

COMPLETE TELEVISION SECTION, 100 TOP STARS IN EXCITING PICTURE STORIES

# RADIO ALBUM

MAGAZINE

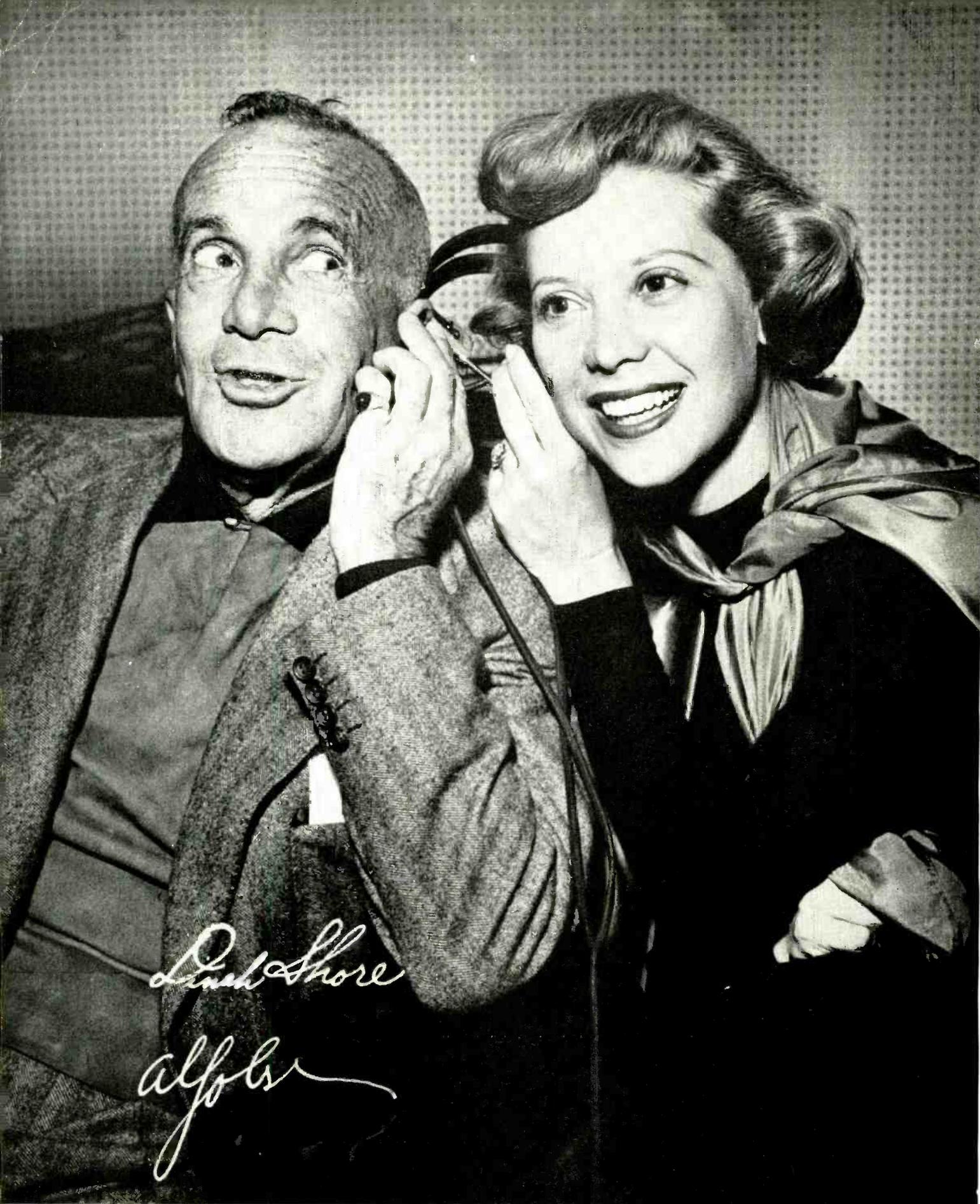
SPRING  
25c

DELL



*Arthur Godfrey*

**JACKPOT ALLEY**  
Special photo review of giveaways



*Dinah Shore*  
*Al Jolson*

DINAH SHORE FILLS THE GAPS BETWEEN HER THREE-A-WEEK SPOTS WITH JACK SMITH TO GUEST ON AL JOLSON'S SHOW.

# RADIO ALBUM

magazine



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Curley's Crew (page 86)



Hope's Gag Conference (page 4)

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# gag conference



Hope fracturing announcer Hy Averbach with this week's best. Hy's famous for a broadcast he did from post-war Tokyo—called himself "Tokyo Mose." He's a character actor, too.



"Do it like the Andrews Sisters," he says. That's Doris Day, Hy, and Billy Farrell, he's mis-directing. Billy's nineteen—Bob discovered him singing in a Buffalo night-club; hired him.

★ "I have so much more than Gregory why should I fight it?" he says, That's our modest, loveable Bob Hope speaking, of course, and here's the story of how he gets that way . . .

■ A gag conference is a thing which is held behind locked doors. (Presumably so Milton Berle can't get in.) In the case of Bob Hope, it is held with six writers. The six writers—Al Schwartz, Sy Rose, Larry Marks, Larry Gelbhart, Mort Lachman and Marv Fischer—throw stuff at Robert; Robert throws stuff back at them; they all write and sweat and they come up with a half hour which sounds so casually easy-going you figure Hope tossed it off between lunch and dinner. Bob used to have 12 writers; each would fashion a whole show, bring it in to the conference, and then Bob would choose the best from every script. This system took too much time, so he switched to three teams of two writers each. One team writes the opening spot—say, the bit between Hope and Irene Ryan; one team writes the middle spot—that's where the guest star appears—and the third team turns out Bob's skit with Doris Day. Each team brings its work in, and they check on one another. Bob has the final say; his intuition about what the public goes for is close to infallible. He works right along with the gag-men Friday nights and Sundays, and then, on Monday nights, he does a preview show for a studio audience. This sometimes runs an hour, with Bob standing at the mike, holding a pencil and underlining the biggest laughs. Best material goes into Tuesday's half-hour, coast-to-coast Swan Soap epic, and then *you* get the cream—you get to be the final critic.



more →



Every Hope show features a skit with Doris and Bob. (It's usually parody, like their "Tree in the Meadow" routine.) Hope has six writers; two of them do the Hope-Day spot, two others do the guest star spot.



Doris used to sing with Les Brown's band, a few years ago. Now she's a featured soloist, making movies and going places, but she finds herself backed up by, and reunited with, Les and the boys, on Hope show.

**gag  
conference  
cont.**



Monday nights, Bob and the gang do a preview show for a studio audience. Sometimes it runs an hour; best-received material is saved for the coast-to-coast show next night.



Maybe he's saying, "Don't talk back to me, kid—I got more chins than you." Hope gets a kick out of Billy Farrell because he looks so frail and slight, but he sings so husky. "This boy could be Crosby's father."



"Swan's Eye View of the News" is one of the Hope show's most popular standbys. Announcer reads current news items, Bob comments on 'em. Example: "Petrillo? That's John L. Lewis with a life-time needle!"



Doris tells Bob a psychiatrist claims women select their mates by the shapes and sizes of their noses. "No comment," Hope insists. "Anyway, what are you guys laughing at?"



Calm before the storm. Hy, Doris, Billy, Les and old Robert just prior to show time, waiting for the signal light to flash. A minute later, heck breaks loose, and the nation knows Hope's on the air.

end

Listen to Blondie, Wednesdays at 8:00 p.m. over NBC.



The Bumsteads hard at work airing their domestic shenanigans for the tenth year, over NBC, Wednesdays at 8:00 p.m. And from the looks of things Dagwood's gone and done it again!

Now that the busy  
B.'s have discovered per-  
petual motion  
there's no telling what'll  
happen. But you  
can bet your bottom  
dollar that it will  
be lots of fun for all  
the family.

■ They breathe—but not very often. And it's all Chic Young's fault. He dreamed up the scatterpate couple, put them in a comic strip, and soon thirty million readers in forty countries and an assortment of fifteen languages were following the zany antics of the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. So were some west coast producers, which is how Chic's characters got a screen test and how two former vaudevillians became Dagwood and Blondie for better or worse. It's all been better. Singleton and Lake have been making three flickers a year and no flops since 1939, a Hollywood record. And as if that weren't glory enough radio's had a bid in too. For ten years now they've been charging the air with laughs as radio's most typical American couple. People everywhere have taken the tribe of Bumsteads—even Daisy, the dog—to their bosoms. Between shows Penny's Mrs. Robert Sparks, mother of two (their names are Dorothy and Susan). Mr. Sparks is an R.K.O. producer, but in the kitchen he produces sandwiches the insides of which Dagwood has never dreamed of. Dagwood (Arthur Lake), wife and two kiddies (Marion and Arthur, Jr.) go out of their way to be invited to the Sparks' kitchen. While pouring the ketchup the men talk business (Lake's a movie producer, too!). Penny's favorite topic of conversation is juvenile delinquency—its cause and cure. But she doesn't just talk—she works with groups who are as interested in it as she. Three hundred and sixty-five days a year and twenty-four hours a day is hardly enough for these busy Bumsteads. We wonder, just how do they do it?

# the busy bumsteads



Here Blondie plays coy with announcer, Harlow Wilcox. Her smile keeps boss J. P. Dithers from firing Dagwood—to say nothing of reminding him that it's time for another raise. This season marks the tenth year that Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake are playing opposite each other as man and wife. And to their innumerable fans' way of thinking it's just one perfectly terrific match.

Bob Crosby



Bob's intent upon giving out with the music. Not so the Andrews Sisters. They'd almost rather laugh than sing.



Patty Andrews takes a bow after introduction by Crosby at a Club 15 warm-up. Patty and her sisters alternate performances with songstress Margaret Whiting.

■ It started out with a bang. But no Bob! That was preview night—with 24 hours and a star case of laryngitis to be done away with before the official debut of *Club 15*. The cast carried on in the name of Crosby. They clowned and kidded. If anyone was worried, it didn't show. Only you've never seen so many crossed fingers. Bob Crosby sat silently at home. He had to. The doctor had declared, "Not a word until you're on the air!" Bob's only comfort was the medico's indication that he *would* be able to talk. The next eve brought the premiere. The youngest Crosby grasped a St. Christopher medal in *one* hand and an Irish lucky shilling in *the*



Jerry Gray leads the band, while Maggie and Bob concentrate on vocalizing. Jerry organized his own band at the age of 12. Later became top arranger for Shaw and Miller.

So what if it's a long way  
to Ciro's, or you haven't the price of  
a coke at Mocambo?  
Drop into Club 15. The show's  
tops. There's no cover  
charge, and entertainment's yours  
for the listening.

# club 15

other. He opened his mouth—and out came music! He was in! The event was something special for Robert. It was his initiation as strictly a singer-star. He'd first tried warbling at 13, as a contestant on an amateur program. He stood in the wings long enough to hear the orchestra play 5 introductions to his solo. But the audience never saw him. Bob took his jitters and headed for the stage door. Nerves caused trouble again when he made his first professional appearance. He had to sing with his arms at his side because in the rush he'd forgotten his suspenders. After that, Bob took up bandleading. Vocalizing was incidental. It took *Club 15* to prove he

could carry a show with his voice instead of a baton. The lad has help. *Club 15's* loaded with young veterans of show business. Take Margaret Whiting. She grew up in the music whirl. When she was 15, friend-of-the-family Johnny Mercer decided it was time she gave up exclusive living room harmonizing. He guided her to a microphone and let her sing a duet with him on one of his broadcasts. "Don't know who was more scared—Johnny because he thought I might fluff my notes, or me because I felt sure I would," recalls Maggie with a grin. But after that initial chance, she soared—right to the top. Take Jerry Gray. He leads the band. Jerry's a

former child prodigy. He'd been an accomplished violinist at the age of 7. Under the watchful eyes of his proud parents, he studied music at the Boston Opera House. When they were asleep, he spent nights at hot musicians' hang-outs—sopping up jive. Then he began writing it—hits like "String of Pearls" and "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Harlem." On *Club 15*, he's really hep. The Andrews Sisters round out the star list. Laverne, Maxine and Patty trouped across country countless times before settling down at the *Club*. They figure it's a nice place to be. And co-proprietors Crosby, Whiting and Gray share the thought. So do a few million listeners.

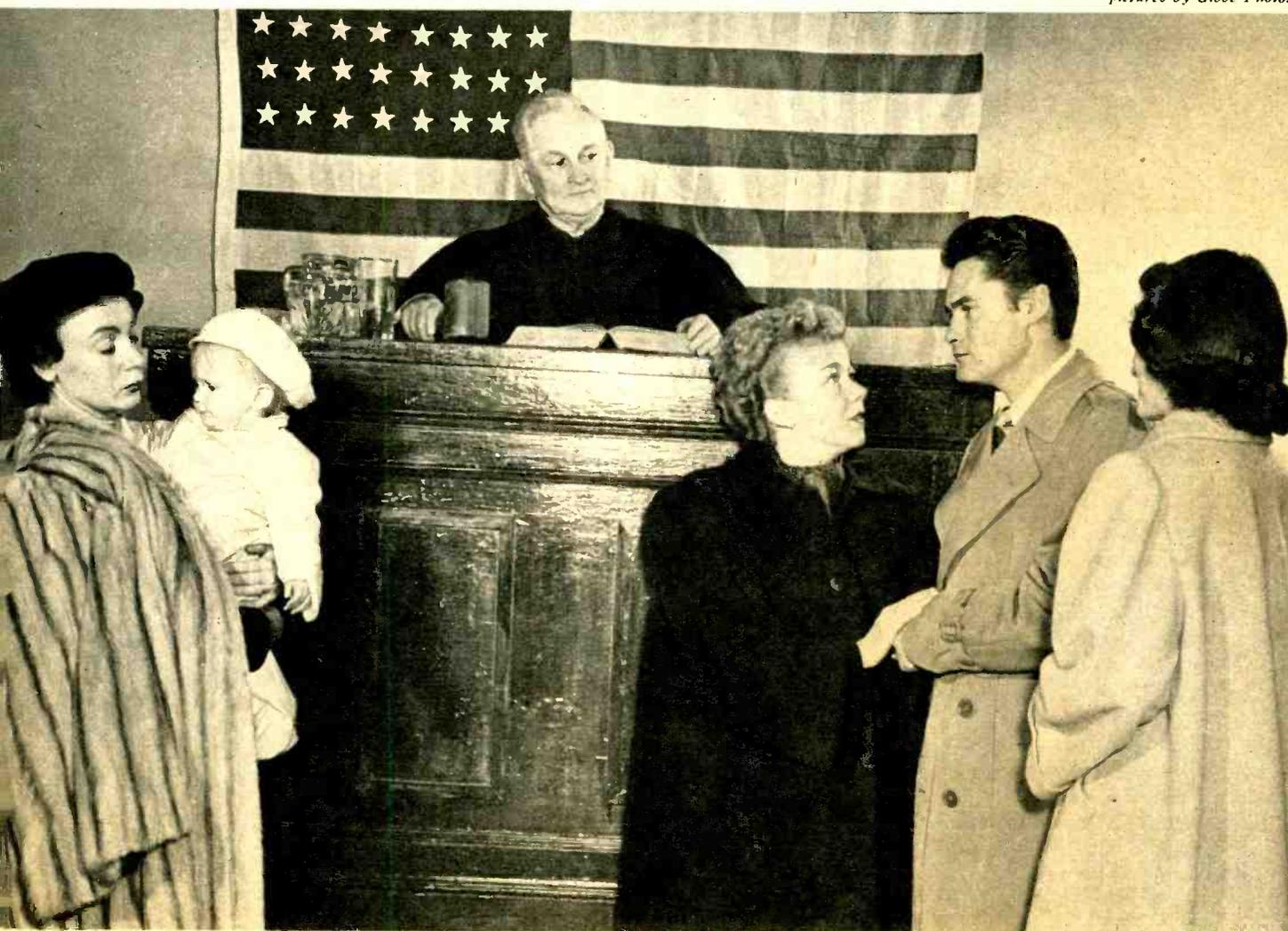
Listen to Club 15, Weekdays at 7:30 P. M. over CBS

The case  
of the

# sinister sister

Her husband dead,  
her baby taken from her, her reputation lost. That was  
Mary McKeen, when she  
came to Perry Mason, when she  
came to Perry Mason with her story . . .

*pictures by Globe Photos*



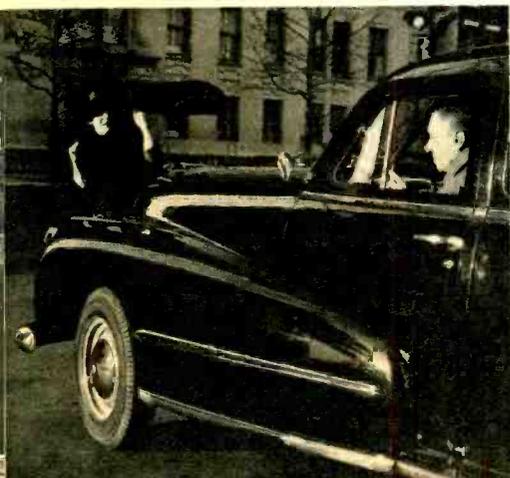
1. Called in on her case too late, Perry Mason can only comfort Mary McKeen when the court awards her baby, David, to sister-in-law, Liz Wrenn. Perry's secretary, Della Street, stands by.

Since Mary's husband was lost at sea, Liz has worked with one "Doc" Keegan to forge evidence proving Mary an unfit mother. Custody of Davy means custody of the McKeen fortune.

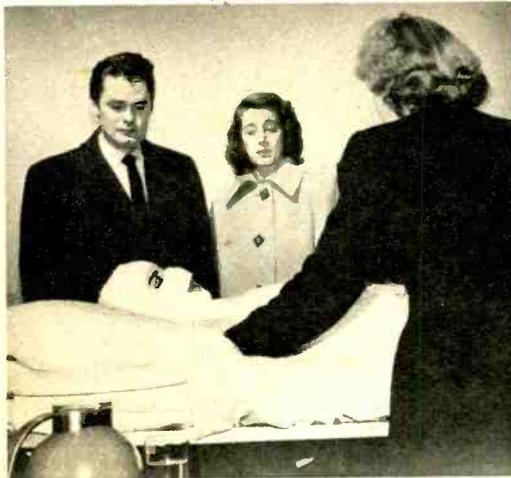
■ Della Street looked at her lawyer-boss, Perry Mason, adoringly. She always looked at him adoringly, but today there was something extra in her smile. She was thinking about her cousin, Mary McKeen. When Mary had first come to Perry, a few months ago, she'd been crazy with trouble. Her husband lost in a plane crash at sea, her sister-in-law, Liz Wrenn, trying to take her baby son away from her. All Liz wanted was the McKeen money, and she thought the easiest way to get it was through custody of little Davy. And somehow, she'd trumped up pictures of Mary and some man at a hotel. She was claiming that Mary and the man—a Jim Randall—had spent a week there. Well, Perry'd tried, but he didn't have much of a case. The Judge had given Davy to Liz, and Mary'd gone home, a broken-hearted woman. Yet Perry, Della remembered now, hadn't given up. He knew Liz must have an accomplice. He was determined to find out how and by whom Mary had been framed. He went to question the chambermaid at the hotel where Mary'd supposedly

lived with Randall, but the maid had been struck by a hit-and-run driver. Before she died, she whispered that Jim Randall worked in a dance hall. By the time Perry'd caught up with Randall, Randall had been murdered too. This time, though, there was a little more to go on. Randall's landlady had heard Randall call his killer "Doc." Perry told Liz Wrenn this, hoping she'd contact "Doc." Maybe they'd be able to trap him through her. But Doc had been too slippery, Doc had managed to sneak little Davy off to New York without being caught himself. Still, Perry found him. Found him, and found the baby, and discovered how Mary'd been drugged for the frame-up pictures—and then—in a final burst of glory, discovered David McKeen, Sr., Mary's husband. He'd been a victim of amnesia ever since his plane had crashed, but the minute he saw Mary, he remembered everything. It was just like a fairy tale, Della thought. The good people happy, the evil people unmasked, and Perry Mason, ever her knight in bright, shining armor.

more→



2. So Mason won't discover photos of Mary in a hotel room with a man were faked, Doc runs down the hotel chambermaid.



3. The maid lives long enough to give Perry a clue. The man with Mary in the trumped-up pictures is Jim Randall, a dancer in N. Y.'s Rhumba Palace.



4. Perry and Della with Lt. Tragg, of Homicide, visit Sid Cimmarino, boss of the Rhumba Palace, but they learn nothing.



5. Doc Keegan, informed that Mason's in New York looking for Randall, rushes to the city, kills the dancer with a scalpel.

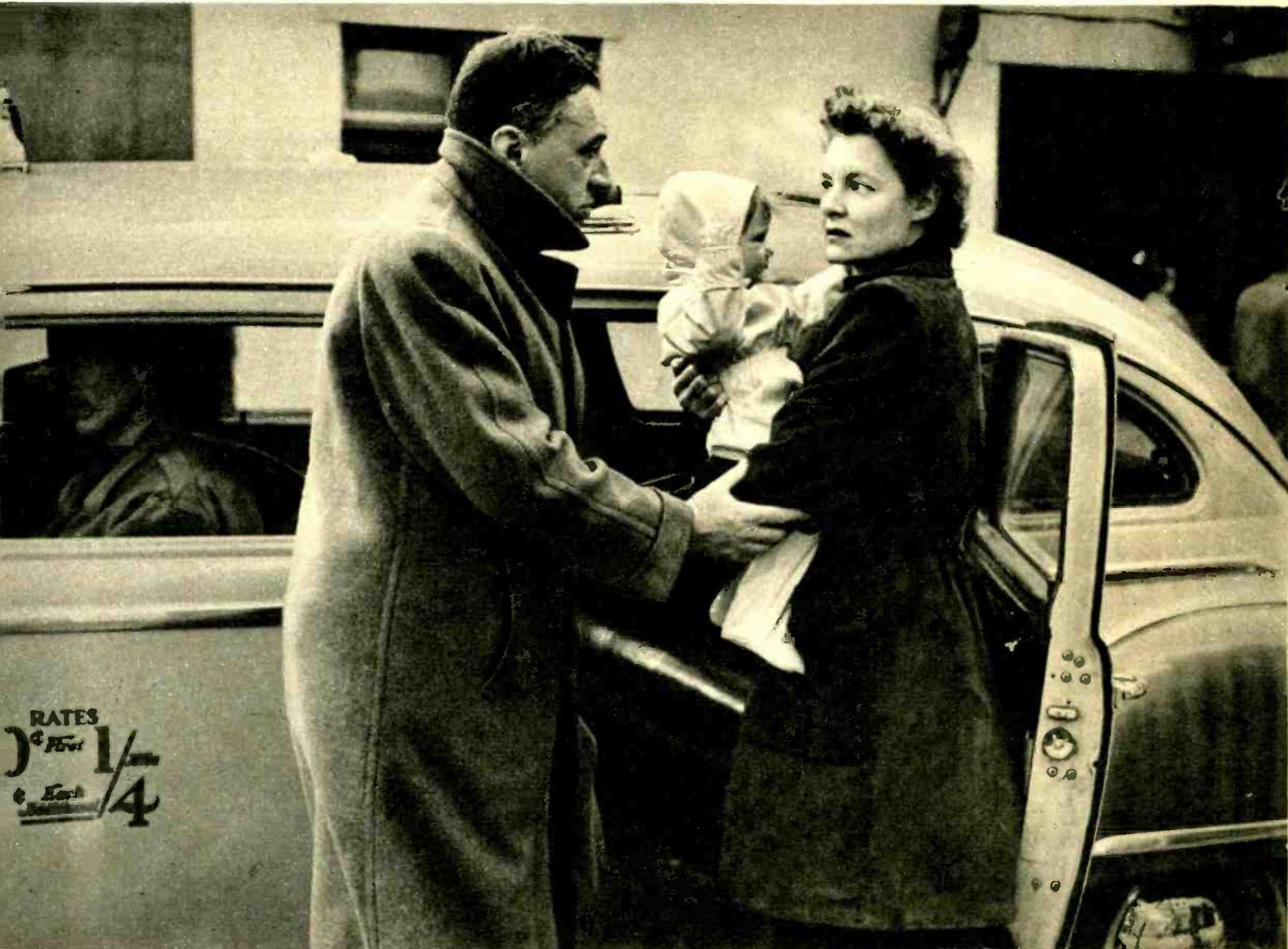


6. Two people—the chambermaid and Randall—are dead, and Perry still doesn't know the killer. He tells Liz a story, hoping she'll warn her confederate.



7. Doc, however, has wired a loudspeaker in a certain booth in a certain restaurant. Thus he tells Liz and her friend his plan.

the case of the sinister sister, cont.



8. Doc's plan is this: Liz is to give a "baby party" for Davy, in her apartment. A lot of women will come to the party with babies; one of them, Joan Merrill, an accomplice of Doc's, will leave with Davy.

It can all be done right under the noses of detectives who think Joan's taking away the same baby she brought. The plan works, and Doc rushes Joan and Davy to the station, to a train for New York.

RATES  
 )<sup>c</sup> Per 1/4  
 )<sup>c</sup> Per 1/4



12. When Doc mentions theatrical "flats," Perry tracks down the studio that rented Doc and Liz props for framing Mary.



13. A lawyer, Murtaugh, brings Doc and Liz together. Liz knows Doc tried to kill her, but Murtaugh says they must cooperate.



14. Murtaugh's operatives find where Perry has Mary and Davy hidden. A police sergeant with a warrant takes the baby, arrests Mary.



9. Perry, investigating the kidnaping, finds a porter who remembers Doc, also finds one of Doc's gloves. He and Tragg study clues.



10. Doc leaves train en route, to elude police, but Joan comes to Hotel Barsack with the baby. Perry, Della and Mary kidnap Davy.



11. The baby gone, Doc and Liz each believe the other's a double-crosser. Doc wants to kill Liz, is met by Perry and police.



15. Perry and Della are also arrested and brought to trial with Mary. But Perry's obtained picture proving Mary was drugged and framed, and he's produced a surprise witness—Mary's husband, David McKeen!

Perry'd found David (an amnesia victim since his plane crash) while tracking down a clue. Shock restores David's memory; he and Mary are happily re-united. Doc and Liz are tried and punished later.



Arthur Gulpay

Godfrey loves flying, but the real reason he commutes by plane, has to do with time saving. He's on daily for Lipton's Tea and on Monday evenings for Chesterfields.



Red is up in the air

He has a television show, two radio shows  
and a neat 4-passenger airplane.

Talk about lucky people!

Nobody's got better reasons  
to be flying high.

# godfrey in the air

■ This is a campaign to get a bunch of ladies to change their minds about a certain Arthur Godfrey. If Mrs. Godfrey's baby had turned out to be a little Arthurina instead of little Arthur, maybe the kid wouldn't have grown up to broadcast five and a half (count 'em) hours a week on network shows like *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* (CBS 8:30-9:00 p.m. on Mondays) and *The Arthur Godfrey Show* (CBS Monday thru Friday from 11:30-11:00 a.m.). Maybe not. But she *would* have been eligible for the 99's, a national organization of licensed women pilots. And *that*, brother, ain't true about our Arthur. He's got his flying license, he's got a swell 4-passenger Navion, he's even got Navy wings, presented by Captain Don Wilcox, commanding officer of Floyd Bennett Field. And he's one of the few proud civilians to sport such. But did that make any difference to those 99-ladies? It did not. They gave this gent who can out-fly a dozen eagles a "Certificate of Doubtful Competency" and grudgingly made him an honorary 49½-er. Get that! 49½ is only half of 99. Seems the ladies with wings think that a man is only half as good as a woman. Well, they can't say that about Godfrey. Back in 1920, when Apprentice Seaman Arthur M. Godfrey was at Navy Radio School, he got his first taste of flying—and liked it plenty. And then in 1933 the radio business had one of those fits of stupid-itis, and Arthur was "at liberty." So he and a pal ran a flying school in Virginia. Have you got that, ladies? Doesn't that make our man Godfrey at least a 77-er? Well, listen some more. Most out-of-towners who work in the big city, travel to their jobs by car or train. But you won't see Godfrey on the commuters' special. With his Navion and know-how, Godfrey would be a dope not to fly from New York home to Mrs. G., the kids, and his 800-acre farm in Virginia. And Godfrey is no dope. Not Arthur Godfrey! Those 99-ers ought to wise up. He's nothing less than 100.

Listen to Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, Mondays at 8:30 p.m. over CBS and to The Arthur Godfrey Show, daily at 10:30 a.m. over CBS.

Janette Davis, singing star of Godfrey's daytime show, takes a short hop in her boss' plane. Pilot Godfrey has logged more than 2500 air hours.



An apprentice seaman when he started flying—now he's got his own Navion and he's an Honorary Commander in the Submarine Force.



# two part harmony



Dave Barbour with his guitar and Peggy Lee (Mrs. Dave) with her new short haircut making music.



Nikki and her Ma (that's Peg before the shearing) have a look at some safety rules for little boys and girls.

They never got  
the habit of sleeping at night,  
so they stay up writing  
songs. They  
never believed life could be  
so good, but Dave  
and Peggy know now . .

■ She had an idea from way back that he was the guy for her, but if he subscribed to the theory, he was terrific at keeping his feelings a secret. For two years, they both worked for Benny Goodman, and while Dave didn't boff her over the head with his guitar when she approached, he didn't bother to smile because he saw her coming, either. Then all of a sudden, he quit Goodman. The band was going on tour, but Dave had decided not to. He told Peggy about it. "I'm going to stay in Los Angeles," he said. She looked crushed. "What's so good in Los Angeles?" she said. "Look, it's raining." He looked. "Yeah," he said. "You know, maybe we should get married." She was very proud. She said she'd have to think about it. And she did. She thought about it all the way to City Hall. That was in 1942. The Barbours then proceeded to have a baby. The baby was a girl, she was named Nikkie, and "that," Peggy said, "is that. I'm retired. I'm a wife and mother." They were living in



King Cole with the Barbours.

an actual house, and there was a garden out back where Dave could grow flowers, and there was enough room so you could read books instead of magazines because you didn't have to throw 'em away as soon as you were finished. To a couple of band veterans, the whole thing was pretty unbelievable. Peggy'd stare at Dave with the hoe in his hand, and sigh. "I suppose," she'd say, "we'll wake up in the morning in a hotel in Kansas City, and be due in Chicago by midnight." Somehow, it never happened though. Somehow, everything continued to go smoothly, and Peggy found out being a housewife was a cinch. She even discovered she had some time left over. So she wrote a couple of songs. To say that Dave helped her, of course, is an understatement. Without him, she couldn't have done it. Without him, she wouldn't be the girl she is today. He and she work together so well you begin to believe in predestination. They came up with "Manana," after a Mexican vacation, they did

"It's a Good Day," just because they happened to have a mutual mood one morning, and Peggy herself is credited with a number called "You Was Right, Baby." When she makes records, Dave almost always supplies the background music, and he was musical conductor for all of Peggy's NBC *Supper Club* appearances. They're both characters who stay up all night (can't break themselves of the habit). The entire Barbour household has suddenly taken up painting. Dave's best, but Peggy and Nikki give it a whirl now and again, and Charlie, the family's general right arm and secretary sneered for about a week, but now he's at it as hard as anybody. A couple of years ago, when Dave was terribly sick, and in the middle of being wheeled off for a stomach operation, Peg leaned down and kissed him. "I love you," she said. He glared up at her. "Stop nagging," he said. Naturally, she laughed. Naturally, that's just what he'd wanted her to do. That's Barbour, and he's hers, all hers.

Listen to the Supper Club, Weekdays at 7:00 P. M. over NBC

**1** "Why George—a hat shop! Could you possibly think of a more wonderful place to spend an afternoon?"  
"Yes."



**2** "Is that you, Gracie? For a minute I thought it was Esther Williams under a beach umbrella."  
"George! You flatterer!"



**5** "Let me help you, Gracie—I'll tie the bow under your neck. If it's too tight for you, just let me know. I wouldn't want to stretch the ribbon."



**6** "Isn't this a sweet one, George? It looks so much better on you than me. Did you know you look best in a veil? No one can tell you need a shave."

3 "Now *there's* my idea of a hat that is a hat. What class! What expression!"

"But George—it's on backwards."



4 "George, the handsome young man here says this hat was made for me. He says I'm definitely the berry type. Do you think I'm the berries, George?"



7 "I never can make up my mind, George, so I just buy them all. Don't you think that's safest?"

"In the future, Gracie, don't ask me anything."

When Gracie Allen  
goes shopping with George Burns  
it's time for  
the clerk to blow his top.

# a hat for **gracie**

Listen to Burns and Allen Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. over N.B.C.

The short story on these pages was adapted from the actual scripts dramatized on *Road of Life*



Mother and son together at last—Julie Stevens plays Maggie, Richard Tashman poses as Tommy.

All her life, it seemed, Maggie had been running  
away from heartbreak. Nothing had ever gone right for her before  
—was she to find happiness now, at last?

# road of life

---

■ It was the same dream again—the same dream that had been torturing her for almost seven years. And just as had happened so many times before, the pain of it jolted her half-awake. She lay with her eyes open, staring into the darkness. And she whispered hoarsely: “But that’s how it was.”

And she remembered. The voices, the hostile faces, even the typewritten legal paper they had given her to sign—she was helpless now to fight against them, and she had to let the searing memories that she could shut out in the daylight hours flood back. She had to let it happen in her mind, as it had happened in truth, seven years ago when she surrendered her child to the hate-filled old woman who was her dead husband’s mother and the envious, avaricious girl who was his sister.

And for the thousandth time, Maggie thought with helpless loathing for the weakness in her: “There is no excuse . . . for a woman who gives away her child.”

A strangled sob caught in her throat and she hissed into the blackness: “He would be alive today, if you had kept him. He would be alive . . . little Tommy would be alive.”

Desperately Maggie’s hand reached out for the switch next to her bed. It wasn’t there. Suddenly a mist seemed to lift from her pain-wracked brain, and she was completely awake. She tore out of bed and stood up, her slim body trembling. Now she knew where to find the light. It was queer how lost you could become in that in-between state between sleeping and waking. She had utterly forgotten—forgotten that she wasn’t staying at the nurses’ dormitory, that she was in the home of Dr. Brent . . . forgotten, too, that her old memories

didn’t have the same meaning any more.

Maggie put on the light and sat at the edge of the bed, her head in her hands.

Why was it that nothing ever went right for her? Why could she never find happiness—never? For years after her tragic marriage, she couldn’t believe that she would ever love again. And then when finally, wonderfully, she did fall in love with Jim Brent, it was hopeless. He was a man bound heart and soul to another woman.

And, now this. This miracle, as Mrs. DeWitt called it. To even imagine that it could really be so! Her heart began to beat unbearably as she thought of it. Because Tommy—her lost, mourned little boy, the child she had grieved for till she had almost lost her mind—Tommy wasn’t dead. The telegram had lied. Tommy was alive.

But she couldn’t have him. Not now, no. In a year the investigator had said: “If in a year, you show by your behavior that you’re emotionally well and able to give the boy a stable home, then he’s yours.”

Maggie knew what they were thinking of—the things the investigator had discovered. How she had tried to kill herself once, how she had just been running away from Merri-mac without a word to any of the people who had loved her and befriended her. Mr. Tanner, the investigator, didn’t understand why she had to do that, of course. How could he understand that a woman must get away when she’s choked up inside with love for a man who will never want her . . . and trying all the time to keep him from knowing.

Ironic that now she was actually staying in Dr. Brent’s—in Jim’s—house. But tomorrow she would leave and return to her job in the hospital. She would work and plod on and try to forget how many days there

(Continued on following page)



An expert at using people for her own selfish ends, Mrs. Lowell (Evelyn Varden) has tracked Maggie down.



Maggie has fallen deeply in love with Dr. Jim Brent (Don McLaughlin), but he's unable to forget another woman.

road  
of  
life,  
cont.

were in a year. Yes, she would do it. It was the very next day that old Mrs. Lowell came to Merrimac.

Maggie looked at her mother-in-law's pride-hardened face, and the old powerless feeling returned. She was no match for this woman who had done her so much harm in the past. Fear rose behind her eyes.

"What do you want from me?" Maggie asked.

The old woman bent forward, hurt, disarming.

"I can bring Tommy back to you . . . tomorrow. If you say the word."

There was something wrong, something that Maggie didn't understand.

"The investigator, Mr. Tanner, will give us the child immediately if you agree to share a home with me," Mrs. Lowell went on. "He feels that I would provide the—uh—stability, that he's worried about, you see."

Could the woman who had hated her so, mean well now? Every part of Maggie wanted it to be true, wanted it to be true so that she could have her son—immediately, tomorrow! And yet when she made the decision that she was to regret so bitterly, when she agreed to share a home with Mrs. Lowell in Merrimac, Maggie was no longer deceived. She knew what her mother-in-law was really after.

Yes, Maggie knew that Mrs. Lowell was using her, that the old woman was scheming to get herself a home and someone to support it. But the desire, the need to have Tommy—it was something Maggie couldn't fight. If it meant living with Mrs. Lowell for a year until her probation was up, it was worth it.

The first real pang of doubt came in Mr. Tanner's office when they went to take Tommy away. Mrs. Lowell said to Mr. Tanner—oh, so innocently: "You will expect me . . . at any time, will you not, to report to you if . . . unfortunately, Margaret, here, is not . . . as you say . . . fulfilling her function . . . in a satisfactory way?"

Mr. Tanner replied: "Exactly so."

Exactly so! Just two words, but for Maggie they spelled prison. She had thought she was putting herself to a little strain and unpleasantness in order to have her child. She found, instead, that she was in the power of a venomous woman who could ruin her at the slightest word—who seemed, in fact, determined to ruin her.

Fighting was no good. Maggie learned

that as the days and weeks went by. What was the use when her enemy could deprive her of Tommy forever? And there was so much to fight against. What her mother-in-law was doing to the little boy, for instance. It was horrifying. While Maggie worked at the hospital, the old woman stayed with the boy all day. She called it "training the child to act like a gentleman, a Lowell."

But what she really was doing was teaching him to despise his own mother who was not born with the kind of name that Mrs. Lowell declared was more important than anything in the world.

"If I were you and thought that," the old woman sneered, when Maggie accused her, "I'd complain. You can always go . . . to Mr. Tanner."

And then Mr. Tanner would be even more convinced that Maggie was too unstable, too hysterical to be a fit mother. Yet what could she do, when her mother-in-law forced her to break off with fine, sincere Frank Dana, whose intentions were outspokenly marriage? What could she do when the woman went further and filled Tommy with resentment against good-hearted Frank and suspicions of his mother's love?

What were the old woman's intentions? It was hard to understand. Wasn't Maggie supporting her? Didn't she have a firm clutch on her grandson? None of Maggie's friends could figure it out. But Maggie finally did.

It was without much hope that she tried to explain it to Mr. Tanner when he came up to Merrimac. Maggie had written to him after all, fallen into a trap, her mother-in-law thought.

But it didn't turn out that way.

"Mrs. Lowell has only one purpose in life . . . to get Tommy away from me," Maggie told Mr. Tanner. "She wants to bring him up herself."

It was a wild, emotional thing to say. Just the wrong thing to tell the one man who must be convinced of her stability.

And then Mr. Tanner answered her. He was not unkind at all, Maggie thought as she looked into his smiling eyes.

"I'm convinced that what you say about Mrs. Lowell is true," he said.

And then he said the words she had almost lost all hope of hearing: "I'm going to turn Tommy over to you . . . with no strings attached. The boy is yours. For keeps."

Afterwards Maggie cried and laughed: "I . . . feel so funny! Happiness is like wine! It makes your head spin."

*Milton Berle*



1949's fair-haired  
comic, Milton Berle, sets the  
pace for T.V.  
talent. Turn page  
for tele-news  
coverage  
and Video in Review.

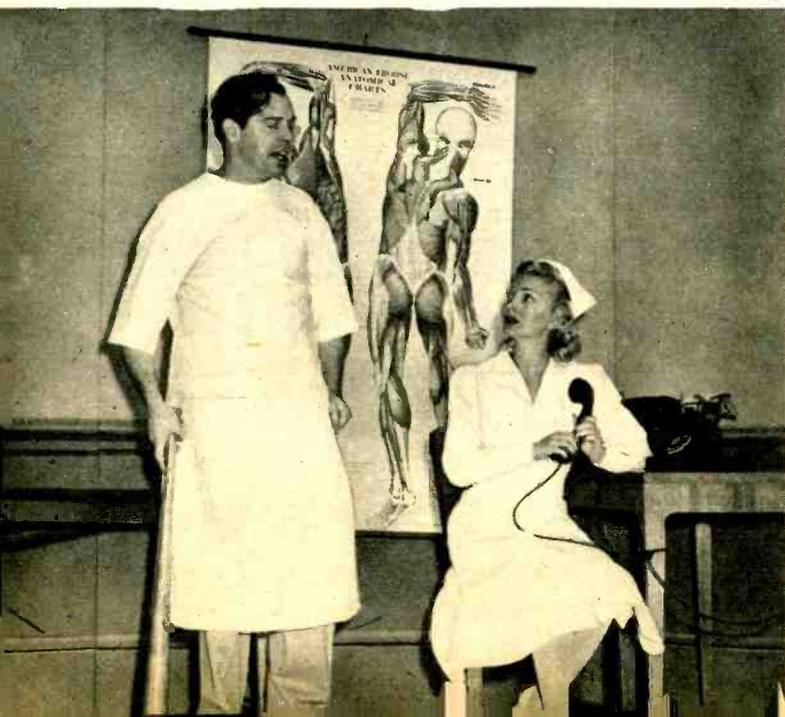
# television section

television section



As a doctor, Milton Berle wears baggy pants and swings a baseball bat instead of a scalpel. Milt has taken to television like a duck to water, critics hail his Texaco variety show the slaphappiest video hour going.

Nobody, not even the insiders, has any idea what's going to happen when the NBC tele-cameras are trained on joke-a-minute Berle and his weird troupe of straight men and gals, acrobats, barkers, musicians, and guests.



# tv comes to a berle

Texaco on Tele—  
Milton Berle's  
Maniacal Variety Show  
Is Hailed As  
An Example  
Of How Uproarious  
Video Can Be

■ Since Milton Berle got into show-business at the age of five, he has had more ups and downs than an elevator operator and more fadeouts and comebacks than a heavyweight wrestler, but the year 1948 will go down as one in which he was definitely on the ascendant. Milton's *Texaco Television Theater*—a mad, muddled, fast and furious hour of everything—was hailed by all the critics as a great example of what video can do, given the chance. Some said it was streamlined, modernized vaudeville; others said it was something brand-new in entertainment; but everybody agreed that it was one of the highest points hit by TV in its brief history. Using wild scenic effect and every costume in the books, from dignified surgeon to high-flying Russian dancer, Berle's show moves at high speed, with plenty of dash and color. Milton still doesn't take himself too seriously. "What has Fred Allen got that I haven't got," he asks. "A week later."

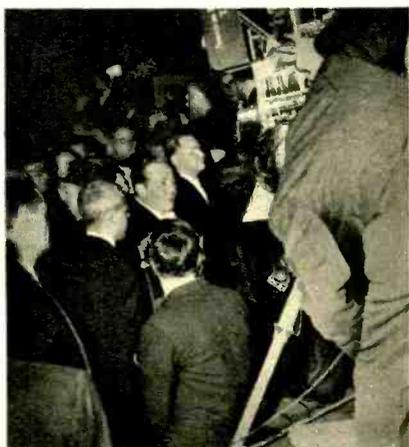
When Phil Silvers turned up on the *Texaco Star Television Theater*—pandemonium broke loose. Silvers' program is on NBC-TV Thursday nights; Berle trots out his private carnival on Tuesday evenings.

Even the commercial gets a new wrinkle on television. The sales talk is delivered by an old-fashioned barker, who gives the product a gentle ribbing, but doesn't claim that it's the perfect cure for snake bites.



It took nine days,  
a load of dry  
ice and \$25,000. Result: the  
grandest show on earth—for the world's  
largest audience.

# video invades the met



The opera crowd and Mark Woods, ABC prez (standing in front of camera) are interested in finding out how TV works.



Singers Margaret Truman, Dorothy Kirsten and Gladys Swarthout are among celebrities who enjoyed video's first night.

■ Some folks shook their heads and said it couldn't be done—not in a million years. Televising opera was too tough a job. That's what they thought but they were dead wrong. Which brings us to the evening of November 29, 1948, when it was done. Eight television cameras (the largest number ever assembled for one telecasting operation) moved into the Metropolitan Opera House. And with them a crew of thirty, from publicity men to camera operators, from video commentators to make-up men—all in tuxes. To say nothing of a healthy supply of dry ice. The ice wasn't for the Good Humor man. It was substituted for the camera-cooling fans which made too much noise. And the ice, which made hardly any noise at all, caused more than a few curious eyebrows to be raised, but there were no complaints from the Met's glittering first night audience. The cameras set up in vital spots on the aisle, in the wings, in back of the orchestra and in the Golden Horse Shoe were hard at work bringing this history-making performance of Verdi's *Otello* to a capacity audience—at home. Between the acts ABC cameras set up in the Sherry lounge, the lobby and backstage, interviewed glamorous, world-famous personalities of stage, screen and opera. And here's some inside dope worth knowing. Texaco (sponsors of the extravaganza) and ABC planned and executed the Met invasion just nine days before O (as in opera) Day. That's why even video experts are still rubbing their eyes to make sure it wasn't all a dream—it wasn't. Now they know they can do it, '49 should bring repeat performances.



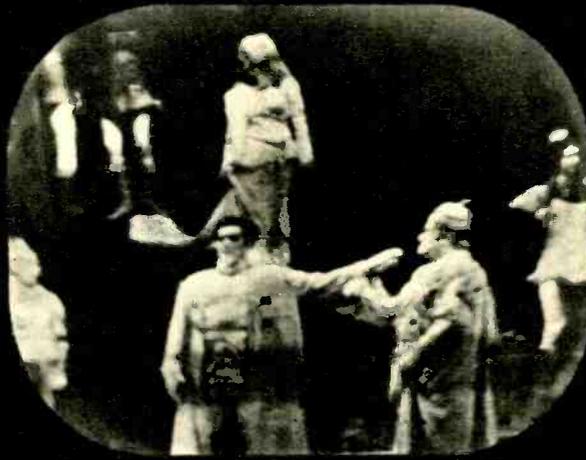
Opera-goers note Met's television equipment on way to seats.



Via telewaves: the first act of Verdi's *Otello* begins.



Infra-red lighting used to brighten stage for telecast.



Title role sung by Ramon Vinoy; Desdemona, Licia Albanese.



The curtain comes down amid applause for opera—and TV.



Backstage, stars receive warm congrats on their video debut.

television section



*Lucky Pup* and his friends have been around. Their creators, the Bunins, recently took them on an eight-month tour of Europe.



*Lucky Pup's* wealth affords all the bones he can handle and Jolo grins approval. The clown's claim to fame—he's one of the most animated puppets in show biz; mouth, ears and nose are mobile.



Foodini, the wicked magician, gazes into his miniature crystal ball. He's one of the principal characters on the nightly television show. He delights in complicating *Lucky Pup's* future.

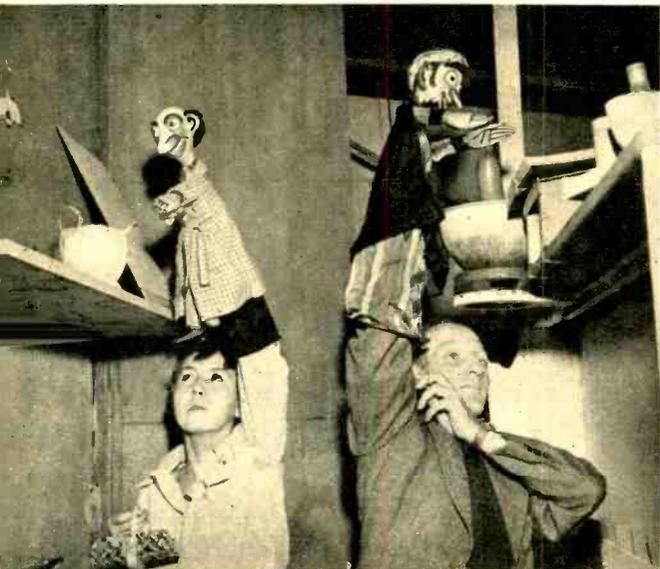
■ Many a solid citizen has moaned, "It shouldn't happen to a dog." But no more. There's been an industrious revolution in puppetland and when television becomes nationwide, it may effect the whole country. It started with the creation of a canine called *Lucky Pup*. He could have been an ordinary mutt. But he rates the social standing equal to the most pedigreed French poodle. He has \$5,000,000. And as dogdom probabilities go, only Lassie can make that statement. *Lucky Pup* inherited his fortune from a deceased circus queen. It brought him troubles, too . . . in the form of the unscrupulous magician, Foodini and his stooge, Pinhead, who are after the fortune. They outwit each other, week after week before TV cameras, and they've brought a new lease on life to the century old puppet art. Playing a major part in the feat are Hope and Morey Bunin. They're miraculous as entertainers go. CBS Television found their act in Radio City Music Hall and asked them to audition for a children's program. The Bunins got a bottle of aspirin and accepted. TV meant getting fresh material each week, where before they'd used only one short skit. It also meant sometimes as many as ten rehearsals per performance, dashing from one state to another, keeping their mouths toward the microphone and eyes on the script and dolls. It meant being wide awake. It shouldn't happen to a dog—but they're glad it did.



Doris Brown, narrator and mistress of ceremonies on the program, relaxes with Hope and Morey. *Lucky Pup* (tucked under her arm) and Foodini (on her shoulder) take a well earned rest.

He shares a wealth  
of laughs with kids of all ages —  
he's everybody's  
pet, this pup that doesn't  
lead a dog's life.

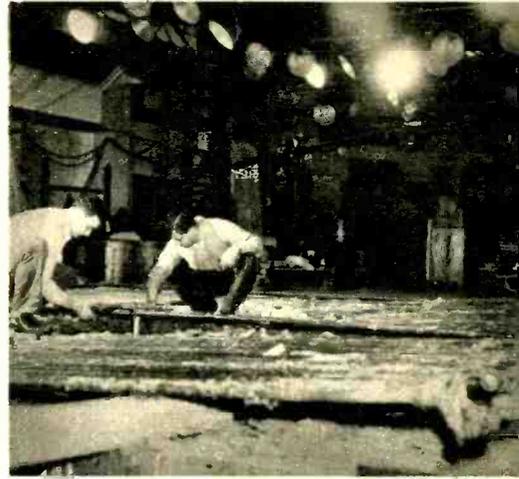
# lucky pup



Hope and Morey Bunin had a short night club routine when they first created *Lucky Pup*. Television keeps them hopping, requires new manuscripts for each show, countless set changes.

television section

# winter wonderland



1. Warm TV lights—cold ice. The combination brought problems. Workmen had to cut pipes in half before installing them.



4. Lanny laced a pretty performer's skates and hoped she'd get to make use of them. They had a close call.



2. It seems white ice doesn't photograph well, and something had to be done about it. They debated. A sentimental few held out for blue. They finally settled for a more imaginative raspberry.



3. Star Lanny Ross and producer Lee Cooley had a lot of explaining to do when program time rolled around. Lanny pointed an accusing finger at Cooley and told audience, "He produces everything but ice."



5. Ross is safe. The ice is thin, but he won't get wet if it breaks. Usually Lanny sticks to singing and cattle raising. Built Melody Farm as a hobby, made it a flourishing business.



6. "Nothing swift about the *Swift Show*" NBCites were kidded while waiting for the big freeze. But it finally went on—somewhat late. Proved the adage "No business like show business" so right.

The idea was impractical,  
impossible,  
insane. But they did  
it anyway—  
proving that most  
of all it  
was entertaining!

■ There's never a dull moment on the *Lanny Ross Swift Show*—on or off the TV screen. "We experiment," the participants say happily. And NBC wheels go round—wondering what will happen next. Once they borrowed a baby grand. It disappeared shortly before show time. The harassed propman called the Steinway Co. to confess and beg a replacement. "We picked the piano up at 6 as per your instructions," he was told. "You read them upside down," came the reply. "The hour was 9." Then the skating show was suggested. Such things had never been done in a TV studio. One and a half miles of pipe had to be installed. Workmen slaved for 32 hours straight. They got double compressors to freeze the ice. One broke down. The water had to be dyed raspberry to make it look white. "Bear with us," Lanny asked audiences at 8:30. The program became a running network gag until it went on at 10:00. The verdict: "Worth waiting for."



Like any other chorus-line, the television-chorus-line is based on legs, legs, legs. The first regular line-up and tele's Rockettes, the June Taylor Girls, are Ed Sullivan's guests on CBS's *Toast of the Town*.



*The Chevrolet Tele-Theater*, on NBC, shows Barry Nelson and Louisa Horton as a war vet and bride inhabiting a trailer. The scene at the moment is tense, as Barry points an accusing finger.

## television section

# video in review

■ As we go to press, we received a news flash that rocked the television world, represented a momentous stride forward for the lusty infant art of video—the linking of the New York and Chicago tele networks by a 400-mile coaxial cable. Translated, that means that New Yorkers can now see Chicago and St. Louis programs and vice versa. It presages the opening of coast-to-coast tele networks within a couple of years, and insures that a quarter of the people in the country are now hooked up in one video set-up. . . . Figures for '48 showed that at the end of the year about a million tele sets were in operation, five times as many as in '47. This year the total is expected to skyrocket to three million. . . . Combined, the circus, the carnival, and the parade of President Truman's inauguration was watched over

TV by about 10,000,000 viewers—more than saw all the other presidential inaugurations combined. . . . The wits on *Variety*, country's famous show-business mag, are writing articles called "Do You Think Tele Will Ever Come Back?" One of them said he was writing from the Home for Aged and Indigent Television Actors. . . . All a gag, though. . . . Some churches have had to warn their parishioners that watching services on tele is no substitute for attending in person. . . . All kinds of people are turning up on the telewaves—the latest being a gang of bowlers, who show fans how they put triple-English on the ball. . . . Out on the west coast, television made its bow in San Francisco with an everything-but-the-kitchen-sink show, featuring hockey, marionettes (coming into their own), and films.



Comedian Danny Webb dolefully explains to members of the *Teen Canteen* program on WPIX that he doesn't spend all his time in a barrel. The program encourages wholesome recreation for teen-agers.



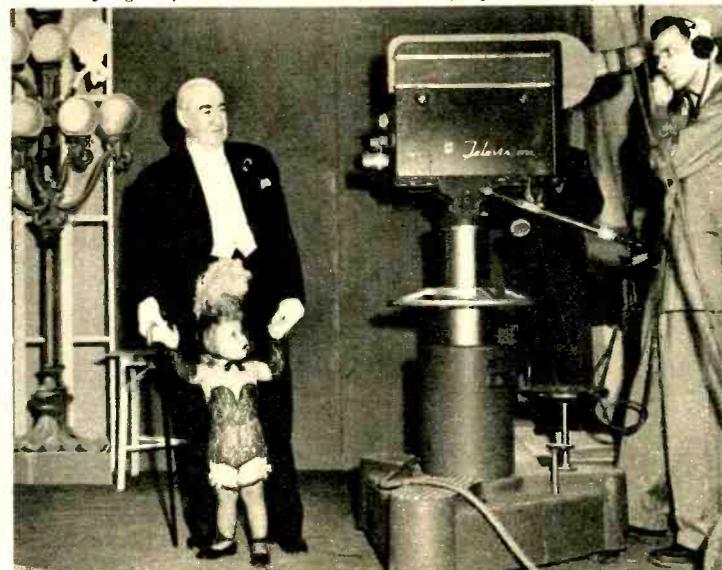
Johnny Desmond and Sandra Deel of CBS' nightly musical, *Face the Music*, pore over a script. Besides adopting the stars of radio, screen, and stage, tele is making its own stars, the networks tell us.



Gloria Swanson accepts a music album, "Perfume Set to Music," from its composer, Harry Revel. Valerie Mason, of Gloria's tele-program, watches. Corday perfume (in picture) inspired melodies.



Eddie Albert tussles with Paul Huber, is restrained by Myron McCormick on *The Ford Theater's* presentation of "Joy To The World." Play co-starred Janet Blair, was a fine example of what video can do with drama.



The world's youngest can-can girl appears before the television cameras. New talent, practically from the cradle up, is being developed by the makers of America's brand-new video-programs.



Television's a game for the ladies—or so it seems, as Dorothy Loan (center) checks production details with Frances Buss (right) and Ann Kelliher, director and asst., of CBS's *Vanity Fair* show.



Listen to Our Miss Brooks Sun-  
days at 9:30 P. M. over CBS

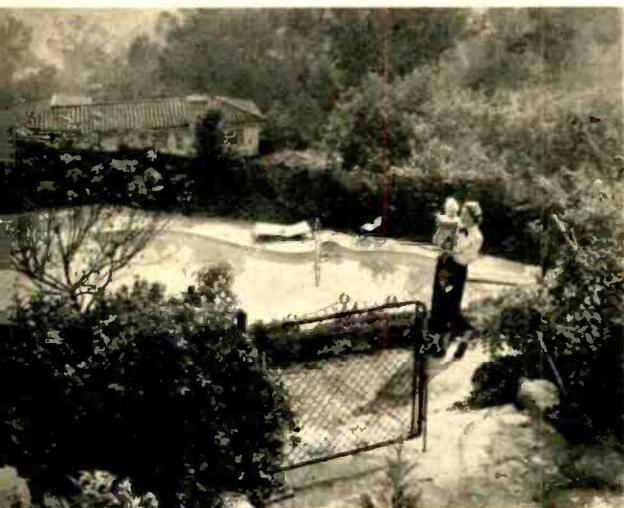
■ Stardom has its occupational hazards like any other job. It takes a level head to stand the gaff from obscurity to fame . . . from somebody to nobody. Eve Arden, one of the screen's top personalities, is fast becoming radio's leading comedienne, but more important, she has retained her charm, her straightforward and intelligent manner . . . she has retained Eve Arden, the person. Everything about her denotes purposefulness. Her household and her life are conducted with good sense and good planning. For example, there's the house in which she lives and which she decorated herself. It's farmhouse style, white with green shutters and is on top of a Hollywood hill. It's filled with comfortable sofas, just right for relaxing, sturdy antiques, and acres of chintz drapes and coverings. It isn't the kind of a place you'd expect to find radio's and movies' brassy sophisticate living in, but it suits the mother of Liza and Constance just fine. Miss Liza Arden is three and a half years old, and she's recently had her hair cut short like her mommy's. Her eyes are big and brown, and already she shows signs of someday being an accomplished pianist. The baby, Constance, is less than a year old. Both children are adopted. Eve loves her home and everything in it. "But," she says, "I hope I never become possessed by possessions. If the children chip a chair or ornament while playing, I don't mind. It only makes things look more antique."



A winding mountain road is the only approach to Eve's home. But the ivy-covered level between terrace and swimming pool is the children's favorite playground. That outdoor barbeque in the porch patio is for special supper guests.

# our miss arden

She plays schoolmarm  
and sophisticate but her favorite role  
is just plain "Mother."



No "show" pool this one. Eve is an expert swimmer. Takes a dip every morning. Sometimes Liza and Connie join the fun, but the most enthusiastic customer is Nipper.

Who's the only  
guy who can hold down  
four big jobs and  
still act like  
a lad just off a slow  
train from Wea-  
versville?

Why, D. Day, of course!



Phone conversations with Dennis' mom are three-way affairs. No mother-in-law problem here—Mrs. McNulty Dan Cupided Peggy and Dennis' romance, has five other devoted kids vying for her time!

# nobody's stooge



Dennis began doing impersonations at New York's Cathedral High School. Here he's out-Claghorning Delmar.



Wouldn't be a Lew Lehr take-off without the hair-do, the handle-bar moustache. Actually, Mr. Day is one of radio's best-dressed men.



Dennis is a naive soda-jerker on his own Sat. night program. Worships Jack Benny for doing a bit on very first show. ("Just for luck, kid.")

■ To listen to him talk, you'd think Dennis Day was a wide-eyed yokel—the kind to whom you could sell the Brooklyn Bridge or a non-existent gold mine. To look at him, you'd think he was a Celtic Dagwood. It's something of a shock to discover he's really a level-headed lad, a former honor student at Manhattan College, and a solid business man. Aside from his niche on the *Jack Benny Program* which he's had for almost ten years, and his own two-and-a-half-year-old show *A Day in the Life of Dennis Day*, Dennis—with his brother John—directs a thriving music publishing business. In private life he's a substantial family man (his pretty wife Peggy having Christmas-gifted him with a son), and lord of quite a fancy manor. The Days live in a 14-room place which houses, in addition to the Days, Dennis' wonderful collection of records, guns, pewter mugs and English silver. For a broth of a boy—he's just thirty-one—

Dennis is really doing fine, if fans in every corner of the world are any indication. His record of *Sleep, My Child* is broadcast nightly to children in European camps, and now lots of them have his picture and sing right along with him in a variety of accents. He broke records on his Mexican jaunt last summer and absolutely *sent* the señoritas in bobby-sox. Locally, of course, he's terrific. Didn't two cute high school youngsters bring a 50-pound heart to his dressing-room on Valentine's Day? Dennis (whose legal name is Eugene Patrick McNulty) couldn't be more pleased and dazed with the whole situation. Nine short years ago, he was singing for free on a small radio station, now he's a home-owner, a horse-owner, a hob-nobber with the Ronald Colmans and the Jack Bennys. Tune him in with Jack Benny on Sunday nights, on his own show Saturdays, and you'll see why everyone says Dennis is here to stay.

Barbara Eiler and Dennis.



Charlie Forsyth, along with his son, Eugene, capture the sound of a minor-league waterfall, which is apt to come up on some future script of the *Lux Radio Theater*, where Charlie's been noising ever since 1936.



Why Charlie and son would be putting a mike on the upmost bough of this tree escapes us—but it might be to get the peck of a woodpecker. Most bird sounds Charlie contrives are from a pet mocking bird he owns.



**radio album reports, no. 4**

# sound effects

Forsyth, the sound effects

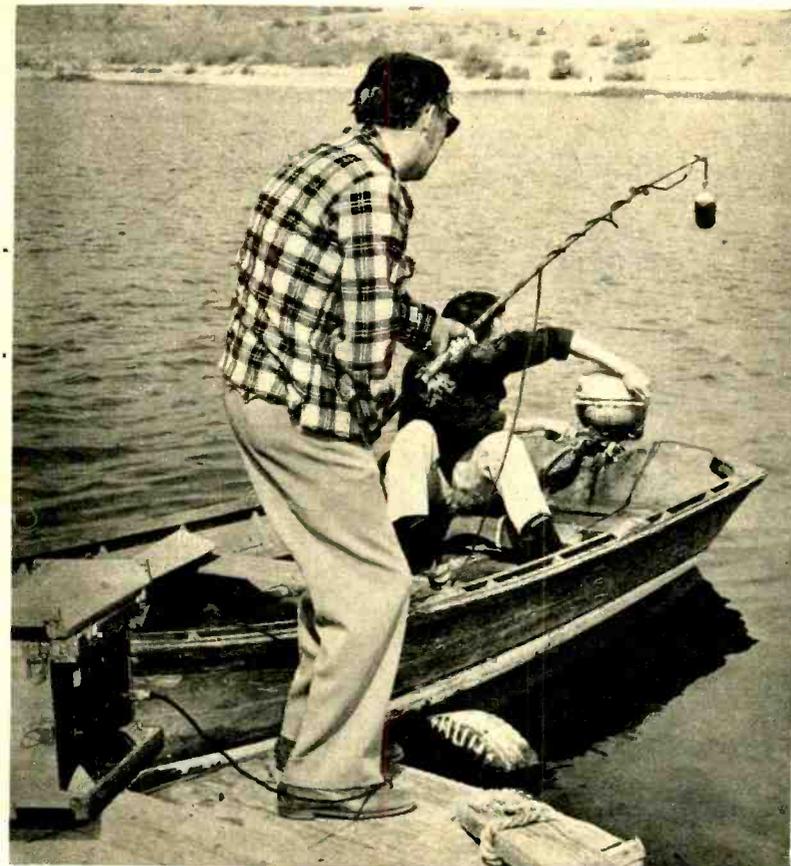
man who was banished far in the wings because

the radio audience

paid more attention to him than the show.

Out on a Western lake, the Forsyths, father and son, get an outboard motor in action. Charlie uses his favorite device—a microphone strung out at the end of a fishpole. There's a sensitive recorder on that wharf.

As any country-boy knows, you have to be pretty foxy not to scare away a frog. Fishpole, microphone, recorder, and moccasins help Charlie trap the croaking of the creature for use on *The Lux Theater* someday.



Listen to Lux Radio Theater, Monday at 9:00 P.M. over C.B.S.

■ There's no telling what the *Lux Radio Theater* is going to put on the air, as far as sound goes—whether it's the bactrian chortle of frogs in a swamp, the high nasal whinny of stallions in battle, or the chugging of an outboard motor in the still air of a mountain lake at six o'clock on an autumn morning. Whenever there's a noise called for by the script-writer or by the finicky producer, William Keighley, there's the problem of how to produce it exactly and unmistakably, and that problem falls into the ample lap of the worryngest man at the *Lux Theater*, Charlie Forsyth, the dean of sound-effects men. Charlie, whose ingenuity in the production of noise is legendary, has been with the *Lux Theater* ever since it went on the air in June, 1936, before F. D. R. had even run for his second term, and hasn't missed a show since. His sound effects inventions would cost \$200,000 to patent, which Charlie, a practical man unafraid of imitators, hasn't bothered to do. "If I had \$200,000," he says, "do you think I'd fool around with effects?"

Charlie is one of the few sound effects men who have been banished from the stage to a point high in the "rails,"

out of sight of inquisitive customers. When the Lux people allowed Charlie to operate on the stage, it was found that his antics, involving anything from the screech of an ambulance to the whip-poor-will of a whippoorwill, attracted so much attention that the studio audience was hardly looking at the big-name actors emote before the microphones. Even though he's up in the wings, Charlie takes most of his cues from the booth and the director and a few from the script. One of his toughest assignments was to get the rattle of a rattle snake, the fastest vibration in animal life, and Charlie did that the hard way—by going to the fastnesses of Arizona to hear a rattle and then by concocting his own device. The latter was a Rube Goldberg invention of sorts, with three rattles, a violin E string, a motor, and a wood shaft. On trips like the Arizona one, Forsyth is accompanied by his son, Eugene, a heavy fish pole, three or four microphones, a camera, and three hundred feet of stout cable, which he uses to lower the microphone to the crucial spot. In his home, Charlie has a couple of thousand recordings, adding up to about eight thousand sound effects, of such things as

more →

## sound effects, cont.

crickets, birds, dogs, pigeons, horses, donkeys, rattlers, and everything but the dinosaur and the boa constrictor.

The *Lux Theater* ranges over all kinds of drama from the simple one, in which a pistol shot rings out at the psychological second, to romantic plays, in which the patter of rain against the window-pane accompanies the kisses of the principals. The hardest sounds to simulate, he says, are an idling automobile motor, rain, and gun-shots. The motor noise he gets by using—of all things—an automobile motor, with one mike to pick up the engine and another to get the exhaust. The blend is the real thing. For rain, he has a secret process, which we wouldn't divulge even if we knew it, which we don't. Pistol shots are easy enough except from the timing standpoint. After the villain says, "Take that, by Jupiter," a split-second, and no more, should elapse before the trigger finger squeezes the gun into action. The most common sound effects called for are telephone rings and closing doors, and Charlie was plenty surprised recently when nine consecutive *Lux Theater* shows passed without a single phone-bell. A banging or closing door requires a full-sized door with a resonance board behind it to give the effect of a room on the other side.

Right now, to nobody's surprise, Charlie is trying to duplicate the most difficult sound of all—that of the atomic bomb, which hasn't (and, we hope, never will) be heard by most people. Not that a *Lux* script has called for that spine-chilling noise yet, but Charlie is always prepared. It's our bet that even a citizen of Hiroshima or Nagasaki won't be able to tell Charlie Forsyth's atom bomb, once he's perfected it, from the real thing.

Curvaceous Virginia Mayo, who starred with Danny Kaye in *A Star is Born*, gets a kick out of Charlie Forsyth's production of footfalls. At the drop of a hat (the one in the picture) Charlie clinks a teacup and a saucer.

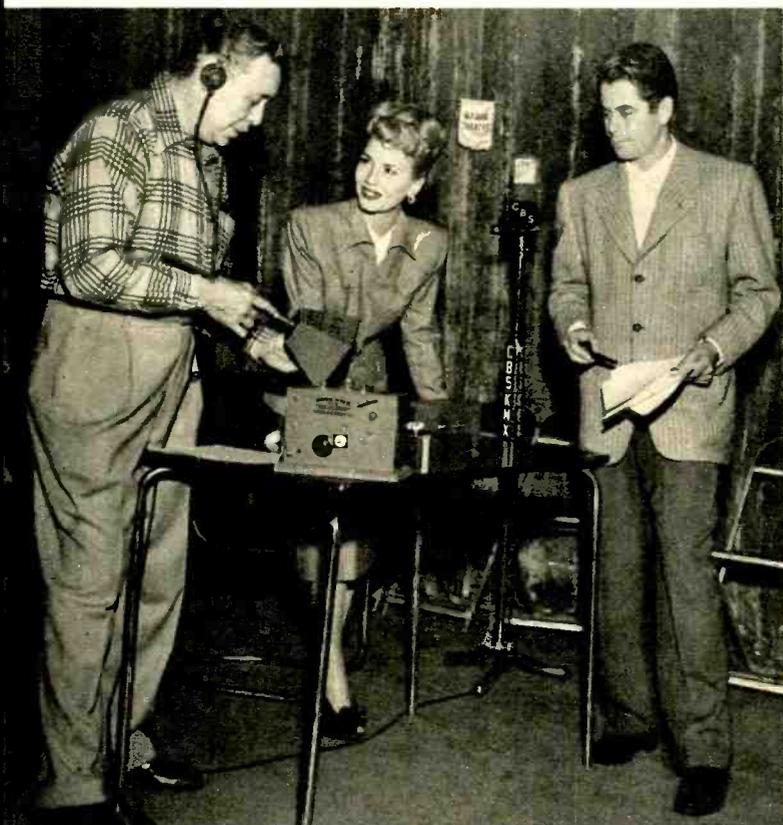


The eerie sound of a squeaking door is produced by a special "squeaker" attachment operated by Staats Cotsworth of CBS' *Crime Photographer*. Neva Patterson, *Our Gal Sunday*, looks on with dread and apprehension.

Producer Keighley, responsible for most of Forsyth's worries, can't understand how that little gadget can sound like an infantry regiment. Charlie's equipment is worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars.



Al Scott, on *Cavalcade of America*, is another top sound technician. Laraine Day listens as he conveys hoof beats with perfect timing. He can make his horse whinny, donkeys bray, dogs bark, and pigeons coo.



Janet Blair, one of the many lovelies who crowd, fascinated, around Charlie Forsyth's sound effects table, listens as Charlie explains how he creates one of the noises that made Forsyth famous in Hollywood.



Fibber McGee's famous closet sounds as if a violin, trunk, tomtom, golf club, etc., crashed on each other, and it's produced by having—a violin, trunk, tomtom, golf club, etc., crash on each other on a flight of stairs.



# life with luigi

Two loves has  
Luigi—his adopted country and  
his antique shop. But  
generous Rosa would like to  
make it three.

■ He is a little Italian antique dealer and he has only been in this country a short while. But already he has accomplished what Mussolini never could. He has conquered America. "Dear Mama Mia," writes Luigi Basco on CBS' *Life With Luigi* every Sunday night, "America is a funny country—" And his adopted countrymen, listening to his adventures, laugh much and cry a little at the joys and mishaps of the likable little greenhorn. For Luigi is the universal immigrant. And this is a country of immigrants. Every American family has at one time or another known the sad, mad, sometimes silly business of fitting together the jigsaw pieces of a new and amazing country and finding its proper place in the picture. Luigi is an example of the European mind making a real effort to understand, love and follow the American way. J. Carroll Naish plays Luigi. An Irishman, Naish has impersonated Mexicans, Poles, Arabs, Italians—every type but the Irish. He grew up in New York City in a neighborhood populated by immigrants, so he finds it easy to portray one. As a boy he joined Gus Edwards' kiddie troupe, and he's been an actor ever since. Luigi is the brainchild of Cy Howard who also created *My Friend Irma*. Most of Luigi's problems revolve around taking care of his young partner Jimmy (played by Gil Stratten) and in escaping the matrimonial clutches of cousin Pasquale's oversized daughter Rosa. Pasquale loaned Luigi the money to come to Chicago, thinking it was a chance to get Rosa married. But thus far Luigi has remained fancy-free. As for Cy Howard—he's proved foreigners can be a source of humor without being a source of ridicule—an accent can be touching as well as tickling. You may laugh at Luigi and his friends, but you never lose sight of their dignity.



Producer Cy Howard (center) explains the script to the cast. The shirt-sleeved gent is Alan Reed who plays Pasquale ('Allo, 'allo, Luigi).



It may be a laughing matter to Miss Spalding, Luigi and the radio audience but Rosa (Jody Gilbert) worries about getting her man.



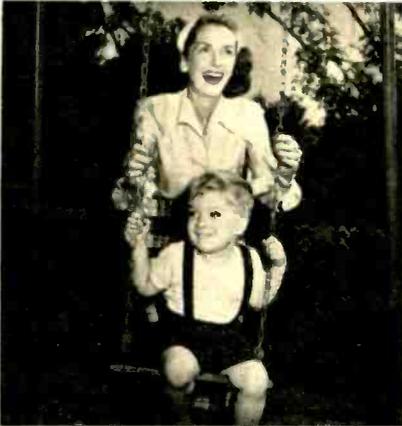
No wonder Luigi learns English so fast! Mary Shipp is Miss Spalding, his teacher.

Listen to Skyway to the Stars, Sundays at 4:30 p.m. over CBS and to Hi Jinx, daily at 8:30 a.m. over NBC.

Mom's name being Jinx, Kevin was born on Friday the 13th. He was supposed to be a girl, but the McCrarys have no complaints.



Paddy's a chip off the proverbial old block. He's been on the radio and on television. He filled air time shouting "Hi, Jinx, Hi Tex."



Paddy sports his favorite outfit at breakfast—a beloved Yale jersey. Unseen here are the cowboy boots which he'll give up only to go barefoot. He shares mom's love for pictures, poses like mad.



It's a small  
whirl for the fabulous  
Tex McCrarys.  
Here today,  
Bridgeport or Timbuktoo  
tomorrow.  
Their schedule is  
strictly from  
pandemonium—all 48  
hours a day.

# tex and jinx

■ The sun came up over Long Island one morning and blinked—twice. Far below, Tex and Jinx McCrary were hopping into a helicopter, parked in their backyard, and flying off to Connecticut for a radio show. None of the neighbors blinked an eye. They vow that anything Superman can do, the McCrarys can do better. Jinx and Tex somehow thrive on the theory that two energetic heads are better than one. They got married to prove it. Of course, they were also in love. During a particularly hectic moment, Tex once asked, "You don't want to live like a normal person, do you, Pooh?" Jinx gave a loud groan, "You know I'd die!" He never broached the subject again. Hasn't had time. They go right along

Jinx  
& Tex McCrary



working 23½ hours a day on broadcasts, personal appearances, movies, television programs. And when someone says "benefit" they nearly unfasten their heads nodding them up and down. All this and homelife too. Home's where their hearts are. Namely with two small gents called Paddy and Kevin. Paddy, at 2, is the independent type. On one occasion he was taken to the airport to meet his folks who were arriving with General Doolittle. The plane landed. Mom and Pop stood with outstretched arms. Paddy went running—straight for the General. They had a fine conversation, after which Paddy turned to greet Tex and Jinx. When their boy thinks he's done something naughty, he'll give pop a

soulful look and say, "Tex, spank Paddy." The old man can never quite do it. So his son bawls him out for being a softie. The McCrarys aren't sure about baby Kevin's ways yet. He reacted most peculiarly to his first Xmas season. He ate the red and white card that Jane Pickens sent. Xmas Day found the family miles apart. Tex and Jinx were in Berlin entertaining the Air-lift boys. Tex made arrangements for the flying tour. Bob Hope, the guy who "never left home" (more than 5,899 dozen times) was the star of the show. And how they flew! In the course of a day they had breakfast in Germany, lunch in England, and dinner in Paris. Give aviation time and the sun will never set on the McCrarys!

Listen to Horace Heidt, Sundays at 7:00 P. M. over NBC



# horace heidt comes home

*Horace Heidt*

Horace and Horace Jr. discuss the ever changing problems of raising rabbits on their Van Nuys ranch.



■ A few years ago, the trouping Horace Heidts decided it was high time that they stopped living out of suitcases, so they bought a house in Van Nuys, Calif., and settled down like regular people, with their teen-age twins Jack and Jerry, and two young children. No more frantic hunts through two dozen pockets for missing train-tickets, no more one-night stands. Peace and quiet at long last. Horace bought a steakhouse, a ball-room and a couple of hotels and became a 9-to-5 guy. A businessman. "Great, isn't it?" he'd say to his cute wife Adeline every now and then. "Just great," she'd say. They don't remember who broke down first, but anyway, one day one of them said, "How do people *stand* living like this? Dinner on the table at 7 every night. No new sights or sounds for months on end." They were homesick for a hotel room in Chicago, for a one-arm joint in Memphis. Homesick above all for music. So a little over a year ago, the Heidts hit the road again with the Philip Morris-sponsored talent hunt, the winners of which broadcast with Horace and his band on the *Philip Morris Night with Horace Heidt* show. It's hectic, having breakfast in New York and dinner in Washington, changing trains here, and pushing their clocks ahead there, but it's so darn much *fun*. The Heidts traveled 40,000 miles this past year and never lost a piece of luggage. Never left so much as a tube of tooth-paste behind in a hotel room. In Boston, one frantic-afternoon, however, they very nearly lost a child. Horace was on stage with his boys, Adeline was out in front, and Horace, Jr., and Hildegard—then aged six—were presumably backstage with Mary the nurse. While Mary turned her back one instant, Hildegard vanished like a puff of smoke. Aeons later, as poor Mrs. Heidt was just deciding to call in the FBI or someone, the theatre doorman called saying should he pay the fabulous taxi fare of one Hildegard Heidt who had just driven up, penniless, after a grand tour of Boston. This year, Hildegard is at school, but Horace, Jr., keeps things jumping. He sings loud—though not well, in spite of daily coaching from a chap in the band—and beats time like mad whenever he hears music. His mother and father *know* he's angling for an audition. Feel sure he's heard that anyone can get one. That's actually the truth. Any ambitious youngster, whether professional or amateur, is assured a hearing by one (Continued on following page)

Between shows, family man Horace plays with his kids. Children are often sent on ahead when traveling so they reach next destination for proper bedtime.



Vice-president Alben Barkley recently presented Heidt with a trophy from the Junior Board of Trade. Called his work for American youth "outstanding."



more →

\$5,000 in his pocket, and a  
date with two  
slick chicks—no wonder  
contest winner Dick Contino can't  
stop smiling!

# heavy winner

*(Continued from the preceding page)*

of Horace's scouts. The scouts screen the aspirants, and Horace himself listens to the cream of them. He selects a group of these for his stage show, then narrows them down to a handful for his weekly broadcast. The applause of the studio audience decides which of these is best, and that lucky kid wins \$250 plus a chance to compete against the winner of the next week's award. Eventually there's a quarter finals and then a finals—with a fat check for \$5,000 as the prize. Nineteen-year-old accordionist Dick Contino, whom you see on these pages spree-ing in the Big Town with pretty Eva Saint, one of radio's and TV's brightest new stars, won the 1948 Grand Finals. A former errand boy with his father's butcher shop in Fresno, Calif., he was spied by a Heidt talent scout while boarding a bus with his accordion. The swell thing about Horace's youth opportunity show is that talented youngsters who live in Maine or Florida or Idaho don't have to hock their second best pair of shoes (isn't that what Van Johnson had to do?) to get a bus ticket to New York to be heard. For once, the mountain goes to Mohammed, and Horace turns up sooner or later right in everyone's hometown, or very close to it. Heidt's show, one of the air's freshest and most inspiring, recently moved into the choice Jack Benny spot—7:00 Sunday nights on NBC.

1. Dick Contino, ex-errand boy in his father's store, won \$5,000 on Heidt's show!

2. Mrs. Heidt, Dick and television starlet, Eva Saint, celebrate with tour of N.Y.

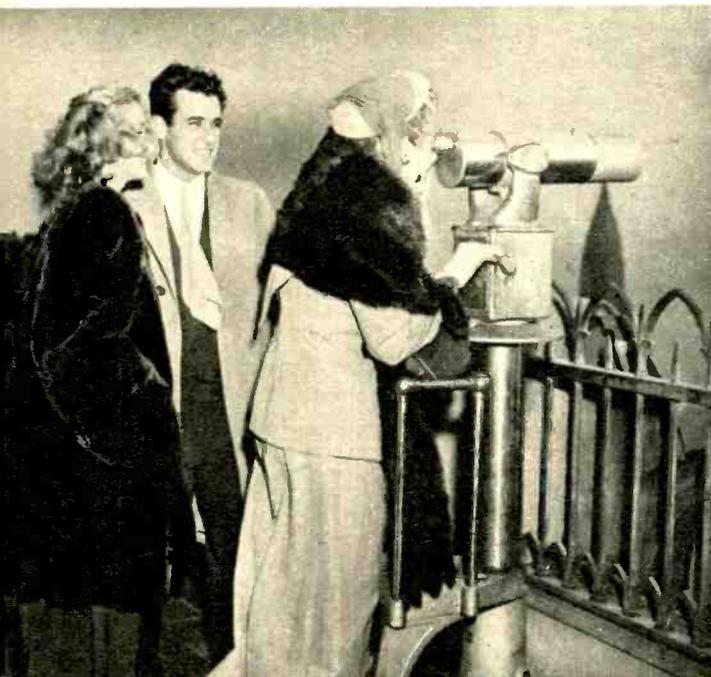
3. Famed Rainbow Room followed peek at N. Y. from RCA Bld'g's 70th floor.

4. Dick looks at 8-ft. sign that flashed his name last year when he was with H. H.

5. Eva understudied in *Mr. Roberts*, couldn't sell Dick on any play but this.

6. Waldorf was the end of the line for Mrs. H. H. Dick handsome-cabbed Eva home.





Dorothy Lamour



Not every man has lovely Dot Lamour ask him for his autograph. No wonder guest-star Gregory Peck smilingly obliges.



Young Ridge would be the first to brag that his is no common garden variety of Mom. Leaf-raking keeps them both in trim, and it is Dot's belief that *doing* together keeps the family together.

She bartered  
a queenly sarong in filmland  
for a song on the  
airwaves—and  
made it pay. But of all  
her possessions, a  
gold band and a  
boy's kiss are dearest.

# spotlight for **dot**

Listen to the Dorothy Lamour Show, Thursdays at 9:30 p.m. over NBC.



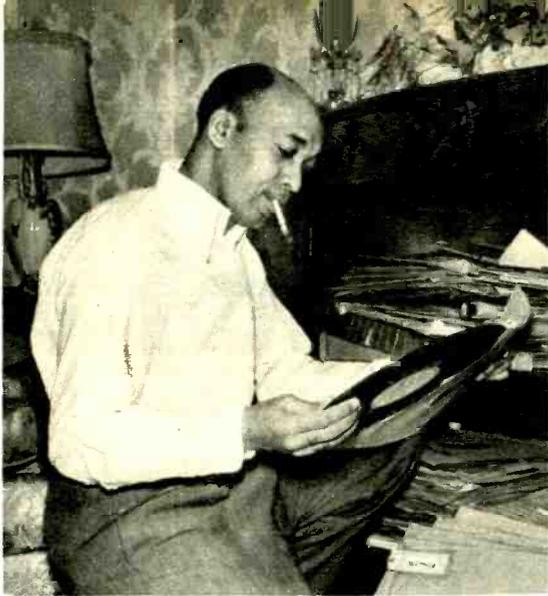
Henry Russell is the man behind most of Dot's song arrangements. They take pride in their music and work hard. Dot often guested on radio but this is the first show of her own.



Dot's NBC Thursday night show operates much like the *Screen Guild* series. Film celebs like Ray Milland take slashed guest fees so AFRA can absorb the difference for the benefit of its members health-life insurance fund.

■ Triple-threat, phooey! Dorothy Lamour is the original triple-threat-times-two gal. Count for yourself. She's a songtrush, a Hollywood super-siren, a wife, a mother, a dress designer, and now the femcee on her own radio show. And it all adds up to one swell, normal human being. Dottie got her start twelve years ago when she entered a talent contest in Chicago. Herbie Kaye was there and gave her a job singing with his band. Then she got a sustaining program on NBC and a network publicity picture got her a Paramount contract. In Hollywood Dot became known as "The Sarong Girl." She didn't give up radio though. For three years she played stooge for Charlie McCarthy. She discovered then that it was a cinch to mix radio and movies. But when handsome William Ross Howard III proposed, Dot wondered. Could she do justice to a fourth career? Bill convinced her she could. Now, more than five years later, the two are more in love

than ever. John Ridgely Howard was born on January 8, 1946, and it's easy to see what he thinks of his mom. To him Dorothy Lamour is just a name he hears sometimes. All he cares is that his mommy sings him to sleep nights and plays with him whenever she has a day off. The Howards' house is large but certainly not pretentious. It's just what it's meant for—a home for young Ridge. Dottie's new hobby is dress designing. She wears one of her new creations each week on her radio show. This serves a dual purpose. She's always beautifully dressed and she gets audience reaction to her designs. Her 44-week air show is very important to her. She considers it a challenge to prove she has more to offer the public than a classy chassis. On the show, Dot femcees graciously, sings a song or two and introduces a guest star. She finds only one fault in her present life. She wants to be on television. Judging from her films, Mrs. H. should have no trouble at all.



So many requests came in from *Crime Photographer* fans for records by their pianist, that a record company immediately signed Herman Chittison for 10 sides.



The Chittisons live in a Brooklyn apartment. Herman spends hours at the piano and critically reviews playbacks of his stylings. His wife offers criticism.



Director John Dietz, Jan Miner (Ann Williams) and Staats Cotsworth (Flashgun Casey) are Herman's most ardent fans. He never tires of playing while they listen.

His fingers  
glide casually over the  
keys creating a  
mood that's  
soft—but oh so deadly.  
Listen! It's . . .

# music for murder

■ Were you ever in the Blue Note Cafe? You must have been, sometime. It's like a million other dim joints that clutter the side streets of every town from here to Bombay. There's the light blue haze of smoke . . . whispered conversation . . . a waiter or two hovering about . . . a tight-lipped bartender . . . and a piano player who sits for hours in almost respectful concentration over his keyboard, his fingers tenderly feeling out soulful chords that only a few of the patrons pay attention to—and fewer appreciate. This Blue Note Cafe, you understand, doesn't really exist—except in the minds of about fifteen million listeners who gather at their radios every Thursday at 9:30 p.m. for the CBS show *Crime Photographer*. But the pianist who creates this convincing realism of a Cafe where murder plots thicken is very much in existence. He's Herman Chittison—a man whose nimble fingers took him from Kentucky State College to the piano stool of Zack White's orchestra, and then his travels began. Herman was touring Europe with Willy Lewis' band when he set out on his own. He was a success from the first note, at Chez Florence in Paris—Shepherd's in Cairo—and swank clubs in Alexandria, Ostend and Middlekirk. George Coxe, originator of Flashgun Casey, caught his opening at New York's Ruban Blue and knew instantly that Chittison's atmospheric keyboard was the mood music he needed for the imaginary Blue Note Cafe, hangout of photographer Casey and his companion Ann Williams. And the amiable pianist who'd been a favorite in real supper clubs, wove a tinkling background so authentically that fans still write for directions to the place.

Back in '35 a young  
 fellow came  
 out of the Indiana farmlands  
 with a harmonica and a  
 grass-roots sense  
 of humor. While critics  
 raved, Shriner  
 sat back and collected

## collector's corner

■ Herb Shriner was born in Toledo, Ohio, in 1918 and to hear him tell it, his parents definitely were not collectors. "I was the only son," says Herb, "no brothers or sisters. I'm the only one they kept." His grandfather was a collector, though. He ran a general store and collected unpaid bills. Herb, himself, was a string-saver right from the start and the memory of life-around-the-cracker-barrel which he saved from his own boyhood in Indiana is the basic reason why, today, Herb Shriner is famous on both stage and radio as the natural grass-roots humorist. He broke into radio at 17, playing the harmonica on the *Hoosier Hop*, a barn dance program from Ft. Wayne. He and four other boys played their mouth-organs in the sponsor's store window on Saturdays until the store got too crowded for profitable business. Later on, he hooked up with a series of shows as a "single" harmonica act, and immediately began collecting harmonicas. "I traveled more than I played—but I was getting polish, \$40 a week and all the road maps I could eat." By 1939 Herb was traveling with Army camp shows. He'd cut down the music and inserted hilarious homespun Hoosier humor. He was still collecting. But by now it was automobiles and a sleeper bus, records, typewriters and cameras. After three years in the Army, Herb was rushed into comedy spots on the *Chesterfield Supper Club* and the *Philip Morris Show*. Finally he collected the present five-evening-a-week *Herb Shriner Time* CBS program of his own, where there's more opportunity to display his droll wit—and more time to collect books, stamps, model boats and photos and—ah, yes . . . salary checks.

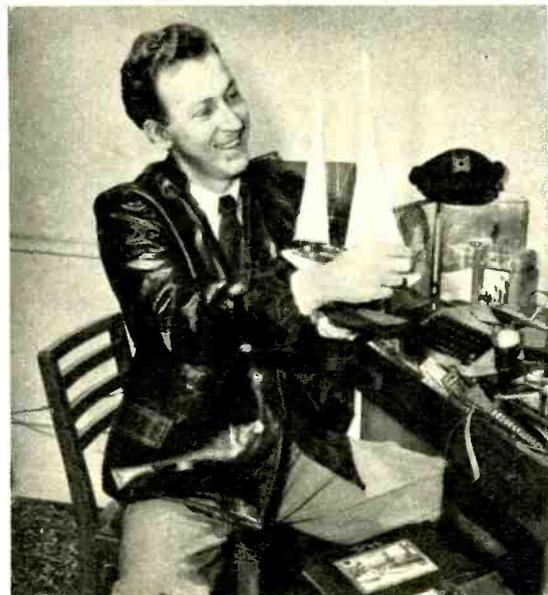
Herb Shriner is an avid hobbyist. His hobby—collecting. He wasn't in the B'way show *Inside U.S.A.* long before he could outmatch anyone with pin-ups or programs.



He has more harmonicas than many a department store—and that includes one illuminated by neon-lights and one worked electrically. They all play . . . and he plays 'em.



Herb has considerable mechanical know-how, spends many an hour putting with either a model sail boat or his Czech auto with the aluminum body and rear engine.





The Duke discusses a musical point with Johnny Hodges, whose saxophone is almost as famous as Duke's piano.



Beneath the satin  
polish of Duke Ellington's  
music are 16 men  
who think and feel the  
mood—men who work with the notes  
and make them live.  
Here's an eye witness report  
by Bernie Schiff

# bedlam in brass

■ The rehearsal hall was very, very empty. There was no one in sight. I picked my way through the confusion of chairs, music stands and battered tables wondering if I could possibly have come to the wrong place. There was the sign above the door in bold print: "Duke Ellington rehearsal—1:00 P.M." The electric clock beside it said 3:30. As I turned to leave, three of the boys wandered through the hall, sleepy-eyed and yawning. They weren't surprised to see that they were first arrivals. Nobody, I found out, ever arrives at an Ellington rehearsal less than two hours late.

As the gleaming horns came out of their cases, more musicians straggled into the room. Each sat in his own corner, playing his own uncharted melody to the wall, yet somehow the incongruous sounds combined to make the weird, haunting music of Ellingtonia. Even warming up their instruments, the sax men, trombonists, trumpet players captured the eerie rhythmic aura that has trademarked the Duke's famous orchestra these twenty years.

"Man, I'm beat," moaned Al Sears, the tenor saxophonist. He leaned way back in his chair.

"You ain't gonna stay beat long," a voice answered. "Jes' dig some of that whiskey horn old Ben is blowing out." (Continued on next page)

Not wearing one of his 400 ties, but resplendent in a flashy sports jacket, Duke rehearses with his guitarist.



Experts will tell you that the Ellington band is as carefully picked as any in the world: the saxes try a tune.



## bedlam in brass, cont.



Anchor man for any jazz orchestra is the guy with the beat, the guy behind the big bass drum. Sonny Greer, key man in the rhythm section, has been with Duke since the start.

Ben Webster let his sax down, rubbed his lips and grinned. "You tell 'em, daddy-o. Give me some skin, boy. Solid, man, solid."

The clock had swung to 4:00. Almost all the members of the band were there—except the Duke himself—and the room had taken on the clamor, confusion and caterwauling of Times Square on New Year's Eve. Over the chatter of music gossip and small talk was the endless thump of the bass, the rapid, hammering triple paradiddles rolling off Sonny Greer's drums and Billy Strayhorn's doodling on the grand piano. Manager Bill Mittler stalked among the seats while the band boy passed out music. Bill was screaming something about the cost of railroad tickets for tomorrow's trek to Vancouver. Nobody was listening but Mittler continued to add his voice to the chaos.

I was the only person in the hall to look up when the Duke—Edward Kennedy Ellington, known on four continents as the Duke of Hot—stepped through the door. He was just as sleepy looking as the rest of the group. "Whaddya know?" he drawled. He seemed to expect no answer. He got none. Ellington chatted briefly with Strayhorn at the piano, then the arranger got up and the Duke took his seat. He struck three introductory chords on the keys and for a split second the whole room fell silent. Then sixteen, seemingly oblivious musicians, plunged into a new Ellington score called "Coloratura." There hadn't been a word of di-

rection. The Duke gives his introductions on the piano, not by voice.

Halfway through the number a gentleman walked in with a violin under one arm and a trumpet under the other. This was Ray Nance, one of the Duke's ablest veterans. Nance took a seat near the brass section, looked blankly at the mottled wall and clapped his trumpet to his lips. The notes were bold and blue. Nance was playing "Coloratura" as though he'd been practicing for months, although he hadn't even seen the score. The Ellington outfit just seem to know what the Duke has written for them telepathically.

The Duke pricked up his ears at the riff and scowled at the late Mr. Nance—three hours is too much even for the indulgent Ellington. But Ray merely smiled back sweetly. Ellington is a better pianist than he is a disciplinarian.

Suddenly Ben Webster leaped up from his chair waving his sax wildly. "Dig those triplets," he shouted, "Man, dig those triplets!" He imitated the sound of the saxes. "Vroom, vroom, vroom," he yelled. "Those are the gonest notes I ever played. Let's do that again, Duke."

"Okay," Duke grinned. "Take it from C."

The band picked it up, and again Webster couldn't restrain himself. "Once more," he begged, and this time the rehearsal went on.

A few bars later, Ellington stopped the music with a gesture. "That's G sharp, not G natural—you in the saxes," he said.

"Yeah, man . . . and I played the whole last chorus wrong, too," the tenor sax man apologized.

The Duke thought it over for a moment. He has never been one to think of himself or his compositions as letter perfect. "Come to think of it," he said, "sounded better your way. On the next chorus, everybody scratch it out and do it his way. Ray, take a chorus on fiddle and the rest of you mix it up. Make it real moody. Trumpets use straight mutes and hats. Now, take it."

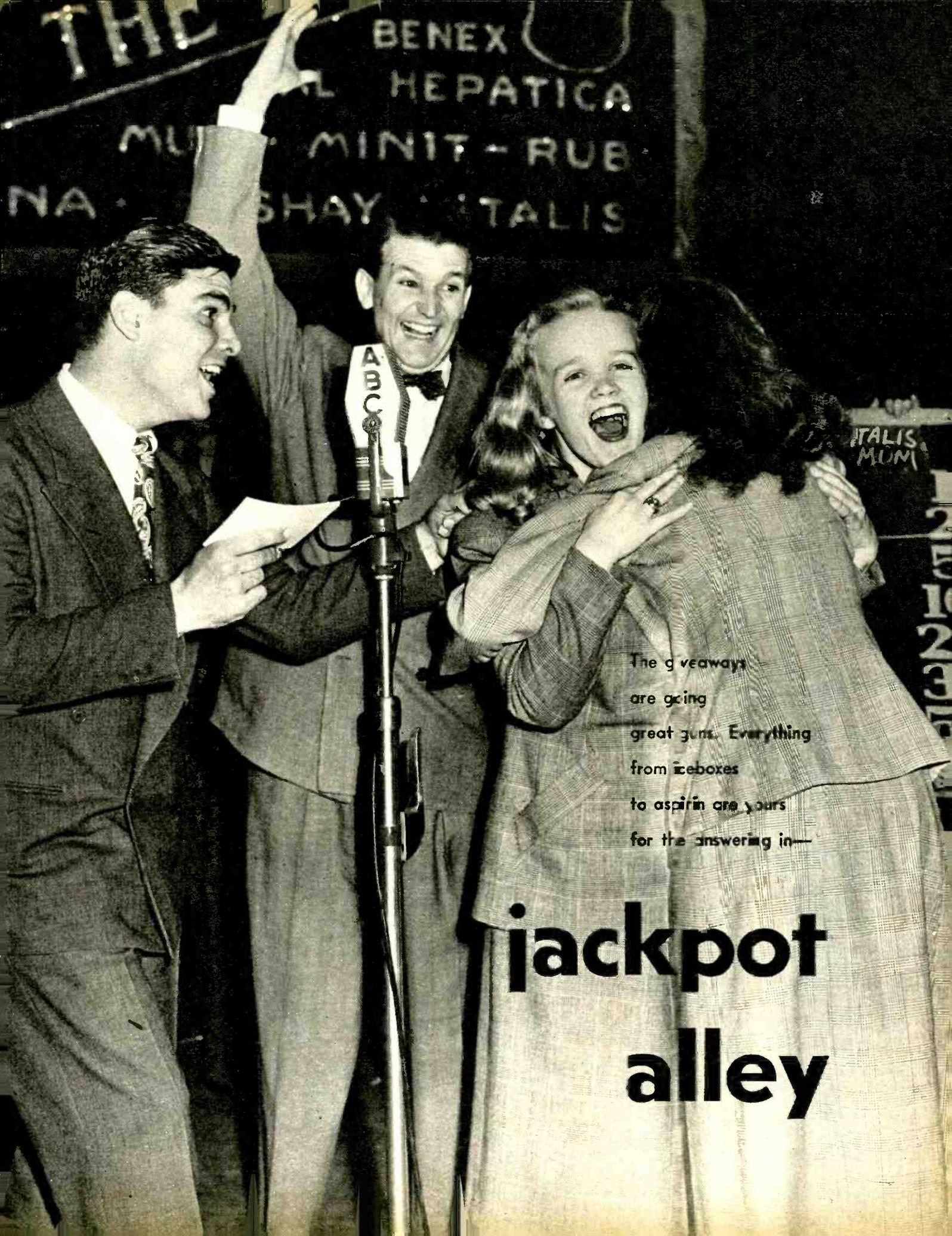
The band opened up again, playing as faultlessly as before, although there wasn't a note of music before them. I had heard improvising, but never anything like this—improvising that sounded like a familiar piece memorized since childhood. That is the sound of a band synchronized in spirit, a band that thinks in harmony, a band that rides a mood together like an ocean breaker.

Nance finished his ad-lib chorus on the fiddle, laid his expensive Stradivarius down (an instrument many a long-hair would give his right eye to own) and stood on his head. Then he kicked his heels twice. As usual, nobody paid any attention at all.

That was enough for me.

I picked up my hat and walked quietly away, leaving the Duke still working over his score and Nance working on his acrobatics. I paused at a blackboard outside the hall. I picked up the chalk and wrote a few words before going out into the deepening dusk:

"Beware of the bedlam, chaos is come again."



The giveaways  
are going  
great guns. Everything  
from iceboxes  
to aspirin are yours  
for the answering in—

# jackpot alley

jackpot alley



Announcers Bud Collyer and Bob Shepard, director Jack Rubin and Herbert Wolf take microphones into the audience and select contestants. They recognize most professionals and make sure they aren't chosen.

"Anybody need a ticket?" asks a brave usher. The lads get mobbed. Spare ducats are scarce. Crowds gather long before show time, hoping luck will get them in and send them home winners!



On the air over ABC since July, 1946, *Break the Bank* became a television feature in October, '48. Few changes were made. The radio version, offered simultaneously, loses none of its appeal.

There's something  
about taking home small fortunes that  
appeals to people. And  
Bert Parks makes it so  
easy in a difficult sort of way.

# break the bank



It's broadcast time and watch the doors swell! Sadie Hertz, best-known of the so-called "professional contestants," leads the rush. The "pros" make a career of quiz programs.

■ Bert Parks is in a fine business—making folks happy every week. Take the Clifton Powers family. Mr. Powers was a jockey. Then he gained weight and turned to waiting tables to keep wife Dorothy and 3 yr. old Michael eating. They planned a visit to New York and wrote for *Break the Bank* tickets. All three showed up at the theater. Children under 6 are rarely admitted. But it was Xmas Eve, the holiday spirit was in full swing, and 'nobody questioned Mike's age. Once inside, the youngster hopped off mom's lap, and headed for the microphone. Dorothy rushed after him. They were both on-stage when the show went on, so Dorothy was asked to be a contestant. With a firm grasp on Mike, she proceeded to break the bank for \$9,020, biggest cash award in giveaway history. There was a far away look in Bert's eyes. Maybe he was thinking of taking the Parks' twin sons to a quiz show on his night off!



Bert Parks is in action, questioning a couple—and probably sneaking in a clue. The blackboard in background has been replaced by gadget that flashes titles for the benefit of TV cameras.



Parks meets friendly opposition from Albert Fowler of N. J. as he congratulates Mrs. F. with a kiss. The Fowlers whizzed through their category, "Life Begins At 70," broke the bank and took away \$7,440!



*Ralph Edwards*

Ralph was born on Friday, the 13th of June, and the jinx stayed with him until his screwiest of screwball programs took shape.

## jackpot alley

He's got a wicked  
gleam in his eye and a  
heart of gold—  
Ralph Edwards would give you  
Fort Knox if he could  
lay hands on it.

# guy with a gimmick

■ Ralph Edwards is a worrier. Unlike the average man, however, he does not worry about his wife, his children or the monthly mortgage payment. Ralph worries about people he has never met. He worries about the average man. Knowing how difficult it is for most people to get hold of the bright, shiny things they dream about, he tries to bring the excitement of pirate's gold to as many people as possible, however vicarious the means. Often the experience is not vicarious. Nothing could be more real than the loot of Hush contest winners. But Ralph still worries about new games, new gimmicks, new prizes to make his listeners and—incidentally, his prizewinners—jump for joy. Everybody has fun on Ralph's *Truth or Consequences*, especially when there's a forfeit to pay. A dunk in the

Ralph and his wife, Barbara, who is also his legal business partner, sip their early morning coffee while going over the forthcoming week's script of their newest brain child *This Is Your Life*.



When you find Ralph in a huddle with Jim Chadwick, Al Paschall and Ann James, it's not the atomic theory they're working on at all. It's just the four of them studying the future *TIYL* shows.



drink, or a camel in the kitchen; the contestants love every new indignity. No one ever gets hurt, and everybody comes out happier, and some a good bit richer. Edwards' new show, *This is Your Life* is more of a brow wrinkler than *T or C*. All the data for the flash-back of the guest's life must be collected within a week, including the transportation of widely scattered people to the studio at show time. For Mrs. Edwards, this means scripts for breakfast and a loudspeaker for evening company. But she gets just as much pleasure out of the programs as the contestants. She'll tell you about the paraplegic veteran and the wardrobe mistress, two of Edwards' earlier guest stars on *This Is Your Life* who still take time each day to phone him and thank the show's producers for the biggest moment of their lives.

Listen to Truth or Consequences Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. over NBC and  
to This Is Your Life Tuesdays at 8:00 p.m. over NBC.

# lady in the balcony

Let's see  
what actually happens  
when Dr. I.Q.  
pops the questions.



1 "I have a lady in the center aisle, Doctor," says announcer Ed Shaughnessy, and Virginia Dolde of Sewickley, Pennsylvania is on the air. Watch the young man in the next seat



2 The Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh is silent to the rafters as Dr. I. Q. reads Mrs. Dolde's question. She listens with quiet composure, contrasted to the visible brain-racking of her neighbor.



3 Ed Shaughnessy holds the mike close for Mrs. Dolde's uncertain answer. The ladies in the seat behind are just as uncertain, but the boy in the next seat is still thinking about another reply.



4 She's absolutely right, Dr. I. Q. announces from his position on stage. Mrs. Dolde no longer twiddles her directions sheet and glasses, but the young man is disgusted with himself for missing.



5 "Give that lady thirty silver dollars!" calls Dr. I. Q., and Ed Shaughnessy delivers the loot to her waiting hands. The boy in the next seat suddenly finds a new interest in the proceedings.

Listen to Dr. I. Q. Mondays at 9:30 p.m. over NBC

# charting jackpot alley

NAME	SHOW	STATION AND TIME	PRIZES GIVEN	HOW SHOW OPERATES	PERSONAL DATA
 <b>ACREE, CHUCK</b>	Hint Hunt	CBS—3:45 P.M. Mon.-Fri.	\$50 in merchandise.	Members of studio audience given prizes for useful household hints.	Born in St. Louis, Mo. on Sept. 22, 1913. Has brown hair and brown eyes.
 <b>ALEXANDER, BEN</b>	Heart's Desire	MBS—11:30 A.M. Mon.-Fri.	Merchandise or cash averaging \$900 per day.	People at home send in letters stating their heart's desire. Studio audience selects winning letters.	Was a child movie star. Is a graduate of Stanford Univ.
 <b>BAILEY, JACK</b>	Queen For A Day	MBS—2:00 P.M. Mon.-Fri.	\$2,500 in gifts and cash each day.	"Queen" is selected from studio audience by amount of applause.	Born in Hampton, Iowa. Hobby: collecting baby pictures.
 <b>BARRY, JACK</b>	Daily Dilemmas Juvenile Jury Life Begins At 80	MBS—3:30 P.M. Mon.-Fri. MBS—4:30 P.M. Sun. MBS—8:30 P.M. Sat.	\$50. \$500 in merchandise. \$500 in merchandise.	Winning dilemmas selected by audience applause. Listeners who send in questions used win. Listeners who send in questions used win.	Born Mar. 20, 1918 in Lindenhurst, L. I., N. Y. Is 6' tall, weighs 180 lbs. Is 'unwed.'
 <b>BARTLETT, TOMMY</b>	Welcome Travelers	ABC—12 Noon Mon.-Fri.	\$50 Savings Bond. Merchandise gift about \$100 per winner.	Travelers interviewed and given gifts. Listeners are telephoned also and must answer questions on hometown to win.	Is red-haired, freckled, 33 years old. Spent 6 years as Army pilot. Is unmarried.
 <b>BEASLEY, IRENE</b>	Grand Slam	CBS—11:30 A.M. Mon.-Fri.	\$100 in merchandise. U. S. Bonds.	Listeners at home compete with studio contestants. Each question pays off to one or other.	Born in Tenn. Is 5'10" tall, blue-eyed and brown-haired. Collects records.
 <b>BENSON, RED</b>	Take A Number Movie Matinee	MBS—5:00 P.M. Sat. MBS—3:00 P.M. Mon.-Fri.	\$6,000 in gifts and cash.	Studio contestant picks question by choosing a number from the board. Studio contestants answer questions about movies and stars.	Born in Columbus, Ohio on Feb. 21, 1917. Married, has a 6 year old daughter. Hobby is boxing.
 <b>CULLEN, BILL</b>	Winner Take All Hit The Jackpot	CBS—9:00 P.M. Sat. CBS—10:00 P.M. Tues.	Over \$1,000 in merchandise. \$5,000. Plus minimum of \$3,000 for jackpot.	Listener is called and given opportunity to answer question for prize. Contestant answers five preliminary questions before getting crack at "Secret Sentence."	Born in Pittsburgh, Pa. on Feb. 18, 1920. Is 5'9" tall, has hazel eyes, brown hair. Wed singer Carol Ames in 1948.
 <b>DUNN, EDDIE</b>	True Or False	MBS—5:30 P.M. Sat.	\$500.	For studio audience only.	Born in Waco, Texas. Wed to a Texas girl; has two kids. Hobby is photography.

more →

# charting jackpot alley, cont.

NAME	SHOW	STATION AND TIME	PRIZES GIVEN	HOW SHOW OPERATES	PERSONAL DATA
 EDWARDS, RALPH	Truth Or Consequences <i>This Is Your Life</i>	NBC—8:30 P.M. Sat. NBC—8:00 P.M. Wed.	Cash and merchandise of \$5,000. Merchandise and cash to insure future. Average is \$3,000.	Studio contestants must either answer questions truthfully or take the consequences. Also a yearly "hush" contest with a prize of over \$15,000 in cash and merchandise. Worthy average American is chosen by Edwards, then his life is dramatized.	Born on Friday the 13th, June, 1913, in Colorado. Married, his wife is his legal business partner. Former announcer on Major Bowes program.
 ELLIOT, WIN	County Fair Quick As A Flash	CBS—1:00 P.M. Sat. MBS—5:30 P.M. Sun.	Merchandise of \$500. \$500 cash. \$500 merchandise.	Studio contestants participate in stunts to win prizes.	Was born in Boston on May 7, 1915. Wed Ruth Huber in 1941. Has one son.
 HAWK, BOB	Bob Hawk Show	CBS—10:30 P.M. Mon.	\$25 plus minimum of \$250 for jackpot question.	Studio contestant is asked 5 questions and if he answers all is entitled to answer the jackpot question. If no one wins the \$250 is added to following week's jackpot.	Was born in Creston, Iowa, on Dec. 15, 1907. Is unwed. Hobby is contract bridge.
 HERLIHY, ED	Honeymoon in New York	NBC—9:00 A.M. Mon.-Fri.	\$1,000 in merchandise.	Honeymooners write to program if they plan to visit N. Y. Contestants selected from studio audience.	Born in Dorchester, Mass. Married, has two kids. Hobby is swimming.
 KING, JOHN REED	Missus Goes A-Shopping Give & Take	CBS—10:00 A.M. Mon.-Fri. CBS—2:00 P.M. Sat.	Merchandise averaging \$300. Jewelry and merchandise of \$750.	Studio contestant selects one of the displayed prizes and if she answers question correctly she wins prize. If studio contestant gives a correct answer he takes a prize.	Native of Atlantic City, N. J. Married, has two daughters. Is 6' tall, brown-haired.
 LINKLETTER, ART	House Party People Are Funny	CBS—3:30 P.M. Mon.-Fri. NBC—10:30 P.M. Tues.	\$500 in merchandise. \$100 cash and merchandise.	Typical awards are diamond rings, refrigerators, etc. Studio contestants win prizes for everything from a recipe to advice on how to stay beautiful. Studio contestant goes through paces and stunts to get gifts.	Born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, 36 years ago. Six feet one, he's wed and has five kids. Handball is his hobby. Art and John Geudel dream-up both these shows.
 McELROY, JOHN (Jack)	Breakfast in Hollywood	ABC—11:00 A.M. Mon.-Fri.	Orchids, jewelry & merchandise up to \$500.	Oldest lady in studio audience gets orchid. Listeners can send in letters nominating good neighbor of the week. Neighbor wins orchid & merchandise.	Columbus, Kansas was his birthplace on Oct. 21, 1913. Married. Likes speedboating.
 McNEILL, DON	Breakfast Club	ABC—9:00 A.M. Mon.-Fri.	Merchandise. \$500 cash.	Listeners who sends in recipes using sponsor's product win prizes.	Born in Galena, Ill. on Dec. 23, 1907. Married, has three sons.
 MARX, GROUCHO	Groucho Marx Show	ABC—9:30 P.M. Wed.	\$420 plus minimum of \$500 for secret word and minimum of \$1,000 for jackpot question.	Three teams of two people each can run \$20 up to \$420.	Born Oct. 21 in New York City. Nephew of Al Shean of Gallagher & Shean.
 MOORE, GARRY	Take It Or Leave It	NBC—10:00 P.M. Sun.	\$64 plus jackpot which grows each week if not won.	Studio contestant selects category from board. Each correct answer doubles contestants winnings until he reaches \$64 question.	Born Thomas Garrison Morfit on Jan. 31, 1915. Married, has two children.

	NAME	SHOW	STATION AND TIME	PRIZES GIVEN	HOW SHOW OPERATES	PERSONAL DATA
	MOORE, TOM	Ladies Be Seated	ABC—3:00 P.M. Mon.-Fri.	\$300 in merchandise.	Women in studio audience win prizes for answering questions, doing stunts, singing, etc.	Born on Friday, August 13, 1912. Wed to Bernice Wood, has one son.
	NELSON, JOHN	Bride & Groom	ABC—2:30 P.M. Mon.-Fri.	Week's honeymoon, \$1,000 merchandise.	Couple chosen from letters appear on program and receive gifts.	Born in Spokane, Wash. in 1915. Wed, has twin sons.
	O'KEEFE, WALTER	Double Or Nothing	CBS—3:00 P.M. Mon.-Fri.	\$40 minimum.	Studio contestant who answers \$20 question must go for double or nothing. Money not won is put in sweepstakes which can amount to \$500.	Born in Hartford, Conn., Aug. 18, 1900. Married, has two sons. Is a professional songwriter.
	OLSEN, JOHNNY	Whiz Quiz	ABC—10:00 P.M. Sat.	\$5,000.	Studio contestants answer questions submitted by listeners. If question goes unanswered the person submitting the question gets the prize.	Born in Windom, Minn. 38 years ago. Five feet nine, blue-eyed, and married.
	PARKS, BERT	Stop The Music Break The Bank	ABC—8:00 P.M. Sun. ABC—9:00 P.M. Fri.	Up to \$23,000 in merchandise. Minimum of \$1,000.	Listeners with phones get first chance. If first tune is named, listener gets a crack at naming the jackpot tune. Each week the tune goes unanswered the prizes are increased by \$2,000. Studio contestants get a chance to name first tune if it is missed by listener at home. Studio audience quiz.	Born in Atlanta, Ga. 33 years ago. Is married, has three year old twin boys.
	RUFFNER, TINY	The Better Half	MBS—8:30 P.M. Thurs.	\$750.	Husbands and wives in studio audience are pitted against each other in a series of queries with the winner getting a fistful of cash, the loser getting a duncecap.	Born Nov. 8, 1899 in Indiana. He's 6'6" tall. Married, has a boy and a girl. Emcee's "The Ladies' Man."
	RUSSELL, TODD	Strike It Rich	CBS—10:30 P.M. Sun.	\$800.	Contestant starts with \$25 stake. Can run it up to \$800.	Born April 1, 1913 in Manchester, England. Married.
	SEYMOUR, DAN	Sing It Again	CBS—8:00 P.M. Sat.	\$1,500 merchandise plus a minimum of \$12,500 in the jackpot.	If listener called guesses the name of person song parody is about, he gets chance to guess identity of "Phantom Voice."	Born in New York on June 28, 1914. Married, three children.
	SLATER, BILL	Twenty Questions Fishing & Hunting Club	MBS—8:00 P.M. Sat. MBS—10:00 P.M. Mon.	\$75 in merchandise. \$500 in merchandise.	Submit subject which might stump the panel. Send in tip or story on hunting or fishing.	Born in Parkesburg, W. Va., Dec. 2, 1902. West Point graduate. Married. Emcee's "Luncheon At Sardi's."
	VALENTINE, LEW	Dr. I. Q.	NBC—9:30 P.M. Mon.	\$250 minimum.	Listeners send brief biographical sketch of a famous personality. If studio contestant misses, sender gets prize.	Born in San Benito, Tex. Married. Has one son.

Listen to You Bet Your Life, Wednesdays at 9:30 P. M. over A.B.C.



# wolf-man

His laugh-laden show is more quip than quiz,

Google-eyed Groucho Marx is the happiest thing that happened to the  
Art of Love since St. Valentine's Day.

■ On a Wednesday night late in October of 1947, radio took another giant step forward when Groucho (born Julius) Marx cornered a microphone. He went on the air as master of ceremonies for a quiz show called *You Bet Your Life*, and his exquisitely funny ad-libbing plus his blatant wooing of anything female makes this half hour one of the better things in life. The dour-faced, bespectacled guy (who's frequently mistaken for a professor when he's walking near his L. A. home which is right on the fringe of the UCLA campus) is undoubtedly a genius of sorts. He is one of five brothers, the least famous of which is Gummo, an agent, and they are the sons of Minna—an entertainer, and Samuel—a tailor, both immigrants. Groucho's first job (impersonating a high soprano at the age of 12) petered out someplace called Cripple Creek, Colo., when his voice changed; but for the Marx Brothers, there was always another job, with lessons picked up in snatches like so many drugstore lunches. By 1915, their insane vaudeville routines were catching on, and by 1924, Alex Woolcott, Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur were plugging them. After that they just kept rolling. In 1946, they made their 12th and last film together, *A Night in Casablanca*, and their announced retirement marked the end of an era for a lot of heartbroken fans. Small wonder there was dancing in the street when Groucho came back. The father of three children, he owns a minor league ball team, is the author of two books, knows as much about Shakespeare as John Kieran, and is—at 54—one of our most brilliant and beloved comedians. He's been profiled by *THE NEW YORKER*, written up in *WHO'S WHO*, even tapped by the *READER'S DIGEST*. You'll know why he's everybody's baby when you hear him on ABC Wed. nights.



Groucho's staff sweats out scripts that sound utterly effortless to you and me. In rear, l. to r., Eddie Mills, Ed Tyler and Hy Freedman. Sitting, Bernie Smith.



Same staff, same day, but more fun. Wearing their Groucho Marx disguises, the boys relax and leer at Dorothy Nye, Groucho's very ogle-able script girl.

more→

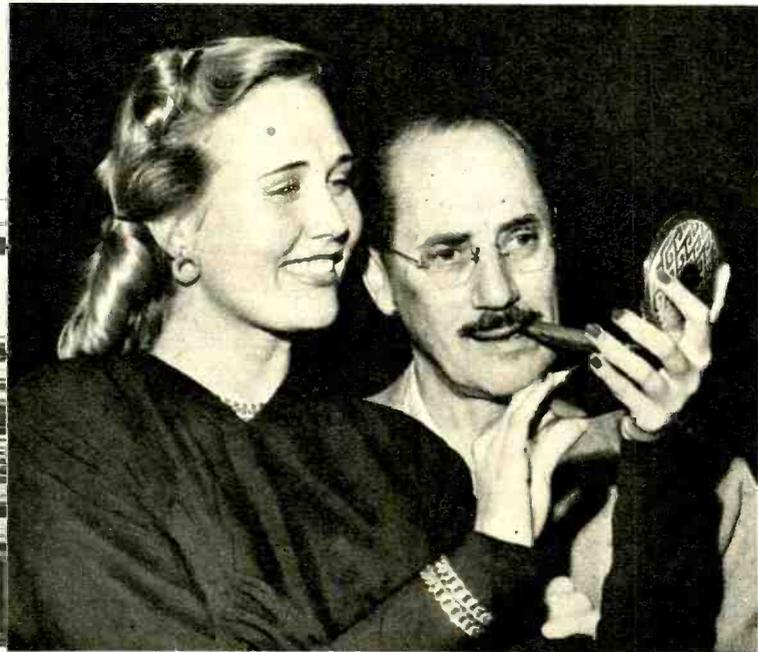


Wrestling champ Marie Burke throws a head lock on Groucho after some hard questions on *You Bet Your Life*.

**wolf-man**  
cont.



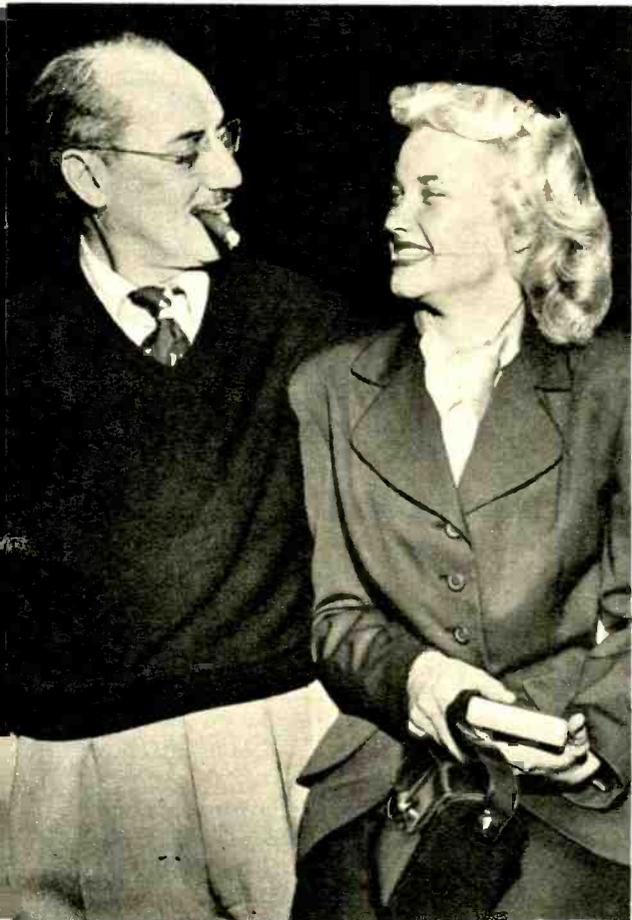
High-spot of show is when a contestant hits upon the "secret word," usually something simple like *door* or *rug*. William Paul, father of a large family, and Mrs. Pat Garner, newly married poll-taker, bag \$250 for unwittingly saying the word *air*.



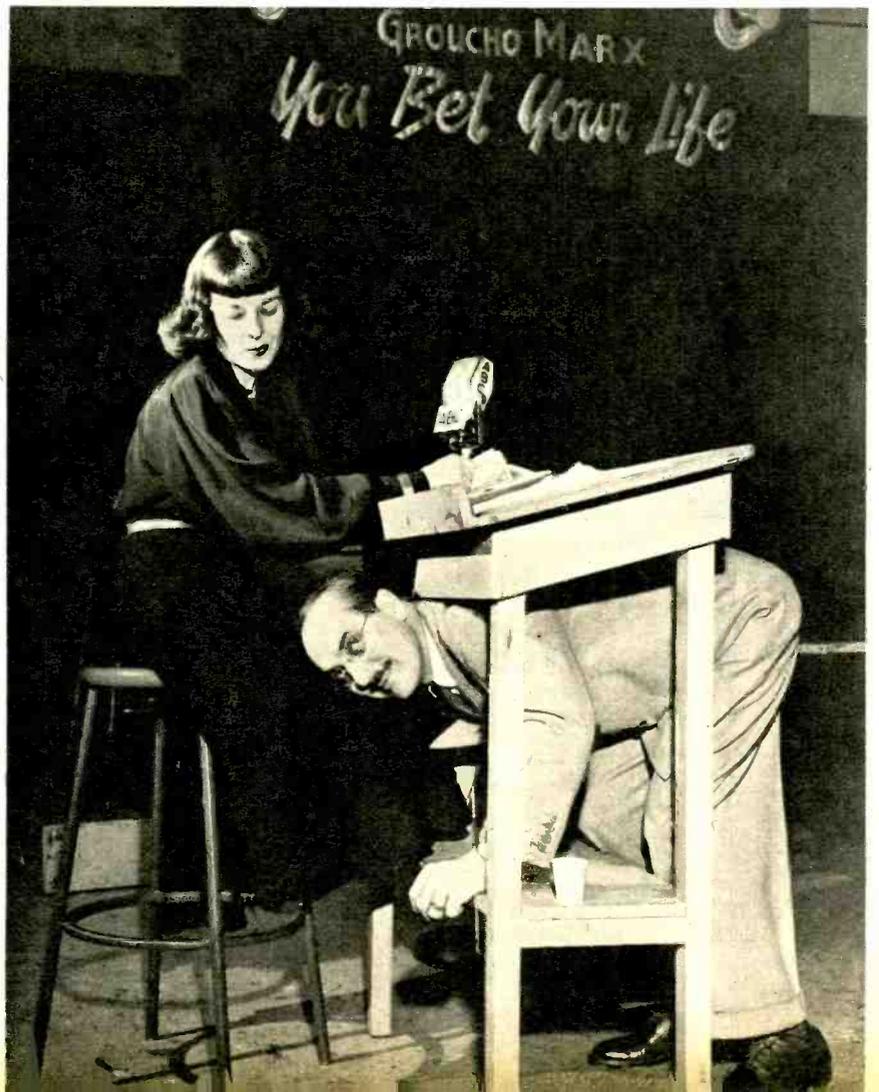
Ballerina Barbara Carroll wins—in addition to some dough—a hug from Groucho and an Elgin American compact. Groucho (known as the Marx brother with the leer) insists his compact is heart-shaped.



Contestants work in pairs. And Groucho usually sees to it that in every pair there's a slick chick. Here he is with cute Barbara Schieble, elevator operator, who was flown to N. Y. to appear at Yankee Stadium as Rams' Mascot.



Groucho's tongue in cheek courting has been known to break up the show. Pleasantly broken-up herewith is Arlette Barnes, ex-1947 Tournament of Roses Princess.





The emcee and the prizewinners—Tom Moore offers lucky contestants their choice of gifts. Most pick useful items, he has learned.

■ The grouches who look hopefully for the decline and fall of quiz shows can find small comfort from the case of *Ladies Be Seated*. Way back in 1930, when Clark Gable was a promising oil-field worker and Mickey Rooney had just donned knee pants, a lively new program called *Sisters of the Skillet* went on the air from a Chicago station. It was aimed at housewives and used the novel technique of quizzing women from the audience and giving them prizes for answering correctly. Come depression and war, the show has been ambling along happily ever since. There've been

some changes made as the years rolled by—the name switch happened about 1940, emcees have come and gone, and the quizzing procedure has been varied—but like an old house under a new coat of paint it's still the same old program. And more popular than ever right now. The chap who's currently in charge of the works is tubby, cupid-faced Tom Moore, as cheering an extrovert as you'd want to hear. His heart of gold shines through his voice like an electric light. Like Johnny Olson, the emcee before him, Tom cavorts about in a gay costume, bright purple cutaway, yellow

Listen to *Ladies Be Seated*, Weekdays at 3:00 P.M. over ABC

Quiz, stunt show,  
giveaway—it's all three  
and much more.  
Mainly, it's a lot of  
heartwarming fun  
due to a certain T. Moore.

# Ladies, be seated!

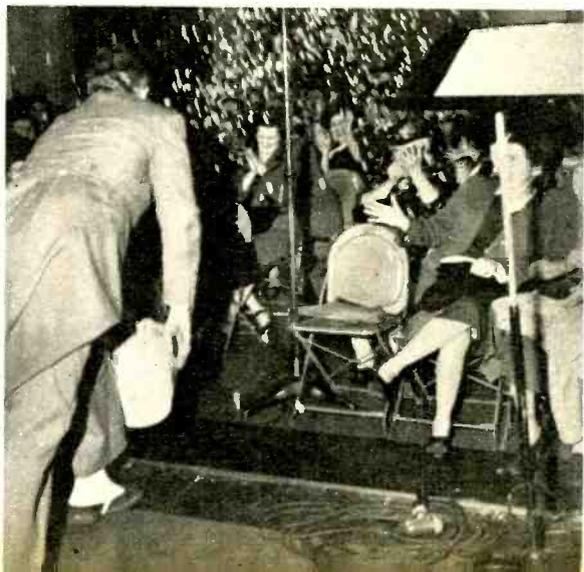
vest and green tie. His masterly touch with the ABC studio audience, which numbers almost 600 for that three-to-three-thirty half hour every day, stems from years and years of show business experience. The quiz pattern Tom follows plays heavily on naming missing words from well-known songs. He delivers the songs himself in a voice that once graced minstrel shows and dance band performances. The program's high point comes when Tom telephones a woman at home who gets a prize if she's able to reply in rhyme. He hands out about \$6000 worth of gifts a week.



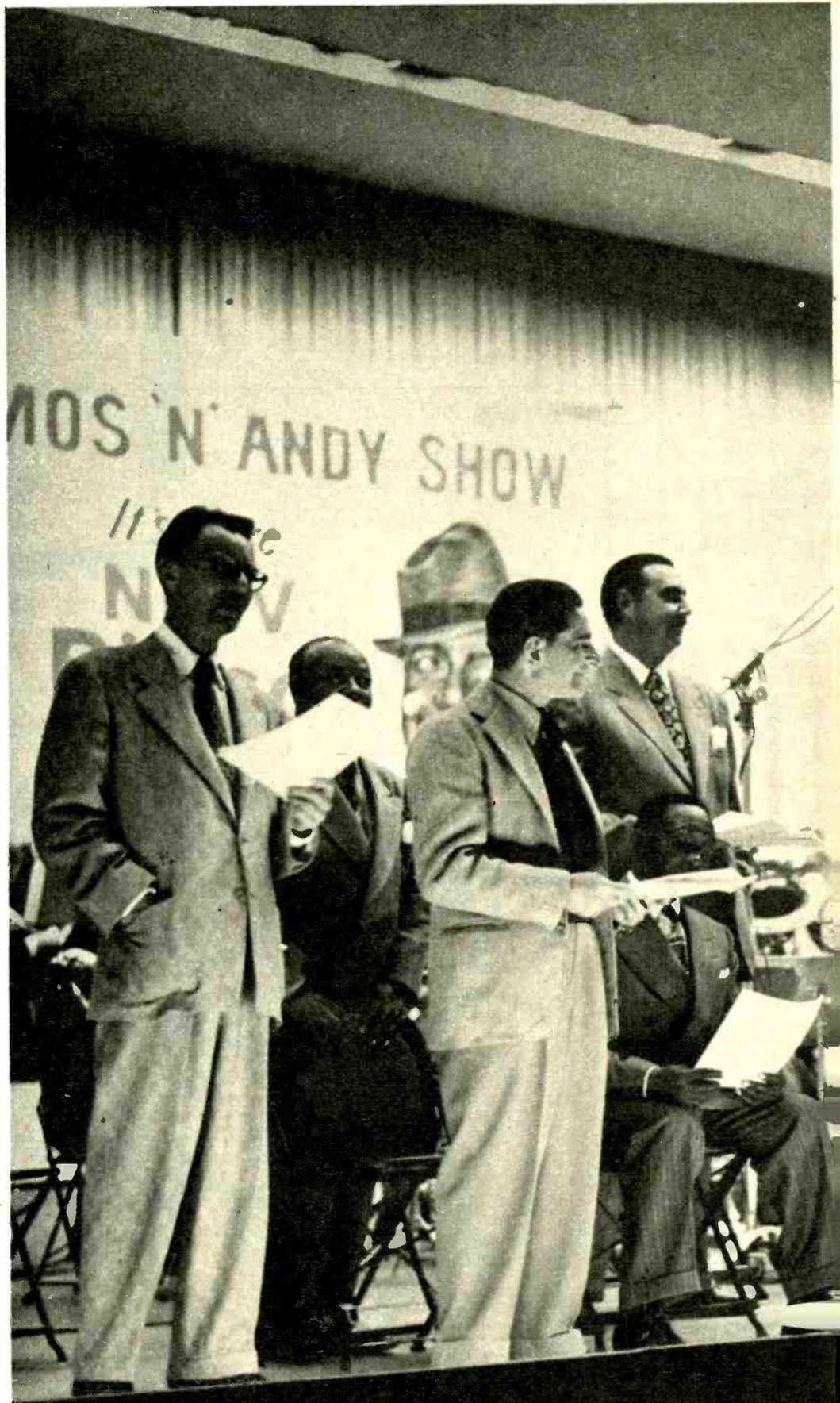
Two happy people, Tom Moore and Mrs. Everett Bush, when the Chicago lady won nineteen gifts worth almost \$1800.



Before air-time, Moore selects contestants and gets acquainted. Below—"bucket of water" is nothing but popcorn.



■ Sunday, 7:30 p.m., and once again *Amos 'n' Andy* are on the air. The cast is lined up on the CBS stage. Reading from left to right they are: announcer John Lake (script in hand); Lou Lubin (short man also with script), who plays Shorty, the stuttering barber; Eddie Green (standing holding script), Lawyer Stonewall; Ernestine Wade, Kingfish's wife Sapphire; Jeff Alexander (with glasses), musical director; Freeman Gosden (with hat) plays not only Amos but Kingfish, Light'nin', newspaperman Frederick Montgomery Gwindell, and the inventor Flukey Harris; next, Charles Correll, playing Andy and the dignified Henry van Porter; the remaining group is the show's chorus. Gosden and Correll made their first broadcast in the autumn of 1920 on an experimental station in Louisiana. They had met the year before in North Carolina when Gosden was sent by a Chicago theatrical agent to help Correll stage a musical. Somehow they landed in New Orleans on a tour producing amateur shows and someone asked how they'd like to try out a new device called radio. The idea sounded good so they shuffled into a cubicle studio and sang "Whispering." Their harmony duo lasted until 1926 when they decided to try comedy. "Sam 'n' Henry" blackface comedians emerged and for 550 broadcasts they prospered. One day in 1928 as Gosden and Correll rode up in an elevator, the operator addressed two men as "Handy Andy" and "Famous Amos." Before they left the elevator Gosden and Correll had changed the name of their act.





amos 'n' andy

Calendar pictures are good publicity, and Marie Wilson outshines Petty or Varga.



**Spring**—and reasons why a young man's fancy turns.



**Summer**—believe it or not, she swims.



What a dream  
for network publicity  
men. She sounded so  
dumb, but  
all she had was a face  
like an angel, a form  
like Venus,  
the ability to act . . . and  
a brain so sharp  
it played dead.

*Marie Wilson*



Fall—Irma fans keep cheering Marie.



Winter—radio's shapeliest baby welcomes the Year.

## radio's glamour girl

■ When radio producer, director, writer Cy Howard created the *My Friend Irma* show he earned the applause of CBS moguls. When he put Marie Wilson into the role of *Irma* he earned the eternal affection of every CBS publicity man who ever stared blankly out a window trying to dream a scheme. Here was *glamour*. Hollywood glamour. Glamour in the form of two great big blue eyes and honey hair . . . and she was built the way you'd like to build one yourself! There was only one drawback. She was dumb. At least, that was the general impression. But when the CBS drum-beaters started working with her they found that *Irma* was the dumb one—Marie Wilson was the fox. Foxy enough to have realized, years ago, that beautiful dramatic actresses were commonplace in the film city but stunning comedienues were somewhat scarcer than radiators in an igloo.

So she *acted* dumb—and melted casting directors with a classic, naïve charm that quickly carried her to stardom. In 1942, when Ken Murray was looking for a not-so-smart blonde with a very smart chassis to brighten his *Blackouts*, he needed only one look at Marie. Then Marie helped pull in the patrons—for 2,300 performances! As the star of *My Friend Irma* (Mondays, CBS, 10 p.m.) the publicity demands made upon this gorgeous gal are exhaustive. And Marie Wilson is not only smart enough to give all the cooperation that's asked, but also to work like a demon in rehearsals, giving the role all the deft and believable interpretation that helps keep the program among radio's top ten. "It's too bad, though," say the promotion boys as they look on with appreciation, "that with her potentialities, she isn't on television." But they're betting 'ere long she'll be on TV.

Listen to *My Friend Irma*, Mondays at 10:00 p.m. over CBS



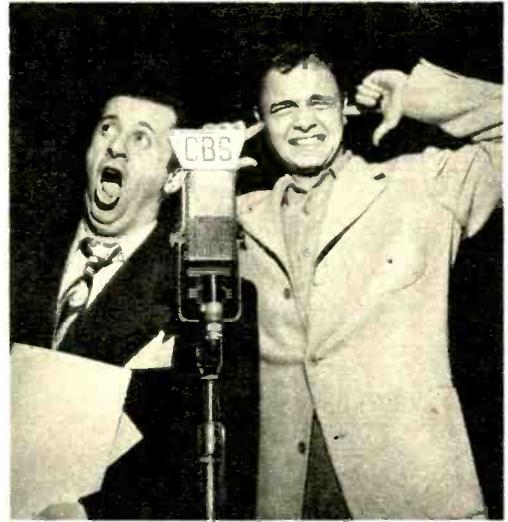
Everybody laughs but Morey, who looks dubiously at gag concocted by writers Zelinka, Meltzer (left, right) and producer Mansfield.

■ When Morey Amsterdam mugs, struts and wisecracks before the CBS tele-cameras every Thursday night as emcee of the fictional Golden Goose Cafe, he isn't an old performer attempting new tricks. In Morey's crowded twenty years as a showman, he has often pulled down emcee assignments in cabarets from Milwaukee to Times Square, including one gigantic club in Chicago where underworld big shots used to hang out before the Federals put them away. Like Milton Berle, Morey is one of those radio performers who really profit from television, because the appeal of the chubby little chap with the screeching ties is visual as well as audible: he's funny over the air but he's even funnier when you can see him. Morey, who has never been known to take it easy since early infancy, has a tough working

week these days. He appears on Columbia's radio network Tuesday nights with his gags, his 'cello, and sometimes, to the pain of his teammates, his own songs, for example, *Oh, My Aching Back* and *Why, Oh Why Did I Ever Leave Wyoming?* Two nights later, he comes up with the television show, which resembles but is by no means a repeat of his radio program. In both, Morey is ably abetted by Art Carney, either as the song-writing doorman who punctuates every remark with "Ya know what I mean" or as the hen-pecked customer, and by Jacqueline Susann, as Lola the sultry cigarette girl. Such added attractions as tap and ballet acts, comedians and comedienne, fill out the bill at the Golden Goose, where even the studio audience dances to the music of Stan Free and orchestra over television.

Listen to the Morey Amsterdam Show, Tuesday, 9:30 P.M. over CBS

Bill Lawrence, singer at the mythical cafe, looks as if he's had all he can take of Morey's vocalizing of one of his own plaintive compositions.



Amsterdam emcees  
at the Golden Goose Cafe,  
a mythical cabaret,  
where radio  
and television fans  
can go spreeing  
right at home

# down at morey's

Betty Garde, Aunt Mimi, at the Goose, and Morey look more tragic than comic, but it's only in rehearsal.



It was a crazy  
impulse—inviting a blind  
date to Cornell's  
biggest weekend of the  
year, but it  
couldn't have turned out  
better—by Saturday  
night they were dancing  
cheek to cheek.



1. Tall (exactly 6 ft.), good looking Bill (and only 21) stopped in at Mariam's CBS office for an informal chat. Mariam was graduated from Ithaca High in 1947. Bill from East St. Louis High in Illinois in 1945.



4. Saturday night—The Coronation Ball at Cornell's Barton Hall was the big event of the weekend. Bill helped pick the "Queen." Also treated the hep cats to "It's Magic" and other *Hit Parade* favorites.

# blind date



2. They're off to the game! Bill bought Mariam the usual football corsage, a chrysanthemum tied with a red (for Cornell) ribbon. His first public appearance was in a Walkathon at the age of seven.



3. After his H. S. graduation Bill got a stockyard job so that he could earn the money to further his career. Touring a college campus was a new and exciting experience. That's Cornell's library.



5. Did they like him? T'ain't every man that's surrounded by a bevy of Cornell co-eds. The big question—is he signing autograph books or dance cards? And where are those Dartmouth men?



6. Show business was never like this. After the ball Bill and Mariam made the rounds of fraternity breakfasts. Bill slept until WHCU disc-jockey, Jack Deal awakened him next day.

Stars are born into the radio world just often enough to keep the Cinderella and Prince Charming legends from going out of date. It happens overnight and nobody knows just where the lightning is going to strike. But Miss Mariam Spott, nineteen-year-old secretary in the Columbia Broadcasting Studios' Ithaca office seems to have the power of prophecy—she's picked herself a winner—and a star. It all started when Bill Lawrence, a twenty-one-year-old unknown baritone from East St. Louis, Ill., ran a winning performance on the *Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts* Program into permanent niches on Godfrey's one-hour morning show and Morey Amsterdam's half-hour, Tuesday evening program. Appropriately enough, when Bill first tried out for *Talent Scouts* his song was "It's Magic"—and that's just the way it was. The studio audience cheered, the kids screeched . . . even Godfrey was impressed. And

Mariam, who was listening at home, sat down and wrote a sedate little fan letter. As an afterthought, she added a P.S. inviting Bill to the Cornell-Dartmouth weekend in Ithaca. It sounded like a great idea to Bill and he promptly accepted. Thereupon, Mariam and the other women on the WHCU (CBS local station) staff set about planning a two-day program—a typical Cornell weekend. Mariam met Bill for the first time when he arrived at Robinson airport in Ithaca. They attended a show at Cornell's Bailey Hall, a reception at Johnny Parsons, on campus, one at WHCU's Studio 2, the Cornell-Dartmouth football game (Cornell won), and the Coronation Ball at Barton Hall where Bill participated in the selection of the "Queen," and sang for the folks until he was just plain hoarse. And if you should happen to want proof that they had one heck of a good time, take a look at the pictures on these two pages.

*Sue Stevens*



Nicky Surovy's mother spends a great deal of time with him, no matter how many demands her career makes upon her.

a **mind** of her own



Risë Stevens is one of the Metropolitan's real glamour girls. Here, she's waiting to go on in *Boris Godunoff*.

"You're making a big mistake"—all her life, it seems, people have told her that. As it turned out, Risë Stevens was actually wrong only once.

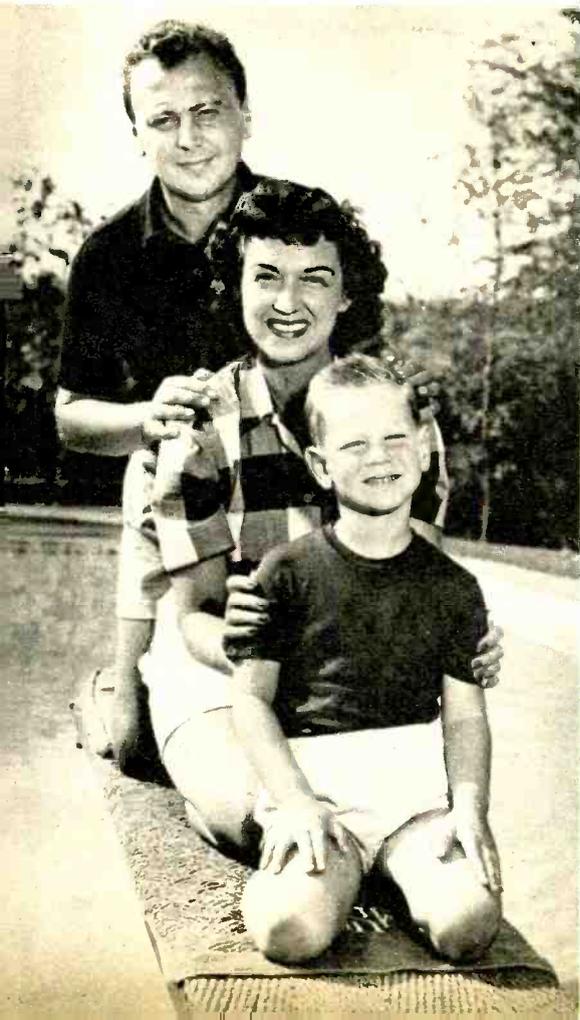
Risë and the Surovy men at their home in Hollywood. Walter manages R.'s career. They have a N. Y. home, too.



No radio show of her own yet, Risë guests on leading musical programs. Above on the Kostelanetz program.



Columnist Earl Wilson had a lot to ask about. Risë is a star in five fields—radio, opera, screen, concert and recording.



■ None of it would have happened if Risë had listened to reason. When she was studying they warned her: "Forget opera. You're not glamorous enough." So she concentrated on operatic roles. When she got her first offers from the Met and the movies, everyone pleaded: "Grab 'em. This kind of thing doesn't come twice." But Risë thought she needed more stage experience, so she hied herself off to Europe and got it. (She is, incidentally, the only leading woman opera star in the movies today.) When she made opera box office as a boy in *Der Rosenkavalier*, the powers-that-be forthwith typecast her in boy roles. "The public won't accept you as a femme fatale," she was told bluntly. A few years later, of course, she scored a huge hit as *Carmen* and *Delilah*. As for the well-meant advice that serious singers can't last on radio and "don't stick your neck out," Risë just wasn't listening. Having been chosen top female radio vocalist for the last three years in a row, there now seems to be general agreement that the girl from the Bronx was right again. Risë did make one big mistake—for a while. She insisted that marriage was poison to a career, and Walter Surovy had to chase her halfway across the world before she gave that idea up. Now she is glad to admit she was wrong on that score.



Ed married Janet Brewster in 1932. She was a famed hostess during the London assignment. Served coffee and sandwiches to radio and newspaper friends after midnight broadcasts. Son Charles is 3.

# meet murrow

Ed Murrow

had no newspaper

experience. But he had the

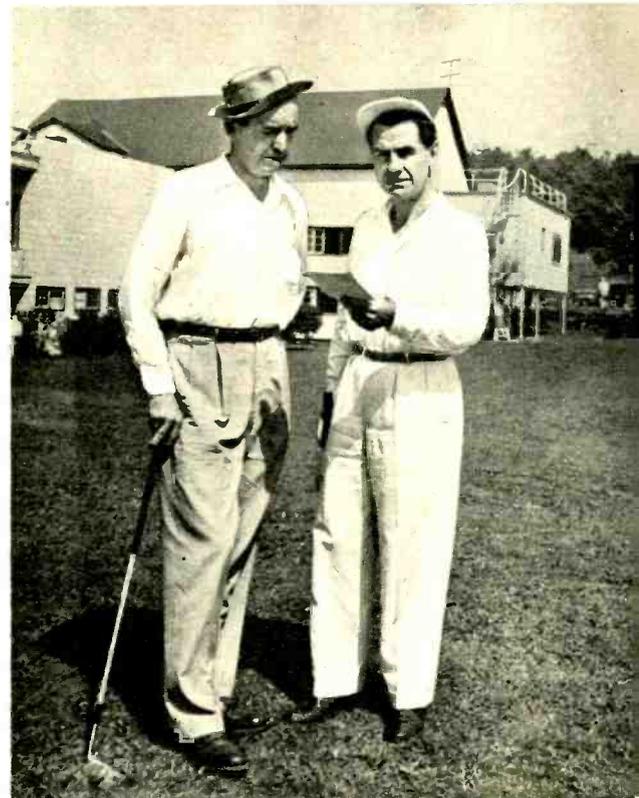
makings of a great

reporter—and he

became one.

■ Ed Murrow's "New Orleans decision" in 1937 is now part of radio history. As Director of Talks for CBS he was attending a National Educational Association convention when a network executive called to ask if he'd like to go to Europe. Ed thought it over, said yes, and has never regretted the decision. The next year found him the sole CBS representative in England. He was on his way to Poland to set up a School of the Air broadcast when he learned that the Nazis were marching into Austria. He chartered a 23-passenger plane and as lone occupant got to Vienna in time to describe the arrival of the German troops. Soon after, back in London, he formed the network's roster of crack correspondents including William L. Shirer, Cecil Brown, Eric Savareid and Charles Collingwood. And Ed found *himself* working at the business of being a reporter. He couldn't have been more surprised! As a boy in Greensboro, N. C., he had driven school buses and milked cows. Even upon his graduation from Washington State he had no intention of becoming a newsman. In those days he wanted to be a scholar, so he became Assistant Director of the Institute of International Education. He joined CBS in 1935 and before he knew it was broadcasting world events. After the war, Ed returned to the United States as Vice President and Director of Public Affairs, still for CBS. But he was restless for a newsbeat. Now he's reporting again, while the nation listens and benefits.

Listen to Ed Murrow, daily at 7:45 p.m. over CBS



Scoop! Newsmen do relax occasionally. One of Ed's favorite companions on the golf course is Lowell Thomas. Murrow owns a home in Pawling, N. Y., near the Thomas' farm.



All through his years as a reporter, Murrow's radio philosophy has remained unchanged: Listeners prefer information to emotion.



Sec'y Dorothy McDonough knows the meaning of a hard day's work. Happens daily! Her boss resigned as V. P., Director of Public Affairs to resume his broadcasts.



Edward R. Murrow goes over facts with John Baron and Jesse Zousmer of his very accurate, carefully chosen news staff. His daily program is sponsored by Campbell Soup.



HHP 3012

*The Harms  
Allow Life*

He's come a long way  
since the clambake days in  
Nashville now that  
he's latched onto Alice  
and the brightest future this  
side of Dixie.

# curly's crew



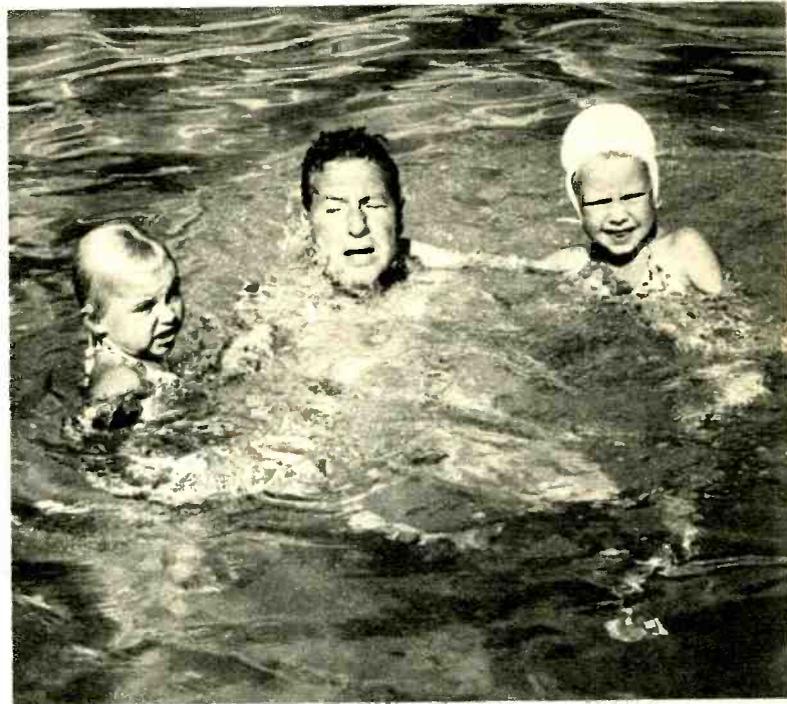
The flaxen-haired Harris kids are all smiles and polka dots. There's a two year age difference between 'em. On the air, two other little blondes play little Alice and Phyllis.

■ It wasn't long ago that the master-minds of the networks discovered that fun in the family—or humor in the household—was one of the richest veins of comedy yet struck on the air. Since then, the radio audience has got many glimpses of famous family life, from breakfast to midnight. But none of the families are more hilarious than the Phil Harrises—breezy Phil and his wife, on and off the program, pert Alice Faye—who appear on NBC every Sunday night. Before the craze for domestic comedy set in, Alice was on the air occasionally as a guest-star and dramatic actress, while Phil was famous for his brashness, bounce, and all-around mischief as Jack Benny's orchestra leader and chief tormenter. Phil's years with Benny schooled him in the rapid give-and-take he and Alice indulge in when Phil has refused to obey orders (she gave him a thesaurus to help him brush up on his vocabulary before the opening show of their current series). Harris, who never thought he had it in him, broke in as an actor in a short musical feature, *So This Is Harris*, produced by RKO and followed by *Melody Cruise*, a full-length film. In both Phil mugged, strutted, and wise-cracked his way to success. The Harrises have two little girls—a fact that few listeners will find a revelation—live on a ranch rigged out with swimming pool, stables, kennels, and a pool room. Alice, who should know, says that Phil, who plays a simple-minded husband on the air, is really quite a bright fellow, addicted to the novels of Ernest Hemingway and the plays of Noel Coward.

## curly's crew, cont.



The favorite room in the Harris ranch-house is the mammoth living room, complete with pictures of buckin' broncos and saddles. Both Alice and Phil love riding and hunting, and Phil is quite a canine-fancier too.



The little Harrises take to water like dolphins. Phil and Alice are a truly happy couple, though they air an occasional squabble—for instance, when Alice catches Phil studying a comic book on the sly.



Phil Harris likes shirts (would you have guessed it?) in the latest lumberjack, sports, and cowboy models. Phil's singing style—strictly rural—has been called the "ham hocks and black-eyed peas" variety.



Phil had ten years with a tough master, Jack Benny, where he learned the value of a dime, how to torment your boss and get away with it, and how to accompany the violin with "a bunch of barefoot play-by-earers."

Listen to the Alice Faye-Phil Harris Show, Sundays 7:30 P.M. over NBC



Alice kibitzes as Phil tries to bounce one into the corner pocket. Phil's home most of the time now, but, as drummer with the "Dixie Syncopators," he rocked audiences from Tennessee to Australia and back.



On the air, the Harris kids—Baby Alice and Baby Phyllis—are played by a couple of veteran troupers, Jeanine Roose, 9, and Anne Whitfield, 8, who have been appearing at mikes for approximately three years apiece.



Robert Taylor can't put through his phone call, and pert Alice Faye doesn't seem to sympathize at all. Alice starred in movies, as an actress and singer, still does, but her big job is the *Harris-Faye Show*.



Alice and Bill Forman, announcer on the domestic comedy, give the script a thorough going-over before the Harrises and their radio brood go on the air. Musical director of the show is Walt Scharf, producer Paul Phillips.



Carson, Willock and Hutton join in for a harmonious trio, but Jack and "Tugwell" aren't so cosy once the comedy gets going.

■ As far as Carson and Willock are concerned, this kind of thing is an old story—almost fifteen years old, to be specific. First of all, you've got a fall guy. He's a big, bumbling, good-natured clown with a head bigger than a blimp, and a foot that's always stepping into something. That's Jack, of course. Industriously helping to put it there, is an impish little fellow with a razor-sharp wit, who spells trouble for the puffed-up Carson ego whenever the routine gets going. That's Dave Willock. This season, in addition, something new has been added—a beautiful blonde who sings, jokes and seconds Willock in sneaking the flies into Carson's ointment. That's Marion Hutton. The two guys she teams with

actually met in Milwaukee in 1931. Jack was supposed to be selling insurance then, but his heart really belonged to the theatre. When he and Dave Willock started fooling around with comedy skits, they didn't need a Walter Winchell to reveal they were meant for each other. They've been billed together ever since, first on the vaudeville circuits, and then on radio. In between, Jack made a nice name for himself in the movies, and Dave did all right too, with credits in something like 100 pictures. The basic Carson-Willock formula hasn't varied. These days, Dave plays "Tugwell," the hefty one's precocious nephew, but his original mission of bringing Carson down to size remains the same.

★ You never know  
what you're missing till  
you've got it. These  
two guys thought they had the  
perfect set-up  
—and then one fine day,  
fifteen years  
later, a beautiful  
blonde came along.



Jack, who does quite a bit of singing on the show, gets a pre-broadcast briefing from versatile Frank De Vol, his musical director.

# the jack carson show

The joke, as always, is on Jack, who lays himself wide open to Dave's heckling in the formula they've followed for years. Marion has taken to the Carson-Willock act like a duck to water, gets to roaring at it.

*The Jack Carson Show* is about to go into rehearsal and Dave Willock and Marion Hutton mull over some fine points in the script. Besides taking comedy lines, Marion is the featured vocalist on the program.





Helen Hayes has been acclaimed for her sincerity, depth, versatility.



Here, on *The Electric Theatre*, Miss Hayes registers the tension of a cold-horror plot.



On Broadway last year, Helen had a charming light-hearted role in the hit *Happy Birthday*.



For nearly a generation she's reigned as First Lady of the American stage. Now radio audiences are treated to her elfin-voiced charm every Sunday night.

# this is helen hayes

Listen to Helen Hayes on *The Electric Theatre*, Sundays at 9:00 P. M. over CBS

■ When and if the long-hairs scream that radio is not the right medium for serious drama and high theatricals, CBS has an answer for them—*The Electric Theatre* on Sunday night, starring Helen Hayes, the First Lady of the American stage. Miss Hayes, who returned to radio last fall after a brilliant run in London as the heroine of *The Glass Menagerie*, has always found time for the air-waves between performances in Hollywood, on Broadway, and overseas. Typically, to ring up *The Electric Theatre* curtain, she chose her all-time favorite role, *Victoria Regina*, the stage version of which played to capacity houses on Broadway for almost three years. Ever since Helen Hayes started acting as a little girl in a pinafore (we won't tell you how long ago that was,

but we'll give you one clue—she has an 18-year-old daughter, Mary, who is aiming at her Broadway debut next year), she has been almost magically successful. Her first personal triumph was scored years ago when she appeared as Cleopatra in George Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and her first movie, *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, won her an Oscar for the best performance of the year. For the department of vital statistics, Miss Hayes is a tiny five feet tall, has blonde hair and sea-blue eyes, and is married to Charles MacArthur, a top Broadway and Hollywood writer, who co-authored *The Front Page*. In addition to their daughter, they have an eleven-year-old son Jamie, who would rather be a Joe Di Maggio than a James Mason.

The First Lady of the American Stage really broke into radio ten years ago, when she starred in a CBS dramatic series with Orson Welles.

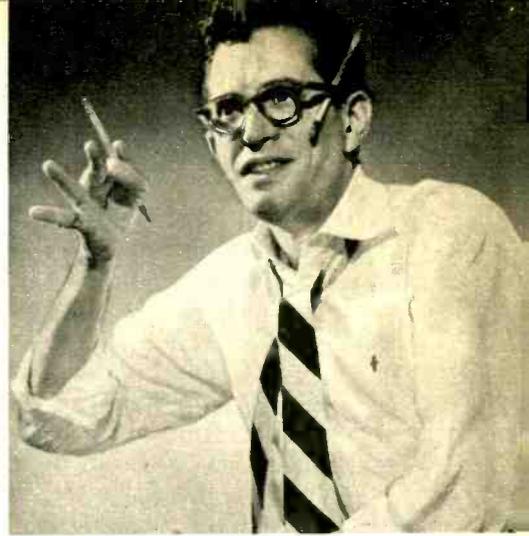




Music from a plumbing fixture, or Robert Q., go home and blow your brains out.



Vladimir Lewis asking his men for pianissimo. They'll give him pizzicato, but he won't know the difference.



Robert Q. makes like a boy-genius-producer-director-writer and one-man network.

# robert Q lewis

Robert Q. Lewis used to stay up nights to put people to sleep, and now he stays up days, putting people to sleep, or at least that's what he'd tell you. He does a little disc-jockeying, he sings, tells jokes, has guest stars, and enjoys himself.

*Robert Q. Lewis*

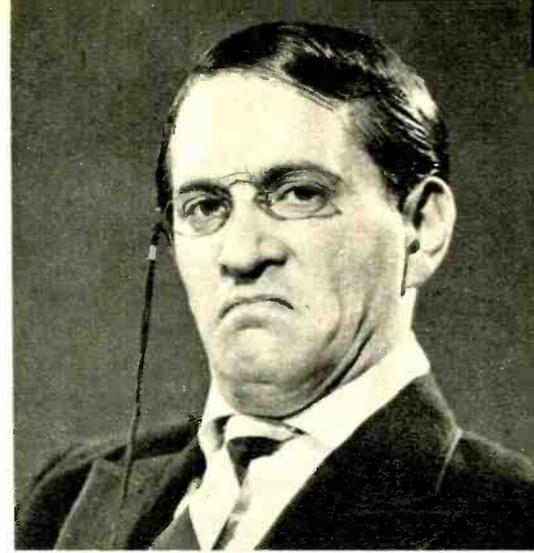




There's bad news tonight, H. V. Lewis seems to think. And besides, he's got indigestion.



"Ladies and genmun, here comes my interputation of Clara Bow—" And this is Lewis, the radio comedian.



All radio execs are men of distinction, Lewis claims. And he shows you how they look.

■ He was born in New York City in 1921 (April 5th was the glorious day) and he may have had a good civilized middle name, but he's forgotten about it. He likes calling himself Robert Q. Lewis because people ask him what the Q. stands for, which gives him the opportunity to tell them it stands for nothing whatever. "Then they either think I'm very funny, or a jerk," he says. "Either way, it starts them talking." Robert Q., who always had his eye on radio, went to the University of Michigan when he was still a mere lad, and there he placed his nose to the grindstone. Which took care of his eye and his nose, but still left him his mouth, and he's been making use of it ever since. He studied a little bit of this and that at Michigan; he even tried astronomy. He thought if he knew about enough subjects, he'd be the snappiest comedian yet. When you're acquainted with topics from shmer to shmoo, how can you run out of material? He put this question to a whole bunch of radio stations, ultimately, only most of them were too busy to answer it, and he was finally taken on by WTRY in Troy, New York. They let him be as versatile as all get-out. He announced, he wrote, and he read fairy tales to kiddies. In this last capacity, he was known as Uncle Bob. In 1942, Uncle Bob left for the army, but he was sick through the whole year, and the high command, tired of shipping him from one hospital to another, told him he could go home. He came back to New York, was hired by a local station, did so splendidly he got promoted to a network. The network show fizzled horribly—he thinks it was because he tried to do too much (namely, write, produce and act)—and Robert Q. retreated to a local station again, chagrined, but still determined. Soon he was being funny five times a week for CBS, and lo and behold, when Arthur Godfrey went on a month long vacation (April 23 to May 23, 1947) Lewis was chosen as his substitute. Since Godfrey is one of the biggest names in radio, CBS couldn't have expressed any more confidence in Robert Q. if they'd given him the Empire State Building. After that, he was a made man. Robert Q.'s got a sense of humor which is individual enough so that plenty of people can't stand him (he thinks saying "Sham, let's have a shong," instead of "Sam, let's have a song" is pretty hilarious, and he was also responsible for the revival of a popular song atrocity called "Cecilia") but for every non-Lewis lover, there are a hundred devotees. He's currently the pet of more fan clubs than he can count, if he could count, and he lives in a two-room penthouse, and collects baby elephants and small totem poles.

He lives in a  
penthouse, he roots for the  
Dodgers, and  
he insists on singing  
during his radio  
show. He says  
it's by request. "By re-  
quest of a  
charming little  
old lady," he  
tells his  
listeners. "My mother."

Listen to Robert Q. Lewis, weekdays at 4:30 P.M. over CBS

# studio snaps

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



No more pre-breakfast broadcasts for Godfrey. Now that Jack Sterling has taken over his 6:15 to 8 CBS stint A.G. can concentrate on T.V.



Meredith Willson loves music and 18-year-old Paulena Carter is a whiz on the keyboard. No wonder Meredith is so enthusiastic. (ABC, 10:30.)



That's Ben Withers (Clarence Hartzell) demonstrating a bit of soft-shoe for Lum (Chet Lauck) and Abner (Morris Goff) and Producer Bill Gay.



Gene Tierney decked out in a Cassini creation goes over the script with musical director Donald Bryan before their *Cavalcade of America* show.



Off-mike harmony! Jack Smith rehearses one of those popular duets with liltin' Martha Tilton for CBS's *Jack Smith Show*, 7:15 to 7:30, daily.



Whatever it is that's bothering Turhan Bey we'll bet Abbott and Costello change their minds. After all, Turhan's their ABC guest.



She may be a Pres.'s daughter but when it comes to broadcasting Anna Roosevelt Boettiger listens while Bergen explains the "fine points."



When Jerry Colonna and Spike Jones go out on the town they've usually got two of the prettiest gals in California with 'em—their Missuses.



One of the top musical programs to hit the airwaves is ABC's *Railroad Hour* (Monday 8 p.m.). Host is Gordon MacRae; guest is Jane Powell.



*Little Herman* is ABC's new comedy-drama on Saturday evening at 9:00 p.m. Edwin Bruce is Joey; Bill Quinn plays Herman, the ex-convict.



It's always fair weather when old friends get together—on Mutual's *Family Theater*. Old film friends are Stewart, Ameche, and Young.

**studio  
snaps  
cont.**



That's MODERN SCREEN's editor, Wade Nichols, awarding the silver cup to Alan Ladd, with Red Benson on M. S. show *Movie Matinee*, Mut.



It's bigamy! Lucille Ball with husband D. Arnaz (real) and R. Denning (radio). Watch for story on *My Favorite Husband* in next R. A.



"How now, brown cow," coaches Jane Wyman. But Ed Gardner'll never win any Academy Award hanging out at *Duffy's Tavern*, Janie!



*Leave It To The Girls*—Connie Bennett, Binnie Barnes, Robin Chandler, and Ann Rutherford in particular. Do we fellas have any choice?



Comedians Red Skelton and Danny Kaye take their gags seriously—especially when it's a benefit for the National Community Chest Drive.



ALAN LADD HAS JOINED THE RANKS OF THE AIR-BORNE PRIVATE EYES WITH BOX 13, 10 P.M., SUNDAYS OVER MUTUAL

# RADIO ALBUM MAGAZINE



*George Burns  
Doris Allen*