

Radioland

and TELEVISION

NOV.
25c



PERRY COMO

OVER
200 NEW PICTURES
of radio's top stars
and leading programs —
also an exciting glimpse into
TELEVISION
LIFE

MARIE WILSON
("YOUR FRIEND
IRMA")



MEL TORMÉ, MUSICRAFT RECORD ARTIST, MGM STAR, AND NBC PERFORMER

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VOL. I NO. I

NOVEMBER, 1948

RADIOLAND and TELEVISION is published bi-monthly by U. S. A. COM. MAGAZINE CORP. Office of Publication: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Application for second class entry under the Act of March 3, 1879 pending at the post office at New York, N. Y. Additional entry at Dunellen, New Jersey. Vol. 1, No. 1, NOVEMBER 1948 issue. Copyright 1948 by U. S. A. COM. MAGAZINE CORP., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Price 25c per copy. Printed in the U. S. A.



Marie indulges in one of her favorite weaknesses—and we don't mean Al at right. It's a tall soda!

Two years old, and Marie already was beguilingly beautiful—as you can see.



A natural before a camera—as this school pic proves.

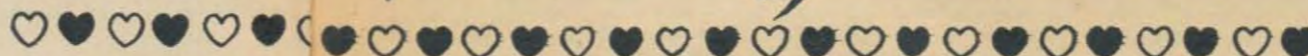


■ Irma's got a heart of gold. Even if her alleged mind is tarnished with disuse. CBS's naive little beauty knows it's smart to play dumb. And besides, she argues, it's time SOMEONE started a new trend in intelligence. Too many geniuses running amuck can cause serious trouble. That's why MARIE WILSON chooses the simple life. Or at least that's what she'd have you believe. Marie was well-known to the theater audiences for her long curly lashes and well-proportioned pulchritude long before the ether waves felled her. The saga of the seraphic scatterbrain starts in Anaheim, Calif., where she was born and lived until her fifteenth year. Until that time she was attending school and all the time entertaining a notion in her noggin that she would get out to be another Bernhardt—or even Duse. So she upped and headed for Hollywood before she turned sweet sixteen. Between fruitless studio visits Marie began taking acting lessons for a few years. Meanwhile she discovered that dramatic actresses were a dime a dozen in the film city. Still, she didn't let a little matter like that send her packing. Marie promptly resolved that if smart actresses were not in demand, she was going to become the dumbest one in town. Which she did. As the classic dumb blonde she rapidly rose to stardom, then copped more acclaim as the leading lady in Ken Murray's west coast stage hit, "The Blackouts Revue." Marie played dumb in that show for five years, until radio waved a contract in her direction. And as off-the-beam Irma, she's definitely on-the-beam, if you get what we mean. Hal Wallis of Paramount, intrigued by Irma's classic stupidity, has bought movie rights to laugh-lined CBS program.

Your

Friend,

IRMA!



Irma's no dope—she wears gloves to don those nylons. But she's going formal, so she uses lacy evening mitts.

She's short on education, long on good intention and combines the face of an angel with the brain of a bunny



Irma and Jane (Cathy Lewis) pose between hectic moments.

Go on, do a double-take. She *does* look like Harlow.



Irma—bless her little heart throws light on the situation.



Even the Professor (Hans Conreid) hates that music—and he wrote it.



Jane and Richard (Leif Erickson) puzzle out an Irma pun.





Radio Couldn't Live Without Them.

There Could Be No Radio Without the Faithful Fans Who Write Letters, Enter Contests, Make Up Studio Audiences, Become Program Participants. They are the Real Stars of Radio, the Unsung Heroes of Insults and Jest Who Take a Pie in the Face and a \$64 Reward with Equal Aplomb. And Then Rush Home To Tell the Folks About Those Wonderful Show Folks

■ The avalanche of quiz and giveaway shows has turned the nation into a horde of snoopers. "Find Miss Hush . . . Find the Walking Man . . . Find Mrs. Raleigh . . . Find Mr. Flatfoot," the quiz emcee order. And thousands of radio fans start darting around, with a list of clues in one hand, looking for the person or thing which will bring a big prize.

When Jack Benny was *The Walking Man*, he lived the life of a Man with a Big Secret. He had promised not to tell a soul, not even his wife. He went off on sneaking rides in order to get to a secret studio every Saturday night when he had to provide the newest clues. Fortunately, everything turned out all right.

But the hunt for mystery people doesn't always turn out happily. Mrs. Kathie Zahn, for instance, was minding her own business, on her way to San Francisco last December 6. Just as she got off the train, an excited mob tore her clothing, pulled her to the floor and mishandled her. The mob was looking for a Mrs. Raleigh, and Mrs. Zahn fitted the description. The person who could identify Mrs. Raleigh was to win a big radio prize. Result: Mrs. Zahn filed suit for \$100,000 against Art Linkletter, the radio emcee; and 18 others.

Radio emcees never know what a radio guest will say. Kenny Baker, for instance, was interviewing a Scottish couple, who had re-enacted their memory of the Scot's proposal of marriage. Kenny asked the wife if it were true the Scotch were tight-fisted with a penny. She: "My husband's so Scotch, he won't let me talk for fear I'll wear out my teeth."

Another time, emcee Herb Sheldon was interviewing an expectant mother. Sheldon: "How long are you married?" Lady: "It's all right. I've been married a year. It's legal." Sheldon: "And what's your husband's hobby?" Lady: "Me, of course!"

Sometimes a guest's answers are a bit confusing. Here's an example. Bob Hawk (interviewing a gentleman who had just returned from Europe): "What part of the trip did you enjoy the most?" Gentleman: "I liked Paris. I enjoyed Rome. I was crazy about Scotland; but the best part of it was the trip over. Whatever you do, if you go to Europe, don't miss that."

Sometimes the radio emcee gets a bit confused, too. Example: Herb Sheldon, on Luncheon at the Latin Quarter, was interviewing an obviously pregnant woman: "And how long are you married?" She: "Nine months." Sheldon: "Is this your first child?" She: "Why . . . Yes . . ." (And the audience howled.)

Art Ford, WNEW's all-night disc jockey, went to Europe recently and discovered that one of the most popular television programs in France is "Murder Party." Tele-viewers participate in this program. The murder is committed, and then tele-viewers

Editor's Note: RADIOLAND invites you to pull up a laugh and enjoy the backstage wit of Paul Denis, Radio-Television columnist of the New York Post-Home News. Mr. Denis is a little fellow with big ambitions, some of which have already been realized. He's authored a book "Your Career in Show Business" and collects slightly-used hundred-dollar bills for incidental lectures and magazine pieces. And not at all least, Mr. D. is chairman-founder of the Radio-Television Critics Circle. He is, how they say "with it."



■ BY PAUL DENIS

phone in to ask questions and try to solve the crime. Callers demand, "move the sofa, and see what's behind it" or "give us a close-up of the writing on the desk pad," or "Why did she pick up that knife?" The program continues until some viewer solves the crime.

CBS' Give and Take quiz has been tantalizing its listeners with *The Secret Sound*, which is a highly magnified recording of a common sound. Maybe this seems easy, but see how listeners guessed wrong. When the sound was that of a ferret, guesses were "a deer nursing" and "someone calling hogs." When the sound was that of a man scratching his face, the guesses were "milking a cow" and "a grunting rhinoceros." When the sound was that of a person drinking water, the guesses were, "a coffee pot percolator" and "a man planing wood." The ticking of a watch sounded to some "an oil well pumping" and "a locomotive." Even ordinary sounds, not magnified at all, are difficult to detect. Close your eyes, and try to identify all the sounds about you, or ask somebody to make sounds—and see how many you can identify.

Sam Spade, played by handsome movie-actor Howard Duff, is adored by the girls and his fan mail is heavy. The girls who write him care of *The Adventures of Sam Spade*, are usually not bashful. But one young lady wrote Duff a passionately enthusiastic letter, requesting an autographed photo, and then signed herself *Your Unknown Admirer*. Now, *how* is Duff going to get that photo to her?

Mothers often send problems to *Juvenile Jury*, that delightful program in which bright young kids solve problems of parenthood and childhood. One mother complained her child's biting off chunks of apples was "unmannerly." Dickie Orlan, aged 7, offered this advice: "Let him eat applesauce." Then a girl filed a complaint against her brother who "constantly eats onions and nearly drives me crazy." Orlan's suggestion: "Wear a gas mask." At another time, somebody wanted to know, "In what way are dachshunds useful?" Orlan: "For looking under the bed."

Women make the best radio contestants, radio emcees agree. Phil Baker says, "Women contestants are usually more nervous, but their minds are keener. Women remember the facts they need for quiz answers, and they speak right out."

John Reed King, the popular emcee, sizes up the "ideal contestant: "She's a woman. She wears a red hat. She is inclined to be stout. She has a cheerful disposition. She's married." (So, if you're a man, don't wear a red hat; are thin, grouchy and a bachelor—stay away from Mr. King's programs.)

Toni Hairwave invites women to talk about their Toni experiences on its show, *This Is Nora Drake*. These women facing the mike for the first time in their lives, are usually terrified—but, like women, manage all right. Producers of the program observe: "Women over 40 are more assured on the air than any other age group. Women under 40 are shyer and more nervous. Women under 20 are self-conscious and have great difficulty keeping their voices at the same volume. Before they go on the air, women insist, 'I can't possibly do it,' and then go right on and do it very well."

How about the men? How do they face the mike? According to Win Elliot, emcee of *County Fair* on CBS, "The average male

contestant wasn't too keen about going, at first. He doesn't know what prompted him to raise his hand when the emcee asked for volunteers to appear on the show. He is very self-conscious. He'll go through any stunt he is asked to participate in.

He feels awfully silly; but he goes through with it. He hopes everybody at home is listening, and secretly nurses a desire to have them say, 'How wonderful you sounded; you should be a radio announcer yourself.' After the show, he shakes hands with the emcee and thanks everybody. He and his family become loyal listeners to the program. Back home, the boys kid him about his radio appearance for years. His wife and children are pretty darn proud of the pop because he was 'smart enough' to be picked for the program.

Radio stars—like movie stars, I guess—don't know what to expect from their fans. They get intimate letters, jars of cookies, poetry, sweaters and things. But, sometimes the fans act a bit weird. Allen Prescott, for instance, tells me somebody phoned him at home and asked, "Is this Allen Prescott?" "Yes." "Is this the Prescott who's on the radio?" "Yes." "Well, that's what I thought," was the final remark, as the voice hung up. Prescott says he still can't figure it out.

Sometimes studio contestants say things that get them in trouble. For instance, when John Reed King (emceeding The Missus Goes A-Shopping) asked a man: "Where is your wife today?" he answered: "At home, where all women belong." The studio audience, composed almost entirely of women, booed him lustily. (He's lucky they didn't lynch him.) On the same program, King asked a school teacher what was the most useless thing she ever bought. Her answer: "Once I bought a pair of bloomers and then discovered panties were in vogue."

Sometimes somebody in the studio audience gets too enthusiastic, as during a broadcast of WOR's 20 Questions. The subject the panel had to guess was "A Million Dollar Baby from the 5 and 10 Cent Store." A man in the audience stood up and sang the tune. Later, he explained, sheepishly, "I thought it was an audience participation show."

A remarkable program is Candid Microphone. Allen Funt takes a hidden mike and tricks people into saying silly uninhibited things. Recently, Funt decided to find out just how many people really knew what the word 'scruples' means. One man insisted, "Scruples? Oh, I know what you want. You can get those in a delicatessen." Another man: "Scruples? No. I don't have any. But my aunt had them. She got over them, though." (How about you, hmm?)

If you are a soap opera and a quiz program fan, then you're an escapist. Here's what Dr. R. G. Novick, medical director of the Illinois Society of Mental Hygiene, says: "People turn to this type of programs for an escape from their everyday existence and to live in fantasy. Such an escape is matched by the rise in the use of intoxicants, and both testify to the spread of mental illness."

Did you know that the average radio set is turned on more than four hours a day? Most of the listening is done at night, from 7 to 9, when the family's home. By around midnight, only 15% of the homes with sets still have the radio on. Half the nation's asleep by 10 p.m. The least amount of radio listening is done between 4 and 5 a.m. At 6 a.m., the nation starts to awake again.

Inevitable questions on quiz shows are, "How did you meet?" and "How did you propose?" On NBC's Honeymoon in New York, emcee Ed Herlihy asked a gentleman, "How did you propose?" Answer: "I asked her how she'd like to be buried in my father's family plot."

On ABC's Bride and Groom, Jack McElroy asked a boy the usual questions about how they met. The reply: "I was in a beet field hacking beets, and she was serving refreshments. We drove to the cemetery, where I proposed. She asked, right away: 'Where's the ring?' So I got the ring from the pawn shop."

How do studio audiences feel toward those chosen as contestants? Bill Todman and Mark Goodson, producers of Winner Take All, say: "Quiz audiences love to see teachers flunk questions; they sympathize with any contestant saying she's a mother-

in-law; they favor a contestant who's frankly scared; and they generally have a sense of justice toward all contestants."

Groucho Marx's quiz-mastering was always snappy. He asked one contestant: "What does your baby look like?" Contestant: "Well . . . like a baby." Groucho: "That must have been quite a relief." Groucho asked a soldier: "Do you prefer blondes or brunettes?" Soldier: "Yes." Groucho: "It's satisfying to see a man who's so discriminating."

How kids can listen to the radio and do their homework is a mystery to me. But they can. On a broadcast of that wonderful program, Child's World, kids were asked how they do it. Each kid explained how he did homework while listening to a favorite type of program—mystery, music, comedy, adventure etc. One girl explained she did her homework with "one part" of her brain and listened to the radio "with the other part."

If somebody phones your home, says he's a quiz-master, then asks you a question—don't start counting your money till you get it.

A friend of mine answered the phone. It was a "quiz-master" who asked: "Can you hang by your beard?" My friend answered, "No; by rope." "Correct!" said the quiz-master, "You win an airplane! We will send it at once! Your name and address please!" Of course, my friend never received the airplane. The "quiz-master" was just a telephone prankster. So, if you are ever called by a quiz-master, try to answer correctly; then demand to know the name of the program, the station and quiz-master. Then, phone the station, and check the call.

Sammy Kaye asked a contestant for the So You Want to Lead a Band contest: "Do you know music?" She: "Yes, when I hear it." (Foolish question; foolish answer.)

Walter O'Keefe asked a contestant on Double or Nothing: "How did you meet your husband?" She: "I was in a restaurant, and discovered I had forgotten my money. So the man behind me paid the bill. And he's been paying them ever since."

That charming show, 20 Questions, announced that it's next guest would be "the most popular man in America." A boy in Indiana figured it could mean only one person: Bing Crosby (who else?). So the boy wired the New York Bingites Club and 200 Crosby fans showed up at 20 Questions the next Saturday. The "most popular man" turned out to be Santa Claus. What a disappointment.

Radio stars have fan clubs, too. Ilene Woods, the singer, had a lively Hollywood fan club, but when its president got married and her husband discovered how many hours a day the club took up, he insisted she quit. This left the club foundering, but fortunately the Jack Carson Fan Club learned of this, and solved the problem by adopting Ilene Woods and absorbing her fan club. Result: Everybody happy.

Many radio fans never write to the station or programs, on the theory "it's no use."

But, they are *wrong*. Broadcasters welcome mail from listeners; they want to know what the listener likes and dislikes.

For instance, the presentation of an orchid to the oldest lady was discontinued from Breakfast in Hollywood after Tom Breneyman died and Garry Moore replaced him. But so many radio fans wrote in about it that the orchid presentation was resumed.

CBS originally put on a fine new program, CBS Is There. Then it dropped it for good. Mail poured in and CBS had to take the program off the shelf and resume it. Today, renamed You Are There, this program is outstanding and even won a citation from the Radio-Television Critics Circle for successfully combining entertainment with history.

So, don't be afraid to write letters!

A girl wrote to Minnie Pearl, comedienne on that amusing Grand Ole Opry, asking for advice on marriage. Miss Pearl, who portrays a man-chaser on that program, wrote back: "Marriage is an adventure when you're 18. It's a career when you're 22. It's a goal when you're 30. And it's a haven when you're 40."

John Reed King asked a woman contestant: "How do you call your husband?" She: "I call him Down." King: "Down?" She: "Yes. Whenever he acts up, I call him down."

DAVIS CRASHES

the Market



Yes, she has some bananas . . . but no sales. If the customers won't bite, Joanie will.

■ She's tried hard enough. Diligently and persistently NBC's JOAN DAVIS has been in quest of one thing . . . a MAN. Not *any* man—but one who'd be willing to marry her. She's set out the bear traps often enough, but all Joanie ever catches are—bears. No wolves. Joan has attempted to bait the guys with all sorts of feminine wiles, only they just don't bite! So all the zany miss can do is lament and wail, "I wanna get married," until somebody takes her up on it. Now don't get us wrong. This frustrated character, and we *do* mean *character*, is nothing like the real Joan Davis. The Queen of Comedy got a Mrs. tag way back. And she's done all right for herself career-wise, too. In St. Paul, Minnesota they used to laugh when six-year-old amateur performer Madonna Josephine Davis recited a serious selection at a contest. She left the stage in tears, but little trouper that she was, came back the next week and "wowed" 'em with a comedy routine. That was just the beginning of rave notices. Vaudeville scouts soon had her on tour billing her as the

"Toy Comedienne." At just seven years old! The personality-packed prodigy went back to St. Paul to finish her education, and was valedictorian of her high school class. Back to the circuits. In 1931 she met actor Si Wills, teamed up with him on stage and off. They were married five months after their partnership, but are now divorced. When vaudeville began to go on the skids "Wills and Davis" tried their luck in Hollywood. Jackpot for Joan. A role in a Mack Sennett hillbilly short paved her way to subsequent choice comic parts. But radio made her a star. Guest appearances with Rudy Vallee led to a permanent spot on his show, which, in turn, led to her own network ainer. Radio's top comedienne has a daughter, Beverly, 15, who is as adept in bringing a script to life as her ma. Davis, Jr. is Fuffy Adams of CBS's "Junior Miss" comedy program. That's one sort of competition Joan's mighty pleased about.



Joan's very, very wary. She's got an idea that water-melons have squirt inclinations and that's a favorite suit.

Here's a switch—it's usually the customer who samples. But Davis doesn't stand on conventions. Mmm, very good.



Sonny Tufts comes 'a marketing . . . and Joan gets herself a good look before she starts pouncing.

It's not Wall Street—but Hollywood's famous FARMER'S MARKET that La Davis takes for a sleigh-ride



Cash and carry is Joanie's motto—and her downfall when all those packages revolt.

She's not saying it wasn't fun but thank heavens for that microphone and script!



Love blooms between some carrot stalks. But it's all turnips to dreamboat Sonny. The ignominy of it all, eh, J. D.?

Accidents *will* happen, you know. With a guy like Tufts around, who *wouldn't* get flustered? So Joan's forgiven.



Who said a day's clerking would tax the Davis brain? It's as feathery as usual—but her tootsies are tired of treading around.



frankie laine

■ Grueling is the word for baritone FRANKIE LAINE'S trek to the top. Because of so many detours he worked as a marathon dancer, shipping clerk, defense plant worker, and *finally*—he landed a singing job at Billy Berg's in Hollywood. That was the turning point; but the clincher was his sensational recording of "That's My Desire." No more detours now. He's arrived!



jo stafford

■ A sure-thing. That's what Johnny Mercer thought of JO STAFFORD when she was singing with the Pied Pipers. So he advised this California gal to solo, and she's been climbing high ever since. Now co-starring on NBC's Chesterfield Supper Club, she's a record-smasher, too. Has broken 'em in all her engagements. Unbelievable? No, sir. It's just like that fellow Mercer said.



So
THIS

is
**Henry
Morgan**
?

Hello, anybody.

Here's Morgan.

Who loves tropical fish;

hates sponsors and clocks;

humors women and

serves sizzling

satire with a scornful

sneer





Morgan's the Unconventional candidate. Realizes how pleasant campaigning can be.

The "No-Party" politician promises voters a Model T with a model C (Conover) if they elect him. Stunts for promotion of new UA pic.



■ He runs through sponsors the way some gals run through nylons. Only it's easier to buy nylons these days. There's something about this brash New Yorker's style that leaves sponsors with weak knees and a terrible temper. And network executives aren't exactly delighted with his unorthodox antics. But Morgan rants on, sponsorless if need be. His incorrigibility dates back to an early age. When he was born. In school his deportment was the despair of teachers who in retrospect seem even less tolerant than radio vice presidents and sponsors. In New York Commerce High School, Hank found nothing droll in bookkeeping. So he did the honorable thing. And quit. In a Pennsylvania prep school, he again proved his incompatibility with discipline. Called to the headmaster's office for a private talk, he found himself in front of an untouched dish of ice cream and alone in the room. Because he'd never heard of Emily Post and because ice cream happens to be his favorite recreation, Morgan ate the ice cream, deposited a nickel in the empty dish and walked out without waiting for a lecture. The reason is lost in antiquity, but Henry DID graduate from that school. After ice cream, radio was his first love and through a friend he squirmed his way into a job as a page at WMCA. Four months of dishonorable duty climaxed that career and he turned over a new leaf (*Next page*)



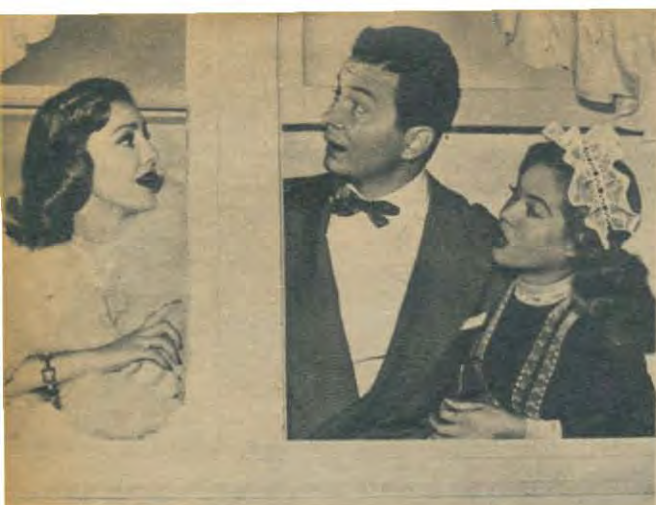
So what's to know? He's Arnold Stang of "Gerard" fame and fun.



Informally clad in pajamas because it is long past his bedtime Morgan addresses an empty convention hall to avoid the motley mobs.

"Show me another candidate with an ankle as well turned," persists Hank, who says Democrats have flat feet and Republicans ride taxis.





Big town perils beset Morgan, Virginia Grey, and Dora Drake in the hilarious United Artists' pic.



A meal in themselves, he once said of these shoes. Sponsor sputtered, Morgan almost died of indigestion.



A relative who used a hatchet in preference to Morgan's sharp tongue. Which gets same effect.

Morgan—a picture of disdain. Arnold Stang—So what's to do? Sponsor woes are lack of same!

as announcer. The prestige of being's radio's youngest announcer at 17 atoned for the miserable pay. However, his fame was short-lived because Morgan and clocks seemed to be having trouble synchronizing. He was fired for being late. He took his wounded pride to Philadelphia station where he found the clocks just as uncooperative. Success, however, reared its ugly head in Minnesota where Hank got a job as chief announcer and program director without so much as an audition. He innovated a new type of sound effects show. Played nothing but noises. Then it was Chinese funeral music and lectures in double-talk. As the man-in-the-street interviewer Morgan had to ask himself questions in different dialects when the rigors of Minnesotan winters kept all sane citizens off the sidewalks. Duluth and Boston coped with him for just so long. Then he was New York's WOR headache. His fifteen-minute program of weird music, fantastic satires, ridiculous weather forecasts proved so popular it was expanded to six times weekly. Advertisers and sponsors who were effusive after one of his zany broadcasts became elusive when he directed his snappy and snide remarks at their own products. Instead of taking leave of their senses when Morgan maligned them the ad men took leave of Morgan. The lampooning did not stop there. Unabashed during a dull show, Hank auctioned off the entire executive staff of the network, netting himself \$83. He served in the Army for three years where he amused the enlisted men with takeoffs on brass hats. Released from the Army he signed with ABC at a princely price. His fresh, sophisticated humor has since tickled the funnybone of countless fans. But sponsors, in the meantime keep taking to the hills. Hollywood has helped him save face for his United Artists' picture "So This Is New York" proves beyond doubt that Morgan is no ordinary fellow. With elections coming along, it would not even be presumptuous to prognosticate a "Morgan-for-President" movement. Because, like Hank says, what this country actually needs is a good five-cent belly-laugh.

How mad can a sponsor get? That's Morgan's last sponsor mounted in bronze. Whom he mimicks here.



THE BARBER OF MANHASSET



Like the Figaro of a couple of centuries past, Como combines crooning and the tonsorial art

■ The modern counterpart of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" hero is a resident of Manhasset, Long Island. An exclusive-but-not-snobbish residential area easily accessible by telephone and smoke signals from our plush little office on Fifth Avenue. PERRY COMO tapped the Congo-skin drums and set off a racket telling us how absolutely wo-o-n-derful it feels to rise from a one-time small town barber to one of the nation's top singing stars. The NBC "Supper Club" star, the seventh son of a seventh son, no less, showed a heap of promise even at fifteen when he was running his own barber shop. And, chances are he'd still be the singing barber of Cannonsburg, Pa., if he hadn't successfully auditioned for a local dance band while vacationing from his tonsorial duties. Then came his stint with the Ted Weems band . . . then came a radio sustainer . . . and then! that smash eight-week engagement at the Copacabana which really set him in solid. It's only fair to tell you that there are two Comos who are the prize rooters of 'em all . . . wife Roselle and son Ronnie. And that works in reverse, too.



Perry is as well-stocked with good looks as he is with those dreamy bari-tones.



It's gammerous Marlene Dietrich of whom Mr. C. is getting ganderful during show.



Jackie Kelk (Homer of Aldrich Family) joins in the vociferous chorus with Como.



Beautiful Lena Horne gives smiles while barber-balladeer preaches.

Tune-up time with Ben Grauer, L. Schaeffer and the Satisfiers.



DORIS DAY-time



She's got more bounce than a rubber ball—a voice that evokes envy from birds—and a pixie personality that spells enchantment



■ Little Doris Kapelhoff of Cincinnati has come a long way in a short time. The zippy young vocalist who makes vitamins look lazy is the entertainment world's latest rave-girl. She turned to singing only when her dancing career came to an abrupt halt as the result of an automobile accident. Months of hospitalization coupled with the almost positive knowledge that her ambitions would never be achieved were a depressing ordeal. But determined Doris kept a stubborn chin from scraping the ground and took singing lessons till she was able to walk again. Her health completely regained, Doris got a chance to sing over a local Ohio station. Bandleader Barney Rapp, recognizing her potentialities as a songstress, signed and convinced her that Kapelhoff was no tag for a big time entertainer. They concurred that her current song hit "Day by Day" was a lucky number and Doris K became Doris Day. It was not long after that Doris Day hit the high spots. Engagements with Bob Crosby, Fred Waring, Rudy Vallee and Les Brown brought her to the limelight. And a contract with Columbia records made the country Doris Day conscious. Hollywood, ever watchful for new talent, reared its glamorous head and zoom, Doris was under contract to Warner Brothers. Since her appearance in the technicolor film "Romance on the High Seas" fan clubs have sprung up by the dozen, and critics have been heaving verbal bouquets for her versatility. Talent accounted for, we come now to the girl herself. A silky-haired blonde with green eyes and tilted nose, Doris does things to smart clothes. Her marvelous smile radiates charm and vivacity. Dancing and participation in active sports keeps her pert figure trim. At home she's a bug for designing, decorating and cooking. All this after music, of course. A real trouper with vim to fire her ambition, Doris is our candidate for America's sweetheart.

Yep, Carson fell for her in film just the way we all did.



Ahoy, there Doris, everything looks shipshape. What time do we sail?



Doris and Jack Carson cut up plenty in her first Warner pic.

Doris took to her stateroom and ice-pack when too many beaux courted.



BOXOFFICE BING



A tyrolean tintype-Crosby star of Paramount's great pic Emperor Waltz.

Maybe they didn't make the series but Crosby tells Hope, "next year".



■ A man of many parts is this guy, Crosby, who has become a legend in his own time. The Groaner excels in so many activities that he assumes the proportion of a one-man entertainment industry. And it all comes so naturally. Which may be the spark that ignites success. To begin with he boasts an Academy Award for acting, has a Hooper radio-rating in the stratosphere, shoots championship golf, is an expert high-diver, owns the Pittsburgh Pirates Baseball team and measures up to the Rockefellers with his Crosby Foundation. It has been said that Bing can't read a note of music, that he is California's richest man, that his horses have never won a race. The latter are the inevitable falsehoods that spring up around the myth that is Crosby. Bing was born Harry Lillis Crosby on May 2, 1901 in Tacoma, Washington. His parents wanted him to become a lawyer. Bing got a bigger kick from the Gonzaga University Glee Club. So he abandoned the legal-eagle trail for a spot as drummer in a small band. Paul Whiteman caught their vaudeville act and signed them to three year tour with his troupe. It was when Whiteman appeared in the King of Jazz in Hollywood that Bing met a pretty young actress, Dixie Lee. Because of the exceeding promise Dixie showed, the film colony was stunned when she married the obscure singer. Hollywood, of course, has been known to be wrong before. Bing began to attract plaudits as a soloist in Los Angeles; he took a fling at educational films and made some recordings. It was about this time that Everett Crosby decided to act as Bing's manager. On speculation, the new client was put aboard a train for New York where almost immediately Bing Crosby, crooner, was signed to a contract by the Columbia Broadcasting System. Overnight he was the new sensation. The films threw out their net and Paramount landed a personality that has made their boxoffice receipts phenomenal. For all his unbelievable accomplishment, Crosby remains quiet and simple. He dislikes crowds of people, and jokes about his personal wardrobe. Proud plenty of his "Irishers," sons Gary, Phillip, Dennis and Lindsay. Television looks like the next project on the Crosby schedule.

The Irishers join Pop in a stroll across Paramount lot between scenes.



**Coins clink like crazy when
Bing gets billing.
Because like baseball and
bubble-gum he's an
American institution**



**Clocking one of his horses
is a seldom found pleasure.**



**Gary Cooper steals a stanza in
the Crosby ABC-Philco Show.**



**Bing without his hairpiece,
mugging at NY's Stork Club.**





Their



Hola! These ees the "manana" that DID come—bringing fame and fortune with it . . .



■ In these parts it's anyone's privilege to put off today what you can do tomorrow. But down Mexico way when the natives have the same idea they use a leetle word like "manana." With that smattering of Spanish to go on, PEGGY LEE and DAVE BARBOUR settled down at a piano one day and collaborated on a song about a procrastinating south of the borderite who knows the faucet she is dreeping and the roof she's falling down, but just lets it go until "manana". As a result of the resounding success of that catchy little ditty Peggy and Dave's "tomorrow" came and brought them everything they had dreamed of—more fame than they could have imagined, and more royalties than a king ever hoped to have in his counting house. Peggy Lee's the same gal who's been known as a foremost vocalist all these years. She's a tall blonde, beautiful North Dakotan whose first singing job was for \$2.00 a night in a Hollywood night club. While singing with the Benny Goodman Band, Peggy met Dave Barbour, then guitarist with the orchestra. When the unit was finishing a California engagement, Dave handed in his notice, interrupted Peggy while she was packing, proposed and urged her to stay in California as Mrs. Barbour. Which she did. Dave's a New Yorker and is an ace musician as well as composer. He's played with Artie Shaw, Herman Chittison, Raymond Scott; has appeared on major network shows. Lee-Barbour compositions include "You Was Right, Baby," "What More Can A Woman Do," "I Don't Know Enough About You," "If I had a Chance With You," "It's A Good Day." Latest hit is "Caramba, It's the Samba!" Dave accompanies Mrs. B in personal appearances, and if the movie companies succeed in their negotiations you'll be seeing them on the screen. You can hear Peggy on NBC's Supper Club, too.

"Tomorrow" Came



From the intensity applied, it might be another Manana they're composing.



The leetle muchachita is Nicki Barbour, sweet daughter of Peg and Dave.



Durante, Peggy, Tom Harmon watch Candido sing "Feelin' Mighty Low".



It's a game of hide and seek and Dad tells Nicki—no cheatin'!

66 All's 99
JACK
 with **BENNY**

The Wankegan Wit is dumb about everything except money . . . this he stuffs into his argyle socks for safekeeping



Have YOU checked your bankroll lately? Benny massages the moola in his handknit sock-safe.

Benny would rather be caught penniless than laughing at Allen's joke. We refused hush money.



■ "Wha hopped" to Benny Kubelsky from Chicago? Nothing cataclysmic. He changed his name to Jack Benny, forged his birth certificate to read Waukegan (he's *still* collecting royalties from the Waukegan Chamber of Commerce) and went on to mint a million dollars by making himself the butt of stinging insults. And the seismograph needle at Fordham University never recorded any of these events. But Hooper did and the Benny bankbook makes rabbits look lazy. The vaudeville vandal who hid behind a violin the way some people hide behind glasses learned the value of a bellylaugh early in his stage career. He floundered around in musical shows, graduated to motion pictures and finally skipped to radio stardom. Benny doesn't mind being the "patsy" on his NBC program. He lets his wife-co-star, Mary Livingstone, and foil Dennis Day kid the hair off his head while he reverently rolls nickels into two-dollar packages. Don't misunderstand. Benny's soft for a touch. Why he once gave Rochester (Eddie Anderson) \$2 to get a driver's license after Rochester had signed the Buick he'd inherited over to Benny. When sadface leaves off business he takes to golf and cold asparagus seasoned with mustard.



"Lissen, boss, these ain't make-up kits," moans Rochester as Bennys leave for weekend.

For a nominal fee (reportedly a three figure sum) Benny LET Allen kibitz on his NBC show.

RADIO'S Royal Couple

■ T'ain't funny, McGee. Uh, uh. Sure ain't, the way every other comedian cries in his beer. Because always, inevitably, and without a doubt NBC's FIBBER, MCGEE AND MOLLY are at the top of every Hooper and Crossley rating. Which makes it indisputable . . . the amiable braggart and his down-to-earth missus are radio's King and Queen of Comedy. Not bad for a couple of ex-vaudevillians. Back in the '20's Jim and Marian Jordan tired of one-night stands and settled down in their native Peoria, Illinois, where Jim formed a singing team with one Egbert Van Alstyne. There they'd still be if Mr. J. hadn't made a bet with his brother that he and Marian could sing better than "those people on the radio." The Jordans won because that very night they were signed by the local radio station. Then they met Don Quinn, an ex-cartoonist turned script writer, who wrote a five-a-week serial for them, and later in 1935 started scripting the Fibber McGee and Molly show. Quinn has been in the royal circle ever since—sort of a Prime Minister. And if you think those purple robes will wear out, just wait till you see the next popularity polls! These majesties of merriment are on top to stay. That's no fib.

**Their majesties—
Marian and Jim,
rural royalty**



This is THE closet. The one that erupts like Mt. Vesuvius when Fibber fumbles for a gadget.



Sponsor-devoted? Wax-wacky? No guessing who's the power behind the throne here.

Poor badgered Mr. Wimple (Bill Thompson) airs his troubles to properly sympathetic McGees.



Typical Jordan day—Marian with her petit-point, Jim with a history book.



1. Fingers crossed, he dials Virginia Grey's number knowing she's a Gable date-favorite.



4. Seated inside the exclusive rendezvous Lou gets into row with Bud, a waiter. Ginny tries to patch things.



5. Before they go out dancing Lou buys her a posy. Her taste runs to orchids, Lou's pocket to the daisies.

6. At glamorous Ciro's Lou gets nowhere fast. Forgot the reservation.



2. When Lou tells Abbott Ginny has accepted, generous Bud acts the valet and helps the pudgy Pagliacci dress.



3. In the peachbasket limousine Bud drives to supper club. Lou clumsily helps Ginny.



7. Mocambo being nearby, Lou tries again but winds up on the outside. This never happened with Clark, moans annoyed Ginny.



8. Back to the club for a late snack after a tiresome evening off the dance floor, Lou gets caught flirting . . . by the ear. Explains lamely she's an old friend.

— on the town

9. A good sport, Ginny gives the sad glamour boy a sisterly good-night kiss. Back to gags.



How does Gable get 'em, worries Costello, who got Mrs. C's permission to test his date technique on a Hollywood honey



■ He's the pudgy Pagliacci from Paterson, New Jersey, who isn't half as bad as he'd have folks think he is. The kid with a happy faculty for clowning was known as Lou Cristillo when he dallied around Wieda's soda fountain after school hours. His name changed with fame after he and Bud Abbott had caused a nationwide sensation with their slapstick comedy air show. The movies moved in and boosted the Costello-Abbott stock sky-high. All this success on the heels of lean years in his silk-city hometown where his late beloved father was a well-known insurance man. Lou, a humble fellow, has never forgotten Paterson. Mentions it weekly over his radio show. And once a year he drives East to see his favorite newspaper editor, A. J. Greene. The latter being a genial champion of Lou's for many years. The air show and movies keep Lou busy and happy but during the Summer lull he wanted to prove to Mrs. Costello that even though he's the funny fat-boy to millions, he can still wink a mean eye. Lou and Bud star in 21st film "Mexican Hayride" for Universal.



Pepper-tongued "Winch" is the Bogart of the newscasters . . . Getting caught in his web is more fearful than death and taxes

■ Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea get a generous dose of fire and venom when the acid-tongued WALTER WINCHELL dips into his bag of hyperbole to dispense with facts that ferment the faculties and numb the sensitivities. The distinctive commentator from New York who mixes society items while essaying the state of the union is radio's most feared man. His remark can start a Congressional investigation, a warning from him sets the underworld scurrying and the newspapers throughout the country respect his talent and principles. When his spade work is done, and the grapevine has relayed its authenticities, Winchell explodes over the air like an atom bomb. Before World War I he was a stage-struck kid of 13 who quit school to sing with the "Imperial Trio." Several years later he struck out of vaudeville to pen a column for a theatrical newspaper. Eventually he became star columnist for the *New York Mirror*, and in 1930 started flashing those scoops on radio. The bard of the barb is the newspaperman's conception of an ideal reporter. No greater compliment.

FLASH

CONGRESS CALLS FOR SHOWDOWN

ATTENTION: SHIPS AT SEA

CRISIS IN EUROPE

INFLATION!

A
AMERICAN

the **GRAPEVINE**

Hedda's head is always full of flighty hats but underneath the frumpy her mind functions with lightning lucidity



■ What's the dope on Tyrone? And will this really be "for keeps" for Lana? There's a crystal ball in HEDDA HOPPER'S home that looks suspiciously like a telephone. The jangle of which at unorthodox hours causes a consistent clamor that keeps Hedda awake—but happy on pay day. Hollywood's janes and joes do their confiding over the private wire trusting the Hopper's discretion in releasing the tidbits for public consumption. Matter of fact Hedda's turning the tables on herself. For not so long ago she was a ranking stage and screen actress . . . and many a scribe chased around to get an exclusive item on La Hopper. Born Elda Furry in the little Quaker town of Holidaysburg, Pa., Hedda left home when her parents tried to squelch her stage ambitions. Her determination and ability carried her to the legitimate stage where she advanced so rapidly that she was summoned to Hollywood to begin her screen career opposite the great William Farnum. She now restricts most of her activities to her column—and shopping around for some rather startling headgear. Hedda has closetsful of hats which she considers necessary for business. They're even taken off her income tax!



LINDA LOVES TYRONE

WHAT'S WITH ROONEY?

WARNER'S STAR LAUREN ?

and

the **CRYSTAL BALL**

**A modern Hawkshaw, Hollywood
style—armed with good
looks, intuition and a slick script**



**Sam Spade
DETECTIVE**

■ You don't need a master sleuth to find out why the gals' hearts are fluttering so wildly nowadays. The tall, handsome, wonderful reason is HOWARD DUFF, star of CBS's "Adventures of Sam Spade." All he has to do is read a few words from the script in that husky, sex-appealing voice, and blood pressures go zooming. Born in Bremerton, Washington, he joined the Seattle Repertory Theater after high school for stage experience . . . even played Shakespeare. Then he headed for Hollywood where he ultimately won the role of Sam Spade in 1946. Signed by late Mark Hellinger, now in "Wildfire." And femmes, be of good cheer, he's a bachelor!

THE FRONT PAGE



■ Carrying on where the famous Hecht-MacArthur play left off is the slick, crackerjack reporter Hildy Johnson, alias DICK POWELL. The two-fisted, smart guy of screen and radio is a far cry from the crooning swain of yesteryear's films. Dick's taken up the cudgels of the Fourth Estate in the dramatically exciting adventures over the ABC network. Natch, his movie technique behind guns and smart dialogue should stand him in good stead radiowise. And the audience feels vicariously the thrilling sensations of the city room where paste pots, typewriters and copy paper digest heartbreak and happiness with similar facility. About the private life of this news-hound. Married to a cute, young thing. Name of June Allyson. She's in pictures, or something. Arkansas-born Dick is under contract to Columbia pictures. (To The Ends of the Earth) Likes hunting, deep-sea fishing and worries about that mop of reddish brown hair getting thin when he isn't looking.

The Aldrich Family

He's just a wholesome American boy with a not-so-wholesome tendency for landing neck-deep in mischief



"And honestly, Homer, she's cuter than a bug's ear," which shows to go you that even HA indulges in gossipy boys' talk.



Mrs. A. voices the battle cry... "HENRY, HENRY Aldrich!" The family pets go scurrying for cover — Henry close at their heels.

All's quiet on the Aldrich homefront... Ezra makes like the very prodigal son.



■ From the look of pained anticipation on Henry Aldrich's (Ezra Stone) face we'd say trouble is 'a brewin' for the clown prince of NBC's ALDRICH FAMILY. We'll bet that he and his raspy-voiced crony in crazy antics, Homer, have cooked up a scheme that is backfiring with all the vociferousness of a Model T Ford. The troubles of the adventurous schoolboy have been regaling his radio fans for nigh onto ten years now, with the major cast still intact. Ezra Stone created the role when the comedy first appeared as a stage play, "What a Life," before the author, Clifford Goldsmith, adapted it for radio. The harried voices you hear when Henry courts confusion belong to House Jameson and Katherine Raht (Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich), who even agree veterans from way back. And they even agree that the jams Henry gets into are the likes of nothing they've heard or seen yet. As for Ezra... well, he's as schoolboyish-looking as Henry himself... even tho' he's a married man and father of Josef, 3, and Francine Lida, 6 mos.



Get that coy look. Bet the Pringle heir, object of it all, is snared—good.

■ Oogie an ickie? Perish the thought. 'Course, when boyfriend Oogie (that's what we said) Pringle has "A Date With Judy," NBC's exuberant teen-age miss, from what goes on you may think something's wrong someplace . . . but place not the blame on O. P. Nor on Judy, either. It's just like someone said, "The course of true love . . ." But the calm always follows the storm that ensues when Miss Foster turns on Oogie for some reason or other—and he's the big moment in her life once more. It all sounds very harrowing, but hilarious none the less. Another teen-ager who gets a big kick from the romantic mix-up is LOUISE ERICKSON, who portrays Judy. Although only 19, native Californian (they tell us that's a rare species) Louise has had 12 years of radio experience. Favorite role besides "Judy" is that of niece Marjorie on "The Great Gildersleeve." Now attends Occidental College—studying English, psychology, and costume design . . . latter because she has a way with a needle and likes to dream up ideas for her clothes. Talent? Well?

Trials, tribulations—Judy has

'em. But she's also got Oogie

. . . where she wants him

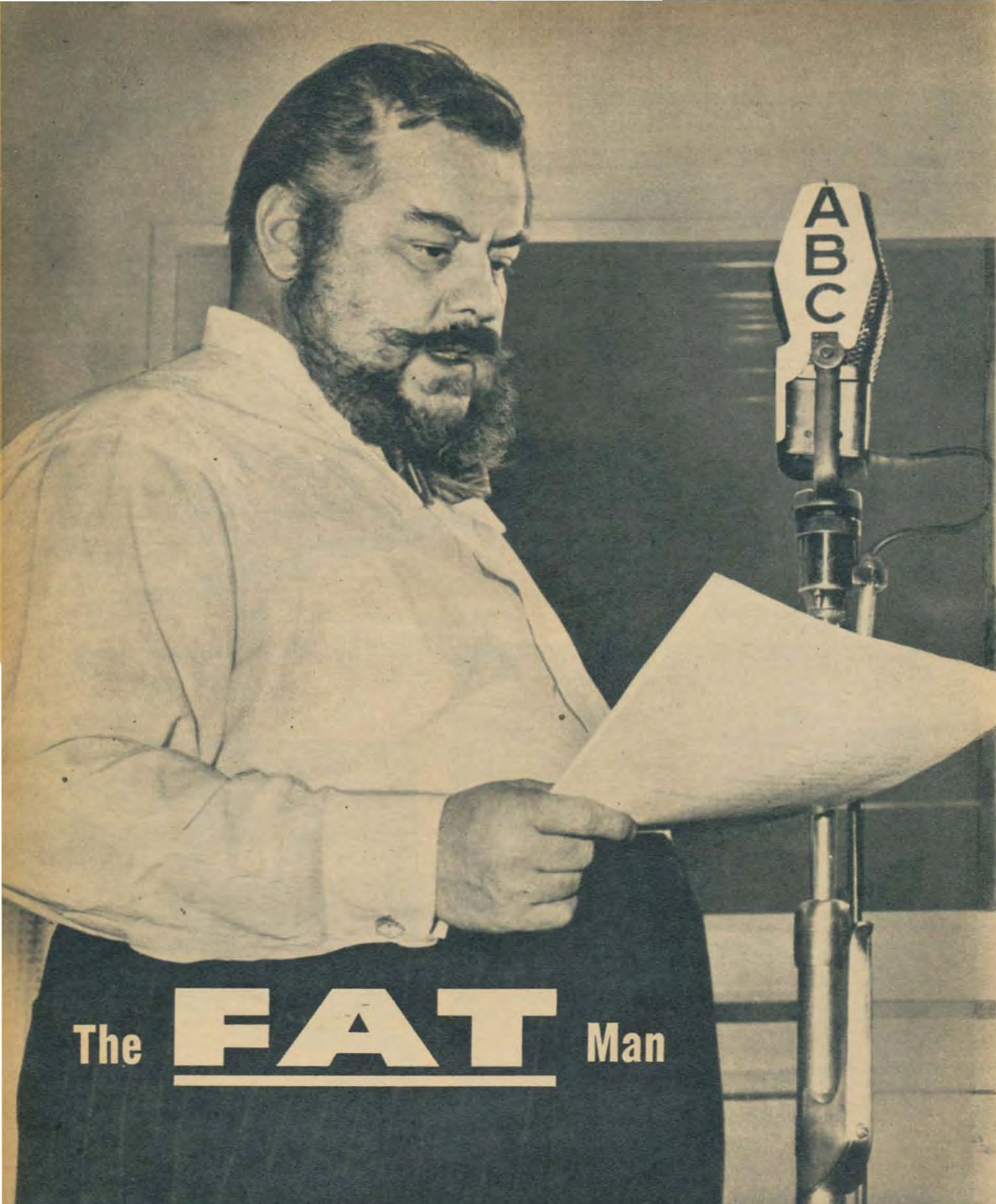


Music hath charms . . . but not when Great Gildersleeve starts fooling around with it!



Mash notes? But def! Judy makes with the answers—when Oogie's not around, though!

a date with
JUDY



The **FAT** Man

■ Actors who look the part they portray are rarities in radio. And that means J. SCOTT SMART, Brad Runyon of ABC's who-dun-it, "The Fat Man." Tipping the scales at a well-rounded 270, Smart, in fact, outdoes his hefty radio character by 33 pounds! In the course of his career the versatile performer managed to pick up eccentric dancing, drumming, bass playing, and caricature drawing. And wouldn't you know the Fat Man's hobby is . . . cooking!



■ How do you like your coffee? With sugar, cream . . . or just plain pep-you-up McNeill? Personally, we can't think of a better tonic for those morning blues than ABC's DON McNEILL and his merry Breakfast Club gang. *There's* a personality-packed bunch that can vitimize *any* bleary-eyed breakfaster. Ole Doc. M. has been at it since 1933 when he was assigned to put some life into a pale-and-peaked program known as the Pepper Pot. So he gave it the McNeill treatment, dispensed with scripts, and re-christened it to you-know-what. And it's been breathing life into everyone since. Born in Illinois, Don attended Marquette University and even before graduation he was working on a local radio station. After he got his sheepskin he went to Louisville and became one of the Two Professors, a comedy team. But in 1933 he resolved to go his way alone . . . which is how he came to Chicago and the Pepper Pot. And, leave us not forget that contest our morning tonic won in high school. A fly-swatting contest . . . and we don't mean baseball, either.





Gordon
MacRae

■ It wasn't so long ago that the baritone star of the ABC Texaco Star Theater was a page boy at NBC waiting for the breaks to come his way. Jersey-born GORDON MACRAE found that everyone was trying to sidetrack him into becoming an actor. So, he donned that page boy uniform . . . was able to wrangle an audition with Horace Heidt . . . and he clicked. Since then the MacRae star has been blazing and his life is one happy tune after another. G. M. gives top billing off-stage to wife Sheila, and two daughters Meredith and Heather Allison. Hoot mon, with monickers like those can you doubt that there's a 'Scotchman in our musical midst?



Margaret

Whiting

■ That Whiting name was already covered with glory before marvelous MARGARET added more lustre to it. Dad, Richard W., was a famous composer of hit tunes and under his supervision she began to study voice. After his death his collaborator and close friend, Johnny Mercer, encouraged Margaret to continue her studies, and later he arranged for her first professional appearance on his radio show. After that auspicious start she sang her way to her present spot as one of the nation's top femme vocalists. Favorite recording is of father's tune, "My Ideal." Needless to say, like all of "Madcap Maggie's" renditions, it sounds like the adjective of the same name.



Canova

the CUT-UP



This rootin' tootin', yoddle-ady-'n pigtail pixie of the airwaves is a far cry from the Judy Canova who once had a hankerin' to train those "pipes" for the grand opry. That is, until Florida-born Judy and sister Annie scored a terrific radio hit as the "Happiness Girls." Since then this gal with the unique song style has chalked up a mammoth following via Broadway musicals, screen, and as star of her own NBC radio show. And that, suh, is spreading a lot of happiness! She's wed to Chester England, has young daughter Julieta.

Beside Himself



■ And so are audiences who happen to turn the dial to CBS' foghorn-voiced wit who strikes a few chords on the piano, talks, and has you screaming . . . with laughter, that is. In Hollywood where ABE BURROWS was a successful radio script writer for Ed Gardner and Joan Davis he was persuaded to star in his own show. Remember that parody on the Anniversary Song? The one that goes, "Oh, how we danced on the night we were wed; I needed a wife like a hole in the head?" Credit Abe with that and "While We Were Riding Through the Cactus, I Got Stuck on You." Original? Witty? Well, who else can make molehill mouthings sound like a mountain of mirth? Maybe video will get him!



■ Small talk? They do a lot of that over their coffee cups—but there's no microphone to pick up that conversation. They chatter about this and that—only you don't hear it. But 'round about the early afternoon Andre Baruch and Bea Wain take to the airwaves and discuss their favorite subject, music. Then everybody's invited to get into the groove. Billed as MR. AND MRS. MUSIC, in between the musical repartee Bea and Andre spin the latest records and interview famous personalities. The star-studded guest lineup is nothing short of startling—leading bandleaders, vocalists, and entertainers. Just to give you a f'r instance they include such favorites as Tommy Dorsey, Tex Beneke, The Andrews Sisters, Fred Astaire, Lionel Hampton, Margaret Whiting, and dozens more. Enough to make any disc-jockey green with envy. Of course, to their thousands of listeners the highlight of highlights of the show is Bea's singing during the regular "live" studio jamborees. Individually, the Mr. and Mrs. had made headlines on stage, screen, and radio even before they teamed up to become one of the most popular broadcasting duos. One of America's foremost singers, Bea Wain has appeared with top orchestras and has starred on many shows. An equally familiar radio star, Andre's a leading announcer. He's been featured on dozens of network hits including the "Kate Smith Show," "Report to the Nation," "The Jack Benny Show," and, like the missus, on the "Hit Parade." The next time you see an RKO Pathe Newsreel, the smooth melifluous commentator's voice you hear will be Andre's.

■ Absolutely uninhibited. If they feel like arguing, they argue. If they like or dislike something they'll talk about it. They'll open their mail, and if anything strikes their fancy, be it bill or letter, they'll comment on it. Sounds like any normal couple so far. But with ABC's THE FITZGERALDS there's a difference. All this chatter is done over a microphone in their home with thousands of people listening to everything they have to say. And they say plenty. In the half hour they're on the air they almost manage to run the gamut of conversational topics. Matter of fact, Ed and Pegeen were the first to originate the breakfast-with-Mr.-and-Mrs. type of program. Although there are scads of imitators now, their broadcast is unique, to say the least. For instance, if the telephone or doorbell rings, or if one of their cats meows, you'll hear them all. And nary a program goes by that their maid, Elaine, doesn't manage to get a few words in, too. They're an ingratiating team, all right. But when Pegeen first met Ed in 1929 she didn't like him very much. Up till then she was working as an assistant advertising manager and Ed was doing publicity for the Pantages Theaters on the west coast. As is a woman's prerogative, she changed her mind about him and they were married a few months later. The Fitzgeralds had separate radio programs for a while, but Pegeen had the present format in the back of her head for a long time.



Dialing the DUOS

A peek into private lives because a sponsor lets you listen to the mister and missus shows—proving that business can mix with pleasure

■ A typical war romance it was . . . only with a not-so-typical couple involved. They were both famous then. She was America's most beautiful, most photographed cover girl, and he a brilliant newspaperman. Jinx Falkenburg was touring with the USO in the Mediterranean Theater of War when she met army officer, Tex McCrary. He wooed her in Egypt, Italy, and Tripoli—and finally won her in June, 1945. And one year later TEX AND JINX McCRARY began a new phase of their careers . . . as a husband-and-wife team on the NBC "Hi, Jinx!" program. Theirs is not the usual chit-chat-over-breakfast format. The McCrarys feature recorded interviews with celebrities, and comments on current happenings. Tex is trying to make a good reporter of Jinx so he gives her a different assignment each week. It may be an interview, or coverage of an important event. Needless to say, she always comes through with flying colors. Success comes very naturally to Jinx, who was born in Barcelona, Spain, where her father, an electrical engineer, was stationed. Besides that meteoric modeling career, she achieved fame as a tennis player and swimmer in Brazil and Chile, where she spent most of her childhood. As for Tex, well, his rise was equally phenomenal. Born in Calvert, Texas, he headed for newspaper work as soon as he was graduated from Yale. After working on the Literary Digest and N. Y. World Telegram he became assistant to the publisher of the N. Y. Mirror. In 1933 he was made chief editorial writer for that paper—at only 23 years old! In 1941 he joined Pathe News as commentator, writer and director of a series of newsreels. Then followed his war service, that hectic courtship and the happy teaming of Beauty and The Brain. Incidentally, that television program Tex and Jinx had not so long ago was so successful that negotiations are now being made to have them appear in another. Which means more acclaim for the enterprising duo.



Junior-

The Mean Little Kid



There's that mean little gleam in his eye even when he's serious. That's seldom.

Singer on his show, Anita Ellis warned Red not to mug . . . so catch that angelic beam, choked chuckle.



Cameras hold no terror for Frank Sinatra and missus as lens-fiend Red gets the gadget set for action.



He's not as diabolical as his schemes—this lovable little brat with a sadistic streak and a "widdle head" that defies injury.

Marilyn Maxwell has to work for those posies. Red's in MGM's "Southern Yankee."

■ G'wan, so what if you want to break his "widdle head," so what if you want to pin his ears back, you still think he's a delightful little brat. You'll never say, "Why, that Junior character . . . Just watch, he'll be all washed up soon." Or, "Junior? Nyah, no soap!" You'll never say that, no sirree, not when NBC's RED SKELTON, creator of this irrepressible little so-and-so, has just been signed by Procter & Gamble (soap, that is) to a seven-year contract with a lot of shekels guaranteed for your favorite carrot-topped comedian . . . And that contract also means that Junior will be rollin' 'em in the aisles for a long, long time to come. Won't that sassy little sadist just l-o-ove to keep on heckling the daylight out of mommy, grandma, and anyone else who gets in his devilish little way! The smash success of his comic character comes as a terrific climax in Red's life. He's come a long way from the young Indiana kid who inherited that priceless sense of humor from his circus-clown father who died just before Red's birth. At first Red aspired to be a lion tamer but he just had to toss those rib-tickling gags around. And he tossed plenty . . . in medicine shows, vaudeville, showboats, and in burlesque. Then came that bit part in MGM's "Having a Wonderful Time." Everyone did have a wonderful time watching Red do a hilarious doughnut-dunking routine that lasted all of five minutes but made the studio and the nation Red Skelton conscious for the first time. Lured by his irresistible comedy, millions more joined the flock of fans when Red made his debut as star of his own radio show back in '41. Then the Army. And after Private Skelton's discharge came another radio starrer with the present format of Red playing mean widdle Junior, hayseed Clem Kadiddlehopper, and zany Willie Lumplump. But it's Junior first and foremost . . . The kid who has hit the laugh jackpot for all the howls it's worth has everyone clamoring for more of the meany's mighty mayhem. And just wait until you see Red as the stupid bellboy, war-hero in MGM's laugh-packed comedy, "A Southern Yankee." It'll fracture you!



Daughter Valentina's first coherent "goo" came over NBC network clear as a bell.



This is to prove that Red isn't kidding about photography. The guy really loves it.



Steady as she blows, matey. Skelton hits canvas in 1-round bout with vodka bottle.



Free NBC floor show when Frankie comes calling at Duffy's depot.

DUFFY'S

WHERE "ARCHIE" MIXES

■ It's the nicest tavern in town. The only things they serve are jokes and jests and pretzels you never get a chance to swallow. There's a dumb manager with some smart ideas about catering to classy clientele. And a dumb waiter who sends same fleeing. Plus a couple of other characters who give champagne advice from beerbottle experience. A happy lot intent on minimizing woes and making the most of merriment. "Archie" came into being when his radio counterpart, Ed Gardner, remembered his teen age days as a pianist in a Long Island saloon. He modeled the show after his experiences there and came up with a program pattern that is as unique as it is hilarious. Before serving up the Duffy format, Gardner was a prizefight manager, stenographer for a baseball team, and paint salesman. During the depression he was a theatrical producer for the WPA and made his radio debut on a juvenile program. Armed with know-how he produced the Ripley, Burns-Allen and Rudy Vallee shows. When MGM took to the airwaves they spirited Ed out to Hollywood where he produced the program. He was fresh out of employment when the Duffy brainstorm was born. After a 13 week tryout, the show retired, sponsorless. But two years later in 1941, a sponsor heard a recording and gave "Archie" back to a now-grateful public. This Gardner fellow, tall and gangling, was born Edward Poggenburg in Astoria, L. I., on June 29, 1904. He's of Irish-German descent, married to Simone Hegeman. They have two sons, Ed, 5, and Stephan, eight months. He'd formerly been married to actress, Shirley Booth. Finnegan, (Charlie Cantor) Miss Duffy, (Florence Halop) and the waiter, Eddie, (Green) are all of a mind when they conclude "Better the boss Duffy shouldn't come in when 'Archie' is host at the place where you can feed your face."



Pop leaves off bartending and relaxes at home with wife; sons, Ed and Stephan.

When Finnegan matches wits with "Archie" he always comes out several miles ahead.



TAVERN

PRETZELS AND PRANKS

Duffy's never in, but those elite who meet to eat aren't too unhappy when "Archie", master of malaprop pinch hits as waiter, entertainer and bouncer



In top "bouncing" form "Archie" lets Maxie Rosenbloom test muscle.



Eddie Robinson, guesting, pokes a threatening finger at "Archie" who obliges by cowering.



Everyday is St. Patrick's Day at Duffy's where shamrock shenanigans take their toll of the cast.

"Archie's" got the message, he thinks. Eddie the waiter isn't quite so sure.

Half-heartedly "Archie" surrenders to Greg Peck's request for autograph.

Drawing a bead on the fowl all ready for Thanksgiving trimmings and table.



Godfrey's got it . . . an incurable disease called conversation—enough for several shows



The Godfrey roundup . . . son Mike, 7, Mrs. G., and that's Pat, 5, clinging to Pop's paw.



Our man Godfrey and his gal Friday, "Mugs." broadcast at farm—rest of gang's in N. Y.



Home to Godfrey is this splendiferous manse on his sprawling, 800 acre Leesburg, Va. farm.



By GODFREY . . . Nothing's Sacred!

■ Do you want the time in Tokyo? The weather in Afghanistan? Or maybe some corny footnotes about places and people? Godfrey's got 'em all. His droning tone shakes snoring listeners out of their lethargy while he reminds them it's time to get to the office. And in between you can hear some pretty good music. When CBS's spoofer gets riled or rambunctious, sponsors, products and listeners, BEWARE. Because Arthur and conventions have never seen eye-to-eye. He's honest and projects it into his shows. Radio's No. 1 Boy knows its smart business tactics to get the fans to remember him AND the product, so the sponsors laugh (maybe self-consciously) his jeers away. Anyhow, 88 of them couldn't be wrong and there's a waiting list, too. There are two daytime stanzas in addition to his famous "Talent Scouts" show. And very little time for breathing for the New York born bird-fancier who occasionally treats listeners to some shrill rendition. He's odd, is this 5 ft. 11" barefoot boy of radio, who'll interrupt a sentimental ballad to discuss the way an eclipse looks from the moon or apprise his fans of the next boat sailing to Guatemala.



Fall-guy Godfrey at Circus Saints and Sinners luncheon—all rigged up with sponsors' products.



All patter and no eats would make Godfrey a dull boy . . . so he breakfasts at mike.



Wife Sue clips Alan (his hair, that is) while Alana catches David's unconcerned—and BORED. They're in the den.

Feeding time at the Al-Su-Lana ranch is an event. After all, not every pig gets fed by a movie star.



'Course Alan's not jealous . . . Happy's a friendly cuss, and impartial—because Ladd's turn is next.

Ship ahoy! Alan lowers skipper Alana into raft for a cruise around the swimmin' hole. Laddie is a landlubber.



Keeper of the ranch—asleep on the job. The now-turned journalist waits for a scoop.



The kids are safely tucked away in bed—so the Ladds pore over blueprints for new home they plan to build.



"Put up your dukes, chum," tough Alan says to tow-headed Davey who's interested in cameraman.

Alana's taking no chances . . . an extinguisher prevents barbecue mishaps.



■ He's not so tough. Even though he does tote a mean gun—on screen. So don't let him fool you, because beneath that hard shell the scenarios may call for, lies an old softy of an ALAN LADD. After a day's shooting, the movies' romantic-tough guy likes nothing better than to retreat to his ranch home for a quiet evening with his lovely wife, Sue, and a romp with the kids, Alana and David. He may not be hard-boiled, but he's a dynamo when he's determined. And it took plenty of backbone for Alan to achieve his success. Ladd was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and when he was seven his family moved to California. For a while Alan took up journalism as a career—worked on a San Fernando paper reporting, soliciting ads, managing circulation. On the side the enterprising youth had a small cafe, so he quit his newspaper job and concentrated on becoming a first-rate restaurateur. Then the movies—as a crewman. Finally, Alan hied himself to a drama school intent on becoming an actor or bust. And he almost did. Many were the days when dinner consisted of jelly doughnuts and coffee. Luckily, he made good on a local radio station where Sue Carol, former screen star and then an actors' agent, heard him, was impressed, and sent for him. For two years she plugged for Ladd, certain that he was star material. But all he got were bit parts, until he won the co-starring role opposite Veronica Lake in Paramount's, "This Gun for Hire." Before the picture had played two weeks in the country, Ladd was a new idol. And as if you didn't already know, he married Sue—the gal whose work brought him final fame. On his new transcribed radio show, "Box 13," he plays Dan Holiday, magazine writer and novelist, who in seeking material for his books places an ad in newspapers reading, "Adventure wanted. Will go anyplace, do anything." That may be what Holiday wants, but his portrayer says, "no, thank you." He's had plenty . . . too much.



the LADD Roundup

TATTLING

is their trade

■ Scoops are her specialty. When it comes to ferreting out exclusive stories on filmland's stars ABC's ace reporter, LOUELLA PARSONS, is the champ of all other tattle-talers. She's in there pitching for those flossy flashes, with the result that she has the highest average of any journalist. Louella has something else to be proud of, too. She's the most widely read syndicated columnist in the world. Born in Dixon, Illinois, the Parsons gal is an old hand at the business of garnering gossip. In her home town she scribbled personal patter for the local paper, then moved to Chicago where she began writing movie scenarios. First major columnar duties were for the Hearst Chicago Herald, then for the N. Y. Morning Telegraph. She later rejoined the Hearst outfit and has remained with them for 27 years. Married to Dr. Harry Martin.



Their days' work consists of telling tales on famous folk and if the task seems a thankless one at least there's always plenty of excitement

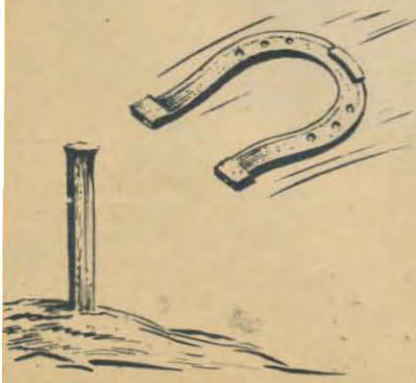


■ There's a bit of fire and brimstone about him. With equal facility ABC's JIMMY FIDLER can toss a verbal bouquet or administer a tongue-lashing. He doesn't merely confine himself to relating the latest Hollywood gossip . . . in glowing terms he'll commend a star for "good behavior" and scathingly condemn another. Jimmy's breezy style, ingratiating mike manner, and his astuteness have made him one of movieland's foremost commentators. But he used to be an actor once. He had worked himself up to semi-important roles in early films, but when the studios suffered a major shutdown in 1920, he was forced to take a job as dishwasher. A succession of breaks led to the editorship of the Hollywood News, to press agentry, and finally to radio. He's an avid golf fan, a fastidious dresser, and plays the piano—privately.



The Rose of Broadway packs
a mean adjective along
with some versatile adverbs

HE PITCHES WORDS



■ He's never been on a baseball team in his life. But the Yanks or the Dodgers would give their best batter for a pitcher with BILLY ROSE'S unerring accuracy. No matter what he undertakes, Broadway's showman extraordinary hits consistent homers. In fact, Billy has made a career of careers. He's been a champion stenographer-typist, songwriter, producer, night club proprietor, and is now a columnist and MBS personality. His columnar duties have been eliciting many an uninhibited chuckle. Every story he relates has occurred to him or has been told to him by a personal friend. They're straight-from-the-shoulder yarns, simple ones of little known facts that happen to big and little people. And those punchline endings leave the reader, or listener, in an O. Henry trance. Technique does it. The same that, Midas-like, turns every Rose enterprise into gold.



Yep, you guessed it—those budget blues. Harriet nags—"Ask the boss for a raise."



There's always a racket—
And something's invariably lost.
But let the roof come off—
Happiness dwells within

■ But riotous are the ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET. The master of the house is addicted to predicaments the like of which would make Blondie's Dagwood very happy to know he hasn't got the only corner in the doghouse. Ozzie's been in it so long that he's practically creeping around sheepishly on all fours. But sooner or later it becomes Harriet's business to untangle the web of confusion in which Ozzie has almost inextricably trapped himself. Let's not say he's not a down-to-earth character. He sure is . . . down-to-earth because where *else* could he be . . . and a character, just because. 'Course, the Nelson's neighbor, Thornie, doesn't help things much either. He's Ozzie's confidant-and-cohort-in-creating-circumstances-that-will-have-Harriet-in-connoptions. Take the time Harriet shooed Ozzie off to buy himself a topcoat. For years he'd been wearing conservatively tailored navy blue numbers. And for years more he expected to carry on the tradition. But when Thornie sticks his two cents in . . . well, Ozzie's sure-bait for accepting advice *that* cheap. So off he goes to buy a blatant plaid, strictly-from-murder coat. Back it goes when the Mrs. sees it. Ozzie, however, is not one to be pushed around by a salesman's "NO! We won't take it." He'd rather call out the riot squad first—and in the ensuing fiasco that's just about what you'd expect. There are compensations in any family, though. The little woman's not so dumb. She reads "Vogue" and when it says milady will be wearing plaid coats this year, who is she to say, "Oh, yeah?" A few days later the coat turns up remodeled to suit her, and it suits Ozzie fine, too. Even though he's out a pretty penny, and Harriet's got herself a new coat without any wrangling. Mr. N. is off once more to pick up that conservative blue, but Harriet's along to make sure he's not led astray. That's only a sample of the goofy goings-on at the Nelson home, but as we said, it's a happy place. The same goes for the non-fictional Nelsons—only with much less accent on the goofiness. The real romance of Ozzie and Harriet begins one night in the early 1930's when a young bandleader watched a movie and was entranced by a beautiful girl who stood in front of a microphone and "put over" her song. She didn't know it at the time but Harriet Hilliard really "bowed over" Ozzie Nelson. The bandsman arranged an audition and hired her as featured vocalist. As a result a new musical team was on its way to stardom—and to marriage in 1935. Ozzie

was born in Jersey City, and was graduated from Rutgers University and New Jersey Law School. He won his law degree merely to satisfy his dad, but his major interest was music. Within a year after graduation he'd organized a band and made a substantial success touring the country. He made his radio debut in 1933 and played with numerous broadcasting stars until 1944 when he and Harriet starred in their current show. Harriet traces her career back to teen age appearances as a dramatic actress in stock companies and her years of vocal training. A successful vaudeville career and guests spots with such stars as Bert Lahr, Ken Murray, the late Joe Penner, and Red Skelton followed. Quite naturally her beauty and unique singing style led to motion pictures which included such hits as Follow the Girls, Coconut Grove and New Faces. Ozzie and Harriet have two sons, David Ozzie, 11, and Eric Hilliard, 8. Although they are written into the script of the

show and are portrayed as two wise little kids who can anticipate the jams Papa Nelson will get into next, the parts of David and Eric are taken by two professional actors, Tommy Bernard and Henry Blair. The fictional Nelson boys are close friends of Harriet's brood. Henry who is 15 has to drop eight years from his voice to play the role of Ricky. This is a trick he performs with small effort. He can sound as young as three if necessary. Tommy has equal facility in vocal manipulations because he is sixteen and he has to drop five years. David and Ricky, incidentally, get in on the script conferences with their mother and dad. They often offer suggestions in the development of a new situation and if they think their radio counterparts are not written to suit them, they'll say so. And everybody takes their word for it. This family's a normal foursome and any resemblance to the shenanigans of the Nelsons of NBC and the Nelsons off-the-mike is purely coincidental. We think



NELSON HOUSE

HAPPY is the

A moment of serenity in the actual Nelson menage with kids Ricky, Davey.



The broad beaming smiles come after CBS radio chores are over and done.



A glamorous duo—whose domestic troubles are confined to airwaves.



the Haymes boy

■He's always been a plugger. And the ironic part of it is that DICK HAYMES did most of it in search of a career as bandleader and songwriter. Singing was secondary to him. Dick first got the band fever when he sang for one during prep school vacation. When he got back to school he organized a dance orchestra with some school chums, and meanwhile sang after school hours in local taverns and amusement halls. Completing school, he traveled to the west coast where he did bit parts in westerns and sang in what he calls "dives" to supplement his income. Still he tried to succeed in a bandleading venture. But no soap. Then he plugged away at songwriting. Dick showed some to Harry James who refused the songs but offered him the vocalist spot with his band. He stayed with James for two years, then struck out on his own to form a band. Came the Draft, and Dick had to say goodbye to all the musicians he had hired. Back again to vocalizing . . . with Benny Goodman, then Tommy Dorsey. In 1943 he really hit the jackpot—as one of the nation's most heralded crooners. The rest is on the tip of every Haymes fan's tongue—movie and radio stardom. Hubbyhood and fatherhood, too. The Haymes' are parents of three cute kids; expect another.



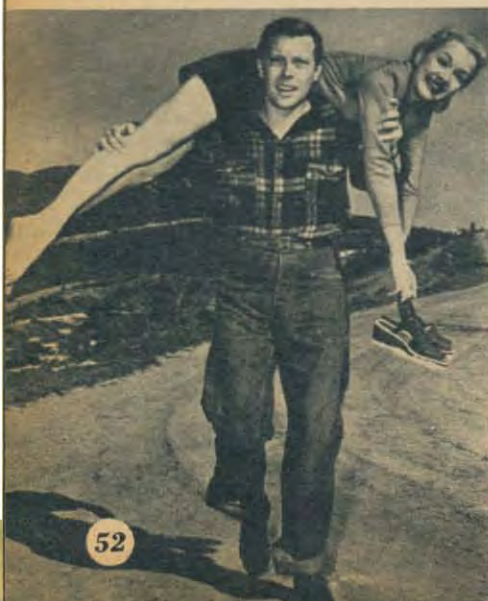
A baritone caballero
—astride "Cimarron,"
1 of his 7 horses



Get that profile of Dick—sitting
out with Lina Romay, Cliff Arquette.

In Univ. pic, "One Touch of Venus"
Dick co-stars with Olga San Juan.

Here's what Haymes looks like when
he renders songs like "White Lies"



**Dreamy Dick turns tunes
into heavenly verses
with a twist of the
Haymes vocal cords**

SHORE....she's great

You know the old saw about there
being no one finer . . . well,
this is the Dinah they meant

■ Here we were all set to be very profound about Dinah. We were going to say—Friendliness. That's the keynote of the Shore personality and go on from there. But something nudged our conscience and reminded us that Dinah lends herself to the gay, casual manner. So instead of telling you about her rough and rocky rise to fame from her Tennessee hometown we're going to tell you she's superstitious about black cats and ladders. She likes skirts and blouses, shorts and slacks around that beautiful Encino ranchhouse. Her favorite perfume is Tuvache's "Gardénia." Corn on the cob makes her mouth water and when there's a horse in sight, Dinah's on it. When there's time off from NBC radio chores, Columbia record-making and MGM picture stunts, the Queen of the Vocalists dons the apron, tends eight month old heiress, Melissa Ann, and sees that the George Montgomery haven is made ship-shape.



Chow-time at the Montgomery menage in California finds Dinah soup-sampling.

Despite Mommy and Daddy's effort to amuse, Melissa Ann yawns her boredom.



Georgie and Dinah are sweethearts.
It says so on that there big tree!



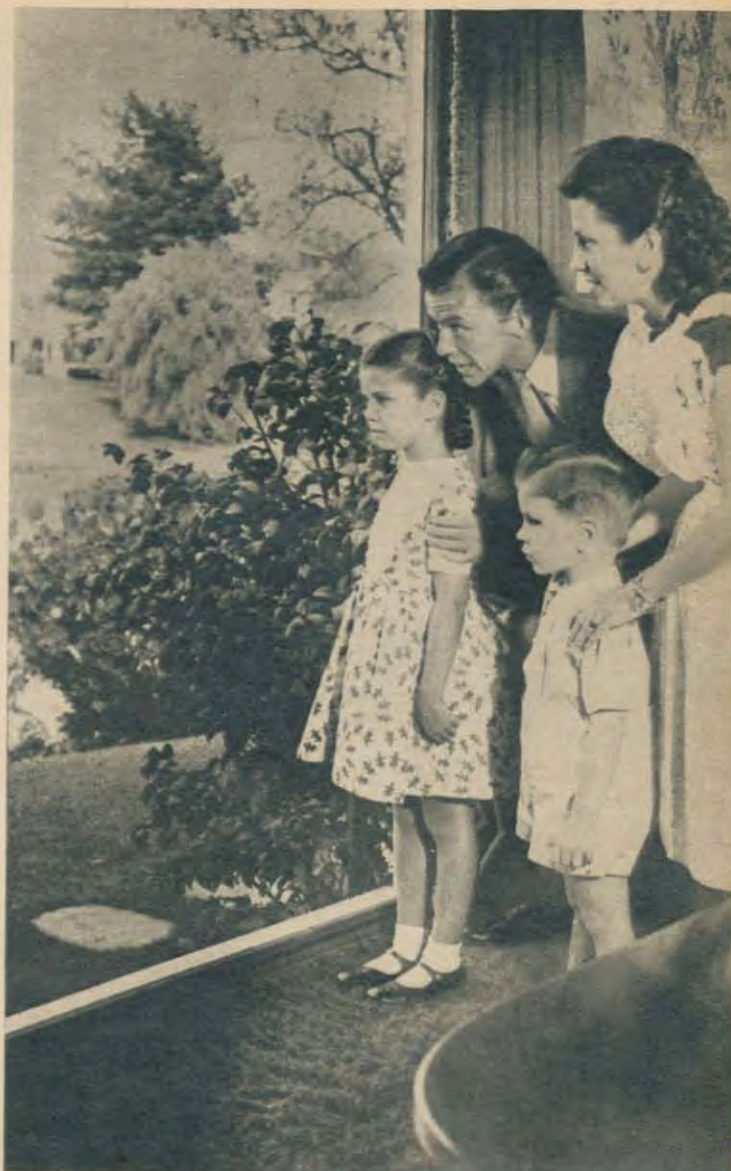
Is he versatile? He dips hand into cookie jar and reads music while Beryl Davis sips tea at intermission.

Those hands might a painter make of F. S. who's plenty serious about painting. A self-portrait?



He doesn't look like Peck . . .
He doesn't act like Boyer . . .
But ask his fans how THEY feel
and you'll hear a chorus of
AAAAAAAiiiiiiiiEEEEEE!

■ Meet radio's Rembrandt! Sure, that's what we said. Frankie is a painter. The palette and canvas kind. Not the stepladder and union-card variety. Just a fad, you think. Well, listen, hey. When a guy like Sinatra forgets his singing lessons, then he can't be kidding. Because mink coats and classy Cadillacs don't come from pastel oils you buy in an art shop. And the Sinatra family is pretty used to paddling around in a private pool. So you see, Frankie is dead serious about this hobby. Why, he's even sectioned off a studio where he can don a black beret and let his inspiration take the brush where it will. That's the newest chapter in the life of the bow-tie, bobby-sock hero who introduced squeals and riot squads to America's teen-agers. It was way back in 1943 that the Hoboken-born singer flashed across the entertainment horizon with blinding intensity. Leaving a trail of smitten hearts and swooning admirers. It all started with a song called "Night and Day" when Frank was picking up pay checks from Tommy Dorsey. The record sales skyrocketed to a new high and promoters, theatre managers and radio advertisers began their mad stampede after THE VOICE. Possessed of a sharp business acumen, Frank decided then to strike out for himself. Followed a sensational vaudeville engagement at the New York Paramount where special police details kept a handy supply of smelling salts for the never ending line of fans who have made SINATRA an American phenomenon. His Columbia records, today, are at an all-time high, his NBC radio, MGM-RKO film schedules and personal tours preclude rigid application to the development of his latent talent—painting. Blue-eyed, brown-haired Frank seldom wears a hat, partakes of spaghetti for breakfast and considers himself sentimental. He likes to bake in the sun, swim, and take in a good boxing match. His theme song, "Night and Day" is the rendition over Major Bowes' Amateur Hour that zoomed him to stardom. Rarely in evening clothes, he prefers the casual attire Californians indulge themselves in. There are two Nancys in his heart. Wifey, his childhood sweetheart, and Nan, Jr., first-born. Frank Wayne, Jr. is the other male member of the Sinatra family, and youngest daughter, Chris, threatens the laurels of any past, present or future glamour queen. They're a handsome-looking foursome as the picture to the right will attest. Frank played Father Paul in "Miracle of the Bells," and turns in equally terrific performances in his latest pictures, MGM's "The Kissing Bandit," and "TMOTTBG" ("Take Me Out to the Ball Game"). As for the weekly stanza of the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, he's still passing out vocal dreams.



Picture window view of the Sinatras—except Chris who's asleep in her crib like all good little girls.

As priest in RKO's "Miracle" Frank co-starred with Valli, Fred MacMurray. Has several new pics on the grill.



Lolly Parsons took Frank to her heart like several other admiring millions. He still rates A1 with fans.



okay—
 So they're **HAMMY!**

Whaddya expect? Barrymore, snickers

Phil . . . Garbo, shrugs Alice . . . Nyah, just the irrepressible

Harrises mixing sour sarcasm and corn-pone wit for a menu of laughs.



"Don't imitate my brother Willie" she admonishes Phil—who does it anyway.



"Gotta meet Frankie," pleads Phil while Alice not-so-subtly restrains him. She knows there's a pinochle deck in that case and impulsive ideas a-brewin'.



Phil's not at all vain about those curly locks—but he ain't so bashful . . . either.

But heck, that ain't no stranger. It's Jack Benny over to borrow a cup of Scotch from the Harris.



Pahdon me, suh, that's *my* little woman you're hugging. But stranger seems to turn a deaf ear.



■ That's what we love about this Harris team. Give them a microphone and a couple of kilocycles and they start hamming all over the place. The dumb cracks, the wise cracks and all other incidental ones are delivered with histrionic emphasis. You'd think every chapter of their NBC show was a scene from Shakespeare. But that's Alice and Phil the dynamic airwave duo who opine that deadpans went out with silent pictures. They live and breathe their lines for studio audiences and "sit-at-home" listeners miss out on the wacky mugging that Alice and Phil indulge in. Former chorus girl Alice, is the baby-faced New Yorker whose Cinderella story reads from dancer to musical comedy actress, to wife and mother, to radio star. She and the "man from the South" were married seven years ago. The Dixie-loving bandleader who claims his only means of support is his wife's salary was born in the South, all right. South INDIANA. He covers this up by reckoning his Nashville, Tennessee, schooling qualifies him as a next-to-native son. He began his career banging drums, switched to singing, and finally formed his own orchestra on the West Coast, where he became the rage of the college set. Signed to the Benny show in 1936, his smart repartee and malapropisms have become an important feature of the Sunday evening program. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, who are never that formal, are pa-retty proud of their blonde moppets. They're beautiful, sighs Phil, as he reaches out to catch those vest buttons that pop off at the mention of Alice, Jr., 5, and Phyllis, 3. Hammy? So what! They're real, those Harris.

Two shy little violets by the garden wall. Alice and Phyllis, the Harris heiresses. Who are but cute!



Ann Whitfield and Jeannine Roos portray Harris kids on the show.



Alice lounges in the spacious sunlit room her daughters reign over.



Mama and Papa H. give vaudeville "what for" in an impromptu session.



Corliss Archer

■ They're both young, sweet, pretty, intense . . . and that's where the resemblance ends between JANET WALDO and the teen-age madcap she portrays on NBC's "Corliss Archer." No scatterbrain is Janet. She's a serious-minded miss whose greatest desire is to be a "really good actress . . . one of the best on the networks." Started her career after attending Washington University, and rapidly became one of the busiest radio actresses. As for that ambition . . . well, she already IS one of the best on the webs.



MR. STRYKITRICH

● No radio newcomer is TODD RUSSELL, genial emcee of CBS's "Strike It Rich." Tall, handsome, has appeared on many programs in native Canada and U. S. in last 14 years. And does *he* want to Strike It Rich? No, sir—he's just content with making with the questions and shelling out the shekels for those lucky contestants. Vicarious thrill, you might say. Todd's probably the youngest Santa Claus on record.



DISC-

ussion



**They're a sure bet, these jockeys
who ride the records and make mad chatter—
so start relaxin', Jackson**

■ Slightly wacky, but that's what makes FRED ROBBINS so wonderful to listen to. His patter between platters is nothing short of side-splitting—every other word either a fanciful phrase of Robbins' coinage, or straight from a jive dictionary. Fred bills himself as "Your Professor of Thermodynamics," but five years ago in his native Baltimore he was just Fred Robbins, Counselor-at-Law. He was 25 then, and decided to take down the shingle and do radio work, which he preferred. A "Swing Class" program he developed on a local station was so sensational that it brought him to New York where he eventually landed his present disc-jockeying spot on WOV's "1280 Club." Fred also emcees CBS's "Let's Dance, America." Although he hasn't got a record to his name on that show, the chatter is still slick and entertaining. When it comes to his "spectacular vernacular," you just can't stop the guy.



■ First he gathered a heap of laurels for himself as a sensational trombonist. Then he grabbed some more as one of the country's top three bandleaders. And now that he's turned disc-jockey, you guessed it. More laurels. TOMMY DORSEY inherited that musical talent from his father who was an accomplished instrumentalist, teacher and band organizer back in the home-town of Mahoney Plane, Pa. It was Dorsey, Sr., who gave him intensive training in every instrument of the brass section. By the time Tommy finished high school he was ready to turn pro. He and brother Jimmy organized the "Dorsey Brothers Novelty Band," then played with almost every name orchestra. Finally Tommy formed his own outfit . . . and for more than ten years he's retained his popularity and leadership. That's no mean accomplishment.



■ He's the Dean of American Music, but just plain "Pops" to scores of musical greats. Because PAUL WHITEMAN has fostered many a budding career . . . witness Bing Crosby, the Dorseys, Bix Beiderbecke, Mildred Bailey, and dozens more. That's why for over 20 years it's been axiomatic that a spot with the Whiteman aggregation is a sure path to personal success. The Whiteman Wonder is garnering more glory for himself nowadays, too. He's spinning those platters for ABC, is on way to becoming Dean of the Disc-boys.



■ He's unique, to say the least. MARTIN BLOCK climbed to the very top of the announcing profession with no voice training, no musical education, and without finishing high school. After the king of the disc-jockeys left school at 13 so he could support his family, he became a salesman and found that his greatest asset was a smooth, persuasive voice. So he later decided to channel it into a better medium—radio. He initiated his Make Believe Ballroom on a local New York station in 1935, and eventually made an even bigger name for himself as a top announcer on network shows. He's spinning those records now for MBS in a specially constructed studio in his Encino, California home. Every morning he puts on his hat, kisses his family goodbye, walks around the grounds once, and turns into his office door. Eccentric? Hardly . . . just insists he won't mix business with pleasure.



■ When the neighborhood kids in Washington, D. C. dubbed Edward Kennedy Ellington, "Duke," it was just meant to be a nickname—the kind that's popular in any younger set. Now that he's been universally acclaimed as a genius of modern American music, that appellation has become a sort of tribute to his enviable position as a leading bandleader, composer, and music style-setter. Since 1947 the Duke has been well-set in another phase of his already crowded career—disc-jockeying. Doing all reet, too.

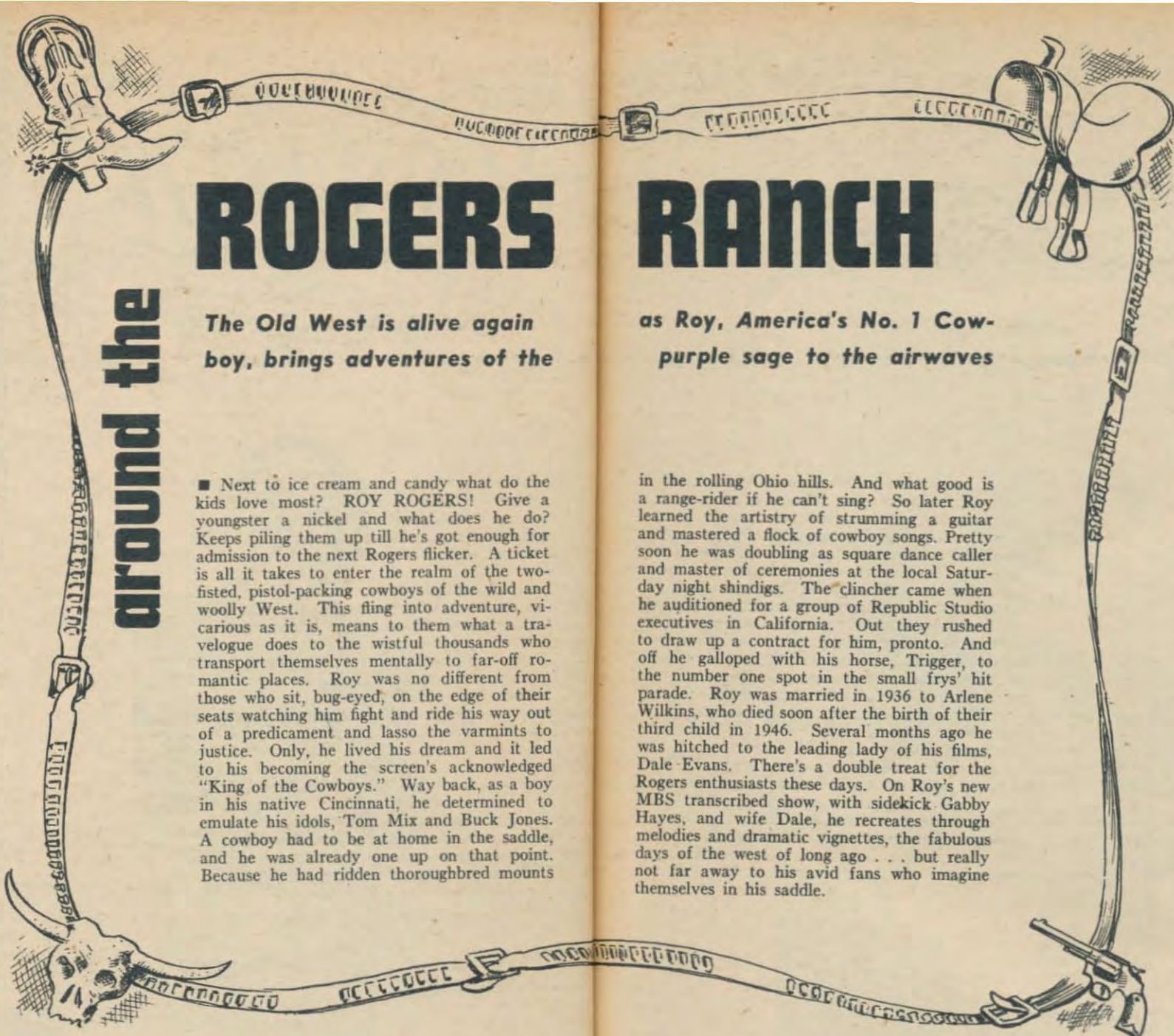


Might as well get comfortable . . . Dale and Roy settle down for homey rehearsal of radio show.



"Giddyap, horsie!" It may not be the real McCoy, but son, Dusty, doesn't seem to mind. Cos' someday...

It's a holdup—successful, too. Pop Rogers shells out with the ice cream money—or else. Seems easy!



around the

ROGERS RANCH

The Old West is alive again boy, brings adventures of the

as Roy, America's No. 1 Cow-purple sage to the airwaves

■ Next to ice cream and candy what do the kids love most? ROY ROGERS! Give a youngster a nickel and what does he do? Keeps piling them up till he's got enough for admission to the next Rogers flicker. A ticket is all it takes to enter the realm of the two-fisted, pistol-packing cowboys of the wild and woolly West. This fling into adventure, vicarious as it is, means to them what a travelogue does to the wistful thousands who transport themselves mentally to far-off romantic places. Roy was no different from those who sit, bug-eyed, on the edge of their seats watching him fight and ride his way out of a predicament and lasso the varmints to justice. Only, he lived his dream and it led to his becoming the screen's acknowledged "King of the Cowboys." Way back, as a boy in his native Cincinnati, he determined to emulate his idols, Tom Mix and Buck Jones. A cowboy had to be at home in the saddle, and he was already one up on that point. Because he had ridden thoroughbred mounts

in the rolling Ohio hills. And what good is a range-rider if he can't sing? So later Roy learned the artistry of strumming a guitar and mastered a flock of cowboy songs. Pretty soon he was doubling as square dance caller and master of ceremonies at the local Saturday night shindigs. The clincher came when he auditioned for a group of Republic Studio executives in California. Out they rushed to draw up a contract for him, pronto. And off he galloped with his horse, Trigger, to the number one spot in the small fry's hit parade. Roy was married in 1936 to Arlene Wilkins, who died soon after the birth of their third child in 1946. Several months ago he was hitched to the leading lady of his films, Dale Evans. There's a double treat for the Rogers enthusiasts these days. On Roy's new MBS transcribed show, with sidekick Gabby Hayes, and wife Dale, he recreates through melodies and dramatic vignettes, the fabulous days of the west of long ago . . . but really not far away to his avid fans who imagine themselves in his saddle.

It's the doghouse for Dusty . . . Dale shows what happens to little boys who don't eat their cereal.



Linda Lou, 5, Roy, Jr. (Dusty) 2, and Cheryl, 8, gather around to listen to famous dad's program.



Filling Dad's boots isn't as easy as they thought. Wanna bet Dusty WILL . . . say in about 1968?



Dusty pitches a penny into the well and makes a wish. And he ain't saying what it was so it'll come true.

Roy SAYS there are fish in that thar stream. He's confident, but as for the family, well . . . they wonder!



The Bergen Clan

He talks to dummies, does Papa, while his two dollies contribute proper inspiration



"What SHALL I wear?" Valet Bergen's called to Charlie's private boudoir to help solve the dilemma.



Daddy Bergen with No. 1 doll, model-wife Frances Westerman at lovely California home in the hills.



"Heavens, Bergen, your apron is showing," kids Charlie the culinary cutup.



Good television bet—Pretty Frances before Mr. B's own cameras.



Yup-yup—It's Mortimer Snerd giving C. Mc. a good verbal thrashing.



A posy from Edgar tickles Mrs. B's fancy—and chin. They're Hollywood's happiest.

■ Literally he's a blockhead—but actually the precocious Charlie McCarthy is a wisenheimer if ever there was one. Thanks to EDGAR BERGEN he's one of America's most famous, though non-existent, kids. Charlie's mental age is about 14, but the not-so-dumb dummy has been in existence for over 26 years. Back in grammar school Chicago-born Bergen answered an ad offering a book on ventriloquism for ten cents. As a result of that initial investment, by the time he was 14 he had sufficiently perfected his technique so that he was able to make his professional debut. After high school he toured in vaudeville with Charlie, who was inspired by a merry but cynical newsboy of Bergen's acquaintance. By the time Charlie's creator finished college they were ready to step into big-time bookings. They first appeared on the radio on Rudy Vallee's program, and a few months later in 1937 Bergen signed for his own show on NBC. Until a few years ago Bergen was a confirmed bachelor—but not any more. He has a lovely wife and baby daughter who is as sweet as her name, Candy.

"Die Stardust" Himself!



HOAGY of the homely philosophy they're calling him these days. The guy who treats a piano the way Einstein treats the theory of relativity dispenses some catch-as-catch-can truths and principles like he was handing out pennies to kids. And in between, Carmichael comes up with scientific facts about crickets and song-writing. All wrapped in a pretty fifteen-minute song session over CBS.

Tuneful Trio



■ Score one for the U. S. Army. PEARL BAILEY, believe it or not, thanks that outfit for teaching her to relax and sing in the natural, lazy, incomparable way that has made her a top-rater in night clubs, theaters, and on records. That lesson in lassitude came about when this Virginia-born minister's daughter was touring with the USO all over the country and in Mexico entertaining the armed services. Even before then she had already made a name for herself playing in night clubs and with Count Basie's and Cootie Williams's bands . . . but after she developed that powerful Bailey style her popularity soared and propelled her to her present spot as one of the blues queens. And all because of those guys in khaki.

■ Child prodigy? She sure was. By the time she was eight, NELLIE LUTCHER was pianist and assistant organist for her church in Lake Charles, Louisiana . . . and by the time she entered high school she could play the mandolin, guitar, and bass violin! Papa Lutchter, a well-known professional bass player, taught the little musical genius improvisation so that she could work well with any band combination. So, it wasn't long before Nellie joined Clarence Hart's orchestra where she stayed for six years, later singing with small combos in California. In 1947 she was signed by Capitol records, and of course the Lutchter numbers became immediate sellouts. No wonder . . . those catchy arrangements would snare any blues lover. That gal's tricky—with a song.



■ The "chi-chi" girl, ROSE MURPHY, never could remember the middle parts of numbers. So whenever her memory did a fade-out, she simply stopped playing the piano and beat out the rhythms with her feet while she hummed or "chi-chied" in her tiny voice. Rose received her first big break on the Coast where she had been "sending" the swing fans with her solid beat on the ivories and her unique vocal accompaniments. She scored sensationally in New York night clubs, too, but her record of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" really gave her that big boost to fame. And, not paradoxically, she still can't remember those middle parts!



The Senator (Claghorn, that is) sounds off about Kinsey and shocks Allen speechless.



M. Pious (Mrs. Nussbaum), Ken Delmar (Sen.), Irv Kaufman, P. Fennelly (Mr. Moody) on call.

McCarthy's there for morale-building purposes. So Allen won't feel like a dummy.



THIS CHARACTER

■ Sometime between dawn and dark on May 31, 1894, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a squalling baby boy was born. He was given the name John F. Sullivan by anxious parents who fretted even then about the perennial scowl that lingered over the brow of their heir. "He can't know about the depression," reasoned his father. "He's too young for girls," argued his mother. So they threw up their hands, let down their patience and nurtured this moody little fellow until he was old enough to work as a library clerk for twenty cents an hour. Overcome with this sudden surge of success little Johnnie became ambitious. He read books. All kinds of books. There was one on the art of billiards which he carefully hid in his bedroom. But, in the cleaning process, Mama Sullivan escorted it to the rubbish heap, happy in the knowledge that he hadn't advanced beyond the first chapter. Frustrated, but determined, he turned to a book on juggling. And here and now we request a moment of reverent silence. This is the career that brought FRED ALLEN to the attention of a small part of the world. In an unimportant theater in Boston (oh, hallowed be its halls), Fred wowed the audience. Not with the arduous juggling routine he'd been practicing. But with a joke he suffixed after the patrons guffawed him from the stage. The manager rather vulgarly requested him to tell the folks where he had learned to juggle. His pride wounded, but his wit willing Fred said, "I took a correspondence course in baggage smashing." And that clever quip was the stepping stone to vaudeville circuits which in turn paved the way to screen and radio renown. Fred served in the A.E.F. during World War I and inaugurated his radio broadcasts in 1932. His first program featured amateurs and one Mrs. Nussbaum was born then. (She's the hilarious Minerva Pious, still featured on Allen's program.) The unusual name of Portland Hoffa attracted Fred about 18 years ago and the intrigue has never worn off despite the fact that he changed her name to his soon after they met. The wit that Mr. Allen wields with such barb and composure is usually trademarked ALLEN. Yet for all those whipcracks that make him sound like a sour lemon, Allen's got charm. Not the Gregory Peck variety. But charm. About that feud between Jack Benny and Allen. Nothing serious. Allen's stopped sending those weekly poison pen notes sealed with arsenic.



A priceless photo. Rare and rich in the charm that is essentially the man, Allen.

Ad-Libs, TOO!

If acid could talk, it'd sound like Allen . . . If unhappiness could walk, it'd look like Allen . . . but don't let the obvious fool you



Allen proves to his contemporaries he actually fears no one. Not even Bogart.



Peter Donald (Ajax Cassidy) is on the other end of an Allen brainstorm.



Mr. Al—len gets the yodel-like call from Portland Hoffa who is faithful radio sidekick and wife to NBC's dour ad-lib master.






for
Laughs
and
Money

**Sure you've got a chance.
Leave your inhibitions home
with the kids and get set
for straitjacket shenanigans**

■ Eight years ago RALPH EDWARDS, a successful, sought-after radio announcer had a theory . . . a theory that people want to let go . . . that given a chance they'll ride an elephant, throw a custard pie or be a target for one. So . . . he originated the idea for NBC's Truth or Consequences, and it has paid off in laughs punctuated with dollar bills for the scads of contestants rarin' to let their inhibitions slide overboard. When you hear Ralph break in with a gleeful, "Aren't we devils?!" you can bet someone will have to do anything from diving into a pool of water onstage to trekking across the country with petitions to put Hollywood on the map. When this red-head passes out consequences *anything* can happen. That's the truth!



Babes in the woods, you say? We say they got caught on the short end of a crackpot deal. Eddie Cantor helps Ralph out.

And this is what drives the country's housewives stark, raving frustrated. Loot to make you drool and pray hard.

Saint and sinner. Mr. Edwards representing the sequined Satan and contestant sporting halo and neon bulb nose ring.





Now "lissen here, Sham" says glamour behind-glasses Bob. Ruthie Gilbert hears him say, "it's bigger than both of us."



robert Q lewis

■ Would you be surprised if we told you the "Q" in his name meant Queedunk? Or Quebley. Would you be shocked into the middle of next week if we told you he gets that slur in "yesshir" with a wad of bread? All right, so we won't kid you. "Q" is for nothing. Except maybe a cue for conversation. Robert says it helps put people at ease. First, they ask what the initial is for. Then they ask him where he lives. Followed by "how much do you make?" WONDERFUL conversation-piece, that "Q". Now, that tongue-twisting business is strictly unrehearsed. He just falls into slurring when it seems the thing to do. Like eating when you're hungry. Bob should know about things like that. He's got the show biz savvy that's made him one of the cleverest ad-libbers on the air. His isn't the frenzied "you-gotta-laugh-at-this" style. His mike manner is as "au naturel" as the bespectacled New Yorker himself. He talks (and looks) like a college professor who's made a clinical study of laughter. With the diagnosis that you can't force the giggles. Result: some even paced humor with witty dressing and easy delivery. And let the "stitches" fall where they may. Broadcasting being the only business Mr. Lewis has been in, you can understand his steadfast ambition to while away the union hour making with clever palaver. "It's easier than working," quips CBS' bright boy. The brown-haired, brown-eyed guy who collects Indian totem poles and vaudeville records lives in a two-room penthouse in New York. "Penthouse," shrugs Bob. "Two closets on top of the Empire State Building. But what do I care? I've got my health and my philosophy." The latter being—If you aren't versed on a subject, say so. You'll get along better that way. His biggest surprise since he graduated into knickers at ten is the number of Robert Q Lewis fan clubs that have sprung up. Who said something about gals making passes at guys that wear glasses or vice versa?

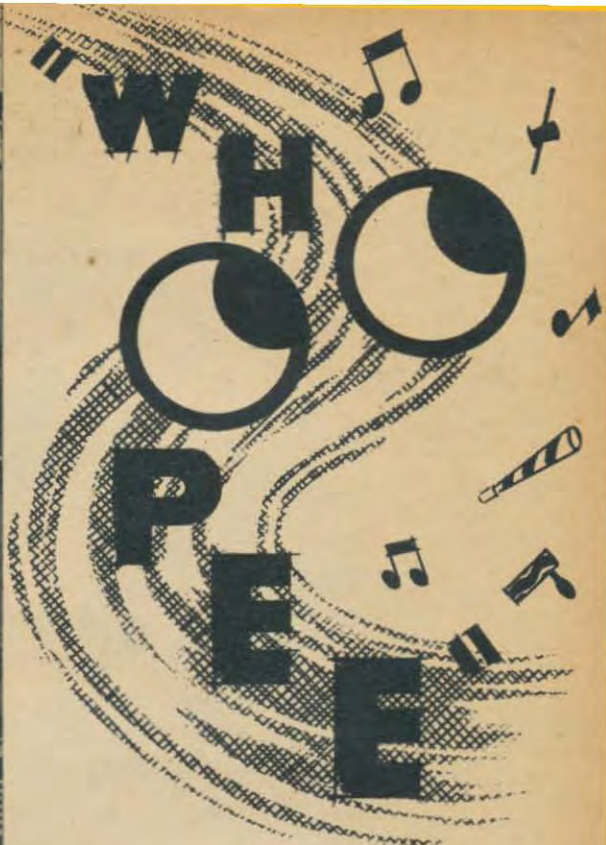


Carson

CLOWNING

When vaudeville took a curtain call Carson took matters into his own hands and invaded the realms of radio and screen

■ He looks like a football star, pitches a sharp argument on erudite subjects, but when he starts goofing, the laughs fall where they may. And that covers a lot of territory. When CBS's JACK CARSON first went into the movies there seemed to be a conspiracy afoot to cast him as the perennial college boy. And if he wasn't playing havoc in a dormitory, he was cast as the "guy who loses Ginger Rogers." In six straight pictures he lost her, but the turning point in his career came in "Mildred Pierce" and "Roughly Speaking" in which he proved himself a dramatic actor as well as a comedian. Chances are Jack would be selling insurance in his father's office if in his early 20's he hadn't met a former college buddy who said, "We'd make a funny team. Let's go on the stage." They did—and hit the big time on Broadway before splitting up the act. When vaudeville began to totter Jack headed for Hollywood, uninvited. He managed to get some small roles in radio before he landed a Warner Brothers contract. Giving him that break was one of the smartest things the execs ever did. For there's been a consistent clamor for more and more of Carson's clowning. When he's not in front of the cameras or a mike, Jack likes to argue on psychology and spiritualism, and enjoys himself laying brick—a trick he picked up from Winston Churchill. He's as extroverted as they come, but he does have one suppressed desire—to rid people of their inhibitions.



**The Eyes and Ida have it!
What, you ask?
Mad fun, of course . . .**

■ Banjo eyes just never grew up. For over 40 years NBC's EDDIE CANTOR has been romping through those comic paces . . . and he's *still* making whoopee. Now just HOW hardy can you be? And just how talent scout-ish can you get? Besides doing right well with his own career as one of America's singing comedians, Eddie has proved his astuteness as a star-finder, too. Cantor discoveries who have received their first big break on his air show are Deanna Durbin, Rubinoff, Jimmy Wallington, Parkyakarkus, Bobby Breen, Bert "Russian" Gordon and Dinah Shore. Leave us not forget the greatest discovery of them all—the now celebrated, Ida. Eddie married his childhood sweetheart just after he got a firm toe hold on the ladder to you-know-what. While still in his teens this native New Yorker began his career as a singing waiter at a Coney Island restaurant where his accompanist was one Jimmy Durante. This led to vaudeville, to hit Broadway revues, to movies, then to radio. And as everyone knows by now, in the meantime Eddie became the pappy of five girls. If it weren't for Mr. C. and Mrs. C. he would have traded two daughters for two of Bing's boys. He's still trying.

The Face (Gregory Peck) and The Eyes team up and prove that vaudeville ain't dead—yet!





Mr. D. A.

■ Guilty! That's the verdict on JAY JOSTYN, NBC's "Mr. District Attorney." Guilty of being one of the best, most sought-after radio actors, of course. It all started after college graduation when stage-struck Jay left home state of Wisconsin for Hollywood. Plunging into radio, he clicked immediately. When not tracking down criminals, Jay beats a hasty retreat to wife and two sons on peaceful Long Island home.

Jolie-Boy

**Mr. Show Business,
who keeps coming back
with a song**

■ You've heard of entertainers making their so-called "farewell performances." But when AL JOLSON went into semi-retirement, he really meant it. So there he was, shunning the bright lights and reveling in the quiet home life with his lovely wife, Erle. Then, zoom, the public put up such a terrific clamor for more of the incomparable Jolson talent that he just had to give in. Sort of a command come-back, and all because of the movie of his life, "The Jolson Story." It made people realize what they had been missing all those years Al took to the hills, so to speak. Such acclaim is old stuff to this cantor's son. Ever since he went on the stage and sang those memorable songs in blackface, no one could resist him. Long after the curtain had gone down on his shows, Al was still entertaining the customers. They just wouldn't let him stop. America's greatest entertainer, as he is often called, is now carrying on in the best Jolson tradition as star of NBC's "Kraft Music Hall." Jolson's back and his millions of fans have got him—for good.



Dry-tongued Oscar Levant who has a whip-wit asks Al if he's heard the one about the fellow—

Pretty-as-a-picture Erle Jolson is Al's No. 1 rooter. Adopted son, Asa, holds No. 2 position. Add millions.

Jolie gets some inspiration before he leaves for studio. Erle was Al's former nurse.





**Hope, the heckle huckster wields
a mean wit wrapped around
a happy personality**



He's not the only one with monkey shins—so Bob shakes hand with a kindred spirit.



Colonna knows it's wrong to stare, but eben (Nature Boy) abhez is unusual, shall we say?



Get that guy! He laughs at his own jokes—so do Jerry and Vera. They have to, or else!

■ There's a hot conference going on between old ski-nose and The Ears these days. Buddies that they are, BOB HOPE just couldn't resist letting Bing Crosby in on a little tip that we're passing along to you. Keep it under your hat, but Bob is dabbling in politics—and has discovered a candidate that's a sure-bet for the presidency. Bob isn't going to mess around with any first, second or third parties. He's casting his vote for an up-and-coming Abraham Lincoln. He reasons this way: Lincoln's a Kentucky lad and sure to snag the Southern vote. And since he's worked in politics in the north, he can't miss in that part of the country. There's only one hitch, though. Bob's "hope" refuses to come out of retirement. Bing has one answer to all this: Stick to your jokes, son, you can make a better fool of yourself that way. Bob's been making-fun-for-the-people for a long time now. He hoofed around in vaudeville, then made a hit in comedy routines that eventually brought him top billing in Broadway musicals. He really hit the peak in 1938 when he became star of his NBC show and appeared in his first motion picture. Incidentally, when he was born in London the family christened him Lester Townes Hope, so all through school in Cleveland he was known as Less Hope. But certainly not Hope-less . . . yet!



Lovely Mrs. Hope laughs at Bob's obvious threat.



Bob's out after Hooper with gala new show format.



Post-broadcast finds Bob making with the Hancock. Annoyed? Fat chance—the ham in him just LOVES it.



We got 'em cornered . . . Bob and Red Skelton get together in a gag swapping session.



Caramba! It's the Samba . . . the one dance he can't do. Anyway he tries, a la Miranda.

Bob's right thoughtful—the gag's no good so Vera Vague needn't hold her own nose.



The One and Only

HOPE

KING COLE TRIO



Almost air time . . . and the tune triplets start polishing those supersational arrangements.

■ Just because of one song. That's all the KING COLE TRIO needed to take one sensational, giant step into the national limelight. From obscurity to fame—all in one year. The song? "Straighten Up and Fly Right," of course! When they hit upon their original ditty about the buzzard which took a monkey for a ride through the skies, the merry musicmakers were playing in a small Los Angeles night spot. The few who heard them thought they were terrific . . . but nothing happened. Nothing, until Johnny Mercer heard about the song, listened to the three make with the music, and asked them to record the tune for Capitol. Result? The record became the juke-box favorite for 1944 . . . which, in turn meant skyrocketing fame for the nation's instrumental threesome. Nat "King" Cole is the originator, vocalist, and pianist for this distinctive musical outfit. Alabama-born, he was the son of a Baptist minister and spent most of his life in Chicago. Nat's musical career started early under the direction of his mother, Perlina. By the time he was twelve he was playing organ in his father's church and singing in the choir. After graduating from high school he studied legitimate music for six years, but turned to jazz because of his admiration for the all-time greats—Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Fletcher Anderson, and Jimmy Noone. He worked with various Negro show troupes, and for a time played piano in a band where his brother played bass. Then Nat married actress Nadine Robinson and migrated to California where he subsequently formed his trio which now includes Oscar Moore as guitarist and Johnny Miller as bassist. They played in small California night clubs and managed to have an enthusiastic though relatively small following. Until THAT song. Now, merry are the souls who listen to their unique vocal-instrumental style . . . and secure lies the crown on ole King Cole's head.



ACES, HIGH

■ So what if Noah Webster spent a lifetime compiling that dictionary? Why, Jane Ace can play havoc with it in a minute. Not that radio's Mrs. Malaprop is dumb. It's just that she never bothered to look up any of the words—just strings them along in typical Jane-ish fashion. And what she does to the King's English is hilariously murderous. Her corruptions of conventional expressions have really more to them than what first meets the ear. When someone says "hello" to Jane, her answer is invariably "just fine." Which serves to eliminate a few superfluous and banal exchanges. Jane, who has an aunt made "immaturely gray" by worry, and other relatives "to humorous to mention" studied "domestic silence" at school. Before she was married she used to be "fool face and fancy free." To begin at the beguine, as she would say, CBS's GOODMAN AND JANE ACE were both born in Kansas City, Missouri. Ace was working as a drama critic for a newspaper in that city when he married Jane, who had been his high school sweetheart. Several years later he broke into radio and while he was broadcasting one day, it became apparent that the talent for the next 15 minute show wasn't going to appear. A station official ordered Ace to keep on talking. Jane was summoned from the room where she had been waiting for him, and for 15 unpredictable minutes they ad-libbed. A sack full of mail resulted and radio's "Easy Aces" was born. And for 14½ years they went merrily along on a coast-to-coast hookup. Goodman Ace, incidentally, writes all of their material. On their new comedy program, "Mr. Ace and Jane," he portrays a dour husband to whom everything happens at the instigation of his well-meaning wife. Who sums up the situation thusly, "I have him in the hollow of my head."





Buddy Clark

Once-upon-his-college-days BUDDY CLARK, NBC star of the Carnation Contented Program thought he would use those vocal cords as a jury-swaying lawyer. But his singing as an amateur won such enthusiastic comment that he decided to abandon law studies for a radio career. It was a happy choice all right. Why, even now Al Jolson describes him as the "greatest baritone of them all. Barring none!"



Vic Damone

Just three years ago at the ripe old age of 17, VIC DAMONE, CBS star of the Saturday Night Serenade, was a promising Brooklyn baritone on a local radio station. And then came that fateful appearance on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts where Vic won hands down, natch. Now he's way up there with the top crooners and the newest reason why the girls swoon. Incidentally, girls, he's single!



Maestro Bob cups his ear to mike to hear himself sing. Maggie Whiting waits for cue.



■ What if he *doesn't* have a baseball team, a stableful of horses, and more enterprises than you can shake a stick at? The kid brother has his "Bobcats" and some other things that Bing has. Talent, for one thing. And personality—lots of it. Also, BOB CROSBY has his own program, CBS's five-a-weeker, "Club 15," in which he stars as emcee, bandleader, and singer. First time Bob faced an audience was in native Spokane, Washington, when he was 13. It was an amateur show and he appeared just long enough to flee in terror after the orchestra had played five introductions to his solo. But after college he kept on trying and by the time he was 20 he was singing with the Anson Weeks band. Two years later he became leader of his now-famous "Bobcat" ensemble. Came the war and Bob served as a lieutenant in the Marines. New musical outfit he formed after his discharge was even bigger and better than the original—played to record attendance everywhere. Like Der Bingle, he's much married, has three sons and a daughter. No other Crosby can make that statement.

the Other

He's never been a priest in pictures
or a foil for Hope's "funnies"
but Bob has two things Bing wishes he
had . . . more hair and a daughter



There's a "take-five" breathing spell and Bob and the girls check engineer's cutups.



The soup's on and the quips come quick as Bob and Patti blow warm on the commercial.



Corraling the Crosbys: Christopher, Bob, Sr., Bob, Jr., Steven, Mrs. C. and yes, Cathleen!



Program regulars, Andrews Sisters with that New Look and the same wonderful old voices.



A toothsome trio with honeyed harmonizing—Maxie, Patti, LaVerne.



Daddy C keeps a date with his four little ones every Sunday a.m.

CROSBY



Befoofled Broadcaster Bill with Tommy Cook (Junior) in a jam.



Late Bambino at Bat and Bendix (plus plastic nose) listens hard.

■ We're not saying he's some sort of freak or oddity. But you've got to admit it's a pretty extraordinary guy who's able to live three lives. And a wonderful actor, too. Which means that BILL BENDIX scores on both counts. As star of NBC's "Life of Riley" show Bill turns in such a humdinger of an acting job as the hilarious bungler who's always being licked at every turn, that you almost feel it's Riley himself in front of that mike instead of an actor named Bendix. That's just how thousands feel about his film re-enactment of the life of Babe Ruth. He's received critical raves on how he captured the character and spirit of one of baseball's greats—and with the help of some skilled make-up artists, Bill even looks like The Bambino. As for the life of Bill Bendix, it's been anything but the "Life of Riley." A native New Yorker, Bill took his first job as a bat boy for the New York Giants, and at 15 was working in the same capacity for the New York Yankees. He always wanted to be a baseball player, but since he could never get past the semi-pro stage, he gave up and opened a grocery store instead. The depression licked that enterprise, so he finally turned actor with the Federal Theatre Project. Four years later on Broadway, he was the hit of Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life." Then the long arm of Hollywood reached out for him, and he has since established himself as one of the movies' leading character actors. If you haven't already guessed it, the three staunchest rooters in the private life of Bill Bendix are the Missus and his two pretty daughters.



The Babe spent time in Hollywood as consultant. Check Bill's hat and coat.



John Brown (Digger O'Dell) and Riley fight it out.



There's Bendix—the Riley
Bendix—the Babe
And Bendix—the Man



Monogram's makeup man gives Bill the special plastic-fashioned Ruth nose.



This is Bendix—the Babe. Bill considers role great honor. Glad Ruth saw it.



Claire Trevor portrays Mrs. Ruth in the Allied Artist production.



The screen's King of Swat gets up to hit a homer—in Ruth style.

The Man with **THREE LIVES**



KING OF Confusion

He "fixes" things like they were never fixed before and what it takes to "unfix" them is bedlam's business

■ Don't ever say he doesn't mean well. But when soda-jerk DENNIS DAY tries to iron out other people's problems on NBC's "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day," well, it pays off in troubles for Dennis, high blood pressure for his victims, and bedlam for everyone. As for the *other* Dennis Day, the one who was Bronx-born and who was graduated from Manhattan College, he's a very unconfusing, sensible fellow. After graduating, this singing comedian was forced by illness to abandon law studies and wound up with his own program on a local radio station. Talk about the luck of the Irish, he's had it! For, not long afterward Mary Livingstone accidentally heard one of Dennis's audition records and brought it to hubby Jack Benny's attention. Which is how he became the singer on Jack's show and where he developed his comic potentialities. Sure, and it's happy days in the life of Dennis. The one who doesn't dispense sodas!



Hola, amigo, eet ees time for siesta and Senor Day he ees a "manana" fellow for today he must sleep.



Papa takes lambchop coaching from Mama Day who knows about those things. And isn't that apron positively ducky?

You have inhibitions, repressions?
Try this sometime; you'll feel better!



Hoss-fancier DD with "Dusty" and Mildred of his show. Babs Eiler.



"GUESS WHO"

We're not giving away
Buicks or blue minks
but why not try to tag these NBC
personalities anyway

1. When he was eight years old, he started to take piano lessons. These lasted about a year, with little progress. Then, one day, the Rheinerton, Pa., youngster watched his dad and three uncles play as an amateur sax quartet. He tried the soprano sax, and then he decided that this, not the piano, was the instrument for him.

He studied and practiced on the sax through the years, and by the time he entered the Conservatory of Music in Ithaca, N. Y., in 1926, he was far ahead of the other sax students. From Ithaca, he went to the New York Military Academy at Cornwall, N. Y., where he became a bandleader and took part

in many extra-curricular activities. In 1932 he entered Duke University, where he formed his first band, the "Blue Devils." The group played a summer engagement at Budd Lake, in New Jersey, where he met the girl he married later.

The Blue Devils broke up troupe in September, 1937. In 1938, he decided to organize a new band. A four-month stay at Mike Todd's Theater Cafe in Chicago led to engagements at the Log Cabin in Armonk, N. Y., the Blackhawk in Chicago, the Palladium in Hollywood, the Hotel Astor.

An unaffected, and good-looking man, he used to conduct his orchestra on Tuesday nights for NBC's "Bob Hope Show."

2. Best-known as a concert pianist and musical authority, this native of Pittsburgh is also an author, film actor and ad-lib expert. His knowledge of music ranges from Bach to boogie-woogie—in his youth he studied with composer Arnold Schoenberg and later was pianist with Ben Bernie.

His serious compositions have been played by leading symphonic groups. His best-known popular tune is "Lady, Play Your Mandolin."

A close friend of the late George Gershwin, he played Gershwin's "Concerto in F" at the last Gershwin concert in New York before the composer's death and was featured in

the screen biography of the composer, "Rhapsody in Blue."

He first came to radio as a guest on "Information Please." His quick wit and all-round knowledge soon won him a regular place on the program. Since then, he has appeared as guest pianist and humorist on many air shows, including "The Fred Allen Show," "The Telephone Hour" and the "Carnation Contented Program."

A few years ago, he turned author, of the best seller, "A Smattering of Ignorance." His favorite pastimes are attending baseball games and movies. His greatest ambition is to write a symphony.

3. Were she to quit radio tomorrow, this young, Brooklyn-born actress would have her choice of three different careers.

The daughter of a lawyer, she has studied law, modeled for John Robert Powers and worked as a salesgirl in a New York department store during a Christmas rush season. But, even though she has standing offers any time she chooses to return to modeling or clerking, she has no intention of giving up acting.

She attended school in New York and later in Hollywood, where she was editor of the Mar-Ken School paper and Mar-

garet Whiting and Bonita Granville were fellow classmates.

The sister of a former member of the screen Dead End Kids, she began her own theatrical career at the age of five on the NBC "Children's Hour" and has since appeared on radio, television, stage and screen. Her present ambition is to star in a Broadway musical comedy, and her own radio show.

She is in her early twenties, of medium height and slender. Her eyes are green and her hair a blonde-red. She is heard on NBC Wednesday nights as Brooklynese Miss Duffy on "Duffy's Tavern" and sultry-voiced, "Hot Breath Houlihan" on the "Jimmy Durante Show."

4. As energetic as the sound of his voice . . . that made popular the rapid-fire delivery of sportscasting which has been imitated but never equalled . . . he belies his years in his personable and trim appearance. Born near Rochester, N. Y. . . . the son of an Irish horse dealer and auctioneer . . . he went to school in at least twelve different cities. His early ambition was to be a jockey . . . but he gave it up when he grew too tall and heavy. Next tried his hand as a handicapper . . . and was so successful that a San Diego paper hired him as handicapper, turf reporter and caricaturist. Continued at this . . . writing for dailies and turf publications

. . . for several years. His mike debut came in 1927 . . . in Arlington Park, Chicago . . . where he announced the races over the track's public address system. The following year he was chosen to broadcast the first NBC report of the famous Kentucky Derby. Since then he's handled 9 Bluegrass races. Megaphoned seven world championship boxing bouts. In addition he has written reams of magazine articles . . . racing publicity. . . His command of words . . . the speed with which he follows the development of a race or prize fight . . . and his years of experience make him tops in his field. . . . With it all he remains dean of sports commentators.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. LES BROWN | 2. OSCAR LEVANT |
| 3. FLORENCE HALOP | 4. CLEM MCCARTHY |

It's a hectic life with the dogs spilling out of bathtubs, the kids falling out of windows, and Dagwood stalking trouble

"BLONDIE" and her



Everything but the refrigerator goes into the super Dagwood sandwiches.



Alexander (Larry Simms) gets caught in the act—by the ear. Maybe, next year!



"I'm coming, Blondie," Arthur Lake hollers while real son, Jr., ogles.



Cookie (Marjorie Kent) looks sad about bannister boycott.

"Hmnm," says Blondie, "I wonder what time he came in last nite."



Dagwood tries to save dogs, now family has to, rescue a rescuer.



Dagwood helps Blondie (Penny Singleton) with breakfast???



Laughing instead of laughed at. CBS and Columbia Pictures favorite fun-family read the comic-strips.

BROOD

■ Damon had Pythias . . . Dante had Beatrice . . . Gable came back and Turner got him . . . but DAGWOOD has BLONDIE, and he'll never know just how lucky he is. Mr. Bumstead takes to trouble the way he takes to those mammoth sandwiches. He even makes Dick Tracy look like a slacker. Dagwood can't walk down his block without crashing into the mail man; he can't go through a day's work without bungling something; he can't dig a hole in the garden without falling into it. But it's always the giggling, gurgling, gorgeous Blondie who saves the day—and Dagwood. She rescues her toe-stubbing husband from fires, gangsters, and mishaps miscellaneous. And with a toss of her pretty blonde curls shrugs off all her efforts as mere trifles that keep their marital relations in a state of bliss.



Television Life



Ed Sullivan, emcee of CBS-TV Toast of Town with Lena Horne. Other big stars appear.



Beauty-grooming problems solved on Edgar's Charm School, WPIX show. Candy Jones, model, is the guest adviser.



Gene Williams plans to give TV a telegenic band. He sings, too!



Football in the parlor where you don't have to brave stiff stadium breezes.



Comeback queen Gloria Swanson hostess to daughter Michelle and Paul Kelly's daughter, Mimi, on WPIX. It's a woman-talk about clothes.



TV cameras crying for Milton Berle on oco Texaco Star Show. He's TV's top comedian.



Handsome Dennis James is WABD's sportscaster. Especially wrestling.



Personable Bob Smith and happy Howdy Doody, NBC NH.



NBC-TV Theater Guild treats you to plays like CBS' Great Catherine and others.

Tele-Talk

■ The pictures to the left will show you the scope that video embraces. The new offspring of show business showcases its programs and products and lets the window-watchers in on its most personal secrets. It is this intimacy that will engender vast audiences. Fashion, beauty, comedy, sports, vaudeville, drama, and novelties of many natures settle down in your parlor with the relatives and neighbors. Yours for the looking are the recipes, lessons and laughs. True, practice makes perfection. And even now great strides are being accomplished as the wrinkles get ironed out. Set owners need only patience and a generous supply of beer to tide them over to the day when tele-shows will be flawless projections of sheer entertainment. And now tune in for some television tidbits.

—That boy, Bing, whose last name is Crosby or something, is being hounded for looksee rights to his Philco Show. The idea would be similar to the radio transcription setup. Whether the tape and tele recordings will be released simultaneously is still matter for conjecture. If the angle jells, video owners will be seeing the Groaner pretty soon.

—Ilka Chase and Faye Emerson Roosevelt have been signed by World Video, Inc. Ilka in a writer-narrator spot covering famous European eateries and dishes for American housewives and Faye as narrator for the Paris Calvacade of Fashion Show.

—Maybe Gregory Peck and Betty Grable won't get bit by the tele-bug but some of filmland's less-lamplighted guys and gals will be getting a chance to thesp for tele-cameras. Binding screen and radio contracts preclude appearances on television for the big bracket stars.

—CBS is dickering like crazy to get funny boy Milton Berle on where folks can see the mugging rascal of radio.

—And the Armenian comic, Danny Thomas, may be threatening Bob Hope's nose appeal if Lever Brothers decide to consummate those plans for a Thomas Television series.

—Owners of professional football teams are turning television every which way before they make any commitments about the pigskin fracas.

—Jinx Falkenburg and hubby Tex McCrary who took a turn at television some time back are in a huddle with TV toppers for a possible show.

—There's a TV college degree now. Yep, the American University in Washington, D. C., offers courses in radio and video leading to a sheepskin and BS.

—About television, Eddie Cantor says, "On radio we used to sound stupid, now we can LOOK stupid, too." . . . ON-WARD!

Kyle MacDonnell



■ Beauty is believing. Especially when it comes through the television screen the way luscious Kyle MacDonnell does. Kyle, who is one reason Texas can claim fame for, was unbelievably, a helpless victim of tuberculosis confined to her bed for two years. Science and the bubbling personality that brims from her have completely conquered the illness and given to the entertainment world a talented new star. Kyle lived in Kansas since she was five, came to New York to see an Army-Notre Dame game and decided to stay in the big city. With her pert blonde looks and training in a fashionable Tennessee girls' school, she had no difficulty getting a job as a model. Broadway beckoned. She appeared in a few shows, including "Make Mine Manhattan." An NBC executive in the theatre audience took one look at her and decided Television ought to have a treat. Now, "For Your Pleasure," NBC brings you the video show of the same name starring Kyle and the Norman Paris trio. A swimming enthusiast, she is single, 23, and resident of N. Y.'s exclusive hotel for women.

**The movies found Grable.
Radio discovered Marie Wilson.
But its television
who's responsible for beautiful, talented
Kyle MacDonnell**



Lanny Ross

**Veteran of stage, screen and radio Lanny is
now a Television favorite**

■ When Lanny Ross solemnly asserts that he chose singing for a living rather than putting up a shingle—"Lanny Ross-Attorney At Law"—because singing is more lucrative, there is a twinkle in his grey eyes and a protrusion in his cheek that suggests his tongue may be there.

Lanny has been singing for his supper since the age of seven years when he earned \$1.63 singing for his fellow-passengers on a Canada-bound train. He was on his way to a Canadian school in Victoria, B. C., and had lost his money. During the long ride the train candy butcher made many trips through Lanny's coach, and the big wicker basket, filled with chocolate bars and cookies, passed under Lanny's nose on every trip.

Being completely out of funds, hungry and seven years old, the youngster was irresistibly intrigued by the basket of fancy, gaily-colored packages of sweets, and burst into song. Before he had finished 25 of the top song hits of the day he had reached a position of affluence. For the rest of the journey Lanny's seat was a sure-fire whistle-stop for the candy butcher.

Seattle, Washington, claims Lanny as a native son. His love of the theater and music is a natural inheritance. His father was Douglas Ross, well-known Shakespearean actor, and his mother an accomplished pianist.

When 14 years of age, Lanny arrived in New York and joined the choir at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine where he became monitor of the boys. At 15 he entered Taft School at Watertown, Connecticut, as a scholarship student. There his activities varied from editor of the school paper to captain of the track team and leader of the glee club.

Lanny's next scholarship entered him at Yale where he joined the Yale Club and was one of the original Whiffenpoofs.

While attending Columbia University and working for his LL.B. Lanny was stacking up a good rating on his own commercial program on NBC. The money he received from this program put him through law school. The weekly check he drew for this stint convinced him that singing for his supper would lead to a more heavily laden supper table than pleading for it in a courtroom.

Today Lanny's interests are divided between his NBC-Swift Show, singing engagements throughout the country and Melody Farm, the farm that music built. Lanny, tall, grey-eyed, is a fishing enthusiast. He also collects stamps and dabbles in photography.



On the Beam



by Larry Howard

Laugh lines . . . Gossip . . . Facts What Winchell hasn't told you, we will

■ Red Skelton says he knows a gal whose philosophy is "Every man for herself."

Little laughing lad Charlie McCarthy and the man who makes him funny (Edgar Bergen in case you've forgotten) have returned from Sweden where they completed a television travelogue series. Run to your nearest tele set and see for yourself. Bergen owns Stage 8 in Hollywood where he's been dabbling in video for years. Now, *there's* a man with foresight.

Is your breath bated? Can you hardly wait? Bob Hope's got a new format for his program and about time too. No telling what ski-jump nose is going to serve up on the Pepsodent tray when he resumes broadcasting. Hooper's been showing a nasty tendency to just barely get the Hope show in the top ten and that, brother, is serious. So, the script doctors have been called in and only time will tell if the operation is successful.

We think it's only fair to tell those of you who have never been in a television studio that the performers are much nicer than the screen shows. Because of camera angles and lighting and a million other technicalities sometimes unflattering images are projected. Next time then, when you see a teleperformer whom you think is handsome or pretty, multiply it by five in your imagination and you'll have a more accurate picture.

Hoagy, the Stardust Man, Carmichael is back on U. S. terra firma after personal appearances in England and Canada.

It's been seven years that Jimmie Fidler has been giving off conversational sparks for Carter products and a recent renewal of his contract bids for more snappy comments for MBS listeners.

Frances Langford and hubby Jon Hall are on a cross-country theater tour. Which shows to go you she's not too upset about the Morgan-Ameche-Langford Show signoff.

Funnyboy Danny Thomas (he's listed in Who's Who; so don't snicker), who has a way with a quip, recalled the hardships of his early married life. He didn't make much money and to make up for it to his wife, he served her breakfast in bed. "This wasn't easy," Danny said. "She lived at the YWCA."

That Burrows boy, Abe, recently mailed pictures of himself to radio fans who requested them. Each envelope was plainly marked, "Open at your own risk!" Incidentally, Abe's sponsor, Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, may turn him into a gambling comic—wandering the countryside from one broadcast point to another.

What IS it about Arthur Godfrey that makes money gravitate his way so easily? Why, the all-over-the-clock CBS star is veritably pulling pennies from heaven. There's a beacon on his Virginia farm guiding aviators to the Washington, D. C. airport. And the federal government pays Mr. G \$10 a year for leasing privileges. Ain't there no justice?

Following: A sizzling tip to any would-be female bandits reading this column. A girl bandit successful held up a London shop. But on her way out, she tripped and fell over her New Look dress. A footnote on fashion—Department of Commerce reports that although clothing production is about what it was last year, manufacture of those peek-a-boo petticoats has been stepped up to an all-time high. Sure, her slip is showing . . . but that's the point, chum!

We think some of you kids are familiar with the name Vic Damone. (O.K., we're kidding.) Well, it seems this baritone beamboy went out searching for peace and quiet in Bensonhurst. (That's high-hat for BROOKLYN.) He bought a lovely house, prepared to settle down to a reasonable amount of serenity. There was only one major hitch. Vic made the mistake of having a little housewarming party for 200 guests. Like wildfire and the latest Dodger score the news got around and the Damone menage is almost as private as Grand Central Station. Oh, yes—Vic pops vest buttons over his sky-blue Cadillac.

The CBS duncemaster of "It Pays to Be Ignorant" knows one fellow who isn't going to ruin the country this election year. Tom Howard has been sporting a William Jennings Bryan campaign button that he picked up in a New York junkshop some years ago. (Bryan ran unsuccessfully on the Democratic ticket three times.)

Mickey Rooney has added another horse to his racing stable. (Total is three.) Latest addition is two-year-old filly, Cherub.

There ought to be another little link at the Art Linkletters' house by now. This will be their fifth youngster.

Morgan, the Hank that blanks the sponsors is rarin' to go after that sojourn at the Cape. But where to go is his problem. Sponsors are getting spineless or somepin if they won't wrestle with the wag of radio. But, whaddya bet, "sneering boy" gets a plum?

Howard Duff, Sam Spade of the airwaves, has a dog trained to retrieve blondes.

On the first anniversary of the "My Friend Irma" program, producer Cy Howard was presented with a cake of Swan ornately decorated with one pink candle. Sure Cy was loyal, took a wish, blew out the candle, and proceeded to wash down the tidbit with H₂O.

There's a niche for Peggy Lee in the Chesterfield package even though the Camel people nixed her. Seems her pretty puss has been connected with Chesterfield testimonials, and how would THAT look, they ask. She'll be heard one night a week on the Supper Club show. Perry Como and Jo Stafford will take two nights each.

Twentieth Century-Fox plans to do all its television production in New York.

Video pictures will probably be marketed in lengths of 8, 13, 23, and 28 minutes.

El Happy Schnozzo, Jimmy Durante, peddles Camels over NBC on October 8 at 8:30 Eastern Time.

FORD is back and CBS has got him. And NBC ain't exactly doing nip-ups about it. The Ford Theater switches to CBS 9-10 p.m. slot. Seems they got tired waiting for NBC to clear a better time than Sunday at 5. Originating in New York the show's format will be a smattering of Lux and Theater Guild.

Lil ol' Connie Haines is just delighted about her feature spot with the Vaughn Monroe show.

Gregory Peck, Robert Taylor, Humphrey Bogart, Barbara Stanwyck, Ginger Rogers, and Bette Davis will give out with the thesping for Prudential come September leaves.

Dick Powell, radio's Hildy Johnson on the "Front Page" show got bitten by the telebug. Powell Enterprises will handle radio properties, commercial films and Beechcraft airplanes in addition to television. Them's a lot of pies.

Danny-Boy

the FUNNYMAN



■ Sure, he's one of the brightest, funniest, wittiest comedians on the air; but just talk mizwiz to CBS's DANNY THOMAS and you'll really get the business. The mizwiz, suh, is a comparatively obscure Syrian woodwind instrument, and Danny proudly claims to be the only comic on stage, screen, or radio who can play it. Though he has never played it on his show, it sounds more or less like a bagpipe—minus the bags. This Michigan-born funnyman learned the art from papa who, in turn, learned it from a wandering Arab while sipping water from a desert oasis. (All this is straight from Thomas, a guy pretty good at telling a tall story.) Clowning came naturally with him—especially those convulsing monologues and dialects. He decided that since he could wow the people at high school shows, he might just as well turn pro and see where it got him. His first break in Detroit at \$2 a week wasn't much to speak of, but soon he was making \$50 playing beer gardens, night clubs and theaters. Then and there he decided that on that salary he could afford to marry Rosemarie, a pretty gal he met on a radio children's program. That was fourteen years ago and now there are two mizwiz apprentices in the Thomas menage, Margaret Julia, 11 and Teresa Cecilia, 7. Danny's really big break came in Chicago in 1940 at the 5100 Club . . . and from then on it was fairly smooth sailing until he finally scored a howling success at New York's La Martinique. Then the army. And then radio guest shots . . . and his own CBS show. Danny made his film debut in "The Unfinished Dance" with Margaret O'Brien and has completed "The Big City" at MGM. Danny has two peculiarities. He sleeps with the lights on, and this is where we came in folks, we told you he plays the MIZWIZ.

Danny sets politics back fifty years when he starts foreign policy discourse.



Eager-beaver Danny poses easily for glamour pix. His philosophy—Laugh, People, Laugh.

A sneeze, a blush? •Forty winks? Hardly. He's talking mizwiz biz to puzzled Barbara Eiler.





jack smith, tenor

■ Not that he's unconventional, but CBS's JACK SMITH did reverse the usual procedure in seeking a successful career. Jack came east—from Hollywood to New York, where succeed he did . . . In high school Jack formed a trio, elegantly called The Ambassadors, which ultimately toured with the New York-bound Phil Harris band. Orchestra leader Al Goodman gave Jack his chance to solo—with sensational results. And now that his career is coming along on a happy note, there's just one thing Jack and the missus want to do . . . hunt antiques. Where? Out west!



**PROBOSCIS
PROBLEMATICAL**

**Or in the language
of Durante — —
Ain't noses a nuisance?**

■ He was just a pint-sized guy with a nose that was way ahead of him. But JIMMY DURANTE didn't let it get in his way. The lovable, explosive little comedian made that "schnozzola" a trade mark, and has even gone so far as to have it copyrighted! And Jimmy comes by that hilarious "New Yorkese" legitimately. Born in that city's lower East Side, his schooling was governed largely by the success the truant officers had in catching up with him. From the time he was 17 Jimmy played the piano in many clubs, until 1923 when he became part of a comic trio. He went to Hollywood in 1931, and in the ensuing years he's been consistently "slaying" the customers. He may be effusive, but the modern Cyrano is an old softy when it comes to his favorite reading matter—poetry.

Young and Mellow

A new high-school hero . . . Crooner with
a mist of a voice and a
flair for comedy



When Mel reaches those high notes, he goes right along with them—str-retch!

■ Ever see bobby-soxers go into ecstasies over another bobby-soxer? That's just about what the situation was when NBC's Mel Tormé first became the newest crooning sensation several years ago. 'Course things have changed since then. For one thing, more and more people have climbed aboard the Tormé bandwagon. And the velvety-voiced baritone has outgrown the bobby-soxer stage, since he has now reached the ripe old age of 22. Matter of fact, he's an old hand at this business of entertaining. He's been at it from his cradle days almost. Mel sang his first notes at the age of four with the Coon Sanders orchestra in Chicago. At six the child prodigy was appearing in vaudeville, and at eight was doing numerous radio parts with NBC. When disc jockey Fred Robbins dubbed him "The Velvet Fog" that description sort of became Mel's trade-mark. But we'd like to go Robbins one better . . . how about Mel-low Tormé-nt?

Mel and maestro Artie Shaw tussle over tough arrangement.



MONICA LEWIS



DECCA'S DREAMBEAM, MONICA LEWIS, RADIO SINGER HEADING FOR VIDEO FAME

FRANK SINATRA



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