

modern

december 25c

television & RADIO

*Is Sinatra
Finished?*

Page 27

THE MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL PUBLICATION



RED SKELTON

"Darling... Darling



...we'll be so elegant tonight! That heavenly plant Dad gave us, and our handsome new silverware gleaming and shimmering all over our table!"

Ever since you were a tyke, you've heard about Oneida and 1881 Rogers. The patterns they're crafting today show the distinction you'd expect of these silverwise old names. And your set's wear-areas are heavily reinforced with solid silver. The more you use it, the lovelier it will get! Start now to give your luxury-loving soul 3-times-a-day pleasure! Ask about an easy-payment plan for the patterns below—also Surf Club* (not shown). 5-piece place setting, \$4.50. Complete services for 8 from \$39.75.

Shown below: a really complete 64-piece service. Cabinet Chest included. 16 teaspoons, 8 soup spoons, 8 hollow-handle knives, 8 forks, 8 salad forks, 8 butter spreaders, 2 table-spoons, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar spoon, 1 cold meat fork, 1 gravy ladle, 2-piece steak set. \$59.75. No federal tax.

Recognize that bride-y look that Nancy's wearing?

For young people who take pride
in living nicely

1881

ROGERS

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 by
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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Joan Murray shows how it can work for you, too



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1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
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Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. Ipana refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth



Product of Bristol-Myers

* Latest national poll

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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to Romance**



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Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

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**TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO
IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!**

modern

**television &
RADIO**

December 1948

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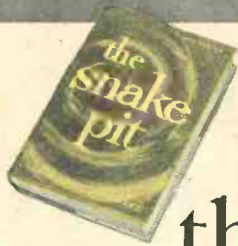
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ON THE COVER: Red Skelton kodachrome courtesy MGM

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the snake pit has been filmed!

With all the emotional impact and
penetrating insight that made
the best-selling novel the most powerful
book of our time—the story now
comes to the screen!

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presents

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND THE SNAKE PIT

20th
CENTURY-FOX

also Starring

MARK STEVENS
LEO GENN

with

Celeste Holm • Glenn Langan

and Helen Craig • Leif Erickson • Beulah Bondi • Lee Patrick • Howard Freeman • Natalie Schafer • Ruth Donnelly • Katherine Locke • Frank Conroy • Minna Gombell
Screen Play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand • Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Produced by

ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER

Inside track

BY JEAN MEEGAN

Everybody "inside" radio and television is sitting back to see what happens. They're all curious spectators at the Milton Berle Circus which right now is "the greatest show on earth."

What is it all about? Well, Berle is the only star who now has a national radio and television program sponsored by the same company. Milton has long been accused of using everybody else's material but his own. But this time nobody can point a finger at him and scream that he's stealing someone else's thunder. He isn't. Instead, Milton is a brave guinea pig for a multi-million dollar industry that is trying to find its way into a combined medium of radio and television.

Texaco is shelling out a cool \$450,000 for 52 weeks of this experiment perilous. They're gambling, but it is almost like buying a win ticket on every horse in the race. They can't lose much, because for their nearly half-million dollars they have a guaranteed radio audience of millions. That's advertising. But Texaco is also speculating on the future of

television. If Berle clicks—and from where I sit he's a hundred times better in video than on radio—Texaco has come up with the first steady, high-paid television personality. The Berle video show, *The Star Theater*, by the way, is telecast by NBC on Tuesdays from 8:00 to 9:00 p.m., and the radio show is broadcast by ABC at 9:30 p.m. on Wednesdays. Both times are E.S.T.

If this dual radio-television sponsorship rings the bell, as Milton and his sponsor hope, it might mean the transfer of many of the top radio programs from Hollywood to New York—which is now the world television center. And hereafter, when a star works on radio and television for the same sponsor, he can only say, "I got the idea from Milt."

John Reddy, producer of the new ABC program starring Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt, called me from Hyde Park with the problem of the month. He was there on a story conference with Mrs. Roosevelt and was appealing to me for hay fever medicine.

"I'm allergic to dogs," Johnny moaned. "At most people's houses I tell them to get the mutt out until I leave but I couldn't possibly say that to Mrs. Roosevelt about Fala."

Jane Froman has put her foot down on publicity about the airplane accident that crushed her so badly five years ago. "I am a singer, not an invalid," she told me during a rehearsal break at the CBS studios. So from now on there will be more about the Froman voice (which is a joy to hear) than the Froman limbs.

I hadn't seen Jane since a month before the crash until she returned to *The Pause That Refreshes On the Air* with Percy Faith. She looks younger, fresher and infinitely happier than ever before. Her recent bridegroom, John Burn, the airlines pilot who saved her life, arranged to have his flights leave out of New York, instead of Florida, so he and Jane can have more time together.

Television is here to stay for sure, but I had to laugh the night the American Broadcasting



Esther Williams welcomes Perry Como to MGM at a party given in his honor by Arthur Freed, producer of *Words and Music*. Star of the *Supper Club*, Perry refers to himself as "your barber from Seville."



Michael North stopped by Doris Day's table in the Hollywood Brown Derby for a gab session about show business. Doris gained fame with her recording of *Sentimental Journey*, sings and exchanges quips with Bob Hope.

Company's New York station, WJZ-TV, had its star-spangled opening. The company officials were watching the show at the Palace theater on a set in their own board of directors room in Radio City. At intermission, a parade was televised right in front of the building.

And where do you suppose the television tycoons were at the first blare of drums? Sitting sedately in front of their sets? Not on your life. Every one of them was hongaing out the windows of the board room.

Quite seriously, though, some of the brainiest boys in the business are predicting the big radio shows that have been coming from Hollywood will "Move East, Young Man." For years the radio stars have lived on the coast on account of the weather and the movies. But television's most important origination point is New York, and the Milton Berle deal we talked about might bring the matter to a head. The case of Johnny Desmond is another indication that television is something to be reckoned with seriously nowadays. Johnny almost disappeared from the limelight a short



Who said comics were for kids! Harriet Hilliard, Alan Ladd, Dottie Lamour, and Ozzie Nelson share the funnies at rehearsal of Dottie's new NBC Thursday night show.



Jo Stafford and conductor Paul Weston give the latest news to Dick Stabile, orchestra leader at Slapsie Maxies. 'Tis rumored the *Supper Club* thrush will soon wed Paul.



Looks like Bob Hope is getting that old team spirit from Jane Russell. Bob was captain of the Comics team at recent charity ball game in Hollywood. His boys beat the Screen Writers' team.



Janet Scott, Van Heflin and Margaret Sullivan are three of the many stars who have donated their services to the inspirational series, *The Family Hour*, on MBS Thursday nights. Van is one of filmdam's most sought-after leading men these days.

Inside track



Milton Berle is caught right in the middle of the struggle between radio and television. Arnold Stang and Pert Kelton (right) want Berle to rehearse for their ABC radio show, while Joe Smith and Phil Silvers say it's time for his NBC telecast.



Good coffee and good wishes were in order when Dinah Shore signed as song-truth on Eddie Cantor's NBC show. Johnny Mercer also seems happy about it.



No mike fright here! Mary Anderson, Dane Clark and John Lund, all former radio actors, recently guest-starred on ABC's *The Theatre Guild* program.

while ago, but is now making a smashing comeback—not through radio or night clubs or movies—but through television! Take a bow, CBS, for televising one of musicdom's best young singers!

When Cy Howard sold his program, *My Friend Irma* (Marie Wilson) to Hal Wallis for the movies, I asked him why he thought it would be a hit when other radio people such as Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Benny, Lum and Abner, Fibber McGee and Molly, and Fred Allen, have been failures in pictures.

Howard says Wallis promised him, "I'll do it like the radio show." Howard thinks the other programs that became pictures failed for lack of faithful transposition and glamour.

"My show," Howard maintains, "will be like *Kitty Foyle* or *Stage Door*. It's the romance of a white collar girl with a New York background. We hope to use the same characterizations on the screen that we have in the program. Ever since *Irma* went on the radio, I've been writing, casting and directing it like a play."

It'll be interesting to see what happens. Already Hal Wallis has cast Betty Hutton in the role that Marie Wilson does on the air. We'll miss you, Marie, but we have no qualms about Betty doing right by *Irma*.

Singer-composer Peggy Lee and Dave Barber, her husband, (they're another of radio's successful Mr. and Mrs. duos) have a strict rule they adhere to when they entertain in their comfortable home in the Hollywood Hills. No photographers are allowed. Photographers, with cameras, that is, because a good many of Dave's and Peggy's friends are celebrities whom the photogs would love to snap. But this popular host and hostess want their guests to relax so—no pictures, please!

Jacqueline Billingsley, crown princess of the Stork Club Billingsleys, has done what thousands of tough-minded old time actors and strong-willed youngsters have failed to do. She's crashed the case hardened circle of radio drama. For six months she has been playing regular roles on *Young Widder Brown* and *Perry Mason*.

Jacqueline is a diffident young lady, blonde.

Bing Bob Eddie
CROSBY · HOPE · CANTOR

say:
"It's One Of The Funniest
Pictures Ever Made!"

She teaches him his ABC's
by drawing them on his
chest... and he doesn't
care if school never ends!

One \$20,000,000
kiss and hallelujah!
He's a bum!



Paramount presents

JOHN LUND
WANDA HENDRIX
BARRY FITZGERALD
MONTY WOOLLEY

in
"Miss\$
Tatlock's\$
Millions\$"

with

ILKA CHASE · ROBERT STACK
DOROTHY STICKNEY · ELIZABETH PATTERSON
Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by RICHARD BAYDN
Screenplay by Charles Brackett and Richard L. Breen
Suggested by a play by Jacques Deval

GIRLS Send this coupon, plus a dime,
to cover handling charges, for
your autographed picture of
handsome John Lund, thrilling star of "A
Foreign Affair!"

Dept. 7, Paramount Pictures Inc., 1501 Broad-
way, New York 18, N. Y. I am enclosing 10¢
for an autographed picture of John Lund

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

BOYS Now you can have an auto-
graphed picture of beautiful
Wanda Hendrix, lovable star
of "Ride The Pink Horse" and "Welcome
Stranger!" Just send a dime, plus coupon.

Dept. 7, Paramount Pictures Inc., 1501 Broad-
way, New York 18, N. Y. I am enclosing 10¢
for an autographed picture of Wanda Hendrix.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Inside track



Bright smile on Doris Day's face could mean she's pleased as Punch with her important role on the Bob Hope show.



Vincent Price and Ann Blyth stop rehearsing long enough to quench their thirst. They appeared on *Lux Radio Theatre*.



Jimmy Stewart really delivers the punch line while Leon Janney lends moral support during *Theatre Guild* broadcast.



Jacqueline Billingsley, daughter of Stork Club tycoon (rt.) is shunning cafe society nowadays in favor of a radio career.

blue-eyed with a clear voice. The first time she ever was interviewed in her life was one evening she and her father and I had dinner together (at the Stork, of course!). Sherman Billingsley is proud of his eldest because she's done it on her own.

Her success is remarkable because 90 percent of the American Federation of Radio Artists, the radio performers' union, is out of work. Nearly as high a percentage of stage actors are unemployed. Every one of them is trying to muscle up to a microphone. But every dramatic part is played by a group of "regulars."

This young lady has been raised like a fairy princess: the most beautiful clothes, finest food, most important people. But it is just as tough for Jacqueline to get out of bed when she knows she doesn't have to, and drudge around the dreary rounds of radio row, lining up jobs, as it is for a kid who

has the incentive of hunger and the dream of acquiring the worldly goods this young lady already has. She has succeeded for the same reason her father has the most famous restaurant in the world—talent. Congratulations, Jacqueline! It took more than a silver spoon to do what you've done.

* * *

Dorothy Lamour, like the other radio stars, realizes how important the "warm-up" is to the success of the show. For those who have never attended a broadcast, a "warm-up" is when the comedian or headliner walks out on the studio stage five or ten minutes before the show is scheduled to go on the air, and, with the aid of a few tried and true routines, gets the audience "in the mood."

Warm-ups are generally so effective that the comics lament, "I wish they laughed as much during the broadcast as they did before." The format is pretty much the same,

but the jokes and delivery differ. The star introduces himself with a typical, "On my way to the studio tonight . . ." and then he's off with a barrage of jokes to weaken his audience to the point where the comic hopes his audience will laugh at anything.

Dottie Lamour doesn't pretend to be a comedian, although she learned how to get laughs when she walked those Paramount Road pictures with Bing and Bob Hope. Dottie started out as a singer years ago. On the Edgar Bergen program, when the actress was a regular some time past, she sang and exchanged a few quips with the wolfish Charlie McCarthy. But Dottie can't fall back on those crutches for her current Thursday night *Sealtest Variety Theater*. So she does the next best thing, and gears her warm-up to get the audience to a boiling point. Dottie decks herself in a sarong and with the assistance of a prop moon, a toy monkey and a fake

A barrage
of Bouquets
for
Warner Bros.
June Bride

"ONE OF
THE BEST
COMEDIES
IN YEARS!"
PHOTOPLAY

"SOCKO!
ONE OF THE TOP
LAUGH FESTS OF
THIS OR ANY
OTHER YEAR!"
DAILY VARIETY
(FAMED SHOW-BUSINESS JOURNAL)

"THE BEST
BETTE DAVIS
PICTURE IN
YEARS!"
MOVIE PLAY

"A WONDERFULLY
FUNNY
PICTURE!"
LIBERTY

"THE COMEDY OF
THE YEAR!
THE BETTE DAVIS
PICTURE THE PUBLIC
HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!"
MOTION PICTURE



Bette Robert

DAVIS MONTGOMERY in JUNE BRIDE

WITH FAY BAINTER BETTY LYNN TOM TULLY DIRECTED BY BRETAINNE WINDUST PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE Screen Play by RANALD MacDOUGALL • Based on a Play by Eileen Tighe and Graeme Lorimer



Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant **Arrid** is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new **Arrid**. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more **Arrid** than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use **Arrid** than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

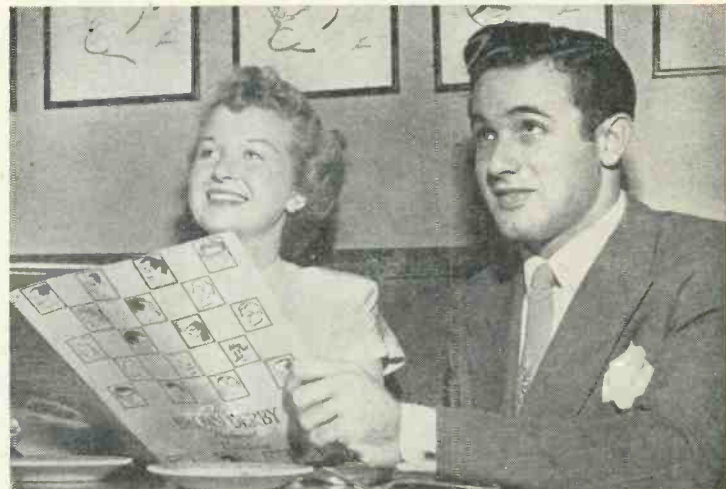
Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new **Arrid**, with the amazing new ingredient **Creamogen**, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded **Arrid** its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. **Arrid** is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be **Arrid**-safe! Use **Arrid** to be *sure*. Get **Arrid** now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

Inside track



Gregory Peck forgets his broadcasting duties to greet a friend during a CBS session with Radie Harris on her star-studded show, *Hollywood and Vine*.



A date with Judy seems to be fun. The lucky guy with Louise Erickson (radio's *Judy*) is Dick Contino, nimble-fingered accordionist on the *Heidt Show*.

palm tree, she comes out on the radio studio stage and warbles "Queen of the Hollywood Isles" kidding none other than Dorothy Lamour.

Jack Benny has made a million dollars kidding himself, and consciously or otherwise, Dottie is using the same technique to get her audience in the mood to listen happily to half an hour of entertainment in which she is the hostess and star. It's dangerous to make predictions about radio programs—but we'll go out on a limb here and say that Dottie will ring the bigtime radio bell.

Dick Haymes had one problem settled for him when a deal didn't go through for him to be sponsored by the Railroad Associations of America. The crew-cut crooner likes to pilot his private plane about the country and didn't think it would be good to be selling train tickets and then taking to the air himself . . .

Oh, to be a film star on the Ford program. The guest stars of that dramatic hour can have their choice of the cash or a car . . . It's anybody's guess as to when Jo Stafford and orchestra leader Paul Weston, who have been harmonizing romantically for quite a long time, will become "Mr. and Mrs." . . . Another songstress, Margaret Whiting, has her groom all picked out. He's Hubbell Robinson, radio executive.

Under the terms of Norman Corwin's new three-year contract with CBS, he will devote one-third of his writing and producing effort to television during the first year . . . George Burns (I almost said "Allen") said what I've always wanted to say about television when I lunched with him recently—"It's going to take more than vaudeville to make it work." . . . And more than baseball games and



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IN THE LAST
OUTPOST OF
ADVENTURE!

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**DICK
POWELL**

MARTA TOREN

The Temptations Hit of "CASBAH"

VINCENT PRICE

She could bring
out the worst
in any man!



**ROGUES'
REGIMENT**
OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

Outcasts from
100 lands... living
for the thrill
of cold steel—
the pleasure of
warm lips!



with **STEPHEN McNALLY** • Carol Thurston • Edgar Barrier • Screenplay by ROBERT BUCKNER
Original Story by ROBERT BUCKNER and ROBERT FLOREY • A ROBERT BUCKNER PRODUCTION • Directed by ROBERT FLOREY

No need to bear down!

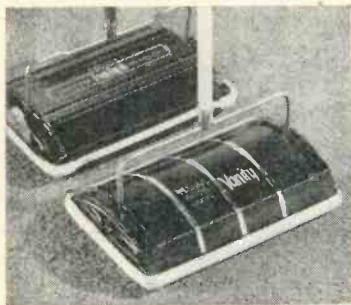
Yes—just glide a new Bissell® back and forth under beds and tables—everywhere! It sweeps clean, with *no* pressure on the handle whatsoever!



"Bisco-matic"*
brush action does
work for you!

Only Bissell has this revolutionary feature that adjusts the brush *automatically* to any pile rug, from deep broadlooms to smooth Orientals.

Just roll your Bissell along for quick, thorough clean-ups.



"Bisco-matic" Brush Action is now available in two models . . . the "Vanity" at \$8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" at only \$6.95.

Both complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

INSIDE TRACK

wrestling matches, too, George . . . Ethel Mer- man signed for a television show. It surprises me sometimes that stars who won't appear before a microphone for less than \$2500.00 are more than happy to show up in person before the television cameras for a measly figure— just because they're so fascinated with the look-see-and-hear medium.

Janet (*Corliss Archer*) Waldo, who recently married radio producer Billy Lee, can boast that the modern furniture in her Holly- wood apartment is hand-made by none other than screen star George Montgomery, Dinah Shore's better half. George's hobby is build- ing furniture. He has a workshop on his and Dinah's Encino, California ranch . . . Don Quinn, the writer who's been putting words into Fibber McGee and Molly's mouth for the

past 15 seasons, will give up scripting next year to devote his full time to writing plays and books. Don is one of radio's most talented scripters. He's made a fortune in his years with the Jordans . . . In his airier moments, Der Bingle calls his own show "The Philco Frivolities."

People inside and outside the broadcasting field are looking around for a new word for television—which is considered too long and cumbersome. "Video" and "TV" have been tried out, but they don't seem to catch the public fancy. A London newspaper recently asked its readers for suggestions and some of the words they came up with are "Telio," "Luksee," "Oculo," "C-U.," and "Lookies." They all sound pretty corny to me. Anybody got a better idea? **END**

Free Cookbook or Crossword Puzzle Book

Your editor would like to know which stories you enjoyed the most in this issue of MODERN TELEVISION AND RADIO. We want to know this so we can publish articles on the people and programs YOU want to read about. If you are among the first 500 readers to fill out and mail us the following questionnaire, we will be happy to return the favor by sending you one of the following (check in box):

- CHOCOLATE RECIPES CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK

PLEASE NUMBER FROM 1 TO 5 (in boxes to left of titles) the articles and features you like the most:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Is Sinatra Finished? | <input type="checkbox"/> Hearing Things |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 Best Bets for Television | <input type="checkbox"/> I'm In Love (Lanny Ross) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reunion with Roy and Dale | <input type="checkbox"/> It's Murder! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> My Kid Brother, Bob (Hope) | <input type="checkbox"/> I Believe in Miracles (Lucille Wall) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> They Never Heard of Reno | <input type="checkbox"/> Inside Track |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Face (Red Skelton) | <input type="checkbox"/> At Home (Jack Berch) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> It Was Home Sweet Home | <input type="checkbox"/> Musical Merry-Go-Round |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Giveaways—Curse or Blessing | <input type="checkbox"/> To Buy or Not To Buy That Television Set |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Secret Life of Mary Margaret | <input type="checkbox"/> A Tycoon Named Waring |

Which of the above stories did you like the LEAST?

Which three stars, programs, or subjects are your choices for future articles

Do you own, or intend to buy soon, a television set?

Name and address:

City Zone State I am years old.

MAIL TO:
POLL DEPT., MODERN TELEVISION AND RADIO
Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

Are you in the know?



For the pale hands he loves, try —

- Bleaching lotion
- Moon magic
- Dusky lacquer

You're the romantic type, now! With a fragile, "ladylike" look, even to your pastel fingernails. That calls for careful manicures—moons and tips showing. Here's how: Outline moon with enamel; paint rest of nail completely. Then, while enamel's wet, "thumb off" a rounded nail tip. Depth of moon should suit your individual nail. Just as—on "those" days—your *needs* should guide your choice of napkins. Try *Kotex*—3 absorbencies to choose from.



What's the Jinx in this jalopy?

- The cuddle couple
- The boogie blast
- Four's a crowd

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds *more* distraction. Anyway, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals will avoid these hazards: take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that's why they choose *Kotex* . . . its exclusive *safety center* means *extra* protection!



If your back's blemished, what's best?

- A white hanky
- A rain check
- A stole

Stoles for your strapless frocks are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hickeys! And you can't "un-date" at zero hour. Why wait 'til dance night to cover back break-outs? Start days ahead, with anti-septic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you grind! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines—with *Kotex*. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent outlines; protect you—all ways!



When giving a party, which is important?

- Fancy refreshments
- Banishing the family
- Keeping your guests busy

To save your party from the floperoo brackets it doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. *Plan* the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them

busy. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, don't be a blu gnu! Turn to *Kotex*, for comfort. For *softness* that holds its shape. In short, be carefree with the new *Kotex*—made to stay soft while you wear it. And happy hostessing to you!

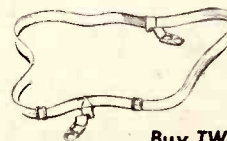


Why does a gal buy 2 sanitary belts?

- For extra security
- For that "bandbox" feeling
- One belt's for her sister

Next time you're dressing for a date—donning fresh undies, a charming frock—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. Yes, for that crisp, "bandbox feeling" you need two *Kotex* Sanitary Belts, for a *change*.

You know, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. And because it's adjustable, all-elastic, your *Kotex* Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. So—for more comfort, buy the new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt. And buy *two*—for a *change*!



**Kotex
Sanitary
Belt**

Buy TWO—by name!



More women choose **KOTEX**^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Watch the lads



Admire the Girls



whose Hair has warm, rich COLOR



★ Don't put up with dull, mousy hair a moment longer. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair the warm, rich color, silken sheen and beautiful highlights that no shampoo alone could possibly give. Absolutely safe, washes out with shampooing.

Remember — when you ask for "Colorinse" — be sure to insist on the genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

Nestle
COLORINSE



KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately scented Nestle Hair Lacquers keep all styles of hair-dos well groomed. 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ at all toilet goods counters.

Nestle - originators of permanent waving - Meriden, Conn.

Could You Have Broken the Bank?



■ You never had a chance to *Break The Bank* on the ABC program emceed by Bert Parks. But if you had been a lucky contestant—could you have done it? Below are some bank-breaking questions that were used on the show and the amounts of money awarded. Answers at end of column.

- 1 "Will you come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?" is probably the most famous poem about insects ever written. Who wrote it? (\$4050)
- 2 On December 17, 1939, a famous German battleship was scuttled in the harbor of Montivideo, Uruguay. The Germans sank their ship to avoid capture. What was its name? (\$1070)
- 3 In 1946 this man held the important post of President of the United Nations General Assembly. He was featured on TIME'S cover last May 10th and is now prime minister of Belgium. What is his name? (\$2850)
- 4 In the 1945 World Series a Chicago pitcher came within one hit of entering the hall of fame for a no-hit World Series Game. Who was that pitcher? (\$2100)
- 5 A famous author wrote "Over The Teacups" at the age of 79. His son was a famous supreme court justice. Who was this great writer? (\$7440)
- 6 "Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams the blue Mediterranean, where he lay, lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams. . ." These lines are from a famous poem by a famous author. Who? (\$3050)
- 7 "Lover Come Back to Me" is a very popular ballad even today, and was a big hit in a famous operetta by Romberg. What was the operetta called? (\$1100)
- 8 Our country struck its first blow for freedom in April, 1775. In that month the British Colonial governor of Massachusetts ordered soldiers to arrest the patriots Adams and Hancock, and to seize ammunition at Concord. This action touched off the first actual bloodshed of the Revolutionary War. Who was the Governor who gave that fateful order? (\$2750)
- 9 What is the last line of "A Visit From St. Nicholas"? (\$5790)
- 10 A classic was brought to the screen in 1935 when MGM released "David Copperfield." Now can you name the young lad who captured the fans' hearts in the role of David as a young boy in this picture? (\$4300)
- 11 This man was lame from the time of his birth yet he went on to make a great name for himself as a poet. His famous works include, "The Prisoner of Chillon." Who was this renowned poet? (\$5000)
- 12 Here is a Sam who was a great journalist on the staff of the New York Sun and McClure's Magazine. He wrote such works as: "The Great American Fraud," "The Gorgeous Hussey" and "The Harvey Girls." I want his full name. (\$7500)
- 13 What American newspaperman made the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette famous? (\$1000)
- 14 Where is Lake Maracaibo located? (\$5220)
- 15 What were the names of the Tower and Ball like structure which became the trademark of the 1939 New York World's Fair? (\$4250)
- 16 Babe Ruth, Sultan of the Sweat, holds the major league record for home runs in one season—sixty home runs. In what year did he create that record? (\$1070)
- 17 In the Bible, a dream of the Egyptian Pharaoh depicted seven thin ears of corn devouring seven good ears of corn. Who interpreted this dream for Pharaoh? (\$1250)
- 18 The native state of only one of our presidents was South Carolina, close to the North Carolina border. Which president was that? (\$2300)

ANSWERS

1 Mary Howitt 2 The Graf Spee 3 Premier Paul Henri Spack 4 Claude Passeau (Chicago Cubs) 5 Oliver Wendell Holmes 6 Shelley 7 "New Moon" 8 Governor Gage of Massachusetts 9 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!" 10 Freddie Bartholomew 11 Lord Byron 12 Samuel Hopkins Adams 13 William Allen White 14 Venezuela 15 Trylon and Perisphere 16 1927 17 Joseph 18 Andrew Jackson.

BUDGET PRICED LUXURIES

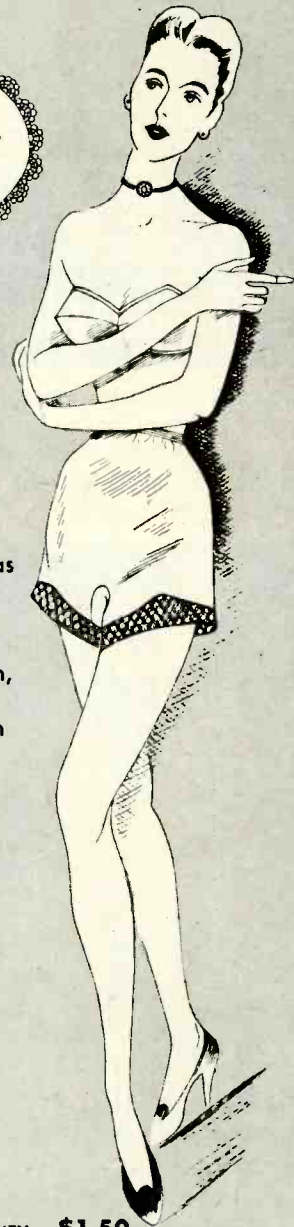
with fancy nylon trim



No. 8950 — GOWN — \$3.98
Sizes 32 to 40



No. 8556 — SLIP — \$2.98
Sizes 32 to 44



No. 8532 — PANTY — \$1.50
Sizes 4 to 8



Here's a trio of styles that will make an ideal gift . . . individually or as a set. Each is made of luxurious runproof rayon, trimmed with fancy nylon for that added touch of femininity. See them at your favorite store. In pink, white, blue, black.

Prices slightly higher
in the West

Blue Swan

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for fingertips like this

Take a good searching look at your fingers. Are they soft and lovely as you dream they can be? Or are the cuticles ragged—the skin dry and rough? Try this tip for the loveliest fingertips you've ever had!



do this!

Massage rich, creamy 'Vaseline' Cuticle and Nail Cream on and around your cuticles . . . see how supple and pliant they become . . . how soft and silky they feel. You'll find 'Vaseline' Cuticle and Nail Cream a delight to use . . . it's full of soothing emollient oils, fragrant with "Forget-Me-Not." And you'll find there's nothing better for preventing cuticle hangnails!

New! VASELINE CUTICLE
TRADE MARK ®
AND NAIL CREAM

to buy or not to buy? that television set

by Paul Denis

Radio-Television Editor
of the New York Post

■ It is no longer a question of whether television is "around the corner." Television has arrived and it is here to stay. The vexing problem is, "Should I buy that television set NOW—or should I wait?"

Generally speaking, current television programs provide sufficient entertainment to make it worthwhile to get that set today. That is, if doing so won't put too deep a dent into your pocket. And secondly, if there is a television station located near enough to your home.

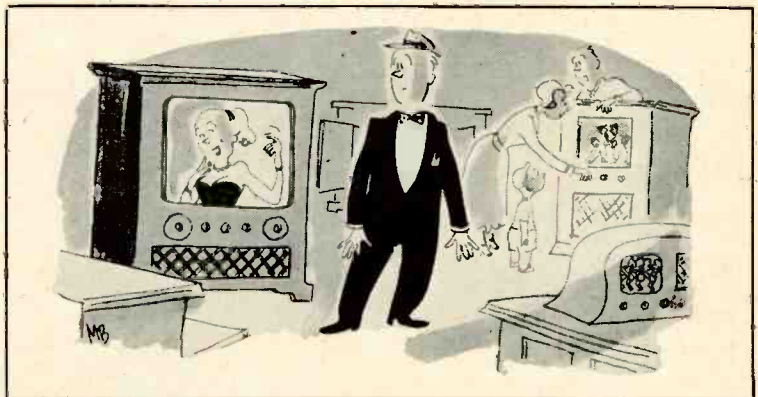
How close is "near enough?" Well, that means your home should be within 60 miles of a transmitter. Beyond that distance, television reception is so bad that a set wouldn't be worth the money you spend for it.

Right now television stations are broadcasting in about 30 cities from coast to coast. If you live in one of these cities, your local newspapers carry the program listings. If you're still not sure, after checking your paper, call up any radio station or newspaper in town and they'll give you the information. They can also tell you when a television station is expected to be on the air.

Now to look ahead a couple of years, just in case you're wondering whether to invest that money in a set:

In 1952, there will be about 200 stations, in some 75 cities, operating throughout the country. This will make television available to approximately 100 million people, or two-thirds of the nation. If you live in or near a city of any size at that time, you'll be able to get a fine variety of telecasts for all members of the family, young and old, man and woman.

Right now, does television provide sufficient entertainment to warrant buying a set? The answer is yes—in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, D. C., Richmond, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles (Continued on page 18)



"Psst—this is a good set!"

says **ELIZABETH TAYLOR:** "I Love the Super-Smooth Finish
New Woodbury Powder gives my Skin!"



ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
beautiful co-star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LITTLE WOMEN", wears
satin-smooth
Woodbury Powder.

In Nation-Wide Test
WOODBURY
WINS 4 TO 1
over all leading
brands of powder

From Coast to Coast women voted
New Woodbury Powder the best...
they said Woodbury was
*better than their own favorite face
powders!* In this most dramatic
beauty test of all time, Woodbury
won on an average of 4 to 1 over all
other leading brands of powder.

6 exciting shades
in New Woodbury Powder. Medium
and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢ plus tax.

*You'll find a new kind of beauty
in the Woodbury box—*

it's the world's finest face powder! You'll see
the difference* the instant you wear divinely
fragrant New Woodbury Powder:

*There's no "powdery" look!

*Shades are warmer, richer, yet the color
seems your own natural coloring.

*New Woodbury Powder gives a satin-smooth
finish powder alone could never give before.



Large "dressing table" size \$1.00
plus tax. Get New Woodbury
Powder—in the new "Venus" box at
any cosmetic counter!



TWICE NEW!

New Secret Ingredient
gives a satin-smooth finish to
your skin!

New Revolutionary Process
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"Super-Blender" give
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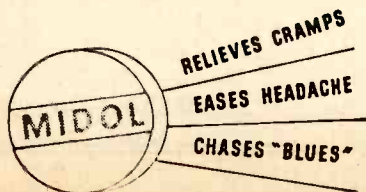


**"PAIN" DAYS
CAN BE
PLAY DAYS**

MIDOL

**RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"**

"What a difference
Midol
makes"



to buy or not to buy?



One of the many stage and screen stars now in video is Faye Emerson, who emcees *Cavalcade of Fashions* on NBC every Thursday night.

and St. Louis. These cities have stations with programs amounting to much more than just old films and baseball games. It should be made clear, however, that as soon as television stations in other cities are tied up with a large network (such as CBS, NBC, ABC, Mutual or Dumont), a greater variety of shows coming from the great entertainment centers of New York and Hollywood will be available. Just as in radio today. This will occur within the next two years.

Warning: When you watch television, you will unconsciously compare it to the movies. If you do this, remember that telecasts still lack the technical perfection of a good movie, but that it is rapidly improving. A few programs now on the air are as good as the best movies and stage productions, and with growing experience, this quality will spread to other programs. Furthermore, on television you have the thrill of watching events as they occur. To see in your living-room current events of the world as they take place is an exciting experience.

Many tele-viewers complain that the screen is too small and thus a strain on the eyes. However, most people discover that once their eyes become accustomed to television, the average video-type screen entails no strain. Remember how funny the huge movie screens appeared when you first started going to the movies? Well, your eyes become accustomed to the smaller television view just as they did to that oversized picture. Most tele-viewers I know can watch a program on the average screen (which is about 60 square inches) at ten paces away, without any difficulty.

Are prices coming down? Don't count

on it. In 1947, the average set cost \$600.00. This year that figure is less than \$500.00. Some people believe that by 1950, sets will cost about half of what they cost now. But this is sheer guesswork. Manufacturers' costs are rising steadily and probably will counteract price reductions that would normally result from increased mass production. So don't depend on sets coming down in price.

How do prices run now? Roughly, there are three price groups. Lowest range is \$250.00 and down. This group includes a new portable plug-in set, requiring no installation charge, which sells for about \$100.00. There is also a Tele-tone set at about \$150.00 and a Hallicrafter at about \$170.00. It should be noted here, though, that these sets all have very small screens.

The middle-price range is from \$250.00 to \$600.00. Included in this category are the RCA Victor, Philco, Dumont, Crosley, Emerson and General Electric products. These are the sets with screens that are 52 to 72 square inches. I've seen as many as 30 to 40 people watching a ballgame or a dramatic show on one of these sets without any trouble. They are table models.

The highest range is from \$600.00 to \$2,500. Most of these sets have screens that are quite large, usually built into a cabinet. Radios and phonographs are often included in these more expensive models. Of course, the higher the price, the better the cabinet and the durability of the machines.

On the matter of extra costs—some dealers will not permit you to install your own set and antenna. For example, RCA insists on putting in its own sets to be sure that it is done correctly. The installation

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Thousands Have Paid \$18 for these Books—But YOU Get Them FREE!

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TALES FROM THE DECAMERON—Famous and lusty tales about the amorous antics of outraged husbands and outrageous lovers, of sinning "saints" and saintly "sinners"!

THE GOLDEN HAWK—Adventure and love on the Spanish Main, where a yellow-haired pirate met a dazzling baronet—worth no man dared tame! By author of "Foxes of Harrow."

YANKEE PASHA—Young Jason Starbuck battled his way around the world—and into the slave pens of the Barbary pirates—to claim a ravishing harem beauty for his own!

JANE EYRE—The tale of a passionate love affair between a sophisticated Englishman and a young governess—haunted by the screaming secret in the tower room of that lonely house.

ANNIE JORDAN—Vivid story of a girl who fought hard for happiness—then tossed it all away for the only love she could NOT have!

SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT—Over 50 of the frankest, most daring stories of love, hate, intrigue, and passion ever written!



Blanca backed away in terror—From "The Golden Hawk."



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RACHEL—who avenged France because of one kiss—Maupassant.

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She Won't Letcha / Betcha!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

NEW!
ECONOMY SIZE
EXTRA BIG!
EXTRA VALUE! 59¢

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

to buy or not to buy?

Tops in eye-appeal is Kyle McDonnell, whose *Girl About Town* is telecast on NBC-TV Wednesdays, 8:00 p.m., EST.



cost runs about \$50.00 over and above the price of the set. Don't buy any set, by the way, without a standard one year "warranty." With this piece of paper in your possession, your set is guaranteed for one year after purchase, and will be repaired by the dealer if anything goes wrong. Just be sure to read the "warranty," including all the small type, to be certain to what extent repairs and adjustments are guaranteed.

Sometimes reception is not too good. This is often because of atmospheric disturbances peculiar to the area you live in. You might have noticed this in connection with your radio, too. BUT—you can often improve the reception by the purchase of magnifying lenses for the screen, picture amplifiers and extra antennas. This may run anywhere from \$10.00 to \$100.00. Their need, however, is the exception rather than the rule.

What happens when color television comes along?

First of all, nobody seems to have the answer to when this will be. The U. S. government recently ordered color video back to the laboratory for an indefinite period. Some authoritative sources say that color television—which will equal the quality of good technicolor in the movies—may be on the air in about five years.

At that time there definitely will be attachments available at reasonable prices that will enable your present set to receive color telecasts. However, they will receive these programs in black-and-white—not in color. There hasn't been any gadget yet invented that will enable a set that you buy now to receive color telecasts IN color. I wouldn't place too much emphasis on this

color business, though, because the future of the whole matter is very uncertain.

Now, before you buy that television set, ask your neighbors to show you their sets and tell you of their experiences with them. Then—just as when you buy any product—go to a reputable dealer and view their various models IN OPERATION. Don't get a set before seeing the model you want actually picking up a program. No one should buy a television set without seeing it work anymore than buying a radio before hearing it, or a suit before trying it on.

When you have picked the set you like, for quality as well as price, have the dealer make a free, temporary installment, so you can watch it operate from your own home. If you don't like the results—DON'T buy it! The important things to look for are clarity and steadiness of pictures, pleasing sound, and synchronization of sight and sound. If the picture flickers too much, there's something wrong with the set or the installation.

Make sure you know how to tune the set. If you do you will save the repairman many a futile trip. It's a little more complicated to get just the right picture on a television screen than it is to tune in a radio with perfect results. The installation man should have a chart for you with instructions for getting the best possible picture.

When your set is installed—above all don't let Junior or that curious neighbor fool around with the controls. An inexperienced or clumsy hand on the dials may put it out of order, and before the repairman can get around—

You may miss an evening of fine entertainment!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!

"A Lux Girl? Yes indeed!"

says lovely Rita Hayworth

Here's a complexion care that really works! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time.

"My Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Rita Hayworth. "I smooth the creamy fragrant lather well in. As I rinse and then pat with a towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Rita Hayworth's tip. See what this beauty care will do for you!



Another
fine product of
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Company

RITA HAYWORTH

Star of

"THE LOVES OF CARMEN"

in Technicolor

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

young ideas

Personalities have been known to split in two, but Alan Young of the Jimmy Durante Show can split his a dozen ways without effort.



Alan transforms himself into a swoon-crooner, clutching the mike for dear life. Couldn't he be Frank Sinatra he's turned into—or could it?



Crime doesn't pay and Alan isn't letting the criminal forget it as he makes like Sam Spade. Or is it Mr. District Attorney? Alan isn't sure.



Anything for a laugh! Radio listeners at home won't roar at comedian (take your guess!) so he hopefully tries to convulse studio audience.



Our changeable hero doesn't draw the line between sexes. He's decided to become the incomparable Hildegarde, with head-in-hand and hankie.



Scoops are scarce nowadays—so Alan makes a quick switch from Hildegarde to the dispenser of hot gossip and flashes. Initials could be W.W.

New lotion miracle brings out the beauty of your WHOLE HAND!



**BEAUTIFIES
SKIN**

New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

**SATINIZES
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Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

**SOFTENS
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Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

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Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!

WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs . . . try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

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NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE

no blouse
was ever so
EXCITING!



\$4⁹⁹

Styled by
Tico

Dramatic Black or Dazzling White . . . this rayon silk blouse has an all-over fringe that makes it the most entrancing you've ever worn. Wear it for that dinner-date-after-work . . . for that Saturday evening dance . . . anytime at all—it's the ideal topping whenever you want to look sleek and provocative . . . wear it over your favorite basic dress or skirt. Button back.

Black or White. Sizes: 32 to 38.

Christmas Hints

You know your best friend's size. Wouldn't this make a delightfully different Christmas gift for her?

SEND NO MONEY! SENT ON APPROVAL!

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Send me my Rayon Silk Blouse in size _____
1st Color Choice _____ 2nd Color Choice _____

SEND C.D.D.—I'll pay postage.

PAYMENT ENCLOSED—You pay postage.

In either case, if not entirely delighted, I may return it within 5 days for complete purchase price refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

memo

from the Editor
to the Reader

New ventures like ships and weddings are celebrated in showers of champagne and rice. But the launching of MODERN TELEVISION AND RADIO finds us busily working away on the January issue. Things happen much too fast in the world of radio and television to halt operations for gala festivities. For example, there's all the worried talk nowadays about television putting a lot of movie stars out of business. We asked a famous Hollywood figure to investigate the situation, and sure enough he reports that the bell is tolling for many movie idols. You'll be able to read all about this startling situation in January's M. T. & R.

The plight of those film stars sidetracked me from what I wanted to say in the first place—"Greetings!" We hope you like M. T. & R. and we cordially invite you to write and tell us if you do. If you have any complaints, write anyway and tell us what they are. We like to think M. T. & R. as *your* magazine, so naturally what you have to say will be thoughtfully considered.

We sat next to Roy Rogers a few weeks ago at a luncheon for Roy and Dale. Whenever Roy waxed enthusiastic about hunting raccoons (which he did quite often) a lady across from us made indignant comments about the brutality of hunting "poor defenseless things." Roy's composure was superb—but finally, after a particularly loud and sad "Tsk!" he turned to her. "Madame," he drawled politely, "maybe the raccoons get unhappy when we chase 'em, but when we don't chase 'em my dogs get unhappy. And I love my dogs more than the raccoons!" (P.S. If you're interested in a rather strange bear-hunt, by the way, read the story entitled *Reunion With Roy and Dale* starting on page 32.)

It is the custom of editors to state the credo of his magazine in the first issue. Well . . . M. T. & R. will cover the world of radio and television—the good and the bad. Our stories about people, programs and broadcasting news will be fully and frankly presented. For example, the January issue of M. T. & R. will include that article on the dire effects of television on some movie stars. The inside story of Fred Allen will be disclosed by Fred's right-hand man. Jane Froman will tell about her miraculous recovery, and Howard (*Sam Spade*) Duff will be revealed as a mediocre detective. Kate Smith will offer the world a set of resolutions for 1949. And there will be many more inside, exclusive stories. Meanwhile, happy Thanksgiving to all!

Alton Kastner

inside radio



Allen's "uncle"

■ When Fred Allen cries "Uncle!" during a rehearsal, he's not throwing in the sponge. He's just calling for his righthand man, troubleshooter and jack-of-all-trades, "Uncle" Jim Harkins.

Allen and Uncle Jim met in Australia in 1914, when Fred was doing his famous old vaudeville act, "The World's Worst Juggler," and Uncle Jim was a song-and-dance man. They became good friends, and in 1934, when Fred started his "amateur night" sequence on the radio, he called for Uncle Jim to conduct it.

In addition to collecting talented amateurs for the Allen show, Uncle Jim used to dig up Fred's "Persons You Didn't Expect To Meet" (baby xylophonists, baby-sitter tycoons, lady firemen, etc.) and talented animals (singing geese, trained eagles, etc.) for the Allen program.

Nowadays, Uncle Jim is sort of a buffer for Allen against a prying world. He screens all callers and reads Fred's mail, letting Fred see only the letters and people he deems important.

One of his problems is mothers who want Fred to put their "cute" children on the air. Recently one mother barged past Uncle Jim during a rehearsal and threw her child at the sour-faced comedian. "Madame," said Allen, "I can assure you that your son has as little interest in me as I have in him. So why cause him all the anguish of having him look at me."

A few years ago, Uncle Jim appeared on the Allen show. But quite by accident. It seems that he had lined up for the program a strange bootblack who could spiel off backwards, in 30 seconds flat, the names of all the states. Rehearsals started—but no bootblack. Broadcast time—still no bootblack. So Uncle Jim, whose friends in the New York Police Department are legion, got on the phone. A radio call was immediately aired for the missing bootblack. When Uncle Jim arrived at the police station, hundreds of bootblacks were milling around madly. Many resembled the missing one—but the one he wanted wasn't there.

Came broadcast time and Allen said: "Uncle Jim, you are going on the air in place of young missing genius." Uncle Jim did just that, singing "Roll On, Mississippi," which he hadn't done for 20 years. The ovation was tremendous. But Uncle Jim never did find out what happened to his shoe-shining prodigy, and the "Case of the Missing Bootblack" remains one of radio's darkest mysteries.



YES, I'M JEANNIE. Together, Fred and I turned out songs . . . about love and moonbeams. To annoy me he sometimes whistled "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" . . . for my brown hair was nothing to dream about. It was just dingy-looking and unruly.



BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, my chum Madge told me the secret of her gorgeous hair. "Lustre-Creme Shampoo," she said. "My hairdresser uses it. It's not a soap, nor a liquid, but a new cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too, and keep your hair lovely!"

Jeannie with the dull wild hair... now a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" Girl



WHEN I GAILY ARRIVED at our studio next day, Fred whistled in amazement. "Hold it, Gorgeous!" he cried. "Your hair—it's wonderful! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair, so can I. What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely dream girl?" Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, gleaming, glamorous hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

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Perfume-type bottle, steady based, with beautifully balanced artist-type brush. *Dream-come-true wear*. Defies peeling or chipping. *Wonderful purity*. Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. *Ten fashion-show shades* that stay dazzling, never turn dull.

Try Color-keyed Cutex Lipsticks, too—created to blend perfectly with each Nail Brilliance shade. So creamy! So clinging! Large size, 49¢.*

*PLUS TAX

by Barry Ulanov

Editor of Metronome Magazine



Rumors are flying that "The Voice" has degenerated into "The Gargle."

The truth of the matter is revealed by a top American authority on popular music

"Frankie is on the skids!" "Sinatra is all washed up!" "Frank is finished!"

That old refrain is being bounced around more and more. It started a couple of years ago with people in the music business. Now it has spread to the fans themselves. Frankie's friends are getting more and more worried while his enemies become more delighted.

This isn't the first case of this sort in recent years. You'll remember that about two years ago the word spread like wildfire that Bing Crosby was rapidly becoming a has-been. "Der Bingle's voice has finally cracked!" the voices whispered. You know the answer to that one. Bing's melodious voice, after wobbling awhile like a foghorn, soon recovered its usual tones, and his records, radio show and movies went sailing along as in days of yore.

But that doesn't answer the question: "Is Sinatra Finished?" I'll do that



is
Sinatra
finished?



Sinatra's career is no laughing matter nowadays. He is going through the same shaky stage that his friend Bing recently experienced. But the question is: Will Frank snap out of it?

a little later on. First of all, let us study some recent Sinatra history that has fostered current rumors that "The Voice" is now just "The Gargle."

Frank's troubles all started sometime in 1946—just ten years after his memorable visit to the Bing Crosby movie that decided him on his career of moon and swoon. Sinatra happens to be a good-natured guy; in fact, the gold in his heart often seems to make him slightly soft in the head.

Anyway, "The Voice" was persuaded by certain political salesmen to identify himself with "Causes" that would (so he was convinced) help mankind. These "Causes" would help the underdog they said—and also help the downtrodden masses. He was shown how to do his bit by attending certain Hollywood rallies, by collecting funds for folks unable to help themselves, by making speeches in ballrooms and ballparks. Frankie went all out in these activities. He's not the kind to spare himself when he firmly believes he is on the side of right.

The only trouble was that Frank had been persuaded to tie himself up with "transmission belts." These are outfits (sometimes called "innocent organizations") that use people like Sinatra, who more often leap with good heart than hard head. Unfortunately, the political color of this cause happens to be a deep shade of red!

Sinatra's disillusion with his "innocent" activities, plus the bad publicity it resulted in, was followed quickly

by a nasty experience that was headlined on thousands of newspapers. That was the smear campaign resulting from Frankie's famous 1947 handshake, in Cuba, with the notorious gangster, Lucky Luciano.

It was just plain hard luck for "The Voice" that Robert Ruark, a widely-syndicated columnist, happened to be in Cuba at the time. It seems that the unsavory Luciano was a Sinatra fan, and somehow managed to arrange a meeting with the singer. It also happens that Robert Ruark was nearby when the historical handshake took place. . . . Thus started the one-week newspaper sensation that boosted some newspaper circulation sky-high, but did nothing to boost Frankie's reputation. Especially coming on the heels of Frankie's innocent association with pro-Soviet causes. And so another dent was added to the reputation of "The Voice."

Now the more a guy hits the front pages, the more the gossip columnists, scandal-mongers and ill-wishers get to work on him. Newspapermen just like to write about other people in trouble. So the disparaging remarks about Frankie's "caverns in his cheeks," his "English Droop figure" and his bevy of swooning, screaming bobby-sox fans increased. There was no romantic scandal to sock Frankie with in the press—so the careless speech here, and the casual handshake there, provided grist for the gossip mill.

No romantic scandal, did (*Continued on page 76*)

12 best bets for television

by Ginx
Falkenberg



A dozen radio stars most likely to succeed in television are tabbed by the most telegenic queen of 'em all.



"She's made *Blondie* one of radio's favorite mothers. And when televiewers can see Penny Singleton's bright, smiling face, she'll become a favorite of theirs, too. Girls are her own—not radio brood."



"Fred Allen's first act was 'The World's Worst Juggler.' But someday he'll be the World's Best TV Comedian. His satirical wit and sourly expressive face is a sure hit."



"Must one be human for TV? Take Charlie McCarthy, Ed Bergen's boy. Despite his wooden frame, his sassy, persnickety charm will captivate countless tele-fans."

"Jo Stafford used to harmonize with her two singing sisters, but only Jo became famous. Today she's a star on the NBC *Supper Club*. Tomorrow? Tops in the tele-ratings."



"Whenever Perry Como worries about his future, he pulls out his one piece of security—his barber's union card. With video here, I've a hunch he'll never get to use it!"



"TV must've been invented for *The Face*—as I dub Red Skelton. He may knock you silly on the air, but wait till video captures his funny-face and fiery-hair!"



"Harpist Elaine Vito has a whole package of good things for TV. This telegenic beauty plays jazzy on *The Supper Club*, and longhair with the NBC Symphony Orchestra

Turn to page

The Jolly Rogers: Cheryl Darlene, Dusty, Roy, Linda Lou and Dale are an outdoors family with a gift for sharing informal pleasures at home.



Reunion with roy and dale

"I'm going to visit my godson," said the city gal, and wound up hunting lions and riding Wild West style with Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and their happy brood!

EVELYN KAY KOLEMAN

■ The girl sharing my seat aboard the TWA Constellation turned to me, smiling, as we left the ground. "Well, we're off," she breathed. "Where are you headed?" The last few days had been such a whirl of shopping and odds and ends at the office that I had to stop and think about that myself. "Why, I'm going to visit my godson," I said after a minute. "Roy Rogers' little boy."

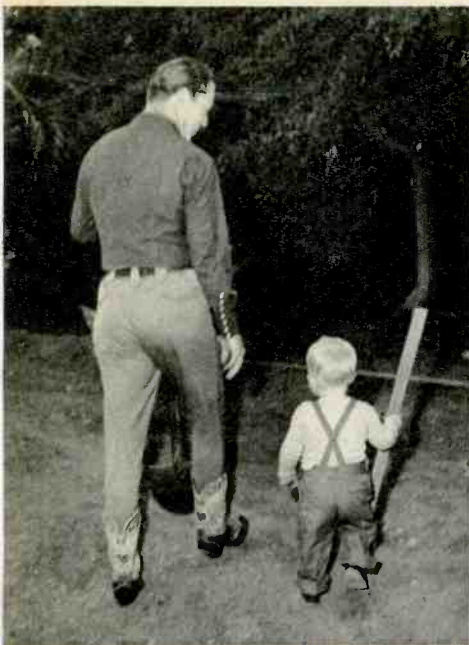
The girl obviously thought that was a great fib for she gave me an "And I am Mrs. Calvin Coolidge" look and retired into her newspaper. I saw her eyeing me suspiciously when we landed in Los Angeles, so I could have kissed Dale (in fact, I did) for being there in her big cowboy hat and cowgirl suit. As if she'd just stepped out of a Republic western! I don't think I quite believed it all myself until that minute, but Dale's handshake was warm and real, and so was her nice low voice.

"It's just about time we got a good long look at you, Dusty's god-mother," she told me. And my seat-mate, saucer-eyed, went about her affairs.

That was the beginning of the most wonderful holiday of my life. Two weeks of gabfests in front of the world's biggest fireplace, of hunting mountain lions and eating tamales, and being exposed to a really happy marriage. And seeing Roy and Dale in action in their new MBS radio show—which is quite a bit different from watching them make a wild-west movie. But more about that later. . . .

The Rogers, Roy and Dale, as you may know, bought Noah Beery's six-bedroom house in the Hollywood Hills shortly after they were married. That was only last December. Now, (Continued on page 34)





Reunion with roy and dale

In the world of "little people" there's a gay lad named Dusty. He is two years old, and happy as the hours in his carefree day. Take the morning his dad, Roy Rogers, approached him and said, "Dusty, what about spending today with me?" They had a glorious father-'n-son time. They started out early, equipped to the teeth with tools. They dug in the garden, sailed boats in a nearby stream and, with the setting sun, came staggering home two exhausted and very hungry young men.



however, it's as if no one else had ever lived there. The house is *them*, an extension of their warm, friendly personalities. The living-room has hooked rugs on the floor, brass lamps and two big deep couches covered with bright Mexican prints. The comfortable chairs are covered with wine or green, and the sailcloth draperies are wine.

Roy himself did lots of the carpentry and plumbing around the house, and don't think he doesn't tell you about it. "Made those bookcases m'self," he announces as you enter the room. "Laid those pipes myself!" he'll add. You say, "Gosh, how wonderful!" Roy has a workshop in the garage, but in addition, he spends odd minutes in the Republic studio carpentry shop. I love his story about the day Mr. Yates, president of Republic Pictures, stuck his head in the door of the shop and said, "Hey, Rogers, where's your union card?" Roy replied he had so many cards, he was sure one of those was around. Roy tells the story with his usual good, drawling humor.

Roy's treasures are everywhere, and scattered among

them you spot playthings or picture books. His two dogs are also sort of scattered around. One is a huge police dog ("Spur," who appears in some of Roy's pictures), the other a retriever named "Bing." They are Roy's inseparable companions and, in fact, have even taken on some of their master's characteristics—being the two most affectionate animals I've ever encountered. "The thing I like about the way you live," I told Dale at one point, "is the casualness. You're both so darned informal." Roy spoke up from his favorite snoozing spot on one of the hooked rugs;

"Informal nothing," he drawled. "We're downright uncivilized." I didn't believe it until the day we went hunting. Those two are like Indians in the saddle, and the way that Roy can blaze a trail is almost uncanny. (His great great grandmother was an Indian, and he claims he's a chip off that ancient block.)

I had no hunting clothes naturally—my only sports apparel consisted of a few pastel slack suits. But I was soon outfitted, and to see me, (Continued on page 88)



End of a happy day. It's fun to the last waking moment, with paaa Roy helping wi-h washup. What does Dusty think of his old man? "Golllee!"





by Jack Hope



My kid brother, Bob

The hilarious boyhood of Bob Hope is disclosed for the first time by the comedian's big brother and close friend, Jack Hope.

Nobody, but nobody in the Hope family, ever dreamed that my kid brother, Bob, would grow up to be a popular comedian. We always figured that he would be a successful businessman.

Not that Bob wasn't a funny young squirt. I remember his acts put on for his very first audience, our great aunt, Polly. Aunt Polly, our grandfather's sister, lived in a little cottage behind grandpa's house, in Bristol, England. She was 101 years old and jolly as her name. We Hopes still remember with a chuckle how Bob, at three-and-a-half, dressed in an Eton suit, would push out his stomach, puff out his cheeks, and strut around before her like a seasoned clown. Aunt Polly would laugh until her strength was gone. Bob's reward was always a piece of home-made candy or a fresh-baked cookie.

I don't think that Bob ever forgot that it pays to be funny. But he had a lot to learn about business, and he got his first real lesson in this field some six years later, after the Hope menage had moved en masse to Cleveland, Ohio. The lesson was given by none other than the great John D. Rockefeller.

Bob was a bright 9-year-old tyke then. He sold newspapers on the busy corner of East 105th Street and Euclid Avenue. (Continued on page 85)



Complete with spats, goggles, straw hat and bow tie, 17-year-old Bob Hope (right) triumphantly entered vaudeville with a corny twin act.



When Bob was just thirteen, the Hope family posed for a picture in their Cleveland backyard. Bob is lower right, brother Jack upper ctr.

they never heard

**Why do movie stars traipse in and out
of divorce courts as casually as they sip cocktails?
Radio couples could teach them
how to stay happily and permanently married.**



All the bickering between George Burns and Gracie Allen is strictly for laughs. Their 25-year-old marriage has never been marred by any hint of gossip or scandal.

of Reno

by Christopher Kane

The year: 1927. The place: a Los Angeles department store. Characters: Jack Benny, a vaudeville comedian, and Sayde Marks, a pretty dark-haired salesgirl.

Jack: "First you're going to quit your job here. Then you're going to marry me. Then you're going to act with me. Then we'll be a famous comedy team and then we'll live happily-married ever after!"

Sayde: "You're crazy!"

So Jack and Sayde got married. And despite Sayde's bitter complaints, Jack made a comedienne out of her. Benny and Livingston was the name of their team. Old-timers who heard their first broadcast in 1932 have never forgotten Jack's first words on the air:

"This is Jack Benny talking," he said. "Now there will be a brief pause for everyone to say, 'Who cares?'"

About their marriage, though, the Bennys have never said or thought: "Who cares?" Like all the famous radio teams on the air, they seem to have taken their wedded life as seriously as their work. Even though Mary will complain: "Trouble with Jack is he eats cold asparagus and mustard. . . ." Their daughter, Joan, is thirteen now, and to see the three of them together, you can tell they're pretty wild about each other, and that it all will go on that way as long as they do.

(. . . the same year the Bennys married, in 1927, Herbert Marshall was divorcing Hilda Lloyd Marshall. Next year he married Edna Best. That lasted until 1940, when he divorced the second Mrs. Marshall to marry Rosalind Russell's sister, Lee. That one didn't last very long, either. Another divorce. Then a fourth Mrs. Marshall—the former Boots Mallory. A few children never stopped the Marshall marry-and-divorce treadmill from going around and around.)

In radio, the multiple-marriage business never seems to have taken hold. You find couples working together, building up something that two people (Continued on page 97)



Jim Jordan was an insurance salesman just back from war, and his girlfriend Marion was a piano teacher, when they married in 1919. The still happily-married Jordons are now known as "Fibber McGee and Molly."



Alice Faye loves her radio work, but she loves husband Phil Harris and her two daughters, Alice and Phyllis, more. The Harris-Faye marriage, now seven years old, is as strong and solid as the Rock of Gibraltar.

BY CARL SCHROEDER

The Face will make its

■ This low comedian sat in the theater box, smoked a cigar and tossed ribald remarks at the straight man. It was in Kansas City burlesque. The jokes were plenty blue, some of them. If the same fellow cracked those jokes now over the radio, it would take more than Airwick to fumigate a few million American homes.

That was Red Skelton of current radio fame back in 1930. Not that he liked dubious jokes. He was earning a living. He liked burlesque, though, because it was show-business, rough and ready. But there was something he liked more. The insurance company wasn't taking any chance on a comic falling down and breaking his leg on the way to the box in the dark. He'd probably sue—for plenty.

This fellow Red Skelton appreciated to no end the solicitous insurance company, which made an usherette with a flashlight lead him along the dark passageway.

"I can't see so good," he told her. So she gave him her hand. Being very generous, he gave her his heart. The girl's name was Edna and she was lovely. Still is. This fellow Skelton was sick at heart at the mere thought that when he had to move on to another town there would be no Edna to take his hand every night and make sure that he didn't fall down and crack his silly head.

But things worked out. Edna entered a Walkathon contest. She and her partner walked every night. The enterprising Mr. Skelton got a job doing a comedy bit at the Walkathon. That gave him a chance to see Edna in the light, and he liked what he saw. She sure could walk. She could walk so well that she'd beaten a path right into Mr. Skelton's heart.

Something had to happen and it did. The girl named Edna, and her partner, won first prize—\$1,000. Edna

went swimming, left her half, which was naturally \$500, in her purse. When she came out, the \$500 was gone. She cried.

Red, a sympathetic, soft-hearted fellow, proposed.

That was the beginning of Red and Edna Skelton, and the end is not yet in sight, although the marriage eventually ended, and friendship took its place.

Edna went with Red to New York and felt that she had to do something about him. Burlesque was beginning to stagger. They were tossed out of the Flanderys Hotel once for \$9 room rent. They were hungry. They went down the street looking for a nickle in case someone should drop one. Somebody did. As Red started for it, a little kid scooted around the corner, grabbed the nickle and fled.

He stuck out his tongue at Red from a safe distance. Red stuck out his tongue at the kid. Then he sat down on the curb and tried to keep from bawling.

"Cheer up, Red," Edna said. "This is only the beginning." It was. They got hungrier.

Then, with some new material Edna cooked up, Red got a radio job. Edna felt so good she and Red painted their little apartment. It looked 100% better. They went to Coney Island to celebrate. When they returned the landlady said, "I've fixed your apartment, so I'll have to raise the rent."

That's as close as Edna or Red have ever come to performing murder. However, they have been killing the people in another manner of speaking, for a long time. In a couple of years, Red had a movie contract at MGM. That was the big beginning, followed by almost a decade of hard work. A couple of movies a year isn't unusual for Red—latest is *A Southern Yankee*. The boy and the girl who had held hands in the dark passageway at the bur-

mirthful owner "King of Television Clowns"



The Face



Edna Skelton, once wife and manager of Red's life, now limits her managing only to his business affairs. Here she calls a conference with ex-hubby and cast of the NBC show.

lesque have changed. Not outwardly. They simply discovered that two Irish tempers couldn't take the double dose of domesticity and ten or twelve hours of intimate association in show business.

So they split up as a man and wife team, but they were not the usual divorced couple like you see sitting across from each other in a night club and killing each other with dirty looks. They kept right on working together as a radio and movie team.

After awhile, Red met a girl named Georgia Davis at a party. Georgia was telling how she was studying with Howard Hawks. Purpose, to get into movies.

Red spouted off. "That's no way to get into show business," he declared. "You've got to begin in the sticks. Do it the hard way. Starve, suffer, fail. Why, the way you're doing it is just plain silly."

Red hurt the girl's feelings. So he apologized to the guests and saw Georgia to her car. He always was a sympathetic, soft-hearted guy.

"Shucks, honey," he said. "We just don't realize it, but we're madly in love with each other."

It wasn't true then, but it turned out that way.

So just last summer, there was a double christening at the Beverly Vista Community church where Red and Georgia were married on March 9, 1945. Those christened were Valentina Marie, the Skeltons' sixteen-month-old girl, and her new baby brother Freeman Richard. First-wife Edna was Godmother for Valentina Marie. Red's NBC boss, Freeman Kuyes and his wife, were the other Godparents.

That's because Red loves his bosses. His bosses love Red, for very obvious reasons, even though there is a clause in the contract saying that nobody is to mess around with the show except Edna and Red. If the sponsors don't like it by option time they can un-option the whole business. But why be silly? Red's been on top of the radio heap for almost ten years now, and still makes a couple of movies a year that a couple of million people go to see.

Anyone writing about Red Skelton feels like a man trying to play all the instruments in a symphony orchestra at once. His life is alive with interest and excitement, not to speak of the long cigar which smells like it was left over from the prop he used in burlesque.

Start thinking about Red and you wind up making a note about Edna, who perpetually calls him Junior. But in no derogatory sense. Red is the institution. Edna is the director of public affairs, the keeper of the zoo, the genius in the backroom. Every week she writes Red's complete NBC show, more or less in a rough form. Mostly "more" as her script is so complete that it could be put on the air as is in case her writing assistants should drop dead. When script writers, Bennie Friedman and Johnny Murray receive the script from Edna, they rework the gags and try to sharpen it up. Then the script goes back to Edna and she pastes it up in a sheet four miles long. That goes to mimeo, and there's the final product.

Nobody knows how, but Edna still has time for a very complete and happy home life of her own as the wife of famous director Frank Borzage, fine golfer, winner of Academy



The Life Of A Face—or how to keep your audience rolling in the aisles. Red Skelton possesses a limitless number of expressions to fit each new gag he presents to his audience.

Awards and most recently producer of a fine movie called *Moonrise*, starring Dane Clark, a former radio actor.

Frank Borzage is the light of Edna's life. She is his vice-versa. Red and Mr. Frank are great friends. Talk about domestic relations at their best!

Sometimes Red is a bad boy. Edna usually is on hand for interviews. Once Red said he'd like to try it alone. He did, for a couple of days. The first thing Edna knew, Red had spent \$12,000,000 in one day. On paper, fortunately.

"Well," he says in defense. "It was almost true. I just got carried away, sort of. Gosh what I didn't say! I told one fellow we were buying a television station for a couple of million. And an apartment house for \$750,000. All of a sudden, people began calling up for vacancies, and oh boy, was my face red!"

"Yes," Edna agreed. "So we shut off his allowance to get even."

"Imagine that," Red said. "I used to get \$75 a week. Now I have to steal it from the household budget. It gets so confusing."

People should get as confused as this successful madman, and him only a graduate of the 7th grade without benefit of diploma.

Edna took care of the education department. For five years the Skeltons carried a tutor with them. Red claims that he is now so bright he could pass the eighth grade exams easy as pie. Anyway, the faculty and pupils of Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles think that any grown man without a diploma is practically going around naked. So (Continued on page 92)

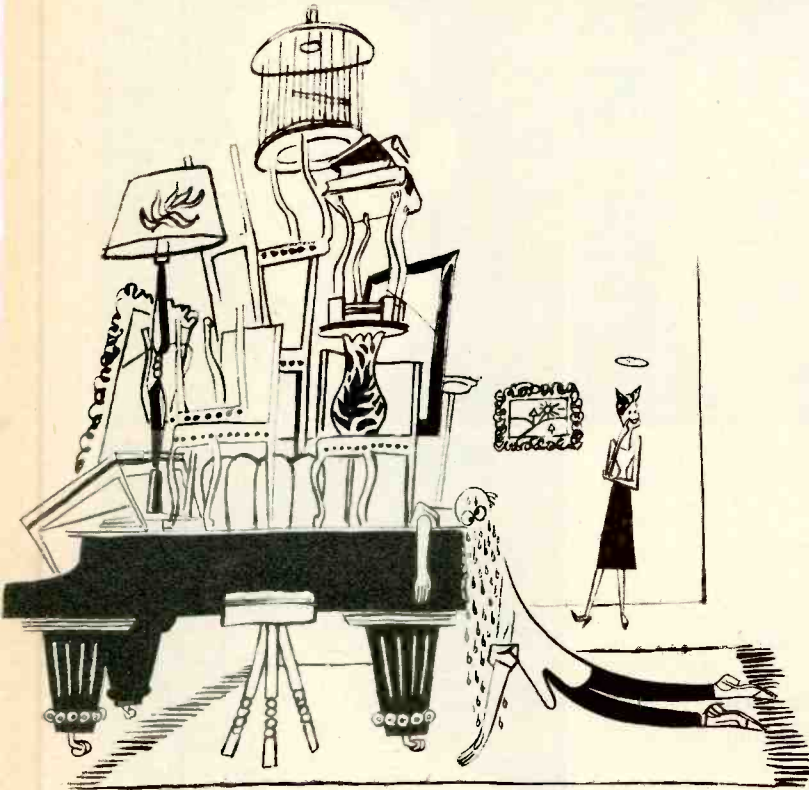


It was home sweet home . . .

then that television

by harriet van horne

Radio-Television Editor of the N. Y. World-Telegram



"A friend of mine rearranged
the furniture nine times before
the set was finally hooked up."

■ Home, the anchor of our peace and pivot of our dearest pleasures, isn't going to be the same any more. And neither, dear lady, are you. Not after your television set is installed.

Man's sacred castle is in for a stormy siege. And my advice, based on bitter experience, is to dig a moat around the old manse and keep the drawbridge up. Either that, or take to the hills.

For as soon as your home boasts a video set, friends, neighbors and assorted relatives will beat a path to your door. Many of them will bring along *their* friends, neighbors and assorted relatives. There's no telling where the craze will end. The only hope is that all homes will soon have sets—then yours may be Home Sweet Home once more.

I grant that you are going to see some wondrous sights on television. That you are going to be entertained, informed, exhorted, exulted and amazed. But at the outset, you'll pay a heavy reckoning for these pleasures.

Your first worry when the television set arrives is where to put it. A friend of mine re-arranged the furniture, by her husband's count, nine times before the set was finally hooked up—at the spot the installation men thought would afford

"All the small fry in the
neighborhood will be on hand..."



set arrived!

*"The gracious lady never cries
over spilled drinks or cigarettes
ground out on the carpet."*



the best reception.

You see, you may have the set in your living room anywhere from three days to three weeks before the men finally come to hitch up the wires. Business is that good. Sets are simply selling like those proverbial hotcakes.

While you're sweating out the arrival of the engineers—all of whom are named Mac, I discovered—you will try the set first in this corner by the window. It won't do at all. Too close to the desk. You try another corner. It looks fine. But your husband reminds you that it can't be seen from the sofa, from which vantage point you expect to do most of your viewing. (Just you and George with the kiddies at your feet, an idyllic picture that will never materialize as long as the neighbors can bulldoze their way into your sanctum.)

Rest assured that you aren't the only person worried over where to put the video set. New York's chic decorators are tearing out their pale blue hair trying to "integrate" video into what is otherwise a "balanced" living room.

Some of the professional suggestions: Build the set into a wall unit and surround it with books and pottery. Or paint it the color of the walls (or the table it rests on, if yours be a small model) and pray that the whole thing becomes one vast blur.

It is also suggested by the decorating profession that you group the furniture around the set in such a fashion "that nobody will know you have one."

This, I shall state right here, is the only smart suggestion I've ever heard any decorator make. Trouble is that people know you've got a set no matter where you put it, no matter how you camouflage it. They see the aerial on the roof. They see the delivery men bringing it in. They hear little Jane and Johnny bragging about it. Or maybe they just smell it out.

The new grouping of the furniture may involve custom-made sofas eight feet long and extra side chairs. But if it hides the monster, reason the Chippendale fanciers, it's well

worth going to all the trouble and expense involved.

In front of my own set I have an enormous hassock. When guests arrive we put a small Victorian love seat directly behind the hassock. After that—in the third row, as 'twere—we pull up the long sofa. Then the single chairs. After that it's every man for himself and I suspect some of the more eager ones of swinging from mantel to chandelier the better to see the free show.

And I'm not being facetious about cowboys. Until television is older, wiser, and richer, you might as well reconcile yourself to a few old rootin' tootin' cowboy films. First month I had my set I renewed auld acquaintance with Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Buster Crabbe, William Boyd, Tim McCoy and Jack Holt.

Nobody at my house has ever guessed the identity of the leading lady in these cowboy epics. Though a ten year old visitor did once inquire, "Is that Mary Pickford riding the horse?" It was the only name out of the past that she knew. And I shan't be surprised if Miss Pickford turns up one day, blonde hair making a nimbus around her head, big, black-rimmed eyes wide at the wonder of it all.

In the behalf of truth, though, I must add that old films are becoming less and less prominent on the television airwaves. There's a lot of first-rate stuff around now. They've even started to revive vaudeville on the Texaco Star Theatre. Darned good vaudeville, too!

Anyway, after you've had the television set a few weeks, you'll grow accustomed to certain changes in the daily routine. One is the afternoon matinee for the kiddies. All the small fry in the neighborhood will be on hand for the puppet shows, bedtime stories and video versions (Continued on page 78)



*"I'll do the
tuning around
here, by gravy!"*

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

NBC



Something Really New

1946 FORD Sportsman CONVERTIBLE

SEE THE PAGE ON PASTHAR STYLE AND QUALITY



BIRD EYE FOODS

FROSTED

AUTHORIZED LEADER



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

Simp

giveaway programs

curse?

BY H. I. PHILLIPS The popular author of the syndicated column, *The Sun Dial*, reports that giveaway programs are making the American public "prize-mad and jackpot-goofy."

■ After a quarter-century of scientific study, inventive genius and billions of dollars spent on research and development, American radio has finally degenerated into a national crap game!

Indescribable energy, limitless funds and colossal labor by the best brains of the century have been poured into one of the great miracles of history: radio. But somehow one gets the impression that everything radio is doing could be done with a simple set of dice.

As this is written, the big battle in the government's war to make radio distinguishable from the Louisiana Lottery, the super-turkey raffle and bingo night in the U. S. Mint is waging. It looks as though the war against these giveaway monstrosities will include a long trek through the courts—I trust without jingles or limericks, or trillion-dollar contests to identify Mrs. Hush The Music.

The speed of the battle may depend on whether our judges have been caught up in the prevailing fascinations of radio. A jurist's wife who thinks she has identified a mystery tune could be an influence, as could a couple of his kids who have been winning dough on "Dr. I. Q. Jr." Yes, there's really a show of that name giving away thin dimes to eager American tots. (Turn to page 48)

or blessing?

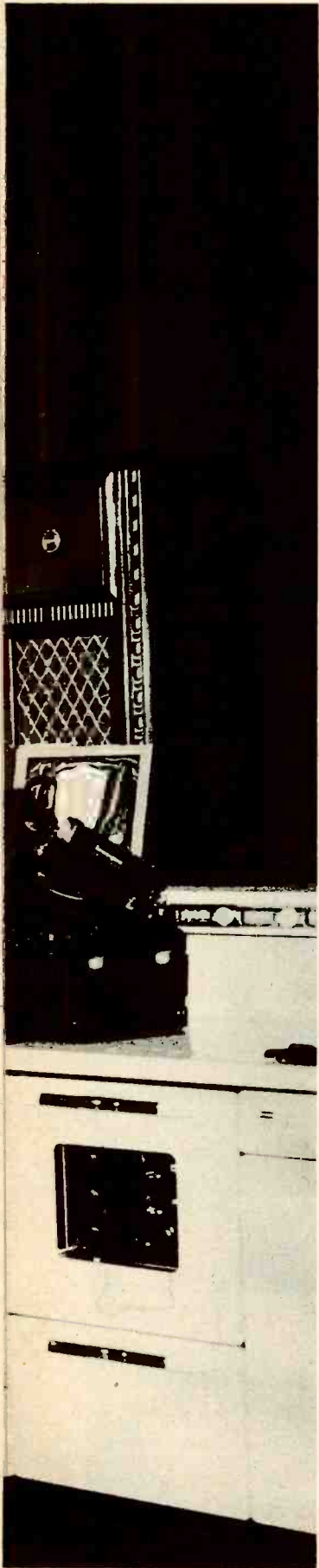
BY BILL CULLEN The emcee of two CBS giveaway programs, *Hit The Jackpot* and *Winner Take All*, declares "The public should be judge of what is good radio entertainment."

■ Of radio's ten most popular programs of this past season, three of them are the so-called "giveaway" shows. Their audience numbers about 35 million people, or one-quarter of the population of the United States. That, I venture to say, is a lot of people! And I might add that bitter experience has taught us people in radio that millions of listeners do not congregate by their loudspeakers to hear something that bores them stiff.

But now our bitter critics, who have always agreed with this thesis of "No entertainment—no listeners," rave and rant that good talent cannot compete with free refrigerators. I say—"Bosh!"

In the first place, of the millions of listeners who tune in to giveaway shows each week, only a few hundred thousand have shown any indication that they came to participate in the distribution of prizes. By far the great majority prefers to sit at home matching wits with contestants and enjoying the exchange of fresh, unrehearsed dialogue. This is audience participation in its most entertaining form, in which the value of the prizes at stake adds an extra note of suspense.

If the value of merchandise given away on each show were the only factor determining its popularity, then all a program would have (Turn to page 49)



giveaway programs

curse?

Ultimately the issue will reach the Supreme Court and my present fear is that the final decision may begin with "I like the opportunity to rule in this matter because. . .", the decision, obviously to be limited to twenty-five words and to be accompanied by a certain number of boxtops, or covers from the Harvard Law Journal.

Whatever the outcome, the take-a-chance, shoot-the-works and something-for-nothing motif on the radio has exceeded all reasonable bounds in any sane or half sane civilization. Radio has become a super colossal lottery with dials, amplifiers and static, and millions of Americans see radio as a composite picture of Santa Claus, Lady Bountiful, Bet-a-Million Gates and whoever invented pari-mutuels.

Its escutcheon bears a cornucopia, a wheel of chance and the village idiot dancing in Fort Knox.

Its symbol is Easy Dough.

Its spirit, it seems to me, could best be symbolized by the Director of a Mint, 26 vice presidents of radio corporations, and a chorus of high powered advertising agency officials all engaged in a ballet showing the Great God Banko playing footsie with the American public.

There is no escaping the fact that the giveaway and jackpot epidemic has made radio a slot machine with outside aerials. It has become a grab-bag with tubes and amplifiers.

Radio has made the great unseen audience prize-mad, jackpot-goofy and lottery-nuts. Kids are being taught that chance-taking represents the perfect guide to success in life. The grownups are losing all sense of values and all conceptions of proper example to the young in their passion to cop a rich prize by finishing a simple sentence beginning "I like fishcakes because," recognizing "The National Anthem," identifying a Creeping Man or telling what Washington's first name was.

There are millions of Americans who won't go out at night for fear their phone will ring and announce that they have become financially independent for life.

Countless homes are sold on the idea that true happiness depends on boxtop slogans, double or nothing contests, break the bank routines and mystery melody hunts. They believe the more abundant life comes from recognizing a voice or a walk and not being too far wrong in identifying the two top generals in our Civil War.

All the old precepts about the importance of thrift are being blitzed. What becomes of the adage "You can't get something for nothing," with a dozen radio stations (Continued on page 95)



Top: Tom Moore of *Ladies Be Seated* becomes Santa Claus once each week, loading his guests with gifts worth thousands of dollars. Center: Klen Re, South Seas native, and winning contestant on *People Are Funny*, happily accepts emcee Art Linkletter's cash offering. Below: Gift from *Queen For A Day* to June Bride is paid-and-planned wedding and honeymoon.



or blessing?

to do to increase its popularity would be to increase the size of the prizes. Unfortunately this simple theory won't work. Many a give away show has fallen by the wayside, not because its prizes were inadequate, but because its audience got bored. One would judge from this that a free refrigerator is *not* competition for entertainment.

In many respects a good give away show is like a World Series in baseball, or a championship football game, or a heavyweight boxing championship match. That the professional participants in the encounters will pick up a nice piece of change for winning is incidental to the actual outcome of the contest. The main thing is that the listeners know that they are tuning into a championship match, and they are pretty sure of hearing (and thus participating in) some high caliber action. The successful give away shows have to assure the audience that they can produce a high caliber show this week, and do even better next week.

If the give away show fails to produce what the audience expects of it in the way of entertainment, it can no more succeed by increasing the size of its prizes than a bad movie can succeed by giving away free passes to seats that would otherwise be empty. The radio sponsor is not as interested in increasing the number of prize winners as increasing the number of voluntary listeners at home, and creating in them enough good will to induce them to go out and buy his product.

Incidentally, on the matter of good will, it is not created by the distribution of a few prizes. If that were the case, then the millions who did not get prizes should feel offended. The actual fact is that the audience no more expects to share in the prizes than they expect to share in the gate receipts of a championship game. All they want is a share in the entertainment provided, and if that meets with their approval, the good will follows as a matter of course.

Take the two shows in which I have a rather personal interest as master of ceremonies: *Hit The Jackpot* and *Winner Take All*. Both are aired over a nationwide CBS network. *Hit The Jackpot* took the 9:30 (Eastern time) spot on Tuesday during the summer, and in ten weeks became one of radios top ten shows. *Winner Take All*, which is on the air at 4:30 p.m. five times a week, and 9 p.m. on Sunday (also Eastern time) almost immediately skyrocketed into a higher popularity rating than its two leading competitors combined!

Let me tell you something about these (Continued on page 77)

Top: Genial host, Bert Parks, shouts the familiar *Stop The Music* on his ABC program. Recent guesser of Mystery Tune on the show won a cash prize of \$25,000. **Center:** Emcee Eddie Dunn is lost amidst loot *True or False* offers to lucky winner. **Below:** *You Can Lose Your Shirt* is a comical switch on give-aways. A contestant failing to answer questions must forfeit shirt.



the secret life of mary margaret

We all have "secret" lives. So did The First Lady of Radio—until her close friend and manager gave us this intimate picture of her life.

BY ESTELLA KARN





It would be a tough job finding a celebrity in any walk of life who hasn't been interviewed by Mary Margaret McBride. A few recent

radio and TV interviewees (above) were Peggy Ann Garner, General and Mrs. Omar Bradley, Fred Waring, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dewey.

"Did Mary Margaret McBride really get herself caught in her corset zipper?"

"Has Mary Margaret ever really been in love?"

"Honestly now, does she actually keep chocolate bars under the mattress?"

"Tell the truth, Stella, you've been her manager for 14 years, what is the real Mary Margaret like?"

All right, I admit it. I've been Mary Margaret McBride's manager for almost 15 years, and I've known her longer than that. These questions, plus thousands more, have been popping at me steadily. This is the first time I've been pinned down to answering them. I hereby vow to be candid and honest. No colossals, stupendouses and terrifics—just the unembroidered facts. And that's quite a chore for an ex-circus press agent.

Who is this woman called Mary Margaret McBride?

Well, to me and millions of others, she is the First Lady of Radio. She's America's top columnist of the air. She's one of the world's great reporters. She's the idol of a good-sized chunk of American womanhood.

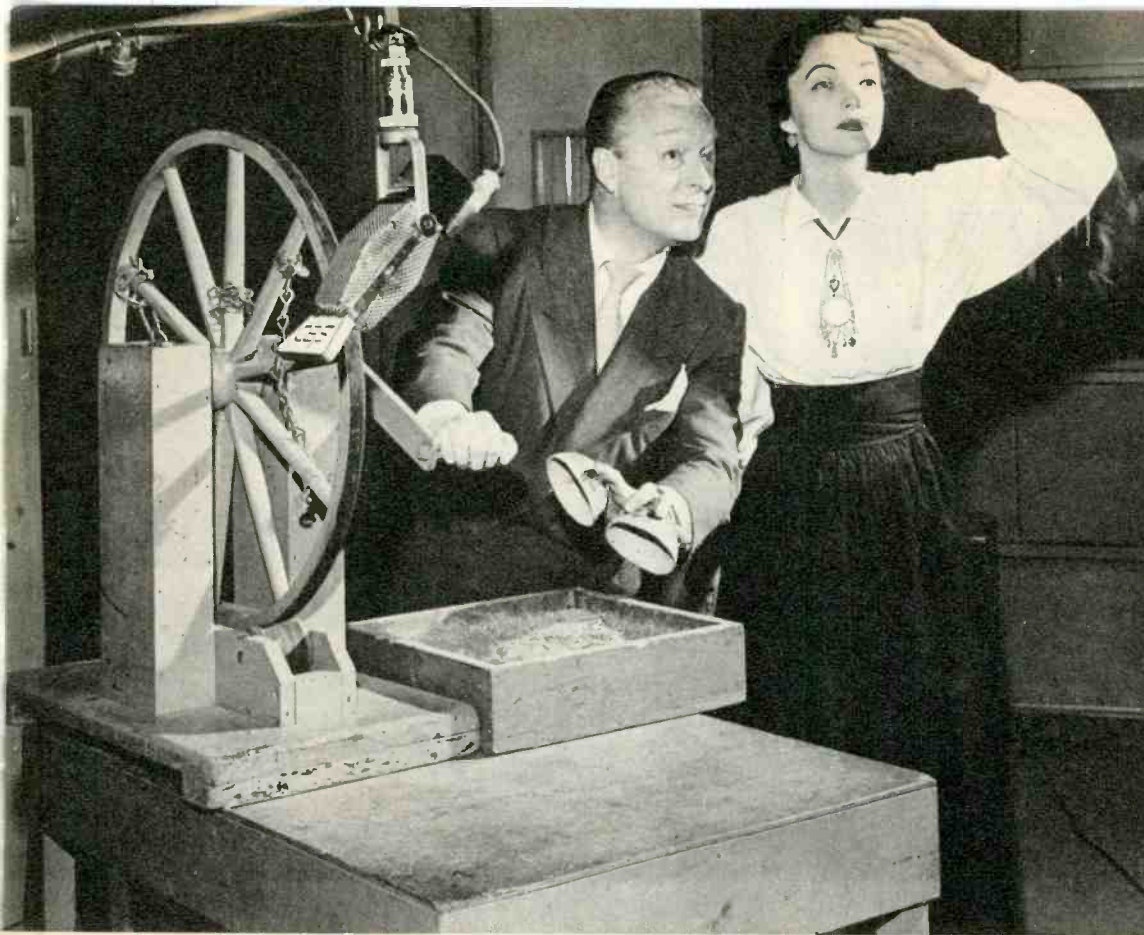
But there's a lot about the real McBride you don't know about. How, for example, she can eat herself out of the blackest despair. I sometimes use the "chocolate ice cream" technique to transform this despair to normalcy.

Often, in the middle of the night, Mary Margaret has phoned me to announce, between sobs, that she is a failure and will immediately retire to a small country town. So I climb out of my warm bed, run downstairs for a quart of chocolate ice cream, and hurry over to her apartment. Please, begs Mary Margaret, take that awful stuff away—how horrible to think of eating in the face of black despair.

Meanwhile I have opened the ice cream, placed it on the nearest table, and pointed out that since she got me up in the middle of the night, the least she can do is eat it. Tearfully, she picks up a spoon . . . and one quart of chocolate ice cream later she is discussing a wonderful new idea for her NBC program. I may be sleepless, I say to myself, but I still have a radio star to manage!

I first met Mary Margaret in New York. She had been working on a Cleveland newspaper, fresh out of the University of Missouri journalism school. One day her city editor assigned her to a Baptist convention—a natural for her, since she'd been converted at a Missouri camp meeting and baptised in a nearby stream. Furthermore her grandfather had travelled wide and far as a circuit-rider preacher.

Anyhow, this particular convention got embroiled in a labor controversy, but Mary (Continued on page 73)



Neva looks into the yonder for the noisy stagecoach, while Cotsworth creates the horse-and-wagon effect with a wagon wheel revolving over sandpaper rollers, and two coconut shells pounding a realistic rhythm on a gravel base.

hearing things

The first thing actress Neva Paterson wanted to know about, when she came to CBS, was sound effects. So Staats Cotsworth, veteran CBS star, explained a few things.



Sometimes there's no substitute for the real thing, and Neva looks bored as the star of *Crime Photographer* rubs two sabres together to simulate a duel.



Neva takes things realistically. She hears a fire roaring and begins to get a bit warm. But it's only Cotsworth "making fire" by crumpling up cellophane.



A sock in the jaw—and Neva flinches! A duckpin banded with hard rubber and a solid wood block sound realistic!



There's thunder rumbling up in the skies and Neva holds her ears. Cotsworth actually is playing a "thunder" transcription with the aid of a loudspeaker.



Sounds like a parade, so Neva salutes. But the marching men are only wood pegs pounded against sandpaper.



An illusion is shattered as Neva watches Cotsworth demonstrate a passionate kiss. She always thought radio lovers had honest-to-goodness clinches!



"Hurray!" says Neva Patterson, as she learns that a radio pistol shot is *really* a pistol shot—and not just a fake!

I'm in Love

by Lanny Ross

Remember the old familiar
song that went, "Love is the
strangest thing . . ."

Well, Lanny Ross is in love again
and can't help wondering if it
isn't strange. You see,
he's now in love with Television.

A gay moment of relaxation during a television rehearsal with movie starlet Penny Edwards. Lanny emcees, sings on *The Swift Show* (NBC) every Thurs. night.



Lanny's revised version of the old refrain is, "There's no show business like Television." Here is Lanny in one of his old movies, *College Rhythm*.



One of Lanny's earliest radio shows was *Show Boat*—a program he helped make famous. Nowadays he spends all of his time on television.



■ Falling in love is one of the oldest and steadiest habits known to mankind. A wonderful thing. But mostly people fall in love with each other. Me—I'm strange, maybe. Sure, I love my wife, Olive, and have ever since I met her. But recently I fell in love again. This time—with television!

Let me try to explain it. Even if it won't make much more sense than a man trying to tell somebody how crazy he is about the girl he just fell head over heels in love with.

I stand here in New York in front of a sleek camera while a sort of reverse vacuum-cleaner goes into action. Then whoosh! I'm in Richmond, Virginia, the southern end of the NBC television network. In no time flat. Equal me that thrill if you can.

Then there's that amazing intimacy about television that's talked about by everybody who's been on it. The minute I open my mouth, I'm in your living room. I can say, "Don't drop the ashes on that rug, Jack" if I feel like it. Once I did, as a matter of fact, and you'd be surprised at the number of fan letters I got from Jacks who were caught in the act! And if I come up with a fluff like, "Get a good theat, so you won't mith a sing," even that's a kick. Because there aren't any retakes on television, like in Hollywood. Once you've said it, you have to be glad.

I've been in show business for a long time. One way or another. I've investigated every angle of it, and I've enjoyed them all. Right now, I say that television's my field and the field of the future. It's certainly the biggest thing in my life since my wife, Olive, who has been married to me for fourteen years. I hope someday to be able to say the same about television and me!

But that doesn't mean I'm knocking any of the other mediums I've played with. I've got some memories I wouldn't swap for anything . . .

The first time I ever sang publicly, I was seven years old. My father had put me on a train bound for Montreal, and he'd given the conductor my food money. It would have been dandy, except that the conductor got off in a place called Harmon, while the train and I continued on our way.

During the evening, I noticed a waiter passing through the car with a tray of ice-cream. "I'd like some of that," I said cheerfully.

"You can have some of this if you've got the money," the waiter said. He was just as cheerful as I was. It took some of the wind out of my sails.

"Money?" I said. I'm not even sure now, looking back, that I knew what money was. I'd led a sheltered life.

"Well, sonny," said the waiter, "I guess you'll just have to sing for your supper."

He didn't mean it literally, but that's the way I took him up. Little boys of seven have a knack of taking things literally. When I got off the train, I'd eaten more ice-cream than one boy needed, and I still had a dollar and sixty-three cents.

I never forgot what the waiter told me about "singing for my supper," even though between the years I was seven, and the year I hit college, I didn't sing much. I was being exposed to education, and it kept me busy. At Yale, I joined the glee club, though, and became a soloist. I was graduated in 1928, and around then, it seemed to me that my (Continued on page 94)

it's

murder!

By BARBARA WEEKS



Spine-chiller supreme was radio's *Sorry, Wrong Number*, starring Agnes Moorehead. This horror tale was a CBS *Suspense* story.

Murder? Horror? Crime? Sure—radio is drenched with it! And lots of people think it's bad for children. But this mother, a leading horror actress, has different ideas.

A loud shriek from the room of my nine-year-old daughter, Roberta, shattered the silence of a peaceful Sunday afternoon.

As I ran upstairs, filled with fear and trembling, a number of thoughts whirled confusedly through my head.

Could this be my retribution for broadcasting so many years on those blood-curdling horror programs like *Inner Sanctum*, *Mr. and Mrs. North*, *The F.B.I. in Peace and War*, and many others carried by CBS? My frame of mind wasn't helped, either, by the fact that I had just finished an article about these programs that was enough to chill any mother with sudden terror. What it said, in effect, was that the horror fare on radio could do all sorts of nasty things to our little ones: warp their personalities, make criminals out of them, give them all sorts of complexes, fears and subconscious compulsions that would brand them for life . . . Was my own dark career on these shows now beginning to haunt me?

I paused outside of Roberta's room . . . where she was supposed to be playing peacefully with her next door beau, Johnny . . . in a state of near collapse. It had not even occurred to me to call my husband, who was in the backyard of our Connecticut home, looking over our crop of beets and radishes. Then I heard strange low mutterings, followed by a shrill but commanding voice:

"Don't ever forget that you all are in my power, O Evil One. That you are all my slaves and you must obey my every wish. To teach you a lesson, I must punish you horribly. So I shall throw you in a big, black well with nothing in it but papers and pencils and slates and forever and ever you will have to sit there hunched up doing nothing but arithmetic—forever and ever . . ."

This terrible threat was followed by a moan of such agony that—in addition to all my other symptoms of hysteria—my hair stood on end. Even though I recognized by now that the first voice belonged to my daughter, and the terrible moan as being little Johnny's.

So I rushed into the room. There a blood-curdling sight



Even glamorous criminals must pay. Sam Spade, private eye who always gets his man, traps Betty Lou Gerson into a confession. Howard Duff stars as Spade on CBS, Sunday night.



All in a day's work! The soundman squeaks the CBS *Inner Sanctum* door as Hy Brown directs Larry Haines and Mercedes MacCambridge.

met my eyes. Lined up against the wall were all of Roberta's dolls and stuffed animals. They were placed in various grotesque positions of subjection. Johnny was in the midst of them, twisted on the floor, tied up clumsily with household cord and package ribbons, and a most evil look was pasted on his face. Standing high on a chair above it all was my daughter Roberta. On her usually sweet and demure face, she wore an expression of sternness and authority, the likes of which I had never seen before.

Roberta didn't see me for a moment and she continued: "This is to punish you for being evil and always remember that this is what happens to evil people who try to fight against The Good Princess. . . . Nothing but arithmetic forever and ever, until the world comes to an end. . . ."

Then Roberta saw me and she hopped down from the chair. "Hello, mummy," she greeted me, suddenly all sweetness and light. Johnny heard her, released himself from his bonds in one motion, and appraised the situation immediately with his quick-thinking mind. He ran over to whisper something in Roberta's ear. She giggled when he finished, got back on her chair and commanded:

"Mrs. Mother, while I am still The Good Princess, I hereby command you to give us all a great big piece of chocolate cake!"

I laughed in helpless agreement. It was no great trial to be in the power of my small daughter in a case like this. My terrified state of mind, bred from reading that article, was almost brought to earth again by the small scene I had witnessed. I was almost my usual self now. As I took the children downstairs for their royal feast of chocolate cake and milk, I began to think over the whole business: the imagination of these children, their inventiveness, and their impressionable young minds. I thought over the article I had read in connection with the moral aspects of the little game played by Roberta and Johnny, and a question came to my mind.

"What would have happened," I asked them, "if I had come upstairs a little later, and (Continued on page 91)

Cathy Lewis isn't afraid. Villain is husband Elliott Lewis, her co-star on ABC's *The Clock*.



Joseph Cotten frightened himself a bit during a horror broadcast on *Suspense*.



BY LUCILLE WALL

I believe



■ Some people believe in Christmas—others in this new Atomic Age. I am a believer in miracles. This is perhaps because I am well again, and the world has never seemed so beautiful. The sun on my face, children playing outdoors, family discussions. These were all commonplace things before. Now they are miracles—and the fact that I'm alive today is also a miracle.

Thousands of you shared the long and weary months with me after my accident. You called the hospital so faithfully—filled my room with flowers and kept it filled. You prayed, and wondered, and prayed some more. But you've never heard the whole tale of the accident. I thought you might like to hear it now, and to know just how you helped to make me well again. . . .

Friday, the 27th of February, was the marked day. I don't suppose anyone else remembers it—or what they were doing during those 24 hours. I shall never forget. I had just finished my *Portia Faces Life* broadcast at the NBC studios and went home aware of a sort of leaden weariness. During the past mornings I'd been posing for pictures. During the afternoon there had been rehearsals on my two shows; *Portia* and *Lorenzo Jones* (I play Belle Jones). I'd had dinner guests the night before. Ordinarily I can take a schedule like that pretty much in my stride. But this time my resistance was low—and I was just plain bone-tired. There's a newsstand on my way home, and I bought an armful of new magazines. I'd planned a luxurious, lazy weekend ahead, and had given my maid time off. I made up my mind to do absolutely nothing but rest. My mother was in the country. My sister was in England. I let myself into my apartment that evening as if I were unlocking the door to an ivory tower.

The phone rang a few times. "Lucy, come over—we have

in Miracles

Death was reaching
out for Lucille Wall.
But miracles still
happen. The heroine
of "Portia Faces Life"
describes her long
struggle for survival.

tickets for *Allegro*." Or "Lucy, I'll be there in half an hour. Get ready for a night on the town." My replies were all negative. They just couldn't tempt me.

After getting ready for bed, I went into the kitchen for a sandwich and a glass of milk. I'll tell this part quickly because I still don't like to think about it. I set a platter of roast beef on the kitchen table and reached into the icebox for a quart of milk. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that I hadn't set the heavy platter squarely on the table, and that it was tipping dangerously. This was the beloved Wedgwood platter that all the Christmas' turkeys of my childhood had rested on. I grabbed for it frantically. My high heels skidded on the newly waxed floor. I heard a crash—the last thing I heard distinctly for many many days.

If it hadn't been for a stubborn, worry-wart friend, no one would have found me until the maid came on Monday morning. The doctors said; unquestionably, that it would have been too late. So here is the story of the first miracle.

After cracking my head on the icebox door, I apparently made it back to my bed. The next morning a few people phoned me and I answered them. (I always *said* the terrific ring of that phone would wake the dead!) I have no recollection of this at all, but they tell me I said, "Please let me alone. I don't know what's wrong with me, but I just want to be left alone." I gave this little song and dance to one friend two or three times, and finally she became alarmed. "Lucille Wall," she snapped into the phone, "you stay right where you are. I'm coming over." As it happened, there wasn't a chance of my moving.

She came over immediately and rang the bell. The superintendent finally opened the door. She marched into my room, armed with flu tablets and various home remedies. Then she saw my face. "You looked," she told me later, "as if

your throat had been cut." It didn't take her long to get a doctor and an ambulance, to pack a bag and call my mother.

The next few days were a total blackout for me, and after that I lived for awhile in a sort of shadow world. The voices I heard had an unearthly quality, faces were merely blurs. I felt that I was dying. What did I think about then? My mother? What would become of Portia? The touching messages from so many of you who heard of my accident? No—none of these things. It would be hypocritical to pretend that I did. Dying is a lonely business, and alone I prayed with all my strength that I might live. I willed myself to live! It took all there was of me, that wish, but I clung to it, held fast.

Then, one day—years afterwards, it seemed—after a major operation, and much pain, the doctor smiled at me and said, "You're going to be fine now."

"Doctor," I began, "I want to thank you . . ."

He looked at me a moment, then said quietly, "There isn't a doctor on the staff of this hospital who can take credit for pulling you through. Not one of us thought you'd make it. Lady, it's a miracle." (That was the second miracle.)

Ann Seymour—as good a friend as an actress—was doing my *Portia* during those days, and doing it splendidly they said. I didn't listen to the program, though. There had never been any other *Portia* but me—ever since the program started almost eight years ago. I had very definite ideas about her, and I didn't want my interpretation colored or changed by hearing another version.

I know they gave bulletins about me on the program from time to time—and the warm-hearted, cheering letters poured in. I would sit up in bed, and the nurses would read them to me. They were postmarked from every state in the union, and from Canada also. It awed me a little to think

I believe in Miracles



Well again after her near-fatal fall, Lucille Wall (*Portia*) rehearses with her leading man.

that I had so many real friends. Not just "listeners," but friends. Some of you offered me your blood. Others sent advice. Hundreds sent me medals. School children in Madison, Wisconsin wrote that they were offering masses for me. Congregations in colored churches in the South said that they were praying for me. The hospital placed a special operator on the switchboard to answer your calls. At night I would get a typewritten list of the callers. There were many well-known names on those lists. Everyone in radio must have phoned to see how I was. And other people called too. People I did not know, who were not famous in any field. They were just the John Does and Jane Roes from all over the country.

As soon as I was well enough, I went out to California to convalesce. My Beverly Hills hotel room looked like the neighborhood flower shop. The cards read, "Welcome, Lucille" and "We're glad you came," and there was one irate telegram from an outraged Floridian saying, "What's California got that we haven't?" The answer to that, of course, is Geraldine Wall, my baby sister, and now a rising movie star.

Sister Gerry took me under her wing, showed me the sights, told everyone that I was Portia. "Oh, how exciting!" one nice lady exclaimed. "Then you're the very person who can help me. Now, I missed four or five episodes three years ago, and I never could quite figure out what happened when . . ." There followed a long and involved description of the story up to a certain point—all of which I had forgotten, and I simply couldn't help that nice little lady one bit.

I discovered that movie people were just as interested in hearing about radio-acting, as I was in movie-making. They wondered what I did about colds, since I couldn't be "shot-around" as they do in the movies. The secret is that a radio actress learns to talk above a cold. And you *don't* cough. In radio there's no such thing as a retake, so if you muffle a line or miss a cue, you just have to muddle along somehow. Whereupon, the movie-ites asked, "Wouldn't you rather be in the movies?" My reply: It might be nice . . . but what would happen to Portia and Belle Jones? Actually, I haven't the time to be in movies. And I do like the East. I have an apartment overlooking the East River. I've recently decorated and furnished it in Eighteenth Century style, and it's very

much home to me.

I also remember Mama. She lives in the East. As the old adage goes, she is my best friend AND severest critic. And I love it. "Dear," she'll say, "you were off today. Your voice sounded tired." Somehow, she is always right.

I can't list the good things about living in the East without telling you about that major attraction, Jackie, my five-year-old godson. I just couldn't put a whole continent between us. Often on weekends I visit Jackie's family (my brother and sister-in-law and Jackie's little brother Timmy), out in New Jersey. Jackie knows that I'm supposed to rest, so he brings me my orange juice mornings. If I am sleeping, he sits on my bed, orange juice glass in hot little hand, until I wake up. Then he hands it to me gleefully. From him it tastes wonderful—even if it is way above room temperature by that time.

We were walking in the fields one afternoon, and Jackie said, "You know Auntie Loose, I've changed St. Nicholas' name." St. Nicholas is the Boxer I gave him last Christmas. (*Jackie gave me a hanky pinched from his mother's bureau drawer.*) "Oh?" I said. "What do you call him now?" "Portia," he told me. "But Jackie," I said, "That's a girl's name." "It's your name, Auntie Loose," he said, "And I love him and I love you. See?" The beautiful logic of childhood!

One morning he was sitting on my bed wearing the cowboy suit I'd given him the year before. Suddenly it hit me in the heart that he was growing out of babyhood too quickly. Why, the sleeves on the suit were too short for him, and the pants were practically pedal-pushers. Before I could stop myself I was saying one of those foolish things that grown-ups should never say to children. "Oh, Jackie," I said. "Don't grow up just yet."

He gave me an odd look. "But I'm in a hurry to grow up," he told me earnestly, "So that I can get married and have children, so that they can get married and have children, so that I can be a grandfather." I was too stunned to speak, but Jackie was rolling, caisson-fashion—"Because *then* when I'm a grandfather I'll have a swimming pool. You see, none of the kids I know have pools at their own houses, they all go to their grandfathers to swim." I smiled at him, and after a minute that angel came and put his arms around me. "I don't think I want to be a grandfather after all, Auntie Loose, because when I'm that old, I won't have you."

"Don't count on that, Jackie," I told him. Your daddy says that 'that Loose character' (that's me) has nine lives." And the way I felt then with my career opening up before me brighter than ever, secure in the knowledge that my friends are many and true, and with Jackie's face against mine—why, it seemed entirely possible that I might live forever!

And that, I might add, is a grand feeling for one, who, a short time ago, hovered in the shadow of death.

modern

television &
RADIO

at home



THE JACK BERCH FAMILY

Carol, 27
Stirley, 14
Margo, 36
Jack, 38
Jan, 5
Molly, 2

*The Jack Berch Show is
broadcast on the NBC
Network (138 stations)
Monday through Fridays
at 11:30-11:45 a.m., EST.*

A happy home isn't
built in a day. It
takes years
of planning and love
and teamwork by all the
family. The Jack
Berches have found
the answer to
a full, balanced life.

happiness house

A monthly feature by

Jane Tiffany Wagner

Director of Education of the
National Broadcasting Company



Jack builds a home

"I'm a whistlin', are you listenin', to this pretty little ditty . . ." With these light-hearted words, Jack Berch and his boys are on the air again with a few songs, a bit of homely chatter and Jack's own "heart to heart hookup" with his hundreds of thousands of listeners from coast to coast.

Jack is one fellow whose personal way of life is really mirrored on his NBC program. Both his life and his program are gay, humorous (in a warm, heartfelt sort of way) and musical—all of it spiced with real down-to-earth philosophy. Jack is a radio star (and I do mean star—with 160 stations carrying his show) who firmly believes in projecting his personal thoughts and feelings into the microphone. Such a guy, I thought after getting to know Jack, must have a pretty swell family. Couldn't help but have.

And I was right, as I discovered when I visited the Berch clan. There was his pretty blonde wife, Margo, and four winsome children: Carol, who is seventeen, Shirley, going on fourteen, Jon, just past five, and Molly, who has reached the ripe old babyage of twenty months.

I got to know the Berches in their new house in Yorktown Heights, right near the Hudson River, and so wild and rustic a dream house that you'd never imagine it was only an hour's drive from seething New York City. It isn't a new building by a

Jack is no mean cook, especially when it comes to Chuck-Wagon Stew, a Berch holiday special.

Whenever Jack polishes up his guns for a hunting expedition, "Jiggs" is sure to be around. Jack and Jiggs are faithful hunting companions.



Five-year-old Jon always wants "to be with dad." Most always, he gets his way, and "Jiggs" and "Tabby" make it a happy foursome.



Jon got left out of this fishing expedition, because dad sometimes likes to go off alone. Jack finds fishing a thoroughly relaxing hobby.



long shot, but an old Dutch house dating back (believe it or not) to the 17th century. The Berches have just finished remodelling on the inside, but they left the outside alone, except for a coat of new white paint, in order to retain its old, comfortable looking charm.

I'm not going into any long discussion of the house itself. Because somehow that wouldn't tell you anything about the Berches. Jack is a great builder, but he doesn't feel that the physical aspects of a house are of prime importance. It's the people in it, and the way they live, that makes it a real home. All sorts of things: like philosophies and family unity, security and health, the right balance of work and play. The wood, steel and cement, and the way these materials are put together, are strictly of secondary importance to the Berches.

Jack thinks that security is about the most important thing in life, and that it can be had only by simple, clear-headed planning. Where he used to be a worrier, he now has learned to plan ahead instead of just worrying about the future. His home in the country is an interesting reflection of this attitude. Jack and Margo have made it into a home with a heart—gracious, peaceful (even with 4 children!) and genuinely simple. There is lots of land for the children and their father to roam around in, and good neighbors nearby.

Jack's home spreads out

Jack is an outdoor man. He takes keen pleasure in gardening his estate, hunting and fishing. He belongs to the Campfire Club which was founded by Dan Beard and Ernest Thompson Seton. The members share a love of nature, of simple, outdoor life, and warm easy companionship. Jack has a dog named "Jigs" who follows him wherever he goes, and the two of them share a common love of tramping through woods and digging in gardens. Jon, who is five, always wants to "go with dad," and usually does, making it a happy threesome.

In fact, the whole family is a tightly-knit unit, and likes to do things together. Jack is a common-sense sort of guy, who doesn't believe in too much progressive education, nor in too much family regimentation. He likes a happy medium: enough discipline, but not with a stick. He says that the nearest thing to a motto of life that he can think of is: "Accept the hazards and enjoy the job." He also lives by a saying that his mother has always lived by, "Troubles don't break us, they make us."

Margo builds a menu

The Berch family believes in saving appetites for the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, which they make occasions really to look forward to. But they still try to build a menu that will tell the children that these holidays are coming. That's why the

cranberry pudding in the following mid-November menu.

Chuck Wagon Stew
Green Salad Bowl
Hot Buttered Biscuits with Apricot Jam
Steamed Cranberry Pudding
Coffee Milk

The Chuck-Wagon Stew is the family favorite. Jack first tasted it back when he was a small boy in Sigel, Illinois, and he taught his wife how to make it. Here is the recipe.

CHUCK WAGON STEW

2 pounds beef chuck, cut in 1/2 inch cubes	1 can tomatoes
2 tablespoons fat	2 bay leaves
3 cups boiling water	1 chopped parsley leaf
1 teaspoon lemon juice	1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce	1/2 teaspoon pepper dash of allspice
1 clove garlic	1 teaspoon sugar
1 medium-sized onion, sliced	6 carrots, cut in lengths
	1 pound (18 to 24) small white onions
	5 medium potatoes (cubed)

Method:

Thoroughly brown meat on all sides in hot fat; add water, lemon juice, worcestershire sauce, garlic, onion, tomatoes, bay leaves, chopped parsley, and seasonings. Cook over low flame for about 2 hours; stir occasionally to keep from sticking. Add carrots and onions. Continue cooking 20 to 30 minutes, or until vegetables are done. (Cubed potatoes may be added, if desired.)

happiness house



Christmas is a gala affair for the Berchs, who start practicing up for it early in November. The family never thinks of holidays as one-day stands, but as starting way before and lasting long after!

Remove meat and vegetables; thicken liquid for gravy. (6 to 8 servings)

Suggestions in the making of the stew:

1. Cut meat in 2-inch cubes whether beef, or lamb, or kidney.
2. Dip meat into flour.
3. Brown in hot fat.
4. Season with salt and pepper.
5. Add hot water to barely cover meat.
6. Cover pot with tight-fitting lid to retain juices.
7. Finish cooking at a low temperature until meat is tender. Do not boil.
8. Add vegetables for stew long enough before meat is tender so that they will be done together, but not overcooked.
9. Thicken liquid for gravy if you desire.

(P. S. Jack has made recipe-following quite a lark for his wife. He's written some of them up in entertaining jingle form. In case you are interested in Jack's jingle-recipe on Chuck Wagon Stew, you'll find it at the end of this article.)

Jack's philosophy of happiness

"Happiness is like money in the bank. You've got to make a deposit every now and then as you go along through life in order to have something to draw on. Just

as we run out of money occasionally, we run out of happiness, because we've spent a little bit too much of our deposit on a few of the frills in life rather than on the main essentials. Naturally, there is danger of bankruptcy when we spend too freely of the reserves we have to draw on. There is only one alternative—we must budget our happiness wisely. Budgets are irksome, but they usually represent a well-ordered household. Sometimes you have to go without present pleasures to insure future happiness. We can't eat, drink and be merry all life long.

"Some of us are small depositors in the bank of happiness; in consequence, there is less interest returned on our principal. We can increase our holdings by merging our stock in happiness with those of others. Happiness is open to all investors alike, and if we choose, we can make it a rising market.

"In case you become a big stockholder and a gilt-edge holder of happiness unexcelled, try donating some of your surplus to some of the small depositors. It's a cinch they'll pay you back at more than the usual rate of interest. Try buying some stock today."

Every day's a holiday

The Berch family has always started thinking about Christmas around the first of November, and this year is no exception. Even with the excitement of the new house and new friends, the whole family is preparing to do all the traditional things that have been a part of their life no matter where they are living. A star item on the list is Margo's Christmas Fruit Cake, which she bakes early in the Fall, and then puts down in the deep-freeze to keep until Christmas Day. Of course, the added attraction of keeping such a delicacy safe in the deep-freeze is that if there is any left over, it will keep all year round, to be a pleasant reminder of the holiday celebration. That's one of the things that struck me so forcefully about the whole Berch family—the fact that a holiday isn't just a one-day affair, but rather something that starts way before the holiday, and lasts long after. There's even a Christmas feeling in the air before Thanksgiving arrives!

Margo told me she'd love to share her secrets with you all, and the family thinks you should know them, so she has given out with the recipe and here it is for you to try, too. She says that if you follow her

directions carefully, you'll end up with a holiday dish the whole family will relish.

WELCOME FRUIT CAKE

1½ medium oranges	1 teaspoon salt
1 lemon	½ teaspoon cloves
2¼ cups nuts	¾ cup shortening
1½ cups seeded raisins	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ lb. pitted dates	3 cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons baking soda	3 eggs, well beaten
	1 cup buttermilk

Margo says that the directions are the most important part in creating a successful dish. So she asks you to squeeze juice from oranges and lemon and add ¾ cup sugar. Cut oranges and lemon skins in quarters, and remove all of the pulp and membrane; put orange and lemon rind, nuts and raisins, and dates, through a fine food chopper. Mix and sift flour, soda, and salt, and cloves. Cream shortening until smooth, gradually add remaining 1½ cups sugar, creaming until very fluffy and light; add the vanilla and eggs, then fruit and nut mixture. Add flour alternately with buttermilk, beating well after each addition. Turn into 2 greased loaf pans and bake in slow oven about 1½ hours. Remove and pour at once orange-lemon juice-sugar mixture over cakes. Cool in pans and allow to stand overnight before slicing. Makes 2 loaves. You can see that this kind of fruit cake doesn't take too many ingredients, and is pretty easy to make. Jack and the kids think that it is tops, and are always ready to brag about Mother's Fruitcake—and your family will do the same. Jack hasn't got around to composing a jingle for Welcome Fruitcake yet.

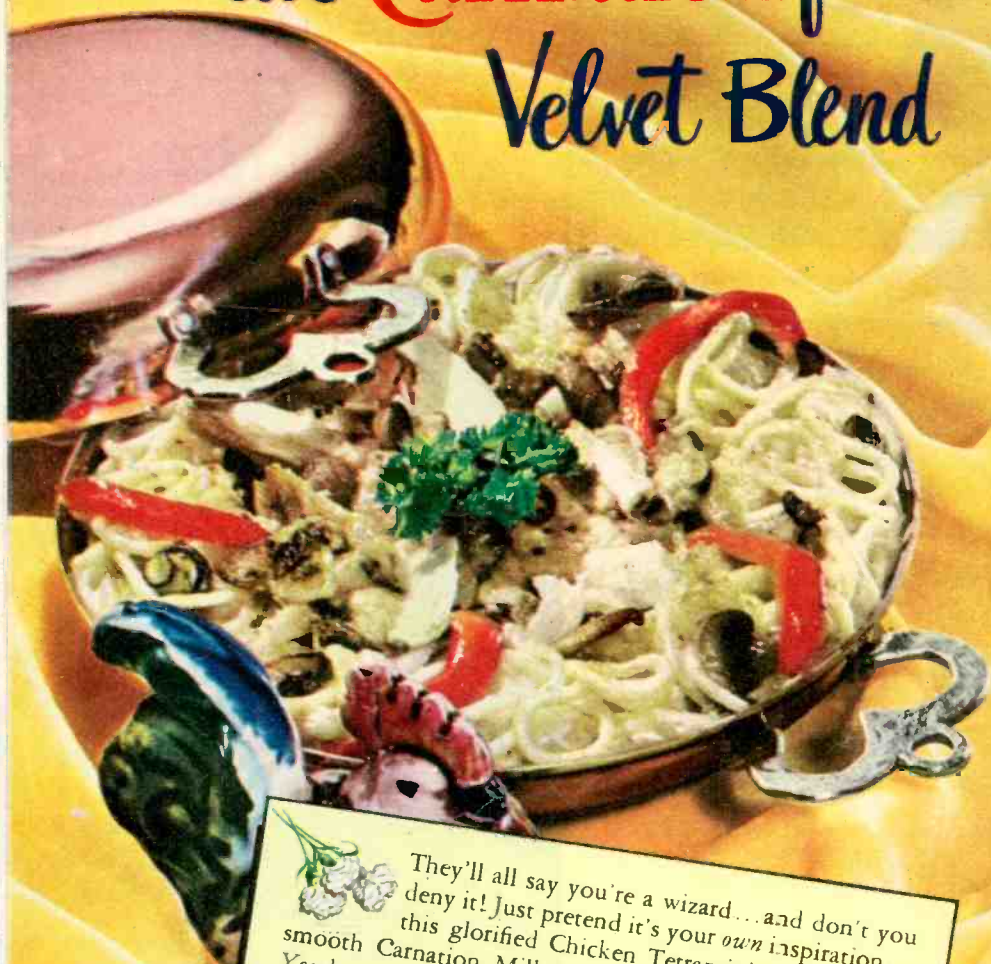
Jack's family chips in

Jack is a family man. That's one reason he pleases his radio sponsor, who specializes in family insurance. Name of Prudential. With four children ranging in ages from 17 years to 20 months, Jack would be a perfect prospect for an insurance salesman. Carol, the oldest Berch, is the clown of the family. She loves to entertain the others. Shirley is studious, accepts responsibility, and enjoys sharing her Father's hobbies. Little Jon, the pet of the family, is showered with attention. He has a winsome personality and is a born model. His Father says he is not spoiled and I believe it. Molly is fast gaining the star role in the family, competing with Jon for attention.

The children all have a daily schedule-making beds, keeping their rooms in order, helping in the (Continued on page 67)

Inspiration!

use Carnation for a Velvet Blend



They'll all say you're a wizard...and don't you deny it! Just pretend it's your own inspiration... this glorified Chicken Tetrazzini... with super-smooth Carnation Milk adding its subtle magic touch. You know...a velvet blend, of course!

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI

"Glorified"? That's putting it mildly!

½ cup sliced mushrooms	½ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons butter	¼ teaspoon celery salt
1 tablespoon flour	1 cup cooked shredded chicken
1 tall can Carnation Milk, undiluted	1 cup cooked spaghetti cut in 1" pieces
½ teaspoon salt	½ cup Parmesan cheese
¼ teaspoon paprika	

Sauté mushrooms in butter till tender. Add flour and stir till smooth. Add Carnation Milk and seasonings. Cook till thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Blend half of sauce with chicken and remaining half with spaghetti. Bake spaghetti around center. Sprinkle with cheese. Brown under broiler. May be garnished with pimiento or chopped parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book," containing 75 exceptional recipes. It's free. Address Dept. X-12, Carnation Company, Oconomowoc, Wis. or Los Angeles 36, Calif.

LISTEN to the "Contented Hour" from Hollywood every Monday night on your NBC station.

"From Contented Cows"

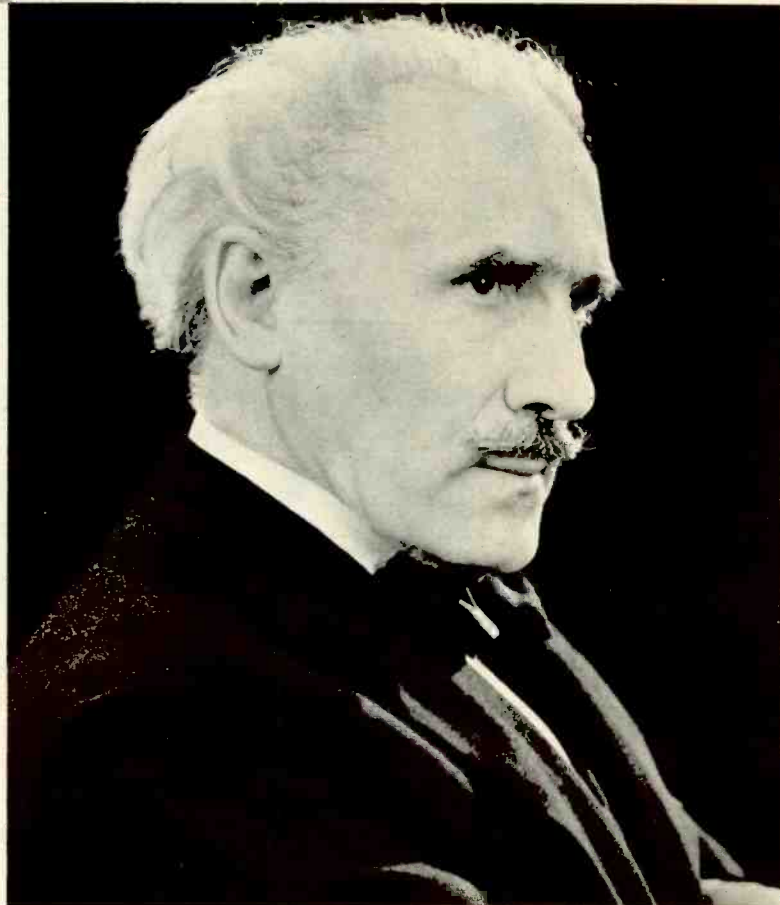


12 best bets for television

(continued from page 31)

"The most famous maestro of them all has already proved his telegenic talent in his telecasts with the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Critics and viewers alike rave about his vibrant, dramatic presentations of the world's great music."

"There's nothing 'soapy' about Betty Winkler, star of the CBS soap opera *Rosemary*. Betty's vivid charm and personality make her a cinch for TV fame."



"Garry Moore's flair for comedy gives him a lead in the race for television quizmaster."

"Can television ask more of a gal than she look the part she plays to a T? Teen-aged Barbara Whiting of *Junior Miss* does exactly that!"

"Leave us face it—seeing is believing. And when you see Ed Gardner play 'Archie' on television, you'll really believe that video is here to stay!"



HAPPINESS HOUSE

(Continued from page 65)

kitchen, and taking responsibility for the pets. If they do not accept their obligations, they know that they will be punished by missing out on the family pleasures. They all have allowances, and are being taught the techniques of spending and saving. Carol, the oldest, gets three dollars a week, Shirley one dollar, and Jon 25 cents. They pay their own debts, and never think of asking for more.

Jack wants his children to be close to each other. The strong family spirit he missed in his own childhood because his father died is something that he has always dreamed of attaining, and now he finally has. Many parents keep their children young as long as possible. Jack believes that the sooner boys and girls grow up, the better. So his youngsters make their own decisions. They're not precocious, but mature and independent.

"After all," he says, "the future belongs to those who prepare for it."

Now here is the jingle recipe I mentioned before:

CHUCK WAGON STEW (A Recipe In Jingle Form) by Jack Berch

Place two tablespoons of fat in a nice fat old skillet,

Brown two pounds cubed beefsteak, be careful don't spill it.

Add four cups water, real boiling hot
And a dash lemon juice . . . ah, ah, just a shot!

Plus one tablespoon worcestershire sauce,
One medium onion, sliced,

One clove garlic, if you like it well spiced.
If it doesn't taste right, then I might say,
Just dash for the cupboard and 2 leaves of bay.

Of course we all know that to properly season

Add pepper, sugar, salt and all spice within reason.

Simmer two hours and stir now and then
Add one pound small onions and carrots—say ten—

Cook thirty minutes until vegetables' done
When Pop smells it cookin' he'll come on the run.

Remove meat and the vegetables, make the gravy from stock

Now it didn't take long, just look at the clock.

So take off your apron, get up on your toes

And call them to dinner, they'll follow their nose

With yells of delight, and it will please you

To see them go after that Chuck Wagon Stew.

Somehow, that recipe reminds me of the way the Berch family lives. Their recipe for living is not just a dull list of ingredients, as most recipes are. Instead it is gay, spicy, warm-hearted and jingly. After a visit with the six Berches, seeing them all mixed together, you come away knowing that here is something good, healthy and appetizing. Try some of Jack's recipes for living, and see for yourself if you don't get the same results!

ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT AGAINST NEW PERFECT FRESH

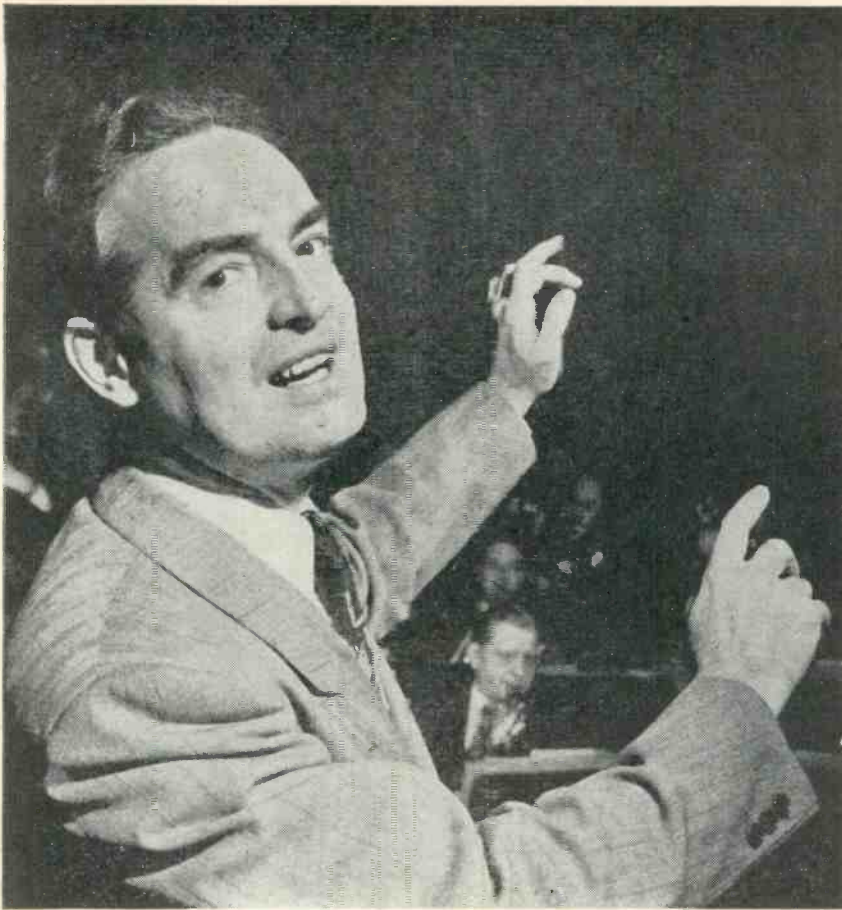
SEE FOR YOURSELF WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!

Be Lovelier to Love with new perfect FRESH

FRESH CREAM DEODORANT STOPS PERSPIRATION

59c-45c
25¢ and 10¢

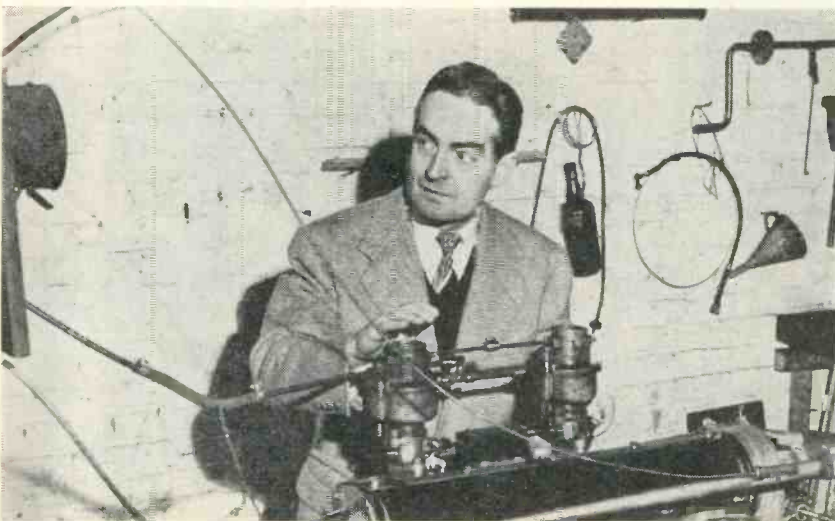
P.S. Test FRESH yourself at our expense. See if FRESH isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only FRESH can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out . . . that really stops perspiration better. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.



A great reputation in one field would satisfy most people. But not Fred Waring, whose talents spread out from music into other worlds.

BY ARTHUR MORSE

A tycoon named Waring



Fred's sideline as an inventor led to a new kind of rotary valve, which he closely examines.

■ If you conduct a sixty-man orchestra and glee club over a national network six times a week and you find you still have plenty of spare time, here are a few suggestions:

Every summer supervise a school in choral technique for eight hundred students (you might call it the Choral Workshop).

Own and operate a luxurious 750 acre resort (you could name it the Shawnee Inn and Country Club).

Invent, develop and manufacture household gadgets, including a rotary valve and one that prevents housewives from going crazy by automatically blending various ingredients (why not dub it the Waring Blendor?).

Without relying on "popular" music, record three best-selling albums (say for Decca—Petrillo permitting). *(More)*

Become a publisher, round up thousands of subscribers and print books and pamphlets on choral singing and arranging (how about christening your firm the Shawnee Press?).

Spend a couple of months touring the country with a huge orchestra and glee club, playing to capacity audiences in dozens of cities (now you musn't let this interfere with your other activities, even though you often give two concerts a day).

If your musicians, singers and office staff are bigger than an opera company, and if you have your own music library, five full-time arrangers and two assistant choral directors, you can title the whole shebang Fred Waring Enterprises. Then all you have to do is sit back and await the legal consequences!

All of which is a roundabout way of saying that Fred Waring is a very busy tycoon and has been ever since he discovered that he preferred clefs to carburetors. That discovery spared thousands of eardrums on the Penn State campus (where Fred made this discovery, while a student) and cost America an engineer of great promise.

To figure out whether Fred made a wise choice, ask yourself one question: what other orchestra leader has put a town on the map? That's exactly what Fred did for Shawneeton-Delaware, a small community in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains. Each week during the summer, Shawnee is invaded by eighty outstanding music educators and choral directors, come to take Fred's Choral Workshop course. The workshopers, who live at Fred's Shawnee Lake House, go to his regular morning broadcasts which are aired from the Shawnee Town Hall. They also attend rehearsals and classes in program building, microphone technique, etc. Professor Waring himself teaches a class every evening.

This schedule leaves Fred with enough time to own and operate the Shawnee Inn and Country Club which is complete with tournament golf course, swimming pool and a few hundred guests. Our hero is not an absentee owner who shows up once a Summer to inspect his acres and clean out the cash register. When the club room needed redecoration, Fred and Brother Tom did the entire job.

While school is in session, the famed Pennsylvanians live at still another Waring estate, a tongue-twisting paradise named Manwalomink.

It's hard to say whether the Pennsylvanians or the Waring Blendor is Fred's

Peggy Diggins' smile wins her a story-book career!



Peggy Diggins, Beauty Director at famed John Robert Powers School, attracts glamorous assignments wherever she goes. Peggy's charming smile was first spotted by a famous columnist, who launched her on a promising movie career.

When war began, Peggy left Hollywood to join the WAC. Overseas, another exciting task awaited her—as a war correspondent, she interviewed world-famous people. Now marriage and motherhood keep Peggy in New York. Her winning smile serves as a shining example to her Powers students. It's a Pepsodent Smile! Peggy says, "Using Pepsodent is part of my beauty routine."

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Peggy Diggins knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! They've seen how Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in their smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

A tycoon named Waring



Between his innumerable activities, Fred Waring manages to squeeze in far-flung concert tours. Here he boards a train with singer Jane Wilson.



It's work, not play, when Waring goes on the air with his Pennsylvanians.

greatest contribution to making the harassed housewife happy. The orchestra and glee club may make domestic duties more bearable, but they can't whip creamy potatoes, delump stubborn foods, produce vegetable drinks, milkshakes, frozen daiquiris, and perform the 101 other functions of the high speed blender. Over 500,000 of these expensive gadgets have been sold and if you ever mention it to Fred, don't call it a mixer. Our musical engineer would have you know that it's a *blendor*.

The executives at Decca Records are undoubtedly interested in kitchen improvements, but the soft spot in their hearts for Fred Waring comes from some earthy statistics. Three Waring albums have been smash hits—*'Twas The Night Before Christmas* (over 500,000 albums sold), *Songs of Devotion* (over 250,000) and *Patriotic Songs* (over 250,000).

In idle hours Fred just relaxes and becomes a publisher. His Shawnee Press, subscribed to by several thousand music fiends, prints Fred's arrangements and spreads the gospel about good choral direction. One of Waring's pet ideas is that every word of a song should be understood by the listener. You probably can remember listening to a chorus singing some strange gibberish and you're later amazed when you learn that it was English. No danger of that with a Waring-trained outfit, for it uses Fred's own system of diction to prove that you can be high class and still understandable.

Oh yes, we left something out. Every year, Fred and his Pennsylvanians play wandering minstrels and trek around the country covering a few dozen cities in a personal appearance tour. And somehow, they still manage to deliver their six broadcasts a week between concerts and mad rushes to catch trains.

Versatility has always been a Waring specialty. He won't say whether the Boy Scouts in his Drum and Bugle Corps in his home town of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, were also singers and comedians—but his four-man "Band-jazztra" at Penn State *could* do everything pertaining to music. In 1921 the ten men in Fred's band doubled as singers when they weren't playing forty instruments.

Fred formed a separate Glee Club in 1932 but that didn't end the versatility. When Stuart Churchill, Fred's popular singer on his NBC show finishes a number, he can't wait around for the ladies to swoon, as he has to get back to his timpani. Uncle Lumpy, whose rustic tales for the kiddies delight adults, also gets in his licks on the double bass. You've got to set an example if you expect your men to be versatile, so Fred has managed to write ninety college and fifteen service songs.

Fred's five-mornings-a-week (Mondays through Fridays at 10:00 a.m., EST), one-night-a-week (Thursdays at 10:30 p.m., EST) stints on NBC bring in a weekly check topping \$20,000. But out of this enviable sum comes over \$15,000 worth of bread and butter for all the Pennsylvanians. Add to the payroll Fred's 160 employees at the Shawnee Inn, plus his sizeable Workshop staff, and you'll get a slight idea why Fred is known as the Tycoon of the Music Business.

We Americans

A SELF-PORTRAIT OF
MR. AND MRS. AMERICA

She: "I do wish men were more romantic after they married. But let's not use divorce for a cure-all. Once you're married you ought to do everything in the world to make a go of it!"

He: "The most important thing about a wife is to be a good friend. Next, it would help a lot if she had brains. And after that I'd put—well, a good home-maker. And what I don't like about younger girls nowadays is they do too much kissin' and pettin' before they get married!"

So speak Mrs. and Mr. Typical America. The NBC program, *Living—1948*, recently broadcast a program called *American Self-Portrait*, telling just what the average American was like. Here are some more revelations about ourselves, all based on intensive nationwide survey:

Mrs. Typical America is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 132 pounds. Mr. Typical America is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 159 pounds.

Mrs. Typical America thinks that three children are just about right, and that the first child shouldn't arrive until the second year. Also, when the baby does arrive, the husband should help take care of it. Mr. Husband is noncommittal about this last matter!

Ten o'clock is the average bed-time for Americans. One-third of the men come home for lunch. In the evening, the majority of husbands come home to wife, children—AND a pet. Seven out of ten men prefer dogs to cats.

Only one-third of American families say grace before dinner, and only a little more than half go to church. But 96% of us believe in God.

Favorite recreation is auto-riding—yet the vast majority of us can't tell the number of our license plate. Eating out at night is another favorite pastime. Twenty-six percent of us play the piano and one of our three favorite songs is *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*.

There are a lot of pretty obvious things that Mr. and Mrs. Typical America don't know the answer to. For example, only one out of every four of us could point out Czechoslovakia on a map. Only four out of five could point out our own native state of California. And it may be hard to believe, but almost three million average Americans cannot identify the president of the United States from his picture!

The average American woman wants the schools to teach her kids more about sex, and wants courses on sex education in high school. Mr. Typical America is worried more about juvenile delinquency but admits that parents are more to blame than kids for this problem.

If you had your choice of being able to be present at one great event of history, you would choose to see—

The signing of the Declaration of Independence!

Farley Granger's idea of a "Charming Woman"



FARLEY GRANGER, ONE OF THE STARS IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
"ENCHANTMENT", AND CATHY O'DONNELL

in Farley Granger's own words:

"When I first saw Cathy O'Donnell, I said, 'She's charming—in every way!' And I noticed her hands particularly—they're so soft, so feminine. Now Cathy tells me she uses Jergens Lotion always." Hollywood Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 over any other hand care!

The Stars know. Their favorite hand care—Jergens Lotion—is more effective today in two ways: It makes your hands feel softer than ever, deliciously smoother. It protects even longer against roughness. Today's Jergens Lotion contains two ingredients many doctors use for skin care. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax).

No oiliness, no sticky feeling. *If you care for your hands—use Jergens Lotion!*

**Used by More Women than
Any Other Hand Care in the World**



His Idea?

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Monthly Almanac

NO. 1
COMMENTATORS
ALL PROGRAMS EST



WALTER WINCHELL



LOUELLA PARSONS



LOWELL THOMAS



PAULINE FREDERICK



QUINCY HOWE



EDWIN C. HILL

Name	Time & Network	What they cover	Personal Data
Morgan Beatty	NBC 7:15 PM	Analysis of current news.	Former military analyst. First reporter to cover Iceland air patrol, only radio correspondent to accompany Pres. Truman to Potsdam.
Cecil Brown	MBS M-F 10 AM	On-the-spot news coverage.	Author of <i>Suez to Singapore</i> . Was Paris correspondent for <i>INS</i> in 1937. Known as the Crusader of Truth.
Ned Calmer	CBS M-S 8 AM Sun. 9 AM	Domestic and international news reports.	Covered San Francisco Conference. Once city editor of the <i>Paris Herald</i> , and foreign news editor of <i>Havas Agency of France</i> .
Elmer Davis	ABC M-F 7:15 PM	Authoritative analysis of national and international affairs.	Former head of the Office of War Information.
Jimmy Fidler	ABC Sun. 10:30 PM	Inside facts, up-to-the minute news on Hollywood production.	Writes daily column of Hollywood gossip. Married to Roberta Law, former actress.
Cedric Foster	MBS M-F 1 PM	News and commentary of current affairs.	Broadcast famous <i>Waterbury Trials</i> for 72 consecutive nights. Lived in South Pacific for several years.
Pauline Frederick	ABC-TV Sun. 7 PM	ABC political news coverage.	Covered Philadelphia political conventions and other major political events.
Dorothy Fulkheim	ABC Sat. 5:45 PM	News analysis of economic, political and industrial significance.	Served as war correspondent during Spanish Revolution. Interviewed Adolf Hitler prior to his rise to power.
Gabriel Heatter	MBS M-S 9 PM Sun. 7:30 PM	Behind-the-front-page news stories.	Famous for delivering the longest, most dramatic ad-lib reporting in history of radio—the execution of Bruno Hauptmann.
Bill Henry	MBS M-F 9:55 PM	Five-minute, capsule-type news presentation.	Air reporter since 1923. Spends twelve hours a day selecting and editing news items.
George Hicks	ABC M-F 8:50 AM	Intimate pictures of contemporary life.	Made first undersea broadcast in 1932. Relayed famous D-Day talk from deck of an embattled destroyer.
Edwin C. Hill	ABC M-F 6:30 PM	Human interest news comments.	Author of <i>The Iron Horse</i> , <i>The American Scene</i> and <i>The Human Side Of The News</i> . Worked for Fox Films as Newsreel Director.
Quincy Howe	CBS M-F 11:10 PM	Analysis of the news.	Author of <i>World Diary</i> and <i>The News and How To Understand It</i> . Guest critic on <i>Of Men and Books</i> .
H. V. Kaltenborn	NBC M-F 7:45 PM	Views of the news. . . .	Visited every continent, interviewed top world leaders. Once held for ransom by Chinese bandits. Author of <i>We Look at the World</i> .
Fulton Lewis, Jr.	MBS M-F 7 PM	Analysis of national affairs.	Spent fifteen years covering Washington political scene. Married to Alice Huston.
John MacVane	NBC M-F 6 PM	Coverage of international news from New York.	Author of <i>Journey Into War</i> . Scooped French surrender to the Germans. Covered war from England, Africa, the Continent.
Edward R. Murrow	CBS M-F 7:45 PM	Authoritative analysis of the news, often broadcasts on-the-spot.	Chairman of Board of Institute of International Education. Won 1943 George Foster Peabody Award for outstanding news commentating.
Louella Parsons	ABC Sun. 9:15 PM	Hollywood spot news of personalities.	Was once given only six months to live. First married at the age of 17—has one daughter, producer Harriet Parsons.
Drew Pearson	ABC Sun. 6 PM	Prediction of events to come, and analysis of current news.	Once teamed with Robert Allen; penned a comic strip.
Eric Sevareid	CBS M-F 6 PM	Analysis of current news events.	Author of <i>Not So Wild A Dream</i> , and chief of CBS's Washington News Bureau.
Henry J. Taylor	MBS M-F 7:30 PM	Interpretation of world events.	Author of <i>Time Runs Out</i> , <i>Men In Motion</i> and <i>Men and Power</i> . Also lecturer and magazine contributor.
Lowell Thomas	CBS M-F 6:45 PM	News of world events.	The "voice" of Fox Movietone News. Has degrees from four Universities, and is a renowned globe-trotter.
Robert Trout	NBC Sat., Sun. 11 PM	Reports on current news.	Covered national political conventions since 1936. Traveled around world in 1945 to report Air Transport Command's Globester Route.
Walter Winchell	ABC Sun. 9 PM	Inside stuff on affairs of the world and the heart. Lots of scoops.	Once earned \$100 a week as vaudeville hooper. Famous for coining words like <i>Newsense</i> . Married. Offsprings—Walda and Walter, Jr.

MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

Continued from page 51)

Margaret's newspaper story stuck strictly to religion, as she didn't think it was proper for a religious convention to quarrel about other things. The Baptists were quite pleased. But her city editor wasn't.

Just at that time the Rockefeller Foundation was setting up a new interdenominational world organization. Someone said, what about hiring that little McBride girl in Cleveland who did so well by the Baptists? So they offered her the job, and Mary Margaret, who had dreamed all of her life of becoming a great writer, accepted and set off for New York immediately. Happened that I was hired at the same time—they wanted me to publicize missionaries. I still don't know how they figured that press-agenting for a circus—which included leading elephants down the main streets of town from Maine to California—qualified me. But I'm not complaining, because that's how I met Mary Margaret McBride.

She was young, but looked even younger, with her fly-away brown curls, bright eyes, pink cheeks and middy blouses. I convinced her that middy blouses looked kind of undergraduate for a New York career woman, but I could not talk her into wearing hats. She carried her hat instead, but only because she had a deep distrust of banks and carried her bills, folded and tucked, in her hatband. Often, she'd keep as much as a hundred dollars (all she had at the time) in the hat, and then toss it casually around, on desks, in subways and restaurants.

Mary Margaret's attitude toward money is still a queer combination of thrift and downright carelessness. She brings, from childhood, a dread of poverty—a hangover from the days when the McBrides moved from one unprofitable Missouri farm to another, and when cash was almost non-existent. I have seen her resent paying a dollar for lunch, and then turn right around and lend two hundred dollars she knows she will never get back. She often forgets to look at the size of the bill she's paying, and consequently her secretary must now supply her with nothing but one-dollar notes.

During the war, she invited all buyers of ten-thousand-dollar war bonds at a rally to have lunch with her. There were 46 guests, and lunch cost her two and a half dollars each. I asked her if she had enough money to pay for the lunch. She was completely surprised. She hadn't thought of that. Actually, she had less than the price of lunch for one! But she said cheerily: "That's all right, you can take care of it, Stella!" I did. I learned years ago that part of the job of being Mary Margaret's manager was to be her temporary banker as well.

In those early New York days, we rented an apartment with a newspaper woman friend making a third. Our life followed the F. Scott Fitzgerald recipe of the twenties. You know, a Greenwich Village apartment, Bohemian friends, long nights of talk about books to be written and pictures to be painted.

When our finances ran low, as they did regularly, once a week, we were at "chaos."

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**Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film**

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo Shampoo!*
At any drug or cosmetic counter.

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not a cream—
cannot leave
dulling film!

✓ Quickly,
effectively removes
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant,
soft-water lather
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water!

✓ Leaves hair
lustrously soft, easy
to manage—with
colorful natural
highlights!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

This was a dish cooked by everyone who happened to be in the apartment at the moment. It consisted of everything that happened to be on the kitchen shelf. Surprisingly, it always tasted good. Or maybe we were always hungry. During this period, Mary Margaret landed a feature writing job for the old New York Mail, and I took up press-agenting for a new form of music called "jazz." I had become quite used to shifting my fields of endeavor so this new jazz business wasn't much trouble.

Mary Margaret often went through the "solitary mood" stage. If people dropped in, she would shut herself in her bedroom and refuse to open the door until the last guest had departed. This sometimes produced odd situations, since anyone going anywhere in the apartment had to pass through a central hall. One night



A fear of poverty—a hangover from her childhood days in Missouri—still haunts Mary Margaret. Here her kid brother, Tom, pitches hay, while husky twelve-year-old Mary Margaret looks on.

we had, as dinner guests, the nephew of the King of Siam, and a man who later became a famous Chinese diplomat. There was no evidence of Mary Margaret except the closed door. In the middle of the meal, the door was flung open, and out marched our missing roommate in an old skirt and middy blouse. Without a word, she left the house. Ten minutes later, she came thumping up the stairs of the walk-up apartment, dragging a full stalk of ripe bananas after her. Again, without a word, she slammed into the bedroom. We saw no more of Mary Margaret or the bananas that night. In fact, we never saw the bananas again. She ate them all before morning.

How did the McBride gal get into radio? The story is legendary. When she was first hired by a New York station she knew nothing about radio, and cared less. She did not think it respectable. She regarded it as dubiously as veteran actors

had regarded the early motion picture. Some people have attributed her tremendous success to my prophetic vision, but nothing could be further from the truth. Fact is, I didn't think Mary Margaret would succeed in radio. She was (and still is) an essentially shy person. She had no flair for acting. All I saw in a radio job was a depression fill-in, something to tide her over until the book and magazine business picked up.

But the first time I heard Mary Margaret do a sample commercial, I knew. Here was something new and different, something radio was waiting for. That "something" I can best and briefly describe as complete sincerity.

I had a difficult time persuading Mary Margaret to take a sponsor, though. She didn't want any advertisements cluttering up her program! She finally consented to

Mary Margaret was dressing for a broadcast at a Friends of Democracy luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria. The zipper zipped into Mary Margaret at exactly 12:30. While agonized secretaries, a frantic doctor, and a janitor equipped with pliers tried to unzip the zipper, Mary Margaret concentrated on the clock. She was finally rescued, dressed in bandages and a new corset. Her announcer, Vincent Connolly, and I carried on as best we could. When she arrived ten minutes late, Mary decided the story was so good she'd have to tell what happened.

The next day, when Life Magazine sent cameramen and reporters, and Winchell and other columnists pounced on the story, Mary Margaret registered hurt surprise.

"You know," she said, "I didn't think it would get out."

You see, she'd told it on "her air," and to her it was just a matter between herself and her listeners. "I always tell *them* everything," she says. Indeed she does. Let us have one of our violent though short-lived disagreements, and it is almost sure to come out on the air the next day.

For example, last spring Mary Margaret flew to Norway and opened a 4,000-mile circuit to broadcast from Oslo. We had a two-way setup between Oslo and our studio in NBC, so that I could tell her when we would take over in New York, and do our commercials. We began to run short on time, so I spoke up a few times asking Mary to sign off. Finally, in desperation, I said, "If you in Norway don't shut up, you won't have any sponsors left when you get back."

"Well!" said Mary Margaret clearly, over 4,000 miles of valuable hookup, "you can't tell *me* to shut up, and you can't tell the Ambassador's wife to shut up. She's here and she's going to talk—and if you want to know what I think about you—well, I think you ought to be lynched!"

It was probably the first time two women ever conducted a personal argument over an international network.

To Mary Margaret "her air" comes before anything on earth. Last year she had an emergency appendicitis operation late at night. With the help of the staff, I put the program on the air, explaining what had happened and promising the listeners the latest bulletins from the hospital. During the broadcast, NBC messengers began arriving with notes and suggestions from Mary. It seems she had come out of a drugged sleep in time to bribe her nurse to bring in a portable radio. When the program ended, there was an urgent call from her doctor. He said I might as well arrange for a line to be run into the hospital, because every time he told Mary Margaret she would not be able to broadcast the next day, her temperature went up!

The following day Mary's hospital room was filled with engineers and broadcasting equipment. Also a truckload of flowers, and a continuous parade of curious nurses.

Looking back over our years together, I suppose it was Mary's relentless drive to succeed that kept her from marrying and having a home of her own. She was always too busy working—either on a new book, on a series of articles in Europe, on a syndicated column, on her radio career.

the commercials, but only if they were done in her own way. We talked the whole matter over at length, and Mary Margaret, still unsure of herself in this new medium, asked if I would become her manager. I did. Our contract was verbal, and in the nearly fifteen years of our business association since then, we have never had a written word between us.

We pooled our resources, but we lost money steadily on that program. Both of us took outside jobs to keep the enterprise afloat. We decided that the show must be managed carefully, with expensive personal attention to fan mail, testing of products, and building a high entertainment standard. Today, the program is Mary Margaret's bread and life. In fact, it is so personal that she often refers to it as "my air."

The zipper? Ah yes, the zipper. That story has been told but it is amusing—and typical—enough to tell again.

Oh yes, she's been in love. Quite a number of times, with men ranging from a midwestern newspaper editor to Italian royalty. She still says, at regular intervals, "When I'm ready to retire, I am going to marry a nice old-time newspaperman and run a nice country newspaper."

At the moment, however, a new development is keeping Mary Margaret from that idyllic rural life—Television.

Since I did no predicting about Mary Margaret and radio fourteen years ago, I'll do none of it on her television future. But I can record, can't I, that I was a happy manager when I watched Mary Margaret do a combined radio-television interview last July at the Republican National Convention, with Thomas E. Dewey and his wife—the first time Mrs. Dewey ever had faced a microphone. Mary had all the qualities I ever dreamed of: ease, a natural camera sense, a face both vivid and mobile. And now she's on NBC television regularly (Tuesday nights at nine P.M., EST) building up a loyal following, just as she did in radio.

We believe her radio audience will soon expect her to bring to her television microphone the other international leaders she once introduced on "her air." They all flock in at Mary Margaret's invitation. People like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Nobel prize winner Emily Greene Balch, Pearl Buck, the late Fiorello La Guardia, the Dowager Duchess of Reading, and Carl Van Doren.

Maybe you are disappointed that I haven't said enough about Mary Margaret's private life. Well, people always want to know about that, and I have a hard time convincing them that she doesn't have any. Quite literally, her life revolves around her microphone.

Ten years ago, for example, I persuaded her to take a vacation. Persuaded her, that is, by resigning three or four times as her manager. She promised not to listen to, mention or think of radio for one month. We left New York City in my car, with a friend, headed for Maine. Twenty minutes up the Hudson, we stopped at an inn for lunch. As we were ordering, I missed Mary Margaret. Our friend said:

"Oh, she's in there taking notes."

Sure enough, there she was, in an adjoining room crammed with antiques, interviewing the proprietor.

En route to Maine, we stopped on an average of five times a day while Mary Margaret found out about salt-box houses, recipes for clam chowder, monuments, popcorn and even the history of Mary's Little Lamb.

We arrived in Maine and Mary Margaret, notebook in hand, went out lobster fishing.

"Wonderful story!" she reported.

And so we left Maine ten days early, so Mary Margaret could get material on Cape Cod for a series of broadcasts. . . .

Oh yes, those chocolate bars. Yes, she used to put them under the mattress. Said this "ripened" them. The only reason she doesn't have them there now (I hope) is because I have put her on a television diet.

I hope that Mary Margaret doesn't sink into those black moods of despair any more, either. Because that television diet doesn't include chocolate ice cream, at midnight or any other time.



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IS SINATRA FINISHED?

(Continued from page 29)

I say? Well, for a while, anyway. Seems that 1947 was just a hard-luck year for Sinatra. On top of all other troubles, he somehow picked 1947 to let his name and reputation get tied up with that of Lana Turner, the Sweater Girl, and no mean headliner herself!

Through the heat of Hollywood days the blaze of Hollywood night clubs, the thrice-married Lana dragged her sweaters and sables by Frankie's side. And before long, Sinatra dragged his valises out of his home. The home that heretofore had housed one of America's dream-families: Nancy, Frank and their two children, Nancy aged seven, and Frank Jr., aged four.

It is no wonder that the columnists seized on the new development and chattered gaily away while ten million loyal bobby-soxers chewed their homework pencils nervously, their eyes staring glumly in the distance. However, all on the romantic front ended well before long.

One night at Slapsie Maxie's, Frank and Nancy reconciled in a scene that would have put to shame the most imaginative movie director in Hollywood. You all remember how Phil Silvers spotted the Sinatras at separate tables. How he walked Frank from his own table to that of his estranged wife. How Frank sang "Nancy (With the Laughing Face)," a song dedicated to his own daughter. How the reconciliation took place right there and then, amidst a vale of tears and a cynical gang of newspaper reporters. To many, the scene was a bit too maudlin for comfort—but anyway, the reconciliation was effected, and the Turner-Sinatra scandal became a thing of the past.

That was March, 1947. People began again to think of Sinatra in terms of "The Voice," instead of front page news and scandal. But not for long. The very next month, in *Ciro's*, Frankie hit the headlines again!

It's hard to say whether Sinatra should be criticised, or not, for landing a sock on the jaw of columnist Lee Mortimer in *Ciro's*. Even if the sock also landed him in the headlines again—and almost in the hoosegow!

It seems that Mortimer allegedly murmured a slurring remark as he passed Frank. Apparently the remark did no credit to minority groups—reflecting on the nationality to which Frank belongs. The Italians.

Anyhow, Frankie's bellicose nature—which he had kept under remarkable restraint since his stormy, fight-ridden Tommy Dorsey days—asserted itself. He let go with a wallop. He ended up in Court, finally settled privately the assault and battery charges brought against him by Mortimer. But there was no settling the unfavorable glare of his name spread out again on the front pages of the nation's newspapers.

With the Mortimer mess, though, Frankie's hard luck year came to an end. That is, as far as gossip and scandal. But the stress and strain of publicity, and notoriety had apparently taken its toll.

Just about the time that Bing Crosby's voice took a terrific upswing, squelching the stories that he was "all washed up," Sinatra came out with his latest movie, *The Miracle of the Bells*. This movie didn't exactly tarnish the reputation of "The Voice," but it certainly did nothing to help it. Sinatra's voice and his acting were just an uncomfortable distance away from his bright work in *Anchors Aweigh*, and *It Happened in Brooklyn*. Enough to make a few critics raise their sensitive eyebrows and some fans sigh in disappointment. And enough to make people draw unfavorable comparisons with Bing's stellar characterization as Father O'Malley.

And on top of *The Miracle*, came a bevy of poor Sinatra records. There is little question—even in the minds of the most ardent Sinatra fans—that Frankie's recordings of the past year are decidedly below par. Furthermore, his scheduled



Frank, Jr., like his sisters Nancy and Kathy, often likes to visit his famous Pop at NBC studio.

part in making an album of songs from the Broadway hit, *Inside U.S.A.* had to be cancelled. The part had to be re-assigned to Buddy Clark because Frankie's voice was not in condition to handle the tunes.

To confirm the bad impression made by his records, Frank began to slip on his radio show, *The Hit Parade*. He missed notes, cracked phrases and attacked melodies with seeming indifference. Gone was the heart-felt conviction which distinguished his earlier singing of the most mediocre lyrics. Gone was the grace of feeling, and of phrasing, that made him America's dream-singer.

And as a result of all this: enter the whispers, now growing into a loud, coast-to-coast murmur, that Frank Sinatra is through. . . .

Well . . . Why?

Well . . . there's no doubt, in the first place, that the wear and tear of all the aforementioned headline-notoriety didn't help Frankie's voice. The work of any

person under an emotional strain is bound to suffer during these periods. Just as Bing's did a couple of years ago.

But more important was the wear and tear resulting from the tremendous amount of work that Sinatra took upon himself. Maybe you don't know it, but toward the end of last year, the record companies started making records en masse. They did this in order to have a huge stock of them on hand before January 1, 1948, when Petrillo, union boss of the musicians, commanded that no more records be made. As a result Frank made one record after another—day and night. He also continued with his radio show. He starred in a movie. He made five or six shows a day in theatres. Furthermore, Sinatra likes to live high, wide and handsome, so he continued to go sailing, play baseball, visit race tracks and drop into night clubs.

Is it any wonder why the strongest of voices would begin to crack under the strain of such a regimen? Is it not logical that Frank's voice should reflect the fatigue that resulted from this manner of living?

But does all that mean that Frank Sinatra is on the skids? On the way down? Finished?

Emphatically—NO!

A man who still makes \$300,000 a year from the movies, (he's in MGM's *The Kissing Bandit* now) \$250,000 from the radio, \$150,000 from records, and many thousands more from personal appearances is hardly a has-been!

Hardly! Especially when he has grown up enough in the last year—as Frankie certainly has—to realize that it is not possible to maintain a mad, whirling work-and-play schedule. And at the same time continue to be "The Voice."

Sinatra's natural cockiness as to his physical and emotional capacities is being sharply replaced by the use of reason and logic. He is now realizing that he cannot keep up his backbreaking schedule, and still be the idol of millions of fans.

And with his growing use of reason, it is doubtful that he will soon again pull any more front-page boners. Political ones, for example, which had millions stamping him as a Red. Sinatra has attained a growing awareness of American politics that will prevent any more "innocent" collaboration with Soviet-minded "transmission belts." This does not mean, however, that his heart of gold has turned into one of stone. Frank will still battle for tolerance, but he will be careful not to get involved with shady organizations who simply want to "use" him.

In other words, Frankie has "grown up" considerably since his troubles started a couple of years ago. He's taken quite a beating, and it has shown in his singing. But he has learned what mistakes NOT to make through the best teacher of all. Experience.

So don't let people tell you that "The Voice" has become "The Gargle." Frankie has slipped a little, sure. Just as Bing did a few years back. But Bing's voice recovered, as ours do after exhaustion, strain and emotional disturbances.

Sinatra is NOT finished!

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I think that it is eminently fair to let the listening audience at home into our contests. We do not call just anyone at random. We ask those who wish to participate to send us a card indicating their willingness and giving us their phone number. In that way, we do not barge into homes (as some have accused us of doing), invading the privacy of people who do not want to be bothered.

It seems to me that the intelligence of the American public is too often underestimated, and that radio listeners know their minds and tastes well enough to choose their own programs. Let us not try to tell people what and what not to listen to!

Quite naturally, as the value of the prize increases, the suspense mounts with it, and so does the interest. Yet as I said before, only a few out of the millions listening are actually engaged in the contest. Their interest is held by the type of contest we are running, the manner in which we conduct it, the reactions of the contestants—in short by the entertainment value of the show we put on.

Proof of the interest we are creating comes to us in many ways. The most vivid indication came to us in the person of a young lady carrying her arm in a cast. It seems she was listening to *Winner Take All* while sitting on the edge of a trick folding bed that operated by push button. She had identified herself with the contestant with the buzzer, and upon getting the answer before he did, had pressed her own push button in the excitement. She had been thrown for a total loss!

I'd like to make one point now on the

subject of prizes-versus-entertainment, in connection with a quiz program's popularity. The prizes on *Winner Take All* add up to only half of what is given away on *Hit The Jackpot*. However, the rating of *Winner Take All*, in New York City, for example, has been higher than any of the other programs on the air at the same time. And in New York, if anywhere, the showmen say, you have to come across with entertainment or fold up.

About the most decisive factor on our side of the give-away argument is that little old radio dial. A ticket holder at a poor play, movie or sporting event can only walk out (minus his money) or squirm through the performance hoping to get some of his money back through some unexpected development. The radio listener has only to twist the dial, at no expense or loss, to get something else. So far, on the shows that are making good, they have shown no inclination to do so. Instead, the audiences are growing by leaps and bounds. If the public is to be judge—and that has been the policy in this country—the answer is rather obvious. The public likes our shows.

The use of the word "show" provides the final answer to our critics. The figures prove that it is the caliber of a show, and not the amount or number of the prizes, that makes it successful. This implies good showmanship, and good showmanship always means good entertainment. We suggest the following to those in radio who hate give-away programs: that since their talent cannot compete with free refrigerators, add a touch of our own recipe. Entertainment, that is!

HOME SWEET HOME
(Continued from page 45)

of old radio melodramas starring juvenile delinquents.

This, of course, will play havoc with the tea or cocktail hour, for it takes the patience of Job and the strength of Atlas to clear out the kiddies before the evening crowd arrives.

Those cozy evenings you'd planned, just you and the man in your life, watching television, never seem to materialize. The crowd arrives in force as soon as dinner is over—sometimes sooner.

In two minutes they've taken over all the living-room accommodations. Newcomers cheerfully drag in chairs from the dining room, kitchen, playroom and terrace. Ashes are spilled, likewise drinks.

Several hours later your husband will inquire, "Did we have dinner tonight?" And for a moment, you'll be hard put to remember.

Before video invaded my domicile, I used to dally over dinner like an old maid over a faded flower. Now I bolt my food between 7 and 7:10.

The twilight may be lovely to linger in, but the night cometh all too soon. And once you've acquired a television set, every night will be party night—babble, revel and wine. The fact that I live in a walk-up apartment, in an old remodeled brownstone mansion, has deterred neither friend, stranger nor stretcher case.

At least half of my video friends are sensitive souls whose fastidious taste pre-

cludes their watching the kingly sport of wrestling down at the corner saloon.

Television, you will soon learn, cripples conversation. The hostess isn't expected to make small-talk. Nobody would hear her if she tried. So long as the house lights are dimmed and the video blinking like a beacon, everybody is at ease.

You might as well be told now that the gracious lady of Video Manor never cries over spilled drinks, nor mentions the cigarettes ground out on the carpet—or into the mahogany, six inches wide of the ash trays you carefully placed at eight-inch intervals.

The gracious hostess learns to ignore the sound of nuts, cantly and bric-a-brac grinding under heels in the dark. She smiles, borrows fresh ice cubes from the drugstore and says twenty times a night, "It was just a cheap old glass anyhow. Let's hope it doesn't stain your nice new suit."

Only once or twice during an evening does a television hostess have her moment. Her one provocation. That is when she steps up briskly to the Monster in the House, lands a swift swat on the ear of the gibbering dial-twister and announces, "I'll do the tuning around here, by gravy!"

Another problem you've got to face is repairs. During my first month with video I saw more of the repair men than I've seen lately of my mother. Every day something went wrong. And every day a differ-

ent set of repair men arrived. Each one carefully undid what had been done yesterday. It finally required the ministrations of a master repairman who worked, muttering darkly to himself, for two hours. Since then the set has worked like a dream, as the women in my nightly audiences are always saying. "Just like a dream, dear."

Before you decide never to allow a video set in the precincts you call home, I must, in fairness, tell you what's on the favorable side of the ledger.

I think, that the most enjoyable moments of my summer were spent watching the three political conventions over television during the summer. I was uncommonly interested in Mr. Dewey's mustache, Margaret Truman's lipstick, Clare Boothe Luce's charm bracelet and Senator Glen Hall Taylor's sleepy brood singing cowboy ballads. The youngest, a lad who looked to be about three, kept falling asleep in the Senator's arms. It is this intimate insight into the lives of the great that gives television one of its greatest appeals.

The television set is also an excellent means of amusing the children. They love every minute of it. And you know they're not out in the street playing hide-and-seek with speeding autos.

Of course, child psychologists say television is bad for children. It deprives them of normal play. And it discourages reading and imagining. But that can't stop television, so it is simply up to parents to regulate their children's activities so that none of them is harmful. It should be seen to, for example, that television should stimulate reading, instead of putting a stop to it.

I've also watched many first rate television plays. I've seen variety shows that represented the pick of New York night club talent. I've learned a good deal about science from a program called "The Nature of Things." And even some of the movies on television (notwithstanding Tom Mix!) are entertaining nowadays.

Newsreels you can see almost as soon as the events happen. And there are cooking programs that show you exactly HOW to prepare a dish. Moreover, you see the finished product when taken from the oven.

For the sportsman there's everything from track races to football—all well produced. You can "Oh" and "Ah" at the latest fashions, right in your living room. The circus last year was wonderful—something the radio can't bring you. I've seen colorful parades without having people step all over my toes and coming home with a stiff neck. And concerts without waiting in line for a ticket.

Yes, despite the holes in the carpet and the staggering refreshment bills, I'm happy with my television set. I only wish that more sets would be placed on the market at lower prices. For I am sure that the crowds at my house will thin out as soon as there's a set in every parlor.

One happy thought in closing. Some serious-minded folk are saying that television will restore the old-fashioned family circle which is supposed to be fast disappearing from the face of our nation. True, if present indications mean anything. Your loved ones should be with you every night, their eyes glued—if not on you—at least on the television screen!

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musical merry-go-round

BY JILL WARREN

A monthly review of the latest records, with news and views of the musical world. If you have any questions about records or music, write to Jill Warren, c/o Modern Television and Radio, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

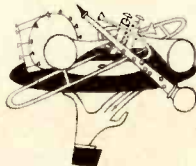


Woody Herman and his orchestra are tops in **NO TIME**, with Woody starring on the vocal. The melody is based on a lilting Chopin waltz theme, and the lyrics were penned by Judy Holiday, famed Broadway actress. The coupling is **FOUR BROTHERS**, an original instrumental featuring the Herman saxophone section. *Columbia*.

ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA is given the usual sweet-and-flowing Freddy Martin dance treatment. Glenn Hughes and the Martin Men take good care of the lyrics. Reverse side is **CZARDAS**, a snappy old gypsy tune with a whistling chorus by Gene Conklin. *Victor*.

Several years ago Guy Lombardo sold a lot of records with **CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER** and **BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON**. Well, they're being released again in the Collector's Series and they sound as good as new. Kenny Gardner and the Lombardo Trio sing on both sides. *Decca*.

PURELY INSTRUMENTAL



Coleman Hawkins and his orchestra play the old standards, **APRIL IN PARIS** and **HOW STRANGE**, from the old movie, *Idiot's Delight*. Of course Hawkins' tenor sax is featured on both sides, and his chorus on **APRIL** is reminiscent of his great work on his **BODY AND SOUL** record. *Victor*.

Two popular Alvino Rey records of the past are being brought out back to back.

The first is his **GUITAR BOOGIE**, with fine solo work by Alvino, and the second is his **MAMA BLUES**, on which he makes his git-box sing and talk—but good. *Capitol*.

Also getting the reissue treatment are Bobby Sherwood's **ELKS' PARADE**, famous for its excellent precision work, and his **SHERWOOD'S FOREST**, a jazz thing a little on the bop side. Bobby's ringing trumpet is featured on both sides. *Capitol*.

Another top trumpet man, Ziggy Elman, with his orchestra, plays the Russian folk song **BUBLITCHKI**, giving it the slow and sad interpretation. On the reverse side Ziggy takes **ALWAYS**, the Irving Berlin standard, at an up tempo. *M-G-M*.

THE VOCAL'S THE THING



Doris Day revives two old ballads, **PRETTY BABY** and **JUST IMAGINE**, suiting both of them just right to her intimate style. Accompaniment is by George Siravo and his orchestra. *Columbia*.

That romantic Frenchman, Jean Sablon, takes the old melody, **TELL ME, MARIANNE**, and adds new lyrics with a sinuating tango rhythm, Toots Camarata and orchestra cooperating finely. On the backing Jean croons a number about a lass named **LILLETTE**. *Victor*.

The Andrews Sisters, who seem to do all right for themselves with any kind of song, have picked two brand new ones. **BELLA, BELLA MARIE**, from the movie, *Music Man*, and **THE MONEY SONG** from a new Broadway show called, *That's The Ticket*. Vic Schoen's orchestra and arrangements, as usual. *Decca*.

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IT'S TOO SOON TO KNOW is a great new ballad done to perfection by Ella Fitzgerald, assisted by a male quartet and instrumental group. This should be one of Ella's biggest hits and she's made plenty of them. It's coupled with another new ballad, I CAN'T GO ON (WITHOUT YOU). Decca.

One of the best records Margaret Whiting ever made was MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT, with Billy Butterfield's orchestra, back in 1943. It's being reissued now, along with another fine Whiting effort, MY IDEAL. Capitol.

Also on the reissue list this month are Betty Hutton's two biggest hits of the past, HIS ROCKING HORSE RAN AWAY and DOCTOR, LAWYER, INDIAN CHIEF. Paul Weston's orchestra on both. Well worth reissuing! Capitol.

GRANDMA'S THANKSGIVING, the famous Lydia Maria Child's poem ("Over the River and Through the Woods") has been set to music by Harry Simeon and excellently recorded by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Glee Club. Decca.



NOVELTY STUFF

Jack Lathrop, former guitarist and vocalist with Glenn Miller and Les Brown, has gotten together a gang called "The Drug Store Cowboys," and for their first disc they offer DAINY BRENDA LEE and CORNBELT SYMPHONY. The instruments consist of harmonicas and a ukelele. Pretty interesting stuff. Victor.

Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five, who manage to come up with something terrific every now and then, should have a smash hit in DADDY-O, the cute new number from Danny Kaye's MGM movie, A Song Is Born. Louis does the lyrics with the help of a promising new songstress, Martha Davis. The other side is also a new ditty, YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, BABY (BUT YOU'RE GOIN' THE WRONG WAY). Louis and Martha sing this too. Decca.

Arthur Godfrey seems to have a way with novelty numbers, and his latest release is no exception. Ol' Frecklepuss warbles TAKE 'EM TO THE DOOR in a slow tempo and then switches to his cockney accent for the oldie, WAITING AT THE CHURCH. Archie Bleyer's orchestra on both. Columbia.

SLIGHTLY LONGHAIR



Two of the Metropolitan Opera's most popular stars, Dorothy Kirsten and Robert Merrill, blend voices in the familiar melodies, WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM and WANTING YOU. Russ Case and his orchestra provide just the right accompaniment. Victor.

Hal Herzon and his Septet play MORTON GOULD'S MUSICAL FANTASIES, an album of Gould's satirical musical portraits with such titles as: ROBOT, THE PRIMA DONNA, PIR-

Love-quiz ... For Married Women Only



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musical merry-go-round

QUETTE, CONTINENTAL SERENADE, CRINOLINE AND LACE and COLONIAL PORTRAIT. You'll chuckle while you listen to this. *MGM.*

Lauritz Melchior sings two of the numbers he does in the picture *Luxury Liner*. They are **SPRING CAME BACK TO VIENNA**, a love waltz, and **HELEN GAR** (meaning "Bottoms Up"), an old Scandinavian drinking song. The chorus and orchestra is conducted by Georgie Stoll. *MGM.*

Can you imagine Danny Kaye singing operetta music absolutely straight? Well, believe it or not, he does—and very well, too—in an album called **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**, with Johnny Green's orchestra. Danny does **THE JUDGE'S SONG** and **WHEN FIRST MY OLD, OLD LOVE I KNEW** from *Trial By Jury*, **IN ENTERPRISE OF MARTIAL KIND** from *The Gondoliers*, **THE POLICEMAN'S SONG** from *Pirates of Penzance*, **IF YOU'RE ANXIOUS FOR TO SHINE** from *Patience*, **THE NIGHTMARE SONG** from *Iolanthe*, and **THE MOON AND I** from *The Mikado*. *Decca.*



SMALL FRY NUMBERS

SYLVESTER THE SEAL (two records) is all about a "square" seal who turns into a "hep" character when he meets Danny the Hepcat. Comedian Eddie Mayehoff is the narrator and the music is supplied by such "hep" musicians as Bobby Hackett (on trumpet), Joe Marsala (on clarinet), Will Bradley (on trombone), Peanuts Hucko (on tenor sax), Bobby Haggart (on bass), Sanford Gold (on piano) and Cozy Cole the drum beater. *Victor.*

PANCHO GOES TO A FIESTA tells the story of a little South American boy who visits his Mexican cousin. Here is a nice collection of songs and dances about South American customs, with narration and lyrics by Arno Tanneys. There are four sides, on vinylite. *Columbia.*

Also on vinylite is **RHUMPY THE RHINO**, the tale of a belligerent rhinoceros who laboriously learns to dance. He finally does learn, with the help of a chimpanzee, a lynx and Ella the Elephant. There are two records and music is by Mitchell Ayres and his orchestra. The kiddies will love it. *Columbia.*

Peter Lind Hayes narrates the wistful story of **THE LITTLE TUNE THAT RAN AWAY**, with James Carroll and his orchestra, on a single twelve-inch record. The "little tune" is so unhappy with the way the musicians play him that he runs away and is chased by the orchestra until he finds refuge, and of course, a happy ending. Incidentally, the girl's voice at the end of the record is that of Mary Healy, Mrs. Hayes in private life. *Decca.*

Irving Caesar, whose **SONGS OF SAFETY** album was such a success, has a happy sequel in **SONGS OF HEALTH**, with additional

singing by Alice Remsen, and orchestral accompaniment by Macklin Marrow. These are cute little ditties on how to brush your teeth, drink your milk, eat your spinach, etc. They might help mamma more than lectures can. *MGM.*



ALBUMS

It's the month before Santa Claus comes, but if you like Frank Sinatra you'll want his **CHRISTMAS SONGS** album. There are eight sides, including such Yuletide favorites as **WHITE CHRISTMAS**, **JINGLE BELLS**, **SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN**, **HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS**. Axel Stordahl did the arrangements and conducts the orchestra. *Columbia.*

Sinatra's movie sidekick Gene Kelly, also has a new album, called **SONG AND DANCE MAN**, and it's a goodie. Gene sings and tap dances in the styles of some of the most famous musical comedy stars of yesterday and today. Some of the titles, and the personalities they characterize: **YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG** and **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY** (George M. Cohan) and **DOIN' THE NEW LOW DOWN** (Bill Robinson) and **LET YOURSELF GO** (Fred Astaire). *MGM.*

Talented Johnny Mercer has made many hit records during the last several years and six of them are being released again in an album called **MERCER REISSUES**. Here you'll find **G. I. JIVE**, **ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE**, **STRIP POLKA**, **ON THE ATCHISON**, **TOPEKA AND THE SANTA FE**, **CANDY** (with Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers) and just about the most terrific record Johnny ever made, **I LOST MY SUGAR IN SALT LAKE CITY**. *Capitol.*

JOIN THE BAND is the title of a fascinating new album by Billy May and his orchestra. The band plays the chords, harmonies and backgrounds to eight standard tunes, but the melodies are omitted, so that any instrumentalist or singer can perform right along with the orchestra. It's a fine idea for you aspiring sidemen and vocalists, and you'll know all the songs: **I GOT RHYTHM**, **SWEET LORRAINE**, **BODY AND SOUL**, **HONEYSUCKLE ROSE**, **I SURRENDER DEAR**, **I MAY BE WRONG**, **JUST YOU, JUST ME**, and **SUNSET AND VINE BLUES**, which is written in the straight blues pattern. *Capitol.*



BEHIND THE SCENES

Doris Day and her husband, George Weideler, of the Stan Kenton band, have reconciled after a separation that nearly ended in divorce. Doris is a happy girl these days. She

landed a big part on the Bob Hope show and is making rapid strides up the star ladder at Warner Bros. . . . Hildegard has fully recovered from the serious illness which laid her low in Paris earlier in the year . . . Tommy Dorsey turned down a fabulous offer to go to England because of the British Musicians' Union law forbidding him to take his own band with him . . . Jane Froman's smile is brighter than ever now that surgeons have told her there'll be no more operations on her leg. She's had twenty-five in all . . . Elliot Lawrence and his orchestra recently made their screen debut in the Columbia short, *Thrills in Music*, to be released shortly . . .



Doris Day takes time out from her singing chores in the new Warner Brothers movie, *My Dream Is Yours*, to play back a few of her late records. Doris also sings on Bob Hope's NBC show.

Jo Stafford has joined the "New Look" throng and cut her long, red tresses. And Jo has lost some ten pounds or so, and it's mighty becoming . . . Stan Kenton is off on another cross country concert tour. Last year his special brand of jazz broke it up in practically every town he played . . . The music business was saddened by the sudden death of Jack Marshard in an automobile accident in Massachusetts. Jack gave Vaughn Monroe his first break as a vocalist with his band. He later became Vaughn's manager and owned a large percentage of the Monroe organization . . . Johnny Desmond, whose career was on the dull side for quite awhile, through no fault of his own, is doing a great job on his C.B.S. five-time-weekly Television show in New York. Watch this boy climb right back up on top again . . . And watch how television, as it rolls along, will be making and breaking other musicians . . . In case you've wondered why there are so many reissues nowadays, it's because of the Petrillo ban on record-making. As of the time of this writing, no new records have been made since the first of the year. All "new" records were cut before 1948.



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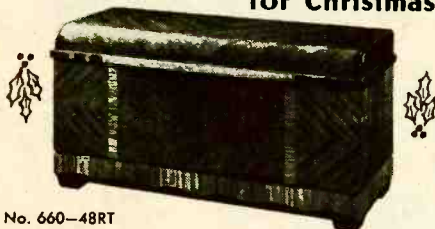
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■ A child's wisdom is often greater than a sage's. If a problem is vexing your family, maybe the *Juvenile Jury* can suggest a solution. Each month, MODERN TELEVISION AND RADIO will pay \$5.00 for the best question submitted to Jack Barry, moderator of the *Juvenile Jury* program (MBS, Sundays, 3:30 p.m., EST). A group of the "jurors" will give their answers and moderator Barry will sum up. Readers of any age are invited to send their questions to Jack Barry, Room 1903, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City 16. The opening question in this series was asked by the seven-year-old daughter of one of our editors.

nice of her to chase her little sister away. I should think if the big sister is having friends visiting she'd be proud to introduce her little sister. Unless, of course, the little girl doesn't have nice manners, in which case she should be taught them."



JOHNNY McBRIDE
AGE 5

QUESTION:

My 17-year-old sister makes me get out of the way when her friends come, but she's always hanging around whenever my friends come to visit. What can I do?

"I don't think the little girl should bother with such an old lady of seventeen. She should play with her own little friends and not play with old people because they don't like the same games anyway."

ANSWERS:



CHARLIE
HANKINSON
AGE 7



PEGGY BRUDER
AGE 10

"You should stay away, and wait until she asks you to come in. Anyway, I don't see why you would like her friends. Big girls are always silly and always eating. So why bother with them? When your friends come over, why just lock the door so your sister can't get in."

"I think the two should come to some sort of understanding. The little girl would agree to keep out of the way when the big sister had her boy friends over, and the older girl would promise not to interfere when her little sister had visitors. That way they would both have privacy."



ELIZABETH MAE
WATSON
AGE 6



DICKIE ORLAN
AGE 8

"The little girl should tell her mother that when the mother has friends over to visit her, she could ask the big sister to leave. Maybe then the little girl wouldn't be treated that way any more cause her sister would know how it feels to be left out. She sounds mean to me—that is, the big sister."

"If an old girl of 17 wants to play with little kids she should get married and have her own children to play with. She's not getting any younger! It's better anyway for children of the same size to play together. Why doesn't the old sister get a job as a baby-sitter, anyway, if she's so mad about hanging around kids? Then she'd make money, too!"



ROBIN MORGAN
AGE 6

JACK BARRY, moderator

"I think Peggy Bruder is probably right. You and your sister should sit down and discuss the problem. If there isn't room in your home so that both of you may entertain at the same time, then make arrangements whereby you can both have your friends over at different hours of the day. Then, I'm sure, that if you will promise not to intrude on your sister, she will show you the same courtesy. Politeness is a two-way affair."

"I think the older sister should set an example. Of course, a young lady of 17 and a little girl don't have much in common, but it isn't very



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MY KID BROTHER BOB

(Continued from page 37)

Every afternoon, at five sharp, a swanky limousine would draw up to Bob's curb, and a lean-faced old man would stretch out his hand for a paper. Bob knew him only as a regular customer who always had his penny ready.

One day, though, the man gave Bob a nickel—and my kid brother, who doesn't embarrass very easily, blithely said he'd give him his four cents change the next day. The customer said sternly: "I want my change now!"

So Bob ran into Southworth's grocery store and got the change. Said the customer as he received the four cents: "Young man, if you ever expect to be a successful business man, always have change ready for your customers. People don't like to wait for things—especially money!"

So Bob got his first, unforgettable lesson on good business from John D. Rockefeller. Never keep your customers waiting. Aunt Polly already had taught him about the rewards for making people laugh. Neither of these two lessons were ever forgotten by my kid brother.

But I've skipped a lot—so let me go back awhile. Actually, Bob was known as Les in those days. Our mother's name was Avis Townes Hope, and Bob must have inherited some of his flair for showmanship from her, because mother used to sing professionally in Wales. She didn't sing much after her marriage, because she pretty quickly started raising a family of seven husky boys. There was Ivor, Jim, Fred, Sid, Bob and myself—all born in England. The youngest Hope, George, was born after we moved to Cleveland. Bob likes to tell people that we had a sister once, but she starved to death. Never had a fighting chance at the dinner table because her brothers had a much longer reach than she did!

That Atlantic crossing was really something. Mother, who weighed only 97 pounds, had to do all the work, because our father (a stone mason by trade) had come over a year ahead of us to get settled in Cleveland.

Mother ran into trouble even before the trans-Atlantic trip started. At Southampton, where we sailed from, Bob refused to be vaccinated. He squirmed out of the hands of the doctor and ran up the dock yelling: "I won't let them stick pins and needles into me—I WON'T!"

A couple of husky sailors finally caught up Bob, carried him back to the ship screaming like mad, and practically sat on him while the doctor did the job. When the job was finally over, mother kissed Bob on the cheek and mollified him somewhat.

The train trip from New York to Cleveland was a lark for us—but a headache for the rest of the passengers. English trains are divided into compartments where energetic boys can be confined. But this American train was a free-for-all. We spent the entire day of the trip running from one end of the train to the other. The only compensation for mother and the passengers was that we tired ourselves so efficiently that by nightfall we



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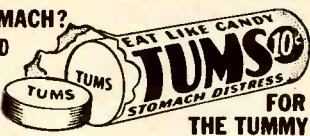


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were exhausted and slept soundly.

In Cleveland, Bob lost no time in becoming the leader of our neighborhood gang. Bob always loved to have people around him, and his bubbling personality along with his quick, fresh tongue made him the center of attraction without his hardly trying. I remember the days when we wanted to go to the beach but didn't have the trolley fare. Bob would just climb aboard a trolley, singing like mad, and beckon for the gang to follow. It never failed; our songs paid for our fare and we would get to the beach without a penny in our pockets. When we got out there, Bob would use the same technique. He'd line us up outside of Peter Schmidt's beer garden and lead us into a number. At the end of three numbers, old Peter would invariably come across with a free lunch for the whole gang.

Kid brother Bob even carried his singing talent into the Cleveland ball park. When Bob was twelve, he was mascot of the Cleveland Indians. But lugging around bats and water pails wasn't enough for him. So he sang for the crowds between innings. Sang because he liked to—and also because it gave him something of an income, which some appreciative fans supplied. We Hope boys didn't have allowances in those days, and had to earn our own spending money. Needless to say, Bob was always the richest of us all.

During his paper-selling career, Bob would use a different technique to get customers. He'd swing into a riotous imitation of Charlie Chaplin: cane, derby, funny walk, false mustache and all the trimmings. When a big enough crowd had gathered, Bob would grab an armful of papers and usually sell them out. Even in those days, Bob knew the practical value of showmanship. Bob later built up a huge repertory of clowning acts. Next month you can see his latest edition in the movie, "The Paleface."

Bob's first stage appearance was at an amateur contest at Luna Park, a big amusement center. He did his Charlie Chaplin imitation. A few dozen of our gang were along to see that Bob won, as the winner was chosen by applause. It turned out that we weren't needed, though, as Bob had the crowd in stitches without our help. Bob always liked to be a winner. Not that he ever was a sore loser. He just preferred to win. So much, in fact, that he practically made a career of it.

There were those innumerable picnics held almost daily, for example, at Luna Park, or Euclid Beach. Butchers' picnics, church picnics, grocers' picnics, company picnics. Bob and I went along to all of them to enter the races and win prizes. Sometimes there were two picnics the same day. So Bob would simply telephone the picnic chairman at one park and ask with all of his charm whether the races could be held up awhile. Usually the chairman was agreeable (because Bob would also sing for the picnic crowds) and, on such days, Bob would come home with two prizes! Bob was what we nowadays call an "operator," and a darned good one at that.

Not that my kid brother lacked generosity. We used to check the prize lists before the races, and if the first prize was something I particularly wanted, then Bob would obligingly slow up and let me

win. I always worshipped Bob for this, because he could run rings around me whenever he wanted to.

Nowadays, Bob's active interest in sports is mainly concentrated on improving one of the best golf games in Hollywood. But in his younger days, he wasn't any slouch, either, in athletics. In addition to his track prowess, he played football and baseball better than any of the boys in our gang. Bob still plays baseball occasionally. At a charity game in Hollywood recently he was captain of the Comics team and led his boys to victory over the Screen Writers team. He was a darned good swimmer as a kid, too. Much of his spare time was spent at the Y.M.C.A. (we lived two door from it) and to this day Bob is a "Y" fan. He's an active committee chairman of the new Y.M.C.A. center in North Hollywood, where he now lives.

As a grammar and high school student in Cleveland, my kid brother never broke his back. He got good grades nevertheless. It was in high school, by the way, that he changed his name from Leslie to Lester, because last names were listed first, and therefore Bob's name was always called out as "Hope, Leslie." After just so much kidding from his schoolmates on that "hopelessly" business, Bob simply changed his first name to Lester. It was much later on, when he entered vaudeville, that he changed the Lester to Bob.

I've gone on and on about Bob's successes. The truth is, I can recall only two times that Bob ever admitted failure. The first time was when he decided to be a boxer. In Cleveland. He was knocked out in his second fight and immediately decided that boxing wasn't for him.

Bob's other failure was many years later, during a family reunion, when he met defeat at his own game—wisecracking. His victor was none other than our own grandfather, whose 95th birthday we had gathered to celebrate. Bob was supposed to be the master of ceremonies, but he reckoned without grandpa, who blithely took over the party and proceeded to top Bob at every turn. Age hadn't affected his brain, nor his wit. "I never stood a chance," Bob confessed to me later.

When my kid brother was seventeen, he decided to take lessons in ballroom dancing. He was so good that he got a job as instructor at the school. Before long, he had a partner and was again winning amateur contests in theatres all around Cleveland.

My story ends when Bob really stopped being my "kid brother" and started climbing into bigtime show business. He climbed fast, too. He graduated from amateur nights into vaudeville—as a dancer. One night, a theater manager asked him to announce the following week's program. Bob decided to pep up the routine announcement that was handed to him with a few jokes he'd practiced. There were a few stray laughs from the audience.

Encouraged, Bob made up a few jokes—then switched into that double-take routine that since has made him famous to millions of movie-goers. The laughing increased. By the time the announcement was finished (a half-hour later!) the whole theater was in stitches.

And that is exactly when my kid brother, Bob, decided to become a famous comedian.

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■ The editors are proud to introduce, as Beauty Editor, Candy Jones, guiding star and director of the Conover Career Girl School, known to women all over the country as an authority on fashion, beauty and career advice. She is also author of *Make Your Name in Modeling* and is frequently seen in television. She's Mrs. Harry Conover in private life, and a famous ex-model herself.



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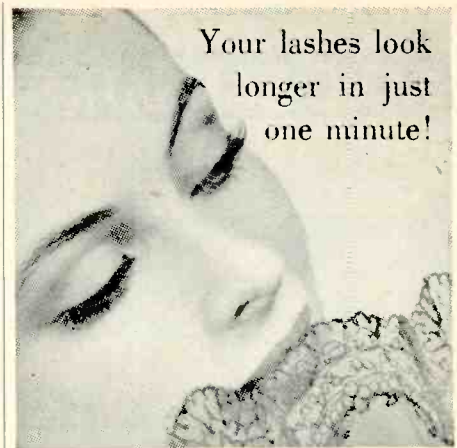
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REUNION WITH ROY AND DALE

(Continued from page 35)

you'd never have guessed I was a New Yorker. A red turtle-neck sweater of Roy's, a leather windbreaker, and a pair of blue jeans and I was practically set. For boots I had to go to Republic's wardrobe department. Roy at my heels. "Make it snappy, Evelyn," he kept saying. "Don't try on every pair in the place." I tried on one pair while Roy shifted from one foot to the other. "That fits you," he said.

"Well—" I wiggled my toes around, trying to see just how it did fit.

"Good," he said, and—to the wardrobe girl—"Sold to the lady in the red turtle-neck sweater." And we were off, jouncing home in Roy's new red Dodge truck (which, incidentally, he'd much rather drive than their gorgeous aquamarine Cadillac).

It wasn't until we were halfway up the mountain (on horseback) that I knew for sure that the boots were too small. However, my fright at being astride a horse for the first time in fifteen years—and that had been in Central Park in an English saddle—this was the wild West in a Western saddle—served as a counter-irritant. "Ye gods," I wailed, "why did I ever leave the sidewalks of New York!" I hung on for dear life, our guide Alfalfa's words echoing through my head: "The suction pump for rattlesnake bite is in the first-aid bag on old Redwood."

Old Redwood, aged thirteen, and asthmatic, was my mount, and I didn't for a minute like being that close to the suction pump. Furthermore, I had a sneaking suspicion that rattlesnakes could smell out a tenderfoot somehow or other. Luckily, we saw no rattlers. Neither did we see any mountain lions. Roy was crushed. Felt he'd let me down. "Tell you what we'll do, Evelyn," he said, as we relaxed in the living room that evening. "We'll hunt again tomorrow."

"Now, honey," Dale protested mildly.

"If you'd rather not, Dale," I said quickly, "I'll stay home with you." In the end, we both went along. "You see," she confided in me, "I'm greedy. I want to be more than just Roy's housekeeper

and a mother to his kiddies. I want to be a real companion to that nice guy." Hunting, fishing, hiking—where there's Roy there's Dale, looking cute as a bug and happier than a kid on Christmas. And Dale a born and bred city girl! I went on the hunt, too, naturally, not wishing to be a pill, and this time we drove part of the way—me in those boots which by now were like two vises. Over hill and dale we went, through thickets and across creeks. I found a stout stick and hobbled along on it, mentally reading the headlines in the trade papers: "Republic Studio's Evelyn Koleman Collapses On Hunting Trip" and hearing Dale and Roy murmuring over my prostrate form, "Well, she was one grand sport." At length, the last straw came. We were crossing a wide stream and Roy said, "Drop that stick and grab my hand."

"I can't drop the stick," I wailed. "It's my one good leg." So I leaped and fell, and—while it struck me terribly funny—I decided I'd had enough. I went back to the car and slept while the others finished the hunt. No mountain lions that day either, for which I was secretly tickled to death.

The days we hunted we got up in the middle of the night, but most mornings I was deliciously lazy. Roy and Dale were sweet about letting me sleep. If it hadn't been for my godson, going-on-two-year-old Dusty, I'm afraid I'd have wasted half the day in bed. However, a little after nine, he'd be outdoors in his pen, washed and fed and full of talk. I'd lie still for a while listening to his tuneless song, which was the word "daddy" over and over in every possible key. Then I'd lean out of the window and goo at him.

Dale would hear me stirring and say, "You up, Evelyn?" "Yes," I'd tell her, but it would be hours before I'd appear. One day she said, "Evelyn, you baffle me. You don't get all dressed to the teeth mornings or wear any great elaborate face-do, and yet you're without a doubt the slowest dresser I've ever known." I shouted with laughter.

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"I dress in a second," I told her. "It's flirting with your son that holds me up."

"My son," she said softly. "That sounds nice."

Dale is as far removed from the old idea of a stepmother as anyone can be. She's wild about those children and they are about her. She reads to them and tells them stories, curls their hair and wears dress-alike dresses, disciplines them with a velvet glove. That her system works is proven by the results she's had with Tommy, her twenty-year-old son by an unfortunate early marriage. Tommy lived in a little guest house on the place until he was married on July 31, and I had a chance to see what a fine youngster he is. And this is as good a time as any to clear up one point of misunderstanding about Dale.

Some people have tried to say that Dale kept Tommy out of the picture, as it wasn't good business for a movie star to be seen about with a grown-up child. This is sheer nonsense. At no time has she tried to hide the fact that she has a grown son. I've known Dale for four years and have known about Tommy right from the start. Roy and the boy have been good friends for a long time. And furthermore, the sharp-tongued gossips who have Dale years older than Roy may be interested to know that she was a child bride in Texas and a mother at fifteen.

Roy's two girls, Cheryl and Linda, call her "Dale" (Dusty says "Dowel") as a general rule, but one day while I was there Cheryl shouted over the bannisters. "Oh, Mother, come up, please, I need you." Dale's hand went to her heart. "Can you imagine what a thrill that is?" she said to me, her eyes shining.

Those three youngsters are really blessed, being surrounded as they are, by love. Marian Christensen, the housekeeper, and Virginia Peck, the nurse (girlhood friends, both of whom are now widows) give them the sort of warm-hearted devotion one ordinarily finds only in close relatives—and godmothers. For myself, I could eat those children. Cheryl is the oldest, a pretty dramatic youngster who likes to sing and dance and is dying to be in the movies. "Strange," she confided in me, "I'm either too young or too old to be in any of Daddy's pictures." (I

guess Daddy sees to that!) She could charm a bird off a tree, that one.

Linda is big-eyed and shy. She has just one flaw that I could discover, and that is it takes her hours to eat her meals. It drives her parents mad, and sometimes they do needle her. "Use psychology on her," I said. (Will I ever learn to keep my ideas to myself?)

"You use it," Roy told me. "Go ahead. Use it." So I challenged slowpoke Linda to a race at dinner that night. "Bet I can finish before you can," I said. We both gobbled, and Linda's plate was clean in a jiffy.

"See?" I beamed at Roy. Then I looked at Linda. Her cheeks were out like squirrels' pouches, her eyes were popping, and she obviously hadn't swallowed one thing. You know who had the last laugh on the city slicker with her fancy notions that time. . . .

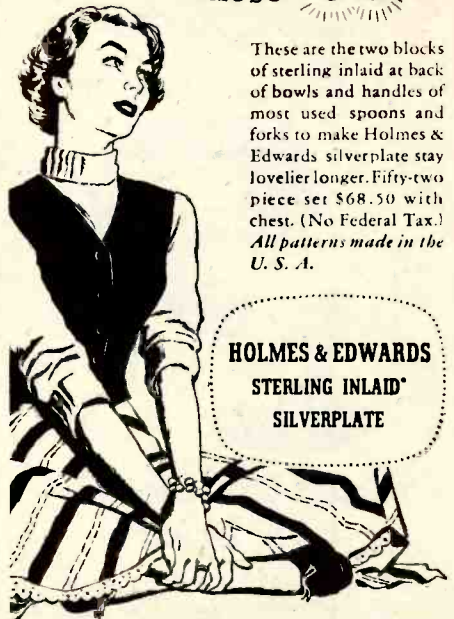
Dusty always ate dinner with us, feeding himself with great bold gestures like a fireman stoking a furnace. He's the jolliest, most enchanting child, and when he learned to call me "Ev-va" I was ecstatic. Dale has stopped making movies, you know, and now I know why. She just can't leave those youngsters. Her part on the Rogers radio show on MBS doesn't take up too much of her time.

On the subject of Dale's movie-making, I must tell you this cute tale. Perhaps you'll remember that when Roy and Dale appeared together in motion pictures, there was never a clinch at the end. Instead, Roy, singing, would ride into the sunset. When Roy and Dale were married last New Year's Eve, they stood side by side after the ceremony, smiling at each other, but not embracing. The minister said, "Er-rr, you may kiss the bride," and Roy, an awed look on his face, complied.

"Y'know," he told Dale afterwards, "I was just about to go into my song and ride away."

While I was at the Rogers' house, Roy and Dale started transcribing their new radio show—which is broadcast over Mutual every Sunday night at six o'clock, Eastern time. Their World's Champion Rodeo tour made it impossible for the shows to be "live" at that time, you see. We'd all have an early supper, and then they'd scoot off to the beautiful new Don

You ought to know about these



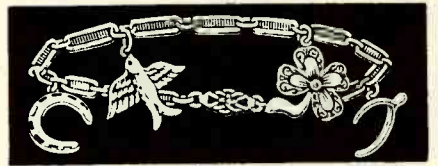
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Lee-Mutual studio, on Vine Street, and I'd go out with friends. Sometimes I'd get there in time to hear the end of the broadcast. I always enjoyed these occasions. Ray Wilson's scripts are always fine, I think, but one particular time it was really worth hearing. Dale and Roy had taken the two little girls along, and except for Cheryl's dancing madly every time the music played, they were behaving very well. Then one of the "badmen" on the show snarled into the microphone, "That Rogers is a smart hombre. Get rid of him tonight." (It was kind of a corny speech, no doubt about it.) Blessedly, the director said "cut," for the next voice we heard was wee Linda's. "I can spell ham," she was saying clearly. Seems that someone had taught her how that afternoon. We all had hysterics including the good-natured, if somewhat hammy "bad man."

Roy's new program differs from his past ones in that it includes a complete dramatic episode each week. Gabby Hayes is a "regular" on the show. He's the old bewhiskered guy you've seen in so many westerns, who sort of says his lines while chewing his cud. And of course, Roy and Dale do a lot of singing; their innumerable fans wouldn't be happy without that. The "Sons of the Pioneers" also chip in with their inimitable Western folk tunes. Roy loves broadcasting—even though he does it in an indoor radio studio, instead of in the wide-open spaces where he makes his movies.

There's so much more to tell you about my visit, but I've been asked not to write a whole book, so let me think of the high spots. One of these was surely Harriet Parsons' party at which Roy and Dale did a burlesque on their best cowboy songs—and everybody loved them. Then there

was the Atwater Kents' heavenly spaghetti party at which I saw just everyone—Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Ann Blyth, the Sonny Tufts, to name a few. There were great charcoal pits everywhere around the grounds which I thought were for cooking purposes. Actually they were set up to keep us warm when the chilly night air came down. Another high spot was the fine day I spent watching Roy work on *Grand Canyon Trail*.

We had lunch at Eaton's Rancho across the street from the studio, and that afternoon Whitey Christensen (Marian's son, Roy's stand-in and Dusty's godfather) and I dropped around to the studio to see what was going on. Whitey is married to Jane Frazee, who plays opposite Roy. Maybe it was our faces leering from the sidelines. At any rate, Roy gave the director a bad time with one of his lines. He was supposed to be talking about a Wall Street financier, and he kept saying "Wall Street cowboy." We heckled him later, telling him we knew he was just plugging an old movie of his called *Wall Street Cowboy*, which has just been re-issued.

My whole visit was fun. It was really hard to leave. "What can I do for you," I asked Roy and Dale, "for such a fine stay?"

"I'll tell you what," Roy said, eyes bright like a small boy's. "We're running low on camping stuff, so something along those lines would be wonderful. And it would also remind you of us and our riding expeditions."

I'm home again, and the order went out last week. Knapsacks for Dale and Roy, and a huge camping kit for the whole family. Myself, I'll stick to riding, if at all, in an English saddle, in good old Central Park.

IT'S MURDER

(Continued from page 57)

Johnny, The Evil One, had escaped? It looked to me as if he were about to release himself from those bonds and then it would have been an easy matter for him to win power over The Good Princess. . . ."

Johnny tagged me with the patient look of a person trying to explain the facts of life to a moron. "Something would have turned up to make The Good Princess win," he explained. "It just had to. Just like when we listen to you on CBS on all those programs. Just awful things keep on happening, but in the end you get saved from mean, wicked people."

Roberta swallowed a mouthful of cake hastily, for fear that she wouldn't get her contribution into the conversation. "Sure, Mummy, and it's fun, too. Once Johnny—I mean The Evil One—was about to put a spell on me and change me into a frog, but Cat walked into the room and broke his power over me just in time. You see Cat knew I was the good person and Johnny The Evil One. Sometimes we change around, and make him The Good Prince, and I The Evil One, so he can be rescued and not get bored!"

Their little stomachs filled, Roberta and Johnny abandoned me suddenly for another make-believe world they would

create—this time in the sunny backyard. This time, maybe, they would even ring in Roberta's father as a rescuing agent such as Cat. Later in the day they would return to toil over their homework; they would work hard, because they would want to finish in time for the first radio serial of the afternoon: some hair-raising, knock-down-and-drag-out drama.

But I no longer was worried. It was finally a peaceful Sunday afternoon to me—what it should have been all along. My fears about the horrible effects that those programs might have on children—and my own part in promoting them—were gone. I was completely back to normal, in a rational frame of mind, no longer carried away by strange fancies and fears.

I thought more and more of what I had just heard in the kitchen. I remembered the positive statements of those two clear-eyed children to the effect that the "good one" always wins and the "bad one" always gets his just deserts. Their game was a good example of healthy, imaginative fun. But where did all of their ideas come from?

Then it occurred to me: from the very place that article had raved and ranted

about. They learned those morals ON THE RADIO. From all of those bang-up, six-shooting, tough-talking, spine-chilling programs they had learned one thing. The villain cannot possibly emerge victorious! Is there any better lesson we can teach our children?

Another thought then occurred to me. Am I a neglectful mother? Do I allow the radio to take over the parental duty of educating my daughter morally? Well, I think not. There's no doubt that I owe thanks to the sponsor of many a radio program for ENTERTAINING Roberta far better than I could possibly do.

If I could spin a yarn as enchanting to the childlike mind as radio can do, I'd be more than happy to take over the job. But I simply can't—which is why I am an actress and not an author. My daughter reads many books, it is true, and I often read to her, but still and all, the action of a full-blooded radio drama provides a certain kind of entertainment that most books do not.

Very often I listen to the children's serials with Roberta and her friends. Together we share the trials and triumphs of our favorite characters. Like all mothers, I am besieged after these sessions with all of those interminable why's and wherefore's. I find this—if a bit trying—a rare opportunity to meet children as equals; to acquaint myself with their thoughts and observe the effects of various situations on them.

These sessions are excellent ones to teach children the distinction between reality and the make-believe world in which they live. The attackers of crime shows are always claiming that children believe implicitly in the radio shows they hear. That is, children cannot separate real things that happen from what they hear in dramas.

To a great extent—true. And for that very reason, radio does a great service in seeing to it that wicked people are always punished in the end and good people are rewarded. Is there a higher moral we can teach our children? Could we put it better ourselves to our children?

"Monkey see—monkey do," was, in effect, what that article said about radio influencing youngsters. In other words, children will imitate all of those bloody, villainous acts that are perpetrated on the horror programs, and they are not really concerned with the moral rights and wrongs therein.

I think that the answer to this argument is obvious. The radio story itself is a preventive. Children, like all of us, love adventures, mysteries and crimes—bloodthirsty as they may be—because they are then able to identify themselves with the peril and horror of it all. By sharing in these adventures in the role of listeners, children therefore achieve a feeling of having actually participated in the gory goings-on, and are less apt themselves ever to take any actual part in such deeds.

If these programs ever tried to glorify the criminal, of course, the result of such identification would naturally prove disastrous in some cases. But there is a radio code that says: **RETRIBUTION MUST BE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF EVERY SHOW INVOLVING QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS.** In other words, the true-blue hero always wins

out and the dirty rat goes down in dastardly defeat! I have acted in hundreds of crime thrillers myself, and in not one of them was this steadfast rule ever broken!

But to get back to my own Roberta for a moment. Not long ago, she heard a radio dramatization of *The Three Little Pigs*. Actually, the program was no more scary than the tale itself—or than any of a hundred fairy tales that most children read. But Roberta shivered over the sad fate of the first two porkers.

And a terror still remained with Roberta even after the third pig emerged victorious. "Mummy," she said, "it was a good story. But IS there a big bad wolf? Could he huff and puff and blow OUR house down?"

There may be some mothers who would answer: "Yes, and if you aren't a good girl, he might eat you up, too!" That's the old bogeyman theory, designed to scare children into obedience. Need I say that it is that very attitude that would breed insecurity in youngsters—and not the stories themselves. Don't blame radio, or fairy tales, or story or comic books, for those nightmares that children have. The real fault is insecurity within the child, and it is up to the parents mainly, with the help of the schools, to see to it that insecurity never takes a hold in youngsters.

Not long ago a schoolteacher I knew said that "mystery shows should be banned from the air on account of the harm they do to children." Scarlet with indignation, I asked why. (Maybe I'm oversensitive about these things, as I almost think of myself as a wicked lady leading little children astray when I hear remarks like that!) Well, the teacher's answer ran, 12-year-old Billy B., who is a great fan of those programs, broke a store window the other day, after hearing a crime program in which a window was broken by a gangster.

Mustering all of the sweet sarcasm at my command, I answered: "Isn't that the same Billy B. who broke a baseball bat over the skull of a playmate last month? Did you advocate then that the great national sport of baseball be banned because that happened during a baseball game? Do you really think baseball was the cause of that incident, any more than radio was the cause of his breaking the window?"

I wasn't kidding, either. There was just something in Billy B.'s background that would have led him to do the same things, whether or not baseball existed or radio existed. Cain didn't slay Abel because somebody's radio sponsor wanted a new slant on murder. The wickedness of Babylon wasn't just the fanciful imagination of some script writer. And juvenile delinquency existed long, long before radio or comic books appeared to catch the dickens from sociologists.

Yes, I felt a lot better after my little talk with Roberta and Johnny. Soon, I left the house by the back door, and joined my husband.

He looked at me and said, "You look like the proverbial cat who swallowed the canary. . . . What goes?"

"Nothing. . ." I said. "Just remind me once in awhile never to worry about the effect 'Inner Sanctum' might have on Roberta!"

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THE FACE

(Continued from page 43)

they gave him one.

Anyone who is capturing Red for print gets the jitters on the job. He gets about so far and the interview stutters. Red says, "Did you ever hear the one about—?" Then you stop to hear the one about and try to remember where you were.

So, did you ever hear the one about the little boy who decided to run away from home? Well, our four-year-old hero thought a hard spanking was unfair, so he placed his personal treasures and a few cookies in a big handkerchief, tied it to a stick, and informed his mother he was leaving and never coming back. With that he starts marching around the block. On the fifth lap, a puzzled cop asked the unhappy infant what he was doing. The youngster angrily declared he was running away from home. The cop smiled: "Then why do you keep on going around the block?" Amazed at such stupidity, the boy replied tartly: "BECAUSE I'M NOT ALLOWED TO CROSS THE STREET!"

From one gag to another, Red says that television is nothing new to him. "We telecast from Chicago fifteen years ago," he declares. "The only trouble was that they hadn't invented receivers yet." Edna and Red are getting ready for television, anyway. They think that eventually a television show will have its own revolving, permanent stage and theaters designed so that studio audiences can sit up high and watch. He'll be in television soon enough, says Red, but not until it snaps out of the medium-for-technicians-stage. "It's like the early days of talking pictures," Red points out. "They used to have the cameras in huge box-like struc-

tures and the actors were ruled by the machinery. Finally the actors rebelled, the blimp was thrown away and the screen grew up.

"Television will be a great boon to show business. Sooner or later—and more likely sooner—there'll be television stations in little towns everywhere and in schools. Youngsters will begin to work in it and some great new talent will be born. Unfortunately, the way things are now in movies and radio, there is little opportunity for slam-banging around while learning. Television should change all that."

The only subject known to turn Red sour is juvenile delinquency.

"Remember the old slogan, 'spit is a horrid word?'" he asked. People shouldn't use the term 'delinquency,' unless they want to slap it on a note in the bank that's overdue.

"Ever see a fellow driving down the street? Somebody cuts in front of him and he leans out, hollering, 'Why you blankety-blank so and stuff, I'll bash your head in, and that goes for your snaggle-toothed ancestors.' A couple of days later, the fellow hears his kid, who was in the back seat, sounding off at his playmates. He yanks the kid home and wallops him good. 'Darned if I know where you pick up that nasty language!'" he bellows.

Red contends that the kids of today are better than their parents, by a long shot. He ought to know. He's a parent.

"They don't play with blocks any more," he says. "Shucks, we go out and try to buy the kind of toys we played with when we were kids. We want them to live the



Red Skelton is a man of a million faces and this is one of his more unusual ones! Though Skelton is a great clown, he has a serious side, which is evidenced in his fight against juvenile delinquency.



Red Skelton regales his studio audience with a hilarious pantomime act of a happy drunkard.

same way we did. That's because we're trying to re-live our childhood. We tell the kids about the schools we went to—how wonderful they were. If today's kid goes to the same school he can see with his own eyes that it's a crummy old joint."

Red picks up steam as he goes along on this subject. "Do you know that we pay baby-sitters \$1 an hour? That's all right, but according to that scale school teachers should get 100% more than they are getting. Try to put that over and somebody yells about raising taxes. There ought to be a 1% success tax, with all the money to go to schools. If politicians went to work to make our schools all over the country better, and paid the teachers what they are worth, we'd save millions that are spent on jails, courts and cops!"

Fed's own father died before he was born. He knows about kids who are lonesome and scared. His wonderful mother used to say—about four nights a week—"There's something wonderful for supper tonight—beans." And Red would exclaim, "Oh boy, oh boy, beans for supper!"

Red is the living proof that adults should be buddies with children. Companions. Not just adults.

In New York there was a boy who was born a "blue baby." His parents suffered a great deal and lacking money felt that the case was hopeless. "Don't worry about it, Daddy," the little boy said. "Just write a letter to Red Skelton. He's my buddy. He'll help."

To appease the boy's whim the father wrote to Red. Red helped to see that money was provided for the extremely delicate operation. Today, the little boy, whose name is Ronald Bunnell, is well and happy.

When Red walks up the street, he's like the Pied Piper, so many children follow him. They intuitively sense that he is their friend. But it isn't necessary to have money or fame to get happiness the same way. Red has a story about the little old man who stands every day on a certain corner in Los Angeles. With nothing more than a cane he teaches kids who have never been fishing how to cast.

Then there's an organization in Los Angeles that has never received much publicity. It's the Pacific Lodge, a place for boys who for one reason or another

have been in court. They are kids from poor families, orphans, any youngster who's been in trouble.

Financed by civic organizations, it has had quiet and steady help from a group of radio and movie people. A fast glance at the list reveals the names of Fred MacMurray, Johnny Weissmuller, and Ronald Reagan. The lodge has its own farm and is doing a fine job on short funds.

Last year Red donated a bus. The kids all got presents. One little character came up and thanked him. "There's only one thing though," he said, "I sure wish I could have given my mother something."

That got under Red's skin. He passed the word around. Every one of the so-called "bad boys" in the lodge received \$5 two days before Christmas. They stormed in on stores in Beverly Hills and bought presents for their parents or relatives. Giving made them happier than anything else.

Juvenile delinquents? Ridiculous! Here's something else that's startling.

A former page boy who graduated to radio station KYUM in Yuma was pursued by a bright idea. Why not a quiz show on the Bible? He went to see ministers. He wrote Red about the idea. Together, with the help of everyone, they staged the show. Children within hearing of the station studied the Bible furiously. The winner was given a free trip to Washington to see the President.

"Hmmm," Red mused. "They give away everything on quiz shows. It might not be a bad idea to start a show and give away Bibles. It's the world's best selling book. It wouldn't hurt."

It goes without saying that there is nothing of the crusader or reformer in Red Skelton. He's simply what he is. A man with a heart. He's a good business man too.

"Here's an idea for somebody who wants to make 'friends,'" he said. "Whenever I met somebody, I used to write his name down. Then I'd go home, write that name on an envelope and put it in a drawer. When Christmas time came I'd put a greeting in each envelope. It made me feel good when people got a kick out of that remembrance after only one meeting."

He startles friends by sending them small gifts for birthdays or anniversaries. They don't remember mentioning the date to him, and he enjoys this element of surprise.

People who meet Skelton somehow come away with a feeling of elation. They are stimulated by his great good will and energy, as well as by his wonderful humor and clowning ability. Red bubbles so much inside that he just bubbles over and infects everybody around with the same spirit.

He conveys this feeling to people listening to him on the radio. And seeing him in the movies. Warm-heartedness and rich humor blended with a genius for clowning. A lot of people are glad that television is moving along so fast. Because it'll be fun to see Red Skelton right in your own living room. Red is truly a one man show, with his many voices and twice-as-many-faces.

People have made lots of predictions about television. One of the safer ones would be to name the number-one television guy a couple of years hence. Safe, that is, if you've picked the guy you've been reading about all this time, name of Red Skelton.

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"I'M IN LOVE"

(Continued from page 55)

golden opportunity had come knocking. Because some coal company in Pennsylvania wanted to go on the air with a song show, and a bunch of Yale Whiffenpoofs were sent down to audition. I was a Whiffenpoof—the noisiest one they had—and I was very much present when the coal company took us on.

"It's a 50-minute show, they told us, and we smiled with pleasure. I smiled broadest, counting in my mind all the luscious suppers I'd be singing for.

In three weeks, we'd run out of songs. We started doing the old numbers over. But we were on borrowed time. The sponsor showed up one day, and looked at us coldly. "Strangely enough," he said, "I think it would be nice to hear something new." Then he fired us.

I thought the whole thing out, and went back later to see the sponsor. "Could I stay on as a soloist," I said, "if I learned a new song?"

He was so astonished he said yes, and then he generously put me on probation. When I received my first salary, it was six months later, and I was several pounds lighter.

Time marched on. Back in New York, I spent a few years in a quandary. I had a sustaining show at NBC, and I was also going to Columbia Law School. I'd been told that I could have a career as an artist or as a businessman with the network, and for a long time, I thought I inclined toward being an NBC lawyer.

I wrote a long thesis on radio law. I had a fine intellectual time for myself. But I guess my heart wasn't really in it, because when I got a chance to sing on the Maxwell House Showboat, I accepted. Accepted is a rash understatement. I shook so hard with excitement that half my friends thought I was suffering a short and terrible seizure of St. Vitus' Dance.

Maxwell House was a wonderful piece of luck for me, and I had five wonderful years with the Showboat. It's funny what a legend that got to be, and how seriously people took it. There was quite a fuss in Erie, Pennsylvania, the night a great crowd of people collected by the lake to watch for the showboat to come in. (The week before, when we'd signed off the air, Cap'n Henry'd said we'd be visiting Erie.)

The automobiles were parked all along the shore, and the automobile radios were on, and finally Cap'n Henry's voice came over the speakers saying, "Hello folks in Erie, here's the Showboat," and all those people in Erie kept peering up and down the waterfront, wondering just exactly where the showboat was. There were so many complaints after that, we had to say "mythical showboat" from then on. . . .

One of the nicest things that ever happened to me during those early career years was making a movie called *Melody in Spring*, for Paramount. The day we retook one scene fourteen times, I guess it wasn't so much fun, but I figured I was learning something, and let it go at that. Movies weren't too practical for me, because I had to be in New York and Hollywood at once, and they didn't have the

facilities then that they have now. I remember actually singing my radio show from California, while listening on ear-phones to the orchestra in New York. It was one ghastly system.

Through recent years, I've done various radio shows. One for Packard, then the Hit Parade, Campbell's Soup, and finally the Camel Caravan. From 1943 to 1946, I was in the army. I went in as a lieutenant, wound up as a major, serving on General MacArthur's staff in Manila.

I used to arrange for visiting movie stars (on USO tours) to visit troops, and a movie star assigned to me was often an unhappy kid. I bicycled 'em. Hold on a minute, and I'll explain that.

Bicycling's a term which started years ago. When a movie company had only one print of a new film and wished to show that film in several places during one day, they would start the first reel off in one day, they would start the first reel off in one theatre, grab it up when it was over, hand it to a messenger to take by bicycle to the next movie house, where it was projected again. (You confused? Well, just think how confused I was!)

Anyhow, I bicycled movie stars. Some of them didn't care for it. Some of them liked to do one show a day, and spend the rest of their time inspecting equipment with a few officers. As far as I'm concerned, actors don't have to know about equipment. They came to entertain soldiers? Let 'em! The more soldiers they saw, the more they pleased soldiers. Which was the idea.

Gary Cooper was a man who saw eye to eye with me on this, when he arrived in Manila. He let me push and pull him around, and he never opened his mouth except to say, "Thank you."

He was the guy who got bicycled the Christmas Eve of 1943. What a night! I'd got him started on his show in one place, and then I rushed out, and into a jeep, to start a new show in a second place. Cooper was to follow along after me as soon as possible, bicycle-fashion.

In the second area, I sang a few songs myself, got some community singing started, and suddenly I had a thought. I put it to the fellows. "Look," I said. "Cooper's away from his family too. And it's Christmas Eve. Why don't we serenade him?"

Everybody said okay, and eventually Cooper showed to do his bit. He was winding up the famous Lou Gehrig address, when one of the fellows said, "We have a surprise for you—"

The whole audience started to sing *White Christmas*, very quietly. It wasn't the greatest music in the world. Beethoven wrote better and those men didn't have the best voices anybody'd want to hear. They were just lonely soldiers. But looking at them (one large khaki mass, robbed of their private identities by the same war which had brought them so far from home) and listening to them (singing because they thought he'd like them to sing) Cooper cried.

I'll remember that wet, leathery face of his when I've forgotten a thousand other things. . . .

That's enough of my life and hard times for now. All I've meant to say is that I like being an entertainer: I wouldn't be anything else. And if (after bragging about my high spots in various other ends of the business) I repeat that I expect to go on to higher spots in television, it'll only give you some idea of how highly I regard that baby.

Television's fresh and young and exciting. An artist can't cash in on his past popularity, because half of television's fans are the younger generation. You have to start at the beginning, then work yourself into their affections.

Here's an example. I have a friend—he's my accompanist—named Al Ulin. His two children, who are eight and ten years old, were away at camp this summer, and Al wondered if I'd go up there to sing one Sunday. I said sure.

The Sunday I appeared, the camp director started giving me a big build-up. He introduced me to a couple of hun-

dred whooping and hollering little Indians as the greatest thing since ice cream, practically.

"The star of the Maxwell House Show Boat!" he shouted.

My chest expanded about forty inches. There was a dead silence. Two hundred and fifty pairs of eyes gazed indifferently past my nose to the hills beyond.

My chest receded about fifty inches. "Star of the Swift Television Show on NBC," the director continued desperately.

That did it. The little dears started clapping, cheering, admiring me passionately.

"We seen him! We seen him in *Howdy Doody!*" they yelled. (*Howdy Doody* is another television show for kids run by Bob Smith, but television people frequently exchange guest appearances.)

To cut all this short, those little children ate me up. I couldn't sing enough. And a year ago they didn't know me from Herbert Hoover. See why I love television?

GIVEAWAYS—CURSE

(Continued from page 49)

telling the household that it is a cinch?

What chance has the old saying, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," when scores of programs are pounding home the notion that no work, no thrift and no prudence are called for when one wishes to load up with life's richest luxuries, part cash and part in merchandise?

How can you expect Little Willie to pay any attention to the time-honored advice about keeping his nose to the grindstone in order to succeed in this world, when he is being taught daily and nightly, that it is all done by boxtops, jingles and limericks?

How can "The Man With The Hoe" appeal to a kid, or help frame his character, when the theme of the most available entertainment medium is "The Guy With The Luck"?

Longfellow used to stir young and old with those lines, "Life is real! Life is earnest!" But what is real about a life where a butcher in Kalamazoo can come into riches by identifying "Flat Foot Floogie," or knowing that Concord Bridge was the scene of a great event in American history, and is not a card system? What is so earnest about a life where you are led to believe it merely calls for close attention to all radio programs, a little luck and almost no education or labor?

Millions of radio listeners might recite the famous verses this way today:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives a cinch
By just coming up with answers—
And the right one in a pinch.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate. . . .
Always trusting that the phone call
Won't be made to us too late!

Marconi in his wildest dreams certainly never thought of wireless as a contribution to continental gambles for big stakes. He never thought SOS would mean "Send

Over Sables" or "Showers Of Softdough." He at no time conceived radio's job as an effort to make a mockery of the ancient precepts, blitz the old-time guides to character and knock the pants off the teachings of school and home.

What chance has Pop to impress Junior with a much-needed talk on the "from-factory-bench-to-riches-by-hard-work" theme if the radio is flooding the flat with urgent appeals to join in the quest of easy pickings?

Mom can't interest the kids in the "learn to labor and to wait" motif, or the importance of thrift, if profligacy is being glorified on the air by the combined efforts of our greatest industrialists, our top radio men, our famous air-wave idols and thousands of bright boys in high-powered advertising agencies.

My heart goes out to the schoolmarm or schoolmaster these days laboring to implant in the mind of the kids that life is not a bowl of cherries, that a big-time raffle is better than a good education and that the secret of success lies in coming within a half mile of giving a correct answer to any simple question.

I weep for the clergyman proclaiming, "We cannot expect to get out of life more than we put into it," when the congregation is about to go home and hear that Mrs. Marian Z. Blithersby decided to stick close to her phone instead of going to the cocktail party, and thus got the chance to identify "Rockaby Baby" and win \$30,000, four trailers and a trip to Tibet.

America is becoming a nation of contest addicts, a country full of prize-money hunters . . . the land of the free loaders and the brave, but somewhat illiterate, question answerers.

There is nothing very inspiring about a nation which presents the impression that it is populated almost entirely by people not at all embarrassed by a public demonstration of the fact they think Edison invented the steamboat, that Robert Fulton founded Fulton Fish Market and that Pike's Peak is a reference to a boudoir



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Every morning engaged and newlywed couples come to Radio City for handsome gifts. First they must tell Ed Herlihy (left) and *Honeymoon In New York* audience about their romances.

scandal.

As a final answer to anybody who contends that radio contests encourage education I give you a recent program—and this one on television—where a young woman was crowned champion and given a truckload of luxuries by answering correctly this question (no fooling):—Was Paul Revere a real person or an imaginary character?

The master of ceremonies even preceded this one with a careful "Now concentrate very carefully on this one as it may decide the championship . . ."

No wonder some nations get the wrong idea about us. No wonder they see us as a rather balmy people whose chief activity is leaping from jackpot to jackpot.

Many a parent has a child whose excuse for not studying hard in school and concentrating on his examination questions is, "But they don't offer any prizes, mommer!" And I know a mother who insists that when she tried to explain to Junior that he couldn't have certain luxuries because daddy didn't make much money, she got the response, "But mumsie, why doesn't popper get more money? Ain't our radio working?"

Little Casper must be highly confused these days when he observes a Phi Beta Kappa scholar settle for a sheepskin and a brief eulogy, and a little later reads where some gent who is not quite sure where the Hudson River is just got a part ownership in the African gold fields for not being completely wrong about that stream's location.

I remember way back when radio was something of an entertainment and educational project . . . you could tune in at random and just get some songs, jokes, speeches and news items. Nobody thought of it as a place to get a free house and lot, a wardrobe, a sedan and a sock full of greenbacks. In no respect did radio offer the mood of the race track, the roulette wheel or the community bingo tournament. A fellow listened to great music because he liked great music, not because he saw prospects of some easy winnings; a girl listened to a comedian because she got a few laughs, not because she might get a few mink coats, deep

freeze units, refrigerators, washing machines, sedans and electric vibrators; the family bought a certain soap or cereal because it fancied the product, not because the road to riches lay through the boxtops.

America's attitude toward raffles, sweepstakes and jackpots has always been hypocritical. It has been widely winked at. But in no quarters has the hypocrisy and the winking been on such a big scale as in radio circles. From the day when the giveaways first got going strong, some of our top radio executives have professed to view with alarm. They have held meetings, discussed ways and means of limiting them and even adopted or professed to adopt codes. But the codes have been full of jokers and every time one was adopted, or nearly so, a dozen more giveaway programs blossomed over the airwaves.

Believe it or not, things have reached a point where I ran across a fellow the other day who complained that he was giving up his radio because there were no dials on it for place and show betting!

He also seemed to think that radio shows to be really satisfactory should have a Radio Form Sheet published daily.

It just goes to show!

There are at least a half hundred radio shows done in the giveaway and jackpot motif. The annual cash pay-off in money or merchandise runs close to three million dollars. The Irish Sweepstakes has become a small time gambling operation by comparison . . . and furthermore it lacks music!

Something has gotta be done to keep radio from sinking to the level of the pitchman and the pea-under-the-pod game, to restore its perspective, to bring the family back to normal, to give a reasonable sane tone to the American scene, and, incidentally, to get the top entertainers and script writers into focus once more.

The government has been giving a study in slow motion while the top men of radio have been passing innocuous codes with two loopholes per sentence. Double talk has been having the time of its life.

But there is a limit to everything.
I hope I hope I hope.

THEY NEVER HEARD OF RENO

(Continued from page 39)

can share, instead of working against each other. There seem to be nice big families. Take, for example, the case of Jim Jordan, who married his girl, Marian, in 1919, as soon as he returned from the war to Peoria.

For awhile Jim fooled around with all sorts of odd jobs, including insurance selling. Marian was a piano teacher. A daughter, Kathryn, was born in 1920, so the Jordans, figuring they could use some extra cash, started entertaining at various affairs around town. People liked them, so soon they decided to work together in vaudeville. Their second child, Jim, Jr., was born in 1923. In 1925, their big moment came.

Actually they didn't know it was their big moment. They were listening to the radio on an old crystal set and Jim said, casually, "We could sing better than that guy."

Jim's brother was around. "Five bucks says you can't!" he dared. So Jim and Marian started off to the radio station. They got a job—at ten dollars a week. They never stopped working and building together. . . . No, need to tell you how far they've gone together since then, these Jordans, who are better known to a hundred million Americans as Fibber McGee and Molly.

(. . . remember the fine romance of that lovely couple, Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker? They started building together, too. Nice home. Two kids. Then a couple of years in movies. That did it . . . more grist for the divorce mill.)

Maybe it's the simple realization that teamwork means as much to a successful marriage as it does to an act that makes these radio marriages permanent affairs. Maybe their knocking around in vaudeville before they hit the bigtime gave them

the knowledge that, without cooperation and good sense, no relationship could succeed. For instance, George Burns and Gracie Allen. It was way, way back in 1922, in a New Jersey theater, that Gracie went backstage to visit a passing friend. The friend wasn't around. But George Burns was. He looked at her:

"I think," he said, looking her over carefully, "that you are just the straight man I need for my act." They dated. They married. And they put on an act. One day in 1925, George said to Gracie: "Say, you're getting more laughs than I am!"

Gracie said, "I know it, dear, and you might as well make the most of it. They like it that way." George agreed sorrowfully. It didn't matter too much, anyway, as they were already married. And strangely enough, they still are—a whole quarter of a century after they first met. They have two fine kids, girl and boy. And George is still playing straight man to Gracie. And liking it!

(. . . straight man, straight woman? Who's to decide? Rita Hayworth Welles and her husband, Orson, had a girl, too. Name of Rebecca. Rita and Orson separated when Rebecca was still a tot. Then Rita wanted to become a great dramatic actress. Orson was interested, promised he'd make her one. One of the best. They came close together again in his picture, "Lady From Shanghai." But apparently their feeling for each other was only as deep as the celluloid the movie was made on. Movie over, love over. Apparently the business of making life together was tougher than just making a movie together.)

In radioland, gossip isn't the most important thing in the world. Maybe it's because the famous radio teams are too



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busy working with each other, and enjoying each other, to spend half of their lives in night clubs and at parties. Fred Allen says about Hollywood: "It's a wonderful place for an orange to live!"

Yes, take the Allens. Back in the 1920's, Fred Allen, a struggling young comedian, used to call on a girl in the chorus line of George White's Scandals. Name of Portland Hoffa. Portland's agent noticed the light in their eyes—growing stronger and stronger. So one night he went over to Portland. "Honey," he begged, "don't marry a guy in this showbusiness. It's poison. They're all rascals."

Portland gave him a look that was plainly labelled "Nuts!" and lost no time in becoming Mrs. Fred Allen. Wasn't long before they had a radio program of their own. And not long after that, they became two of the funniest people in radio. No gossip about them. They're nice, quiet, hardworking people, who hardly know

ceremonies at a big nightclub and working hard at it. Ozzie convinced her first to come to work for him—as a singer. Then he convinced her to marry him. That was in 1935. They had two kids. (David is now eleven and Eric is eight.) They were doing fine, but they wanted a radio show. Together they worked on it for a couple of years, and in 1944 *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* went on the air. The show got better as they went along, and now it is one of radio's top programs. But it takes lots of work to keep on top. Occasionally Harriet complains.

"Trouble with life is that there's not enough time. I'd like to travel around the world. I'd like to remodel an old farmhouse in Connecticut."

"Go ahead and remodel, honey," says Ozzie. "Only when are you going to find time to live there once you've remodeled?"

(... you'd need many more than ten

him in the hollow of my head," or "I sure am glad I got that off my chin."

But in 1945 Goodman decided to quit being an actor. So, therefore, did Jane. Goodman got a desk job at CBS, supervising comedy material. He also wrote a show. Suddenly, he changed his mind again.

"Jane," he said one night.

"All right, Goodie," said Jane knowingly. So they went back on the air again as "Mr. Ace and JANE." While you're reading this, there might also be a story in your newspaper about Goodman deciding to produce a Broadway show. Or dumping his present program for another. Or writing a book. Jane will love every minute of it. The Aces may change their minds about some things—but never about each other.

(... stars like Lana Turner change their minds, too. But about their husbands, mostly. Not thirty yet—but four times married. That's another kind of restlessness...)

Adjustment isn't always an easy thing—but some people manage to adjust and come out stronger for the experience. Look at Jinx Falkenburg. Athlete, model and actress. A happy young girl bubbling over with love of life. And Tex McCrary. A newspaperman and magazine editor. Serious, quiet, conscientious. Fascinated by politics. They met during the war, when Jinx was USO touring and Tex was in the Army. They married in 1945. They went into radio together. Then into television. They have two kids already: Paddy, who is two, and Kevin, born just last August. On the face of it, you might think there wasn't much in common here. But anyone who knows the McCrarys also knows that their marriage is a permanent affair.

(... Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan also have two kids. And they're both in the movie business, which would make you think that adjustment would come easily. But Jane is divorcing Ronnie. Why? He's too much interested in politics—and politics bore her!)

Maybe it all comes down to a couple of people really wanting to be married more than anything else. If you're going to be mad at marriage because you figure you're losing out on something else—then it probably is best never to get married.

Alice Faye was a girl who was a big enough star so she could write her own ticket whenever she pleased. She still could, as a matter of fact. But she's jealous. The right kind of jealousy. Of her marriage to Phil Harris, and the family life they've built together. Radio being what it is, Alice works on her Sunday night show with husband Phil, and still can spend most of the week at home with her two daughters. She can also run her own house (which she does—and loves it!), fuss around in the garden, do some cooking, and occasionally even sleep a little late in the morning.

Alice couldn't manage all this when she was making movies. There's something about movie-making and marriage that doesn't seem to mix.

To boil it all down to its essence, Alice and all the rest of these big radio teams want to be married. They've found their partners—and that's that. Being together on the air is just one part of their lives. The important part is their marriage.



Once upon a time Greer Garson and Richard Ney sweet-talked each other. They had stars in their eyes, and vowed their eternal love. Five years later, in 1948, they were divorced.

what a night club looks like. They eat at home most of the time, and sometimes you can see them having a quiet dinner together in a modest Italian restaurant on Madison Avenue. Summers they spend in Maine—or on a quiet spot in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Portland knits while Fred reads or writes. They even speak to each other. Not much material here for a key-hole columnist.

(... Greer Garson is also a nice, quiet, conscientious actress. Not much gossip about her. She married Richard Ney. How long did it last? About three years. What busted it all wide open? "He called me a has-been," Greer tearfully told the divorce judge. Sometimes you'd think that marriage is a contest between a man and a woman!)

Maybe success that comes quickly isn't too good. Goes to your head. People who work hard to get to the top seem to know the value of things. Ozzie Nelson was a bandleader for a long time when he met Harriet Hilliard. She was a mistress of

fingers to count the movie stars who never found the time and patience to stick to one thing. Out in Hollywood, one of the "most beautiful women in the world" lives alone with her three children. She has had a German husband, an American husband, an English husband. One wonders if Hedy Lamarr has found happiness for any length of time, in spite of her yen for variety?)

Some people are naturally restless. They like change. It's a trait you can't do much about—but you can make the most of it and enjoy it. Even a wife can enjoy it. Like Jane Ace does.

The Aces were married in 1928, when Goodman was a drama critic in Kansas City. Almost immediately, Goodman decided to get on the other side of the fence: act, instead of criticize. Jane went along with Goodman. Went along with him for 14 years, in fact. You all know the Easy Aces. Cross Goodman and dizzy Jane. You fall in love with Jane right after hearing her spout something like, "I have



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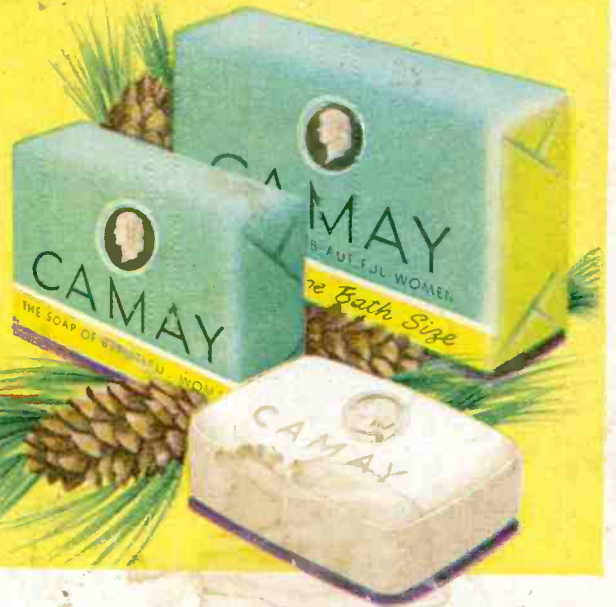
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