

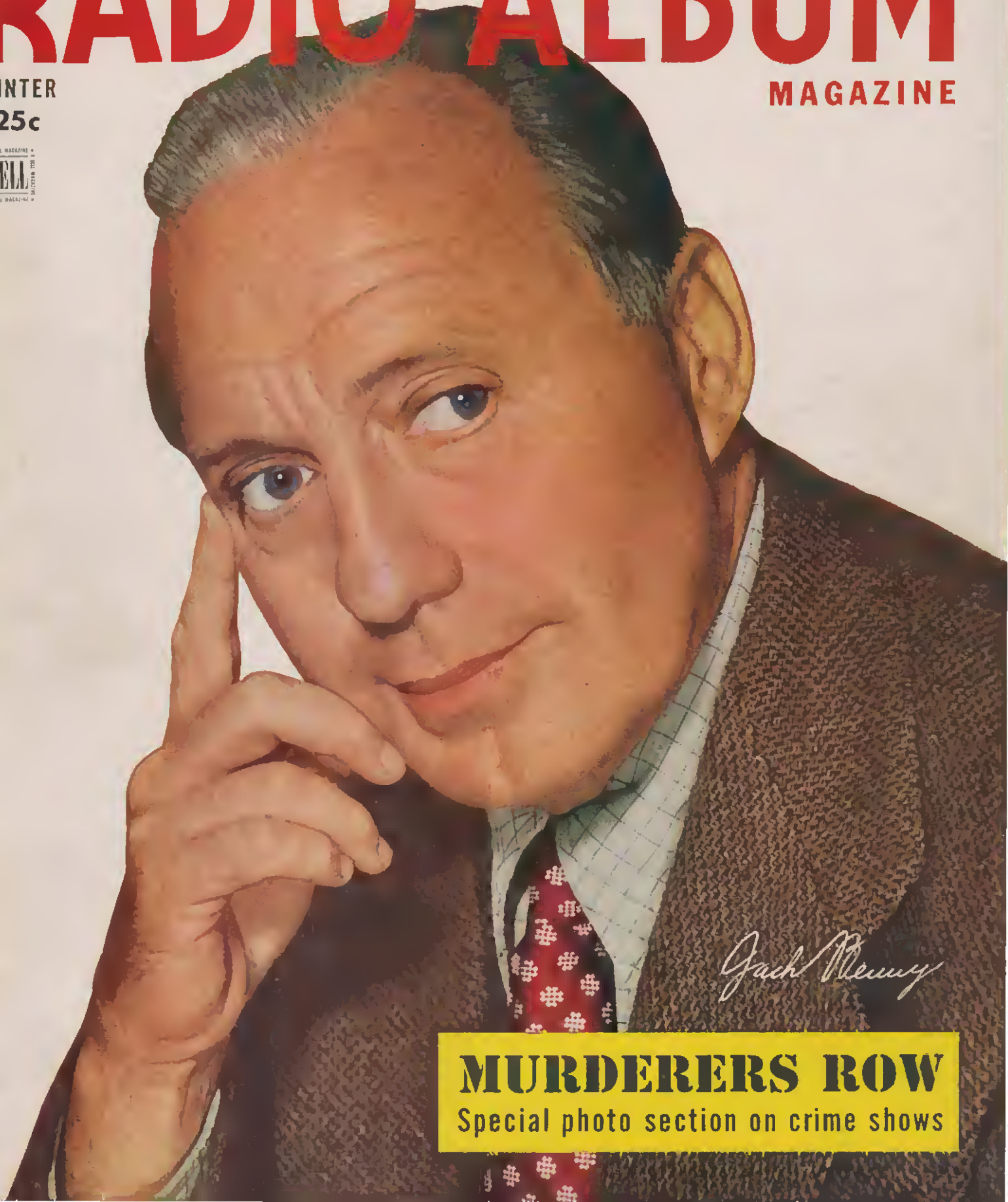
100 PAGES OF EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES, ENLARGED TELEVISION SECTION

RADIO ALBUM

WINTER
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MAGAZINE

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE



Jack Benny

MURDERERS ROW
Special photo section on crime shows



MILTON BERLE EMCEES ONE OF TV'S NEWEST AND MOST HILARIOUS VARIETY SHOWS. TUNE IN NBC-TV, TUESDAY, 8 P.M.

RADIO ALBUM

magazine



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Arthur Godfrey



the squire from jersey

There was hayseed in his
hair when he sailed the ocean
blue. Now Jersey-bred God-
frey has a rolling
farm and there's a little salt in his talk.

It's autumn on a farm. The sky's a brilliant blue, there's a nip in the air, and the hay's already stacked for storing.

■ There's many a farmer wished he could go to sea, and many a sailor who'd gladly give up the boundin' main for a good piece of solid land under his feet. Take Godfrey (a case in point, and no exception). He ran away from home at the age of 15 and went to work for an architect at \$10 per week. They didn't get along well, so little Arthur went on to better things and became a—dishwasher. He was also a coal-miner, lumberjack, and farm-hand, all in the space of a year. Things weren't getting any better though, and because he hadn't had much schooling, he joined the navy in 1920 and attended Naval Radio School. He took an examination for Annapolis, passed and then decided he'd have more fun as radio operator on a destroyer patrolling the Mediterranean. After a four-year hitch, he tried land-lubbing again, but it was the same thing all over again. Short order cook, taxi-driver and cemetery lot salesman. He did a thriving business in the last field, but since there's always one salesman better than you, Godfrey wound up with half-ownership in a vaudeville skit, and toured with it until 1927 when it died a gentle death. Godfrey took to the

boats again and the U. S. Coast Guard. Then, when the whole nation was slowly losing its collective shirt and blowing its brains out, and not until then, did Godfrey get into radio. Billed as Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist, his nutmeg grater voice now heard by forty million people a week, did commercials at \$5 apiece. Having once gotten a toehold, there was nothing to stop him. Godfrey was the first to throw away the sponsor's commercials, but it proved more effective than the nagging syrup of the guys who read them straight. On the air a record breaking 17½ hours a week, 52 weeks a year, Godfrey's schedules are easily the most strenuous in radio. Despite it all, he manages to get home to his 800-acre farm in Virginia where like old man MacDonald he's got cows, ducks, pigs, chickens and horses. He had a special studio installed there by CBS and a special radio engineer in Washington to wake him at 5:30. That's the barefoot boy of radio—a story perhaps by Horatio Alger. A boy who ran away to sea and became a farmer; a hungry kid who became famous. Was he lucky? Shucks, hardly any luck at all!



Godfrey is no gentleman farmer and likes to see if the freshly threshed wheat is ready for sale. During the war he organized GAPSALS and collected 6,000 pints of blood for the Navy in less than a year.



Up at 5:30 to do his first broadcast of the day, Godfrey wakes up the chickens but can rarely get around to hay cutting until the middle of the afternoon. His *Too Fat Polka* sold a million discs.

more →

the squire from jersey, cont.



Here Godfrey is getting audience reaction to a bull story. He installed a radio in the stables and now saves money on corn since the horses and pigs get their fill listening to the Godfrey show.



Godfrey broadcasts from his home in Virginia several times a week, assisted by his girl Friday, Margaret Richardson. "Mug" to the radio audience, she shoves scraps at him which make up his patter.



Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, the former Mary Bourke, with their two kids, Pat and Mike. Godfrey has a mike hanging under some trees, and often switches his program over to the excited conversation of two blue jays. Listeners are startled but ask for more.



Young Mike Godfrey, already an ardent farmer takes an active interest in the livestock. His favorite is this sleepy piglet. But Arthur has a vision of pork chops with applesauce.



Both the Godfreys are excellent riders and the farm's favorites are these two fine saddle-horses. Godfrey can usually manage a daily canter. The kids come along on their ponies.

end

the golden pipe

■ Sometimes they need him to sign a paper, so Pop Crosby, who's 76 and sturdy as an oak, drives over to the Lakeside Golf Club. He starts smacking the ball around the course, taking his time and enjoying the game. Sooner or later, he catches up with Bing. Then he whisks the important paper out of his pocket and thrusts a pen in his son's hand. That's Bing, the executive, administering his more-than-\$1,000,000-a-year business as casually and un-ulcerously as he knocks off a couple of sides for Decca. Crosby Enterprises, Ltd. and Inc., is housed on the top floor of the three-story Crosby Building on the Sunset Strip and staffed almost entirely by Crosbys. There's Everett, who manages the whole structure, and Larry, in charge of press and public relations. Pop, when he isn't paper-running, handles the fan mail department. Before they were married, Bing's two sisters also worked for what the *Saturday Evening Post* has called the "soulful corporation." Even the venerable



Here's the lowdown
on Bing, the executive-president
and chief asset
of the only million-dollar
corporation
that knows how to relax!

Kate Crosby, mother of the clan, has her own specialized duties. Her job is to inspire the whole shebang. Only brother Ted has escaped the tentacles of the Crosby baby octopus. He's with a power company in Spokane, but who's to say he doesn't get in a few licks for the family firm back in the old home town? Broken down, the annual income of Casa Crosby runs something like this: two pictures, at \$150,000 each; record royalties, approximately half a million; thirty-nine radio shows, at \$8,000 per. That doesn't include a few outside interests like Bing's two ranches and a hunk of the Pittsburgh Pirates. All in all, Crosby, Inc., is a solid corporation and has been for 16 years. It's also a testimonial to the good judgment of Mrs. Dixie Lee Crosby. Shortly before she married Bing in 1930, she divulged her plans to a producer friend. "If you marry Bing," this expert warned her, "you'll have to support him the rest of your life."



Boing Crosby

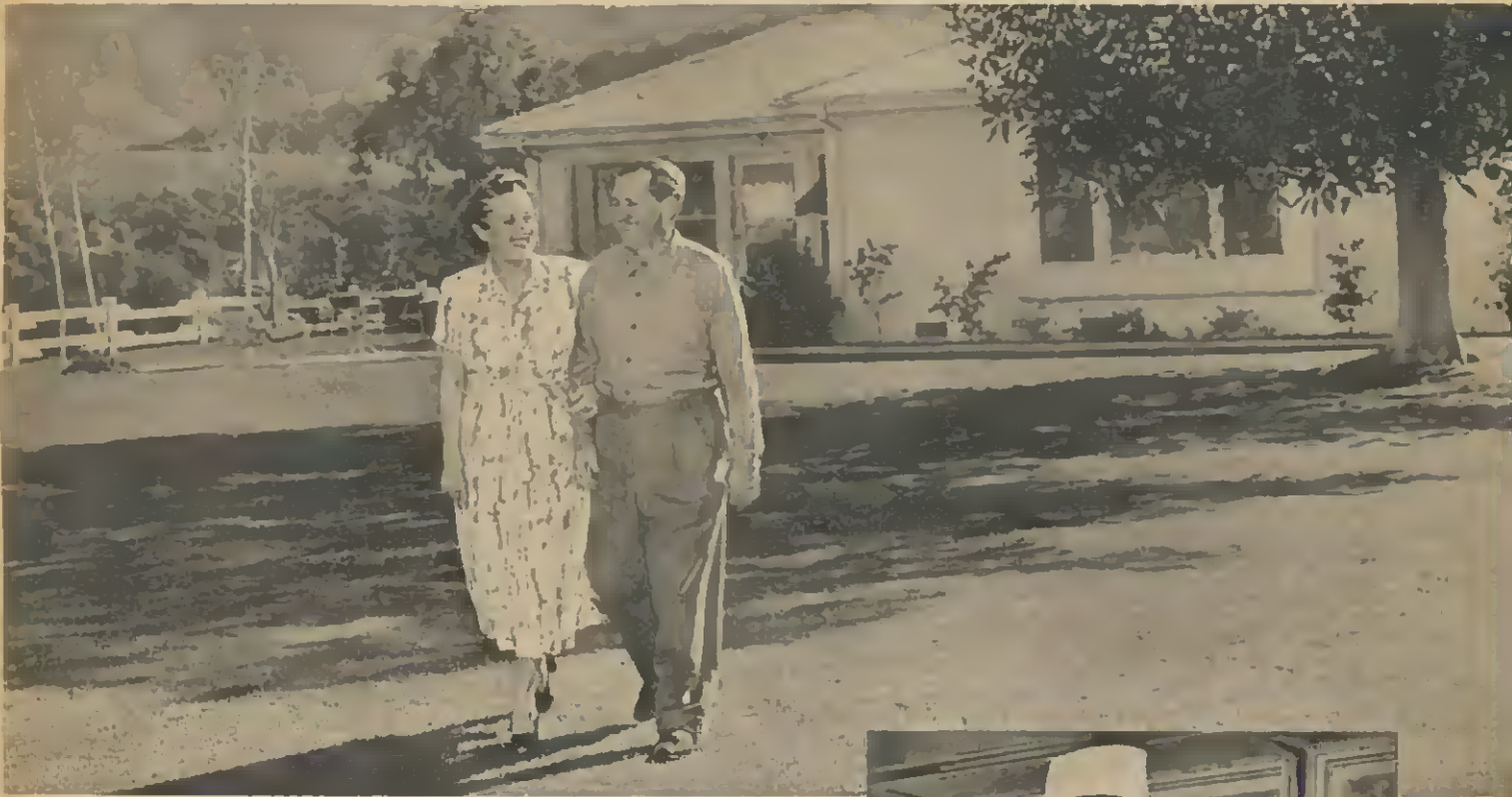


Marian and Jim Jordan, Fibber McGee and Molly, were once a vaudeville team. Jim sang baritone, and Marian tackled the piano.

■ Your name is Jim Jordan, and if anyone told you that you were leading a double life you'd say they were crazy. But sometimes it does get a little confusing. Sometimes you tease your wife, Marian, and she'll pop back with, "Tain't funny, McGee!" Or you'll rummage through a hall closet for your fishing jacket, and Marian will stand behind you and mutter, "Heavenly days!" All these little quips will bring you sharply back to the real fact that you are also Fibber McGee, and that Marian is your wife, Molly. And you don't just live in a colonial-type house in Encino, California—but also in a little white cottage at 79 Wistful Vista in some mythical U. S. town. You've discovered Fibber isn't a bad guy. He works hard for you. And his middle-western humor has set

you up among the first three in the Hooper program ratings. Not bad. He likes the things you like, also. Hanging over the back fence and talking to your neighbors. Entering into civic activities. Refinishing old pieces of furniture in your workshop, and between studio rehearsals entertaining friends, or merely puttering around that big back yard. Most of all you like to spout a lot of nonsense, and be knocked down a peg or two by your lovin' wife, Molly—er, we mean Marian. And when it does get all mixed up—this McGee-Jordan business—you round up your two off-spring, Kathryn and Jim, Jr. They straighten you out on things. Mostly, that leading a double life isn't bad. You get twice as much of everything good. Like happiness, for instance.

★ They're labeled the Happy Jordans. After 30 years of marriage, they feel they've earned it.



**there
goes
mr.
jordan!**



Jim, like his radio counterpart, has completely equipped woodshop. Unlike Fibber, he gets effective results. Below Jim exclaims over bonnets Marian has rooted out.





Twenty-three years ago, she came to Hollywood to die. Today, Lolly's still going strong; she's got the last laugh, and always, the last word!



These ancient pics are mementos of Louella's "Hollywood Hotel" show. Pickford guested.



Warners based movie on program. Celebrating success, Vallee, Langford, Jean Valentino, LOP, Jack Warner.



Then, Lolly got guest talent free; one show had Ella Logan, Doris Nolan, Gert Niesen.

fabulous louella

■ The day she wrote a certain young Hollywood couple was expecting a baby, the phone all but blasted her out of the house. It was the young couple, calling to say she had bats in her belfry. Two weeks later, the same young couple came to visit Louella. They squirmed in their seats, and looked red. They stuttered. Finally, they confessed. "We found out we *were* going to have a baby, Louella." Louella just smiled kindly. "Um hmm," she said. . . This is the woman who's as much Hollywood as the kleig lights that flood the sky every time a new A&P market opens, as the minks across perfumed shoulders on the hot August nights, as Grauman's Chinese, and orange juice, and four bell scandals. Louella's the lady who can get a movie star to stand up in front of a microphone and tell a palpitating world he's made a fool of himself, but he's going back to his wife now, and he hopes nobody'll hold it against him. Stars part with their secrets, their dignity, their reserve, to furnish copy for Louella. She's invited to every major party that's thrown, and Carbo's the only acting celebrity alive who ever ignored a Parsons' summons to appear and reveal her inner self over a coast-to-coast hook-up. Lolly didn't always wield such power, of course. She knows plenty about bad luck. Her first husband, a man named John Parsons, died when she was 21 years old, leaving her with a small daughter, and not much else. Louella's family was having it rough down on the farm (she comes from Illinois) and she couldn't see them feeding two more, so she headed for Chicago. That did it. Working on various newspapers, she eventually tangled up with William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst, as everybody knows, was responsible for the rise in her fortunes—he says she has "courage, accuracy, fairness and curiosity" and nobody's ever doubted the last-mentioned. She ultimately came to Hollywood to die—she had tuberculosis, and the doctors had given her up—but she remained to prosper. Today, she's married to Dr. Harry Martin, and Lolly is the "talk" of the town.

more →

fabulous louella, cont.



Life With Lolly, or Everywhere Louella Goes, the Stars Are Sure to Follow. That's the sermon for today, with illustrations on these two pages. Above, for instance, Louella and Connie Moore at a party.



This was an art show (in a toy shop) to which movie mamas brought their kids. Lolly greeted Joan Crawford's daughter and son while Joan and Uncle Bernie (shop's owner) watch.



Man Lolly'd rather be next to than Vice-President, is pictured with her. He's Doc Martin, her husband; they stopped off at the Stork before leaving for Europe. Louella calls Doc, "Docky-Wocky."



Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M's pop, is another intimate of Miss P.'s. Once said, "We all love Louella. No queen could wish for richer jewels than the bright crown of friendship she possesses."



Kids are okay, but Louella doesn't pass up opportunity to chat with heart-throb Van. Louella's monthly report, "Good News" appears in MODERN SCREEN—among the first to recognize Van's appeal.



But it isn't only celluloid big-shots with whom Louella hob-nobs. The gentleman next to her here is California's Governor Earl Warren, at the time candidate for Vice-President of the U. S.



Mr. Mayer may have the gift of prophecy because only this year, a long-standing feud between Louella and Hedda Hopper, Hollywood's other big name lady columnist, was neatly patched up.



If you're not already exhausted by this glimpse of high life, stay for one last picture. Louella when she's happiest—behind a mike, interviewing celebs. (Deborah Kerr and husband, for instance.)

end



bert parks gives away more money each week than most people earn in a year. Five, ten, fifteen thousand—that's peanuts to Parks. He forks over the loot without batting an eye—no co-signers, collateral or references. All you have to do is own a radio and a telephone and be able to recognize the mystery melody. The Atlanta, Georgia, lad runs radio's most fabulous and controversial giveaway show, *Stop the Music*—Fred Allen's favorite nightmare. Try your luck some Sunday at 8 over ABC. Even if you don't know the big mystery melody tune, you might win a modest limousine, a round trip to Bermuda, or seven years' supply of soapsuds.



eve arden who has played everything from an aerialist with a penchant for walking upside down on ceilings (with the Marx Brothers) to Fannie Brice's Mother (*Baby Snooks*) and Willie Howard's aunt (*Ziegfeld Follies*) now takes a turn at schoolteaching. As *Our Miss Brooks* she's anything but angular, spinsterish and frustrated—quite the contrary—she's shapely (or so the whistles of her somewhat precocious students would indicate); she's modern and she's frighteningly resourceful in her pursuit of one Mr. Boynton, biology teacher and close second to the village idiot. The school bell rings in the CBS classroom every Sunday night at 9:30 P.M.

the constant bride

Her name is Claudia. And her life is full of David and love and nonsense. She comes from the typewriter of Rose Franken—and from the mirror in Rose Franken's room.



The crickets are out—they've left the hearth for Claudia and David, and dreams are in order. Katherine Bard and Paul Crabtree play Mr. and Mrs. Naughton and the vastness of their audience would astound the unassuming Claudia.

The superior attitude is David's, but Claudia's got the iron in hand. And with her it's a weapon—but she's only tackling his shirts.

"And then \$3.00 for the fence," Claudia explains their waning bank account. Balancing the books is a family ritual—the result is always a surprise.

Claudia and David take even minor tragedies seriously. Above they attack a reluctant oven door. Program's second year.



Bursting pipes are part of a day's script, so David pumps away while Claudia holds the kettle. Authoress Rose Franken makes such incidents sound like fun!

■ "High Hooper rating? Why, that's at least a tractor," Claudia might say in her most practical tone. Then she'd surely wonder why the network's percentage-point addicts looked perplexed. It's as simple as antiques, barns and cows to Claudia Naughton and the few hundred thousand radio listeners who understand her best. They'd pat her lovingly on the head if they could, but instead they reach for their dials—and for Claudia, tractors come pouring in. This unique logic belongs to Rose Franken, the lady who sat down at her typewriter one day and created a charming childlike bride as the heroine of a *Redbook* short story. The editor had asked for simple realism. He got it. In return, Miss Franken was able to purchase a new piece of furniture. It's always like that. Money as money isn't important. A play buys a barn; a short story brings a chicken house. "That's a serial," says Miss Franken pointing to a garden pool. And

that's the clue to Claudia—and the tractors. Knowing Rose Franken is having special insight into how Claudia got the way she is. The relationship between authoress and character is closer than inspiration and typewriter keys. People who should know claim that Miss Franken is Claudia. Miss Franken's method of dealing with high finance would confuse anyone except Claudia. The fact that she could never subtract very well was an asset when money was scarce. Every time she cashed a check her balance grew. This she accomplished by adding all the figures on the check stubs. The bank is grateful that she doesn't care about multiplication. Miss Franken had other talents. She first took to writing when she was a housewife, married to Dr. Sigmund W. A. Franken, who died in 1933. Her first works were penned in illegible long-hand. The problem of translation was solved by the ring of the doorbell one day. She answered and found

a package on the steps. The delivery boy had vanished. The parcel turned out to be a typewriter. Boning up on the care and feeding of typewriters, Miss F. purchased a box of paper and wrote her first novel, *Pattern*. There were other works and eventually there was *Claudia*. William Brown Meloney, Miss Franken's second husband and literary collaborator, will tell you that even the Naughtons' dream of a farmhouse is a product of Franken realities. They were driving through New England country one day when she spotted a foursquare Colonial home. They bought the place and then, surrounded by cattle, Great Danes, and chickens, Rose Franken finished her stage play about Claudia. That's when her creation actually became flesh and blood. And now Claudia's gone on to radio. A comparatively unknown radio player, Katherine Bard is Claudia. She has new legions of followers, too, and they call her "the constant bride."



JACK: Fred, I consider you my best friend. Down through the years you've been loyal. I've always known where to turn when I've needed a helping hand. Anything I have is yours. Do you like this tie?—It's yours.



JACK: Do you need money, Fred? You look white. Take some blood.
FRED: Jack, please, don't open a vein for me. Let me do something for you. I'd give you the shirt off my back . . . here it is, Jack, take it.

pals, pals, pals

Allen and Haley
milk an old vaudeville routine
for new belly laughs
over the air.





JACK: What a friend! He gave me his shirt. The least you could do was have it laundered. But never mind, I'm a true friend. Here's my shirt. it's yours and its laundered. **FRED:** I'm not an Indian giver, Jack . . .

If I take your shirt you've got to take something else from me. What can I give you, Jack, to show you how touched I am . . . to show you how I appreciate having a pal like you? Here, Jack, here's . . .



JACK: Thanks, Fred, but I don't want your belt. I wear suspenders, Fred! No! No! Not your pants! **Both:** Just because we're pals, pals, pals!



Children gather around five-foot brass ring designed for *Child's World* by program's creator, Helen Parkhurst.

child's world

■ It's a man's world most of the time (ask any woman), but Thursday nights at nine, the kids take over. In an unrehearsed, uninhibited half hour known as *Child's World*, youngsters ranging in age from four to fourteen speak their minds on a variety of problems. God, dreams, playing hookey and babies are a few of the diversified subjects they've considered to date, and topic-wise, the sky appears to be the limit. The program, which celebrated its one-year birthday on October twenty-sixth, is the brain child of Miss Helen Parkhurst, well-known educator and founder of the progressive Dalton School, the largest private school in New York state. Miss Parkhurst was its headmistress until 1942.

The youngsters heard on this unusual program gather informally in Miss Parkhurst's Manhattan apartment a little while before she plans to begin recording. No one receives them, for informality is the keynote. Instead, there is a sign on the door that says, "Door is open—Please come in." The children wander freely through the apartment, lingering long in one room bright with toys and children's books, winding up eventually around the microphones in the dining-room. (Miss Parkhurst, who has been around the world many times, has countless treasures in her living-room—including priceless Ming China and primitive tapestries. Although the children are neither supervised nor heckled to be careful, nothing to date has been damaged or stolen. This, in spite of the fact that Miss Parkhurst has been hostess to children from practically everyone of New York's tougher neighborhoods.) Five minutes before recording time, Miss Parkhurst appears to get acquainted with the youngsters, and at this time they receive their first inkling of the subject to be discussed. Presently, with very little excitement, the children's unselfconscious replies to Miss Parkhurst's skillful queries are being recorded for the radio audience. Typical of the thoughtful, completely outspoken viewpoints expressed are these.

On God: "I feel I'm nearer Him when I'm outdoors, because it's all the things He's supposedly made—all the grass and trees and brooks. In the country, I feel like He's real, but in the city I just can't think of Him as anybody."

On Death: A four-year-old boy said he thought that when people died they "just got green, real green and are carried up to the little house where they bury people."

On being a Negro: This sage and poignant bit was spoken by a small colored girl. "I think we can all be happy if we just be together and (Continued on following page)

★ A twist of the dial takes you
out of your everyday life into
that almost-forgotten, enchant-
ing, yet terrifying *Child's World*

Children are shoeless so that foot-tapping is inaudible to radio audience.



Engineer works out of sight to preserve illusion that no one's listening.



child's world, cont.



Youngsters are unacquainted upon arrival, part friends. Forget shyness playing unsupervised in cheerful playroom.

act nice . . . and not every time you see each other, you give eyes and say all funny things . . . and faces. Be friends! She buys candy one day, and you buy candy the next day."

On jealousy: One little girl was jealous of a schoolmate's long hair. "She sits right in front of a boy," explained the short-haired youngster, "And he just plays around with her hair and admires it, and I sit in front of a boy. He can't play with my hair and I want him to." One small boy was discussing his jealousy of his new sister. "I shot off my pop gun," he said, "So that my mother and father would know I was in the room."

On teachers, one girl made this comment. "We have a teacher at school who just lets the class get noisy and then starts jumping up and down and yelling and howling, and I don't think it's so good. I think you ought to have somebody who could just keep the class quiet without making a lot of noise and without handing out extra home work, and just—somehow, just keeping them quiet with his own power and majesty."

Miss Parkhurst, herself a former child prodigy from Wisconsin (she had a teacher's certificate at the age of fourteen, at sixteen was teaching children older than herself in a one-room schoolhouse) neither exploits the children nor plays them for laughs, and in this respect her program is unique among programs featuring small fry. Her prime purpose is to help parents and teachers to reach a better understanding of what really goes on in a child's world, to make grownups see that there are no problem children—only children's problems. Yale, Columbia and

New York Universities are among the institutions of higher learning that are availing themselves of Miss Parkhurst's recordings, and the number of parents who have been helped by listening in on this direct line to a child's heart is surely in the hundreds of thousands. It took Miss Parkhurst two years to hit upon the fine formula used in *Child's World*, and during this time she made over two hundred records with youngsters all over the country. The wire for those priceless records stretches ten thousand miles! That all her research and effort was worthwhile is brought home to Miss Parkhurst again and again as she reads her glowing fan letters. An average of four hundred letters pour in every week, and many more than that after a particularly exciting discussion.

Who are the kids who appear on Miss Parkhurst's programs? They are rich and poor, sophisticated and shy. They are neither the brightest pupils in their class, nor the dumbest. They are of many nationalities—Holland, Poland, China, New Zealand, India, Czechoslovakia, Palestine, Africa and England, are among the countries which have been represented so far. And there have been young Americans of varied ancestry groups on the program, including American Indian, Italian, Negro, Puerto Rican, Spanish and Irish. Westchester has spoken, and the Bronx. Tenth Avenue and Park Avenue. Miss Parkhurst's youngsters are, in a word, just kids, six to nine of whom are selected each week usually from lists of names provided by New York schools.

There are no prizes given for appearing on *Child's World*. Nary an Elgin watch nor a ticket to the Army-Navy game. Sometimes, though, there will be a needy child for whom Miss Parkhurst will quietly perform a kindness. There was, for instance, the twelve-year-old lad from Harlem who participated in the discussion on Negro boys' problems. Asked what he'd do if he had ten dollars to spend, he said that as long as he could remember he'd dreamed of riding behind a horse in a carriage in Central Park. If he had ten dollars, he said, part of it would buy that dream. Helen Parkhurst saw to it that he got that ride—last Easter Sunday. Most of the children don't look for prizes. They seem to feel that the experience is reward enough. All of them want to come back again, and occasionally there are repeaters, but there are no "steadies," lest the program lose the wonderful spontaneity that is such a large part of its charm.

Since no prizes are given, Miss Parkhurst is not besieged with letters from parents who yearn to get their kiddies on the program. Nevertheless, a few do write in (the inevitable mamas of tap dancers and other wee prodigies, as well as interested mothers who would just like to get better acquainted with their complicated offspring). While the majority of the children used are those whose names appear on the aforementioned list, children of listeners—if not odd or precocious—are welcome to write for an appointment.

Rarely has a radio program received acclaim from such varied sources. *Child's World*, which was given a citation by the New York Radio and Television Critics' Circle last May, has had its praises sung in a dozen magazines, including (reading from left to right) the *New Republic*, *Time* and *Life*. About to be televised, this excellent weekly show is a something-for-everyone deal. For parents and teachers, it's required listening. (ABC Thursday at nine o'clock.)



■ Pert model gives tele-camera the double-O as MODERN SCREEN Fashions take to the air— Turn page for Video in Review and tele-new coverage.

television section

video in review

■ There was a day when young America gathered at the local sweet-shop and the talk was strictly jivey, in-the-groove, be-bop. But if the hep-cats can grow—so shall their talk—and these days it's strictly Tele-news and Tele-gossip. They have selected these last-minute reports from the Tele-front. . . . Video has taken to the rails and to the wheels. A TV set was installed on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad with an invite to a carload of reporters to witness the big event . . . it became airborne recently on a ship bound from Washington to Chicago. If the ship flew out of station range, it merely climbed to the proper altitude and picked up the signal again. The National Safety Congress has a new problem to consider. Though automobile drivers may find a TV set in their car great sport—the pedestrian's life isn't worth so much. . . . Groundwork has been laid for a new organization to be called *United Television Producers' Association*. Its purpose will be to establish a code of TV principles and practices. . . . Once upon a time an actor's career blossomed for ten to twenty years, and then ebbed out. No such heartache today. The

theatre and movie set is merely a stepping stone to the Tele-screen. Lanny Ross, Rudy Vallee, Gloria Swanson, Mary Boland all have been dialed into focus. Television schools are springing up across the country. It has become the rage—and if you are not Tele-genic you might just as well throw yourself in the river. . . . Xavier Cugat would like to own his own video film company. . . . By 1950 half of U. S. people will be in range of TV stations, according to NAB director. . . . Czechoslovakia has begun operating its first station, though there are only five receiving sets in the entire country. . . . Color will hit video within five years. . . . Hollywood is beginning to get used to it's new and versatile sister, and is finally relinquishing some of its talent to the video-screen. Claudette Colbert has already made her initial appearance. . . . *Tele-Radio Jingle Productions* has been organized to turn out radio and television commercials and musical plugs. . . . *Candid Microphone* has left the air, but still continues on WJZ-TV (see page 32). . . . Arch Oboler, just back from eight months in Africa, has recordings and film of the trip to fill 18 one-reelers for TV.



Versatile man-of-satire, Abe Burrows, lately decided to venture into another field. He appeared as guest-star on Don Lee's TV show, *Music Hall*, was an immediate sensation, and so returned for a repeat performance.



Heat of a motion picture camera is nothing compared to the warm reception studio audiences gave singer Helen Forest and comedian Garry Moore, when they guest-appeared on a west-coast TV show.



Songstress Kathryn Grayson and husband Johnny Johnston, two musical people, have become tele-conscious along with the rest of the industry. They recently consented to guest-star together.



Betsy Alton takes her singing seriously. Especially when it has to do with the TV show she is featured on each week—*Three About Town*, ABC, Saturday at 7:45. Also on the show—Dorothy Corless, Bill Harrington.



Two quizzical people are Patricia Bright and Arthur Q. Bryan, stars of *Movieland Quiz*, the ABC tele-quiz show. Can you guess the title of the picture shown on the poster they're holding?



Group of interested spectators (including Walter Abel, Bill Holden, Leon Ames, Lee Bowman, Walter Pidgeon) happens to be the Screen Actors' Guild Television Committee gathered for a looksee at the WPIX studio.



Edgar Bergen without his man McCarthy is a sad sight indeed. But it's serious business—this matter of making oneself tele-genic. Anyhow Bergen thinks so—and patiently prepares for the cameras.



If you happen to be in the six to sixty age group, we can personally guarantee your enjoyment of the Television feature, *Pixie Playtime*. The two puppets were created by Frank Paris for his WPIX program.

television section

Video becomes
the gateway to Hollywood as
talents are tested
and film contracts won.

hollywood screen test

■ Every day in the year someone is saying, "You ought to be in pictures." And every minute of that day, someone else is thinking, "I've got a knack for picking winners—I ought to be a talent scout." It's to both these types that *Hollywood Screen Test*, the new video show directed by Neil Hamilton, aims its fire. On Sundays, 7:30 to 8:00 p.m., over WJZ-TV, two or three promising young film hopefuls are skillfully put through their paces by the former movie star. All the trappings of a real studio tryout are provided—original six to eight minute dramatic sketches, professional sets, name players for supporting roles, and best of all, an audience full of producers, agents and scouts on the lookout for fresh Hollywood talent. The show opened last April, but already several candidates for stardom have been signed by major film studios. Hamilton began his own movie career back in 1922 and has piled up a staggering total of 400 lead parts. He is still remembered for his four-star performances in *Keeper of the Bees* and the original *Dawn Patrol*. He has been married 25 years and has a daughter. Neil inherited the *Hollywood Screen Test* show from Bert Lytell, honorary president of Equity. Ever gracious and poised, Neil puts the young actors at ease and points up their best qualities. "Television is a new career for me," he says, "and I'm nuts about it."



Neil eyes his script before guiding Donald Buka and Abbey Lewis through the hazards of murder. Donald, an *Inner Sanctum* veteran, is a new movie find.



That great big smile must mean that Neil is getting a bang out of helping newcomers break into movies. Hamilton, a famous matinee idol of both stage and screen, worked as a toolmaker, a mechanic, a toymaker, and a salesman before becoming an actor.



Video fans did a double-take when this would-be screen star stepped forward for her test. She's Brooklyn born Mimi Benzell, of the Metropolitan Opera. Easy on the eyes and ears.



Candidate Richard Kendrick, who starred in *Claudia*, doesn't seem to find his test hard to take—not with pert Nancy Carroll fluttering her eyelashes at him from the other half of that bench.

NBC

Television



Telegenic, they call her—a big word to describe what happens to your heart the second her blonde beauty comes into focus on your television set. Kyle, a Conover discovery, was once a \$10,000 a year model, and was often cover girl on magazines like *Life*.

■ Kyle MacDonnell is one blonde who might as well be living in a goldfish bowl. Where she goes and what she does is no secret to the video fans who dial in regularly for her NBC *Girl About Town* show. In one of television's most popular offerings, Kyle portrays the adventures of a New York gadabout, letting the public in on her visits to famous places and rendezvous' with headline personalities. Her press agent in the show is played by Johnny Downs, a polished performer in his own right. With the Norman Paris Trio giving her tuneful support, Kyle sings the latest numbers in the fresh, cool manner that won her a starring role in *Make Mine Manhattan*, the highly touted Broadway musical. Celebrities like Alice Marble, former tennis champ, and Tommy Ewell, hailed for his sock performance in *Small Wonder* have been interviewed by Kyle since the show opened in September over the East Coast network of NBC. With a blonde radiance that does things to millions of viewers, Kyle has been riding a fast express to fame since her college days. Her first break came when she was crowned "Queen of the Air Transport

Command" while taking a post-graduate course in music at Ward Belmont School in Nashville. Harry Conover—the Harry Conover—was one of the judges and he told Kyle his model agency could guarantee her \$10,000 a year if she'd please come to New York. It was a great temptation. But Kyle, who already had a degree from Kansas State College, decided to finish her studies. It wasn't until 1946, at an Army-Notre Dame football game, that she met Conover again and this time shook hands on the deal. While modeling, Kyle sung her way into Max Gordon's production, *Park Avenue*. She still gets goosepimples when she recalls that opening night. And why not? It isn't every night a girl gets three movie offers simultaneously. In Hollywood, Kyle parked her lovely self at Warner Brothers and waited vainly for a chance to get before a camera. While waiting, she took over Carol Bruce's role in *Louisiana Purchase*. Six months later, tired of waiting, she returned to New York and the singing ingenue role in *Make Mine Manhattan*. Today, applauding fans rate her top honors. The critics say: "a sweet package on a sweet package show."

girl about town

Want to meet celebs
and visit the high spots? Then
sit back—relax
and let Kyle MacDonnell show you
the town via video.



Kyle and co-star Johnny Downs, first appeared together on video in *For Your Pleasure* and are now a smash hit in NBC-TV's *Girl About Town*. Kyle stars as the girl and Johnny plays her press agent. Texas born and Kansas bred, Kyle's known for her "cool way with a song." She often rehearses alone in front of a mirror.

television section

"Whatta rock!" By suggesting ear-rings to match her ring, he gets the gal to smile into the lens of the hidden camera.



That mirror on Funt's office wall looks so harmless but it's a two-way affair; "victim" can't see what's behind it.



Behind the mirror which screens them, the camera-crew catches action—record speech on tape for clear sound.



★ Profane, uninhibited, touching—

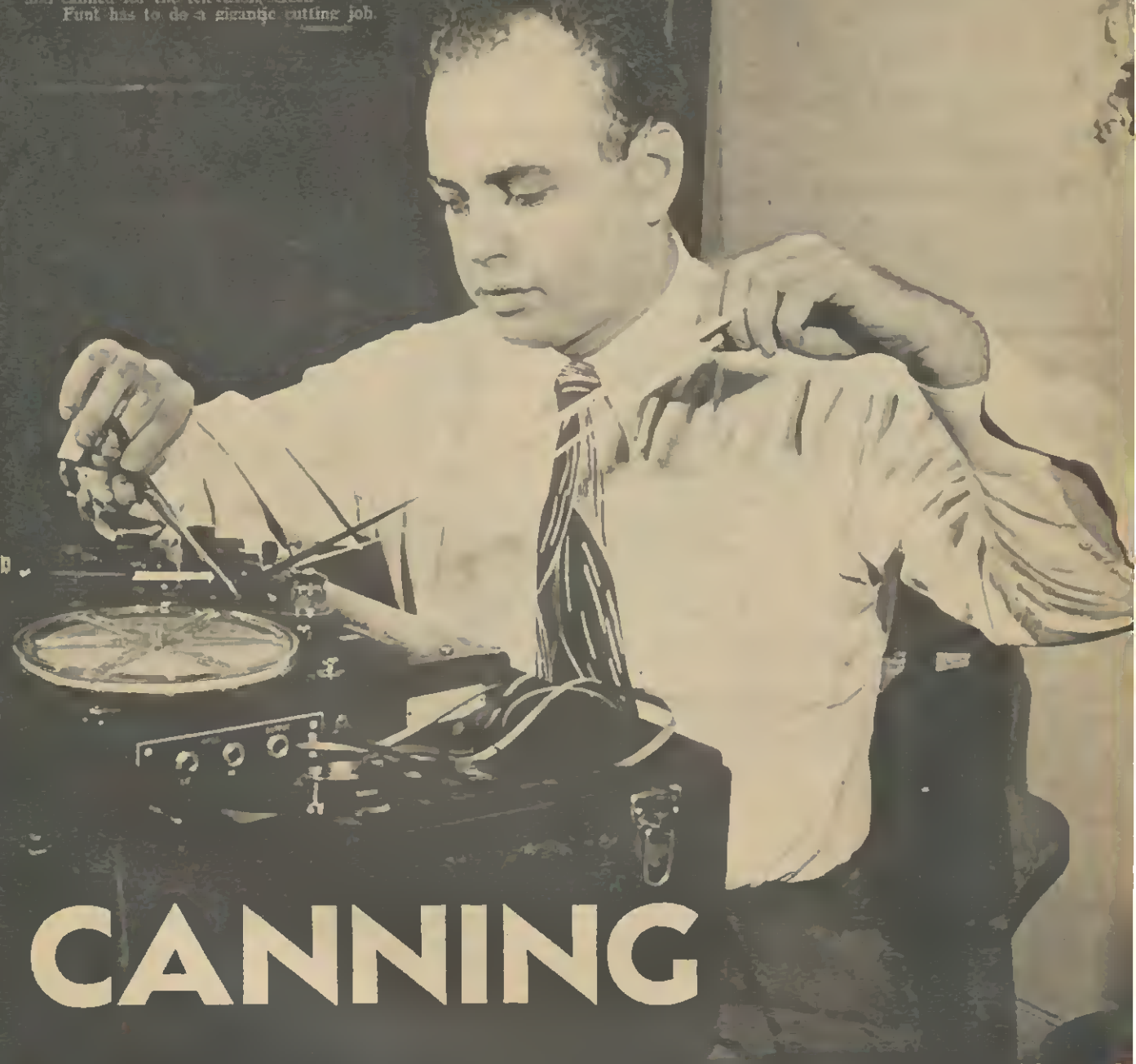
People are all of these—and more.

Now the television camera helps

Candid Mike reveal us to ourselves.

■ It's all done with mirrors—or so it seems, now that the camera has been added to the ubiquitous mike to study Man in his natural habitat through television and movie shorts. Allen Funt's brainchild is taking on new dimensions, and now, more than ever, *Candid Mike* takes twenty-four hours of Funt genius every day, plus an extra-large helping of ingenuity, the patience of Job and the infinite devotion to the Cause by all five of his aides. The faithful five do most of the leg-work, help with the cutting and organization, and leave only the actual interviewing to Mr. F. alone. Of twelve hundred bewildered souls caught off-guard by Funt's Joe-Blow personality, about three hundred have heard their foibles broadcast. Each is edited with scrupulous care to eliminate any dull spot, dead air, or profanity. That's why the show has to be pre-recorded. For television, the boys solved new problems in hiding flood lights and the bulky camera. They have sneaked the leering lens through transoms, between racked clothing, over merchandise on store shelves. Heckler Funt has really pushed his imagination. He's pretended to buy chic perfume smelling of limburger, played the part of a barber's apprentice at his first shave, ordered flowers for the florist's girl friend. The average guy, says Funt, is slow to anger and quick to laugh at himself. The situations he has most enjoyed recording are what his staff calls "Americana." They're as authentic and colorful as old folks songs. Like two tough old characters in a beanery discussing the state of the world and planning higher echelon tactics for solving the chaos. Like a small boy stretching out his bed-time farewells by blessing everyone and everything in his recollections at evening prayers. Like two blinded veterans comparing notes with calm and moving detachment, like a new grandmother delightedly greeting her daughter as she is rolled out of the delivery room. These are the heart of *Candid Mike*. These are the things radio fans will recount for years to come. Allen Funt will go on provoking people because they like it, but even more than that, he is dedicated to completing the canvas of his Americana.

Before the show is "wrapped up"
and tanned for the television screen
Funt has to do a gigantic cutting job.



CANNING

the candid mike



Emcee John Reed King faces the customers and the television cameras. Both *Missus* and John Reed have been on TV for three and a half years.

Frances Buss, the show's director, travels with the TV mobile unit, talks over shooting angles with other members of the CBS television staff.

Technicians set up the mobile unit outside a New York City supermarket. *Missus* is one of the few programs with four sponsors.



the missus goes a-shopping

television section

One of radio's
old favorites becomes even
more fun as
Frances Buss and emcee
John Reed King
take the
Missus to television
each Friday.

Frances and John Reed King. King started his radio career at age 16, now 34. He's also emcee on CBS's *Give and Take*.



■ According to John Reed King, it's easier to match quips with Bob (himself) Hope than a busy New York housewife. John Reed has to do just that every Friday at 1:30 P.M. when CBS-TV peeks in while *The Missus Goes A-Shopping*. Each week the staff hops into a huge mobile unit and motors off to a different metropolitan super-market to set up shop right on the battlefield. It's a difficult staging problem, but the half hour runs like spring syrup under the capable direction of video's first lady, Frances Buss (*see following pages*). Contestants are selected from among the surprised shoppers who find a fabulous array of prizes stacked up in the middle of the store. They are permitted to go for whichever piece they fancy. The day's haul is limited—just one refrigerator, maybe, to a customer—but *Missus* has handed out some \$3500 worth of gimcracks in the brief broadcasts, during the show's Picture Pal contest. Mr. King is often floored by the rapid-fire repartee. Said he to a contestant: "Should a housewife be paid a salary by her husband?" "Certainly not," she snapped, "it's an honor to be a housewife—besides, I handle his whole paycheck." "What did your husband bring home the last time he went fishing?" King asked another lady. "His old girl friend," she answered sadly, "and one shrivelled, old fish." For over a decade, *Missus* has been an ever-popular regular on CBS, and was among the first shows to switch to television three and a half years ago. The program's strong appeal is probably due to the natural environment from which it emanates, and also to the natural cheer that bubbles from emcee John Reed King. Mr. King, who has a missus of his own, also has two daughters aged eight and ten. After interviewing thousands of women, he concludes that there's just one thing they're really sensitive about—their weight. And they don't feel unhappy about going home with just one prize, or none at all . . . just being on the air and chatting with King is a welcome enough interruption in the morning's marketing.

more →

first lady of tv

■ She came to New York with one hundred dollars in hand—and a pocketful of dreams—dreams of being a great actress. She spent five years knocking on casting office doors, it was the same old story. She lived at the Rehearsal Club, home for aspiring young thespians, and there just wasn't enough money to pay the rent. "For one horrible moment," she says, "I thought of giving up and going back to St. Louis." Then CBS called. They didn't offer her a lead—or even a walk-on part in a radio show. It was just twelve bucks a week as a receptionist for their television studio. She reasoned that the jump from the reception desk to the television set couldn't be too big so she took it. But she reckoned without her boss. In those days television was very much the infant child, everyone, regardless of title, did a little bit of everything. Unfortunately her boss, the general office manager, turned out to be program director as well. After witnessing her first audition he flatly announced that she would never act in television as long as he remained with the network. And she never did. As a receptionist she found herself printing maps, doing guest relations work, and writing quiz shows—for this CBS upped her salary to forty dollars a week. When the CBS television studio closed in 1942 she put her diversified training to work with a commercial motion picture company as a director of navy training films. This lasted until CBS reopened in 1944, and rehired her as an assistant director. Today, at twenty-nine, Missouri born FRANCES BUSS is one of CBS' nine full directors—the first woman to reach such prominence in all of TVdom. She handles three of the networks top half-hour shows. And she's got her eyes on the future. "We've only scratched the surface," she says. "Someday the American woman will do her shopping with a television set and a phone and she'll see what she wants in color!"



Frances directs three half-hour shows for CBS, *To The Queen's Taste*, *The Missus Goes A' Shopping* and *What's It Worth?*

Producer-Emcee Gil Fates and Director Buss watch Sigmund Rothchild, appraiser on *What's It Worth?*, while evaluating an art object.



Objects appraised on *What's It Worth?* range from worthless tokens to a set of ivory figures set in ebony, valued at \$20,000.



To The Queen's Taste is a cooking show featuring Dione Lucas. Frances checks shooting details with cameramen before program.



She dreamed of being an actress but lady luck put her on the other side of the footlights—so she became the first lady in video land.



Jack Barry's junior
dog fanciers could identify all these
odd breeds—
how about you? Answers below.

Answers: 1. Quizmaster Barry and entire panel with *Pomeranians*.
2. Johnny Weisbard with *Brussels Griffon*. 3. Robin Morgan,
Charlie Hankinson and *Mastiff*. 4. Johnny, Elizabeth Watson and
Scottish Deer Hound. 5. Elizabeth and *French Toy Poodle*. 6.
Kong Liu, Robin and *Lassar Opso*. 7. Johnny, Charlie and *Brittany Spaniel*. 8. Peggy Bruder and *Shetland Sheep Dog*.







The Meltones: Dizzy Dishrud, Mel, Les Baxter, Virginia Maxey, Bernie Parks.



Mel's five-feet-seven inches, tips the scale at 140. Here, with Bob Jordan.



Barbara Eiler plays Gladys on Mel's show—chases the guy like a fire engine.

■ In 1929, when he was four, Mel Torme toddled up to the bandleader in a Chicago restaurant and asked for music. Then, while his Mom and Pop ate their dessert, he sang *You're Driving Me Crazy*. And there he was with a future. The vaudeville shows and the soap operas began to bore him after a couple of years, but it was a living so he stayed. He started writing songs like *Lament To Love*, and arranging them, and playing piano and the drums, but he didn't sing much. His voice sounded the way a fog would if it could—and who'd want that on a platter? Seems Artie Shaw did. The Meltones (a vocal group Mel had organized) made sides with the Shaw band and pretty soon Torme, the soloist, was up there with Shaw as a top recording artist. Meanwhile, he'd been making movies—*Night and Day*, *Good News*—and personal appearances. In New York, he debuted at the Copacabana night club, and started his radio show. Mel plays a not very bright college student and soda jerk whose boss can't stand him. He has a friend named Gladys who insists she's irresistible, and a friend named Jerry—a wolf with more lines than a fisherman. And of course, the five Meltones sing, and Mel sings—and it's velvet . . .



(Top) Show's music arranged by Dean Elliot. (Below) Mel on Tues., at 8, NBC.

the velvet touch



You wonder how

many ways they can sing a song—

then you hear Mel Torme's voice,

and it's different, it's

soft—like a whisper in the dark...

when a girl marries

■ The psychologists may tear out their hair, but that won't help. The public, as usual, remains unmoved—the public knows what it wants. For the last ten years, a huge majority has been listening to *When A Girl Marries*—plain soap-opera. This may have something to do with Elaine Carrington, the author. Miss Carrington could easily draw tears from a stone, but she concentrates on the housewives. Perhaps the housewives aren't sophisticated enough. When they hear the problems of Joan Davis they're liable to forget the family wash. They're liable to sit down as they listen, and somewhere in the back of their minds they'll remember themselves—their own weddings, the births of their own children . . . When they listen to Mother Davis' homespun philosophy and detect its wisdom and strength they feel they've made a friend. The story of *When A Girl Marries* becomes complicated sometimes, as life itself is complicated. It started when Joan, played by Mary Jane Higby, fell in love with Harry Davis (John Raby). No one approved because Joan was wealthy and Harry was a poor lawyer—and that seemed reason enough. But they were married, and afterward they moved to Beechwood where they thought they could be happy. When Sammy was born, happiness was wonderfully close. Friendship with Irma Cameron, their neighbor, brought happiness nearer. But when Irma was in danger of losing her farm, when Irma's daughter eloped and was expelled from school, when Harry was involved with another woman and, later, murder, it seemed unobtainable. Mother Davis, who is really Marian Barney, couldn't agree to that. Mother Davis clings to the kind of faith more people need—a simple faith in her own family and also in the beauty of living.

This is
the story of Mother Davis
and her family—
a story of happiness and
sadness, of love
and growth, and the
daily dilemmas of living .



3 In the far-off town of Beechwood, Harry and Joan made new friends. Among the dearest were Irma Cameron and her children. Kathy Cameron was this pixie, but now she's grown and married.



1 This is Mother Davis—the head of the family, and perhaps the wisest member: She's sitting in her favorite chair, crocheting, as she recalls the lives of the people dear to her—her son, his wife, their close friends.



2 Through Mother Davis' mind flashes this picture of her son Harry and his wife Joan. They were so happy—so far removed from the malicious gossip that was beginning to circulate



4 Sammy Davis was the first grandchild in the family. When he was three Joan gave him a party—Mother Davis suggested the old Chinese custom of putting an extra candle on cake for luck. Lilly, holds the cake.



5 Tragedy threatened Joan's and Harry's life when Harry was accused of murder, body was found on their property. Joan secured information to free Harry and trap the killer.

when a girl marries, cont.



6 Irma Cameron (Jeanette Dowling) was faced with the loss of her farm, because cattle she and her second husband Steve (Jack Arthur) bought, died. Here, John Hackett (Joe Latham) advises her.

7 Little Kathy Cameron grew up to be the lovely girl pictured here. Kathy eloped with young Phil Stanley while she was at college. They honeymooned in N. Y.—but not even her mother knew.

8 Kathy soon discovered she was pregnant, and much preparation followed. Here, Kathy and Joan discuss baby clothes with one of Joan's young Beechwood girl friends.

9 Wise and understanding, John Hackett, Irma Cameron's friend and farm superintendent, tells Kathy and Phil that their marriage will be a success if they trust each other. "When trouble comes," he says, "relax and think."



10 Kathy and Phil had their arguments—and one of them almost resulted in a miscarriage for Kathy. Mother Davis comforts her. This night Phil's mother died before Phil reached the Stanley home.

11 Mrs. Stanley's will is read. (L. to r.) Lawyer, Phil, the widow Ann Dunn, Harry Davis, Joan's sister Sylvia, and Joan's mother. Mrs. Stanley's whole estate was left to the beautiful Ann Dunn.

12 Confused, not knowing where to go, Phil leaves the mansion he'd lived in all his life. Ann takes over.

13 Of all pictures, Mother Davis considers this one of the best—her son Harry and her daughter-in-law Joan chatting happily at home.

14 *When A Girl Marries* is directed by Tom McDermott (center), one of the youngest directors in radio. John Hackett and Joan are with him.

giveaways

The big sixty-four-dollar question is how did the whole thing start? Who'd guess that it was all an accident.

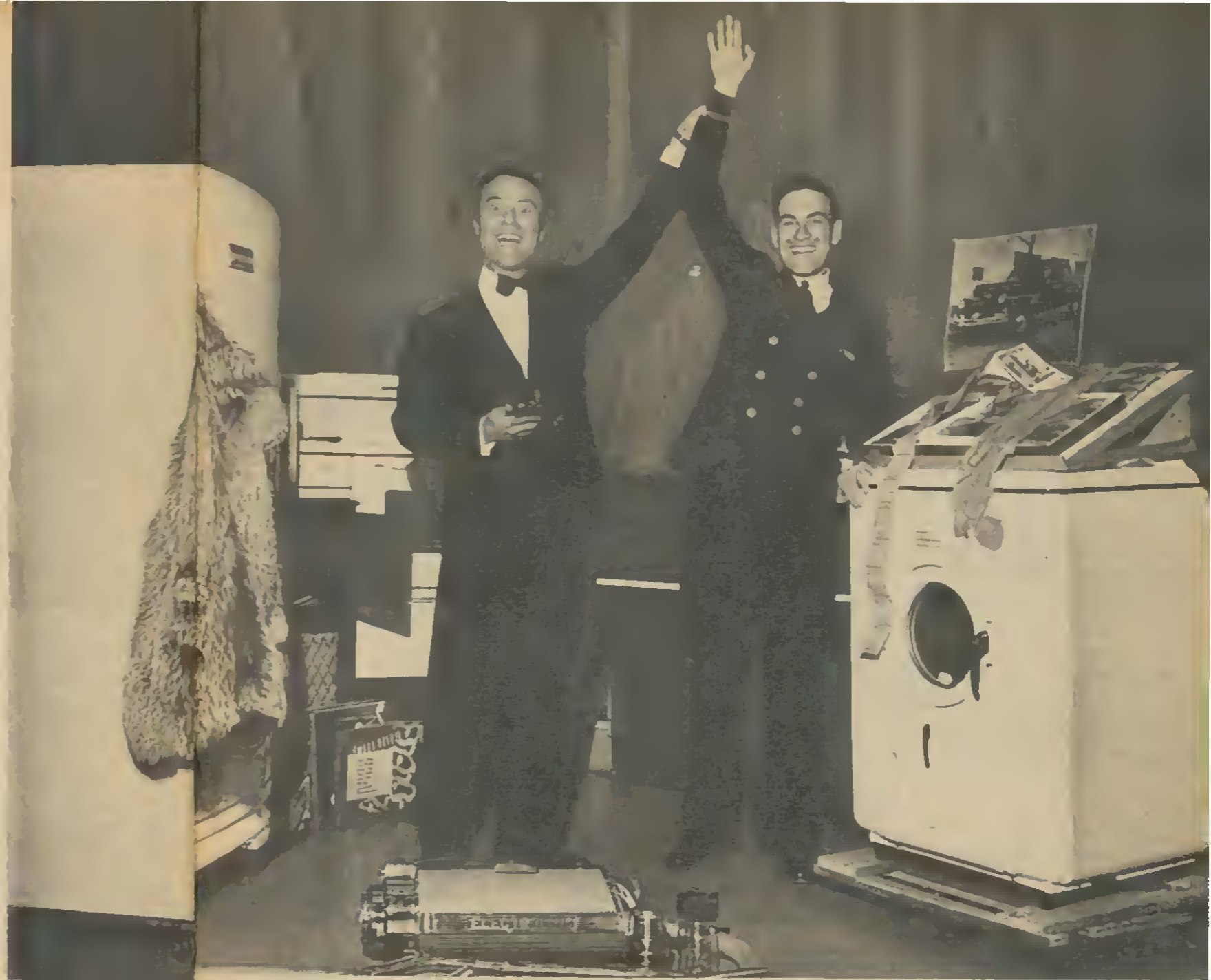
■ It was a cold day for Texas, and a nasty day for anywhere, and Parks Johnson stood shivering in the rain fervently hoping for some poor drenched soul to happen by and allow himself to be interviewed for *Vox Pop*. Texans are as bright as the next guy—they were all snugly home and staying there. In desperation, Johnson hustled an usher out of a nearby theater, offering him a dollar for every question he answered over the sidewalk mike. The year was 1931, at the height of the depression. A dollar meant something in those days—it could buy a hearty dinner for four. Within ten minutes the streets were swarming with people all clamoring to get at “the crazy man giving away money.”

That was the beginning. It was all an accident and Mr. Johnson had no idea what a fabulous Gargantua he had brought into the world. *Vox Pop* went back to its modest routine on the next sunny day, but the idea began to grow. Soon *Professor Quiz* and his silver dollars became a regular radio fixture, followed by *Dr. I. Q.* and all the rest. Like any other novelty, however, this one began to pall. Some bright young man realized that people would be more interested in accepting two dollars than one dollar, ten dollars more than two. Towards the end of the thirties the American Public was introduced to *Take It or Leave It*, and the sixty-four-dollar question. Quiz shows were breaking out all over and, as they increased, so the prizes increased. The quizmasters, in their frantic desire to spread the loot, helpfully began putting answers into tongue-tied mouths.

The whole business was taking on farcical overtones, and no one was more aware of it than Ralph Edwards, emcee of a 1940 arrival, *Truth or Consequences*. Edwards was particularly aroused by the current gimmick of jackpots, which were adding a few sundry hundreds to the weekly windfall. He decided to concoct a jackpot to end all jackpots, named appropriately the “Crackpot.” It was to be one gigantic gag that would subsequently make all other pots of gold look like so much tinfoil. And so it was that on December 29,

1945, the program that normally gave away five to fifteen dollars announced the prize that rocked radio: a washing machine, a 1946 Mercury, an airline trip to New York and weekend at the Waldorf-Astoria. Counting these and other awards, Edwards was offering over \$13,000 just for the identification of Mr. Hush, who recited a cryptic mystery jingle. At first the contestants had to go it alone. Later Edwards added the now familiar telephone call tie-in—contestants could call anyone in the United States for assistance from the studio. Five weeks later, contestant Richard Bartholomew, a 22-year-old naval Ensign from Fayetteville, Arkansas, guessed Jack Dempsey, and collected the fantastic reward, which, by that time, had grown to include a two-year supply of unobtainable nylon stockings and free maid service for a year. Practically every newspaper in the country carried the story, and, much to Mr. Edwards' amazement, the great big gag backfired. Instead of putting an end to jackpots, he had just opened the flood gates. Like Parks Johnson's original brain-storm it was just an accident.

The Hooper rating for *Truth or Consequences* took one giant step skyward and things began to pop. Late that summer, one of the grandest conferences of all time took place. Gathered together were attorneys representing Procter and Gamble (T or C sponsor), Compton Advertising Agency,



On January 26, 1946, Ensign Richard Bartholomew won \$13,500 for guessing Dempsey was Mr. Hush, became first top money winner in radio.

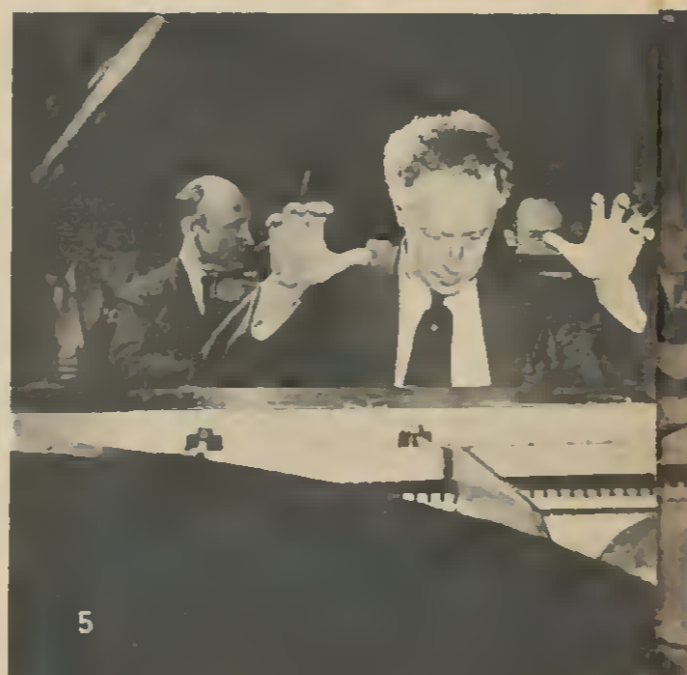
NBC, The March of Dimes, the federal government and Ralph Edwards. Their purpose: to find a way to adapt this tremendous idea to charity, starting with the polio campaign.

They established the formula used on the Mrs. Hush contest which followed immediately. The angle: each would-be contestant must write a letter (25 words or less) telling his or her reasons for supporting the March of Dimes. A contribution could be included with the letter, but it wasn't required. Mrs. Wm. McCormack of Lockhaven, Pa., won \$17,590 guessing Clara Bow, and during the contest's seven-week duration, 869,275 letters were received. The March of Dimes collected \$545,000, the largest single donation ever given to charity in this country's history.

The other giveaway shows picked up the gauntlet and soon the sixty-four-dollar question was laid away to rest beside the dollar dinner. Thousand-dollar prizes were commonplace.

Stop the Music came along and did away with the lead-up questions, inaugurating the jack-pot-only show. Someone got the idea of giving away a million dollars in cash; having a safe containing the money onstage, the prize going to anyone who guessed the combination. That one was considered a little too much. The Federal Communications Commission, by this time, had decided the whole business was a little too much, and declared war on all money shows. Entertainment, they said, was being bypassed in the mad quest for bigger jackpots. Fred Allen said so too.

Right now it looks like the Giveaways will continue on their merry way. The simple fact is that the American people like giveaway shows. They aren't lotteries, and they do pack in the audiences. Giveaways will go right on being number one radio fare until the American people themselves decide that they have had enough.



ear for music



the world's
finest music is yours for
the listening,
so lend an ear to
Heifetz, Rubinstein,
Kreisler and the
rest of the boys.

■ Time was back in the 1920's when a musical evening meant lorgnettes and diamond chokers; when listening to "serious" music was a stiff-necked, stuffy and very Social business. A couple of years ago, however, Bostonians began hearing Beethoven over beer and pretzels at Arthur Fiedler's outdoor concerts, and the world knew for certain that the classics had come down to earth. How did it happen and when? Well it started back in 1926, when radio was very young. Toscanini and his N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Society orchestra began broadcasting over NBC on Sunday afternoons. People in small towns who had never heard a concert in their lives listened and were enthralled. Farmers began whistling Bach fugues. School children hummed snatches of Mozart. The classics, though they came over a bit squeakily and were often laced with static, were catching on. Ten years later, on Christmas night in 1937, Toscanini conducted the initial program of the NBC Symphony—the world heard for the first time a really magnificent orchestra especially assembled for radio broadcasting. The response from critics and listeners everywhere was terrific and Toscanini, long one of the greatest names in music, now became a household word to millions of Americans. Toscanini, the legendary figure who had conducted the great orchestras of the world since 1886 and had never used a sheet of music. Toscanini, with the memory that could absorb the entire repertoire of symphonic music and the ear to spot the slightest deviation from the score. Toscanini, who threw music stands at inept players, but so commanded the respect of musicians that they would stand and applaud him in rehearsal. This fabulous fellow (together with Koussevitzky about whom more on next page) was truly a pioneer in the cause of bringing classical music to the millions. He recently added another milestone to his own career and to the history of music when he led the NBC Symphony over television for the first time. Other programs featuring classical music have also grown in popularity so that now it's a rare evening when you can't hear the classics on the air: James Melton, the auto-collecting tenor is on NBC (Harvest of Stars). Marian Anderson, whose voice Toscanini called "perfect"; Artur Rubinstein, the great pianist who speaks seven languages, and violinists Jascha Heifetz and Fritz Kreisler—frequently guest on The Bell Telephone Hour (Mon., nine o'clock P.M., NBC). Arthur Fiedler with his Boston "Pops" Orchestra (Yankee Network) brings the gay beer and pretzels atmosphere to New England listeners. These are a few of the names who have given Mr. & Mrs. America that priceless asset—an ear for music.

1. Toscanini began conducting when he was 19 years old.
2. Marian Anderson's contralto voice spans three full octaves.
3. Dorothy Kirsten's voice is known to radio music-lovers.
4. Violinist Jascha Heifetz' hands are said to be infallible.
5. Polish born Artur Rubinstein is master of Chopin.
6. Kids adore "Pops" conductor Fiedler's *Fiddle Faddle*.



The fabulous "Koussy"

lives his life as he conducts

a symphony—with

humor, with fire, with magnificent

and boundless energy

koussevitzky

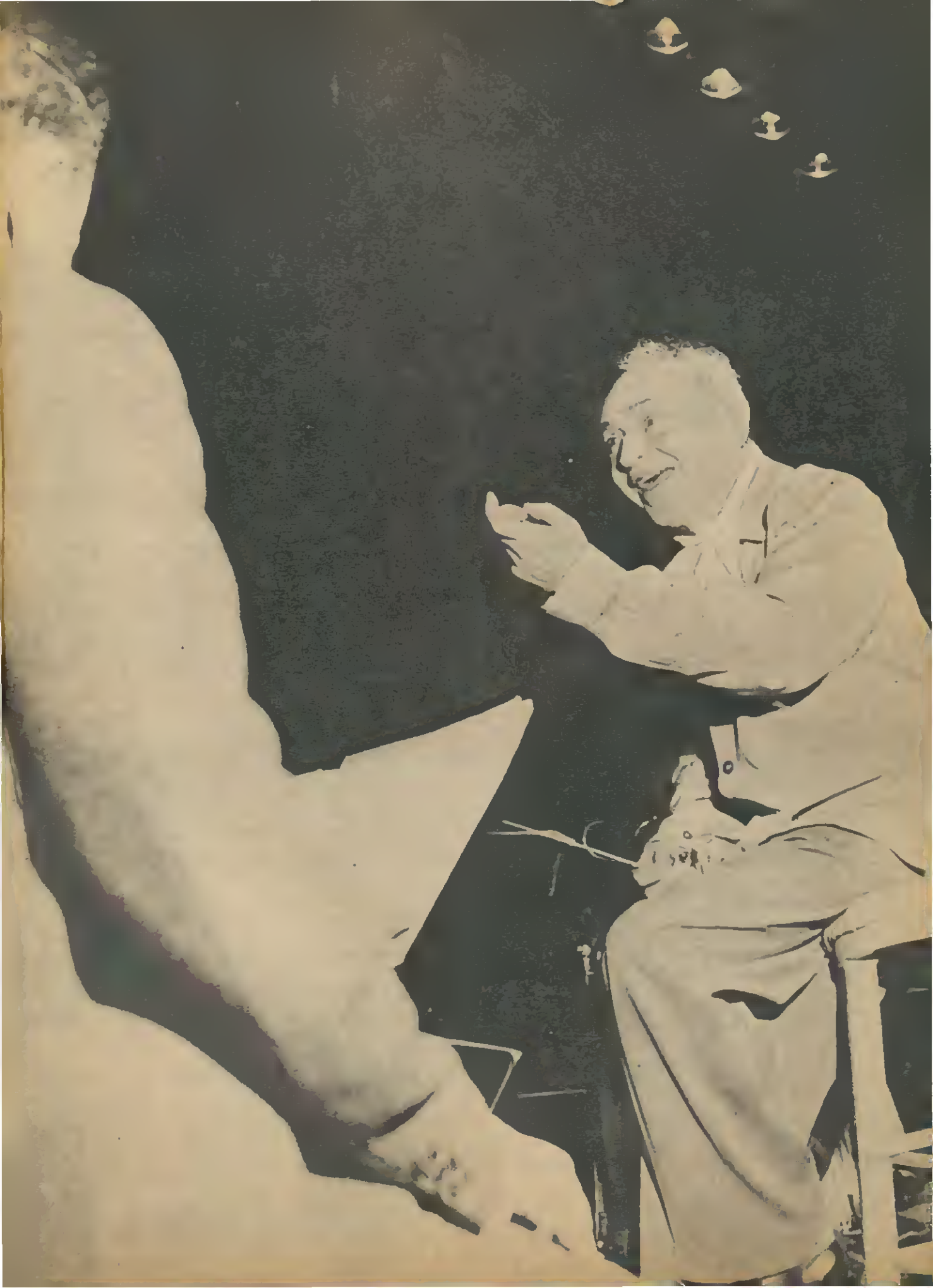


Koussevitzky (with Robert Shaw, choral conductor at Berkshire Music Center) recording Beethoven's Ninth.



Dr. K. listens to record playback. Rehearses 4 days a week, gives 2 weekly concerts, records in spare time.

■ At 74, when the majority of his contemporaries are rocking on porches, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky is at the very peak of his career. In his twenty-fourth year as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he is as fiery in his speech (still insults the orchestra members roundly in four or five languages), as inspired in his conducting, as prodigal with his friendship as he was in his youth. "Koussy," as he's affectionately known to the Berkshire Festivalites, is a dynamo, nothing less. The source of his energy? A rare and simple thing called contentment. Dr. Koussevitzky is doing the work he loves—with the people he loves. In addition to that, he has been privileged to see his lifelong dream come true. The dream that is now the magnificent Berkshire Music Center began when Dr. Koussevitzky, an American citizen of longstanding, was a young man in his native Russia. At 29, he married Natalie Oushkoff, now deceased, whose wealthy father gave him the funds to start a symphony orchestra as a wedding gift. Serge chartered a steamer and cruised 2000 miles down the Volga giving concerts. He dreamed then of music for the masses at reasonable prices, and at the annual summer festivals at Tanglewood, Mass., this has become a reality. He dreamed, too, of a place where talented students could steep themselves in music, unharassed by the spectre of credits, degrees and examinations, and in the six-week summer session at his music center, this dream too has materialized. Through his records and his exciting radio program, all of us may now be exposed to Koussevitzky's genius.





Cantor's been in show business 33 years, on Broadway, in movies, and on radio. Above, at a broadcast with guest Mickey Rooney.

ida's boy

He was a stage-
struck kid without a dime,
but he loved Ida
so he promised her the world
—and delivered.

■ Fickle is a word which will never fit Eddie Cantor. Ever since he laid his now-famous glimmers on a pretty kid named Ida Tobias, known on New York's lower East Side as "the belle of Henry Street," he's been Ida's boy. He was fourteen at the time—a bumptious, stage-struck lad who made with the songs at the Henry Street Settlement house. He borrowed fifty cents, rented a sharp pair of pants and entered an amateur contest at Miner's Bowery Theatre. His five-dollar prize convinced him he was in. Gus Edwards' Revue proved it. Eight years after Eddie cast his eyes in Ida's direction, they were married. The only gals who have enthralled him since, are his five daughters, who have been publicized more than the quintuplets. Ida and Eddie have something! It's what puts electric current into his songs after forty years of singing. It's what puts the heart into simple words spoken with deep sincerity when he shakes you down for a worthy cause. The March of Dimes was his baby and many kids walk today because of it. Cantor, like his buddies, George Jessel and Walter Winchell, goes on like the brook, bubbling with a force that gets you. These days they talk of the new Cantor. His pace is faster; his songs are as new as tomorrow. He's on the ball, mature, contented. He and Ida just returned from a long second honeymoon in Scandinavia with the kids grown and independent. His new show boasts Dinah Shore—one of his most successful proteges. Eddie, the star-maker, is happy again! And Ida—well, she still thinks he's the greatest guy in the neighborhood and their neighborhood includes the whole world! (NBC, Friday, 9 P.M.)



In Rushville Centre,
 they'll tell you that this
 is the story
 of Ma Perkins' girl Fay,
 the one who'd been
 hurt too many
 times, the one who had
 to make up her
 mind about love . . .

■ It was funny, *Ma Perkins* thought to herself. All her neighbors—half the population of Rushville Centre, for that matter—came popping in at any hour of the day or night to get advice. Yet when her own child was in trouble, Ma could only stand by and feel helpless.

And Fay was in trouble, of that there was no doubt. Fay had always been closer to Ma than anybody else; not that Ma didn't love her other daughter, Evey, and Evey's husband Willy, and their little boy. Just that Fay was Ma's baby, and sometimes it seemed as though Fay'd had more than her share of grief. She'd been just a girl when Paul, her husband, had died, leaving her to bring up their child, Paulette. Then, only recently, there'd been the episode with Dr. Andrew White, and Fay coming home every night with stars in her eyes, till for a while it seemed as though the whole town knew more about Dr. Andrew White than Fay did.

Ma was trapped there in the middle, wanting Fay to find out the truth, afraid of what would happen when she did.

In the end, Fay had stopped seeing Andrew; she'd let him go back to his gay ways, and his many loves. "He'd never have married me," she'd told Ma simply, and that was supposed to finish it, tie it up. Discussion over. But Ma, watching the happiness fade out of the girl's face, as the days went by, was frightened. Because along with Andrew, Fay seemed to have lost her youth.

It wasn't anything Ma could put her finger on. Only now there seemed to be a sort of resignation in Fay, where before there'd been some spunk. Take the way she was going out with Carl Michaels. Once he'd bored her to death; now she saw him frequently. And that wasn't like Fay, either. It wasn't kind. She knew Carl was in love with her; she knew every time she agreed to see him, it gave him a kind of false hope.

Out on the front porch tonight, Ma'd sat with good old Shuffle (her business partner for thirteen years) and watched Carl gaze adoringly at Fay until finally Shuffle yawned.

"This all be right pleasant, folks," he said. "But it's half past ten, tomorrow's another day, and besides two's company, but four's a regular army. Which is the long way around for saying *my* goodnights."

After that, Ma'd decided to turn in too, and now she was upstairs in her room, thinking about the whole business.

Down on the porch, Fay turned to Carl. "You know," she said, "you've changed a little. Not your manners. You'll always have the most sensational manners. But you're more relaxed; you're more fun."

Carl grinned. "You're the second girl in the last few days who's said that—"

"Another girl?" she said. "You ladies' man!"

He chuckled. "Never mind about her. Let me tell you the reason I'm a happy man."

"I want to hear about the girl," she said.

"Nothing to tell," he said, shrugging. "Somebody my sister Amelia found for me. Amelia's a great little matchmaker. There on Cape Cod, I took her sailing a few times—no, just twice."

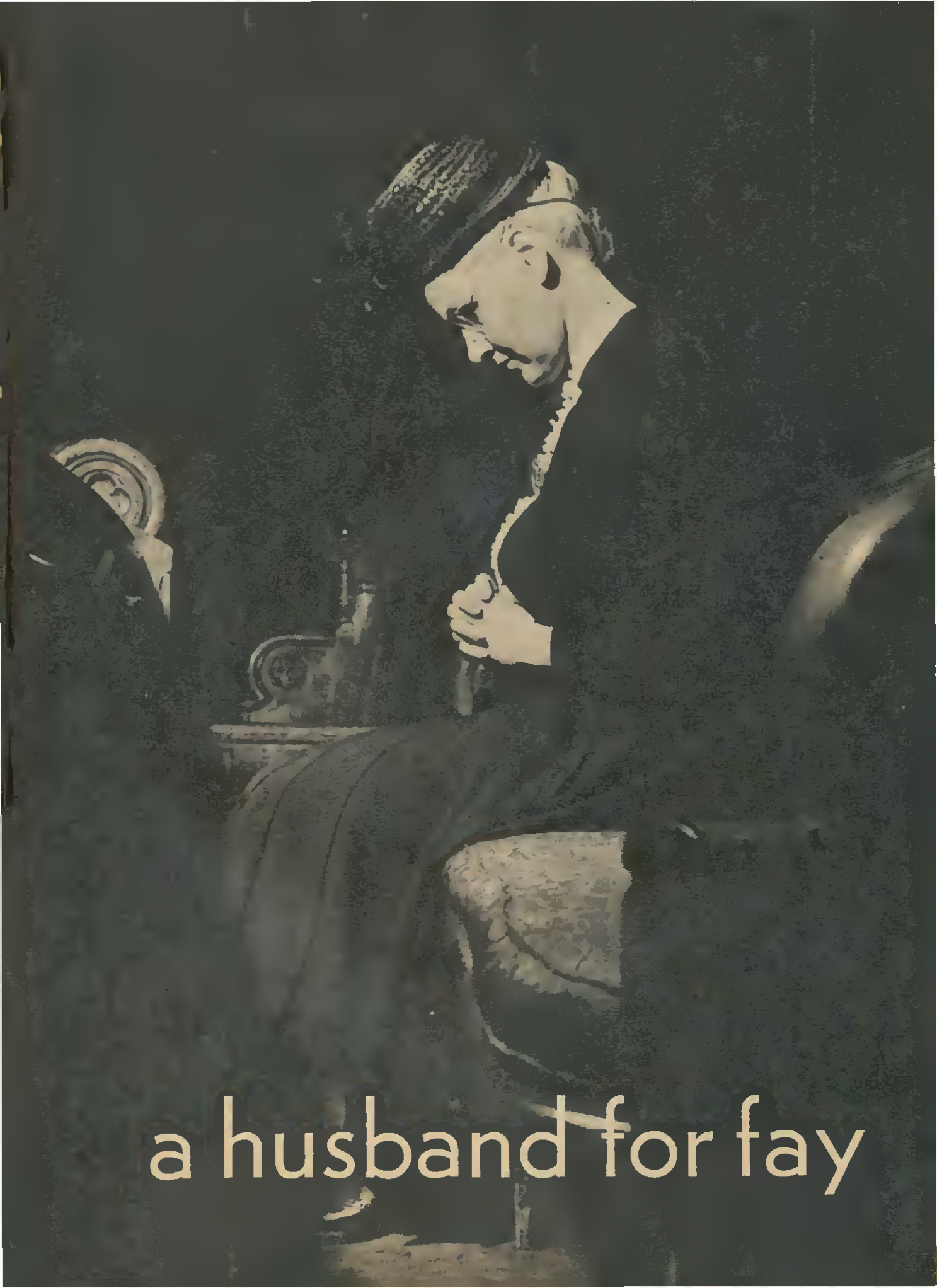
"Sailing? Very romantic, a sailboat. Was she beautiful?"

"The sailboat?" he said. "Oh, yes, lovely."

She laughed. "The girl!" (Continued on following page)



Shuffle (Charles Eggeston), Evey (Kay Campbell), Willy (Murry Forbes), Ma, Fay (Rita Ascot).



a husband for fay

ma perkins, cont.

"I guess so," he said casually. "All surface beauty, nothing underneath. Flunked out of expensive schools, reads the social pages—compared to you, girls like Barbara are a dime a dozen."

Fay sighed. "You're such a *queer* type of millionaire. People spend their whole lives trying to get where you are, trying to raise their daughters to be just like this Barbara. You have it all, and you don't want it." Her voice dropped lower. "I'm not the person I was when you were here last. I've changed, too. Now I have a better view of what's real, and what isn't, and *you* come out better by this new score."

"You have changed," he said. "I know you've been hurt, Fay. I'd like to help—" She could hardly hear the rest of it. "I love you so," he was saying, but the soft wind carried the words off into the night . . .

They spent the next day at the country club, the two of them, and Paulette. There was the moment Carl turned to Fay. "I love you," he said. "I love your little girl. I love the sunshine you've arranged for me, the smell of burning leaves, the chicken salad, this long idle day. But most of all, I love *you*—"

She laughed, but she sounded content. "I'll tell you something," she said shaking her head. "The more I see of you, the closer I get—"

Back on the Perkins porch, a heated discussion was taking place.

"You're thinking maybe Fay ain't really in love with Carl," Shuffle said knowingly. "You think she's talking herself into something because she wants to give lots of stuff to her family—"

Ma nodded pitifully. "A girl mustn't get married because she wants to give her mother a nice vacation."

"Look," Evey said, breaking in scornfully, "Fay wouldn't marry for money, Ma. But if she marries Carl, and Carl got money, so what's all the fuss?"

In spite of herself, Ma laughed. "All right, Evey," she said, "we'll leave it like that."

■ It was the night Carl Michaels kissed her, that Fay made up her mind. When she got home, Ma and Shuffle were still sitting up, and she told them of her decision. "If I'd married Andrew," she said, "I'd have been thrilled. To this minute, when I see him, my heart jumps. But I'd have been frightened it was going to end—and what kind of marriage is that? With Carl, I feel comfortable, I just put myself in his hands—"

Ma stared at her. "Fay, Fay," she said. "There ain't nothing in this business between you and Carl got the least little thing to do with Dr. White! He don't enter the picture nohow!"

"Ma," Fay said softly, "you know I wouldn't marry Carl to revenge myself on Andrew. Say it's all right—"

"You think it's right, Fay?" Ma said. "Then it's right."

But long after Fay had gone up to bed, Ma and Shuffle sat talking. Ma still seemed troubled. "Ma," Shuffle said, "if Fay was making a sacrifice—for the sake of us folks she figures is old and can't take care of ourselves no more—you and me wouldn't let her do it. We'd beat her over the head and lock her in the cellar. But Fay *ain't* making a sacrifice; she's catching the brass rings . . . she's reaching out her hands and letting the blessings of life fall into 'em . . .

"The boy's fine, Ma. Sweet, and loving and gentle and brave. Now take it from the other side, Ma. What if it was Doctor Andrew White she was marrying? We'd be saying, well, Fay's sure crazy about him, and anyhow, she beat out Gladys Pendleton— Ah, Ma, Fay's marrying for good sense."

Ma smiled. "Shuffle, Shuffle, you're right. Here we sit, and upstairs there's Fay, and the circle comes round again. Losing Paul, but here's Paulette. Fay gets married, but we get Carl . . ."


Shuffle took a deep breath. "Be happy, Ma. You and me, we've set on this porch a hundred million times, the lights going off in the houses up and down the street. But what I'm saying—of all the times we've sat here and talked the rest of the town to sleep, maybe tonight is best of all."

"Oh, Shuffle," Ma said tenderly. She kissed the old man on the cheek, and started slowly toward the door. "He'll be a wonderful husband for Fay," she said. "And I couldn't ask for nothing more than that."

(CBS, Daily, 2:15 P.M.; NBC, Daily, 3:15 P.M.)



Ma Perkins helps granddaughter Paulette open Christmas gifts.



Behind the
quivering mike—
for a roundup
of the men and
women who create horror
and panic.

murderer's row

The first of a series well calculated to inform. ▶

murderers row



what
makes
sammy
run



Howard Duff

Mystery within
 a mystery—what are
 the elements
 that weave a show
 of suspense
 the sparkplug
 behind
 your favorite
 whodunit?



Howard Duff shows up for dress rehearsals Sunday noon. The cast haggles and argues over the script until six o'clock. Program is then recorded for a later broadcast.

Show's production staff gathered for rehearsal—Duff, Spier, director Milton Stark, script editor, Ed Nathan. Series broadcast over CBS.



"What's in it for me?" Sam Spade perpetually asks prospective clients. Lurene Tuttle plays Effie, his secretary. William Spier produces.

If all the Conan Doyles, Raymond Chandlers, and Dashiell Hammetts put their heads together to dream up a perfect super-sleuth, they couldn't do better than the six-foot, 175 pounds of he-mannishness that Bremerton, Washington, unknowingly, gave to radio. On September 29 of 1946, Howard Duff broadcast the first script of *The Adventures Of Sam Spade*. He hung his shingle on the door of his San Francisco office, and became a hard-hitting, hard-boiled private eye. Exactly one year later the late Mark Hellinger, intrigued with the deeply penetrating Duff voice, tabbed him for stardom in a film called *Brute Force*. Duff may sound Detective, but he does not look it. He's a nice looking, clean cut, mild young man. He does not spit, swear or hit pretty girls. If he had his way he'd spend most of his days sleeping. Or reading. Or swimming around in the blue blue Pacific. He doesn't know how he got tagged with the Tough Guy title. He never even showed interest in motion pictures. But Mark Hellinger was a persuasive chap. Duff was a hit in that first film, so the producer handed him a long term contract, and assigned him to *Naked City*. Once upon a time, Howard Duff was a little boy and lived in Washington with his parents, and his brother Douglas. He wanted to be, in turn, a fireman, a retired businessman, and a cartoonist. The latter stuck with him through many years of school. He never wanted to be a detective—or even an actor who portrayed a detective. Finally, while attending high school in Seattle, he won the lead role in his senior play. The following day, after the noise of the audience applause left his ears, he went home and tore up his drawing pad. Thereafter he proceeded to join as many small theatre groups as possible. If they paid him, he ate. And if they didn't, he'd get another that did, so he could eat. He never stopped acting. During the war he was with the Armed Forces Radio Service. When he got back to Hollywood, in 1945, he went straight into radio acting. He thinks Hammett did such a good job that the man in the moon could've played Spade and become a radio idol. We think Duff molded something special out of the Hammett creation. Anyhow, this is Sunday, isn't it? Eight you say? Excuse us please. We've a date with a radio dick.



It takes
radio's Philo Vance
exactly thirty
action-packed minutes
to race through
his weekly adventure.

■ Fitting the whodunit formula to radio's tight half-hour size is no easy manipulation. By trimming the local color to bare essentials and streamlining the plot, *Philo Vance* (or *The Fat Man*, or *The Thin Man* or *Mr. North* or *Mrs. North*) is able to gallop madly from the foul crime, through a breathless chase, to the final capture of the criminal, slipping on the hand-cuffs just as the gong sounds for the station-break. The clues must be subtle, yet clear enough so that the listener could solve the case himself if he were sharp enough. The characters must sublimate their shifty-eyed guilt into tone of voice, must create the atmosphere of a tense man-hunt with sheer dialogue and an occasional gun-shot. One of the ablest of the thrill Thespians is versatile Jackson Beck, who plays the suave Mr. Vance every Monday night at ten.* The S. S. Van Dine super-sleuth is one of the newer arrivals to Murderers Row, but ranks with the armchair detective as one of the best. George Petri plays D. A. Markham.

*N. Y. only. Show transcribed, broadcast time varies.

The widow shows the men a train, replica of the accident scene, built by Briggs' brother Bud, also in the ill-fated car.



Vance visits Bud's boss, Albert Wright, whom the brothers drove home the night of the crime. He cleverly alibis Bud.



D. A. Markham tells Vance and his secretary Ellen Deering (seated in car) that he suspects Ralph Briggs, victim of an auto-train "accident" was actually murdered!

the model murder case



Returning to Albert Wright's office, Vance finds bookkeeper George Roose, who had been "fixing" the ledgers, has committed suicide.











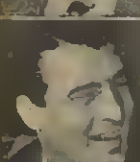



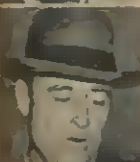

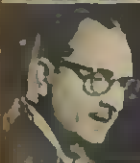



Bud (held by Vance and the D. A.) denies killing his brother. Discloses that millionaire Wright sent him to a phony address.








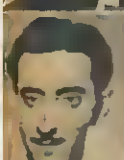
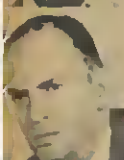













Vance, solving the crime forces a confession. Already guilty of one murder the killer pulls a .22 on Vance and D. A.

charting murderers row

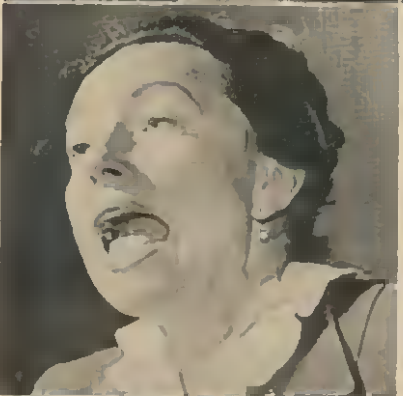
NAME	SHOW	STATION AND TIME	BACKGROUND	PERSONAL DATA	HOBBIES
 BRIGGS, DON	The Sheriff—(Sheriff)	ABC—9:30 Friday	Motion picture work. Stock. On N. Y. stage in <i>Without Love</i> .	Is 6' tall, weighs 180 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Audrey Christie. They have 2 kids.	
 CHRISTIE, AUDREY	Dr. Standish, Medical Examiner—(Nurse Mary Benson)	CBS—8:00 Thursday	In vaudeville. On Broadway in <i>Of Thee I Sing</i> , <i>Shady Lady</i> , <i>Without Love</i> , <i>Voice of the Turtle</i> , <i>Light Up The Sky</i> . Film: <i>Without Love</i> .	Born in Chicago, Ill. Has auburn hair and brown eyes. Wed to Don Briggs. Has two kids—Christie and Jeffrey.	Making curtains and her own clothes.
 CLARK, LON	Nick Carter—(Nick Carter)	Mutual— 6:30 Sunday	Graduate of Minneapolis Music School. Had his own band. Sang in Cincinnati Summer Opera Co. On N. Y. radio shows since 1941.	Born in Frost, Minn., on Jan. 12, 1911. Has auburn hair and brown eyes; is 5'11", weighs 165 lbs. Married, and has two sons.	Collects antique furniture.
 COTSWORTH, CASEY	Crime Photographer—(Casey)	CBS—9:30 Thursday	Studied at Industrial Art School, Pa. Academy Colorossi, Paris. Book illustrator. On Broadway in <i>Alice in Wonderland</i> , <i>Macbeth</i> , <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> .	Born in Oak Park, Ill., on Feb. 17. Is 5'11" tall, 155 lbs. Has blond hair and blue eyes. Is wed to Muriel Kirkland.	Art work.
 CURTIN, JOSEPH	Mr. & Mrs. North—(Mr. North)	CBS—8:30 Tuesday	Appeared at Harvard Workshop when 10. In <i>Merchant of Venice</i> and <i>Ruy Blas</i> on tour. Played Shakespeare at Chicago World Fair. Lead in <i>Second Husband</i> for 10 years.	Born in Cambridge, Mass., on July 28, 1910. Has brown hair and blue eyes; is 5'11" tall, weighs 170 lbs. Wed to Valerie Tochem. Has one boy, 2 girls.	Golf and bowling.
 DOYLE, LEN	Mr. D. A.—(Harrington)	NBC—9:30 Wed.	Dramatic school, stock. Professional debut in <i>The Auctioneer</i> .	Born in Toledo, Ohio, on Feb. 2, 1902. Has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Anita Lahey. Has 2 kids.	Boating.
 EUSTIS, ELIZABETH	The Haunting Hour,* House of Mystery, Mystery Theatre,* Fat Man, Scotland Yard*	Mutual— 4:00 Sunday CBS—8:00 Tuesday ABC—8:00 Friday	Original Nancy in <i>Angel Street</i> on Broadway. Stock in Bath, Eng., Westport, Bucks County Playhouse.	Has blonde hair and green-blue eyes. Is 5'5" tall, and weighs 128 lbs. Is unmarried.	Cooking Creole dishes.
 FLETCHER, LESTER	FBI in Peace and War, Crime Doctor,* Sherlock Holmes, True Detective	CBS—8:00 Thursday Mutual— 7:00 Sunday Mutual— 4:30 Sunday	Spent two years working with Emil Jannings in Germany. On American stage in <i>The Hasty Heart</i> , <i>The White Steed</i> , <i>Janie</i> .	Born in Cardiff, Wales, Aug. 19, 1922. Is 5'7½" tall, weighs 125 lbs. Has dark blond hair and blue eyes.	
 FROST, ALICE	Mr. & Mrs. North—(Mrs. North)	CBS—8:30 Tuesday	Graduate of University of Minn. Stock. Toured with <i>Gentlemen Prefer Blondes</i> . On Broadway in <i>Green Grow the Lilacs</i> , <i>That's Gratitude</i> . First radio work with Walter O'Keefe on <i>Caravan</i> . Had title role in <i>Big Sister</i> .	Born in Minneapolis on Aug. 1. Has blue eyes and blonde hair, is 5'7" tall and weighs 125. Is married to Will Tuttle.	Designs clothes and jewelry.
 GAYER, ANNE-MARIE	Mr. D. A., Molle Mystery Big town* Agatha Christie*	NBC—9:30 Wed. CBS—8:00 Tuesday			Summer theatre.
 GRIGGS, JOHN	House of Mystery—(Roger Elliott)	Mutual— 4:00 Sunday			Made Broadway debut in 1928 in <i>Merchant of Venice</i> . Also on Broadway in <i>The Dark Tower</i> , <i>Lightnin'</i> , <i>A Thousand Summers</i> . On many outstanding air shows in N. Y.
 HAMMOND, EARL	Molle Mystery* Mystery Theatre House of Mystery	CBS—8:00 Tuesday Mutual— 4:00 Sunday			14 years radio experience in N. Y. and Hollywood. Wrote, produced and directed shows for the A.A.F. Appeared with the New Stages. Summer Stock.
 HUBBARD, IRENE	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons—(Miss Ellis)	CBS—8:30 Thursday			In stock with Ben Greet Players. On B'way in <i>Spread Eagle</i> and <i>The Goat Song</i> .
 HEATH, JOHN	Mr. Keen, Mr. D. A., Sherlock Holmes, Murder Is My Hobby*	CBS—8:30 Thursday NBC—9:30 Wed. Mutual— 7:00 Sunday			Pasadena Playhouse. On tour with Jason. On B'way— <i>Boy Who Lived Twice</i> , <i>Would Be Gentleman</i> .
 JUSTYN, JAY	Mr. D. A.—(Mr. D. A.)	NBC—9:30 Wed.			Hollywood stock work. Graduate of Wisconsin Conservatory of Music. Has done hundreds of radio shows.
 KELLY, JIM	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons—(Mike Clancy)	CBS—7:30 Thursday			Stock. Was the voice of Popeye the Sailor on the screen.
 KILPATRICK, BENNETT	Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons—(Mr. Keen)	CBS—7:30 Thursday			Has had 30 years of acting experience—17 have been on radio. Former Shakespearean actor.
 LENROW, BERNARD	Mystery Theatre—(Narrator)	CBS—9:00 Tues.			Studied drama at Cornell. On B'way in <i>Ten Million Ghosts</i> , <i>Lorelei</i> , <i>Man With Blond Hair</i> .
 LEWIS, ELLIOTT	Casebook of Gregory Hood—(Gregory)	Mutual— 8:30 Mon.			In summer stock. Narrator of record album, <i>Manhattan Tower</i> . Films. Lux Radio Theatre.

* Currently off the air

NAME	SHOW	STATION AND TIME	BACKGROUND	PERSONAL DATA	HOBBIES
 MANSON, CHARLOTTE	Nick Carter—(Patsy)	Mutual— 6:30 Sun.	Graduate of N. Y. U. Appeared with Washington Sq. Players. In Parade of Progress. In American Women Show.	Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Is 5'5", 118 lbs., and has brown hair and brown eyes.	
 MARSHALL, HERBERT	Man Called X—(Mr. X)	CBS—8:30 Sun.	On the London and N. Y. stage. In dozens of films including The High Wall, Flight for Freedom, Forever and a Day.	Born in London on May 23, 1890. Is 5'10", 165 lbs., and has brown eyes and hair. Is married to Boots Mallory.	Breeding dogs.
 McDONNELL, CRAIG	Official Detective—(Lt. Dan Britt)	Mutual— 8:30 Tues.	Radio work.	Is 6' tall, weighs 250 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Is married and has 2 kids.	Gardening.
 MCGRATH, PAUL	Inner Sanctum—(Host)	CBS—8:00 Tues.	Carnegie Tech. Stock. On Broadway in Susan and God, Command Decision. Film: No Time for Love.	Born in Chicago on April 11, 1904. Is married to Lulu Hubbard. Has brown hair and brown eyes.	
 MCLAUGHLIN, DON	David Harding, Counter-Spy—(David)	ABC—5:30 Sun.	Appeared on Broadway in 5th Column. Experimental Theatre's Virginia Reel and Happy Journey.	Born in Webster, Iowa, on Nov. 24. Is 6' tall, weighs 165 lbs., and has blue eyes and dirty blond hair. Married Mary Paugh. Has 3 kids.	Sailing.
 MERRILL, GARY	Dr. Standish, Medical Examiner—(Dr. Standish)	CBS—8:00 Thurs.	In Winged Victory on N. Y. stage, tour and movie. Lead on N. Y. stage in Born Yesterday.	Born in Hartford, Conn., 1915. Is 5'11" tall, has brown eyes and hair.	Relaxing.
 MORRISON, BRETT	The Shadow—(Lamont Cranston)	Mutual— 5:00 Sunday	Directed, produced and starred in Dracula program in 1930. Singing and acting roles on Chicago Theatre of the Air. Starred on Light of the World, First Nighter series.	Born in Evanston, Ill., 1916. Has blue eyes and blond hair. Is 5'10" tall, weighs 165 lbs., and is unmarried.	Singing.
 MOSS, ARNOLD	Cabin B-13—(Dr. Fabian)	CBS—10:30 Monday	Toured in Shakespearean drama. On Broadway in Flight to the West, The Tempest, Fifth Column. Films Temptation, Loves of Carmen.	Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 28, 1928. Is 6' tall, has brown eyes and hair. Is married to Stella Reynolds.	Amateur technicolor movies. Cooking.
 ORTEGA, SANTOS	Roger Kilgore, Public Defender—(Roger)	Mutual— 10:00 Tuesday	Has done 23,000 shows during his twelve years on the air. Specializes in detective shows. Played Charlie Chan, Nero Wolfe, Commissioner Weston, etc.	Born in N. Y. C., 1906. Has black hair and brown eyes. Is 6'2" tall, weighs 180 lbs., and is married.	Dialects.
 POWELL, DICK	Final Edition	ABC—7:30 Thursday	Started career as bandleader. Hollywood contract followed. Films include Pitfall, Johnny O'Clock, To The Ends of The Earth, Cornered.	Born in Mt. View, Ark., on Nov. 14, 1904. Is 6' tall, 172 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to June Allyson.	Flying School.

NAME	SHOW	STATION AND TIME	BACKGROUND	PERSONAL DATA	HOBBIES
 RAWLS, EUGENIA	Mr. Keen, Mal's Mystery, Official Detective	CBS—8:30 Thursday CBS—8:00 Tuesday Mutual— 8:30 Tuesday		Summer stock at Ogunquit, Dennis and Westport. On Broadway in Strange Fruit, The Little Foxes, Harriet, Cry Havoc and Rebecca.	Born in Macon, Ga., on Dec. 11. Has blonde hair and blue eyes and is married.
 ROST, ELAINE	Counterspy, Nick Carter, Fat Man, Famous Jury Trials	ABC—5:30 Sunday Mutual— 6:30 Sunday ABC—8:00 Friday ABC—7:30 Saturday		Summer theatre.	Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on July 29. Is 5'4", 112 lbs., and has blue eyes and blonde hair.
 SMART, JACK	The Fat Man—(Fat Man)	ABC—8:00 Friday		In pictures: One Hundred Men and a Girl. On Broadway stage in Bell for Adano, The Pirate.	Born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1902. Has brown eyes and hair. Tips scales at 270 lbs.
 STANLEY, JOHN	Sherlock Holmes—(Sherlock Holmes)	Mutual— 7:00 Sunday		Actor-director in London Theatre. Made radio debut in 1926 soon after arrival in America. Was announcer, script writer.	Born in London, Eng., in 1905. Is married and has two sons, Johnny and David. Bridge.
 SWENSON, KARL	Mr. Chameleon—(Mr. Chameleon)	CBS—8:00 Wed.		Studied with American Lab. Theatre. Work in Baltimore, New London, Rhode Island. On Broadway in One Sunday Afternoon, Highland Fling. Is radio's Lorenzo Jones.	Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 23, 1908. Is 5'10 1/4", weighs 165 lbs., is married to Virginia Hanscom and has four kids.
 TARPLIN, MAURICE	Mysterious Traveler—(Narrator)	Mutual— 8:00 Tuesday			Born in Boston, Mass., April 1, 1911. Is 5'8 1/2" tall, weighs 154 lbs., and has grey eyes, and brown hair. Is married. Fishing.
 WALLACE, ANDREA	Famous Jury Trials, Mr. Keen, The Sheriff	ABC—7:30 Saturday CBS—8:30 Thursday ABC—9:30 Friday		On stage in Outward Bound—Blackfriar's Production of Derryowen.	Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Aug. 28, 1926. Is 5'3" tall, weighs 105 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Unmarried.
 TREMAYNE, LES	The Falcon—(The Falcon)	Mutual— 8:00 Monday		Acted with his mother in British films. Came to America and toured in stock. Was star of First Nighter.	Born in London in 1913. Is 5'10", weighs 155 lbs., and has blue eyes and auburn hair.
 TUTTLE, LURENE	Sam Spade, Detective	CBS—8:00 Sunday		Started in show biz at 17. Played stock leads in Portland, San Antonio, Salt Lake City, and 12 legit shows in Los Angeles.	Born in Pleasantville, Indiana. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. Is married—one daughter. Likes to build houses.
 VOLA, VICKI	Mr. District Attorney—(Miss Miller)	NBC—9:30 Wed.		Toured in stock at 16. Karloff's leading lady on radio in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Did radio work in San Francisco before coming to N. Y.	Born in Denver, Col., on Aug. 27, 1916. Is 5'2" tall, weighs 100 lbs., and has brown eyes and hair. Reading French Classics.

■ First, there's the music: eerie, with ominous chords and wild bells. Then, cutting in smoothly, the announcer's voice, telling you that you are about to hear a tale "well calculated to keep you in . . . (here the music really goes mad) . . . *Suspense!*" Next, Cary Grant steps up to the microphone—or Ida Lupino, Gregory Peck, Rita Hayworth, Charles Laughton, or Agnes Moorehead, seen here doing the memorable *Sorry, Wrong Number* program, which has been repeated four times by popular demand. Look at the pictures and you'll see why, on any Thursday evening at 9:00 on CBS, you can raise the finest crop of goose bumps this side of your FM. The actors love it. To act in *Suspense*, they fly in from Hollywood, sweat (literally) and strain through hours of rehearsal under director Tony Leader, curl their toes around those uncomfortable studio folding chairs—and after the half hour show is over, bedevil Mr. Leader to please have them in another show soon! Scaring yourself to death is an old American pastime; witness the popularity of the roller coaster. But *Suspense* is different from the usual thriller. It is not a detective story; you are not asked to track down a killer from a mess of clues. It is not a horror show; nobody catches grandma's finger in the electric fan. Nor is *Suspense* a ghost story show; reincarnated figures which appear in submitted scripts are wafled swiftly back to their creators. *Suspense* specializes in reality; the stark terror of any individual plummeted into a situation that is unbearable. Unbearable, but unbeatable, for radio listening.



No chains
clank, no doors creak.
Suspense is a quiet
program—so quiet you can
hear your heart
skip a beat.

suspense

more →

suspense, cont.



Acknowledging a cue from the director, Peter Lorre goes into action during a rehearsal with radio actor Bertran Transwell. The producer of *Suspense*, Tony Leader, claims to have the most exciting

fan mail in the world. "Mystery story listeners are an exacting audience," he says. "They know exactly what they want in the way of melodrama. What's more," he adds, "they let me know about it."



Fredric March is another actor cast in serious roles with a longing to act in a menacing *Suspense* tale.



Lud Gluskin's background music helps actors like Clifton Webb get into the proper mood for CBS every Thursday.



Cory Grant, away from movie sets with their stream of visitors, dresses informally for broadcasts without audiences.



A tense moment as Gregory Peck challenges Ed Begley in *Hitch Hike Poker*. Ed played in B'way's *All My Sons*.



Barry Kroeger finds radio broadcasting a pleasant change after his Broadway role in *Joan of Lorraine*. He's with Leader.



After a session before the *Suspense* microphone, Robert Montgomery muttered, "Hollywood was never like this!"

Getting in the mood for a pulse-pounding *Suspense* session, Orson Welles and Keenan Wynn puff away at those big black cigars. Sociologists please note: All *Suspense* programs require that the crim-

inal must eventually meet with retribution. This comes about by his own action; that is, he doesn't suddenly fall under a train, but out-smarts himself or gives himself away by some quirk of his character.





one man's family

■ This is the famous Barbour family all assembled. Reading left to right, top row: Page Gilman (Jack), Mary Lou Harrington (Joan), Barbara Fuller (Claudia), Tom Collins (Nicky), Wally Maher (Dan Murray). Center row: Bart Yarborough (Clifford), Henry Blair (Skipper), Jean Rouveral (Betty), J. Anthony Smythe (Father Barbour), Minetta Ellen (Mother Barbour), Bernice Berwin (Hazel), Winifred Wolfe (Teddy),

Michael Raffetto (Paul). Bottom row: Anne Whitfield (Penny), Dawn Bender (Margaret), Conrad Binyon (Hank). Approximately 1,500 persons have had roles in the cast. But more surprising than that is the fact that six players have been with the show since it began in 1932. The six are Gilman, Yarborough, Berwin, Raffetto, Ellen and Smythe. Winifred Wolfe joined the cast when she was ten years old. Today she's twenty-four.

■ It seems that John Guedel, a radio regular who writes the highly successful tidbit called *People Are Funny*, got wind of the news that a certain producer was frantically shopping for a daytime package for a five-a-week broadcast spot. Guedel galloped to a telephone to tell the producer that he, Guedel, had just the thing for him. A red-hot idea. Art Linkletter as emcee . . . can't miss. The producer said fine, bring over an outline in the morning. That's the way a radio show is born. The only unusual twist to this tale is that John Guedel and sidekick Linkletter stayed up all that night juggling inspirations to find the red-hot idea. Gimlet-eyed and disheveled, they got one. And what's more, the producer took one look at the hasty pudding and said, "I'll buy it." There really wasn't much reason to expect him not to. Guedel's idea for *Houseparty* had everything—an audience participation show with as many parts as a jig-saw puzzle. Everything fitted beautifully. The format changes every day, but never fails to make the folks happy. *Houseparty* tells you how to look better, cook better, and how to solve your problems. In one of the show's brightest spots, five kids, chosen from grade-school classrooms in Los Angeles, are Art's guests. Every day a different group joins him in a fast moving, ad-lib round-table discussion. He has four little "Links" of his own at home, but he still can't guess what the small fry on the program will come out with next. There's the six-year-old who wanted to be an Indian papoose so she could see things backwards; the small boy, who, if he could be an animal, would choose to be a bull so he could stick people in the seat, the shy miss who lost her tongue until Art said, "Of course you know what your Daddy does," and she answered in breathless anticipation of scandal, "No, what?"—That really broke Linkletter up. *Houseparty* isn't a kids' show but the spontaneous humor of the round-table is one big reason why it's such a favorite and why Guedel and Linkletter give a huge prize of their own to Uncle Sam, come March 15th.



Pre-broadcast lunch is Art's chance to eliminate possible stage fright. He tells them about his own kids, comparing experience and skillfully drawing out possible material for the ad-lib session to come.



The handful of excited kids are wafted to the CBS studio in style in a limousine, with Art Linkletter waiting to greet them. He usually arranges a short tour of the building to make them feel at home.

houseparty



Martha Proudfoot, *Houseparty* teacher-chaperone, scouts the Rio Vista School in North Hollywood to round up five likely members of the round-table. Selectees are picked for scholarship and good deportment.

John Guedel and Art
Linkletter dreamed up a pert
four ring circus
overnight, with recipes,
advice, prizes and—
oh, yes—
five uninhibited mites.





The Bennys have a reason to celebrate. Born in 1894, Jack maintains, "Of course, I'll be hot on television. After all, I'm only .39!"



Jack greets 14-year-old daughter, Joan, upon her return from boarding school. She often drops in during rehearsals for a laugh.

the big squeak

Some musicians
make their violins sing.
But Benny's
fiddle never even learned
the scale.

Joan's yet to get into the act. Mrs. B. made her radio debut one night when a player failed to show up. And when Mary didn't

appear in subsequent weeks, listeners bombarded Jack with letters. Now she's an indispensable cast member.





Jack Benny

Don't let Jackson fool you. He's no tightwad. He once paid Andy Devine \$500 to read one line on his Xmas show. "If my

writers wanted Garbo, I'd try to get her if it cost \$10,000," he says. Then adds, "I'd cut down on my non-deductible expenses."

■ They're still talking about the night in Carnegie Hall when the strains of *L'Amour Fleurissant* drifted melodically to the rafters. Music lovers had laughed when Oscar Levant sat down at the piano. Unforgivable? Hardly. Jack Benny was standing beside him fingering a Stradivarius. Love was in bloom. The audience stopped laughing. People got out of their seats and rolled quietly in the aisles. The occasion was a benefit but the response seemed to do Jack more good than anybody. You could tell by the way he clung to the stage. But then Jack is used to fame. When he was 5, they called him a prodigy. They've been calling him names ever since. It's anybody's privilege. Even Fred Allen can play. Actually it's

Benny's fault. On his radio show, he plays stupid—lets other people get the laughs. Then he gives them weekly checks and takes a small fortune home to his piggy bank. The troupe's been keeping Ft. Knox in currency for years now. Occasionally rumors get out of hand and threaten to damage his character . . . Benny's not bald and skinny; he doesn't wear Rochester's retailed suits; he's really Fred Allen's favorite comedian. Some nosey scribes have even found proof. But once he gets the public ear to the radio, Jack fools 'em every time. He becomes the pinch-penny, the fall guy, the odd character with the obsolete Maxwell. He'll never get over his biggest surprise—learning that 30,000,000 listeners love him for it.

the big squeak, cont.

Betty needs no introduction. The demure little lady on the right is Benny, dressed up for his role in *Charlie's Aunt*. Jack won a special award for his work in the pic. The Academy statuette also wore a skirt!



When Jack and Annie Sheridan co-starred, the director had to give out with advice on love scenes. "Remember," he told Jack, "Ann is supposed to be your wife. Give her a husbandly kiss. Don't make a career of it."



As master of ceremonies, Benny has all the luck. Here he's got Rosalind Russell. It's hard to believe, but actually he's a shy fellow. He'll laugh and laugh—but always at other people's jokes.



"Radio was never like this," sighs Jack who takes a beating on every air show. He swears he'll never retire. Fred Allen's boy has come a long way in the theatre since his first job as a doorman.

Mary Martin appeared with Jack in one of his Paramount films. Impressed by such pics, Sid Grauman of the famed Chinese Theatre, requested prints of Jack's violin and feet. Jack borrowed Rochester's shoes for the cement.



Buck Benny woos Gwen Kenyon, Western style in a scene from *Artists and Models*. But he's never been on a horse—except at Santa Anita. Only time he cries "Hi Ho, Silver," is when counting dimes.



After setting box-office records at London's Paladium, Jack vacationed in Paris and on the Riviera. Then he took a GI tour of Germany with his troupe which included Mary, Marilyn Maxwell (above), the Phil HARRises.



Playing the skin-flint jerk, Jack went over big in his overseas stage shows. But he was often at a loss making informal hospital tours. His first question was a humble, "How are you feeling?"

more →



Love didn't happen at first sight for the Bennys. In fact, Mary had another boy friend when Jack telephoned her long distance: "Take the first train for Chicago." The nuptials took place right after her arrival.



The barbed quips are all in fun when the Ronald Colmans appear on the Benny show. They're neighbors and good friends. Jack's especially fond of their new addition—The Oscar.



"Secret of my success?" asks Jack. "Get Stanwyck, Bergman and Colbert for leading ladies. If you can't get them, get the popcorn concession at the theatres playing their pictures."



Last minute script changes happen every Sunday. The polish job never stops till the show's on the air. Jack goes for long walks to think up a "situation." He's serious when he says, "Gags die, humor remains."



George Burns helps Benny cope with the reluctant Rochester. Eddie Anderson was an accidental addition to the show when they needed a Pullman porter for one broadcast. He was such a hit that scripters had Jack hire him immediately as his "valet" and a permanent fixture on the program.



end

stafford's on her own

Pals gave her a shove into solo work and Jo took it from there. Now she's shooting high as a single star and has a new program to prove it.

Paul Weston's responsible for many of Jo's arrangements. Columnists say they mix business and romance.



Dr. W. C. Hand of the American Folklore Society congratulates Jo on plaudits won for renditions of folk songs.



The Starlighters are featured on the new show. Not long ago, Jo herself was busy harmonizing with a vocal group.



Whiteman, Dorsey—they've all gone in for record shows. Stafford scans the script before taking her turn at the tables as disc jockey.

■ Jo's been around in the past few years—around some of the best musical shows in radio. But they always belonged to somebody else. Things are different now. Revere Camera execs know a pretty picture when they see it. "What lines," they must have said when fans stormed the Paramount Theatre's box-office during Jo's personal appearance. "What a figure," they might have murmured as they gazed at her sky high Hooper rating. Whatever the dialogue, they reached the conclusion that Stafford's got laurels to burn. Then they proceeded to sign her for one of those coveted half hour spots every vocalist dreams about. Back in '41, she was just another pipe in the Pied Pipers group, making music with T. Dorsey's orchestra.

At that time, she met a fellow named Sinatra who was almost ready to do solo work. He tried to convince her that she should go it alone. "I'm not ready," Miss S. said firmly. Later, when she opened at New York's smart LaMartinique, Frank was on hand to say, "I told you so, Josie." Johnny Mercer offered encouragement in those days, too. He signed her for his *Music Shop* and gave her a contract with Capitol Records. Jo promptly showed appreciation by becoming the nation's No. 1 feminine disc star. She moved on to the *Chesterfield Supper Club*, sharing billing with Perry Como. But now the gal's got a program she can call her own. And two guys named Sinatra and Mercer must really be bursting with pride.

Jo Stafford



hawthorne's the name—and you haven't heard a disc-jockey until you've heard him. This wacky one-named character has carved himself a special niche in one of radio's most overcrowded spots by simply being the disc-jockey to end all disc-jockeys. He has practically eliminated the discs. Having invented the word *Hogan* as applied to any and everything (the Hoganboard which he is playing here, is a good

example), Hogan—we mean Hawthorne—fills most of his air-time with one-man spiels, conversation with his stable of imaginary characters, or by just playing horns, cowbells, whistles and solitaire. In between he plays a few records. His loyal audience of Hoganites eats its up. They say he's one man who can go places and still remain in Hogansville! (ABC, Pacific Coast Network, Mon.-Sat., 10:30 P.M., PCT.)

the better half

A quiz show on which husbands and wives slug it out—and no one goes away mad!

■ For years Jack Byrne listened to radio programs, muttering in his beard (even as you and I) "Shucks, I could do a better show than that." Only difference between Jack and us is that now he's got a program—a hilarious affair called *The Better Half*. Byrne was a radio engineer for WOR when he dreamed up the show—and he still is. What with his daily stint at the studio and writing the script for his brainchild, he works a seven-day week and loves it. Claims it's a breeze compared to the job he started out with—which was opening up the studio every morning at a chill 4:40 and putting WOR on the air. Practically the only person we've heard of who works harder than Jack is his better half, who copes with two small sons, and guinea-pigs for hubby's stunts. Jack, who used to play football at Fordham, has taken the hearts and flowers out of matrimony, given it a sunnybone, and came up with a quiz show that's refreshingly laugh-happy. Husbands are pitted against wives in a series of queries, and the winner gets a fistful of cash, while the second rater is handed an out-sized dunce cap. Sometimes the couples involved are celebrities, but more often they're just people—nervous as cats before the show, but wonderfully relaxed once Tiny Ruffner begins putting them through their paces. Here's the sort of thing that goes on. A husband is blindfolded and kissed in turn by his wife, a French poodle and a sound-effects man. While the studio audience hoots its appreciation, the harried husband must tell which kiss was the little woman's. Deftly emceed by Ruffner, *The Better Half* is an all too short twenty-five minutes that should happen more than once a week. Catch it Thursday nights over Mutual.

Laughter banishes mike-fright as *The Better Half's* Producer Jack Byrne takes one of the husbands over the jumps. Show is scripted, but best laughs are ad-lib.



Looks as if big Sid Gordon, homerun hitter for the Giants, is about to be struck out by his pint-sized missus.



Emcee Tiny Ruffner claims *The Better Half* is only source of scientific data on which sex has a sense of humor!



The King (Sammy Kaye) kisses the hand of his Queen (Opera star Mimi Benzell). Unaccustomed to cold, Sammy reigned in a woolen shirt.



The swing and swayer found there is many a "down" beat in the rhythm of sküing. "It's those hills." "The bigger they come the harder I fall."

■ Every year the Town Fathers of Lake Placid invite some outstanding fellow and gal to reign as King and Queen of their annual Winter Carnival. Now Lake Placid, New York, is world famous as a snow flaked playground—it's the St. Moritz of Eastern U. S.—where international ski champions slide and soar at breath-breaking speeds . . . where men who roar recklessly down the glazed bobsled runs are often killed as they juggernaut over the sides . . . where spindle-legged infants glide through effortless spins as they prime themselves for future Olympic competitions. It's the place where you'd expect the King and Queen of the Winter Carnival to be world beaters on skates, sled or skis. That's what you'd expect—but not what you'd find. For the Queen would be a gal like young, attractive Mimi Benzell . . . an Opera singer! And the King would be a guy like Sammy Kaye . . . a band leader! Yet, despite what you'd be apt to think of the Town Fathers for pre-meditating such an "unusual" arrangement, you'd have to give them credit for cleverness—because Sammy Kaye and company produced one of the liveliest, most entertaining festivals the Lake Placid populous has enjoyed in a 25 year span of successful Carnivals. And the Fathers knew he would. They knew from experience. In previous years they'd been royally pleased by such reigning couples

The King of England is
an Englishman. The King of France
was a Frenchman.
But the King of the Skiing
and Skating
Land is a Bandleader!

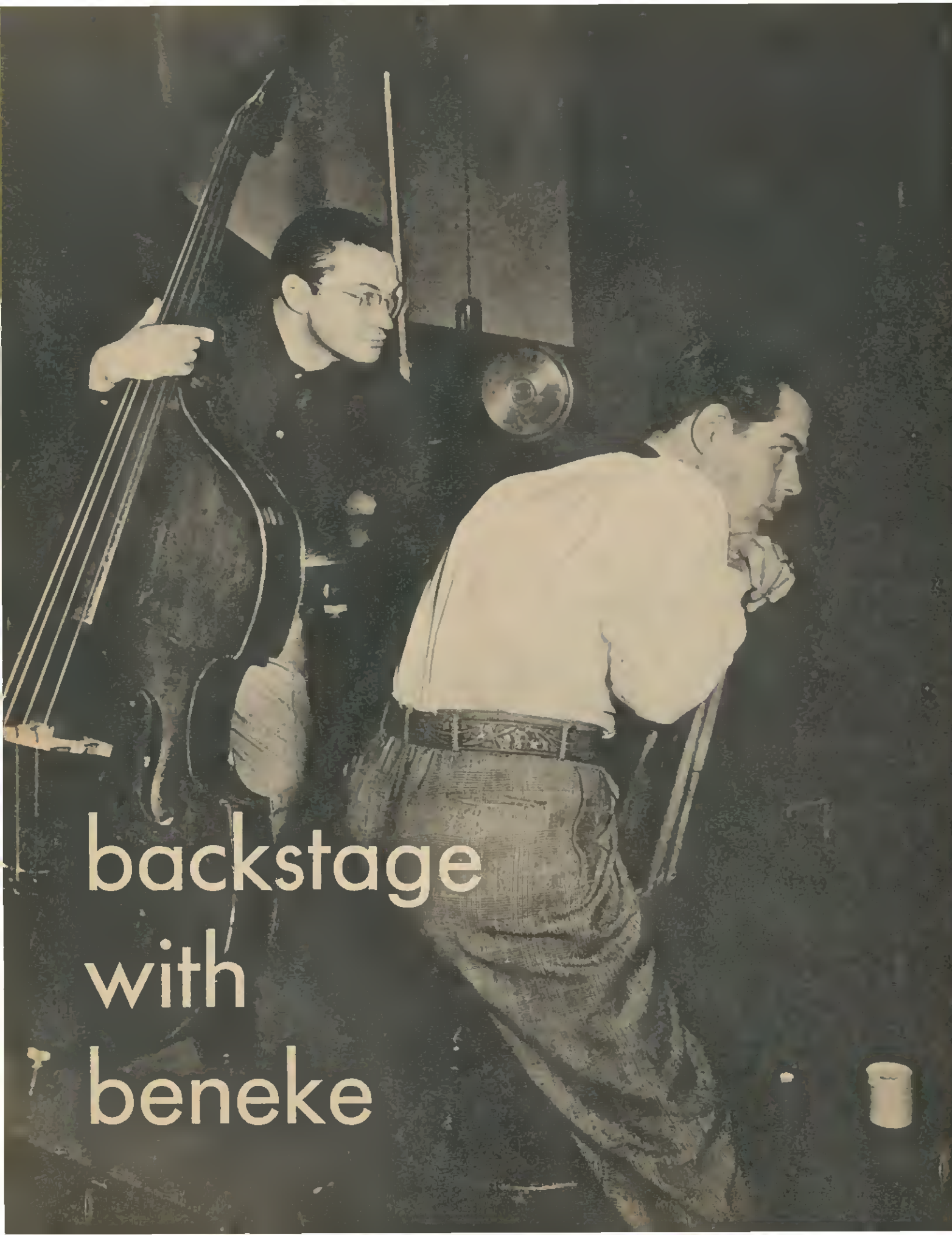
winter carnival

as Perry Como and Jo Stafford, Roy Rogers and Ginny Simms . . . and none of them carried around an entire vocalized dance band the way this fellow Kaye does. And that's exactly the way Sammy Kaye arrived: with full orchestra—and the complete radio show from his *So You Want To Lead a Band* feature heard Monday nights over ABC. Sammy broadcast the show direct from the famous Lake Placid Olympic Arena, scene of the 1932 Winter Olympic Games, and every evening all and sundry were serenaded by his melodic Swing and Sway rhythms. All sports entertainment, happily, was left to the capable feet of Dick Button—now the World's Champion figure skater—and a bevy of beauties who made up the Ice Show. Any skating or skiing Sammy Kaye did was performed in secrecy. He'd never been on skis before in his life. How did it feel? "Great—if you stayed right side up—but oh those hills! Start down one, and the faster you go the faster you go," says Sammy. That was his introduction to skiing, and he's been a fanatic ever since. Today he can keep up with the best of them. It's not surprising, really, because in his scholastic days Sammy Kaye was a crack athlete. At Rock River High School, Cleveland, he was a member of the State Relay Championship team and also the low hurdles title holder. His track prowess earned

him a scholarship to Ohio University where, as a freshman, he quarter-backed a championship football team and then proceeded to win his class numerals in basketball and baseball as well. All this while aiming at a degree in civil engineering; the goal he surrendered to sharps and flats. Sammy's first under-graduate band was organized to play college prom dates, and later became so popular he opened the "Varsity Inn" as a campus dine and dance spot. After graduation the crew remained together and branched out into the one-night-stands. Some of these places carried network wires, and the network wires carried Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Sway rhythms to national popularity. When they opened in New York's Hotel Commodore, in 1938, they were one of the few orchestras to break into the big time with a reputation already established from coast to coast. Night club engagements, recording contracts for Victor and commercial radio followed one upon the other. *Supper Club* heard five nights a week, featured five different formats—proof of Mr. Kaye's versatility. Maybe the Town Fathers of Lake Placid knew all this background before they extended their regal request—or maybe they just guessed Sammy would give them a super snow show—anyway, they got what they wanted. And so did the guests.

The inhabitants of Lake Placid have been holding their famous Winter Carnival every season for 25 years. Great skiers and skaters thrill the crowds with jumps and spins and graceful glides which have made them the toast of the world, but King and Queen supply the gaiety.





backstage with beneke

■ On the night of December 14, 1944, the heady, whirling world of music stopped . . . stunned. Bewildered musicians and fans looked at each other in disbelief. Then whispered the news to themselves. Major Glenn Miller, on his way to arrange a series of concerts for GIs in Paris, had been lost on a routine flight somewhere between England and France. When the fact finally became absorbed by the nation-wide army of Glenn Miller fans, they began asking, "What's going to happen to his band? Who'll lead it?" There was one man who knew—Don Haynes. He'd been Miller's Administrative Officer in the Air Forces, and before that his personal manager. Haynes and Miller had planned on a new and bigger orchestra, after the war, and had always started with Gordon Lee "Tex" Beneke as tenor sax. "He's really too good to be playing for me," Miller would say. "He should be on his own. He won't move, though, so include him in." And now Haynes was including him—as leader. And why not? Tex Beneke had been with the Glenn Miller band before there was a Glenn Miller band. When Glenn first had ideas of organizing, in 1938, Gene Krupa had recommended Beneke for the tenor slot so enthusiastically that Miller practically hired him by wire from N. Y. to Detroit. They'd become fast friends, never had a contract, and Beneke probably knew more about the Miller music-style than anyone within reed range. When the new band—revamped to a full 36 pieces, exactly as Glenn had planned—opened in N. Y.'s Capitol Theater in 1946, Tin Pan Alley tin-horns gave odds Tex and his crew wouldn't last. They should live so long. The Beneke band broke a 26-year-old box office record—then did the same in city after city . . . and are still the most powerful ticket persuaders in Petrillo's menage. And that's no small accomplishment these days, when the dance band business is so bad that stalwarts like Woody Herman, Harry James, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman have been forced to disband. How does Beneke do it? Easy—with a modest, unassuming manner that immediately captivates his audience—pains-taking attention to the details of all musical arrangements—enviable discs that spin sweet, danceable music—and a huge backlog of famous tunes.

All eyes are on "Texas"
as his crew rides the band biz
doldrums—
At peak popularity, Beneke
rates Grade A.

Marguerite Griffith was one of the beauties appearing at the Texas Centennial of 1936. Tex played there, met the girl . . . married same. Now, backstage, she cooks up his favorite—meat balls and spaghetti.



The band business is so bad that some name bands have had to fold up. There's never a lack of booking for Beneke, but there's often a lack of living quarters. So the boys wind up pitching camp in the lobby!



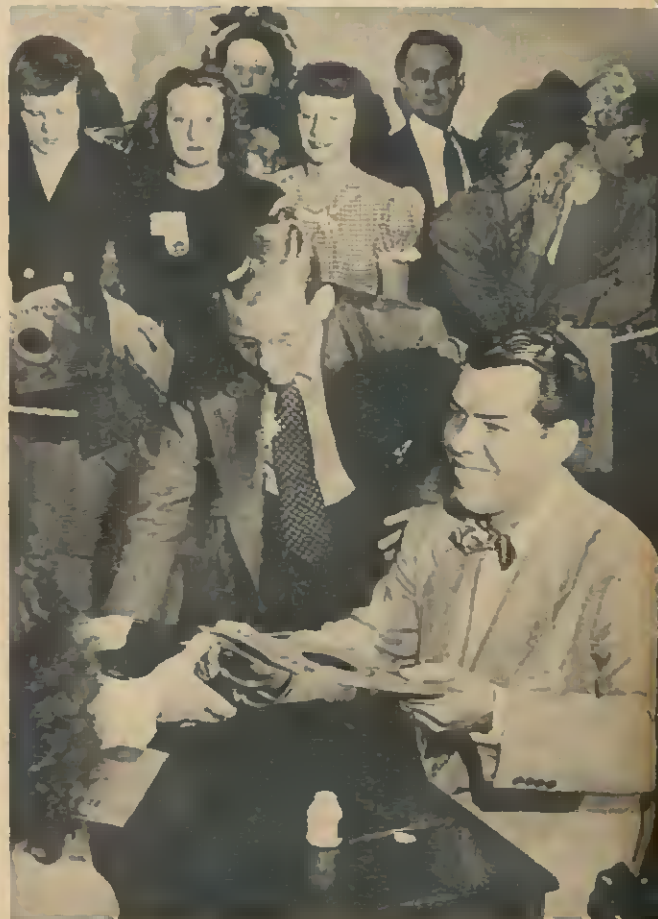
more→

Glenn Miller reasoned he could produce sweeter music if he added a string section, so Tex—following Miller's plan to the letter—built in violins, violas. Now the band numbers thirty-six! And they're the largest dance band in the U. S.

backstage
with
beneke,
cont.



Though he appears easy-going in front of the bandstand, Beneke's really a demon on details away from the mike—a characteristic that radio men appreciate, since a program's success depends upon exact timing.

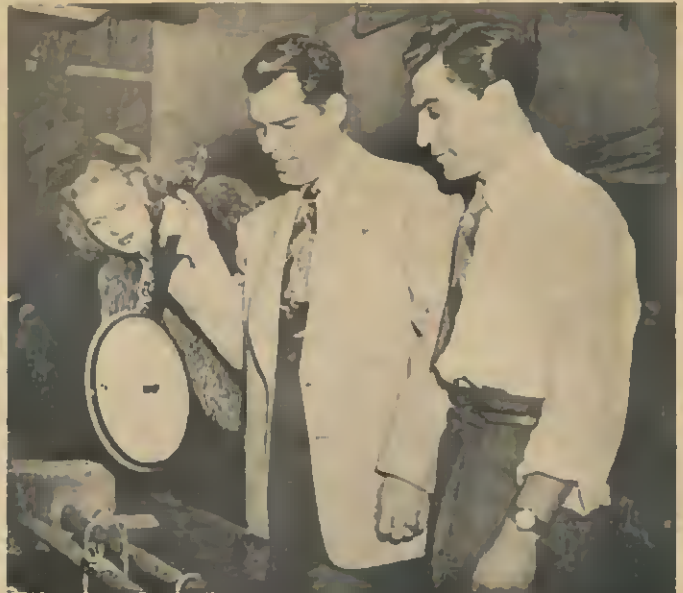


The band works hard cutting records and Beneke works just as hard after they're cut. When the popular *Body and Soul* was waxed, he autographed hundreds in a large Akron store!

Everywhere the band plays, local disc jockeys jump at a chance to interview Tex. It's all extra work, but he's a willing guest. Mr. & Mrs. Music (Andre Baruch, Bea Wain) have him miked!



Like the old Miller band, Tex Beneke's new group is under contract for RCA Victor recordings—and Tex takes a healthy interest in every step of the operation. Here he examines a master-platter at the N. J. plant.



See that hat? Tex, a native of Fort Worth, presents it as his token to N. Y. columnist Earl Wilson. Louise Hyde and Myra Keck help out.



end



house of faith



A night at home with the Faiths—temperament is out! Among other things, father and son share hobby, small-scale trains.

They have an equal place in
 his heart—his family and
 his music—and his love for
 one compliments the other.

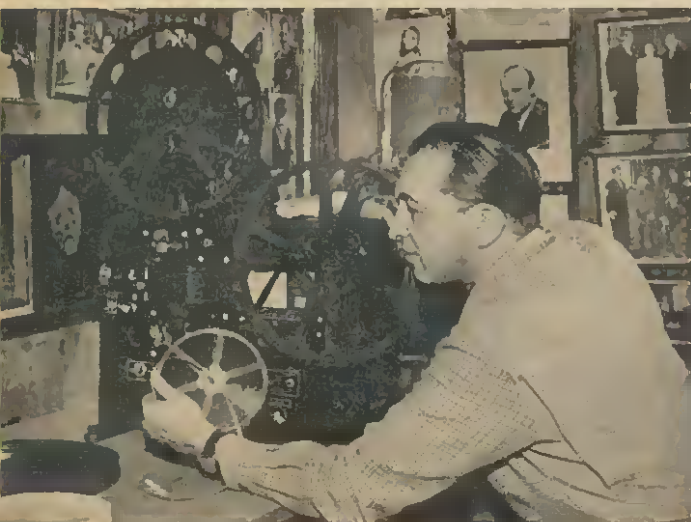
■ The sprawling Colonial home on Long Island is a far cry from the little house in Toronto's backstreets where a tailor's 8 children were raised. Percy was the youngest of these, and he possessed a rare musical talent. To his father, music was a luxury far above their humble means. But Mr. Faith was a most unusual man. And when Percy was 7 he found a way to give him a violin. His aunt contributed a baby grand. Percy did not disappoint either of them; in 3 years he was giving dual concerts. That was the original House of Faith, that was the beginning. Like his father, Percy Faith's family is something special. And because they are special, and because he didn't want to leave them, he refused lucrative offers to conduct in the States from Whiteman, Dorsey and Black. It wasn't until 1940 that he finally did come to New York as guest conductor. Now he's on *The Pause That Refreshes*. The music he features is popular, but when Faith plays, it's popular music on a pedestal.



They live in a large Colonial-type home in Great Neck, L. I. There's Marilyn, 16, Peter aged ten, Mrs. Faith and Percy—and the dachshund.



Percy refuses to write hack music. He's composed three melodies, which have met with only moderate success. Severest critic is daughter Marilyn.



It takes Faith from two hours to two days to complete an arrangement. He works at home, relaxes with home-made movies.

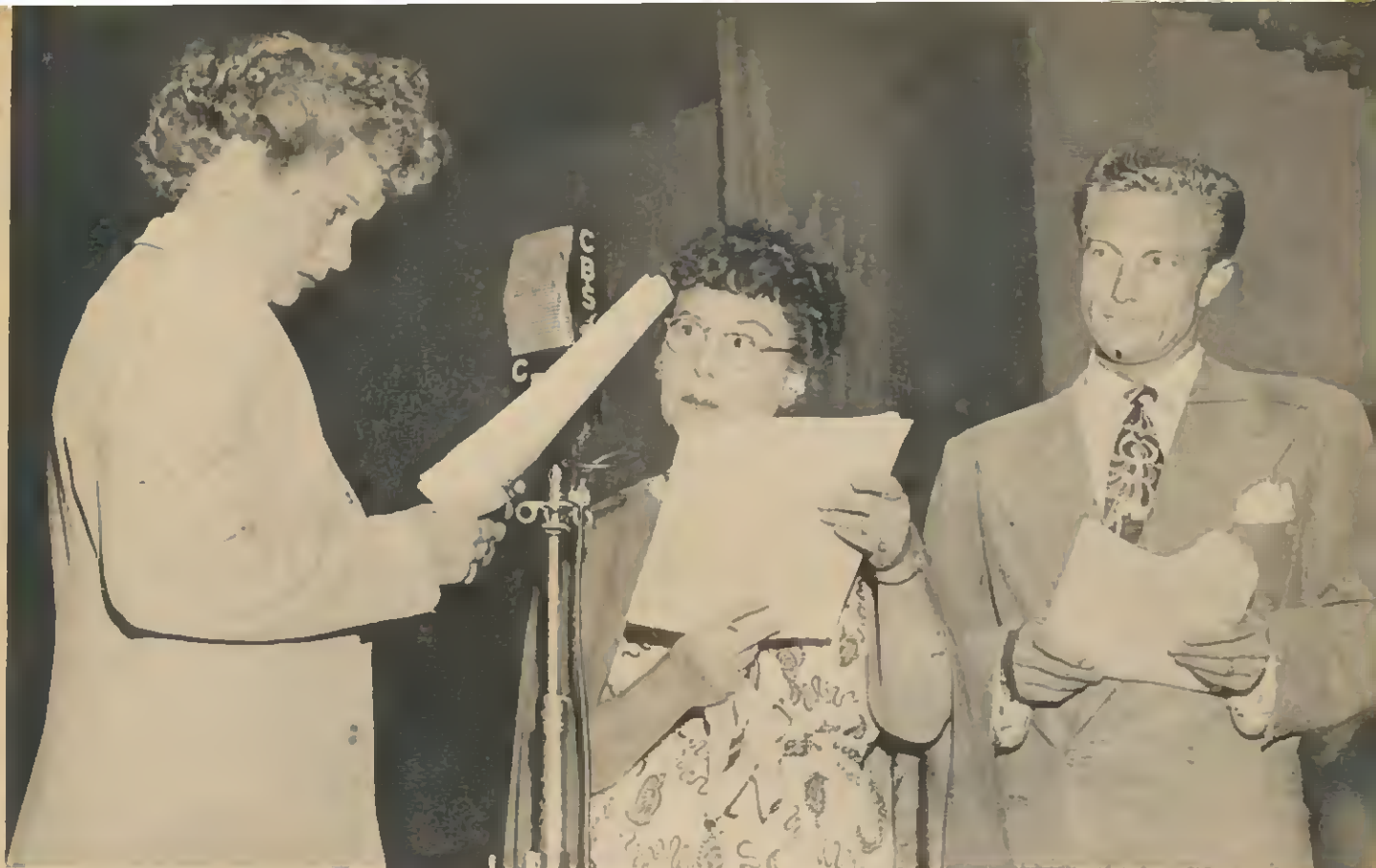


Both Mr. and Mrs. Faith were born in Toronto. Met when in their teens. Percy, now 40, is referred to as the Toscanini of modern American music.



the five de marco sisters, in chronological order Ann, Gene, Gloria, Marie and Arlene, were charging a fast two cents admission to their backyard concerts just six years ago. When the take was good, they ate —when it wasn't they didn't. More often they didn't. Things are different now, although they still live in

Brooklyn. The stardust started in 1945 when they auditioned for a spot on Fred Allen's show. After one chorus they were in, Ann, the eldest, rushed to a phone to tell their invalid father. "Burn the furniture!" she screamed. Translation by Arlene: "Now we eat." It's been chicken and dumplings ever since. (Fred Allen Show, NBC, Sunday, 8:30 P.M.)



my favorite husband's favorite wife is a smart little cookie who manages to hide her brains by various scatter-brained activities. Lucille Ball is the wife; Richard Denning the local bank's 5th Vice-President—and incidentally the husband. (CBS, Saturday, 7 P.M.)

life with luigi is an amusing and heartwarming tale of an Italian immigrant to the U. S. Lovable Luigi is J. Carroll Naish; his best friend is Pasquale (Alan Reed) and his idol is George Washington (not in photo). Tune in to CBS, Tuesdays, 9:30 P.M., an enjoyable half-hour.



a date with liz

A fancy dress ball,
a clean uniform, and no
date. A sad
tale, until Liz Scott
agreed to act as
a consequence and pro-
vide a happy ending.

■ You like cream pie? At Ralph Edwards' *Truth or Consequences* program, you can have all the cream pie you want—right in the face. *Truth or Consequences* isn't one of those programs where they give you a medium sized country for knowing your own name. In fact, you'll be better off not answering any of Ralph Edwards' questions. True, you might get dunked in a tub of chocolate eclair filling or have to pluck some chickens, if you don't, but in the end you'll have had yourself a swell time just for being a good sport. Sometimes (if you're lucky) Ralph will think you up a consequence which isn't zany, but just plain nice. There was that time, Bob Hastings came up to the microphone. Bob, sixteen and a half and a senior at Farfax High, had just lost his date to the annual ROTC ball. His girl got her signals mixed, so Bob wasn't looking forward to the ball that night. Just to waste some time he went along with his mom and dad to the *T or C* show. Ralph Edwards called for some high school kids and someone shoved Bob onto the platform. He couldn't answer the question, of course, and when Ralph asked him if he had a date that night, Bob blurted out the whole sad story. Ralph smiled and said, "As a consequence, how'd you like to go to that ball tonight with Liz Scott?" Bob guessed he'd like it fine, and then he turned red, and pink and then red again when Liz herself came out of the wings, all smiles. Besides Liz, Ralph was saying, Bob could have fifty dollars worth of spending money, AND a car, AND a chauffeur. Three minutes later, he was back home, showering, shaving, and squirming into his freshly-pressed uniform. Just wait till the fellows saw his date, just wait. Picking Liz up at her house was easy enough, but introducing her to Lt. Col. Randall, his voice broke in two places. The fellows stared and after that they started cutting in like mad. What a date! What a night! What a consequence!



studio snaps

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



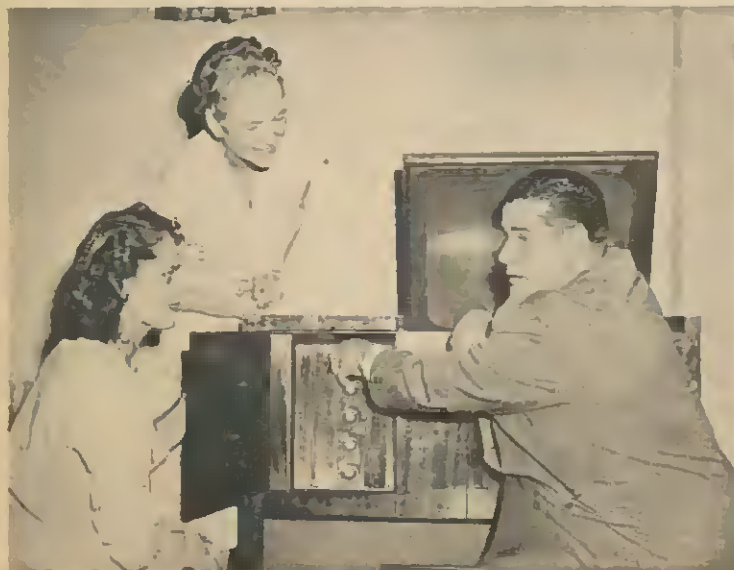
Club 15's singing host, Bob Crosby, confers before the show with Patty Andrews and program's musical director, Jerry Gray.



Latest addition to soapsuds alley is *We Love and Learn*. Ann Thomas (Dixie Blake) and Eleanor Sherman (Susan Brown) are the show's leading ladies.



Two more questions to go, signals producer Gary Stevens as the 20 Questions panel of experts ponders a tough one. Emcee is Bill Slater.



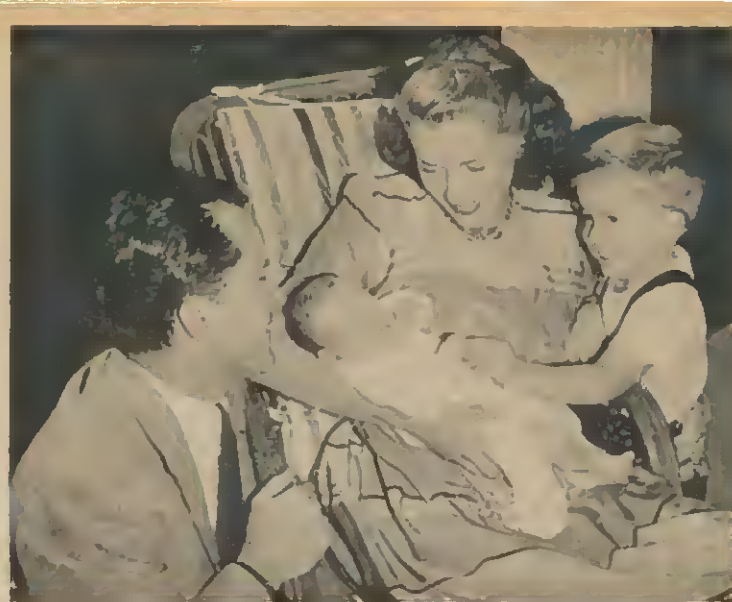
Succeeding Moore, who succeeded Breneman as host on *Breakfast in Hollywood*, is Jack McElroy. Jack explains TV operation to hospital patients.



Roy Rogers is the proverbial proud pop as his son Dusty explores Gabby Hayes' whiskers. Show includes Roy, Gabby and Dale.



Dorothy Lamour, who has flirted with radio on and off for years, is now back with her own show. Guest is Brian Donlevy.



Here's the Tex McCrary family en masse—Kevin, born August, 1948, Paddy, and Jinx (Falkenberg). Tex emcees airforce program, *Skyway to the Stars*.



When Bob Hope remodeled his show this fall, singer Doris Day became one of the most attractive and talented fixtures.



Frances Robinson supplies the love interest for Alan Ladd in *Box 13*, weekly adventure program. Both Hollywood veterans, they create a top rate show.



Radie Harris has been broadcasting *Hollywood and Vine* for a good many years. Reason—job necessitates lunching with Gregory Peck.



Meredith Wilson has his own show. . . . and with Benny's old sponsor. The man with the specs is Wilson; he's surrounded by the singing quintuplets.

studio
snaps
cont.



When the lovely Laraine appeared on *Cavalcade of America*, hubby Leo (The Lip) Durocher was on hand to coach the rehearsal.



Water Commissioner Gildersleeve dictates the dinner menu to housekeeper Birdie. *The Great Gildersleeve* is heard Wednesday, NBC.



Eddy Arnold protects songstress Donna Jean from hillbilly comic, The Duke of Paducah (Whitey Ford) on CBS *Hometown Reunion*.



The three R's take on glamour. Dinah Shore instructs Los Angeles' lucky school kids in script construction, timing and studio routine.



Best bet for stardom—baritone Bill Lawrence, who won first prize on *A.G.'s Talent Scouts*. Bill's signed for the Morey Amsterdam show.

Lily Pons



PIQUANT LILY PONS IS A FREQUENT SOLOIST ON *TELEPHONE HOUR*, *VOICE OF FIRESTONE* AND *CARNEGIE HALL*.

RADIO ALBUM MAGAZINE



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