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PICTURE
MAGAZINE



In This Issue

THE STORY OF EDDIE CANTOR

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HARRY JAMES

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THE RADIO & TELEVISION PICTURE MAGAZINE



CONTENTS • July 1948 • vol. 1, no. 8

features ★

The Story of Eddie Cantor: by <i>Favius Friedman</i>	12
Maggi and Herb: <i>Eating Takes a Holiday at the Latin Quarter</i>	17
Vox Pop: <i>The Show That Travels the World: by John Garrison</i>	27
The Case of the Missing Strokes: <i>Starring Nick Carter</i>	31
Gary Moore: <i>He Musts for the Cameraman</i>	33
Double or Nothing: <i>Or What Happened When the Women Took Over</i>	34
The Fat Man: <i>Radio's Best Cost Actor</i>	36
A Day at the Ranch with the Modernaires: <i>It's Really Rhythmic on the Range</i>	38
The Slater's Homework: <i>A "Doodle" Card Tells All the Answers</i>	42
The Teentimers Club: <i>It Pleases the Bobby-Sex Crowd Across the Nation</i>	57



departments ★

Letters to the Editor	7
Cover Profile: <i>A Few Pertinent Facts About This Month's Cover Stars</i>	10
Hollywood on the Air: <i>News, Roundup and Comment, by Favius Friedman</i>	19
Seat on the Dial: <i>News and Reviews of Current Shows</i>	24
Silver Mike Award: <i>To Television's Bob Smith</i>	25
Report to the Listeners: <i>A Page of Opinion, by Saul Carson</i>	26
Microfun: <i>Conducted by Senator Ford, Harry Hershfield and Joe Lawrie, Jr.</i>	40
Quiz on Oldtimers: <i>Radio Memory Pictures</i>	40
Radio Stars Have Such Interesting Faces: <i>Candid Camera Studies</i>	41
So You Want to Get into Radio: <i>The Roads to Stardom Aare Varied</i>	41
Directory of Featured Network Programs	44
Musical Links: <i>Talk Along Tin Pan Alley, by Harry Link</i>	54
Records of the Month: <i>by Les Merzban</i>	54
This Month's Disc Jockey: <i>WFMJ's Ted Conners</i>	55
Questions and Answers: <i>Reader's Quiz Corner</i>	58
Guide to Evening Listening: <i>Quick-Glance Program Chart</i>	62
Personalties on the Nation's Stations: <i>National Picture Roundup</i>	66

television ★

Video Picture Page: <i>Television Shows in the News</i>	45
Television Station Log: <i>How the Networks Line Up</i>	45
It's Howdy-Doody Time: <i>With Bob Smith</i>	46
The Missus Goes-A-Shoppin'	49

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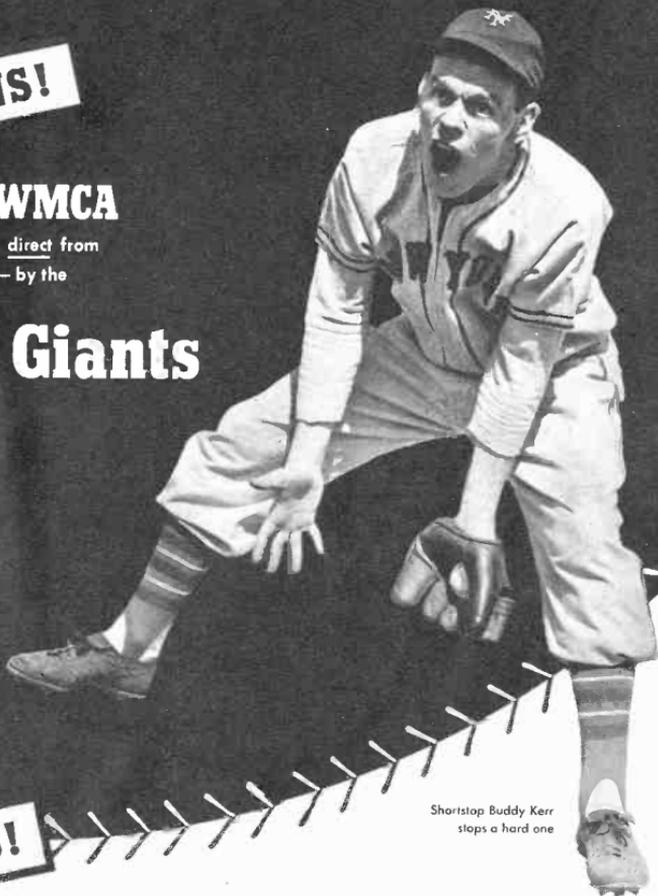
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WOY

DIAL 1280

letters TO THE EDITOR



Red Skelton Fan

In **THE ERROR**: I disagree with your reader who in the April issue listed the worst programs on the air—in one instance—and that is Red Skelton. I think he is swell. It seems to me that if the children could listen to more shows like Red's it would be far better than permitting them to listen to those mysteries. Come on Red's friends, let's get behind him.

Dorothy Wood
Jamaica, New York

More Orchids to Winchell

To **THE ERROR**: I want to disagree with your correspondent Thomas Burke who recently belittled the efforts and ability of Walter Winchell. The course of recent events certainly attest to Mr. Winchell's keen foresight and intelligence and make Mr. Burke's comments sound pretty ridiculous. Mr. Winchell is Mr. Radio himself and every American owes him a debt of gratitude. Why not start a campaign to keep him on the air all through the summer?

Thomas P. O'Brien
New York City



Contests Gripe

To **THE ERROR**: First let me tell you how very much I enjoy your fine magazine. It has been needed so long. Staying at home as closely as I do, my radio is my salvation and I have no complaints to make except about this contest business. It seems very peculiar to me that we never hear or read any slogans or jingles, or winning letters in these everlasting contests that clutter up the airwaves. And also when a winning contestant is interviewed he has invariably sent in from ten to twenty entries. One entry seems to have no chance at all. Seems to me the absolute expense of just how three or seven thirty-three judges can read and judge over ten million entries would indeed be interesting if it is by letter then for goodness sake why not let us all write our names on a penny post card, send it

Uncle Abe?

To **THE ERROR**: If you think Abe Burrows is the most scintillating comedy find—I should be the next President of the United States if he is one of the top three—I will run for President and I'll win! Who on the editorial staff of your great magazine is related to Abe, hmmm?

Arthur Coffman
Dayton, Ohio



Nominations

To **THE ERROR**: My nominations for the best comedy teams on the air: Elliot Lewis as Frankie Remley and Phil Harris. Listen to them.

May Halland Gibbs
Montgomery 5, Ala.

Radio's Best Actors

To **THE ERROR**: It long our honest opinion that Cathy and Elliot Lewis are the Lam and Fontanne of radio, don't you think it only right that RABO BEEB should do a story on them—especially with pictures? We'd just love to see "Frankie Remley" and "Jane Stacy" together. If it weren't for Elliot Lewis, whose would the Phil Harris show be. We think Lewis is one of the best (if not THE best) character actors in radio today. His portrayal of Gregory Hood is just another one of his many accomplishments.

Laura Steinman and
Shirley Hubbard
Boston, Mass.

in and spin the wheel. The listeners in small towns and rural areas make up the largest proportion of radio fans and yet we have no opportunity to participate in quiz programs. One program out of New York over CBS in the mornings pretends to ask musical questions sent in by listeners. But nine times out of ten they use one sent by a New York listener and as most of their contestants are New Yorkers it is a little disappointing to country listeners in Texas.

Mrs. Lawrence Tankesley
Terrell, Texas

* Most contests are conducted by recognized organizations specializing in contest-judging. It is estimated that a staff of 120 can sort a million entries in ten weeks.—ED.

Continued on Next Page



"I've had no peace since it started whistling!"



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letters TO THE EDITOR



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Adele Wallace
St. Louis, Mo.

Suggests Contest Tips

To THE EDITOR: Why not add a "clue" department to your magazine? Since 30,000,000 radio listeners were interested in the identity of the "walking man," including the writer. Not being able to catch all that was said owing to impaired hearing—I searched through various magazines for some mention of clues—all to no avail. A bit of such information in print should skyrocket RADIO BEST circulation.

CMR

Dallas, Texas

Applauds RB Awards

To THE EDITOR: Congratulations on your splendid "Silver Mike" presentations. This special feature in your splendid magazine itself indicates the kind of service you are rendering to the radio-listening public. I am grateful too for your new editorial contributor, Saul Carson.

Helen Namera
Parkhurst, L. I.



Pretty Please?

To THE EDITOR: Oh, please don't drop the RADIO BEST Mystery Drama. In a previous issue you stated that this series might be stopped. Please don't do it. One of the best picture stories I've ever read was your "Sam Spade Capei," starring Howard Duff. I certainly hope you will decide to continue this series.

G. Williams
New Orleans, La.



Protests First Nighter Review

To THE EDITOR: Yesterday I brought home my third copy of RADIO BEST expecting an enjoyable hour or so of reading about my main source of entertainment, radio. I got only as far as the unfair and intemperate tirade against a perfectly harmless program, "First Nighter." I carefully tore out Olan Soule's picture, then laid the magazine on a pile of waste paper for the junk man, thanking my lucky stars I hadn't sent in a subscription as I had intended. For more than ten years this program has been enjoyed by hundreds of thousands, before RADIO BEST was ever heard of and doubtless will continue after your magazine has faded—I hope! This show is not intended to appeal to highbrows, but heaven knows that shouldn't be held against it by your writers, considering the type of

program they do approve of, I'm afraid they don't really know "corn" when they hear it, or else it's what they love. Apparently, "First Nighter" does appeal to the class of people who will buy the sponsor's product, which is why they pay to put it on the air and have kept it there all these years. I admit some of the stories are mediocre, but I know of no weekly dramatic program of which this is not true, and why blame the actors? The two stars of this show have long been considered tops in the radio acting profession and I have a scrapbook full of clippings to prove it, some from Varsity, which never pulls its punches. Here in Chicago, Olan Soule has appeared in most of our very best productions for a dozen years, and I have yet to hear or read a single criticism of his ability, but have often heard even other radio actors praise his work. As far as Miss Luddy is concerned, year after year she was chosen as the best radio actress in a national magazine poll. I feel I owe it to them to make this protest, however useless, against such an ignorant attack on them. Well, sorry I met you, it won't happen again. By the way, wouldn't the Italian Ralm people give you an ad? That'll learn 'em!

Elizabeth S. Wallis
Chicago, Illinois

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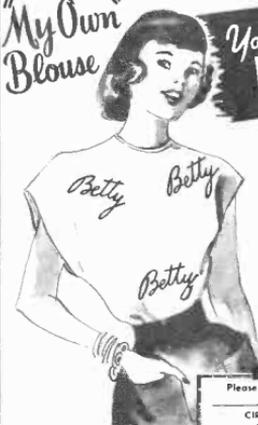


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DINAH SHORE, winner of the recent **RADIO BEST Favorite Gal Vocalist Poll** has been the top girl singer in records and radio for approximately three years. Born March 1st, 1917 in Winchester, Tenn., and when she was six, family moved to Nashville. While in High School decided on dramatic career and became leading member of school dramatic society. Later, she played summer stock. Was going to Vanderbilt University when she auditioned for radio and won her own quarter hour show over WSM, Nashville. Used "Dinah" as theme song. In 1936 came to New York and landed something on WNEW, but her father wrote, telling her to come home and finish college before thinking about a career. After getting a B.A. in Sociology, she returned to N. Y. and trying to kick down doors. Dinah auditioned for the Dorseys, but nothing happened. Next, sang for Benny Goodman who wasn't much impressed—he was eating a Hot Pastrami sandwich and appeared to be enjoying it more. Finally, in 1938, she clicked with Xavier Cugat, and before she knew it was recording for Victor. NBC then put her on *Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street*, where she stayed for a year. Really hit the big time when Eddie Cantor picked her up and featured her on his show for three years. Dinah married George Montgomery in 1943, and they had a baby daughter, Melissa Ann, this January. Principal hobbies: cooking and photography.



HARRY JAMES was born in Albany, Ga. Harry, who was brought up with a circus, and there first learned to play trumpet, first sat in on the circus band at the tender age of 8! By the time he was 10, he did trumpet solos. On the side, he did a contortionist act with a 65-year-old partner — billed as "The Youngest and Oldest Contortionists in the World." At 15, he played with a local orchestra in Beaumont, Texas, where his family had settled down and retired from the rigorous circus life. After winning a statewide contest, Harry decided upon music as his career. In 1939, Benny Goodman backed him in a band of his own — when Harry was 23. He married Grable in 1943, and they have two girls — Victoria Elizabeth and Jesse. The James' have a home in Beverly Hills and a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Harry is nuts

about baseball—some day intends to ask a professional ball club and has even been known to ask musicians what baseball positions they play before asking what instrument.

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CANTOR

by Fovius Friedman

ONE NIGHT Eddie Cantor had as a guest on his air show a retired school-ma'am named Catherine Luddy who had once struggled to teach the boy Cantor some rudiments of fourth grade arithmetic. According to the script, Miss Luddy showed Cantor one of his early arithmetic papers—an historic document which indicated that, in Eddie's eyes, two and two made five. "Is that the way I used to add?" Cantor wanted to know. "Yes," replied his former teacher. "And tell me, Eddie, how could a boy so weak in arithmetic make so much money?" "Listen, Miss Luddy," Cantor replied, "anyone who can add two and two and get five has got to make money!"

That bit of reminiscing brought a big-decibel laugh from the studio audience and from the millions who were tuned to the Cantor show. Yet, to those who know Cantor best, it was merely fresh proof that Eddie Cantor is not a lad who was dropped on his noggin as a baby.

Cantor, with some 39 years of fabulous success under his belt, may not be one of the most know-it-all operators in his field, but he will serve until a cannier showman bolts up on the horizon. Today, at 56, he is still on top when other comedians with possibly greater talent are either forgotten or are hanging on the ropes.

"Cantor," George Jessel cracked, "is such a smart business man that he once got off the Super-Chief at Albuquerque and started selling blankets to the Indians." Still another long-time friend, Joe Laurie, Jr., remarked of Eddie, "That guy is always full of business. Even when he courted his Ida he did business. While kissing her good-night in the vestibule, he would stuff all the mail boxes with circulars."

Jessel and Laurie may have stretched the facts a bit for the sake of a laugh. It's a habit with these old friends. Cantor's retort is, "I've known Jessel since the days of Gus Edwards' 'Kid Kabare' in 1911, when Georgie wasn't even 13. He called me once and asked me to help him get a high hat, striped trousers and a frock coat. So I said, 'Georgie, you're getting confirmed. Isn't that a funny outfit for an occasion like

that?' 'Oh, no,' he replied. 'I'm getting married, too.'"

But there is little doubt that Eddie Cantor has made capital out of every twist and turn of fate. His very first stage appearance was at Miner's Bowery Theatre in New York—a rowdy spot where amateurs rose and fell at the whim of one of the toughest audiences of all time. Eddie filled the engagement—in a borrowed pair of pants—simply because his pals would no longer lend him any money. Yet Eddie not only did not get the hook; he won over the hostile audience and walked off with the grand prize of five dollars.

That hand-clapping, jerky step and rolling-eye singing style which was to become his trademark for years was born out of desperation at Keith's Theatre in Louisville one night, when Eddie was shoved

on to the stage to fill out a stage wait and was so scared that he couldn't open his mouth. "The orchestra looked at me like a jury in a kidnapping case," Eddie recalled. "The harder I tried to sing the more jittery I got. The audience ate it up. They thought I was acting when I was just plain scared. So I've kept the act all through my professional career."

Another time, when Cantor had played all the small-fry theatres around New York and had no new material to offer, he accidentally discovered that by blacking his face he could go over the entire circuit again, with the same jokes and the same songs, and get away with it. Thus, through necessity, he became a blackface comedian. By the time radio came along, Eddie had established himself again as a white face star of stage

and screen. Then the burnt cork was laid aside.

Or, take his ubiquitous gaze about his five daughters and his wife, Ida. ("Ida's really a kind of national institution by now," Cantor told me, while we were lunching in his Beverly Hills home.) Some other parent, to whom a son seemingly meant so much, would have clapped a "Silence!" sign on himself and only wild horses could have dragged so much as a whisper out of him about his quintet of girls. But not Cantor. Since he had daughters and couldn't conceivably turn them into boys, he did the next best thing—one characteristically Cantor. He turned Marjorie, Natalie, Edna J., Marilyn and Janet into source-material for a million, more or less, bits of warm, homely humor. If the daughter gag has done Ed-

die or his family any harm, there's no sign of it. "It's put money into Papa's pocket," Cantor once said, which is probably as good an answer as any.

But the man who was born Edward Israel Iskowitz on New York's raucous Eldreize Street, upstairs from a fifth-rate Russian tea room, is something more than a fellow who merely makes people laugh. (Eddie took his grandmother Esther's name when she became both mother and father to him after the death of his youthful parents.) Cantor's reputation as a humanitarian, philanthropist and generally public-spirited citizen is second only to his reputation as a comedian.

Eddie was one of the first radio stars to incorporate serious messages in a comedy program. In 1936 Cantor originated the suc-

Continued on Next Page



At the start of his career back in 1908.



Grandmother Esther raised young Eddie.



Eddie prepares to cut his 56th birthday cake with Ida's help as Jimmy Durante, Tony Martin and Bob Hope (rear) ring out lustily with customary greeting.

Radio & Television
Radio best
JULY 1948
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The story of **EDDIE CANTOR**

continued



Accepting awards for showmanship and service is almost routine for Eddie, who has taken them home by the roomful. But recognition for the work he does both on and off the air, always makes Cantor feel he's receiving kudos for the things any decent human being would try to do. Earlier this year, for example, he was given a testimonial dinner as the outstanding humanitarian of the year, with Dore Schary, Executive Producer at IKO, making the presentation.



Eddie with George Jessel.



On tour with Lew Herd, Lou Siroin.



With Marie Callahan in movie.



... Eve Sully woos him.



Just a good friend.



Mongering "Roman Scandals"?



Strikes it rich in "Strike Me Pink."



As the "Kid from Spain."

successful scheme of the March of Dimes, based on the sound notion that people are thrilled to send money to the President of the United States. He was instrumental in organizing the famed "Purple Heart Circuit" which brought professional entertainment to army camps and hospitals. For his war work he has been presented with almost every citation offered to a civilian. He established the annual "Give a Gift to the Yank Who Gave" campaigns, which provided millions of Christmas gifts for hospitalized servicemen. He has constantly promoted the medium of radio to promote the Red Cross, traffic safety, Army and Navy relief and fight against juvenile delinquency. During the War Bond drive Eddie successfully completed a 24-hour marathon on the air in San Francisco and racked up an amazing \$41,000,000 in sales.

There aren't many radio performers who are willing to jump

MORE



Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck join David Rose in a toast to Eddie's long career as a top American showman.



AMERICA'S Lovable Banjo eyed MINSTREL

ardize their careers to preserve personal integrity. Cantor apparently has never weighed speaking his mind or espousing a cause against its possible effect on the pocketbook. "Gentlemen," Cantor told one of his early radio sponsors when they begged him to abstain from controversial topics, "long after I'm through as a comedian I'll still be a man." "After that," Eddie said, "I was court-martialed, only in my case they stood me up against a wall and took my contract away from me."

There are times when Eddie's philanthropic gestures seem a little steeped in sentimentality—at least to the over-critical. There are also times when his efforts in national movements are not always fortunate. The \$5000 scholarship he offered for an essay on "How America Can Stay Out of War" was won by a 15-year-old schoolboy who submitted a plagiarized article which resulted in some unfavorable publicity.

But Cantor's own sincerity and whole-heartedness have never been questioned. "Eddie Cantor," *Variety* once said, "has made his presence felt in virtually every city and every hamlet in this country, even from his earliest days in show business. No theatrical engagement anywhere was complete without his making a visit to the town hospital, the orphan asylum or whatever place that housed people less fortunate."

Cantor is one of the greatest fund-raisers in the country; everyone, from Louis H. Mayer down, seems to go on him during philanthropic drives. "I have," he said, "special ways and means of raising money." Charities are his hobby; he never stops to question race, creed or color.

Cantor's impartiality will often show up brilliantly at these affairs. Not long ago, at a big luncheon in Hollywood, Eddie got up at the speaker's table wearing a long face. He stood looking for a moment at the guests who were

gnawing on baked pork chops, then said, "I don't think they counted on my showing up here today—not after I see what they're serving."

There's another story that Cantor tells about himself and George Jessel—also a great joy for benefits. "Jessel was having dinner with me one night," Eddie recalled, "when suddenly he said, 'I promised to do three minutes at a benefit, Eddie, but I'll be right back. Well, I knew that Sam Jessel, I figured the applause would go to his head and he wouldn't be back at all. So I said, 'No, George, I can't wait all night for you.' But it's just across the street, Eddie," Jessel said, "and I'll bet you ten bucks I'll be back inside of five minutes."

"Well, that was like money in the bank, so I took him up. Then he said, 'Just for security, Eddie, why don't you come up with me?' So in the elevator we pulled a couple of gags and George got me



Above, Eddie holds a Jam Session with lovely Olga San Juan and George Jessel at Variety Club show in Los Angeles last year, and (left) the same Eddie and George a long, long time ago.

to agree to go on with him. We brought down the house. Leaving there Jessel says, 'There's a benefit over at the Alvin. Eddie, let's go over there and help the boys out.' So we work up a couple more good ones and at the Alvin the audience can't get enough. As we left the show, I said, 'George, you owe me ten bucks.' There's a benefit at the Alceca Temple,' he answered. 'Let's go there!'

"So that night we made every benefit in town. That happened years ago. To this day I still send Jessel a bill for \$10 every year. And to this day George still laughs about the \$25 he won betting he could get Cantor to play every benefit show in town."

To hear Eddie tell it, he became

an actor only because he thought he could sleep late in the mornings. (He's always up by 11 o'clock.) Actually, he yearned to go on the stage even when he was still in knee pants. He left school in the eighth grade because his teacher wouldn't pass him. He wouldn't study and he couldn't hold on to a job. "There's no moral in this," Cantor says, "except that all those nice things in the copybooks don't always work out. By rights I ought to be a bum today."

His beloved grandmother Esther hoped that Eddie wouldn't follow in the footsteps of his lovable, but impractical father who spent most of his time escaping the realities through the music of his violin.

Eddie's father died at the age of 22, when Eddie was but two. His mother had died the year before. Eddie admits that he was something of a problem to his grandmother. He acted as a sort of errand boy for the old lady, who managed to keep the landlord from the tiny tenement by running an employment agency for immigrant servant girls. But money meant nothing to Eddie if he had to work for it. He was always running away from home.

Finally his grandmother managed to send him for a summer to the Surprise Lake Camp near New York, where Cantor first started his mimicry and impersonations. "The boys' camp was something new to Eddie, who was

Continued on Next Page



... With the late Flo Ziegfeld.

... With delectable Virginia Mayo.

With Two Georges—Burns and Jessel.

At Birmingham Veterans Hospital—1948.



The story of EDDIE

CANTOR

continued

a tough product of New York's East Side streets. The first night at the Camp Eddie was afraid that he would be too cold, so he lifted two blankets from the cots of two other boys. The next day the camp director spoke of the infraction of the rules, but he was so kind about it, and so different from the city toughs Eddie had known, that it affected Eddie deeply.

"I was very embarrassed," Eddie recalls. "Instead of a cuff I got a pat on the cheek. Instead of a scowl I got a smile. Yes, life was different here. I saw it as the turning point of my existence.

"The next night I stole only one blanket."

Truth is, one of the very first of Cantor's long list of civic activities was due to the summer he spent in that camp, for he later founded—and still liberally supports—the Eddie Cantor Camp Committee for Surprise Lake Camp. But in the years that followed his first stage appearance at Minsk's Bowery Theatre, Cantor went from singing waiter at Carey Walsh's saloon in Coney Island (a young fellow by the name of Jimmy Durante played

the piano there), up through burlesque, third-rate vaudeville and piddling salaries, until he reached the Ziegfeld Follies, the Shuberts and such stage hits as "Kid Boots" and "Whoopie."

But Eddie's future father-in-law was sure that actors would never amount to very much. Eddie married his Ida, the belle of Henry Street, when he was only 22. Mr. Tobias, Ida's father, urged him to forget the theatre and open a small haberdashery shop instead. "It's such a nice, clean business," the old man said. "So I fooled him into thinking that some day I would do it. Ida and I were married and I promised that I'd stay in show business only long enough to save up enough money to open a first-class haberdashery shop. I kept putting it off and putting it off and somehow that store never did get opened."

Cantor has been in radio since 1931, when he made his first network appearance on Rudy Vallee's program. In September of that year Eddie was starred in a show of his own and has had his own program ever since. Pabst Brewing Company, his present sponsor, has him signed until late in 1949 and is very happy with the amount of beer the little law-eyed comedian sells. Eddie has always been known as an innovator. Smart guys almost fainted when Cantor insisted on a live audience for his broadcasts—something unknown up to that time. But Eddie knew what he was doing. "Up to the time I brought audiences into the studio to hear my broadcast," he said, "I was always worried about how my stuff was going over with the customers. So I made up my mind to fill the studio with visitors and let them judge."

Eddie was one of the first to preview a program before its actual broadcast. Today he still does two shows a week, his regular broadcast and a preview of next week's show, all on the same night. Audience reaction to the gaps is carefully checked and jokes which fail to get laughs are eliminated. As an after-show, Eddie holds a



Eddie plays schoolboy again when Miss Catherine M. Luddy, his teacher on New York's East Side 44 years ago, pays him visit.



Eddie, one of first to see mass appeal of radio, at an early broadcast.

unique question-and-answer period. People from out of town in the studio ask him questions about his early stage career, his daughters or his wife; tell him they saw him in the Follies in Milwaukee or St. Louis or Boston, or just hold a verbal jam session with Cantor. Eddie and his fans love it.

Cantor is also a kind of Daniel Boone of radio, with a number of discoveries to his credit. He first introduced Dinah Shore, Bobby Braun, Dwanas Durbin, Gracie Allen and a number of others to the air. He's always searching for new talent, new gimmicks, new ideas. He's had Dr. George H. Gallup, the big poll-and-survey man on his show, as well as such diversified talents as Gorgeous George, a local wriasser, and a wonderful 10-year-old sepiu blues singer named Toni Harper. His

unique political oratorio, "Are You Listenin', Joe?" (broadcasting that took a lot of moxie) brought Cantor thousands of letters of praise from newspaper editors, schools and colleges and from citizens in all walks of life. Erskine Johnson, in his widely-syndicated newspaper column called that letter to Joe Stalin "one of the greatest radio spots in years."

This little pop-eyed guy who's in his 40th year of show business is still exuberance personified. His may not be sophisticated comedy, but he does manage to give a song or a gag "an electric enthusiasm." "Cantor," said radio critic Ben Gross, "is one of those old-timers who has what more youthful stars lack—vitality. It is a quality that expresses itself in an almost magnetic control of the listening audi-

Continued on Page 52



With protege Bobby Breen.



Fan mail and fan mail



Telling Vick Knight, his producer.



In his Beverly Hills garden.

"Maggi & Herb"

LUNCH TAKES A HOLIDAY
IN ZANY ATMOSPHERE
OF LATIN QUARTERS

Maggi and Herb
co-star in Latin Quarter
luncheon laugh show.



A basketful of
prizes coming up.

THEY CALL the show "Luncheon with Maggi and Herb," but it is advisable to swallow your last morsel before joining in on the zany audience participation festivities put on by comic Herb Sheldon and glamorous Maggi McNellis every day at two from New York's Latin Quarter. Herb, who lives a quiet home-life and makes popcicles for the kids, thinks up all those fun-exploding gags and gimmicks, while Maggi handles the guest celebrities with a bright and witty air. On Saturdays at one, it's for children only, and the youngsters love it.



Maggi and Herb are no sooner through with one of their very popular luncheon sessions when fans gather around for autographs. Guest Victor Lombardo (right) gets busy, too.

The Radio & Television Picture Magazine



The table cloth
is no souvenir, ma'am.



Could he a
hog callin'
contest.

Maggi DOES
A BIT OF
STAR GAZING

Richard Ney likes his interview informal.



Jimmy Stewart was hypnotized by that hat.



Lois Jordan found American women oolala.

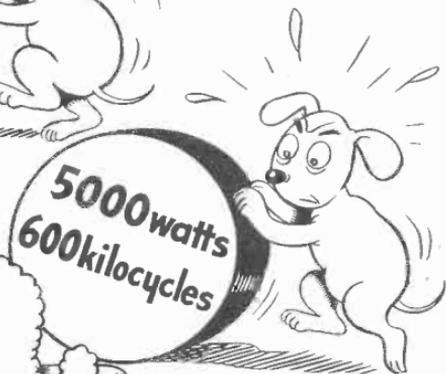


Laconic Gary Cooper had lots to tell Maggi.



Bob Mitchum "talked" while still a G.I.





"Always giving something extra!"

***Just ask your
Raymer representative**



by Fovius Friedman

MIKE SIDE

There's a good chance that radio, with its over-emphasis on contests and give-aways, is creating one of those Frankenstein monsters. Asop or some other holy man said it a couple of thousand years ago when he cracked, "Stuff you get for nothing isn't valued very highly and doesn't mean very much." Take the "Walking Man" contest of recent memory. Sure, the sponsor got himself an extra 10 million or so listeners, which, on paper, seems mighty nice going. But once the contest was over and the prizes given away, those 10 million dialers went *phht*. They listened to something else.

Insiders claim that Ralph Edwards, the big "Truth or Consequences" man, would far rather provide entertainment for the customers than bait them with contests, but the Big Wheels don't seem to view it that way. Just the same, one of these days the customers are going to take a leaf from the "Walking Man" and the "Laughing Lady," combine the two and simply laugh and walk away.

★ ★ ★

A bright young lady statistician at Mutual discovered that six million free radio tickets are printed each year by the four major networks in Hollywood, but that less than half of them are actually used. Somewhere along the line an awful lot of pasteboards disappear and the Mutual gal, a Miss Jean Burns, started doing a little Sherlock Holmesing. Well, if you can't get tickets for your favorite radio program, it's because some people do odd things with their ducts. They lose them in purses and wallets; stick them behind car mirrors and inside glove compartments, and even use them as book-marks in thousands of library books.

The swoon patrol had a double treat when Bob Taylor called on Bing Crosby.



The Radio & Television Picture Magazine



Ed "Archie" Gardner offers dance lesson to Caliean film star Mala Gaicca.



Jane Russell tells her story to Erskine Johnson on MBS "Background for Stardom" program.

Oddest case of the unused ticket was unearthed recently by Miss Burns. A gent unobtrusively slipped in to see Mutual's "Those Websters" one Sunday afternoon. His ticket was exactly one year old to the day.

★ ★ ★

SEEN AND HEARD

Roaming around the Sunset and Vine sector we came across what is probably the oddest result of a sponsor taking a hand in the creation of a program. In this instance, it was two sponsors. Seems that CBS' "The

Whistler" has a double set of bankrollers—one for the section east of the Rockies; the other for the Coast. One advertiser insisted that the title character be played down, while the Coast sponsor was happy with the show as it was.

So, to maintain harmony, CBS is creating a complete new show and cast for each client. The actors, producers and even the musical directors are different, with, of course, separate stories for each airing. Guess you could say they're forcing "The Whistler" into a double life.

Some 600 people turned out at a luncheon honoring one of the nicest people in Hollywood—Miss Zuma Palmer, radio editor of the Hollywood Citizen-News. The event, held at Tom Breneman's bistro, feted Zuma for 20 years of objective radio reporting, and wound up with the presentation of a new television set as a gift from all her friends. Miss Palmer has always been one to encourage both new and established radio artists and the kudos paid her at the party demonstrated how much they appreciated her helping hand. Radio could use more like her.

Continued on Next Page

Mrs. Florence Hubbard (center) who tagged Benny as "Walking Man" celebrates her good luck.





Sandra Townsley and Doris Haffinger share cake with Andy Russell at Girl Scout Anniversary Jamboree.



Ethel Barrymore studies script with Father Peyton for appearance on "The Family Theater."



Producer Richard Diggs borrowed — was it Louella Parsons' or Irene Dunn's bird nest?



Arno Tainey and Glenn Darwin, regulars on Mark Warnow show, encourage Constance Moore at her debut.

Blonde Peggy Lee told us, during a break in rehearsals of the Jimmy Durante show, that her new platter "Manana" has now topped the million mark in sales. The smart little thrush not only recorded the ditty—she also wrote it!

Backstage at the "Mark Warnow Show" we discovered that one of the greatest string quartette players in the country is in the orchestra's violin section. He's Walter Edelstein, who still acts as concertmaster for his group and keeps busy with concert appearances between his radio stints. Edelstein is one of six top violinists in the Warnow orchestra. The others, all musical men of distinction, are Dave Frisina, Benny Gill, Mischa Russell, Sammy Thaviu and Olcott Vail. Really a super-sextette.

DeMarco Sisters are always in time for Fred Allen broadcasts.



Odd things happen at radio shows in Hollywood. There was the elderly tourist who stole the warm-up from the star with an ad lib gag that made everybody howl. When the big name told the studio audience to let its hair down and have a good time, the tourist stood up, called, "How's this?" and removed his toupee. And then there was the scene between a minor actress and the radio producer who was auditioning the gal for a part. After the lady had read her lines, she fluttered her eyelashes and asked the

Joe "Palooka" Kirkwood warns The Masked Spooner to stay away from romantic-eyed Cathy Downs.



producer how he had liked her reading. The producer replied honestly that the performer left something to be desired. "Listen, hubb," said the gal. "I just want you to know that flattery will get you nowhere!"

DIAL SPINS

Seems like the present swing to give-aways has finally filtered down into the dog world. Now it's Lassie who's giving an award each week on his ABC airer to the canine who performs an outstanding feat of courage (you know, of course, that Lassie is a boy) . . . If you think that hill-billy warbling is down at the bottom of the arts, consider a chanteuse named Judy Canova who started out as an out-tune warbler and is now scheduled to get 25 G's per week on a personal appearance tour. . . . Soon to appear on the Doubleday book list is one of the most colorful biographies of recent seasons. It's the life and times of jazz musician Winzy Manone, penned by radio scripter Paul Vandervoort. Title is "Trumpet on the Wing." . . . They're going to celebrate National Radio Week this Fall, from November 14th to 20th. . . . Think there's a lot of "bang-bangs" on those mystery airers? ABC's "This Is Your FBI" didn't use a single gun-shot in 23 straight weeks of broadcasting. . . . The Marx Brothers made zany Henry Morgan, a non-relative, an "honorary brother." . . . Abe Burrows is having photographer trouble. Every time they take Abe's picture, that bald spot shines right into the lens. . . . Pay no attention to those rumors Al Joison is going off

MORE →

the air for good. He'll definitely head up "Kraft Music Hall" again next season. . . . Teen-ager Barbara Whiting who's playing the lead role of "Judy" on CBS' "Junior Miss" is sonstress Margard Whiting's kid sister. . . . Switch-of-the-Week: Frank Sinatra, visiting his "Hit Parade" boss recently, had the American Tobacco president autograph a picture for him.

There's a big radio star who has a new smoking jacket hut is having lots of trouble with it. No matter how hard he tries to stuff it into his pipe, the sleeves keep hanging out. . . . Gordon Jenkins and Tom Adair will be on hand when their new musical, "Manhattan Tower," opens on Broadway early in September. . . . Jack Carson is going into trade. The comic is one of a group financing of all things a new pretzel-thing machine. . . . Fred Allen claims that after he left home to go on the stage as a juggler, his mother kept the light burning in the window for 20 years. "When I got home," Fred says, "I got a royal welcome . . . and a gas bill for \$729!" . . . We have a letter from Tom Breneman written from Arizona, telling us he met a cowboy who claimed he was the best shot in the West. "He told me to hold a pencil in my right hand and he'd shoot the tip off." Tom wrote. The letter was signed "Luffy" Breneman. . . . Jim and Marian Jordan, NBC's "Fibber McGee and Molly," received honorary Doctor of Law degrees from St. Joseph's College. . . . These kid serials must be getting class. Now they've got Broadway stage and radio actor Everett Sloane signed for a spot in Mutsaers' "Superman." . . . Another big star has discovered that card playing can be pretty expensive, just like spy game where you hold hands. . . . Penny "Blondie" Singleton has started excavation on her first swimming pool, but hers will be camouflaged to look like a natural pond.

Jean Hersholt lights up with help of Noreen Nash, Mary Mead, Marian Carr, Pat Morrison, Virginia Mayo.



Amorous Alan Young rehearses love scene with Veola Vonn for "Texaco Star Theater."



It's the 15th Anniversary for Don McNeill's "Breakfast Club." The ABC morning show made its debut back in 1933. . . . Jo Stafford, who has a new Capitol album of American Folk Songs out, has established "The Jo Stafford Prize in American Folklore" with \$250 going annually to the college student presenting the best essay on the subject. . . . Bing Crosby received a Presidential citation for his work on behalf of the Army. . . . The Joe Yule you've been hearing on CBS' "Shorty Bell" airings is Mickey Rooney's father. It's the first time the two have worked together since their early vaudeville days. . . . Maybe we're in the wrong racket. Contestants on CBS' "Meet the Missus" have walked off with \$280,000 worth of prizes in a little over three years. . . . London will discover whether Jack Benny can really play that fiddle, when the comedian and his nemesis, Phil Harris, do a two-week stint at the London Palladium this summer. . . . It's spouse John Nelson of ABC's "Bride and Groom," who claims that the brides and grooms on his show still have that old look and always will. That is, "the bride looked stunning and the groom looked stunned." . . . Columbia Pictures is planning a series of movie shorts based on Allen Funt's "Candid Microphone." . . . Thrush Evelyn Knight tells about the two minor radio thespians who were always battling, each accusing the other of being more conceited. "How can you say I'm conceited?" demanded the handsomer of the two. "You know it isn't so." "No?" countered the other. "Then why is it that every time you hear a clap of thunder you rush to the window to take a bow?"

Continued on Next Page

Helen Perry accounts for a lot of sweet harmony with her boss fiddle in Victor Young orchestra.



Views
and
Reviews
of Current
Shows



HOUSE PARTY



Art Linkletter may be a two-network man, but he turns in a far better job as emcee on the CBS *House Party*, than he does at NBC with *People Are Funny*. Relieved of the set formula and frantic pace of the "funny people" format with its often heavy-handed gags, Linkletter shows himself as a radio personality who is able to handle non-radio guests with a certain smoothness and ease which makes for good listening. He does a particularly good job with youngsters in the junior portion of the show, and seems to know just how to get along best with any kid from the age of three, up. Some of the answers and comments he is able to draw out of the moppets score much higher in amusement and charm than most of the adults we have heard on quiz programs. Of course, this may only be another proof that kids, properly handled are a lot brighter than many of we adults would care to admit. At any rate, the kid quiz portion of *House Party* is what we always wait to hear, although the rest of the show comes out pretty well in comparison with the usual audience participation thing. It restores this dialer's faith in the quiz program as entertainment, especially since this is a format which makes it all too easy for an emcee to forget that a radio program requires a little effort on his part, too. Another feather in Linkletter's cap is that he treats his contestants and guests with complete fairness and in the highest good taste—something we wish we could say of some other quiz-masters. If any listener hasn't heard *House Party* yet, he owes it to himself to tune in.

—GG



SHORTY BELL



One of the hardships a fine director or performer encounters is that of having each new effort judged on the basis of previous success. It is for this reason that *Shorty Bell* does not quite come up to expectations. Director William N. Robson has so regularly achieved effects of realism in his radio productions, that this starring vehicle for Mickey Rooney could hardly help leaving something to be desired. Making pretensions, as it does, to being the first "Novel" written for radio, its chief flaw is that it gives more of an impression as a sort of higher grade movie serial. The script by screen writers Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Richard Carroll may be leaning over backwards in a

laudable effort to avoid the pitfalls of radio's daytime serial, but this results in a bit too much of incident and a slightly frantic pace which belies the word "novel." In addition, Mickey Rooney does not come over the speaker as well as he does on the screen, which only proves a long-time contention of this reviewer that a backlog of radio experience is indispensable to Hollywood "personalities" who would go and do likewise on the air. It may appear, after all this fault-finding, that *Shorty Bell* is seen as lacking in entertainment value. Let us hasten to correct any such impression. The show is as entertaining as most, and can be counted upon for an enjoyable Sunday evening half-hour—particularly to those of us who are old Mickey Rooney fans. It is only in the light of Bill Robson's past performance with radio people that one feels a vague disappointment.

—JG



KATE SMITH SPEAKS



It was a sorry day for many of us who enjoy her singing, when Kate Smith jumped to the conclusion that her remarks are worth fifteen minutes of valuable network time. We lost a little of our appreciation for her real talent for singing, when she naively refused to "stick to her last." Kate lacks the experience and understanding needed to handle important national and international issues about the way she does, and manager Ted Collins lacks the objectivity of a good reporter. It has long been apparent that Kate's popularity serves only as a platform or soapbox for the raw prejudices of Ted Collins, who could never draw an audience on his own—having neither the personality to attract listeners, nor the ability to inform. He did Kate and her listeners a decidedly ill-turn when he "dreamed up" this program some time ago. The items chosen (and edited) by Collins, and given voice by both of them, are consistently low-grade journalistic efforts—too often inaccurate or distorted, and frequently so stale that one is forced to conclude they are used only as a spring-board for the exploitation of pet ideas and projects. It will be recalled that, when CBS began insisting upon better reporting and less half-baked opinion, Kate and her consort went to speak elsewhere—namely Mutual which doesn't seem to be as finicky. They were replaced by a news-cosper called *Wendy Warren and the News*, which does a better job of coverage and brings us more up-to-the-minute items of importance in two or three minutes, than Collins and Smith can achieve in one hour and a quarter of a week's broadcasting. *Kate Smith* should go back to warbling.

—ML



PHIL HARRIS & ALICE FAYE



Everyone, but everyone connected in any way with the perpetration of this show deserves an over-ripe scolding—with the possible exception of the engineer, who is forced to abide by network regulations and let the thing go through the dials of his console. However, we as listeners, are entirely free to tune elsewhere for a half-hour—praise be! The level of writing on this program is shockingly low. If this is an attempt to write for six-year-old minds—most six-year-olds of our acquaintance should feel insulted! Co-star Alice Faye is a completely colorless performer before a microphone, and the only two characterizations which might possibly be worth hearing (if they had gumption enough to insist upon suitable radio material) Phil and Frankie, have become too hogged down in broad comedy clichés which nauseate where even mediocre programs amuse. A habit of staying tuned to the same network all evening becomes a vice when such stuff is presented in the smug belief that we will listen to *anything* in the wait between Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy. Even this reviewer has occasionally been victimized by his own laziness and simply turned on that "listeners' ear" instead of snapping the switch. A vigorous listener protest at such sponsor and network cynicism (if that's what it is) is long overdue!

—EB

HEARD ON
MBS
Thursday
8-10 pm

THE GREAT
TALENT HUNT



A very feebly effort
to find new talent.

Jim Backus

Here is the program to un-stuff a lot of "talent hunting" shirts. Everything done on this show by Jim Backus and his cohorts seems intended to exaggerate the worst failings of radio's latest rash of "opportunity" programs. On one of the programs in this series we heard, even the studio audience hissed and booed the choice of winner based upon their own applause. The "applause meter" had registered highest for a "performer" that had refused to perform. All the noise had been due to the audience's delight at the antics of Backus, the announcer and the producer in attempting to budge a stubborn Cockatoo which just wouldn't sing. The acts presented are billed as "no-talents" or at least, such is the inference, every advantage is taken by the emcee, few and far-between are the legitimately talented performers, and it all adds up to the zaniest take-off on an "amateur" show we have ever heard. It also adds up to an entertaining half-hour because it is just bad enough to be quite good. Moreover, this diater is convinced that the whole business is a put-up job, and intended to burlesque its more serious intentioned brothers. And now we'll crawl into our doghouse in anticipation of a couple dozen letters in angry disagreement.

-JSQ

HEARD ON
NBC
Saturday
11:30 pm

NBC SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



More top-flight year
around shows needed.

Arturo Toscanini

The entertainment vacuum created each summer with the vacation hiatus of our first rank shows is still hard to take and harder to understand. Along with Eddie Cantor we want to take exception to the attitude of those broadcasters who say we don't love them in July as we do in December. Right now we are shuddering in contemplation of the old war horses again being trotted out under the innocent guise of summer replacement. Generally we're a sucker for the fanfare and hullabaloo announcing the advent of a new program—the brand new idea with brand new talent. We're not of a suspicious turn of mind, but comes summer and the horn blowing of the press agent falls on deaf ears. Experience is a bitter taskmaster. With this off our chests we want to offer up humble thanks to the NBC Symphony Orchestra for carrying on right through July and August without a noticeable let-down in the high musical standards for which it has won world wide acclaim. Naturally we don't look forward to those rare peaks of greatness achieved under the magical aegis of Arturo Toscanini with his performances of Verdi's "Otello" and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." But we can enjoy the sustained flights of musical excellence that has typified these summer series of concerts in past years. Yes, Mr. Broadcaster, herein is an objective lesson in what the listener can use as an antidote to the coming heat waves. You're welcome to try our loyalties and bet you have a prosperous summer if you do.

-ML

HEARD ON
ABC
Sunday
1:15 p.m.

THINKING
ALOUD



A home-spun slant
of the day's news.

Cal Tinney

We hope someone with a comfortable bankroll will pick up the sponsorship of Cal Tinney's new show, *Thinking Aloud*. It's the kind of refreshing quarter-hour period of homespun philosophy and satirical commentary that will keep you cool and happy even on the most torrid Sunday afternoon. Cognizant of Lippy Durocher's "Bums" as well as the turbulent world scene, Cal's easy-to-listen-to admonitions and biting advice will give you a word digest of local, national and international subjects that will make you the best informed person at the club.

-EID

Radio
best JULY
SILVER MIKE AWARD
For
Outstanding Performance
to Bob Smith

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.



Bob Smith accepts Silver Mike from editor Ed Bobley

Bob Smith has spent more than half his thirty-one years as a professional entertainer and it shows, not only in his early morning program over WNBC but in his new television program for the youngsters, *Puppet Playhouse*. His talents as an emcee, singer, pianist and arranger are supplemented by showmanship to an amazing degree. Heard, but not seen on radio, he has a warm microphone personality which projects with sincerity. But it is in television that Bob Smith really comes into his own. Here is a personality which, we can safely predict, will grow with television.

For his easy, likable manner, his ability to put on a good show that is not only loved by the kids, but enjoyed by discriminating adults, and for contribution to progress in video entertainment, therefore, this month's *Silver Mike Award* goes to Bob Smith—with the added distinction of being the first RADIO BEST award in the field of television.

FUN HOUR 25

Report to the Listeners

Now radio is paying people for *not* listening! If that seems incredible, tune in Sundays, between 8 and 9, on ABC. During that hour, you'll find a program called "Stop the Music." It offers expensive automobiles, tosses \$1,000 Government bonds around, tempts with a Caribbean cruise topped by a vacation in Brazil (it is delightfully cool there right now) and literally overflows with the more routine prizes found on other giveaway programs — trifles like washing machines, radios, or a set of dining-room furniture.

Of course there is a catch. To qualify, you are expected not only *not* to listen to certain other programs — for instance, NBC's Edgar Bergen and Fred Allen who happen to be broadcasting during that exact hour. You are encouraged also to lend an ear to "Stop the Music" itself.



BERT PARKS

If you do, you'll find some very good music of the popular variety. It is conducted by one of radio's best baton wavers, Harry Salter. It is played by an aggregation of experts. It is interspersed by two pleasant singers, Dick Brown and Kay Armen.

But you will find also Bert Parks as master of ceremonies. And behind Parks are some telephone operators and stacks and stacks of telephone directories. That's where the aforementioned gimmick comes in.

Salter's fine musicians would be rendering a tune, perhaps assigned by Miss Armen or Brown. You would notice some strange omissions in the lyrics used by the vocalists. They would yodel "la-de-da" instead of the words "ten for two" if that number were on the agenda; and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" would have the title words deleted. The idea is that those telephone operators find a number — it could be anywhere in the country — and call it. Let's say it is your number — as if you cared. You must then (1) be home to answer; (2) identify the number just interrupted — it is likely to be something as difficult to guess as "Ten for Two." Interruption is ordered by Parks who shouts the command: "Stop the Music!" Salter, being a cooperative fellow (and liking his well-paid job) does exactly that, smack in the middle of an arpeggio if any.

You perceive that it would help if you were listening to the program at the moment (1) the telephone rings and (2) you start to identify the tune. If you guess, yours is one of the lesser prizes, valued at perhaps a mere couple of hundred dollars. Then comes your big chance. You are asked to identify the program's "mystery tune." That is a toughie. During the early weeks, it was a haunting 20 seconds of titillating melody reminiscent of this commentator's youth; in our innocence we called it the "kooch dancer's" music, associating it with a certain veiling lady whom our grandmother forbade us to see at work. Now if you named that tune, the jackpot is yours. And that pot overflows with the fanciest largesse this side of Tiffany's.

Not one to counsel my readers that they deprive themselves, I have a way out of the dilemma offered by ABC's pitting of this musical prize-bag against Fred Allen. Use two radios (Radio Manufacturers Association, please note). Keep the music tuned down softly. In that way — unless your eardrums are sensitive — you would be listening to Allen and Salter at one and the same time, and be right there with the correct identification if Parks should happen to drop out of your telephone instrument. Come to think of it, that might not be a bad idea for a lot of shows. Imagine what you could do, say, Wednesday nights at 9 by having one set tuned in on NBC, the other on Mutual. You could have a "Duffy's Tavern" obligato to Gabriel Heatter. Try him that way, he might really be funny.

A little later Sunday nights, at 9:30, CBS was trying to find its own way to beat the major opposition. Now, the most important opposition show was on ABC, which plays "Theater Guild on the Air" from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Sundays. CBS was paying heavily, but not to the listener, for the privilege of bucking the Guild. It put on a new program, starring Mickey Rooney as someone called "Shorty Bell."

The show was called that too. And Shorty-Mickey was called a lot of names by a lot of other people. For Shorty-Mickey is a lad clean of limb but fast of fist. His heart is of gold, and his soul is as rich, but he is heady. For one thing, he wants to be a newspaper reporter.

The whole thing, on CBS, is billed as "novel for radio." The only thing novel about it is that the triteness of the story line exceeds Hollywood's C pictures in the amount of pathos-per-second.

Neither in "Stop the Music" nor in "Shorty Bell" has radio made an effort to be original. The musical hour is merely the logical culmination of the give-away show. The Rooney piece, in addition to its unimaginative writing, is a projection of a film personality, whose engaging qualities depend upon sight, into a blind medium. At this rate, radio is not long for this world — not with the progress television is making.

Not Long For This World!

Before I go further into video, however, there is one other radio show that I must mention because it does put its own medium to excellent use. It is Mutual's "Newsreel" (Mondays to Fridays, 9:15 p.m.).

Mutual has done more experimenting with news programs, in the last two years, than any of the other networks. In "Newsreel" it has found a natural. In short, fast but intelligible takes, "Newsreel" goes wherever the latest news is happening or has just happened — or is about to occur. You hear the principals who count — the President's latest remarks or a Congressional dispute, both sides to that labor dispute that may bring a nationwide strike tonight at midnight, the star athlete who ran away with this afternoon's track meet, the surviving widow at the scene of a fresh disaster, or the butt of the latest joke over which the entire nation guffaws. Voices are brought in on recordings, but any one of Mutual's 500 affiliates may be the point of origination. This is the way to use radio. At this rate, the aural broadcaster need have no fears of the television Frankenstein which his own industry has built.

Video Grows Up!

As for video's progress — it is so rapid, it is literally breathtaking. In the last few months, it has grown to real stature. Not only are more television stations going on the air — they are developing something to put on the air, to wit: Programs.



TOSCANINI

NBC started the parade. For once, pre-arranged claims were substantiated. The newspapers gave wide currency to big promises made for NBC by President Niles Trammell and Executive Vice President Frank E. Mullen; for CBS by its opposite numbers, Frank Stanton and Joseph H. Romm. Believe them. They have already begun to come through.

NBC's television broadcast of the first symphonic concert ever given by Arturo Toscanini before the video cameras was a masterpiece of artistic achievement. CBS, at this writing, is still specializing on "remotes," i.e. broadcasts not requiring studios. This network, meanwhile, is building mammoth studios. When these are ready, there is every reason to believe that the high quality of programming CBS has done so often on radio will be seen by television viewers.



HENRY FONDA

One of the CBS remotes was a program called "Tonight on Broadway" which made its debut last night of a New York theatre where the hit "Mr. Roberts" played, starring Henry Fonda. Some of the New York critics were unhappy over that one. They saw little faults. Those flaws were there. But the whole thing was much bigger than the sum of its minor errors. The acting was superb.

The fact that it was done by a trained cast proves only that television too, like the stage, should train its casts and rehearse them more carefully and longer. The staging was tops — the fact that it consisted of the play's regular Broadway sets is also only another hint to television. "Tonight on Broadway" was an excellent start.

About the same time, CBS' mobile crews went to the races. The first of a series of horse affairs covered was Jamaica's Pausanack. A great pot, Walt Whitman, once sang of that place. He started from "fish-shape Pausanack." Joyously on the way he proclaimed: "I strike up for a New World."

May all of television do no less.

Vox Pop



The Vox Pop team:
Parks Johnson, director
Buzz Willis, Warren Hull,
producer Herb Moss (l-r).

The show that has made millions of friends in America, goes abroad to make friends throughout the world.

by John S. Garrison

"THE SHOW that travels the world" *Vox Pop* is hard to fit into any category. Since that day in 1932, when Parks Johnson brought a new twist into the man-on-the-street interview at KTRH (Houston, Texas) the program has constantly grown, changed progressively. Back in those days, Parks and company took their microphone to busy intersections, where they asked a lot of gag questions and riddles—at a dollar an answer. Thus was born today's quiz show.

But *Vox Pop* is not a quiz program. During the war it dropped the widely imitated portion of the show and remained a well-rounded interview session.

On the networks since 1935, the first coast-wide broadcast was a sidewalk interview from New York's Columbus Circle. In its long history, *Vox Pop* has faithfully mirrored American opinion—without being simply a program of opinion. It has given away tons of valuable gifts—yet carefully avoided being just a giveaway program. It has travelled, first America, then the world, but only to bring us interesting people in their own environments. It has presented countless celebrities, but made them share honors with interesting unknowns. It rendered important war service, yet just didn't get stuffy about it. And all along, it has kept up with changing times—in a class by itself.

Continued on Next Page



Backstage at Broadway show "Keep Off the Grass" where Johnson measured Durante's nose — to amusement of Roy Bolger and Wally Butterworth.

Vox Pop

Continued

At first they brought interesting people to the microphone, now they go out and bring the microphone to the people everywhere.



Parks Johnson interviews author Fanny Hurst, back in '39. That's the late Graham McNamee enjoying the program at far right.



At the Hotel Barizon-Plaza, fashionable Manhattan hotel.



Tommy Riggs ("Betty Lou") were among guests at hotel.



Vox Pop talks to Pvt. Henry Boer at Walter Reed Hospital.



At A.A.F. rest center in Miami Beach, Warren introduces corporal to someone he's long wanted to meet.



Parks and Warren with Loris Dronfeld on the latter's farm at Mansfield, Ohio.

"He hates to leave with unused plates," said Warren. "Besides we probably make a nice picture, squatting here."
I sighed. "My editor will probably accuse me of posing it."
"I'll call him," volunteered Parks, "and tell him it was taken under protest." There was another flash of light as he resumed the thread of our discussion. "On Tuesday evening, we have both done a certain amount of preliminary work, and then we bring the whole group of guests and members of our unit together for a friendly, informal dinner."
"Ranch style," put in Warren.
Parks nodded. "We try to get pretty well acquainted with our guests, Warren working his way, and I in my own. When we go on the air, we only work from a few notes about each person."
"In other words," I said, "you can pretty well figure what answers, they'll give to your questions."

"Sometimes they surprise us," said Warren, "but that only makes it more interesting. We can generally depend on our guests to come through if we ask the right questions."
"By this time we break up after dinner on Tuesday, everyone of our guests feels he's part of a team. They all know they'll be treated fairly, and when they get up in front of the microphone, we try not to let them down. After all, they're our friends."
"The whole purpose of the show," said Warren, "is to make our guests look good."
"Just as you would do if they were in your own living room," added Park Johnson.
"It shows, too," I replied.
For years, I've seen audience participation shows in which the emcee will take nearly every unfair advantage. Finding a program on which there was a really friendly spirit was a refreshing thing. *FWO



Mrs. Parks Johnson plans and buys the many Vox Pop gifts.



Warren Hull, co-interviewer, came to Vox Pop from the movies.



Garrison interviews interviewers!

In 1942, Warren Hull gave up a film career to join Parks Johnson as co-interviewer, and both of them have added new twists—many of which, they will tell you, have been picked up and had whole programs built around them. But *Vox Pop* never hangs on to a "gimmick" beyond its usefulness. One thing they have never changed, however, is the friendly, homey quality of the program. We know, because we stopped in to see what goes on.
"The program we attended (just

before the *Vox Pop* unit left for their European tour) started off sedately enough. Parks Johnson began the "warm-up" with a few welcoming remarks, soon was asking members of the audience such questions as "How many feathers are on the average hen?", then suddenly we were all howling over such parlor tricks as: A boy and girl from the studio audience, trying to break a balloon between them by the enthusiasm of their embrace; a big, husky fireman, attired in a pink night-gown, attempting to diaper a refractory "Mama doll" in ten seconds, and an adequately fat man struggling into a junior-size girdle. All through these proceedings, Parks Johnson and Warren Hull added a running commentary that helped even more to put us into a high, good humor.
In bringing the program on the air, and far about the first three minutes, Parks and Warren work-

ed from the usual script, but as Parks began his first interview, I stopped being part of a group and remembered that I was an old radio mugg. For I suddenly noticed that something new had been subtracted!
The missing element was a prepared script for the interviews themselves. I now knew that the clever or interesting things *Vox Pop* guests so often come out with, are not prepared by some high-priced script writer—something which rocked my journalistic soul! Impressed, in spite of myself, I watched the rest of the program with an analytical eye. Both Parks and Warren conducted each interview as if with an old friend. When either of them stepped up to the microphone with a guest, it simply never was an interchange between comparative strangers. Every question, even the inflections of voice and mannerism used by Parks and Warren, was calcu-

lated to make the participants feel comfortable and "look good."
When the program was over, I could hardly get back-stage fast enough to question Warren and Parks. I knew, of course, that all participants were complete strangers to them until perhaps a week before appearing on the show. About five days before each scheduled show, producer Herb Moss and director Buzz Willis arrive on the scene, select fifty to a hundred candidates and interview them, cutting the field down to ten or fifteen. When Parks and Warren come to town, they make the final selection of some half-dozen participants to be featured. They talk things over, but so pertinent knows the questions in advance, for the replies must be understood in the best Parks Johnson tradition.
When I got back-stage, I found the two *Vox-Poppers* posing for publicity photos with their guests,

and was forced to wait, somewhat impatiently. Finally, I was able to get my hooks into Warren. A moment later, Parks joined us and we all squatted on a conduit box at the rear of the stage.
Warren Hull was amused. "The interviewers being interviewed!" he chuckled. "It's usually the other way around." He smiled at me. "I see you have your pad and pencil ready for lots of notes."
"Strictly for 'build-up,'" I confessed. "I hardly take any notes."
"That isn't the way Warren works," put in Parks Johnson. "He takes down volumes of notes. Warren also likes to work alone with each guest. I do best when I get the whole shebang in one room and can talk to each person right in the group."
There was a sudden flash of light, and I looked up to see the photographer taking the interview down on film. I was about to object, when Warren stopped me.

Vox Pop TRAVELS THE WORLD

Broadcasting from Alaska...

MORE →

Be Lovelier than Ever...in a Twinkling!

with this 2-Way Stretch

All Nylon Girdle!



You can't imagine how alluring you will look until you actually slip into one of these amazingly s-m-o-o-t-h DuPont NYLON girdles! They're so comfortable you won't know you're wearing one . . . yet cling to you as though you were born in one! Stretches up and down and sideways for *complete freedom!* You'll want one to give your clothes that tailor-made look . . . to enjoy complete freedom in sport clothes . . . and to make you more attractive than ever before.

The ALL-NYLON Two-Way Stretch girdle comes in TWO Styles—REGULAR and PANTY. Both are easily washed—just dip in warm water and suds. Panty has removable garters and crotch. Order Panty or Regular Style in your choice of three exciting shades: NUDE . . . BLUE . . . WHITE.

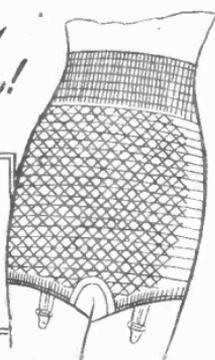
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Just mail coupon today. When girdle arrives, wear it for 10 days. Notice the compliments you draw from all your friends. Then, if you are not fully delighted, return the girdle for immediate refund of purchase price.

DETACHABLE GARTERS AND CROTCH →

REGULAR STYLE
Perfect for evening and everyday wear.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. W437
113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush by return mail in sealed package my Nylon Two-Way Stretch girdle in size and color checked below. I'll pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. If not thoroughly delighted, I may return merchandise within 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.

Check Style: Panty Regular
My waist measure is _____ (Extra Large—\$3.98)
 Extra Crotches (for Panty Girdle) at 50¢ each

1st Color Choice _____ 2nd Color Choice _____

Name _____

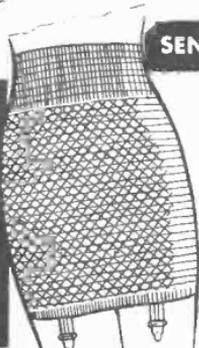
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If you prefer, enclose money with coupon and we'll pay postage. Some 10-day refund guarantee.

Now to You—
Only \$2.98

Regular Retail
Value—\$7 to \$8



NICK CARTER in

The Case of the Missing Strokes...

or HOW TO CHEAT ON THE GREEN

LON CLARK, Master Detective, proves "The Art of Stroke Chiseling" is just a matter of "course."



1 A Happy Nick (above) can't see why this game has mystified so many duffers. He answers the first problem on the poorly manicured fairway by teeing the pill for a lusty whack for the green.



2 A minor inconvenience like a bush doesn't phase the master detective. What on earth are those heavy brogans for if not a situation such as this?



3 It's not sporting at all to place a rock in the middle of the fairway and Nick promptly settles this one with a deft flip over the left shoulder.



4 Not a new device but an effective one to rattle your partner, once he pulls ahead by two dozen strokes. And whistling does settle one's own game so nicely, Nick finds.



ELBERT (Tiny) HUTTON, weighs 364 pounds, so he decided to sing "Too Fat Polka" on the Horace Heidt competition show. It won him a permanent spot with the Heidt band.

QUIZ ON old-timers ANSWERS

- 1 Col. Stoopnagle and Budd
- 2 Billy Jones and Ernie Hare—"The Happiness Boys"

SAMBA! RHUMBA! It's Easy to Learn DANCING! TAP! JITTERBUG!

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What happens to you when everyone starts to dance? Do you join the fun... or do you sit and watch, alone? Now, thanks to this unusual dance book, you'll find it much easier to learn to dance and be popular! Your friends will be amazed and surprised when they see you do the latest dance steps with ease. This book is written clearly, simply and is full of easy-to-follow illustrations. And you learn in the privacy of your home!

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"Dancing" was written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost dancing authorities. It contains 16 complete dance courses, each worth as much as you pay for the entire book! It will help you learn all dance steps, including Rhumba, Samba, Jitterbug, Fox Trot and 12 others!

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Fill in and mail coupon. "Dancing" will promptly be sent to you by return mail, in plain wrapper. In addition, we will include 2 books—"Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps"—FREE as a gift! Act promptly! Mail coupon now!

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Here's how this exciting book can help you become a successful dancer. It's full of easy-to-follow diagrams and instructions.

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Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage.

Name _____
Address _____
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Only an amateur permits himself the luxury of unnecessary strokes from a muddy lie. Just a fraction of an inch will put you back on dry land and into the game again.



There's no point in blessing your way to China when you're in a sand trap—not when you have an impatient partner and Nick proceeds to smooth his way out of this one.



Only colleague Sherlock Holme's nemesis, Professor Moriarty, could devise anything as treacherous as this fenced off water hole, so Nick finally concedes he's met his master as have millions of duffers before him.



garry moore . . .

*"Mugs it up" for his guests,
and busts out tuffin' when
he cobs a bit of corn.*

GARRY MOORE, keeper of the keys to the *Take It Or Leave It* treasure chest, is even more fun to watch than to hear. One of the most facile "muggers" in show business, Garry can no more keep his mobile face from expressing his reactions to the various contestants and situations on the quiz show than he could comb his hair on the old Durante-Moore show's rehearsals, every so often result that Jimmy, as well as the rest of the cast would be reduced to helpless laughter in short order. It is now an industry legend that Garry Moore is more fun to work with than almost anybody you could name.

Certainly, contestants on his program have found him an hilarious and dynamic quiz-master, and these pictures if you should step up from the studio audience to *Take It Or Leave It*. Now you'll know why so many contestants bust out laughing for no apparent reason. This guy was made for television!



Mrs. Irene Baker (at mike) who introduced herself as a lady disc jockey and singer, won forty dollars in her little act-to with Mrs. O'Keefe.



After contestants are chosen from audience, Roberta chats with guests to find out tubbits for use on the air—almost forgot the show.

Screening is done by the director and an assistant, here replaced by the little women who usually tune in at home. Dixie Thompson and Jean Spears here take careful notes to insure proper pronunciation of guest's names.

On the air, at last, Roberta interviews Bill Gibbs, West Coast newspaperman. At cash register are Dixie Thompson and secretary Peggy Pillion, ready to pay-off.

Clara Wagner had the difficult announcing chore, she had to sell that soup! Jean Spears prepares to lead applause at left, Peg Pillion, Dixie Thompson stand by.



The visitors line up for Double or Nothing, and a few folks notice tip-off on the sign.

The wives of the men who put on Double or Nothing, recently decided to exercise their inalienable rights in a Leap Year, and took over the show, interviews, prizes and commercials. Mrs. Walter O'Keefe filled in for her husband as emcee, and a very good job she did, too. The director and an assistant were replaced by their wives, Dixie Thompson and Jean Spears. The three musical chefs were forced to yield to the girls who really do the cooking at home, Elsie Scott, Paula Kelly and Marie Brewster. And one of the tougher jobs on the show fell to Clara, wife of commercial announcer Murry Wagner.

After it was all over, the husbands were so relieved to find that the girls would consent to giving them back their jobs, that they threw a "testimonial" luncheon in gratitude to their wives.

At first, Roberta had some trouble getting rid of hubby Walter, who kept trying to get back into the act.

When the ladies took over, hilarity was the order of the day.

WHEN THE LADIES TOOK OVER...

Double OR Nothing



At luncheon, afterward, Roberta O'Keefe made the presentation speech, in which they gave the program back to a group of much-relieved husbands.

JACK SMART, otherwise known
as Brad Runyon,
private detective —
Caught in the
act of rehearsing
with his cast,
by our
"Photo-Detective."

THE fat MAN



He goes over a few scenes with versatile Jackson Beck.



At left, Jack Smart, Vicki Vola

MAN

Sound-man
ED BLAHEY
tries out
special effects.



Conductor
JOSEPH STOPAK
rehearses
music cues.



Agency folks sit in (left) as Jack Smart, director Clark Andrews, engineer and musical director make script cuts.

J. Scott Smart (Jack at rehearsals) has played in several movies, recent ones including *A Bell for Adano* and *Kiss of Death*. Since 1925 has long hitch in show business has included radio and stage appearances, appearing with the Lunts, for example on Broadway in *The Pirates*, being heard on radio shows such as *Theater Guild*, *March of Time*, *Fred Allen and Jack Benny*. But never has a role suited him better, both physically and vocally, than his present chore as *The Fat Man*, in the character created by Dashiell Hammett, Straining scales at about 270 pounds, Smart is one of the few actors in radio to look the part he portrays. His hobbies include eating fine food — sparingly cooking, eccentric dancing, music of informal nature, and drawing distinctive caricatures. Like many "chubby" folks, he has a king-size sense of humor. •END



SMART gives his lines a good "going over."



CHARLES IRVING gives the commercial a whirr.



and Ed Begley plunge into the story, which rolls merrily along until The Fat Man hits a puzzler with Lon Clark's aid.



... And NANCY SHERIDAN helps sell product, too.

HEARD ON
ABC
Friday
8:00 pm

NEVER BEFORE IN BOOK FORM!

20 GREAT PLAYS by RADIO'S TOP WRITERS

with preface by NORMAN CORWIN and commentary by the author



The perfect handbook and workbook for

- TEACHERS • WRITERS • RADIO PRODUCERS • STUDENTS OF RADIO WRITING AND ACTING • DRAMATIC AND RADIO WORKSHOPS • AMATEUR THEATER GROUPS

Good listening makes good reading! At last a collection of fine radio plays to read, work with, and enjoy! Here in one book is the cream of creative radio writing, the plays that have won their places at the top of this rich new field of literature.

Whether you act, direct, teach radio drama, or just plain listen, you'll want this powerful reading!

The writers cover every range of human experience, bring you the unique approach which only radio allows. You see and realize how much radio literature has to offer!

And Joseph Liss, himself a distinguished radio playwright, gives the background and expert opinion in his searching commentaries that will help you read and use each play to best advantage!

EVERY PLAY A MASTERPIECE!

THE FALL OF THE CITY by Archibald MacLellan. A unique adaptation of Victorian radio.

THE AIRBORNE by Max Billington. A powerful combination of music and verse.

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT by John Mason Brown and Howard M. Fish.

THE FACE by Arthur Laurents. A touchy script with sharp, dramatic impact.

OCTOBER MORNING by Willard Lambell. A play written for the Army, which offers insight and dignity.

THE IMPY NOOS by Arnold Pearl. Stark, outspoken subject matter.

WESTERN STAR by Stephen Vincent Benet. His poetic best work.

DAYBREAK by Norman Corwin. The sweep and scope of a world-wide documentary.

THE LAST SPEECH by Carl Garner. Stephen Vincent Benet and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. A masterful handling of a tragic theme.

THE STORY THEY'LL NEVER PRINT by Frank Barrows. A sensitive radio drama in a tiny town.

THE LAST INLA by Morton Winterson. A play of purpose, set in yesterday's history.

THE HIGH ROAD by Norman Boston. A demonstration of the power of poetry with radio as its medium.

EVERETT'S 110 ALTAMONT by Elizabeth Cane. An adaptation from the novel "Look Homeward Angel" by Thomas Wolfe. Compelling human interest.

THE LITTLE ONE by Al Morgan. Goes all the way from rambles to humor to the hellish scream of a nightmare.

THE STORY OF LUD by Arthur Miller. An expert development of a three-dimensional character.

THE HUTCH HIKER by Lucille Fletcher. A show story with top tick sensations.

FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC by John Ford. In the Will Rogers tradition.

SOMETIMES EVERY SUMMERTIME by Lucille Fletcher. A quality written, personality playing script.

WERRHIN IN BARROWS INLET by Joseph Liss. The story of the hopes, failures, and frustrations of the people living in a tiny town.



A DAY ON THE RANCH with the Modernaires!



Don't delay! Mail your order today for RADIO'S BEST PLAYS

STUART-BUDD
114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York

Gentlemen:
Please send my copy of RADIO'S BEST PLAYS by return mail. If, after a 5-day trial, I am not satisfied, I will return this book, and my money will be refunded.
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3 plus postage.

ADDRESS _____
NAME _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

I am enclosing check money order for \$3, thus saving postage charges. N.Y. C. residents add 5% City Sales Tax. Same refund privileges apply, of course. R-7

SEND NO MONEY
ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY RECEIVED!
Take advantage of this 5-DAY TRIAL OFFER!



Club 15 Was Never Like This

- 1 Proving they're well-balanced fence sitters—(l to r) Drake, Brewster, Paula, Fran and Hal.
- 2 Here the Modernaires discard "dude" garb to gab with Dennis Day.
- 3 While Hal Dickinson (inset) still stumbles, beautiful Paula Kelly pinches hay as sleepy Fran Scott ponders.
- 4 That's Ralph Brewster telling Johnny Drake and Paula how to carry a ranch horse.
- 5 Paula and Drake lend a hand to a really entangled "great" Scott.
- 6 It's chow time and Paula dishes 'em up and Brewster dishes 'em down.
- 7 Young Ronnie Mitchell watches Drake's own version of horse mounting. That's Fran (inset) urging his disillusioned boss to "git-go'in'."



MICROFUN

Continued By



The Three Wits of "Can You Top This?"

by Senator Ford

This is a story about a girl on the telephone. "Betty, may I come over tonight?" asks a man's voice. "Why sure, Herbert," the girl replies, "come on over." "But my name ain't Herbert," says the man. "Well," replies the girl, "my name ain't Betty."

by Joe Louis, Jr.

This is one about a bachelor having breakfast with a friend of his at the corner drug store. "What's the idea of eating here," said the bachelor to the other fellow. "I thought you told me your wife couldn't give breakfast for you each morning?"

"Aw, we had an argument." "What happened?" "Well, every day I used to give my wife kisses. Kisses for breakfast, kisses for lunch and kisses for dinner."

"When why the argument," asked the bachelor. "Well, last evening I caught her dining out."

A husband and wife were having one of their regular arguments. "I've had enough of the arguments around here," shouted the husband. "I'm through. I'm leaving this house. I'm gonna join the Foreign Legion or to hunting in darkest Africa. I'll go beasts, jungles and hunt ferocious hara. The travel the deserts of Sa-have a chance on in Burma will to me, I'm gonna live their power life from now on."

He put on his hat and coat, to the door, looked out, closed the door again, turned to his wife and said, "It's a darned good thing for you that it's raining tonight, otherwise, I'd be gone."

by Harry Hershfield

A fellow rushed up on the front porch of a house, opened the screen door, poked his head inside and yelled, "Hey, Mr. Brown, can I marry your daughter? Yes or no?" "I'm in a hurry, young fellow?" "I'm in a hurry," the fellow yelled back, "because I'm double parked."

A fellow from the back country made his first trip to the Coast. He was going to visit rich relatives in San Francisco. After riding for three days he arrived in the Western city.

Some relatives met him at the station. "How did you like the train trip?" one of them asked.

"I didn't exactly like it. And there were other people who didn't like it, either."

"How do you know other people beside yourself didn't like the train trip?"

"Because I noticed every time the train stopped, somebody got off — and never came back."

Quiz on Kids



No, folks, we're not dispensing with our popular "Quiz on Kids" feature, but merely having to a segment of public opinion which feeling we ought to do as much for the old-timers in radio. So, beginning with this issue we're going to use this column on occasion to test your memories. Now see if you recognize these two great radio teams. In case of doubt turn to page 32 for the answers.



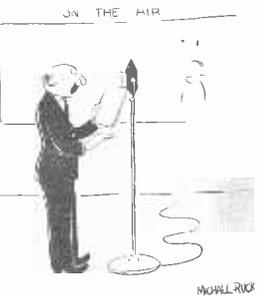
← CAN YOU NAME THEM?

Well, we didn't figure this one would give anybody — young or old — any trouble, but it would be a pity to pass up a chance to show this picture of one of radio's swiftest comedy teams before they parted to go their separate ways. A clue? Not this time for you should know them just like that from their faces.



CAN YOU NAME THEM? →

This picture was taken back in the year 1923 when the songs and chatter of these "boys" were about tops in every family's radio log. You younger folks may have a bit of trouble here, but ma and pa who received a lot of "happines" from this team should find their names rolling off their tongues right now.



"... And in this strange and beautiful countryside, above the solitude and loneliness, could be heard soft sighing of a gurglin' brook..."

radio stars have such interesting faces

Ralph Edwards plans a "romance."



Leah Lott has more fun than anybody.



Paul Lukas looks it carefully.



Jarrett Boyl's guess is full voice.



Clarence Hartzell playing constable.



Al Jolson thinks of his career.



Jean Davis chants over sausage.



Jean Harshbarger enjoys a pigskin.



Robert Q. Lewis looking "O'zical."



Man Young does his Mike-muggin'.



so you want to get into radio

The gateways to stardom are high, wide and varied in this greatest of all talent fields. There are no set rules for admission. Follow this series of those who travelled the road to radio fame.



HELEN GERALD, though born in the United States, spent the first few years of her life in Torino, Italy, where she attended kindergarten and learned to speak Italian. As a matter of fact, she was six before she knew a word of English, but then she learned fast, when she was enrolled at a private school upon her parents' return to New York. Later, she switched to a Manhattan Public School, entered Junior High in Manhattan, but graduated from the John Muir High School in Burbank, Calif., to which her family had moved in the meantime.

Now in her senior year at the University of Southern California, Helen, christened Elena Gianaglini, has gone far.

She made her debut at the age of six on the New York stage—receiving billing with the Italian professional theatre as Elena Gianaglini. When in Arthur Hammerstein productions and in New York radio she was known as Helen Gera—her mother's maiden name. She made a final change when she went to the west coast to appear in motion pictures.

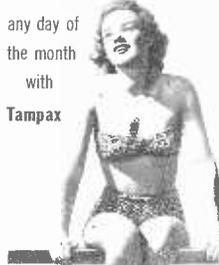
Even in grammar school, she was known as "the little actress" and was often starred in school productions. For Helen had determined to become a professional entertainer at a very early age—when she read poetry for her grandmother in Italy. Many of her teachers encouraged her in this. With the Juvenile Actor's Repertory Company of New York, Esther Darduin Briso was her mentor. Later, she became the protégé of dramatic coach Theodora Irvine, and still later, the internationally famed Giuseppe Sterni took her under his wing. In her first roles on the legitimate stage, she gained a loyal supporter in N. Y. Times-writer W. Luffeloff— which was another boost in her career.

HOMER FICKETT, director of *The Theatre Guild on the Air* program, is a former newspaperman from Rochester, N. Y., who got into radio via the advertising agency route. Fickett had always liked the theatre, and in his Rochester days, he used to spend a great deal of time at the two summer stock theatres which opened each year for the season's run. Before leaving his home town, Fickett worked on two of the city's papers—the *Herald* and the *Democrat and Chronicle*. Partly as a result of his interest in things dramatic, he got a chance at the job of second reviewer for the *Rochester Herald*, before leaving for another job. His next stop, after leaving the home town, was a newspaper in Buffalo, New York, from which he went to a Philadelphia advertising agency. From that time on, Fickett and radio developed together. It was in the middle twenties, that he got his first chance at an actual radio show. Fickett was assigned by the agency to the *Wilmington Health Club* which went on at 6:00 am over WOR. Fickett admits he lost a lot of sleep over this maiden effort, since he lived in Brooklyn at the time and had to get up in the middle of the night in order to reach New York sufficiently before air-time. Fickett says, now, that probably the chief reason for his having gotten the show was that someone had to be the "patsy" for that early experiment, and he was the one who found it hardest to say no. As it turned out, it was really a break for him, and he's been in radio ever since.



SWIM

any day of the month with Tampax



BECAUSE IT'S "that terrific remedy" you stay out of the water pre-tending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that. Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax? Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and motion picture theaters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into pouches. Or get the economy box with 12 months' supply (average). Also look for Tampax Vendor in restaurants throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
TAMPAX INCORPORATED 8376-00
Palmer, Mass.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. Enclose 10¢ stamps or note for cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.
REGULAR SLIPPER JUNIOR

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Sunday

DAYTIME



HOUSE OF MYSTERY

Sunday MBS 4:00 p.m. (EDT)

Suspense, adventure, thrills, combining information and educational entertainment. Recommended for family listening by radio councils and child study groups. John Griggs as "Roger Elliot," Mystery Man.

JUVENILE JURY

Sunday MBS 3:30 p.m. (EDT)

Radio's least inhibited supports furnish unique and riotous solutions to childhood problems submitted by news lock Barry and guests. Additional feature Dog Guest of the Week.

Sunday



BLONDIE

Sunday CBS 7:30 p.m. (EDT)

Penny Singleton—Arthur Lake.
Hilarious household comedy.

THE FORD THEATRE

NBC 5:00 to 6:00 p.m. (EDT)

Radio's finest repertory theatre, with great plays, books, movies and original. Howard Lindsay is the voice of the "Ford Theatre" which emphasizes scripts and production—not stars.

'PHILIP MORRIS NIGHT WITH HORACE HEIDT'

NBC Sun. 10:30 p.m.

Sponsored by Philip Morris & Co. Ltd. Program starts from city to city, visiting great and scenic great places. For details and ads, broadcast address in reference to advertisement. In award \$250, with opportunity to compete for \$2500 award in 1936, and an annual award of \$5000.

Monday

DAYTIME



ARTHUR GODFREY

with singing star Jeanette Davis, The Mariners, and Archie Bleyer's orchestra. Heard Monday thru Friday CBS 11:00 to 11:30 am (EDT)

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON

daily dramatic series heard on CBS Monday through Friday 2:00 p.m. (EDT)

WELCOME TRAVELERS

(ABC) Monday through Friday 12:00-12:30 p.m., EDT

A new type of radio show conceived by Tommy Bartlett.

YOUNG DR. MALONE

(CBS) Monday through Friday 1:30-1:45 p.m., EDT

Intelligent radio drama with a warm, real story about the problems of people you can recognize. Written by a former university professor, David Driscoll. Directed by Walter Gorman.

Monday



LOWELL THOMAS

(CBS) Monday through Friday 6:45-7:00 p.m. EDT

America's favorite newscaster, the most listened to news reporter in America today. 8:00 p.m., PST

Tuesday

EVENING



Thrilling experiences of real people!

WE THE PEOPLE

CBS Tuesday, 9:00 p.m. (EDT)
Dwight Weist, Emcee Oscar Bradley Orchestra

Wednesday

EVENING



Radio's leading anti-crime show

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

NBC WED. 9:30 p.m. (EDT)
(Broadcast Thursdays in the Mountain Zone)

THE BIG STORY

NBC Wed. 10:00 p.m. (EDT)
Dramatizations of newspaper true life stories

Thursday



America's favorite comedy-drama

THE ALDRICH FAMILY

NBC Thursday, 8:00 p.m. (EDT)

THE HENRY MORGAN SHOW???

Thursday ABC 7:30 p.m.

(All Time Zones)

Very different comedy

Friday

EVENING



ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET

CBS Friday 9:30 p.m. (EDT)

Radio's most enjoyable comedy series
The biggest cash pay-off show in radio!

BREAK THE BANK

ABC every Friday, 9 p.m. (EDT)

DINAH SHORE—HARRY JAMES SHOW

with JOHNNY MERCER
NBC Tues. 8:00 PM (EDT)

Sponsored by Philip Morris & Co. Ltd. Weist, Emcee and produced by Peter Lawlor and Harry Lee. Musical variety by outstanding popular forces of the week. Dinah Shore in variety of radio's BEST sell for best popular singer of the year.

DANNY THOMAS SHOW

CBS Friday, 8:30 p.m. (EDT)

Radio's new favorite comedy

Saturday



THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS

NBC Sat. 10:30 a.m. (EDT)
11:00 a.m. (PST)

Real life, teen-age comedy based on the popular comic strip.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANK MERRIWELL

NBC Sat. 10:00 a.m. (EDT)

Thrilling adventure stories featuring the exploits of a college athletic star.

If you live in the Central Daylight Time zone, subtract ONE HOUR.

If you live in the Mountain Daylight Time zone, subtract TWO HOURS.

If you live in the Pacific Daylight Time zone, subtract THREE HOURS.

Proving that... 3 sharp thinkers can be beautiful



On Mutual's "Leave It To The Girls" there are three gals and a guy—all of them screen stars and sharp lookers, as well as sharp thinkers.



These regular participants are (left to right, across the page) Binnie Barnes, Constance Bennett, Sylvia Sydney and lone male George Brent.



It TAKES talent plus beauty these days to click with video fans. Vickee Richards, heard on Dumont's "Playroom" has both.

Radio **best** Television Best

SPOTLIGHTS TELEVISION SHOWS

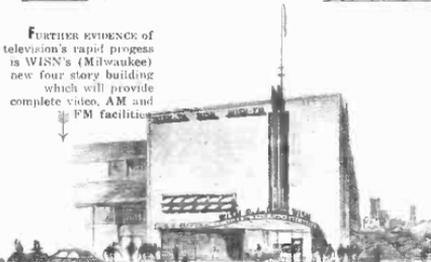
From the Nation's

Production Centers

SIGNING the dotted line for first tele-variety show on New York's WPIX are colorunist Danton Walker who will emcee show, Nick Prounis (with pen), Versailles owner, Bob Coe, WPIX manager, Arnold Walker and Harvey Marlowe.

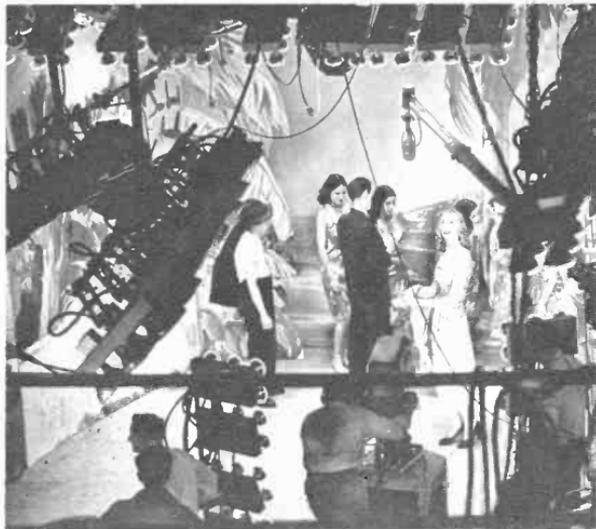


FURTHER EVIDENCE of television's rapid progress is WISN's (Milwaukee) new four story building which will provide complete video, AM and FM facilities.



BERT LYTELL, noted actor, who will direct the "Television Theatre Of The Air" programs for the Actors' Equity Association. The show will travel the video circuit.

This is not a super-colossal Hollywood setting—it's a rehearsal picture of Dumont's "Fashions on Parade."



TELE-LOG

BALTIMORE	WBAL-TV	11	NEW YORK	WNBT	4
	WMAR-TV	2		WPIX	11
BOSTON	WBZ-TV	4	NEWARK	WATV	13
BUFFALO	WBEH-TV	4	PHILADELPHIA	WPTZ	3
CHICAGO	WBKB	4		WFIL-TV	6
	WGN-TV			WCAU-TV	10
CINCINNATI	WLWT	4	RICHMOND	WTVR	6
CLEVELAND	WEWS	5	ST. LOUIS	KSD-TV	5
DETROIT	WWJ-TV	4	ST. PAUL	KSTP-TV	5
LOS ANGELES	KTLA	5	SCHENECTADY	WRGB	4
MILWAUKEE	WTMJ-TV	3	TOLEDO	WSPD-TV	13
NEW HAVEN	WNHC-TV	6	WASHINGTON	WMAL-TV	7
NEW YORK	WABD	5		WNB	4
	WCBS-TV	2		WTTG	5

Television Networks

National Broadcasting Co.		American Broadcasting Co.			
BALTIMORE	WBAL-TV	11	NEWARK	WATV	13
BOSTON	WBZ-TV	4	WASH'TN, D.C.	WMAL-TV	7
CINCINNATI	WLWT	4	Dumont		
NEW YORK	WNBT	4	Television Network		
PHILADELPHIA	WPTZ	3			
RICHMOND	WTVR	4	NEW HAVEN	WNHC-TV	6
ST. PAUL	KSTP-TV	5	NEW YORK	WABD	5
SCHENECTADY	WRGB	4	PHILADELPHIA	WFIL-TV	6
WASH'TN, D.C.	WNBT	4	WASH'TN, D.C.	WTTG	5



Radio best — Television Best

peanut gallery Candidate

Bob Smith Has the Nation's Kids turning handsprings with his dexterous manipulation of the Howdy Doody for President campaign.

This is the button that is rapidly replacing the safety pin.



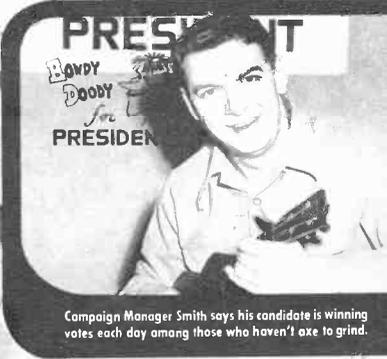
Bob Smith is a man whose sense of humor appeals to all ages. His early morning radio program on WNBC has become a great favorite in less than two years. But even this success is being outdistanced by Bob's television activities. His morning radio show is far adults, and they love it. However, the youngsters are even more fond of the *Puppet Playhouse* which Bob conducts from the studios of NBC's television station, WNBT, every Thursday and Saturday afternoon at 5:00. What is more, the adults love the kid show, too, and it numbers among its fans, even Maestro Arturo Toscanini.

With the assistance of a corps of puppets, Bob kids the kiddies for a full hour of entertainment. His favorite puppet-personality is a young cowboy marionette known as "Howdy-Doody" who is so beloved by viewers that he bids fair to become the Charlie McCarthy of video. For some time, now, Howdy-Doody has been taking a leaf from Eddie Cantor's book, and is running for president in a mock campaign. The affair has even gone so far that young fans sport *Howdy-Doody for President* buttons on their pinafores. Of course, he hasn't much of a chance, even as a possible "dark

Howdy Doody delivers his acceptance address before a contingent of his ardent supporters as television mikes and cameras take in historic scene.



Bob Smith, the man behind the voice, does a bit of vote getting on his own before the Peanut Gallery.



Campaign Manager Smith says his candidate is winning votes each day among those who haven't axe to grind.

horse" in the event of a deadlock at either of the Philadelphia conventions, because nearly all his supporters are a mite below voting age—but who knows, they might be able to influence their parents. Howdy-Doody has been gaining some ground, though. One ex-GI we know has hinted he might cast his vote for Howdy-Doody if a general is nominated by his party—but he is hardly typical. His opinions are obviously warped by a blind prejudice against "brass."

Any serious discussion of Howdy-Doody's chances for office must take into consideration his platform, which is a model of plump-

Continued on Next Page



Here's "Big Brother Job" at a "Salute to New Rochelle" broadcast. Joining in the fun are Eloise McElhone and Norman Brokenshire.

White Plains' Mayor Silas N. Clark and stage star Dorothy Claire with Bob Smith.

This is **BOB SMITH**

heard between 7:05 and 8:30 A.M. Monday through Saturday

WNRC-660 on your dial



That's "Wild" Bob Smith entertaining the kids on his popular "Triple B Ranch" show.



Being a practical guy, Bob feels a lot safer on this big wooden pony. And the kids love it.



Howdy Doody

peanut gallery candidate *continued*

Bob Smith

Take a clear stand on a suggestion that every kid get a Piggy bank and save some money. Some observers feel he is a natural for the Western vote—being a cowboy, others give him a good chance with veterans since Howdy-Doody cannot be attacked on the basis of his war record—not having yet been born during the war. However, he has been careful to make no statements on foreign policy, and this is probably his greatest weakness as presidential timber, since the campaign will hinge on each candidate's peace platform.

If, as seems likely, Howdy-Doody does not get the nomination, he and Bob Smith can still do pretty well in their present field. In addition, music publishers and recording companies are vying for Howdy-Doody's services in albums and song books. Whatever happens, they have the solid vote of the "Peanut Gallery" both in the studio (see photo) and at their television sets at home. * END

ing for safe issues. Generally, he has kept within strict limits in proposing the planks of his platform. He has come out clearly and strongly on such controversial issues as: "Don't cross the streets against the lights. . . Keep that overcoat on until Mom says you can take it off. . . Study and do your homework well. . ." A seasoned politician, in spite of his youth, Howdy-Doody carefully skirted around such questions proposed by young supporters as: bringing the price of banana splits down, eating candy before dinner and six months' extra vacation from school. He DID, however,



Emcee John Reed King
with Director Walter Ware.

CBS Television, which has done some remarkable work in picking up "remote" broadcasts, especially in sports, found the technique useful in transposing one of their radio network stand-bys to the visual medium. *Missus Goes a Shopping* was always more suitable to television than to radio, depending as it does, on acts that should be seen as well as heard.

John Reed King is in his element before the electronic cameras and under his handling the show moves along at a lively pace. There's no question that the on-looker can now get about the same kick out of the show as the "shoppers," themselves.

Continued on Next Page



One of the CBS
Mobile Video Units.

Assistant Frances Buss
tunes in from control room.

The television cameras
are set up for broadcast.



Shoppers all want to get into the act for the "take." Here, King gabs, while James Brown helps the contestant load up with prizes.



THE MISSUS Goes A Shopping

THE MISSUS Goes A Shopping
Continued

Lela Swifty, CBS Assistant director confers with King.



CBS



Tom Mahoney, auxiliary emcee, invites entries from the listeners.



Emcee John Reed King holds up a can of the product as he spiels.



Everyone watches as shopper tries to identify unfamiliar article.



Contestant is given cake of ice to "cool off" her prize-anxiety.



Still holding ice she finds it more difficult than the questions.

One of the "gimmicks" which are used by the show to get laughs, is bag trick in which contestant has another hurdle. Sure looks silly, doesn't it?



THE EYES OF BOSTON are upon WBZ-TV
...and the eyes have

WBZ-TV

The lads atop this television control room on wheels, are technicians Fred Moriarty, and Robert Henderson.

WESTINGHOUSE TELEVISION
WBZ-TV
BOSTON

The Hub's first Televan to bring
2 million eager Bostonians tele-
views, smart, and excitement

Once Bostonians were accused of believing that the world ended in the east where the Atlantic began and on the western shores of the Hudson River.

Now everyone knows that WBZ-TV makes the whole world Boston's backyard. Henry Wordsworth Longfellow and the Breakfast Table cronies will be surprised at how WBZ and television have enlarged Boston's horizons.

Cameraman Irving Grant with the camera that brings to Boston the Hub's most telegenic personalities. This image orthicon camera has a rotating turret with 4-position lens.



WBZ-TV
BOSTON

GARRY STEVENS' "Song Shop"



Taking Greeley's advice in reverse, Garry Stevens came from California to Albany, N. Y. — the town where talent is appreciated, praised and sent soaring to new heights.

Garry's vocal chords jet propelled him into the national spotlight when he joined Charlie Spivak's orchestra as male vocalist. While in the Army Air Force he became a vocalist with Glenn Miller's Army Band . . . later, featured vocalist on Tex Beneke's Chesterfield Supper Club.

Among his better known RCA-Victor Records are "But Beautiful," "Anniversary Song," "Encore Cherie," "Dreamy Lullaby" and many others.

But NOW, married to Dorothy Brodie, a former Albany girl, Garry comes back to Albany to play "Home Sweet Home" — a featured, personality on the Capitol District's leading radio station — WROW.

Garry Stevens' Song Shop, 3:45 to 5. P.M. daily Monday thru Friday, features many of his own recordings as well as the best late jazz and swing records, many of which he vocalizes.



59th FIRST
on your dial.

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New York's Key Station of Rural Radio Network

Musical LINKS

by Harry Link



When I announced in a previous issue I would divulge some inside stories of famous song writers this department was swamped with inquiries demanding more information about the song writers whose music has contributed so much to the pleasure of radio audiences. One of our great writers many years ago named "musical" the universal language.

I think of all the writers living today, one name stands out in the minds, in the hearts, in the voices of the American public more than any other, and that's the name of Irving Berlin, whose songs for forty years have reached every city, town and hamlet in every country of the



Irving Berlin

world, and have been sung and loved by peoples of every race, color and creed. I will not attempt to write Irving Berlin's biography and will skip the "hoor boy makes good" and personal life angle as these stories have been told many times. But no one has ever touched on what makes Irving Berlin a great song writer. First, he doesn't act can't read music; he has never studied music, and he plays the piano probably worse than any other tune writer I have known. But he has a fantastic skill for musical construction and placing the right chords on the right notes, and this musical construction wedded to his lyrics flows out as if he were speaking his songs in a general conversation. Musically, I think Mr. Berlin has the greatest natural sense of rhyming of any song writer. I have met in my thirty years' association with Tin Pan Alley.

This ability has been more developed in the past fifteen years when Mr. Berlin added to his accomplishments the writing of motion-picture scores. In this medium, he wasn't confined to writing the "dot-to-earth" popular song and he really "opened up" and proved that he is one of the greatest writers of all time for writing and creating situations for songs in motion-pictures. In writing for shows and picture productions the writer must create unusual situations for the rendition of his songs and still retain the musical and lyrical value so that the masses will

want to sing, buy copies and records of his efforts. In this field, Mr. Berlin hit the jackpot with his first picture, TOP HAT, and followed by FOLLOW THE LEADER ON THE AVENUE, ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND, CHANGE PARTNERS, SECOND FIDDLE, LOUISIANA PURCHASE, HOLIDAY INN, THIS IS THE ARMY, BLUE SKIES and his newest musical to open this month, called EASTER PARADE.

I happened to be on the Metro lot Culver City when Mr. Berlin was starting this picture in collaboration with Arthur Freed, the producer, and was amazed to find that Mr. Berlin had conceived over forty different titles and ideas to get four new songs to be featured in this picture.

THEY, MY FRIENDS, IS THE PUNCH LINE! THAT EXPLAINS BERLIN'S GREATNESS. He is never satisfied with his work and always thinks "he can do a little better if he tries a little harder." Only a great writer will tear up a song after it is finished to try to get a better one.

The 10 Top ALBUMS

1. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME Perry Como
2. A FELLA WITH AN UMBRELLA Bing Crosby
3. IT ONLY HAPPENS WHEN I DANCE WITH YOU Perry Como
4. STEPPIN' OUT WITH MY BABY Guy Lombardo
5. NATURE BOY Guy Lombardo
6. TELL ME A STORY, Sunny Kaye
7. TOOTIE OOTIE Dootie Vaughn Horton
8. DECK OF CARDS T. Texas Tyler
9. I UNDERSTAND Harry James
10. MY HAPPINESS Jan and Sandra Steele

Unfortunately, in the minds of most people "the king can do no wrong" and producers, directors, etc. are satisfied to accept the songs of Berlin because of the name "Irving Berlin." He is his own severest critic and I know takes a personal pride in trying to make his song hit-proof in this, above anything else, it what makes Berlin great.

If our present day song writers, amateurs and professionals as well, would follow Berlin's example, I believe there would not only be more song hits for the public but songs of better quality. The Berlin technique is not copyrighted but is available to anyone who wants to write a song.

Records of the Month by Les Mermon

Best Girl Vocalist

"I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING" & "I LIKE TO BE-BOP"

Ella Fitzgerald

RECCA 24-142



Ella's vocal variations and inflections make her a winner almost every time she's on wax and this disk is notable for its contrasting styles. On the ballad Ella shows great feeling while on the bebop tune she demonstrates her ultra-modernity. Ella's scat singing has no rivals worth mentioning as she accomplishes with her voice what Dizzy Gillespie does with his horn.

Best Male Vocal

"TALKING IS A WOMAN" & "STARS FELL ON ALABAMA"

Gordon McRae

MUSICRAFT 489

It's always pleasant to find a new vocal star and this disk confirms that Gordon McRae rates all the attention he's been getting via a radio commercial and a motion picture contact. His version of "Alabama" is performed by a robust and romantic voice. "Talkin' Is a Woman" is done calypso style, amusingly. Good support is afforded by the Walter Gross orchestra.

Best Popular Album

SONGS FROM "INSIDE U.S.A."

Pearl Bailey

RCJ VICTOR AND COLUMBIA



We're picking a pair of albums this month, both stemming from the show "Inside U.S.A." The RCA Victor version enjoys an air of authenticity with the show's stars Ben Jaffe and Jack Haley doing most of the singing, a factor that is not unimportant to devotees of show music. The Columbia interpretation rates a nod, too, for the enjoyable efforts of Pearl Bailey and Buddy Clark. Tunes we liked best are "Kissle Island Is Famous For You," "Haunted Heart" and "My Gal Is Once More," all definitely in the tradition of great show tunes of the past.

Best Novelty

"DOODIE DOO DOO" & "I LOST MY HEART IN HARTFORD"

Les Elgart & Orch.

BULLETT 1025

Les Elgart dug up an oldie (about 25 years old) in "Doodie Doo Doo" and came up with a winner. Tune has the catchy quality that distinguishes the older tunes and explains why they sometimes top the Hit Parade when revived. Vocal by The Uptowners has a neat lift. Orchestra gets a chance to shine on the reverse but it's "Doodie Doo Doo" that should do it if Les Elgart is to score a hit.



Best Small Band

"SCRATCH MY BACK" & "KEEP ME IN MIND"

Buddy Greco & The Sharps

MGM 514



Loaded with talent of the singing and instrumental variety, the Sharps led by Buddy Greco, afford pleasant listening. The leader is a very hep and versatile singer and as a pianist he's modern and skilled, easily one of the best around. Don Spero, bass and Frank Beecher, guitar, pitch in handsomely. "Scratch" is a novelty, "Keep Me" a ballad. We thought the Sharps superior to their material.

Best Classical Album

FERRUCCIO TAGLIAVINI
THE VICTOR

Victor has packaged four arias on two vinylite records on which the Italian star of the Met is accompanied by orchestral. From "Ripetto" he offers "Farmi Veder le Lagrime"; from "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Una Furtiva Lagrima"; from "L'Africano," "O, Paradiso!"; and from "L'Arlesiana," Federico's "Lament." The fair-haired idol of the opera set sings these contrasting works expressively and stylishly.

Best Country Music

"TLL BE A BACHELOR TILL I DIE" &
"HONNY TONKIN"

Hank Williams
MGM 10771

Racy lyrics will make this attractive for the Western music lovers. Both are originals by Hank Williams and are, in both cases, songs of Romeo whose hearts are as fickle as their legs are bowed. Williams is one of the best of his class and his driving Cowboyisms present lively accompaniment.

Best Torch Tune

"THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC" &
"LOVE'S A LOVELY THING"

Billy Daniels
APOLLO 1101

Every note in a while a performer rises above anything he's ever done before and, with "Old Black Magic," Billy Daniels does just that. Three or four more torchy interpretations like this would make him one of the all-time greats. We recommend you turn the lights down low, it's that romantic. Jerry Jerome's string section helps weave the magic. Reverse it, by comparison, of no consequence.

Best Instrumental

"MINT JULEP" & "LAZY BONES"

Roy McKinley & Orch.
MAJESTIC 1182

"Mint Julep" is an arranger's triumph by Eddie Sauter but it's obvious that the brilliancy of the interpretation is a collaborative result. The many years of McKinley-Sauter collaboration bear fruit in this superbly disciplined, smoothly executed version of an imaginative opus. He-bop trumpet, clarinet and saxophone ensemble are particularly outstanding.

Best Vocal Group

"RHODE ISLAND IS FAMOUS FOR YOU" &
"MARY LOU"

The Pied Pipers
CAPITOL 489

"Rhode Island" is one of those show tunes from Inside U.S.A., featuring bright lyrics that calls for encore choruses. The Pied Pipers sing loud and clear and the Howard Dietz and John Loew lyrics are an outstanding chorus, though, that's played society dance band-style by Paul Weston which demonstrates that the Arthur Schwartz melody is one of the most danceable since Cole Porter was battling 'em out. "Mary Lou" is amply done on the reverse.



Ted Connor shows Stitch Henderson (left) how it's done.

Radio best This Month's Disc Jockey **WFMJ's Ted Connors**

TED CONNORS, who conducts the "1450 Club" six nights a week on WFMJ, Youngstown, Ohio, claims the distinction of being that city's first platter-patter-personality. He dishes out such standard fare as sports news, weather reports, time signals and interest items, recorded recordings, directed principally to late workers and insomnia victims.

TED COMES from Grove City, Pa., where, at the age of six, he was already declaiming enthusiastically. He used to take his stand on the back porch in the afternoons and deliver sermons to the neighborhood kids! With such a love for the spoken word, it was natural for him to discover radio, and upon graduating high school, tried to get a job with WHJB in Greensburg, Pa. He was the usual answer of "Go out and learn through experience at a smaller station." Which he did, joining the staff of the radio station at Grove City College. Some time later, he re-signed at WHJB and was hired to work as a disc jockey, among other things. Later, he changed to a Butler, Pa. station where he was known to listeners as "Uncle Ted," and then went to WHBC in Canton, Ohio, as Farm Director. In 1945, Ted came to WFMJ and was soon heard on their Tuesday night "Shenagan Show." He also found himself producing their Friday night "Esther Hamilton Show" and last year was chosen as announcer for "America's Town Meeting," when the program broadcast from Youngstown.

Ted is married, and he and Mrs. Connors have a one-year-old daughter, Judith Lynn. Judy shows signs of talking early and her Papa, Ted, sometimes wonders if she'll soon be delivering speeches from the back porch. Or will she go modern and use a microphone?

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ALICE...
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 THE MOST OF YOUR VOICE... the kind of secrets that made Dick Haymes famous! You learn how to control your voice, how to relax, how to develop pitch, how to "set rhythm" and dozens of other pointers you MUST know for successful singing. It's actually FUN to learn!

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 Margaret Haymes is not only mother and instructor of Dick Haymes—the it also Director of the Haymes Music Studio in New York. THE HAYMES WAY gives you the same advice and information that Mrs. Haymes reveals to her students personally in her Studio Course. Now you can enjoy this same instruction at a ridiculously low cost! Buy mail coupon TODAY. SEND NO MONEY. Pay payment only \$1.25 plus postage in FULL payment. Examine book for 10 days—put it on the test. Then if not delighted, return it for prompt Sing for fun! refund.

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- "Got a job as singer in our local Casino... T., Alabama."
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Look, Buffalo . . .
it's me!
in a
National
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THE RALPH SNYDER SHOW . . .
Mostly Music in the Morning
from 7 to 10, Monday through Friday,
7 to 9 on the short Saturday show

This is Ralph Snyder, "Morning Man" on WGR, CBS outlet in Buffalo, New York. Snyder's program, though just a year old, is already a strong favorite in the Buffalo area.

It's difficult to say which feature of "The Snyder Show" accounts for its success. It may be the time signals, every 5 minutes by clear electronic tone. Or the player piano Snyder's added, on which such guest stars as Jack Smith and Bob Eberle pump out a 1915 tune. Or Ralph's carefully worked out secret formula for selection of records. Or his humor, accompanied by that radio rarity, restraint. Or his amusing, unassuming commentaries, which are always woven smoothly into the program's fabric.

Or . . . to make one more try . . . it may be just that Snyder's steady, natural voice and manner are the things people like when they wake up each morning.

Whatever it is . . . people who have tried Snyder, like him.

IF YOU live in Buffalo . . . or near enough to Buffalo to hear WGR . . . set your morning dial at 550 . . . Monday through Friday, from 7 to 10 or Saturday from 7 to 9.

You'll hear the
"RALPH SNYDER SHOW"
and you'll LIKE IT!

WGR
550

National Representatives: FREE & PETERS, Inc.



Johnny Salb,
pianist
for
presidents.

Piano player to Presidents, song writer, partner of Arthur Godfrey when the red-head was getting his start, WTOP (Washington, D. C.) staff pianist and organist Johnny Salb is one of the best known musicians in the government city. A native of Washington—the city where everyone seems to come from somewhere else—Johnny has been with WTOP for 16 years, and is considered as much a part of the station as their 50,000 watt transmitter.

FROM 1932 to 1946, Johnny and a pudgy announcer named Arthur Godfrey made up a team that is still remembered by folks living nigh the Potomac. Before and after that period, Johnny has been a composer, arranger, band leader and featured radio organist. His latest song is "Why Do I Keep on Dreaming," and he's had six songs published within five years, a good record even for other professional song writers who work at the job the year around. Of course, Johnny got a good start in this work; when he first began composing and arranging, a man named Victor Herbert gave him a hand.

Salb, veteran musician that he is, is always ready to step in for any emergency. On the day President Roosevelt died, Johnny rushed to the station and went on the air for three hours and twenty minutes during the evening, playing hymns and appropriate music between news bulletins. Next morning, he and Godfrey did a four-hour show, and it was Johnny again who furnished the music on the CBS network broadcast the day of the funeral. It was entirely fitting that Johnny Salb should have been given the privilege of marking the passing of this particular great man and distinguished chief executive. Johnny says that among the happiest times of his life he remembers the evening musicals at the White House, the graciousness of the President and of Mrs. Roosevelt. During the Roosevelt terms, he played the piano each Tuesday evening at the White House, and had previously been asked to entertain during four administrations: Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover.

Get Johnny started on his experiences and there's an interesting evening ahead, which is understandable with a man who has entertained at the piano for presidents. His favorite off-mike activities include fishing, golf, poker and watching horses run in circles. A former baseball player, he was the first man in organized baseball to hit two home runs in one inning.

These days, Johnny Salb is heard from 5:15 to 5:30 with Jerry Carter, WTOP's young singer whose "Date With Henry" program earned the highest rating of any locally produced show in the capital. Jerry freely admits that much of the program's success is due to the fine musicianship of Johnny Salb.



Living up for the broadcast

The show is warmly received



Touring Teen-timers

FRED ROBBINS master of the "spectacular vernacular."



Louis Prima, Johnny, and Fred Robbins.

Strictly for young Hepsters is Mutual's Saturday morning *Teentimers Club*. For the show is written, sung, played and sold entirely for the benefit of teen-agers and the stores, in various cities, that cater to their buying needs. Famed author of "spectacular vernacular" Fred Robbins does the splicing for the show as emcee. Top name bands are featured every week, including such teen-favorites as Frankie Carle, Desi Arnez, Louis

Prima, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman and Tex Beneke. And to top it all off, Johnny Desmond, the "Frankie of the Elbe" when he was featured vocalist with the AAF Glen Miller band, holds down the words-and-music department.

Overseas, Sergeant Johnny Desmond was embarrassed and delighted by the adulation of Paris youngsters, and counted among his faithful London listeners the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret. However, his background of pleasing Royalty and commoner, GIs and generals, now is highly useful in meeting teen-timers all over the country, as the show pursues its touring itinerary. Johnny, who is twenty-five years old, but hardly looks it, has been

Continued on Next Page



HEARD ON MBS Saturday 11:30 am

JOHNNY DESMOND his GI haircut is no more.



With Louis Prima on the bandstand, emcee Fred Robbins and crooner Johnny Desmond await cue for Teentimer "air-time."



Questions & Answers

(Send all questions to Q. & A. Editor, RADIO BEST, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. All answers will be confined to this department, so please do not send stamped envelopes.)

Q. I have noticed, when listening to WCAU, here in Philadelphia, that a very high pitched sound is some-times heard. The sounds usually come three times, then pause and come three times again. I have never noticed this on any other station, so it can't be just static. Can you tell me what it is?

Housewife, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. The sounds you refer to are known as "beeps" in the trade, and are the network's way of signalling that an important news-flash will follow. This alerts the local station, and they remain "on network" until after the news bulletin has been given.

Q. Can you give some background data on Robert Merrill?

Charles Mansfield, Toledo, Ohio

A. Bob Merrill is a Brooklyn boy, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Merrill. To help finance his singing lessons, young Merrill worked for his father in the shoe business and later pitched in semi-pro baseball. He entered the professional field of entertainment by accepting a series of jobs at summer-resort hotels and was frequently billed with another young man who was later to do pretty well for himself, too—under the name of Sammy Kaye. Spotted by a talent scout, Bob was immediately signed as soloist with a concert orchestra under the direction of H. Leopold Spitalny. From there on in — it was a quick journey to success. Radio shows, concerts and finally in 1945, the Metropolitan Opera.



Q. I've been long admiring the voice of announcer Ken Roberts. Would you oblige me by printing his picture?

Mrs. Somers Cappel, Silver Spring, Md.

A. Mr. Roberts may now be seen on many television shows. But here's his photo.



Q. Please publish a photograph of Eleanor Steber and tell me where she hails from.

Robert White, Lynn, Mass.

A. Miss Steber was born in Wheeling, W. Va., and made her Metropolitan Opera debut in December, 1940.

Q. I am curious about the people who play the various parts on "Meet the Meeks." Please print their pictures.

Jane Windell, Bronx, N. Y.

A. Here they are: seated (left to right) Beryl Vaughn, who portrays Peggy, and Forrest Lewis and Fran Allison, who play Mr. and Mrs. Meek. Standing are Cliff Soubler (Mrs. Meek's brother, Louis Leach) and Elmira Roessler (the once-a-week maid, Lily).



A thrilling moment—a teen-ager is selected as "Miss Stargazer."



A tender hug (above) and a swooning glance — the kids love it.

singing since he was eleven. He started his career in Detroit on WXYZ's *Uncle Nick's Children's Hour*, billed as the "Italian John McCormack"—a spot young Desmond held down until he was fifteen, when to the amazement (and amusement) of everyone concerned, his voice changed during a song. After a hitch as a juvenile radio actor, Johnny organized a quartet named the *Downbeats*, which Bob Crosby hired and re-named the *Bob-O-Links*. When Johnny decided to try working as a solo singer, he had rough sledding until Gene Krupa hired him for his band. Soon after, he quit the band to enlist in the Air Corps, where the late Glen Miller discovered him and added him to the then official AAF overseas orchestra. After his discharge, Johnny was immediately put to work as star of the *Teen-timers Club*, then on NBC.

As the program is now put on, it broadcasts from a different city every week, under auspices of the local participating sponsor. A big promotion campaign accompanies the visit to each city and actual club units have been encouraged in each of the market areas for cooperating department stores. Contests are held, regularly, to select the *Miss Typical Teen*, and an annual run-off called "Design and Name It." Then there have been limerick contests, fashion shows, lectures on teen problems, all intended to heighten interest in the program and product. In 1946, the show's campaign for racial and religious tolerance was instrumental in winning for it an American Schools and College Association award, and it is consistently among the highest rating daytime musical network programs. Apparently, all the extra activities really pay off, but Johnny Desmond and Fred Robbins probably find it a bit taxing, even if they wouldn't admit it. A lot of network stars are watching this pair of youngsters for a clue to their own touring possibilities, and wondering if radio will soon cease to be the comfortable, stay-at-home career it has been up to now. * END

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to more people in the Rochester territory,
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cause his jokes and zany ad-lib chatter give
folks a pleasant psychological lift.

—And maybe it's just because
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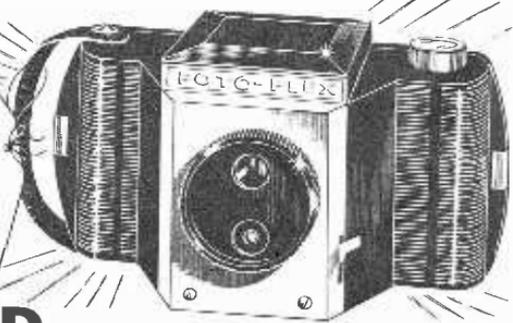
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"GOOD LISTENING EVERY MINUTE"

AGAIN THIS YEAR

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WILL BROADCAST EXCLUSIVELY
ALL OF THE WEEKDAY

**WASHINGTON SENATOR
BASEBALL GAMES**



STRONG, CLEAR SIGNAL OF

W P I K

Makes it possible for listeners in
Virginia, Maryland, nearby Delaware,
West Virginia and Pennsylvania to
hear these baseball broadcasts.

THE FRIEDENBERG AGENCY NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE



Vocalists Dolores Hawkins and Buddy Hughes urging Bobo Benson to give out with a sample of those inimitable daggered disc-riptions.



Bobo gets "lowdown" from guest band-leader Krupa.

DISC JOCKEY "Bobo" BENSON

He strums the guitar
while the records spin.



critical, and the only flaw in the family's home life is their opinion of Pop Bobo's attempts at playing the guitar. But Pop refuses to give up. "Some day," he insists, "I'm going to learn how to play that thing."

In the meantime, Bobo is achieving a measure of success in other fields of entertainment. As a disc jockey, he's among the city's most popular. In his nightly program, and on Saturday afternoons, Bobo leans heavily toward verse introductions. His novel use of jive lingo and rhyme as a prelude to the spinning of each platter, dishes up a bright twist on what might ordinarily be just another record session. In addition, the versatile Benson knows his music and doesn't restrict himself to swing. For example, he is the announcer of two "light classics" interludes on the station, *Harmony Hall* and *Highways in Melody*.

Benson came to KYW before the war, but later joined the Navy and served as air officer aboard a sea plane tender. In 1946 he bounced back to his old job as chief gabber on the Saturday *On the Sunny Side*. Since then, Benson's star has been in the ascendancy.



At home, the Benson boys are highly critical of their dad—especially as a guitar player.

ROBERT "BOBO" BENSON, who conducts KYW's late evening *Radio Night Club*, spent a good part of his earlier years in sunny California, but he is careful not to draw any comparisons with Philadelphia weather. Family man (as you can see), disc jockey, former school teacher and amateur guitarist Bobo came to Metropolis-on-the-Delaware chiefly because it was the home town of his lovely, young wife, the former "Kiki" Carpenter, whom he'd married while they both were students at the University of Southern California. Maybe that was when they both made a working agreement not to nickname any of their children who are Bobby, 7, Harry, 5, and young Mary Margaret. Bobby and Harry are at an age to be hyper-



Above, he demonstrates his "Didie" technique with young Mary Margaret. And at right, the whole family poses for a modern day tintype.



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FAVORITE noontime show. The W. T. Grant Show, heard Monday through Friday at 12:30 p.m. over WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y., is a favorite with Central New Yorkers. Frank Hennessy, singing emcee, keeps the show moving at a fast pace with Hal Swartz' stylists. In the photo, (l to r) are: seated at the organ, Hal Swartz; standing are: Frank Hennessy, Casa Sanders, Bernard (Spike) McGinley and Ted Dickinson. Fan mail reflects broad coverage of the program throughout WSYR's 22-county audience, including many Canadian provinces.



➡
JACK DOWNEY, WONS (Hartford, Conn.) disc jockey, wears big grin as band leader Art Mooney (right) names Carolyn Gould "Miss Baby Face of Hartford." Jack is a nephew of Morton Downey and was Miss Gould's sponsor.



←
MAESTRO Count Basie stopped off at Durham, North Carolina's WDUK for a guest spot with disc jockey Dee Deering.



PAT DILLEY, 10-year-old comic book artist hit the big-time when he was selected for an appearance on NBC's "World News Roundup." Here's the lad with WIS' (Columbia, S. C.) announcer Mackie Quave (left) and news editor Gren Seibels.



THRUSH Connie Haines, emerging from WOR's (New York) all-night birthday party with Dan Priest, Signature Records press agent, Dolph Traymon, Gem recording star, Bullets Durgon, theatrical manager and Jerry Roberts, disc jockey. The other gal is Connie's friend.

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*So Mary,
who appreciates
nice things*



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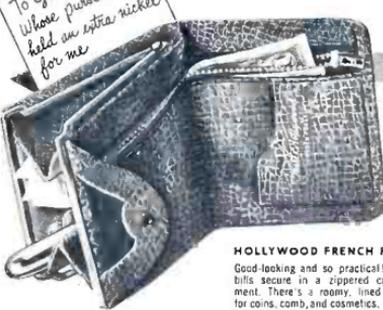
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*To Grandma,
whose purse always
held an extra nickel
for me*



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the gal I want
to have the best!*



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*To Sis -
who's always
practical and
so right!*



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