Clock

Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.



With all the aural paraphernalia of a whodunit—enough eerie sound to scare the daylight out of your kids if they're within earshot, let enough close enough to see things—this program does a good job at the crimer corner.

Of course, there is violence, accomplished or about to be done to someone. But it's well done. Often, The Clock will move you to the edge of the chair. Usually, the dialogue is just fast enough to keep you from taking the criminal portions too seriously, knowing as you do that only make-believe mugs talk that way, even if they're in fancy clothes.

I seem to remember that a certain network with the same set of NBC initials—only that one dealt chiefly in radio—once laid down a rule about no mystery shows being fit for its air before 9:30 p.m. Well, that was a long time ago, and many capital gains have been piled up since. Here this is, at eight-thirty. Like I said: Just keep the kids away—then you can hang from your adult cliff, and have a half-hour of surcease from everyday affairs.

A POEM FOR THE KUKLAPOLITAN PLAYERS

(On Kukla, Fran & Ollie
Monday-Friday, 7 p.m.)



by

PAUL DAVID CARSON, Age 7
(P.S. 186, New York)

(The conductor of "Seat at the Dial," and father of the bard above-named, deposes and avers that, except for the typing, credit or blame for the entire production herein belongs solely to the son who will probably lead the family to total disgrace by becoming a puppeteer.)

Kukla, Fran and Ollie,
They look so very jolly;
When Ollie bites Kukia's nose:
You should see his funny pose.

Madame Ooglepuss is an opera singer,
But she doesn't sing very well;
Cecil Bill talks and says "tui-tui,"
But what he says we can never tell.

There's also a rabbit named Fletcher;
And there's Mercedes—a cry-baby, I'll
bet her;
Beulah Witch flies her broomstick;
And Cracky's Colonel-title is just a trick.

Then of course there is the boss,
Burr Tilstrom is his name;
He runs all the puppets,
And deserves a lot of fame.

And also Jack Fascinato,
Who plays the piano so well;
For every note he hits on the keys,
Sounds as clear as a bell.

I wish I too were a friend of Fran,
Like all the other members of the clan.

The End

My mother-in-law

(Continued from page 42)

smoke came pouring into the living room. We dashed outside only to find that they had lit a campfire—but under the back porch. Midge and I ran umpteen times between the water pump and what was left of the porch and the furniture but 'mom' just stood around and watched—with a smirk on her face. "What's so funny? Aren't you going to punish the boys, 'mom'?" She just stood there, shook her head and said, "Well, now—with the insurance I'll get from this, I can finally buy that mink coat for myself that I've always wanted." While we just looked at one another, 'mom' went upstairs and when she hadn't returned in about twenty minutes, I went up. There she was . . . sitting in a pool of tears. She just looked up at me and said, "My policy elapsed!" (P.S. We didn't stay for dinner.)

She has another son-in-law, Seymour, but he's worse off than I am . . . he lives with her. An ex-G.I., he was in the ETO for five years. When he was discharged he thought his fighting days were over . . . alas poor Seymour—they're just beginning.

He said, one day, "I'd go to the end of the world for you 'mom.'" And she replied, "But yes, would you stay there?" With a wry smile, he answered, "Yes, if I could find an apartment."

But before I go any further I want to go on record—I wouldn't trade my mother-in-law for anything in the world . . . who will make me an offer?

When I think back—pre mother-in-law days—life seems awfully dull. I was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, and can honestly say that I attended the same high school as Frank Sinatra and Ken Dolan. When I got that long-sought-after diploma, my family moved to California and took me with them. I searched all over for a college where I could pursue a dramatic course and attain an AB degree . . . so I went to Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh.

While there I put on college plays and pageants. Although I acted and directed, I always leaned toward comedy. KDKA, the Pittsburgh station, discovered me one day and from then on I worked the rest of my way through college by announcing and doing my own kiddie program—"Daddy Dingle and His Magical Jingle Machine" . . . you can imagine the ribbing I took on the campus but it paid the freight and enabled me to get that degree.

After graduation, I came to New York and Broadway and worked as an actor for Sam Harris—I even played with Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson, to mention a few. Needless to say I had very small parts—and salary to match. My dressing room was so high that I'd get a nose bleed everytime I'd go to make up . . . nobody to talk to but the pigeons.

One day I was feeling pretty discouraged and so approached Sam Forrest, the director. Bravely I said, "I like working for you but in the last two plays I was in, all I had to do was come in and say,

'Here's a telegram for George' . . . and now look at my new part. I come in from the other side of the stage but again all I say is, 'Here's a telegram for George.'" Mr. Forrest patiently replied, "Don't be discouraged, Herb, you can never tell what'll happen in show business . . . you have talent . . . someday you'll wake up—boom! You'll be George!" (You know somethin'—I'm still Herb. I don't know what happened to George.)

At this point I had to make a great decision and that was, whether to be a Broadway actor or to eat regularly. I tossed a coin and fortunately it came up radio. I wrote and directed the original Maxwell House show which starred Lanny Ross. I subsequently directed Al Jolson, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra on other programs. Somehow in radio, I always managed to end up with the top singers although I can't carry a tune on a shovel.

While in California, "Der Bingle," whom I had known for sometime, thought I ought to take a whack at the movies. So I went to work at Paramount and eventually produced "Doctor Rhythm" with Bing and Bea Lillie. Then I wrote, with David Butler, "East Side of Heaven," which turned out to be one of Bing's biggest hits. I also produced it for Universal.

After that I came east and ran into an old friend of mine, Bob Simon, who was with WOR. He asked me if I'd like to get in front of the glass for a change with a new program called "Twenty Questions." I tried it in February of '45 and have been with it ever since.

Up until this time ("Twenty Questions" going on the air) my mother-in-law was a non-entity as far as the public was concerned.

I've found that most comedians like Benny and Berle talk about their stinginess, baldness and "mamas" and so having bought my kids sodas once, having my own hair and not having a mother, but in need of a gag, I tried one with my mother-in-law. That started the ball rolling.

One night, Florence Rinard asked her how old she was but she wouldn't answer—she only claims she saw the guy crack the Liberty Bell.

My mother-in-law comes to the broadcast occasionally. When she does Fred Vanderventer usually introduces her. At the beginning she bowed just her head . . . now she bows from the waist.

We spend the summers at "my country hide-out" in West End, New Jersey, which is just a stone's throw from Monmouth Park. We take "mom" to the track frequently as she's a great horse player . . . she handicaps by instinct and while the rest of the family usually lose, she somehow manages to come up with her share of winners. It's my private opinion that she talks to horses and somehow they understand her better than I

do. Sometimes she wanders out of our sight. The other day we found her at the starting gate . . . they rang the bell and the announcer said, "They're Off!" . . . to our amazement, she ran a sterling third.

Today she was curried and combed and we kidded her into taking a picture for RADIO BEST (which, incidentally, is the first time she's ever been photographed for publicity purposes):

When "mom" came down to be photographed she said, "How do you like this dress?" "I like it fine," I answered. She came back with, "I live in this dress." Seiz I, "It looks like you take in roomers, too." She's a good sport though . . . with her all these quips go in one ear and out the other—there's nothing in between to stop them. **THE END**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946.

OF RADIO & TELEVISION BEST, published monthly at New York, N.Y., for Oct. 1, 1949.
State of New York)
County of New York ; ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harold L. Crossman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of RADIO & TELEVISION BEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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2. That the owner is: Radio Best, Incorporated, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York, 18, N. Y., that the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock are: Jack Blackstone, 435 So. La Genera Blvd., Hollywood, California; Edward Bobley, 430 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harry W. Bobley, 146-03 Newport Ave., Neponsit, L.I.; Joseph A. Bobley, 366 Fifth Ave., New York City; Louis W. Corwin, 1525 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, California; Harold L. Crossman, 160 Central Park South, New York, N. Y.; Mario DeVito, 42 Journal Square, Jersey City, N. J.; Philip Deiner, 450 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, New York; Byrdie Gould, 285 Madison Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.; Alice Katz, 756 East 51st Street, Brooklyn, New York; Bertram Messinger, 8701 Shore Road, Brooklyn, New York; Marie Sottosanti, 264 West 36th Street, New York City; Dr. Harry M. Wells, 4 West 57th Street, New York City; Robert Gallub, 639 West End Avenue, New York City.

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(Signed) Harold L. Crossman
Publisher
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of October, 1949.

(SEAL) Gertrude Greer
(My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

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

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soft, smooth quality—so
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