

SPECIAL PICTURES OF OVER 60 TOP PROGRAMS, 100 HEADLINE STARS

RADIO ALBUM

SUMMER
25c

A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL•
A DELL MAGAZINE •



Bing Crosby

EXCITING AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS
NEW, ENLARGED TELEVISION SECTION

Rise Stevens



RISE STEVENS ROSE TO TOP FEMALE RECORDING STAR LAST YEAR, WITH 2,055,834 DISCS SOLD (CBS, SUNDAY, 6 P. M.)

RADIO ALBUM

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*RADIO ALBUM MULTI-PAGE FEATURE

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BROADCASTING SCHEDULES LISTED IN THIS ISSUE ARE ALL EASTERN DAY-LIGHT SAVING TIME.

COVER PHOTO BY LASZLO WILLINGER



Meet radio's fall guy (page 60)



Women in television (page 52)



She got the consequences (page 38)

Jul.-Sept.,
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RADIO'S NUMBER

This is the mug that
launched a thousand quips. It belongs
to Fred Allen, that man, that
artist, that acid-tongued
wit—and after he's
tired of it, it will belong to the
ages. The ages can hardly wait.

■ It's too bad Allen feels so bitter about Hollywood. His face could be his fortune, and if you don't believe it, take a look at the next couple of pages. Anything Barrymore needs—Allen hasn't got either. Which is okay with him. All he has to say about California is plenty. Most of it insulting. "Stay there long enough," he warns you, "you'll end up with a face like an alligator pear." As for movie acting, it always faintly irritates him, money or no money. "You have to stay in that camera range—a little tiny circle. The ideal movie actor should have rigor mortis and a neon head. With rigor mortis, he can't move, and with a neon head he can light himself." It's the general opinion that Allen's a very funny man, but nobody's ever been able to plumb his depths and come up with a recipe for humor. "No such thing," he says, and he's been known to quote a hundred-year-old Josh Billings joke which goes: "Daddy," said the tired little boy, "aren't we on the wrong road?" "Shut up," his father explained. "See?" Allen says. "A hundred years old. Example of the one-word gag." He can give you examples of the two-



ONE MUGGER!

Fred Allen

word gag, the three-word gag, and the multi-word gag, too. Allen's been a showman since he was a kid; he was poor for a long time, and because he remembers when things were punk, and eight guys slept on the floor of his four dollar a week hotel room, he's a sucker for a touch. Any touch. For years, he gave away half the money he earned, and if anybody asked him why, he'd grin a little self-consciously. "When I was a baby," he'd say, "I was very poor. If I wanted something to eat, I had to go out and fight a bird for it." A straighter answer he'd never give, and after a while people left him alone with his good deeds, for which he was sincerely grateful. Between the time when Allen was fighting the birds for food, and the time when he was making a fortune, there was quite a stretch. In the middle of which he met Portland. She was a chorus girl in George White's Scandals; they dated for five years, and in 1926 they got married. Portland mentioned the fact to the Scandals press agent, thinking that gentleman might plant the news somewhere. After all, show business was show business. But

the press agent fixed her with a gloomy eye. "Never marry an actor," he said darkly, and that was all the encouragement she got out of *him*. She took the chance in spite of his advice, and lived to be glad of it. The Allens are, and have been, very happy. They live in a four-room apartment; they don't own a car; they don't have a maid who sleeps in. When Fred's struggling with his script-writing, Portland sits in another room and knits. She likes to cook, she wears tailored suits, and she's still got a beautiful figure. She takes a drink once in a while; Fred doesn't drink at all. His vice is chewing tobacco. As he observed to a friend one memorable day long ago, "If you smoke cigarettes, you're likely to burn yourself. Chew tobacco, and the worst you can do is drown a cockroach." Fred's radio scripts, in case I haven't mentioned it before, or in case you've never heard of it before, are largely the products of his own fever-quick brain. He's contemptuous of a lot of radio comedians because he *thinks* they make a living stealing other people's stuff; he greatly admires Bob Hope and Jack Benny, both stage veterans like



Allen at ease.

cont. **RADIO'S
NUMBER ONE
MUGGER!**

himself. Benny and Allen got a lot of laughs out of their long radio "feud." It gave Allen the opportunity to write himself speeches like: "You know, I envy Jack Benny. The way he's losing his hair and his teeth, he doesn't have to find jokes; all he has to do is stand up there and let people look at him." But don't let Allen's poisonous tongue fool you; he's really a tender-hearted guy. Take the time he was walking down the street with a friend, and a little boy darted out into the path of an on-coming news truck. Allen leaped to the rescue, fished the boy from danger just in time, and then turned to him sternly. "Whattsa matter, kid?" he said. "Don't you want to grow up and have troubles?" Aside to New Yorkers: If you want a glimpse of fearless Fred, Earl Wilson claims he eats at the Gaiety Delicatessen on 7th Avenue. He's usually eating sour cream.



No noose is good noose . . .



Message cigarcia . . .



By Jove, dish-pan hands!



The missing link . . .



Honorable Wun Long Pan . . .



Eric the Fred . . .



My heart is taking lesions . . .



Bury that hatchet . . .



And to all a good night . . .



Marie Wilson

Cathy Lewis

The smartest people can be blondes
with blue eyes. Marie Wilson's good
friend says so and she should know.

By **CATHY LEWIS**

■ My first impression of Marie Wilson hit me between the eyes. Here, I thought, is the giddiest blonde in the movies. In radio. Anywhere, for that matter. Ten minutes later I was ready to run to Hoboken and back for her. She gets you that way. If Mr. Webster ever decides to re-write his dictionary, I know one word he'll change sure—scatter-brain. He'll probably scratch out that definition and insert instead the basic words *Marie Wilson*. The multitude of the American people would know exactly what he meant. They've been familiar with the dumbest-blonde-in-town for years. That's the reputation Marie Wilson has built for herself. Acting the bewildered, innocent female is a tough job. It takes brains. Until I began spending my leisure hours with Marie I never realized what she puts into her act. It began years ago. Marie, the ingenue, decided she wanted fame. People, she told herself, always try to act smarter than they are. *She* would really be smarter—by acting dumb. Result? Five years of success with Ken Murray's *Blackouts*, numerous hit movies, the female lead in CBS's *My Friend Irma*. Our producer, director and writer, Cy Howard, must have spotted Marie in a dream before creating my radio friend, Irma. They are identical. They talk alike, think alike, almost look alike. Meanwhile, Allan Nixon, Marie's husband, has been learning to live with Irma as well as Marie. "I feel as though I were leading a double life," he told me one day while visiting us at our CBS studio. "Two hours before Marie must leave for the studio, she lapses into the Irma-mood. She treats me like Al, her radio boyfriend (Leif Ericson). I'm not sure I like it, because it takes two more hours, following the program, before I feel she's come home to me." But Allan really doesn't have to worry. It's all a great big, beautiful act to Marie, and she'll keep it that way as long as it doesn't interfere too much with her life with Mr. Nixon. (CBS, Mondays, 10 P.M.)



Star of famous *Murray Blackouts*, 1939, Marie Wilson turns some of that naive charm on a movie swain.



Time out for discussion, Marie relaxes with co-players Gloria Gordon, Cathy Lewis and producer Cy Howard.



The bewildered Wilson sits in, actively, on a script conference of her current radio show, *My Friend Irma*.

MY FRIEND, MARIE WILSON

▲ Marie Wilson, and good friend on and off radio Cathy Lewis, put their scripts together for a quick comparison.



Jack Barry and assembled members of the jury. Dog identification is a regular part of the show which is sponsored by a dog food Co.

JUVENILE JURY



Alternate jurist Steve Wolfgang, aged six, is needed in case kids develop tummy aches or sudden attacks of measles. Universal Films signed Jack and the jury to a series of eight movie shorts, the first of which has already been made and released.

Little kids are always asking why, and never getting answers. So Jack Barry got some youngsters together, and the gems that fall from those babes' lips have made even the grownups take notice.

■ To be perfectly frank about it, Jack Barry is a man who likes kids, but that only half explains his success with that startling program, *Juvenile Jury*. A bachelor of 29, Jack graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a B.S. degree and got his first job as an M.C. in Trenton at \$35 per week. He joined WOR in 1945 as an announcer, and got his first network chore in "So You Think You Know Music!" One day, while listening to Uncle Don, (well, we said he liked kids) he thought it might be a good idea if someone were to tap the natural wit and spontaneous humor of kids. He figured that since kids are always asking grownups lots of questions, and not getting very satisfactory answers, it might be a good idea to get a group of kids together and have them answer questions sent in by other kids. The children were chosen not so much for intelligence, but rather for natural charm and refreshing humor. Within a week after the first audition record was cut, the Jury went on the air, and there it has stayed. The mail response to the first broadcast was staggering and no one was more surprised than the network officials. *Life* and *Time* assigned writers and photographers to cover the program and then Jack knew he was in. Recently, Dan Ehrenreich, the producer of the show made arrangements with some European children to exchange greetings with the Jury. It was such a success, that arrangements are now being made to have a child from a foreign country flown here and take part in a series of broadcasts. A little French girl is being chosen now by the French Ministry of Education and should arrive by Air France in May. Jack Barry and crew are on the air Sundays from 3:30 to 4 P.M. MBS.



Peggy Bruder, at the age of 11 is the oldest and best informed of the group, and usually can be depended on for a straight answer. She is an authority on dogs.



Charlie Hankinson who is seven, riddled, "If you put a momma duck, a poppa duck and a baby duck in a box, what would you have? A box of quackers."



Barry once told the jury about a youngster who walked with her toes out "like a duck". Dickie Orlan suggested she turn them in and walk "like a pigeon." He's the comedian of the group.



Robin Morgan, at the age of six, already has a choice of several careers. She's a Conover model, has her own disc jockey show, and has danced with Danilova of the Ballet Russe in Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*.



Tousle-haired Elizabeth Watson is five and a half, the giddiest of the bunch and can always be depended on for a few giggles. She's written a book which she "told" her mother, and it's now making the rounds of all the publishing houses.



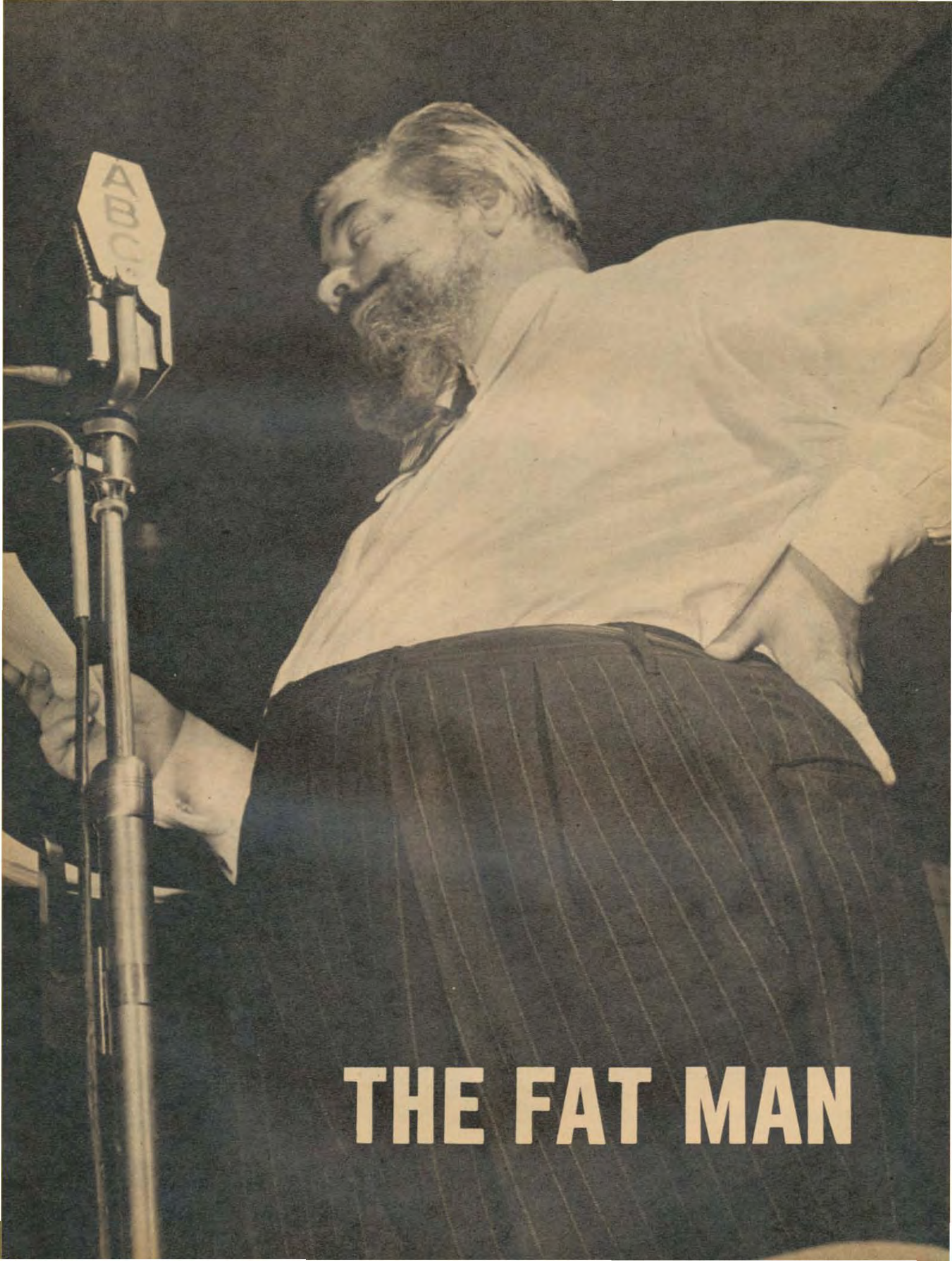
While Frank Lovejoy's at the mike, the Fat Man ponders in the isolation booth. He takes an active hand in final script, revises plot if needed, and helps pick characters.



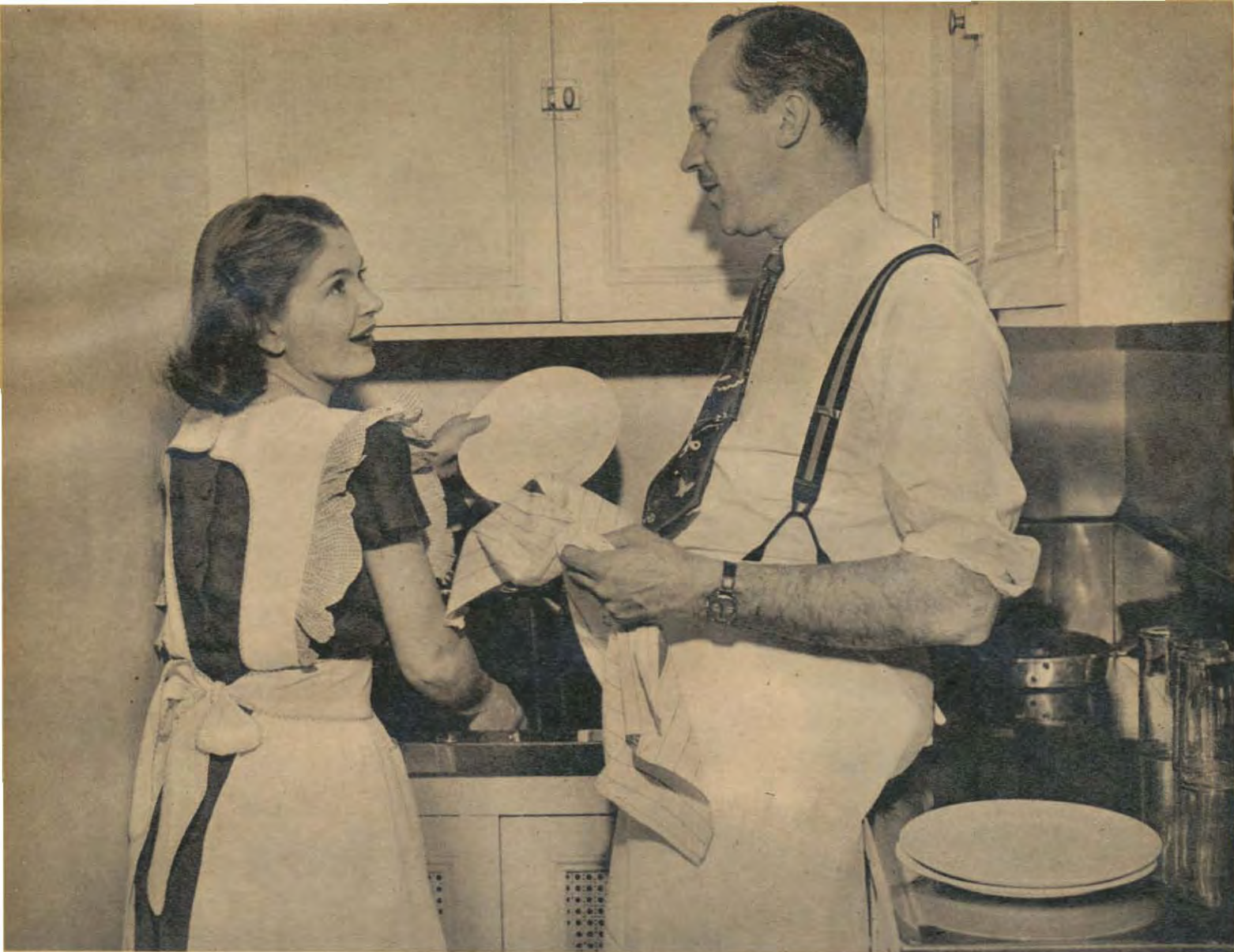
Amazed at script's keen understanding of the problems of a fat man, Smart has a sneaking suspicion that thin Dashiell Hammett was once fat himself.

With ready wit,
nimble body and easy charm
the Smart guy
upsets all the theories
about fat men
and proves that a good big
man can always
outsmart a bad little man.

■ At the stroke of eight every Friday night (over ABC) the sound of a penny is heard dropping into a scale—a mysterious voice whispers . . . "Weight 247 pounds." A card drops out, and the voice resounds . . . "Fortune . . . Danger!" It is the story of the Fat Man, Dashiell Hammett's super sleuth of radio. The owner of the lead voice is J. Scott Smart, radio's example of perfect casting. Smart more than fits the bill. He tips the scale at 270. Veteran of stage and screen and one of radio's outstanding character actors, the sleuth who never fails to get his man is not a mystery fan, never reads "whodunits," never listens to them on the air, never sees them in the movies. Scientists have said that fat men are physically lazy and mentally slow. As detective Brad Runyon in the script, Smart upsets all those theories and establishes a few of his own. "A fat man can't always move as fast as a thin man," says Smart, "but he can think faster, and that's more important, especially in my business. Some criminals think a lazy body means a lazy mind. The minute they get that idea they drop their guard, and one lie will suck a murderer into the mire of his own guilt." When a cagey murderer taunted him about his avoirdupois, he drawled back, "The only difference between you and me is that my fat is from the neck down." To compensate for an over-inflated waistline, radio's Fat Man says the trick is to balance your bulk with other characteristics. He does this by thinking fast, helping ladies in distress, and throwing charm all over the place, which he does in any number of ways in real life too. Actually shy and retiring, he takes his exhibitionism out with a beard which would have been the envy of any navy man. Suave, well dressed, with a sense of humor and a gift of gab, Jack Smart is an accomplished caricaturist and musician, dabbles in painting and singing, and is also an amateur psychologist. But his chief hobby is cooking. Like the Fat Man in the script, Smart does not really feel fat. "I feel thin until I bump into a full length mirror or step on a scale. Even then you don't always feel it," he explained in one of his scripts. "The only time you *really* feel it is when you run into a beautiful woman. That's when I'm glad I can concentrate on a busy job like this—solving crimes." And Brad Runyon never misses.



THE FAT MAN



The second Mrs. Burton (Patsy Campbell) and her spouse (Dwight Weist) share the chores in their cottage home.

If you think you have problems you don't know the half of it! Look at the Burton family who live in Dickston (which can be anywhere). They know what struggle is. But they know, too, that life can be wonderful.



The Burton family at home. Brad (Larry Robinson) is the son of Burton's first wife. He finds it difficult to become adjusted now.



Neighbors Elizabeth Miller (Elizabeth Reller) and Mrs. Doris Miller (Doris Rich) in Mr. Burton's store.



Mrs. Burton befriends Elizabeth Miller who has just recovered from a mental illness. Elizabeth learns to be domestic.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON

■ The opinion about soap-opera is divided. Some people groan at the very word; others tune up the volume. Week after week they listen in on the lives of "just plain people" who could be everybody's next door neighbors, although they have more problems by the hour than any Mr. and Mrs. Jones you've ever shared a yard fence with. The funny thing is, it gets you. You want to know what's going to happen to a person like the second Mrs. Burton, because she's sweet and full of conflicts. She has a husband who's lost his father's department store and is struggling with a smaller one of his own. She has a step-son whose affections she's continually trying to gain, and who's beginning to have dates (some of whom are not so sweet.) She has a friend who's taken to alcohol and drugs because of an ill-fated love-life. She is worrying about "the other woman" in her husband's life. She has just given birth to a premature child. Problems? It's to cry. You wonder how the actors can live through it, because you're about ready to collapse. But the actors are here on these pages and you can see what happy, nice-looking people they are. The man who writes the show and also plays Mr. Burton is Dwight Weist. All through college (Ohio Wesleyan) he's wanted to write. Then he got a job as a radio announcer, and the Great American novel

is still waiting to be writ. You've heard him on *Inner Sanctum*, *Big Town* and *Thin Man*, on *We, The People*, *March Of Time* and the newsreels. He gets around. Sometimes he uses a Taylorcraft plane or his four-seater Sea Bee Amphibian. When he has nothing to do, his wife and two children are full of suggestions. Patsy Campbell plays Mrs. Burton. Once she was in stock. It was 1940 and there was an empty barn that she and her fellow students at Chicago's Goodman Theater school rented for a dollar. During the war she came to New York while her husband was in the army. She auditioned, played minor roles, made the rounds of agencies. Casting directors got so used to seeing her they finally fixed it so she wouldn't go away. She likes it here, too. Stepson in the Burton family is Larry Robinson. He was in the original *Life With Father* company on Broadway. He was the youngest child and he worked his way up to the oldest. Finally, he couldn't fit into the suits, so he let his red hair grow back to its chestnut color, and left. Now he goes to school, and acts in television shows. Whenever he's free Larry stays at the Connecticut farm he shares with his mother. These are the people you've grown familiar with in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, and these are the voices inside your radio set when you turn it on every day to WCBS at 2 P.M.

Backgrounds Courtesy of James McCutcheon & Co. and The Ambassador Hotel, New York

cont. **THE SECOND MRS. BURTON**



Brad awaits his father's homecoming each evening, for a comradeship is now developing between them.



Expecting a child of her own, Terry Burton decides to legally adopt Brad to prove love.



A fine dress designer before her marriage, Terry fits Elizabeth. She helps restore Eliz's faith in people.



After years of being merely tolerated by Elizabeth, Terry fits Stan Burton, Brad enjoys a real home-life.



Unable to afford television set, Burtons share Brad's enthusiasm over gift from his mother.



Elizabeth Miller and her mother visit Stan's store to select material for dress Mrs. Burton designed.



To attract customers to husband's store, Terry suggests promotion scheme which delights him.

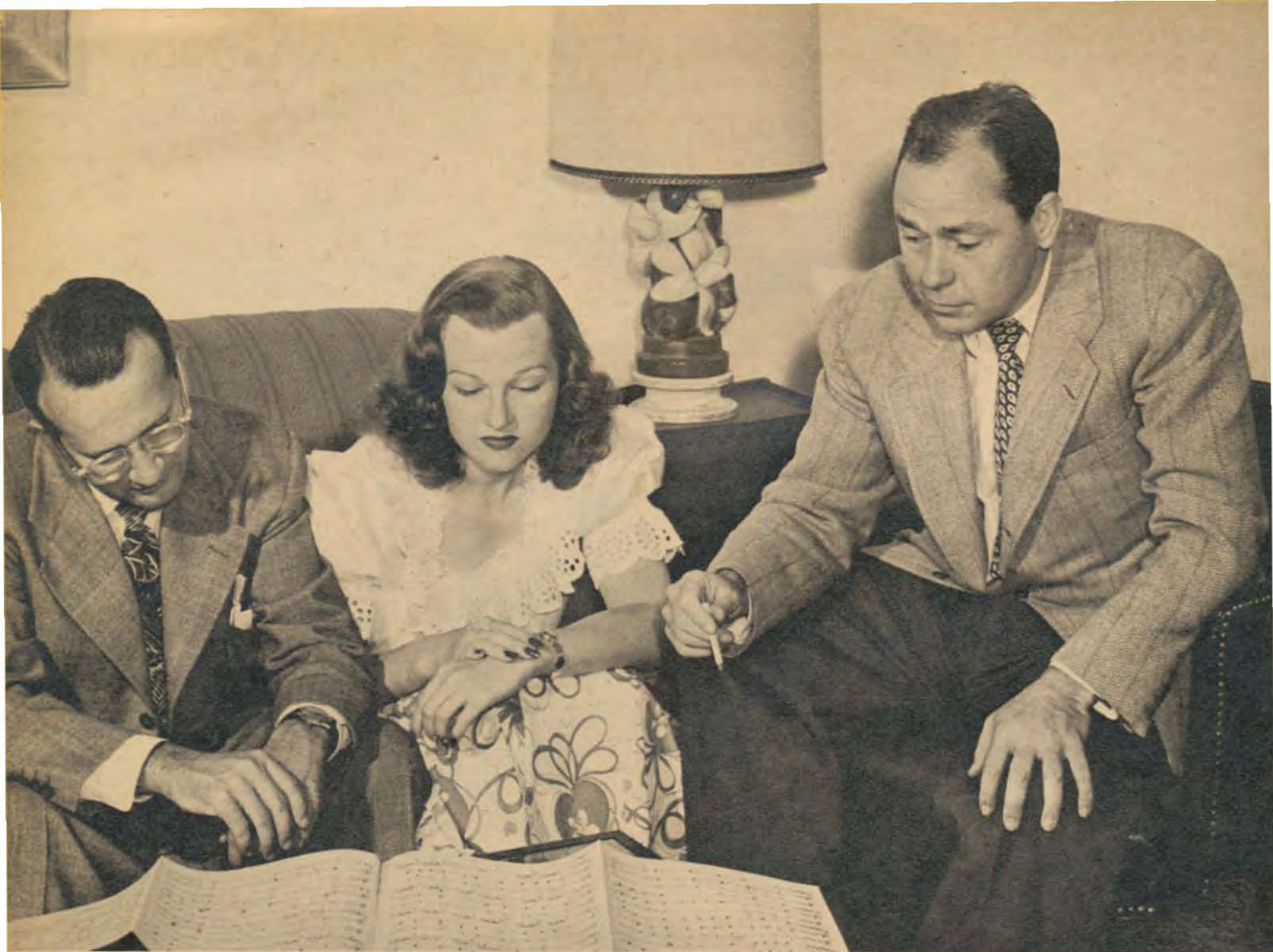


JANE FROMAN It's stranger than fiction, but it really happened to Jane Froman. She was flying to Europe to entertain the troops when the Clipper crashed and she was plunged into the black icy water with two broken legs and a broken arm. The pilot, his back broken, found her and held her above water until rescue came. Five years and twenty-five operations later she married her tall, dark and handsome hero, and with the help of crutches, the lovely singing star now shines brighter than ever. If you don't believe it, tune in *The Pause That Refreshes* (CBS, Sun., 6:30 P.M.) and hear for yourself the gal who wouldn't quit.

alpha



AL JOLSON "What we really want," said Al Jolson, "is a little Sonny Boyeeee!" Now there's little Asa and life is all sunshine and song in the mountain top home of the Jolsons. "I feel better than I did twenty years ago," he says. And he's not fooling. The master minstrel has the bounce, the grin and the same Jolson magic that wowed the footlight fans forty years ago, when he takes over the microphone. "Of course I think he's wonderful," says the new Mrs. J., "but my married life is like a speed marathon, just trying to keep up with my husband." "After all," explains Al patiently, "a man can only live twice." (NBC, Thurs., 9 P. M.)



Paul Weston (left) and Johnny Mercer confer on Jo's new arrangements. She's now rated one of the top 3 gal vocalists.

It took a three-way
shove to turn one shy, awkward
girl into a top
flight star. Here's
Jo Stafford's own story of
the men who
helped develop a career
that needed a push.

■ Ten years ago I was one of the mob. The mob was known as the Pied Pipers—a motley octette getting no place fast. Then four of us got a job with Tommy Dorsey's outfit. It was a wonderful break, but I was still one of the mob, just a smaller mob. And I must admit I didn't look like much of a comer; I had a nice sweet-as-syrup voice and too much *avoir-du-pois*, an awkward kid that fitted unobtrusively into Dorsey's smooth organization. But I hit the jackpot in three wonderful boosts. The boosts have names—they're Johnny Mercer, Paul Weston and Mike Nidorf. Johnny you know—his songs and the way he sings them are part of America now. Johnny gave me my first boost by convincing me I could make good on my own. He backed up his conviction by taking me in with him on NBC's Music Shop in 1944, and giving me a recording contract with his newly formed Capitol Record Company. Then came the second break. Working with Paul Weston on records has been tremendously important in developing my style. Incidentally, I don't think I *have* a style. I just sing straight. But Paul's arrangements and direction have been highly instrumental in making our discs the wonderful sellers they are. The third booster is a guy you probably don't know, but I'll never forget him. Mike Nidorf is my manager, the man who supervised my career through its big leap, who created the situations that led, among other things, to my big show in 1945, *The Ford Hour*. I owe a lot to these three and I don't want it to be a secret. (NBC, Mon.-Fri., 7 P. M.)

THREE STEPS TO STARDOM

BY JO STAFFORD



On the Chesterfield Supper Club, Josie shares the spotlight with Perry Como. Her vocal phrasing sounds remarkably like former boss Dorsey's trombone style.



Charlie Spivak and manager Nidorf ply the diet-gal with chocolates. Jo's anonymous record of "Temptation" topped 1,000,000 before the secret was out.



Decksides on a rare vacation with sister Christine. There are four sisters, all singers dating back to a family vocal group home in Coalingo, California.



Here's a rare shot of Dorsey's star factory. Tommy, left, with the Pied Pipers, Frank Sinatra and Connie Haines. Other alumni: Bob Crosby, Glenn Miller.

■ Dagwood Bumstead began life as a small blob of ink from the pen of Chic Young, master cartoonist. Millions of daily readers followed Dagwood's tilts with the postman and drooled politely at the sight of one of his super-special sandwiches. Arthur Lake created Dagwood on the screen and made him such a delight that there wasn't much point to looking for anyone else to become radio's Dagwood. Dagwood's not exactly a fool—he's got a house, a kid, and a mutt named Daisy, but it's a good thing Blondie is around to help him over life's little rough spots. Many is the time when Blondie has had to come through and save the day. Radio fans have come to look upon her as a sort of combination boy scout, marine and lady wrestler. Dagwood can't lose as long as Blondie's around to help him. Dagwood, or rather Arthur, is six feet tall, has blue eyes and is really very much like his radio character. He loves gigantic sandwiches, wears enormous bow ties, and is always falling over his feet. Penny Singleton came to radio through vaudeville and the movies and began her career at the age of nine, singing accompaniments to illustrated slides in the local movie house. She has two children and is married to Robert Sparks, a motion picture producer. Penny takes Blondie home with her, too, and she uses the wisdom from fiction to smooth her private life. And she says it really works. Dagwood's first agonized "Bl-o-ndie!!" was heard in 1939 when the series had its start as a thirteen-week summer replacement. The zany little family of four are now heard on CBS, Sunday evenings from 7:30 to 8:00 P.M.

LIFE WITH THE BUMSTEADS

Some days he thinks he really will miss

that bus, but then he looks at Blondie
holding his coat in one hand, his coffee

in the other, and he knows it isn't so.



Blondie and Dagwood (Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake) stage a jam session with some friends at the CBS studio a few minutes before the show goes on.



The sound effects man stands ready to drop a shoe and make it all seem real, even if the radio audience can't see The Bumsteads going through their contortions.



Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake in a calmer pose occupy a warm spot in the hearts of millions of listeners. The Bumsteads, with their small troubles and cheerful whimsy are now entering their ninth year with CBS. And, joyously, it looks like a happy marriage for all concerned.



Dagwood, who is Arthur Lake when he's home, is seated at his own fireside with Marion, 2, and Arthur Patrick, 4. They're trained to bring pipe and slippers.



Penny Singleton catches up on some household chores and gives her two daughters, Dorothy and Susan, helpful hints on dressing kittens. Kitten's not too happy.

MISTER GROANER TO YOU!

■ Everything about Bing Crosby is astronomical, especially the statistics. He's made over 30 movies and 500 records, sold 3,500,000 copies of one record alone ("White Christmas"), and been among the top ten drawing cards in both films and radio for better than a decade. He won the Academy Award for his portrayal of the likeable, young Father Chuck O'Malley in "Going My Way." Soldiers in the E.T.O. called him "Uncle Sam without Whiskers" and during the grimmest days on Bataan, General MacArthur wired the White House that his men wanted to hear Bing. H. Allen Smith has made the safe guess that not a single minute passes by without Bing's voice being heard somewhere in the world. The man with this record, unparalleled in the history of entertainment, refers to himself merely as "The Groaner." That's a fair example of Bing's attitude to life, fame, and fortune. His biggest assets, according to radio and film analysts, are his relaxation (except when he's called

on to make love in a film) and his brains. In Hollywood, he is regarded as a better writer than many high-priced play doctors. He goes about everything from acting to pronouncing five-syllable, hundred-dollar words as if it were the most natural thing in the world. A couple of rumors about Bing can be squashed automatically: (1) he is not the richest man in California; (2) he can read music; (3) his race horses have been known to win. Bing was born in Spokane in 1901 (which makes him 47—his best friend, Bob Hope, has called him "Father Time's Older Brother"), the fourth of seven Crosby children. His career started with crooning, and he once had to beat up a customer who insulted that manly art. For a while the height of his ambition was to be a fair-to-middling vaudeville star. Now, in addition to his activities on the screen and the air, he is a race-track and baseball entrepreneur, a good golfer, and, to put it mildly, one of the most famous men in the world.

His story beats Horatio Alger—

"The Groaner's" astronomical career;

An obscure crooner in 1930, Bing

has broken all radio and film records.

Family man, entertainer,

sportsman, and one of America's finest.



When Bing married Dixie Lee (above) in 1930, she was a rising movie star, he an obscure singer. Friends said Dixie was foolish to wed (and we quote) a "third-rate vaudevillian."



The Crosby brood—four boys as well-known to America as Eddie Cantor's five daughters. Visitors to their home say the kids can outsmart, out-repartee their old man. They recently appeared on Bing's Wed. show (ABC, 9 P.M.)



Bing, seen with his parents, credits part of his success to his mother's prayers. Mr. Crosby, with brother Everett, helps run Bing's organization.

MORE >

cont.
**MISTER
 GROANER
 TO
 YOU!**



Crosby looks pleased, Hope crestfallen, as they double-0 the score-card. The Hope-Crosby matches have brought in stacks of the green stuff for Uncle Sam and for charities.



When it comes to golf, with or without Bob Hope, Crosby is far from a slouch. His normal score is in the low eighties or high seventies. Here, he's about to take on Clark Gable.



The Crosby-Hope feud switched to baseball, now that Bob owns part of the Cleveland Indians. Bing, college athlete and law student, gave up all other interests to sing.



Der Bingle's matches with Hope always mean comedy, but they mean pretty sharp golf too. Coast Guard Officer Jack Dempsey advises the boys to come out swinging.



Bing hardly seems optimistic about the prospects of his team, the Pittsburgh Pirates. A baseball fan for years, he took the plunge last year, bought a piece.



An all-round sportsman and, contrary to reports, a shrewd judge of horseflesh, Bing is equipped for cold weather and the kill as he heads out for the chilly Western deer country.



Bing takes time out to test his skill against the speckled trout at Jasper National Park. He hooked one heavy enough to win the Anglers' Club star trophy.



Believe it or not, Crosby was actually once a lumberman. He wasn't an expert, though, and on the first day, sliced a big gash in his leg. It turned him from football to Glee Club.

MISTER GROANER TO YOU! cont.



Bing, here with Dennis Day, learned German to speak to Nazis shortwave during the war. A G. I. said, "Take him off. He's too good for the Krauts."



When there's a ten-minute break in shooting a film, Bing often inspects the racing form. Fred Astaire gives him a hot tip, but Bing, a big stable-owner, seems to know better.



A rare character in Hollywood, Bing insists that his private life is *his* private life. His present wife is his first and only one, Dixie Lee. His kids are 15, 14 (twins), and 10.



Bing and Barry Fitzgerald, the priests in "Going My Way," compare Oscars. Critics say Bing plays only one role—himself—Academy Award judges thought differently.



Crosby's as informal as they come, but you'll seldom see him without hat or toupee. A perfect physical specimen otherwise, Bing boasts he has more hair than Cecil DeMille.



"The Way You Look Tonight," a Crosby-Judy Garland duet, was a favorite of the armed forces. Ray Noble is at the piano. Even the longhairs admit Bing's a natural.



On the set, with Ingrid Bergman. Bing's made thirty films and there's only one thing he's inept at: he makes love languidly. Bing takes his work, but not himself, seriously.



The old groaner grew a beard for his role in "Road to Utopia." This took thirty days. Bing challenges rival Frank Sinatra to grow a comparable beaver.



*Harriet Nelson of
Ozzie Nelson*

Buying antiques is fun, but careful planning accounts for originality Harriet achieves in her L. A. home.

MRS. NELSON'S ANTIQUES

When you have a wife
 who hunts antiques you've got to
 grin and bear it, the way Ozzie
 did. But maybe you'll turn
 into a shop-hound yourself if you're
 married to a girl
 like Harriet—the way Ozzie is.

This is the Nelsons' Hollywood home. Antiques are inside. Among favorites are a chest which is now a cabinet for radio-phonograph set, and a railroad light now a lamp.



At 9:30 on Friday, Ozzie and Harriet air their domestic problems (12 yrs. worth).



The folks get a line on their kids—David and Ricky—good material for *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*.

■ Ozzie never knows what to expect. A guy gets himself a wife who loves antiques and pretty soon he's reading by the light of a railroad lamp. Reaches for a cigarette and he finds his favorite brand crammed into a pickle jar. "It's rustic," she says. "It's ridiculous," he mutters. "Knock ourselves out making jokes. Get mike-fright every Friday night. For what? So we can buy furniture that's too old for anybody else to use. It beats me." "I'd love to," Mrs. Nelson smirks. "No kidding, hon," he says. "I mean it. That whisky jug you made into a lamp. I almost poured myself a bulb." "Served you right, dear. There's always milk in the refrigerator." If Ozzie wasn't a man who knows when to stop he'd have been picking up his head from the floor every night these last twelve years. But marriage with Harriet Hilliard teaches you something—you've got only one head and it looks best on your shoulders. So he compromises. "You're crazy about antiques, huh? Tomorrow I'll come shopping with you." "Darling," she coos. "Listen," he snaps, "I'm just protecting my interests. Next time I open the hall closet I don't want to shake hands with a wooden Indian." "Really," she sniffs, "I happen to know a little more than you think about antique-hunting." In the morning they follow the trail. Just inside the antique shop door it happens. "Darling," Ozzie whispers, "Get a load of that. Isn't it terrific? Ask 'em how much it costs." "Ozzie," she moans. "You plan on building a carousel in the living room? Really, darling, a red metal horse!" "Sorry, it reminded me of my youth. Hey, take a look at that sword. Eleventh century, I bet. I can picture it above the fireplace." "Below your heart, dear?" "Aw, Harriet," he sulks. "What'd we come out here for, anyway? To buy antiques, right?" "Right." "Then let's buy 'em." "Well," says Harriet, "there was a certain China plate . . ." "A plate? Plates you can buy in a department store." "Not this one." Ozzie begins to finger the sword. "Kinda like it," he sighs. "Ozzie," Harriet says, "We're going home." "But, hon, we only just came." "Ozzie." They go. And all the way back his face glows. "Say, hon, this antique business. It kinda gets you." "Yes, dear," she says.

DUFFY'S CAST EARNS ITS KEEP

• Never let it be said that the absent Mr. Duffy lets his tavern go to pot. Recorded for posterity in this rare photograph is the current crew at the fabulous bistro, in the act of earning their bread and butter (or so the publicity release implies). Under the watchful eye of Archie (Ed Gardner) hatted at center are (left to right) Clifton Finnegan (Charlie Cantor), Eddie the waiter (Eddie Green), Miss Duffy (Florence Halop) and Officer Clancy (Alan Reed). The gent in the background, back of Eddie is producer Tony Stanford. The mythical saloon is the brain child of Mr. Gardner, who began in 1939 as producer, finally took over the leading role with Shirley Booth, then Mrs. Gardner, as the first Miss Duffy. They were divorced in 1942, both have since remarried—Ed to Simone Hege-man who recently produced Edward Jr. (NBC, Wednesdays, 9:00 P. M.)





Charles Laughton wearing whiskers for a Broadway role discusses a script-point with producer-director Markle.



Luise Rainer, twice winner of the Academy Award, postponed departure for Europe to make guest appearance.

ONE MAN SHOW

■ Nobody ever laughed when *he* got up to speak—not with his background. He began his first novel at the ripe age of ten and even illustrated it himself with crayon pencils. Now at 27, Fletcher Markle is radio's newest triple-threat man, writer-director-actor. Born in Winnipeg, and educated at Prince of Wales High School, he balked at going to college, because he had "too many things to do," and he still hasn't done all of

them. Fletcher was 18 when he formed his own acting group and like another fair-haired boy, did "Julius Caesar" in modern dress. The group's next venture was "Dr. Faustus" but due to financial difficulties, the curtain never rose on it. Radio beckoned, called, and practically dragged Fletcher into its fold for a sixty-five week series of full hour plays entitled "Imagine Please"—they did everything from Shakespeare to Mother Goose.

Finally given a free hand in 1942 he produced a group of original radio diversions, called "Baker's Dozen," consisting of folk tales and short surrealistic dramas. Serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force, he was kept from flying by a slight heart condition and while in London made a movie with Edward G. Robinson and numerous radio shows. Never one to hide his diverse talents under a bushel, Fletcher was soon commissioned by the British Ministry of Information to write and narrate a documentary film called *VI*. But even there it doesn't end, because this boy with the golden touch was awarded a \$1,500 literary fellowship by 20th Century-Fox, to help him finish his novel, "There Was

Movie favorite Robert Young, and radio's talented actress Mercedes McCambridge lose some pre-broadcast jitters.

Fletcher, right, explains a passage in the script to company actors John Rennie, Anne Burr, and Everett Sloane.





Fletcher Markle, Canadian born director of CBS' Studio One, also appears in some of the program's major roles.



Madeleine Carroll, returned from Europe to pick up her movie career, stopped off at CBS to do "Farewell to Arms."

a Young Man" (he was 24 at the time). It wasn't until after his discharge from the Air Force that Markle discovered America, and was invited by CBS to do three Columbia Workshop scripts. "Studio One" followed and now it's just about the best dramatic show in radio. Using big Hollywood names (but only those who can act) as guest stars, Fletcher and a small core of regulars like Everett Sloane and Mercedes McCambridge have bound themselves into one of the finest repertory companies in any branch of the theatre. Fletcher's married to former radio singer Blanche Willis, and they have a three-year-old son, Stephen. "Studio One" can be heard over CBS Tues., at 10 P.M.

He can direct like
a Reinhardt, write like
another Saroyan,
and perform like a dream actor.
But smile when you
call him genius, because
Fletcher Markle
thinks he got to the top
with just a little luck.



England's most popular actor, James Mason, was another honored guest.

John Garfield and Robert Dryden, regular members of Studio One doing Mealand's "Let Me Do the Talking."

All star cast John Rennie, Markle, Madeleine Carroll and Everett Sloane with production assistant Anne Kelleher.



PORTIA FACES LIFE

Portia (Anne Seymour) fears gossip by Bella Beasley and May Gordon might ruin her marriage.



Leslie Palmer (Lois Barclay) gets a warning from Avery Hamilton (Arthur Vinton) on Walter's trip.



Lucille Wall put up a courageous fight against adversity that would put Portia herself to shame.



Portia's problems have been a

worry to her listeners for many

years. But fans had their biggest

worry when they found out that the

star of the show, Lucille Wall,

faced possible death. Here's what

happened to Portia's portrayal.

■ Portia Blake Manning and Lucille Wall, they're one and the same person—everyone knows that. For eight years now, Lucille Wall has been the personification of Portia to all her listeners. They seldom think of her in terms of the acting experience she's had since she was a child. They don't regard her as a stage actress, despite her many years in front of the footlights. They think of her only as Portia—not an actress, but an actual person. That's why they were so shocked when they failed to hear the familiar voice of Lucille Wall one day. The announcer said she would be out for an indefinite period of time. Listeners found it hard to conceive of *Portia Faces Life* without its star. They had grown to think of Lucille and Portia as inseparable. They knew it had to be serious for Miss Wall to stay out long. Unfortunately it *was* serious. The heroine of so many trials and tribulations was actually facing something more pressing than most of Portia's imaginary crises. Miss Wall's personal



Leslie sees her first hope of success when she wins Walter's (Bartlett Robinson) sympathy. He doesn't know her scheme.

adventure started one afternoon after the show. While working in her kitchen, she slipped and fell. She considered her fall so insignificant that no one, not even her husband knew about it. That evening she complained only of a slight headache, but the next morning she felt a great deal worse. When questioned, she remembered the apparently unimportant tumble she had taken. She was rushed to the hospital. Doctors were shocked to find that she had been walking around with a fractured skull. Consultations took place. Specialists decided that an operation was necessary, so Lucille went under the knife. Lucille's husband, her friends, the cast of the show—they all stood by. At last they were told that the operation was a success. Lucille's story ironically enough seemed to resemble one of Portia's episodes. Miss Wall had lived through an experience that would've made Portia blanch, at least a little. Then came the long period of recuperation. If Lucille isn't back by now, she will be soon. Dur-

ing her absence, Anne Seymour substituted for her. Portia continued fighting for the life of Mark Randall. She fought the case for the innocent man while beset with doubts as to how her own life would turn out. She found herself the butt of vicious gossipers, who whispered that her husband, Walter Manning, had left her. Walter was in New York, ostensibly working for Advance Pictures. He, too, was having his troubles as Leslie Palmer schemed to separate him from Portia by getting him to produce a picture in Ankara. Yes, the tradition of show business kept *Portia Faces Life* going, problems and all, even in the absence of its star. Portia's adventures will probably become continuously more confusing before they straighten themselves out. Meanwhile, the misadventure of Lucille will undoubtedly fade from memory. It will assume a secondary importance in the face of Portia Blake Manning's daily and more immediate worries. (NBC, Monday thru Friday, 5:15 P.M.)

Here's a picture of a contestant refusing, but absolutely, to take a consequence: Pearl Freed turned down a flight in a radio-controlled plane that was really a mild link trainer.



Edwards, a pie-thrower but a gentleman, sees that his guests, like Phil Baker, are protected before they get a cream-puff in the puss.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

With a Hooper of 31.7

Ralph Edwards hits the jackpot

combining these dual blockbusters:

a fantastic treasure

and a lemon pie in the kisser.

Meet the father of Miss Hush and

The Cryptic Walking Man.

■ Ralph Edwards, the inventor and boss of "Truth or Consequences," is the man who introduced a new national pastime that has already passed bingo and bridge, and threatens to eclipse baseball and bowling—identifying such characters as Mr. Hush, Mrs. Hush, Miss Hush, and The Walking Man. Just a few weeks ago, an elderly Chicago widow, along with thousands of other Americans, set her wits to figuring out who was meant by this verse:

"Bing, Bong Bell!

It's ten and only one can tell,

Master of the Metropolis,

Fits his name quite well."

Mrs. Florence Hubbard, 68 years old, unravelled this, told "Truth" it was Jack Benny (One clue: Master of the Metropolis refers to Rochester, Benny's valet), and collected \$22,500 worth of gifts. Meanwhile, the program collected a million and a half for the Heart Association, the largest donation of the year. Thus were combined Ralph Edwards' two major interests: furnishing entertainment and raising money for worthwhile causes. During the war, he sold more than *five hundred million dollars* worth of bonds for Uncle Sam, more than any other entertainer.

One expert estimates that no less than thirty other programs have copied the formula or pattern, or both, of "Truth or Consequences." The idea, one of those simple ones that paradoxically are hardest to come by, is merely that contestants are asked questions and must either give the truthful answer or take any consequence, ranging from getting a pie in the face to muscling up to Jack Dempsey. Nowadays he conducts his program with one of the most lavish hands seen in radio: he has arranged and paid for reunions between parents and soldier sons, has acquired elephants, midgets, merry-go-rounds, locomotives, and water tanks as props for his sometimes fabulous "Consequences." Not many weeks ago, his Hooperating soared to 31.7, highest of this or almost any other season. (NBC, Sat., 8:30 P.M.)



The Walking Man the whole country tried to identify, is shown emerging from the plumbing of his Beverly Hills estate: Jack Benny.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES, CONTINUED



Bill Bendix, who had never seen Ralph, came on the show to take a seltzer squirt at him. Ray Chenery, an innocent bystander, gets it instead.



Bendix had been kidded a bit by Ralph, and when he came on the program, there was fire in his eye. Which was too bad for Mr. Chenery, whose face was marred by pies also.



This diminutive contestant was told to knock on a door, talk tough to anybody who came out. He was slightly non-plussed to see Jack Dempsey.



Not all of Ralph's assignments are the kind to complain over. L. B. Gireaux was given the interesting task of kissing 100 women in the audience in three minutes. He did.



A moment of relief for Contestant Chenery. Bendix pushes, doesn't throw, a brand-new pie smack into Ralph's face. Chenery's eyes, if you could see them, would be gleaming.



One unusual consequence: A blind-folded contestant is put into an ambulance and driven around. He's bet he can guess where he is afterwards.



He's wheeled (you guessed it) into his own home, where microphones have been concealed and actors, dressed as doctors and nurses, talk hospital.



Happy Gireaux's question was: Three glasses are on a shelf. Two are full, one empty. What king does that remind you of? Answer, which he didn't get, was Philip III. Get it, eh?



Before the bandage was taken off, this fellow made an ingenious guess, said he was back on the stage. Then he found himself squarely in his own bed.

CALL FOR MUSIC

When she wanted a girl baby,
she knitted blue clothes, but if Dinah's
crazy, who wants to
be sane? The girl's got a
gorgeous husband, a beautiful baby
and happiness to burn!



"'At rubbin' noses, 'at's Eskimo kissin'," Durante informs Shore. "And me, I got de equipment fer it." (Jimmy was guest on Dinah's show.)



During rehearsal for Dinah's new show, "Call For Music" (Fridays, at 10 p.m.) she takes a minute to dance with Van Johnson. Husband George Montgomery just ignores 'em.



If it isn't one CBS show, it's another. Here Dinah appears with Al Jolson on the Lux Radio Theatre. Busy Miss S. waxed 50 records while awaiting her baby's birth!

Dinah Shore



Collector's item snapshot: Dinah and George doing a "Mail Call" show back in '42, before they were even engaged.

■ In about September of 1947, George Montgomery mentioned to his wife Dinah that he hoped their baby would be a girl. "Oh, that's lovely," his wife said. "I'll start knitting everything blue." He stared. "Why?" "Oh," she said airily, "if you pretend you're going to have a boy, you get a girl." George sighed. "Naturally. You've probably got some deal worked out between the doctor, the stork and the Easter bunny." She smiled at him tenderly. "George, you don't understand. All I have to do after the baby's born is sew pink rosettes on all the blue stuff." He didn't understand, all right. He didn't understand who she thought she was kidding. The baby, most likely. But he'd given up questioning his little miracle woman years before. He wasn't even surprised when Melissa was born a girl, as predicted, on

January 5, 1948. The same way he hadn't been surprised when Dinah had announced that she intended to get 50 new songs recorded before the baby came—though Melissa's birth was only three months off at the time. "Anything anybody can do, Dinah can do better," he says of her modestly. And Dinah chimes in. "Now my husband—he's a mechanical genius. You should see the roomful of baby furniture he made—whittled it all with his own pale hands." They tease each other that way, back and forth, because it doesn't matter, and they can afford to tease each other; because they're happy, and they have various wonderful things between them—like the look on Dinah's face when she first saw the cradle George had carved for Melissa, like the look on Melissa's face any time at all. (CBS, Fri., 10 P. M.)

RADIO ALBUM REPORTS:

No. 1-AUDIENCE WARM-UPS

Art Linkletter relaxes with his audience.



■ Have you ever told a joke—a screamingly funny joke—and evoked a large, empty silence as response? It's a horrible feeling, but it's even more horrible for a professional comic with dead air being broadcast to millions of radios. Like it or not, your listening reaction is influenced tremendously by that of the studio audience. And studio audiences are massaged into laughing condition with loving care.

This period of conditioning is called the warm-up; the show before the show which may last as long as the program itself. It is carefully planned to reach a crescendo just before air time so the studio is roaring with excitement when the mikes cut in. How do they handle the warm-ups? Each star has his own special technique, and, for the warm-up, each announcer becomes a combination court jester and cheer leader.

Art Linkletter (People are Funny) tries to get the audience to warm up to each other. Friends are jollier than strangers. He may pick two strangers from opposite sides of the studio to come up on stage and work the "orange game." The lady has an orange wedged below her chin, and the gent must remove it. Both have their hands tied behind their backs. Or he may have a slapstick comedian planted as a member of the audience who comes up on stage, ad libs, then drops his trousers, accidentally, just as the signal flashes "on the air." You at your radio are put in a hilarious mood precisely at the starting gun.

Ralph Edwards (Truth or Consequences) has a similar routine. He'll pick a couple of burly young men and offer a prize to the one who can dress quickest in a very chi-chi woman's outfit—from unmentionables up. It is timed so that the mad sprint to the finish coincided with broadcast time. Phony? Maybe, but absolutely essential. And no more artificial than serving appetizers to whet your appetite for a banquet. The technique of holding up posters that say "applause" or "muffled giggles" can't evoke the natural guffaws a warm-up can produce. Witness Henry Morgan. He tried a show without any audience at all one week. Next week the studio was full.

Don MacNeill (Breakfast Club) breaks down a cold audience with the simple request that everyone shake hands with his neighbor. Jack Barry (Juvenile Jury) does the same thing. It relaxes everybody, clears the air. Jury announcer John Swet digs another yak with a serious lecture on the sensitivity of the microphone. To prove his point, he lights a cigarette and blows some smoke into the mike. At once the theatre is filled with wracking coughs, surreptitiously supplied by producer Hoyt Allen at a control room mike.

Some of the comedians prime the audience with jokes too raucous for actual broadcasting. Censorable, but not really wild. The vocabulary used is sometimes a bit too rich for wireless morals. Sometimes a fragment of this type of warm-up reaches the air as the show starts and the producer tears his hair out in large handfuls. It happened recently on the Al Jolson Show—just one unspeakable word, but it went all over the world through the giant transmitters. They're a delicate problem, these warm-ups, but they make your radio programs alive.

There's a simple explanation for that explosion of laughter that ushers in your favorite show. First in a series of reports on specialized radio techniques.



A warning hand is raised in the control room: five seconds to broadcast time—and down come the well-timed briches.



Linkletter chooses a preposterous couple to play the "orange game," a big woman and a little man are sure-fire material.



PEGGY LEE When she was seven, Peggy Lee decided she wanted three things out of life; to become a famous singer, marry a handsome man, retire before she was twenty. Being a Cinderella girl, part of Peggy's dreams have come true. She's already married song-writer-guitarist Dave Barbour. She's become one of radio's top vocalists, appearing as perennial guest on Jimmy Durante's and Bing Crosby's shows. She also has a rapidly growing reputation as a song writer, with "Manana" as a recent sample. They won't *let* her retire—though a gal *can* change her mind!

ABE BURROWS Radio was re-born, a la Abe Burrows, in 1938 when the round, balding humorist successfully began writing radio-type shows for Ed Gardner, Colonel Stoopnagle, Rudy Vallee, Dinah Shore and Joan Davis. He performed only at private parties for friends and fellow comedians—the unpublicized gagman's gagman. Everybody, including Abe, thought his stuff was too specialized for general appeal. Now he's independent. Now he writes only for Abe Burrows, and he's wittier than ever. He sings, too, and his satirical tunes can be heard over CBS, Sat. at 7:30 P.M.

Abe Burrows



ASSEMBLING A BASKETBALL TELECAST

It takes eight video experts working with split-second coordination to televise a game.

Their job is to see that you get the rapid-moving action of basketball

■ Televising any sport is a delicate operation, but televising basketball, which along with hockey is the swiftest and most unpredictable of American games, is one of the most complex jobs known to man. It requires eight or more highly trained technicians, and absolute split-second precisions, to put a basketball fracas on the air. The accompanying pictures furnish an over-all view of the way CBS handles a game at Madison Square Garden. Two television cameras, poised high above the court and in constant action, sweep the floor; one is often used for close-ups, while the other takes a broad perspective. The two images are reflected at the television control room, deep in the basement of the Garden, where Herb Swope, Jr., the director, observes them on monitor screens. Each of these is watched by a technician who phones focus instructions to the cameramen. Swope picks the image to be used on the air. He's connected by phone with both the cameramen and with Bob Edge, the announcer, who keeps an eye on the game but who also has a small "on the air" screen to show him what scene is being telecast. Edge talks less than a radio announcer, but confines his commentary to what is being projected over the telewaves. Back at the CBS television studios, an engineer inserts slides advertising the sponsor's product between the halves and at other breaks for commercials. Televising sports is a brand-new art, and bright young men like Swope, who got into sports direction in its infancy, right after the war, have mastered a technique that bears little resemblance to either radio or film direction. Edge, a veteran CBS sports announcer, was recruited for the network's television station when CBS started televising. One odd thing you'll notice is that the director, who's the keyman, doesn't get to see the live game at all.



Veteran sportscaster Bob Edge, with one eye on the game and the other on his "on the air" monitor, confines his comments to what's seen on the telewaves.



Herb Swope, the director, flanked by the monitor screens, tells the "switch" technician which image to put on the air. Radio engineer handles the voice level for Edge.



The cameramen, connected by head-set phones with Swope and the monitor technicians, sweep the court for long-range views and close-ups of the scrimmages.



In the CBS studio, an engineer inserts slides advertising Ford's wares into a balopticon projector during time-out periods. Ford also uses movie shorts as commercials.



Swope explains his job to two basketball moguls—Ned Irish, who stages the doubleheaders at the Garden, and Joe Lapchick, coach of the pro N. Y. Knickerbocker 5.

LET'S SET THE RECORDS STRAIGHT!



John Crosby, radio columnist, and Fred Allen join the Maloneys, a literate, witty husband-wife television team in sampling a bit of pie.



Anybody who says television is limited to sports gets our guest writer Sylvie St. Clair, angry. Here, on the DuMont network, is "Fashions on Parade," with singer Jerry Wayne surrounded by Conover beauties.



"The Original Amateur Hour" turned out to be fine material for television. Here, against a colorful background, amateur singer faces a few DuMont cameras.



And here's our authoress, Sylvie St. Clair, whom DuMont bills as "The New Look in Television." Sylvie has her own weekly program, sings, tells stories, with French accent.



"Photographic Horizons," with Mabel Seacheri of the N. Y. World-Telegram, actress Joan Kerwin, com. cameraman Vic Keppler.



On video, "Court of Public Opinion." Here Norman Thomas unburdens himself on American-Russian relations, as the jury of twelve, drawn from the public, prepares to give the verdict on his opinions.

A new television star

lashes out at those who say

the video medium

is limited to sports. Take a look at

the program chart,

says Dumont's Sylvie St. Clair.

■ If you hear somebody say, "There's nothing on television except sports," you can chalk the person up as one who hasn't kept up with television developments these last two years. Television isn't limited to one subject any more than radio or the movies. Lately, video has had more types of shows than I could name—short plays, long dramas, kids' and teen-agers' programs, musical extravaganza, ballet, quizzes, and dozens of others. One of my favorites is "Mary Kay and Johnny," a comedy series about a couple of newlyweds; that doesn't sound athletic. A glance at these pages will show what I mean. "Court of Public Opinion" presents America's greatest brains, arguing the issues of the day. "Fashions on Parade" shows Conover models in the latest and loveliest clothes, and is sparked up by the kind of music and dancing you never find in an old-fashioned fashion show. Camera fiends are taking to "Photographic Horizons," a program which gives them the knowledge of the most accomplished photographers in the business. And famous show-people and authors, like Jack Eigen and the Mahoneys, bring all sorts of guest stars, discussions, and antics in general to the telewaves. Take it from me, television is magnificent for sports, but it's magnificent for all-around, varied entertainment, too. The proof is all in the watching.

TELEVISION IS A WOMAN'S GAME

Two years experience is all a gal needs to be a television

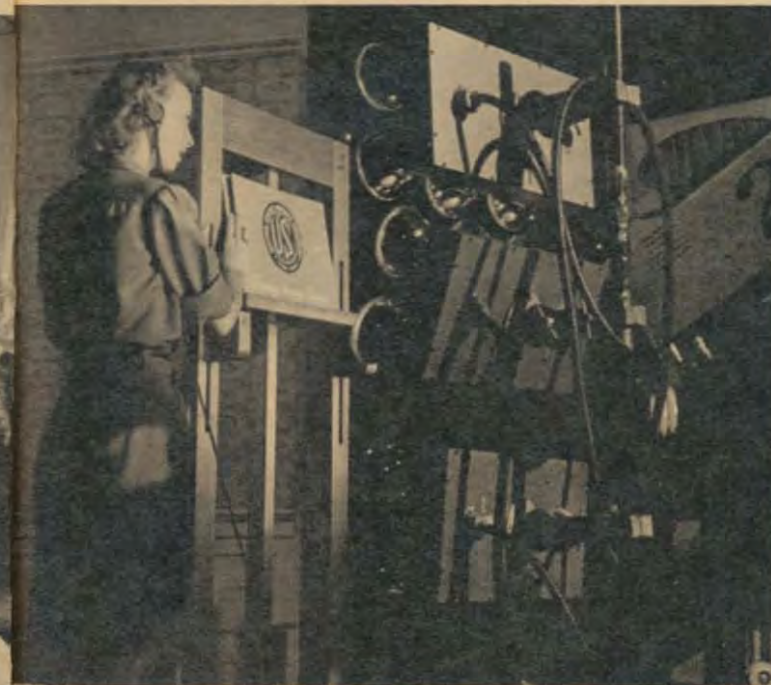
vet. The young industry is putting women to work on everything from make-up to handling boom cameras.



They're on the air with three men and a woman at the controls. The girl operates the turntable. Other distaff-side teleworkers announce, direct and write in studio programs.



Make-up is as important in television as in movies. NBC gives all guests within range of the cameras a chance to primp up before a video program goes onto the screen.



Girls televise the sponsor's insignia and message. The number of television advertisers, which sky-rocketed to 160 last year, is expected to soar to five times that in the course of '48.



Three cameras are at work on this speaker, and two of them are being operated by women. Television gets the full excitement of a public forum, livens newscasts with maps, etc.



Some of the heftier jobs girls perform in the studios are operating mobile microphones and boom cameras. Training schools for these jobs are springing up all over U. S.



The boom camera itself, with a slim young thing in charge. Likely as not, she's working on the DuMont "Television Fashion Show," featuring twenty or more Conover models.

■ John Crosby, radio-television columnist, once wrote, in reference to a television writer, "after two years experience, he qualifies as a world authority." That goes for almost all television workers, because before the war, the network's tele staffs were small and highly scientific. The current crop of radio and show people, technicians, and out-and-out novices who had pitched in on postwar television includes an amazing proportion of women. Not only do women act, sing, and parade before the cameras, but they operate the most unwieldy apparatus, handle the turntables, plan the lighting, and direct. On the accompanying pictures, you can see women tackling some of the more rugged jobs in the DuMont studios.

■ Now for a few up-to-the-minute facts and predictions about television: NBC sees the industry growing with "incredible speed" this year . . . The number of privately-owned sets may jump from 175,000 to a million in '48 . . . The number of stations should increase from about 20 to 50 . . . Experts estimate that it takes \$125,000, plus the appropriate real estate, to start a television station . . . Pioneering stations have already televised such oddities as midget auto races, political electionary, and cartoons. In Detroit, a full length midnight Mass was sent over the telewaves . . . Hour dramas are being broadcast on NBC, bringing the top Broadway productions of the century into the living-room . . . CBS hired Norman Bel Geddes, top flight theatre and industrial designer, to help construct its new television studios in New York. Geddes is to get \$1,000 a day for no less than twenty-five days a year, which is nice work, if you can get it . . . You may, if the plans of some television moguls work out, see all the candidates for the Presidency on one mammoth television show, originating both in Philadelphia, where the Republican hopefuls will take to the telewaves, and in Washington, where President Truman will go over the ether . . . Television pitfalls range from momentary loss of the image to the cameras going out of commission altogether. Both have happened on big-time shows, but the tele technicians are deft at pulling out of difficulties . . . The big brains are very hard at work.

END

With the mike under phony bandage, Funt records the reactions of a locksmith called in to chain his secretary to her desk. He often hides mike in phony sling.



Mike in hand, Funt heckles stranger making phone call and tries to jam into occupied booth.



Dummy telephone hides mike which can be switched on for victim. Funt's office is loaded with hidden mikes.



HIDING THE HIDDEN MIKE

The walking man
with the hidden mike—he
knocks on strange doors,
poses in strange ways, lures his
victims into the mike-trap
and records what they say and do when
caught off guard.

■ With his tiny mike hidden in a sling, as a hearing aid or tucked under his scarf, he snares unsuspecting people into amazing situations and records their reactions for a coast-to-coast radio audience. A recording machine is hidden in a nearby parked car or some unsuspected place, and the connecting wire is seldom noticed. Allen Funt, the man with the mike, is the guy who dreamed it all up, and he's no ordinary guy when it comes to ideas. He posed as a beauty parlor operator, a lonely heart, and in a hundred different guises. He criticized a woman's hat to her face. He asked a tailor to make a zoot suit for a kangaroo, a watchmaker for a clock that runs backward. He consulted an electrician for a custom built electric chair, discussed with a caterer a banquet for cats. When it's all over he explains it's all a gag and asks permission to use it on the air. Hardly anyone refuses. Funt never runs out of ideas. He tried to pick up a girl in the park so he could record how she squelched him. It almost didn't work. "Every girl I tried to pick up—I could," he explained. He tried it with twelve girls before he found one who said no. The acceptances he couldn't use—"not on the air."

Funt, with his staff of five, sometimes makes sixty trial records to get six spots for the half-hour weekly program. The Candid Mike idea first hit Funt while he was in the army working with a wire recorder. He innovated a "gripe room"—his recording booth, where soldiers were invited to air their gripes (anonymously). The records were then played back and the idea turned out to be one of the best morale-boosters in the service. When he became a civilian again it took nine auditions for Funt to sell his idea to the ABC. They wouldn't believe it was candid. So he trapped a few ABC vice-presidents on the hidden mike to prove it wasn't phony. Funt balances his program for six levels of intelligence, with a spot for each level. He once told an elevator operator his elevator was "retroactive," and the operator promised to tell his boss to fix it. "That one," says Funt, "appeals to the listener's sense of superiority and is at the bottom of the list." Listener response is lively,—and constructive too. One enthusiast suggested Funt take his mike to the top of the Empire State Building and urge someone to push him off. This one Funt hasn't tried yet, and doesn't plan to. (ABC, Thursdays, 8 P.M.)

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

When you've had more than your share of problems, tune into another's troubles. You'll feel better.

■ "Papa" David Soloman may not realize it, but for the past ten years he has, indirectly, affected the lives of thousands of housewives across the nation. Because of Papa Soloman, there have probably been fewer divorces, separations, quarrels. Papa David is a philosopher, and five days a week, over NBC, he proves exactly how life can be (more) beautiful for you. His finest example is Chichi (Alice Reinheart) and Stephan Hamilton (John Holbrook). They are Papa David's dearest friends. Ralph Locke, who portrays David Soloman in the dramatic serial written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is an all-time established veteran of the stage and radio. His first stage appearance was in the play, "Mary of Magdala." Later he appeared with well-known stars, George M. Cohan, Fay Bainter, Otis Skinner. Locke's original interest was in becoming a dialect expert. As a result, today he can speak English with ten different foreign accents. John Holbrook, who brings Stephen Hamilton to the air-waves, was once voted the best voice on radio. In 1931 the American Academy of Arts and Letters awarded

him the gold medal for good diction. "It was really an honor," he recalls, "especially when I think of how close I came to never entering radio at all." He's right of course. John Holbrook had every intention of becoming a famous ski-jumper. When the average youngster was learning how to walk, John was already trying out his first skis. He eventually started a ski-school in Canada, which he ran for three years. Only after his family decided to move to New York, did he give up the school and any further idea of fame on skis. He spent the years between radio announcing for NBC, and learning the fundamentals of radio acting, before joining the *Life Can Be Beautiful* cast in 1939. The writers of LCBB are proud of the story-line of their show. They feel they have contributed something to a better way of life. The basic idea centers around Papa David Soloman, who owns the bookstore around the corner. He is a kindly humanitarian who invites the unhappy and forlorn into his store so they may "talk out" their troubles—but with the philosophy that life *can* be beautiful. (NBC, Mon.-Fri., 3 P.M.)



Butch (Jackson Beck) and Chichi (Alice Reinheart) want to take care of Nellie (Ethel Owen) during her illness. Chichi wants to know whether she or Butch will be in charge of Nellie's hotel, and they proceed to battle it out.



Papa David Soloman (Ralph Locke) confers with Dr. Phil Crawford (Clayton Collyer) about his friend Nellie's health. Nellie has been suspected of feigning illness, until Dr. Crawford examined her and found her really sick.



Nellie, who is enjoying her new ill health, is hurt because Chichi offered no sympathy. Much worse, she felt Chichi never believed she was really sick. Chichi now apologizes and attempts to convince her friend how wrong she was.



John Nelson, "marrying sam" of radio, looks forward to each wedding, because he's already done it himself.

BRIDE AND GROOM

■ Everybody loves a wedding and practically everybody loves a bride. *Bride and Groom* is the new radio program which takes an active interest in other people's matrimony, and makes them love it. John Nelson, the show's emcee is a genial young man recently released from the U. S. Navy; got his first job of announcing on Tom Breneman's "Breakfast in Hollywood." Nelson is a great believer in romance and will cite you chapter and verse to prove it. Getting hundreds of letters a week, he must pick one couple who are celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary, one pair of newly-weds and one couple who wish to be married between appearances on the program. A Seeing Eye dog

brought together a young blind couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Roper who met at a training school for the dogs. He also was present at their wedding. Another couple, the Al Halls, became engaged as the result of a spilled drink, and were later married on *Bride and Groom*. Although ABC foots the bills for the wedding ceremonies, the program has just gotten themselves a new sponsor who sends each new couple off with a wide variety of valuable wedding presents. The very latest in wedding gifts was given to Chris Saunders and Richard Fortune and it turned out to be a small round-the-world trip. So if you like all the excitement involved in weddings, tune into a daily "I do" at 2:30 on ABC.

Here's the reason *Bride and Groom's* master of ceremonies enjoys his work. The twin hand are sons, John Christopher and William Gregory.



Bobbie Sullivan of Memphis, Tenn., remembered "something blue" and slips on a garter before becoming Mrs. Farrell Helmstedder.



Marine Sgt. and Mrs. Jimmie Tuff being shown the sports outfit presented to the bride. It's model, Kay Scott.

If you're thinking of getting married and you're not too shy, you can have practically all the world at your wedding, and lots of fun besides.



Cecil Holland, Beverly Hills Justice of the Peace is shown marrying Fern Scott and Joe McGehee, of California. He's already married over 125 couples since beginning of *Bride and Groom*.

"Laugh," says Benny
sadly. "What do I care?
every chuckle's a buck."



You want somebody
to push your poor old mother-in-
law's face in? You want
somebody to swipe the chocolate
from your baby brother?
Call Benny—he makes his
living that way. And
all he gets for it is abuse and
a million dollars!

■ Looking for Benny? Benny's the guy on the bottom. Everybody else is sitting on him, jeering. Poor Benny—the butt of every joke; they call him a tight-wad, they laugh at his car—poor Benny. And it all goes to make him the best-loved man in radio. Long ago, Jack discovered that being a fall-guy paid off, and as far as he's concerned, it's still paying. He lets his radio cast razz him every week. Once he made a movie where he had to throw an old lady out of a tenement, grab a lollypop from a little kid, and stick out his tongue at a blind man who was begging. Only a couple of years ago, he ran a contest for his listeners. They were to finish in 25 words or less the sentence beginning, "I hate Jack Benny because—" About half a million listeners entered, but for terse brilliance, not many of them could measure up to a Benny fan who wrote, back in 1942, "Dear Jack, I just heard about a hen that is 28 years old, and still lays eggs. I want you to know I don't think she has anything on



Men may come and men may go, but not the Benny Maxwell. "Look nice at the wheel, don't I?" Jack asks. "Too bad it's got no motor any more. Fell out during the earthquake of 1906."

you." Oh, Benny's been insulted by experts. Occasionally he rises to his own defense; occasionally he even dishes it out a little himself—but he always comes a cropper. There was the show Fred Allen guested on. "We seldom have a great guest star on our program," Jack said to the audience in the pre-show warm-up. "And we haven't got one tonight—I want you to meet him, Fred Allen." Fred stepped forward, and there was a small silence, after the applause. "If you think this is a lull," he said, "wait till you hear his program." Poor Benny, he can't win. Still, if losing consists of having a house in Beverly Hills, a charming wife, a charming daughter, a butler and plenty of fifty-cent cigars, who wants to win? They say that 54-year-old Jack wants to go into the executive end of the moving picture business some day, and retire from active actor-ing. Ask him when, and he drops his eyes coyly. "When I'm forty," he says. "Oh well, I can wait." (NBC, Sun., 7 P. M.)

THE "FALL GUY" FORMULA

cont. THE FALL GUY FORMULA



"Write in," he'd told his radio listeners. "This contest is called 'I Hate Jack Benny Because—'" They wrote in, all right.



1937 cast: Benny, Devine, Blanche Stewart, Wilson, Livingstone, Baker and Harris.



Jack's scolding Dennis Day. "I don't care, kid. Ya gotta leave your mother home!"



The Dolly Sisters, or that's what killed vaudeville—Benny, Hope and Crosby displaying 'some shinbone.



1942 awards. Benny got special Oscar-in-a-skirt from Hope for "Charley's Aunt."



21 years, and it's still love. When Jack married Mary in Los Angeles, she was Sadye Marks, a salesgirl; he a violinist. They'd met long before, in Canada—the Marx Bros. introduced 'em.



It was a Mt. Sinai Benefit that brought out Benny, Vince Barnett—kids-in-men's uniform.



Golf and cigars are Jack's only vices. Here it's golf with Sinatra in a country club tournament.



Ritz Brothers catch Benny trying to sneak into a preview on a children's admission ticket.



Photographers' Costume Ball brought out Benny's fiddle, and horrible version of "Love in Bloom."



Their farm in Nassau, N. Y., provides both work and haven for the Dames.

THE EGG AND ME



Local yokels munch on ice cream cones, and Dot and Don are no exceptions. Their son, Timothy, will get a taste, too.

Eggs are just eggs
to most people, but not to a
frustrated farmer. To
Donald Dame an egg turned out to
be a blessing in
disguise. Because of it,
he bought a farm. It's
called Valhalla, or just heaven.

BY DONALD DAME



Donald Dame

Dame knows that it's his voice that has made the farm possible. Singing comes first, but farming runs a close second.

■ There's a mighty close bond between the egg and me. Yes, I owe a lot to that little oval product of the hen. It was the egg that finally allowed me to realize my desire to be a farmer. Back home in Cleveland, I translated everything in the parks into my own little farm. The trees became my fruit trees; the sparrows were my chickens; and any stray dog was dramatically turned into my personal hunting hound. But time, tide and farms wait for no man, and all but a ghost of the old yearning left my head as singing took up all my time. It really has been a full-time job making something of myself. I have been very lucky to fulfill all my major ambitions. I guess the "Met" and the *American Album of Familiar Music* were the two most wonderful successes. I had achieved a good part of what I set out to do—but then the farm bug bit me again. Since my wife's the practical one in the family, I had to talk it over with her. Luckily she agreed with me about our "dream place." It had to be within commuting distance of

New York; the house had to be big, but not too big; and most important, the soil had to be good for farming. No gentlemen farmers we! Our farm would have to repay us in money as well as pleasure. We weren't forgetting the hard years. We looked around and our dream began to fade. Most of the farms we saw were meant for those who thought of farming as a fashion, and we weren't shopping for styles. We were serious! Then, on the rolling hills of the Berkshires we found my dream house and a perfect farm. I was sold, but my wife was a wee bit skeptical about its practical value. And here's where the egg comes in. As I worried about whether or not the place would work out, a chicken crossed my path. It wasn't a very exciting chicken, but it did do something that seemed exciting to me. It laid an egg. That reminded us that eggs can be sold, and that we could sell them, if we ever wanted to put the farm on a paying basis. It was then that we settled down to be just a couple of good eggs. (NBC, Sundays, 9:30 P.M.)



EDWARD R. MURROW, CBS news-analyst, is undoubtedly the most traveled commentator on the air. His job, which first began in 1935, has taken him through the London blitz, to North Africa, Munich, and the coronation of King George VI. His latest venture was flying to Europe, to view and report first hand the Italian election. Now he's home for a while—home being with his wife, Janet Huntington Brewster, and their three-year-old son, Charles Casey. When he's not reviewing the news for CBS, he can be found on any golf course shooting a hole in one. He says.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

Two Airline Hostesses had a special surprise party as the 1948 Cancer Fund Drive got under way

■ The opening of the 1948 Cancer Fund Drive was a big event in New York magazine circles, but it was a bigger event for two American Airline hostesses named Helen Godack and Eileen Hunt. It happened this way: The American Cancer Society sponsored a mammoth gathering at Convention Hall, Washington, D. C., highlighted by the presence of Speaker of the House Joseph Martin and the entire cast of "The Life of Dennis Day," flown from Hollywood for a special broadcast. To cover the event, fifty magazine editors flew down from New York on a chartered plane with the Misses Godack and Hunt assigned to the junket. Normally the crew would lounge around, killing time before the return flight, but when the girls found out the mellow-voiced Irishman was to be there, they did a quick personal promotion job. When the passengers left for the pre-broadcast dinner Godack and Hunt came along. The rest of the story would be a straight news report—big crowd, good show, high enthusiasm for the most important cancer control work—it would be a straight report except for one thing. Off in a corner, apart from the milling throng, was a cozy threesome—a Mr. Dennis Day and two beautiful girls in blue who had the biggest party of all with their favorite radio star.



Stewardesses Eileen Hunt (left) and Helen Godack had no idea from this assignment list what the charter flight to Washington would turn out to be.



High in the clouds, winging their way southward over New Jersey, Helen Godack served hot buffet lunches, made some very polite and pointed inquiries. She got excellent results.



Here's a treasured entry in two proud photograph albums: Dennis Day gave the girls a preview of the songs he had rehearsed for the evening show.

They say he composes. They say he does rather well, too. But we know something else. We know he's really a frustrated barber. His new song will probably be Barber-Chair Blues.



Hoagy Carmichael



The troubadour rehearses with radio-secretary Shirlee Turner. Hoagy, incidentally, sings other choice songs taken from the popular selections of the coming week.

IT STARTED WITH STARDUST



Man with his two best friends. Hoagy's sons, Randy Bob and Hoagy Bix, pick up a few pointers for the future. Randy, the youngest, has shown an aptitude for music.

■ According to social scientists, some of the most frustrated people on earth are barbers. Touch a barber and you find a suppressed songwriter, jockey, taxi driver, congressman. To Mr. Hoagy Carmichael of Hollywood this is an incredible mystery. He would rather be a barber than write *Stardust*—and he wrote *Stardust!* In fact, he's set up shop in his own home where he cuts his own hair and that of his sons, Hoagy Bix and Randy Bob. He and his sons have never gone to a barber. And if he ever gets tired of turning out hit tunes, he has this good, solid profession to fall back on. Meanwhile, those hit tunes keep paying off. During Hoagy's years at the piano he has produced *Lazy Bones*, *Two Sleepy People*, *Old Buttermilk Sky* and *Thanks For The Memory*. But *Stardust* has been his baby. He's the envy of every musician capable of molding a musical note. They wish they had written the song that's brought in over \$150,000. Hoagy first developed an interest in music at the age of two when he caught a glimpse of his mother at the keyboard. The second time he was five and his fingers had a long reach to the keys. For a brief (very brief) period he became interested in law, and took the necessary college courses. But between classes he organized a band—just to pay for his law training he told himself. Then things got all mixed up, and finally unmixed themselves when he returned to his first love, music. Tickling the piano keys was fine for awhile, but Hoagy felt there was something even beyond that. So he began stacking his notes and the first song that unjumbled was a piece he called *Washboard Blues*. After that the tunes came in a quick and easy fashion. The immortal *Stardust* was written in those days, though it was many years later that the catchy, love-lorn melody was picked up and popularized. During that early period of Hoagy's career he met Bix Beiderbecke, a cornet-playing Iowa lad. Hoagy was impressed by Bix. He regarded him a top-flight, incomparable musician. For Bix taught Hoagy what real, honest jazz meant. Hoagy has never forgotten it. Finally, like the proverbial glamour girl, Hoagy took a stab at Hollywood. After a month, deciding that a concave stomach was somewhat unbecoming, he returned to New York. He took a job as arranger in a publishing house. Then he met a girl named Ruth Meinardi and married her. Ruth urged Hoagy on to Hollywood again. This final time he made good. The boys at the studio took one look at his bony face and yanked him onto the set and to a piano. He played three tunes. They called him pleasant-sounding names like *Terrific!* *Colossal!* *Stupendous!* He was exactly what they wanted for *To Have And Have Not*. He sang, in the Carmichael manner, a little song he wrote in 1938 called *Hong Kong Blues*. The picture, the song, Hoagy, was a hit. He sent for his wife and two sons, bought a big house, and they all settled down 'neath the California sun. You'd think that would be enough for *The Sleepy Voice*. But Hoagy, instead, mumbles something like "shucks, no" and goes right on adding to his roster of accomplishments. He has recently written a book entitled *The Stardust Road*. He thinks being an author is fine sport. He might even try it again sometime. Meanwhile he has a radio program: *Hoagy Carmichael Sings*. It's an informal 15 minutes of Hoagy at his upright, picking out a few of his melodies. (CBS, Saturday, 7:45 P.M.)

The flyer sweetheart she had given up for dead reappears just as she is about to marry her wealthy publisher—this was the decision that faced Wendy Warren.

WENDY

WARREN AND THE NEWS



Wendy (Florence Freeman) leaves her studio and finds Mark (Lamont Johnson) whom she had thought dead.



Dazed, Wendy tells Gil (Les Tremayne) of Mark's return—pleads that their coming marriage be delayed.



With the help of Aunt Dorrie (Tess Sheehan) Wendy decides Gill is the man to marry.



Socialite Mona Marsh (Anne Burr) intends to win Gil away from Wendy, carries out her plans with subtle intrigue.



Wendy's marriage again delayed by her father's (Rod Hendrickson) illness, she is called to edit his newspaper.



Following the wedding reception, Wendy and Gil stop to say goodbye to her father, Dorrie, Mona and Mark.

■ Something new was added to radio with *Wendy Warren*, a unique format combining late news headlines with the dramatic story of Wendy Warren, "world famous radio commentator and news reporter." After waiting five years for his return, Wendy's flying sweetheart was reported killed in action. Griefstricken, Wendy turns to hard work as a refuge, and finds her wealthy publisher Gil Kendal kind and understanding. Their friendship turns to love and they are soon to be married. Suddenly one day Mark walks into Wendy's studio. Forced down in an isolated Chinese mountain village when his plane crashed, he had been shut off from civilization. Shocked and dazed, Wendy faces the most difficult situation of her life. Meanwhile Mona Marsh, strikingly beautiful socialite with a special interest in Gil, does her best to take Gil away from Wendy. With the help of Gil's mother, Mona plans her campaign against Wendy with careful plotting. In spite of all, Wendy decides to marry Gil. But again their wed-

ding is interrupted by the sudden illness of Wendy's father, editor of an Elmdale newspaper. Wendy goes to Elmdale to take over the editing of the paper, uncovers a group of crooked politicians in the old home town, and exposes them. Mark discovers that Gil is mixed up in a shady property deal with Charles Lang, but thinking only of Wendy's happiness, he tells her nothing about it. Finally Wendy and Gil are married. It isn't long before she becomes vaguely uneasy and unhappy. Gil is away from home much of the time with his business deals, and he becomes unreasonably jealous. After Wendy's marriage, Mark makes friends with Mona Marsh and Adele Lang. Adele, who had been tricked into a mental institution by her husband, manages to escape and is later found shot to death in a deserted cabin. Suspicion points to Mark and he is held for murder. The trial approaches and Wendy Warren prepares to do everything in her power to help Mark. A crisis is looming! (CBS, Mon.-Fri., 12 noon)

Backgrounds Courtesy of Ambassador Hotel, New York



PETER LORRE is probably responsible for more locked doors and barred windows than any other actor in radio. He has merely to say, "this is Peter Lorre" and the heart drops to the stomach and the blood drains from the head. Actually, The Creep is a sweet boy, with big innocent eyes and a baby round face. He loves people, especially small children. He also speaks five languages, enjoys Hungarian goulash, Thrilling Mystery Stories, and appearing as guest bogey-man (above with Elspeth Eric) on venerable spine-tingler Inner Sanctum. (CBS, Monday, 8 P.M.)



JACK SMITH is one who knows his own mind, though several Hollywood studios don't seem to think so. They think this Smith chap is an odd fellow. Why else would he refuse their offer of a screen test? But Jack Smith can still say no, because he prefers radio, thank you, and hosting to top radio and screen personalities like Jane Russell, Ginny Simms, Kitty Kallen, and Nellie Lutcher, above. Jack once was booked at Hollywood's Coconut Grove. He was sixteen then, and part of a singing group called "The Three Ambassadors." (CBS, Mon. thru Fri., 7:15 P.M.)

There, but for a grace
note goes a keen civil engineer;
In his current show any
would-be maestro
gets a chance to wield the baton
and show up Sammy Kaye.



Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan of the movies, no dwarfs, give Sammy Kaye, no giant, the elbow boost, after they and a couple of less famous contestants led the band.





Red Skelton doesn't look his gay self, baton in hand. Sammy occasionally gives celebrities a shot at directing, but most often non-celebrities.



A couple of characters emote into the mike, while Sammy prepares for the next Toscanini. He teaches plenty in a few minutes, he's still learning himself.

■ Besides contributing some of the most melodic music this side of Paradise, Sammy Kaye has also enriched the American vocabulary with two famous phrases—"Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye" (it's "sway," mind you, Sammy and the boys are not trying to make you swoon or go into conniptions) and "So You Want to Lead a Band." The latter is the name of the program that has done a lot to shatter the old superstition that all you need to lead a band is a baton, a good right arm, and plenty of brass. Sammy tried asking would-be maestros to step up to the podium in theatres, ballrooms, and hotels long before he decided that the idea had possibilities on the air. On the radio, it is instructive and diverting fare, providing hilarious antics and blue-ribbon entertainment. Sammy's band—one of the very few double-A outfits in the musical world—was famous long before the new program started. Its Victor recordings—of anything from Stephen Foster to Easter Parade—are always on the best-seller lists. And Sammy's own "Sunday Serenade Book of Poetry," a collection of the verse he reads over the air, has already found its way into more than 100,000 homes. It's odd to think that the man responsible for all this might very easily be civil engineering instead of orchestra leading, but that's what Sammy intended to do till well into his college career at Ohio U. An expert hurdler, quarterback, and

ballplayer, he gave all those things up in his Sophomore year to concentrate on engineering. To finance his way, he organized a band to play the proms and became so popular with the students that he was able to open the "Varsity Inn," a campus dine-and-dance place featuring his own music. After college (and after abandoning engineering), Sammy kept his Ohio U. boys together, and it was only the loud cries of the Draft Board that really broke the original combination up. Since the early days, Sammy's weathered years of one-night stands and sudden bus-rides until he hit the top. He's not a one-track fellow, either. One of his favorite jobs is the presidency of the Hospitalized Veterans Association, which provides television sets, phonographs, and radios to the ex-G.I.'s still confined to hospital beds. Sammy held a contest for the best slogan for the Association, asked listeners to send in a bit of money with their slogans (he wasn't able to demand that they contribute, because then the contest would have been a lottery and against Federal law), and raised no less than half a million dollars. A quiet, amiable person on and off the stage, Sammy has been honored by the establishment of "Swing and Sway" clubs, which sport their own handsome Sammy Kaye sweaters, in every large city of the land. Incidentally, he's one of the few amateur golf players in America who don't have to lie about their scores. Can be heard on Mondays, 9:30 P.M., ABC.

SO YOU WANT TO LEAD A BAND, cont.



When you try to lead the band, you're on your own, as this matronly conductress discovers; you also have to put up with the smiles, giggles, and guffaws of jealous auditors.



Doesn't look like the average bandleader, but she is the winner—a watch, a stove, an iron, and a radio, all for swinging and swaying at the proper moments.



The law steps in, but he finds out that directing traffic is one thing, and directing an orchestra another. This officer may not realize he's leading one of the few AA bands.



Famed restaurateur Toots Shor and big bistro-man Monte Proser, who gave the world New York's own Copacabana, await their turns at being maestro.



The winner and new champion! When interviewed, this lady said, triumph or no triumph, she still felt handier with a vacuum cleaner than with Kaye's celebrated baton.



Putting it conservatively, Sammy has taken a million bows since he started at Ohio U. If things had worked out differently, though, he'd be engineering today.



Picking contestants. Flanked by a couple of his henchmen, Sammy combs the audience for likely-looking band-leaders. When they come, he'll say, "The Band Is Yours."



This one gives it the Carnegie Hall touch. The dense crowd in the background is typical of the mobs Sammy's played to since he led a dance band at Ohio University.



When Sammy said, "The Band is Yours," this fourteen-year-old answered: "Swell. First thing I'll do is hire my brother. He's a terrific sax player and he's out of work."



This spirited leader seems to know the band he's leading is known for its rhythms and its melodies—anything from S. Foster to "Easter Parade" is up their alley.



On a recent date in Baltimore, Kaye seized the opportunity to visit his old friend, Joe DiMaggio, suffering a bad foot. Sam could give Joe a hard time on the golf links.

Rehearsal for NBC's "Supper Club," which stars Perry. He's a relaxed performer, often clowns with quartet of assisting singers, Helen Carroll and The Satisfiers.

Take a look at Perry Como—
the least conceited man in town. They
used to talk about his
quiet manners on Broadway. "Lovely
guy," they'd whisper, "but he spends all
his spare time at home!"



Boys will be boy sopranos, or: This is how opera died. Here Colonna's dulcet tones blend with Perry Como's.



Conference with pianist Jan August. Perry's a musician's musician, takes his singing seriously, works very hard to improve. He's completely untemperamental.



SHYEST GUY IN RADIO

■ Always, he and Roselle would be knocking around with the baby, and it'd almost break his heart. "It's no way to live," he'd say. "At four o'clock in the morning, a kid shouldn't be in a bus station, a kid should be in bed." And Roselle would have to quiet the baby, and soothe Perry all at once. "It's only for a while," she'd say, and sometimes that would stop him, and sometimes it wouldn't. Because it had been more than a while by then. For nine years, they'd been traveling with Ted Weems' band, and in the beginning it had been fun—just Perry and Roselle seeing the country, and what was a series of one-night stands when you were young and healthy? But after Ronnie was born, it wasn't gay any more. It was all wrong. And finally, the Comos went home to Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. "I'll open a barber shop," Perry said. The idea didn't bother him too much. Not that it wasn't nice to be a singer, just that if you couldn't, why cry? He'd had a barber shop when he was fifteen; he could have another now, and maybe they'd all live in a house with a yard where Ronnie could play in the sun. But they didn't take any definite steps right away. Just stayed with Perry's mother for a couple of months, getting used to



Picture of a nice guy. Perry's down to earth, hearth-loving, and he hasn't a bit of conceit. He collects pipes, likes windows wide open, rare steaks, New York, playing golf.

meals at regular hours again, relaxing a little, pushing the years of too much tension and not enough sleep into the backs of their minds. While they were taking it easy, the offer came. From a man named Tommy Rockwell, head of General Amusement Corporation. It was for \$60 a week, doing sustaining shows on CBS, in New York. The Comos came to town, got a tiny apartment in Queens, and that was the beginning. He got a job at the Copacabana. Broadway was startled. The guy was terrific but—and they whispered it—you know where he spends all his spare time? Home! He was figured for an odd character. And maybe he is. Because even now, when he's a big star—movies, radio—you name it, he's big on it—he's one of the most modest men alive. Talks about his background. The managers try to stop him. "What the heck's romantic about a barber?" Como doesn't care. He says if the singing business gets shot to smithereens, he can still give a nice shampoo, so he's not worrying. He's got a roomy house on Long Island now, and a wife who understands him and a kid who drags him to church to sing in the choir every Sunday. He couldn't wish for anything more. (NBC, Monday thru Friday, 7 P.M.)

THEY STRUCK IT RICH



Two hundred and twenty pounds of emcee Todd Russell, chatting with a *Strike It Rich* contestant. T. Russell feels like Santa Claus most of the time. He can't think of a better occupation than making people happy—with money.



An enthusiastic lover of modern jazz, Todd Russell has an extensive private record collection. Above he greets two contestants from Asheville, North Carolina. Couple finally left the program with \$510.

■ Along with ballerina skirts, stream-lined autos, and pressure cookers, Quiz Shows have also acquired the new look. CBS has taken into its fold a fast-moving, humorous program called *Strick It Rich*. Though, like the average show of this kind, the main object is to stump the contestant and then hand out money, this particular radio show has included a new ingredient—human interest. Its guests are chosen for their unusual, and often noble reasons for wanting the money; to buy a piece of furniture, put a youngster through college, travel to a different city. Last week, one contestant, a superintendent of schools, wrote in asking, "I'd like to fly to France. The community I live in, consisting of a large French population, wants to

adopt a French town for the winter. If I could actually visit some of these towns, I feel our own townfolk would be able to help a great deal." Though *Strike It Rich* has been on the air for one year, the idea was dreamed up sixteen years ago by its producer, Walt Framer, who's also had a hand in the production of similar programs like *Break The Bank*, *Ladies Be Seated* and *Let Yourself Go*. Walt and his jovial emcee, Todd Russell, put their heads together each week and select 20 questions out of 300 gathered for the show the week before. Sometimes they come up with a jingle like this:

"Don't let your lachrymal glands start going
When you see lactic fluid flowing."



Russell looks on while a program contestant gives away the money he won as a *Strike It Rich* guest. Another unselfish request: North African campaign veteran wished to help an elderly woman who'd assisted him in escaping the Nazis. He had never forgotten her.

Which in contestant language really means, "Don't cry over spilt milk." The six foot one Russell man has been with the show from its actual birth. In fact, Walt Framer admits that he first produced SIR with Todd Russell in mind. Maybe that's why Russell takes a personal interest in the program and its guests. "I love 'em," he chuckles. "Each person is so sincere and determined about what he wants. Of course, we get a lot of cranky correspondence, but we wheedle that out easily. We choose the people with the most human interest and invite them to the studio as our guests. It's great fun, and somehow I feel the radio and studio audience gets the same kicks out of all of this as we do here." (CBS, Sunday, 10:30 P.M.)

"The nicest humans alive are people"—so speak Todd Russell and Walt Framer, 2 "questionable" characters. They produce *Strike It Rich*, CBS's dramatic and heart-warming quiz show; 1 year old.



"Main thing we try to do," Framer and Russell explain, "is keep the contestants from feeling they're about to take a State Board examination." Russell poses with a guest.



Among Guy's extra-curricular interests is the Long Island Airway. Here, he watched sister Rosemarie and brother Carmen champagne a new airplane.



Next to bandleading, Guy's favorite sport is speedboating. Here he tinkers with his famous "Tempo VI," with which he has set 3 Gold Cup speed records.

GUY'S OTHER LIFE

Boats, airplanes, music

hold equal fascination for Lombardo.

Off the podium

he wins speedboating cups,

On the podium at the Hotel Roosevelt

He's been king since '29.



Considered the nation's best speedboat jockey, Lombardo is shown during his record-breaking mile run in Miami last March, when he moved 114.8 miles per hour, a record.

■ Unless you're stone-deaf or a bitter foe of sweet music, you know all about Guy Lombardo's activities as a band-leader, but you may never have heard that he is the undisputed king of American speedboat racing and the largest owner of a flourishing airline company. About twenty years ago, Guy bought his first boat, christened it, appropriately, Tempo. Since then, there have been five new Tempos (Tempo II, the saddest of the lot, exploded and sank), and just this spring, riding Tempo VI, Guy was clocked at 114.8 miles an hour, faster than the Gold Cup record and just a shade below



Lombardo looks pleased, as who wouldn't, after traveling over the surf at record speed. Guy has done more for speed racing in the U. S. than any other of its addicts.

the world's speed-boat record held by Gar Wood. Right now, Guy's craft is rigged up with a converted 1350-horsepower airplane engine, three times as powerful as any motor he's used to date. As for the airline, it has been ferrying Long Island business men from their homes to Manhattan since 1946, and is the first commuters' airline in the world. As for the band, it's probably the best-known in the world, has introduced more than 275 new songs, and has finally gone transcribed. In the winter, you'll find Guy at the Hotel Roosevelt, where he started a mere nineteen years ago, in 1929.



Lombardo was a judge in a recent model-boat contest sponsored by the Boys' Clubs of America. Here are the Club's director and a few participants.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR After twenty years as opera star, Hollywood discovered him on a Fred Allen broadcast and the Tristan of the Met became the older girls' Sinatra of the screen. What the showfolk think of the world's foremost tenor with the twinkling eyes and the bubbling humor, the Schnozzle demonstrates in the French manner. "Radio crooners," explained the Great Dane recently, "use vocal cords rather than diaphragm for tone. The microphone supplies the volume." The six foot four, 225 pounds of supreme artist gave a demonstration. The walls shook and the windows rattled. "You see," he said, "I have the microphone inside of me."



EZIO PINZA Metropolitan Opera's No. 1 idol is known to millions of radio fans who've never seen an opera. Ranked as the greatest singing actor of his generation, Pinza proves that great opera stars are born, not made. Son of a poor Roman carpenter, the *grand artista* has had no musical education and can barely read a note. Recently made father-daughter appearances at the Met with daughter Claudia, the first father-daughter operatic team since the Spanish Manuel and Malibran Garcia of one hundred years ago. The occasion of this photo was a memorable one for the Pinza family—when father and daughter were first reunited in New York.



TALENT SCOUTS



Arthur Godfrey, who emcees the Talent Scouts show, watches Richard Benedis, a recent winner, strum a tune on his guitar.

Are you burning with talent? Want to be a star? Then this is it—this is the show you've dreamed about. It's audition night deluxe when Arthur Godfrey takes the mike. And for you it may be more—it may be your shining hour!



This is how it looks almost every day up at the CBS audition studio. Inside, Bessie Mack takes over. Program was launched on July 2, 1946. Bessie's heard 750 hopefuls a week since then.

Arthur Godfrey



Godfrey got his own radio start on an amateur show in 1929. Now has 4 programs, a wife and 3 kids.

■ For twenty-three-and-a-half hours every week, a lady by the name of Bessie Mack sits in a control booth at CBS and makes believe she's at home listening to the radio. There's only one difference—she can't turn it off. Since 1946, she's auditioned more than 20,000 acts for Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts show, and she can still work up a smile when she groans, "This is a madhouse." Any kind of act you name, she's heard it. A fellow with a balloon comes up whenever he has enough wind, and tries to get music out of it. He's been trying to break into radio since the time of Major Bowes. All he ever breaks is the balloon. The way to get on the show is to find yourself a "talent scout"—a friend who believes you've got the greatest voice since Caruso. He recommends you. Right now there's a waiting list of 100,000, but Bessie's a fast worker, and it's worth waiting for. If you pass the audition you get a spot on the program. Then it's between you and the studio audience, because it's their applause that chooses the winner. Even if you don't win first prize

you get \$100 for appearing, and your scout reaps \$25. The winner and his scout, though, get \$100 each. Three paid guest engagements on another of Godfrey's shows follow, and sometimes—fame. One night in 1946, Vic Damone took hold of the Talent Scouts mike and made it swoon. Less than a year later, he became singing star of CBS' Saturday Night Serenade. Then there's 16-year-old Gloria Benson, former winner, now a soloist with Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra. There are lots of others. Some of their photos are on these pages. Maybe it sounds as if we're looking for a sponsor. It isn't so. Godfrey has all he needs. But once he was an amateur himself. He had a banjo and a singing style all his own, and in Baltimore in 1929, he got his break—won a contest and became a paid member of the radio station. Now he can buy one. All of which may be the reason he gets such a kick out of this high-tone amateur night he runs and his particular willingness to give beginners an even break. He recalls the old days. (Mondays, 8:30-9:00, CBS.)

cont. **TALENT SCOUTS**



Godfrey congratulates Kay Carole and dummy for winning top honors on his *Talent Scouts* show.



Originator of Donald Duck's voice, Joe Allen did his act for Godfrey, wowed studio audience.



Talented young singer Delores Martin, another Monday night winner, gets the lowdown on plans for her future.



Wilton Clarey won his role in the Broadway production of *Oklahoma* as a result of his appearance on *Talent* night.



Gloria Perkins lets Godfrey touch the violin strings which earned her most applause and a free ticket to fame.



Age doesn't count on the *Talent Scouts* program, but it's rare for a pianist young as Roger Barnet to steal the show.



Arthur Godfrey gets a musical lesson from Jean Bartel. Bess Myerson (left) Miss America of 1946, was talent scout for her. Famous alumnus of show is Vic Damone, now singing star on CBS' *Saturday Night Serenade*.

■ He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth so big it almost choked him. The family owned Angostura Bitters, and little Frank Wupperman didn't exactly have to struggle along. He had his small defeats, of course. There was the Easter Sunday morning at New York's St. Thomas Church—he was the boy soprano, and the place was full of worshippers, and in the middle of an A below high C, he failed them all. His voice cracked so violently there was almost a magnificence about it. But Frank didn't see it that way. He came home and announced to his mother that he was retiring from the world. She had a better idea. "Retire from the choir." Between them, they worked up a suitable compromise, and Frank was restored to his faith in life. When he was old enough, he was sent off to Cornell University, where he stayed two years. At the end of the two years, he realized Cornell had very little to say to him, and he, even less to it, so he left. Unfortunately, he found himself selling brushes, and this made even college seem fascinating by comparison. So he went to Las Vegas to be a cowpuncher. Neither he nor the cattle could stand it, and he worked himself back to New York. In New York, his brother Ralph was busy acting. His brother Ralph had started out to be a respectable Wupperman; he'd gone to Columbia Law School, in fact, and then one night he'd met Nazimova, and it was all over between him and the bar of justice. His family got mad, threw him out, and he went to live in a rooming house in the Forties. Ralph was calling himself Morgan, by then. "Wupperman's not for an actor," he said. Frank had always admired his brother pretty much, but he now looked upon him with new eyes. *He* changed *his* name to Morgan and became an actor too. He's been at it since 1914, and in that year he also married an actress named Alma Muller to whom he's stayed married ever since. Claudia Morgan, the radio actress, is their daughter. Frank's done dramatic and comedy parts with equal ease; he's worked in movies and radio with equal grace. He has a ranch he loves, a yacht he loves almost as much, and he's a happy man. (CBS, Fri., 9 P.M.)

Making big stories out of little ones—that's what Frank Morgan specializes in on his Friday night CBS shows. He's been a radio celebrity since 1938, an actor since 1914.



THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

Don Ameche and Frances Langford co-star with Frank every Friday. They (Don and Frances) play a married couple (appropriately labeled The Bickersons) who battle back and forth.



The wildest stories since
Baron Munchausen's belong to Frank
("I am not a liar!") Morgan.
He's a man who has a lot of fun.
Besides fun, he has a
swimming pool, a yacht, and a ranch
"which I can flee to
when Hollywood finds me out."



Miss Langford takes over for a song. Frances is one of the most popular singers in America—remember the trips she made with Bob Hope to entertain U. S. soldiers?



"I did so see a pink elephant on Hollywood Boulevard," Morgan is insisting, but Ameche doesn't believe him at all, and Frances is caught in the middle begging for quiet.



CBS' Danny Thomas looks bashful as Mrs. Ben Gage (Esther Williams) pats him, and her announcer husband chuckles.



MEET DANNY THOMAS

"We're livin' too fast, I tell ya!"—that's Danny Thomas wailing over the pace of modern life. As for him, he's content to sit playing a Syrian woodwind, inhaling and exhaling at once!

■ "I invented the hatpin," Danny Thomas says. "But the girls looked silly with holes in their heads, so I invented the hat. Ah, we're livin' too fast." It's Thomas in a gentle mood. Sometimes he's louder, and more lunatic. Sometimes he puts on a cowboy hat and screws up his face and looks like Robert Mitchum; sometimes he puts on a Homburg hat and screws up his face and looks simply horrible. There's nothing he can't do. He even sings rather like the Crosby of twenty years ago (not as good, but he should worry, he has more hair than Crosby). Above all, he's funny. He makes the people laugh. He was born Amos Jacobs, a Syrian Roman Catholic, in Deerfield, Michigan; he has eight brothers, and nobody in his family is more impressed with the recent public reception of Danny Thomas than Danny Thomas. Because fifteen years ago, he was working in nightclubs in Detroit for two bucks a night. When he'd hoisted himself up to fifty a week, in 1934, he figured he had the world

by the ear, and informed his girl friend, Rosemarie, that they were getting married. "But I'm only seventeen," she said. "Oh that's okay," said Danny. "I'm just twenty myself." (Rosemarie married him, and she hasn't regretted it. They have two children: Margaret's 11, Teresa's 7.) Anyhow, Danny was still getting \$50 a week when he started at the *5100 Club* in Chicago in 1940, but Chicago was the turning point. He stayed at the *5100* till '43, and by then he was pulling down \$500 every Saturday night, and he was on his way. Since '43, Danny's done USO tours, made himself a name in New York, been in two movies ("The Unfinished Dance" and "The Big City," both MGM) and got a radio show which is called simply and lovingly, "The Danny Thomas Show." In addition to all this, he claims he plays a mizwiz. This is an obscure Syrian woodwind, and to play it, you have to inhale and exhale at the same time. I'm sure it can't be done, and I'm sure Danny can do it. (CBS, Friday, 8:30 P.M.)

CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER IS

■ "For heaven's sake, put down that camera. You're beginning to take your role too seriously!" That was the shout of *Crime Photographer's* cast when they first saw Staats "Casey" Cotsworth pointing a camera at them. But the fellow who plays at being both sleuth and flashbulb artist on the air had the proverbial last laugh. He shot a picture at rehearsal, and a darned good one, too. Before long everyone realized that "Casey" Cotsworth *was* taking his role seriously, but with very happy results. As for Staats, he couldn't help turning cameraman. Shortly after assuming the role of Casey, he began to receive tips on camera technique from amateurs and professionals alike. Now if a guy has any curiosity, he just can't let good tips go to waste without seeing if they work. So off he went to the nearest camera store, and out he came with the neatest little Speed graphic you ever did see. His wife, radio actress Muriel Kirkland, didn't know whether to take his new hobby seriously. But before she could speculate on the matter, the ex-seaman, bus driver and painter became a lensman with a vengeance. He arranged to hold rehearsals at Photo Shows. The entire cast became just a little picture happy. They took excursions to all sorts of galleries. These trips were fun, but the cagey Casey had another purpose. He wanted to help amateur shutter-snappers as much as their tips had helped him. Would-be-Caseys were allowed to shoot to their heart's content while the *Crime Photographer* gang solved its way through mysteries galore. After rehearsals, Staats swapped camera hints and stared longingly at prize-winning exhibits. The entire cast is riding on the tide of the Cotsworth enthusiasm, but he's the one who's getting the biggest kick out of it all. He has a professionally equipped dark room and a personal photo file that would take hours to flip through. If you ask Staats what he really enjoys most about his hobby, he'll tell you it's his new found understanding of Casey. Now when the *Crime Photographer* talks shop, his portrayer knows what he's talking about. One thing worries Staats. He hasn't as yet mastered Casey's knack of solving crimes. But that should be no great problem for the Staats man, who has merely to concentrate for a few moments. We say—give him time, give him time! (CBS, Thursday, 9:30 P.M.)



Staats had lean years as a painter. Then he haunted the art museums. Now the Photo Exhibits fascinate him most.



Professor Casey instructs high-school students on how to click. Jan Miner, who portrays Ann Williams, stands by.

REAL CAMERA MAN

Casey is quite a camera man but he'd better watch out.

He's got a strong rival in the person of one Staats Cotsworth who is Casey's other self and a photographer too.

Here is the story of the flashbulb success of a star and his hobby.



The airwaves first carried the adventures of Casey and Ann Williams in 1943 as *Flash-Gun Casey*. Since then it's flourished on a steady diet of crimes.



The broadcast becomes a free-for-all for photo fans especially when it takes place at a photo exhibit.



No, it isn't the Pied Piper of Hamelin; it's former book illustrator, Cotsworth, illustrating cameras to kiddies.

STUDIO SNAPS

HERE'S A CAMERA'S-EYE
VIEW OF FAMOUS STARS
CAUGHT IN THE ACT!



"Anything I can sing, you can sing better. . . ." Jack Carson mutters about his new singing find, Ilene Woods. (NBC, Thurs., 9:30 P.M.)



A tense moment in radio's 12-year-old serial, *David Harum*. Cameron Prud'homme (David) is vet. writer and producer. (CBS, Mon.-Fri., 10:45 A.M.)



Between songs on the Jack Smith show, Julie Conway shows Jack how she puts some zing into a commercial. (CBS, Mon.-Fri., 7:15 P.M.)



With the *Lorenzo Jones* show since its origin, Karl Swenson displays his four offsprings; David, Steven, Peter and John. (NBC, Mon.-Fri., 4:30 P.M.)



Paul Lavalle (*Highways In Melody*), national musical consultant to the Boys Club of America, runs over a score. (NBC, Fridays, 8 P.M.)



Jazzmen, Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington pool their talents for a transcription for Duke's disc-jock show. (Daily, 9-10 A.M., 12-1 P.M.)



Portrait of a radio family. The Great Gildersleeve (Harold Peary) poses with actors Louise Erickson and Walter Tetley. (NBC, Wed., 8:30 P.M.)



"I'm no dope. If I see a chair, I sit. And I always take the last slice of cake." That's ol' Henry Morgan. (ABC, Thurs., 7:30 P.M.)



Toni Darnay, star of *The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters*, visits her acrobat sisters while circus is in town. (CBS, Mon.-Fri., 10:30 A.M.)



Master Charles Laughton makes one of his rare guest-star appearances on radio, William Spier's, *Suspense*. (CBS, Sat., 8 P.M.)



Groucho Marx is one actor who grew into his makeup. No one recognized him without it, so he grew a moustache to please his fans. (ABC, Mon., 8 P.M.)

cont.
STUDIO
SNAPS



Mickey Rooney feels gay these days. And all because he's starring in his own new radio program, *Shorty Bell*. (CBS, Sundays, 9:30 P.M.)



That Wynn boy with the woe-me expression is really Keenan. Put himself there too. He appeared on recent *Suspense* show. (CBS, Sat., 8 P.M.)



Jack Armstrong is really home from the wars now. The All-American Boy, Charles Flynn, spent 18 months in the Navy. (ABC, Mon.-Fri., 5:30 P.M.)



Coast Guard show, *This Is Adventure*, acquired Pat O'Brien as guest, shown with Raymond T. McElligott, Edwin C. Hill. (ABC, Wed., 10 P.M.)



Herbert Marshall, that *Man Called X*, discusses scripts with his radio nemesis, Pegon Zellschmidt (Leon Belasco). (CBS, Sundays, 8:30 P.M.)

Gene Autry



GENE AUTRY REMAINS KING OF THE RADIO COWBOYS WITHOUT THE HELP OF CHAMPION, JR. (CBS, SUNDAY, 7 P. M.)

RADIO ALBUM



Jo Stafford

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