

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES COVERING THE TOP SHOWS AND HEADLINERS

# RADIO ALBUM

A DELL MAGAZINE  
DELL  
FALL

*Now 15¢*

*Magazine*

*Arthur Godfrey*

**TV TODAY**

Video's new stars on parade





**MARIE WILSON** has been playing the same wide-eyed, scatterbrained goof since 1936 when those original three men climbed on a horse. It looked like she was getting type-cast. She was. As a matter of fact, she was so well type-cast they threw a plot around the character and made it one of the most popular personalities in radio. *My Friend Irma* rang the bell on the Hooper check-up so often last season, it was bound to send a large group of Hollywoodmen scurrying madly into their conference rooms wondering whether they had taken *this dumb blonde* too lightly. And so it came to pass that Marie Wilson parlayed *Friend Irma* from CBS into the celluloids. You'll be seeing Hal Wallis' movie version of this fast-moving radio show very soon, with boyfriend Al, roommate Jane, Professor Kropotkin and Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house all transported intact to the screen. Thrown in for good measure, and good measure it is, are those other radio jesters, Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin.



# RADIO ALBUM

magazine

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courtesy of Newsweek Magazine

Program listings are  
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Top level comedy is born of strictly serious debate. Above: The Jack Benny script conference. Remarks: okay for broadcast.





*Fibber Mc Gee & Mally*

1935



15 year lease at

# wistful vista

■ When Molly heard the door squeak, she knew what was going to happen. She waited. The crash was louder than usual. But the silence that followed was longer than usual, and that was most disturbing. It sent Molly out of the kitchen to find her husband. He was lying in his customary place on the floor. She couldn't see him, but she knew he was there. Everything he'd carefully stored in the hall closet was on top of him. The pile of paraphernalia moved. "Some day I've got to get around to fixing that closet," said Fibber McGee earnestly. It's getting so he says it more earnestly every year. But deep down inside their sense of comedy, Fibber McGee and Molly know that if he ever does get around to fixing anything, some 20,000,000 listeners will be mortified. And life at 79 Wistful Vista might never be the same. When the McGees first moved to Wistful Vista in 1935, they weren't quite sure just how life would be, or how long they'd stay. But as programs passed, their Hooper rating soared. Now it's so high, Mr. Johnson's Wax nearly breaks his neck looking up at it. With their sponsor in this position, the Jim Jordans, as Fibber McGee and Molly, could well afford to have their 15th anniversary cake this year and eat it, too. And when the last piece of icing was gone, they could retire to their Encino ranch until broadcast time. Here, they live quietly—a feat which is possible because Marian keeps the closets locked. Despite her precautions, however, accidents do happen. Take the time Jim decided to clean the inside of the car with the vacuum cleaner instead of the whisk broom and Mac, their red setter had chosen that very day to catch forty winks in the rear seat. It took Jim several hours to get Mac's red hair out of the cleaner. And to make matters worse, the indignant Mac wouldn't speak to him for days. "Blamed *me*," said Jim, amazed. "Like the time Marian caught her hand in the washing machine." If incidents like this seem to show Jim's resemblance to Fibber, it's only because they're so much alike. And through it all, Marian, same as Molly, can always be found standing by—with loyal heart and cryptic remark. This has been a habit since their wedding in Peoria, Illinois, in 1918, when Marian—standing very near by—was heard to remark, "I do." After their marriage, the Jordans' venture into radio was inevitable. This was because they liked to eat and, for Jim, money didn't grow on anything but microphones. He'd tried being a machinist's helper only to find he wasn't cut out for it. Then he had a fling at carpentry. That career was cut short the day he fell from an attic through the living room ceiling. For a fleeting moment he thought things couldn't be worse. Things were awful. He landed on his boss. Next he attacked a job selling vacuum cleaners. He met some charming people and cleaned dozens of rugs. Finally, after a tiring demonstration, he carted his wares back to the company and announced he was entering the insurance business. Between policies, he and Marian entertained at Peoria's civic affairs. And when a local booking agent mentioned that

more →



1936: For gag photos, Jim and Marian donned baby bonnets to celebrate their first year as Fibber McGee and Molly.



1937: Fibber's closet became a hit in show's early years. Listeners wanted to see the contents—so the McGees obliged.



1939: Marian (above with Jim, Jr.) enroute to Hollywood to resume role as Molly. Illness kept her away almost 2 yrs.



1940: The McGees, who once played all roles, celebrate their 5th anniversary with their cast.

After fifteen years,  
Jim and Marian Jordan  
have something better than  
their top Hooperating—  
a grubstake in 20,000,000  
American hearts





1941: RKO Studios lured Fibber and Molly to Hollywood and starred them in *Look Who's Laughing* (above), *Heavenly Days*, and *Here We Go Again*. It took Molly quite a while to convince Fibber that he wasn't another Barrymore.



1941: Fibber and Molly represented the Wistful Vista Fire Department in Hollywood's famed Santa Claus Lane Parade. Jim also appeared for the real Encino Chamber of Commerce.



1943: Beginning their eighth year on the air, Jim and Marian, and writer Don Quinn hauled out the scrapbooks to reminisce. Don, who scripted their first show for Johnson's Wax, is also the fellow who invented Fibber and Molly in 1934.



1945: Though the Jordans live in Encino, they receive hundreds of letters addressed to 79 Wistful Vista. Their home, modernized last year, was formerly a clapboard bungalow.

**wistful vista is  
home to the  
most fabulous array of  
characters in radio**



1948: St. Joseph's College gave the Jordans honorary Doctor of Laws degrees for good taste in entertainment. College Pres. Rev. Lucks, and the dean, Rev. Pax made the awards.





1942: The Jordans entertained at many army camps as possible during the war. Since visits were limited because of Marian's health, they concentrated mainly on special broadcasts.



1946: When the Seattle Ballard Elks Lodge gave the McGees a 500-pound stuffed elk, Fibber vowed he'd take care of it. He receives numerous gifts—everything from soup to suspenders.



1948: Jim and Marian went in for straight dramatics as guests on *Suspense*. "I know my way around on mystery programs; bub," Jim cracked. "I even brought my own private eye."

continued from page 5

the act showed promise, the Jordans sold their car, mortgaged their house, borrowed five hundred dollars from their Aunt Kate and went on the road—never guessing vaudeville was on its last stages. Rigor-mortis set in when they got to Lincoln, Illinois. They had to wire home for carfare. So all this and hunger, too, had made their radio career inevitable. It was also accidental. One evening when the Jordans were visiting Jim's brother in Chicago, the family gathered round to listen to a harmony team over station WIBO. "We could do better than that," Jim announced modestly. His brother brought out a ten dollar bill. "This says you can't," he dared. Marian glanced briefly at the bill and pushed Jim out the door. Twenty minutes later, the Jordans confronted the station's program director. "We'd like to sing for you," they announced. The man gave them a cold stare. "For free," Jim added. The afterthought was pure magic. The program director led them to a microphone. "Go ahead and sing," he said. They did. Next day, they had a sponsor. At first they plugged candy bars for ten dollars, a week and all the sweets they could eat. Then gradually business became more profitable. But their increased and magnificent income of twenty dollars a week didn't change the Jordans. They were still down-to-earth. When S. C. Johnson & Sons, Inc. moved into their lives as sponsor in 1935, Jim and Marian became Fibber and Molly and began their trek to the top of Mr. Hooper's poll. They made movies, too. Fibber was his own severest critic. "My acting is only terrific," he raved. "They're begging me to test for Whom in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*." There was just one trouble with all that fame. Headwaiters could never recognize them as radio and film stars. Jim and Marian aren't too broken up about this because they're homefolks. That's their chief charm. The McGees—pardon, Jordans—are like next door neighbors to their fans. And a few million listeners would like to move in with them. One man did. He was a painter who came to do a couple of days work. He kept finding jobs for himself. After he'd been there a few months, Jim included another room in the guest house for him. The rest of the McGees' public has to be content to visit Wistful Vista once a week. But they still get in on the fun. After all, both places have closets. Those gadget-infested closets have become American institutions. But then, so have Fibber and Molly.



1949





The Great Gildersleeve gets ready to broadcast. Behind him, his friends, neighbors and relatives await their cues.

From left to right:

1. Peavey the druggist (played by Richard LeGrand).
2. Birdie, Gildy's maid (Lillian Randolph).
3. Judge Hooker (Earle Ross).
4. Cast extra, 5. Nephew Leroy (Walter Tetley),
6. Niece Marjorie (Marylee Robb), 7. extra,
8. Floyd the barber (Arthur Q. Bryan), 9. extra.

# big time for gildersleeve

## The big noise from Wistful Vista left Fibber for a show of his own

■ You can't help liking the guy for all his spluttering ways. Gildy may have a knack for making himself ridiculous with his amorous yearnings and well-developed aversion to work. But no matter how clumsily the plump one bumbles about, you always know that his heart is in the right place. Furthermore—and everyone in Summerfield knows this—for all the trials they put him through, Gildy is doing a fine job of raising his brat of a nephew, Leroy, and his niece, Marjorie. And then there's the man's laugh—that contagious boom which simply overflows with rare good humor. Who can help loving a guy who laughs like that? Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve—otherwise known as *The Great Gildersleeve*—has been winning fast friends ever since Hal Peary unveiled him on one of the first Fibber McGee and Molly shows back in 1935. In those days Gildersleeve was the rich next-door neighbor of lazy little Fibber out in Wistful Vista. Gildy and McGee would get involved in fierce arguments, with tempers boiling higher and higher. Then suddenly, Gildy's soft heart would be touched. "Little chum," he'd exclaim in that deep mountain of a voice, and the listening audience would roar with delight. Since 1941, when he took Gildersleeve over to a full half-hour program of his own on NBC, big Hal has been strictly big-time. Besides the pleasant popularity of the radio program, Hal has made several successful movies in which he played Summerfield's favorite son. They were not, by any means, the first movies that Hal had been in. Back in the twenties, a slimmer Peary acted in several silent films, which failed, however, to establish him among movieland's mighty. It was at this period that Hal found himself out of work and with a thin dime to his name. He took to selling newspapers to pick up a few bucks, and then went to Japan with a musical show. When he came back, he worked in tent shows, road shows, burlesque units, and, finally, landed a radio spot in San Francisco. Peary, whose once-admired boy soprano had developed into a hot baritone, was billed as "The Spanish Serenader." It was with few regrets that he went on to NBC in Chicago, where his gift for dialect kept him busy in dramatic spots, and where he joined the new Fibber McGee and Molly show and hit the jackpot. Compared to his present trials and tribulations, Gildy's life was pretty simple then. Now he's got his teen-age niece and nephew to contend with, and, as played by Walter Tetley, clever little Leroy is as devilish a brat as you could find. In addition, there's Summerfield's Judge Hooker, who'd like to marry his maiden sister off to our Throckmorton, and who's been carrying on a running feud with him for years. Birdie, Gildy's maid, is apt to make things tough for him at times, and he's had his share of love trouble what with his tender sighing after the Southern widow Ransome and then her sweet-talking cousin Adeline Fairchild. In real life, Gildy's alter-ego Hal Peary has found *The Great Gildersleeve* extremely lucky romantic-wise. A few years ago, Hal married Gloria Holliday, who played a small part in the show. They have a little boy named Page, and are blissfully settled in the Los Feiz district of Los Angeles.



Peary revels in his Spanish-style home.

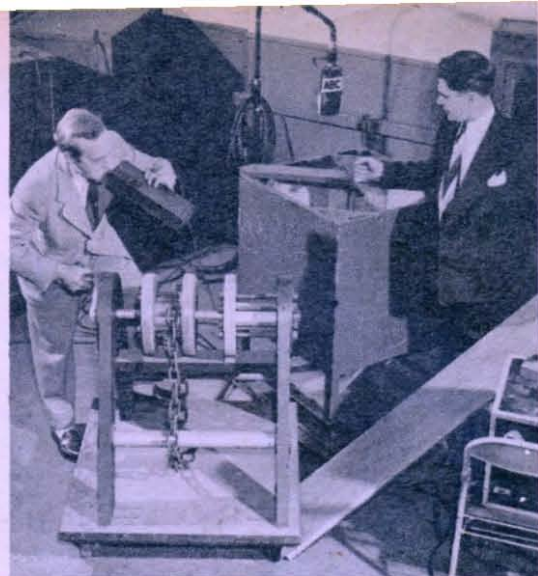
Young Page Peary relaxes in the back seat as his proud parents get set for a spin. Hal and Gloria met through *The Great Gildersleeve*. She had a small part in the show.







Keeping up with the headlines, *Counter-Spy* reports on the government's fight against foreign agents, drug smugglers and other racketeers. Lord (left) emphasizes authenticity in rehearsal with director, Don MacLaughlin (2nd from right) and cast.



The action calls for docking a ship in *Gangbusters*, another Lord drama. Sound effects men drop anchor and gangplank, blow whistle and crank water paddle.

# meet the dynamo behind eighteen hit shows

■ Some 300 star boarders of the state penitentiaries would like to tell Phillips H. Lord what they think of his *Gangbusters*. The program that gives out real wanted-by-police bulletins with each week's show has alerted millions of listeners to watch for crooks on the lam. So it's thanks to this Lord fellow, who first dreamed up the idea, that 300 public enemies are now in the clink. A hound for realism, and one of the most prolific programmers on the air—Lord has produced 18 hit shows!—he's been busy most of his 23 years in radio proving that truth can be more sizzling than fiction. His *We, the People*, *Mr. District Attorney* (a radio version of the young Thomas Dewey,) *Commandos*, *Treasury Agent*, *Sky Blazers*, *Thrill Series*, *Policewoman* and *David Harding*, and *Counter-Spy* have carried out Lord's idea of how entertaining real facts are. Now he's startling TV with an unvarnished portrait of the seamy life in a night court. It's called *The Black Robe*, after that somber garment worn by the judge. For this show, Lord digs up his casts in strange, unlikely places. They come from the Bowery, the flop houses, the penny arcades, the front stoops of the East side—wherever Lord's roving scouts spot interesting types. No scripts are written for *The Black Robe*. The "actors" talk in their own homely accents—the language of the streets. Lord, a forceful, dominating character who knows what he wants, works on each recruit until he wrings from rank amateurs the most uncomfortably realistic performances ever seen in video drama. His cameras are equally uncompromising. As the *Robe's* defendants take the witness stand, all the wrinkles and crows' feet, broken noses and knife scars show up large as life on the television screen. Such stark, lower-depths realism is why Lord is hailed today as Video's first documentarist. Hard to remember that when he started in radio (back in 1926) he was that pious, kindly, hymn-singing Maine farmer, *Seth Parker*. Only 24 at the time, Lord played the graybeard with such overwhelming conviction that this was a top air show for eight years. *Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's* was the first and only program in radio to set aside a half-minute of silence for prayer. And when Lord cruised out to the South Seas in the schooner *Seth Parker*, the nation followed the voyage week by week via short wave. That was another radio first: first time a sponsored show was broadcast from foreign ports. But Lord's quest for documentary truth this time swung him into a more dramatic situation than he'd bargained for. Caught in a tidal hurricane, it took a British warship (and with no less than the Duke of Gloucester aboard!) to rescue the *Seth Parker*. The hymn-singing Maine farmer was left behind in the 30's by Lord's more suspenseful shows; but the man who created them is still a Down Easterner himself. With his wife and three daughters he lives on his own island in Maine—when he can sneak off from the studios.

Television audiences get realism in large chunks with Lord's new show, *The Black Robe*. The judge is actor Frank Thomas, but the defendants of this night court are average men and women who've never seen a camera or microphone before. Coached by Lord, they create their own dialogue, give performances more lifelike than professionals could do. The stories they enact are taken from actual court cases, the tragic and comic stuff of everyday lives. The case before the judge in this scene was brought by Gertrude Popkin, complainant, against Moses Bumpes, defendant. Moses, she said, vigorously demanding his arrest, had molested her in the hallway of her house. It looked bad for Moses until the judge's questions revealed that Gertrude had in fact lured him into the hallway to make another boyfriend jealous. Verdict: Gertrude had to pay a \$5 fine for attempting to use the courts in promoting her mixed-up love affair.



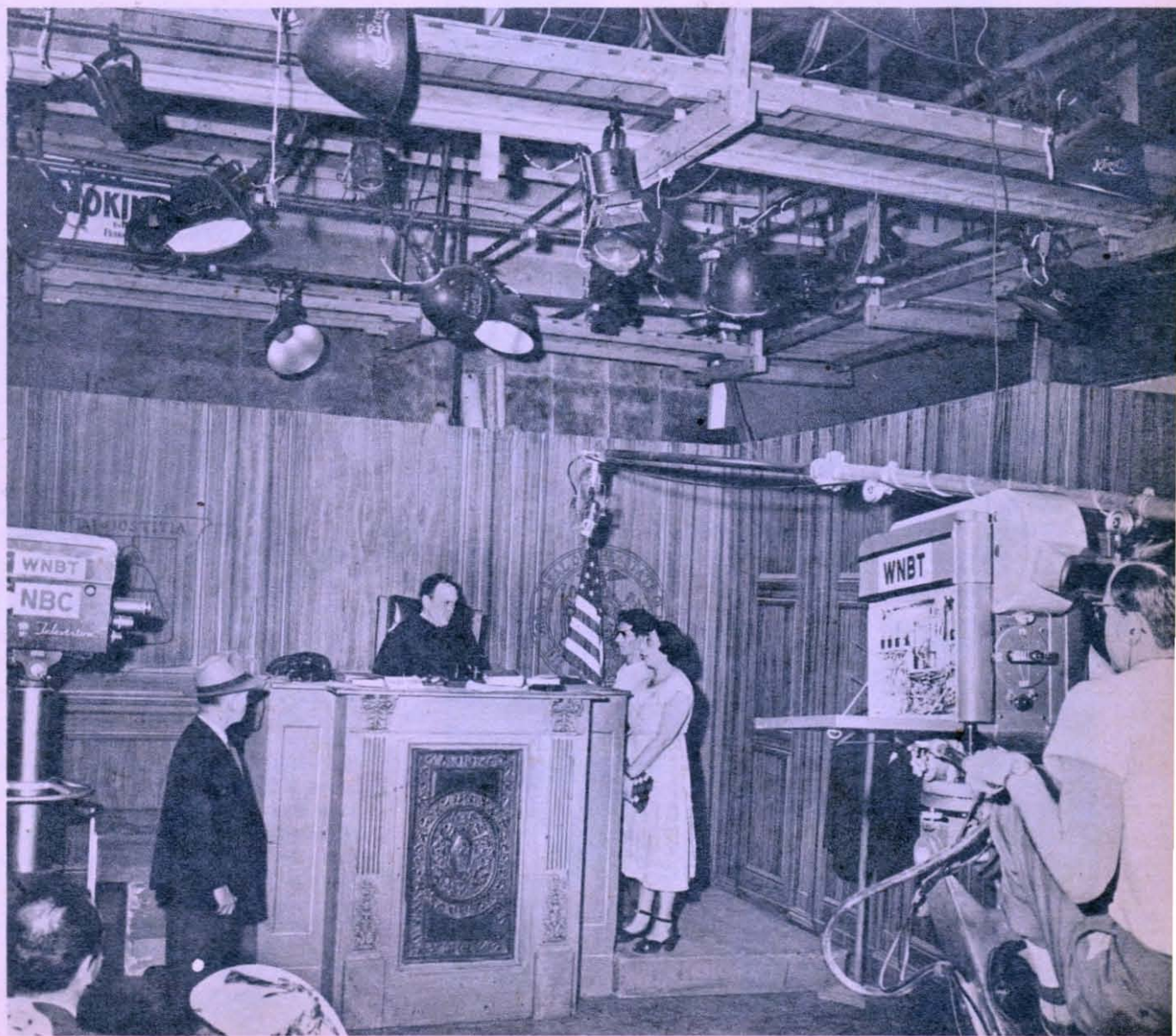


First of all audience participation shows, since 1936. *We, The People* has been bringing ordinary folk to the mike to speak for themselves.



With spectacles and property beard, Lord played *Country Doctor* 15 years ago. Like *Seth Parker* he was a kindly New Englander with a warm heart for his neighbors.

**RADIO  
ALBUM  
REPORTS,  
NO. 6**





# it's a great day from



Doris Day's mother keeps house for her in the San Fernando Valley, but Doris pitches in with the wash. Doris dreams of owning a Cal. ranch swarming with dogs, horses, chickens and ducks; she's already started breeding her own turkey



Terry, who's 7 and a N. Hollywood schoolboy, is impressed with his mother's athletic prowess. His only complaint is that she's never starred in a Roy Rogers film. Her appearance on Bob Hope's shows (below) leave Terry cold



■ Bob Hope isn't good enough for Terry Jorden. Terry's only seven, but he knows what he wants. He wants his mother to star with Roy Rogers. "You can do it, Mom!" he tells her. "Gosh," he continues, "it would make you famous!" Mama doesn't tell him she's as famous as Milwaukee. It might break up their friendship; he might stop giving her advice whenever he feels she needs it. Sometimes when they're playing catch or just sitting around on the lawn, he turns to her and says, "Dodo, why don't you get married?" "You want a stepfather?" she asks. "Sure," he grins. "We'll have a real gang for a family." So she's thinking about a man again, but she's thinking carefully. When she was 18 she was swept off her feet by Al Jorden, and swept off the stage into an apron and a small house in Cincinnati. It was a shock to discover, after the baby and the supper dishes were tucked away, that all she and Al could talk about was a divorce. In 1943, it became final. Doris went back to singing all night, sleeping all day and building a career. Suddenly, love hit her again like a midwest tornado. Only it was in New York at Christmas. She was a kid far away from home, wanting one of her own . . . George Weidler, she'll tell you even now, was a wonderful guy. She didn't get to see him much, though. He was in a band and she spent her time checking in and out of hotels and trailer camps while he was off blowing his horn. That sort of life couldn't last. After they separated, Doris came to New York to sing at the Little Club. California and a radio show of her own came next. That's when Bob Hope's manager saw her and got excited. Hope calmed him down. "Doris Day?" Hope said. "Who ever heard of Doris Day?" One afternoon Hope wandered into a movie theater where they were showing *Romance on the High Seas*, and he kicked himself all the way home. Doris has been on his broadcasts ever since. Ever since, she's been getting \$2,000 every Saturday night. Her life is almost all she's ever dreamed it could be. She has a house with a white fence in front and turkeys in the back. She has two puppies who growl at the French provincial furniture, but keep their distance. She has Terry. Terry doesn't ask for much. He wants a pony and he wants to know what happened to all the Indians he expected to meet out west. She has everything she could possibly want—except this guy who'll turn the family into a gang. "It won't be love at first sight," Doris says, "it'll be a beautiful friendship, strong and solid. He'll be someone I can turn to once in a while and just say, 'What do you think, honey?'"

# morn till night



Terry's the man in the family  
and he has no complaints—  
only he'd like a guy  
to take care of his girl . . .



# evening stars

As dusk settles over the hills, the sounds of muted trumpets dispel the hush of evening—the air is filled with the harmony of radio's top singing talent and radio's newest musical sensation: the supper clubs. Biggest name to join the array of evening stars is Frank Sinatra, following the lead of Bob Crosby, Jack Smith and the ladies, whose five-a-weeks are ever-growing in popularity.



Frank Sinatra

Dick Haymes  
and  
Martha Tilton



The Andrews Sisters

Jo Stafford

Peggy Lee

Perry Como

Bob Crosby and Margaret Whiting

Evelyn  
Knight

Jack Smith and Dinah Shore





Fred Stein and Mrs. Carhart met on the program and there they battle furiously. Off the air it's another story . . .

Don't say that everyone *must* grow old,  
or that romance *must* die—  
these octogenarians prove that

# life begins at eighty

■ Some disenchanting Saturday evening when you're down in the dumps, twist the dial to Mutual at 9 o'clock. Guaranteed to get you out of that blue funk is Jack Barry's panel on *Life Begins at 80*. This crew, old enough to be your great, great grandparents are carrying on some of the funniest feuds on the air. No subject is taboo—except their age. The romantic gent pictured on these pages, name of Fred Stein, is strangely silent about having reached 81. And Mrs. Georgiana Carhart, the object of his affections, will confess to being 84 only before a notary public. But on every other opinion or conjecture all five members of the show will gleefully tear each other apart in their effort to help you solve your problems and tell you how to stay young. Star feuders are crackle-voiced Mr. Stein and a kindly youngster of 83 named Joseph Rosenthal. Rosenthal who is in favor of streamlining everything from courtship to cooking berates, "Mr. Stein's ideas are very old fashioned. Sometimes I can't believe he's only 81. His outlook is decidedly older than that." "Is that so," says Stein, letting him have it, "I want to tell you that I



A real estate man and farmer, Stein had settled down to a graceful old age. But came the program—life is fame, fan mail and Mrs. Carhart. When a man brings flowers he has intentions.



No feuding here. Georgiana, who has a reputation for being a great wit, makes the toast. She drinks chianti, but remembers her beauty course (started when she met Stein) permits only salads.



have no patience with these young girls who dash around to a delicatessen, open a few cans and think they've prepared a meal. Give me women like my mother who cooked all day and when she got a meal ready it was a *meal!*" "Naturally," Rosenthal grunts. . . . "Do you mean that women should stand over a hot stove all day when contraptions have been invented that cut the time 50 percent?" "And why not?" asks Stein, not wanting an answer. "Keeps them home where they belong—and out of trouble." Trying not to gnash his molars Rosenthal turns for sympathy to Mrs. Eugenia Woillard, the common sense member of the panel. "I'll modernize him yet," he promises. At this point emcee Jack Berry takes over and gives guesting Captain Ed Lane the mike. The Captain—who is a mere 82—gets all four to agree that spanking is old fashioned, that there should be an end to gangster movies, and that Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauty Comedies should be revived. On his own the Captain declares, "let's eliminate the new look so we can get a good look at beautiful women again." There's life in the old boy yet!—How about you?



Fred, whose thrown audiences into near hysterics with his saving spiels, likes early dates too—the movies are cheaper. A widower for 20 years, says it isn't true that two can live cheaper than one.



Mrs. Carhart was a singer and actress in her day. A widow for 30 yrs., off stage for 40, she now stars again as glamor girl of the show. "Dating afternoons only keeps me young," she says.

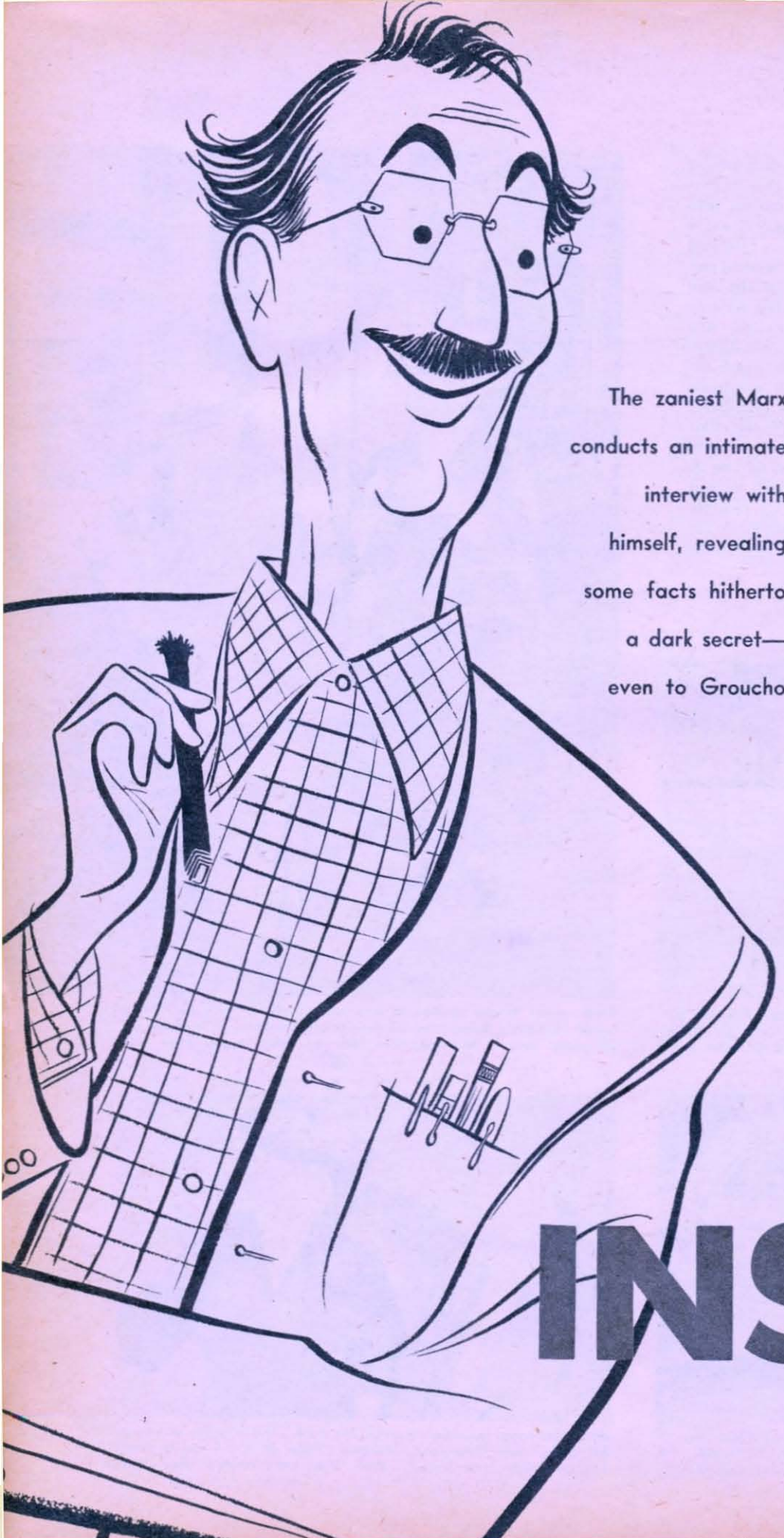


Georgiana was too tired to walk and Fred can take a hint (though it's tough where it involves money) so they taxied home. "A lady should turn away when the bill is being paid," says Mrs. C.



And a lady says goodnight *outside* her door. "This is as far as you go Mr. Stein," says Georgiana Carhart. "After all a girl has to watch her reputation, you know." Well, tomorrow's another day, Fred.





The zaniest Marx  
conducts an intimate  
interview with  
himself, revealing  
some facts hitherto  
a dark secret—  
even to Groucho

**T**HERE is more to Groucho Marx than meets the eye. For years I've been known to the public as a moustache with an attached cigar. Actually Groucho Marx (the Errol Flynn of 1920) is an intellectual. I have my serious side, even if it only shows up on X-rays. I am on familiar terms with Culture and Art (Hi-ya, Art!) As for world affairs—well you should have heard me only yesterday on the subject of finance. We were all sitting around in the basement discussing business conditions when someone said, "The trouble is, the prices are too high." "Why don't the Prices move down to the third floor," I said. So much for world affairs. Perhaps you would like to hear something about the cultural background of the Marxes. We always have been high-strung, particularly old Joshua Marx who was strung high for running away with a worthless old piece of rope. Unfortunately, the careless old chap had neglected to remove the horse that was fastened to the other end. I was originally named for my Uncle Julius who was five feet one in his socks. In later years, he was five feet one in *my* socks. My mother somehow got the notion that Uncle Julius was wealthy, and she persuaded my father that it would be a brilliant piece of flattery if they were to name me after him. Uncle Julius was so flattered that he immediately moved in and lived with my family rent-free, and stayed 22 years. I am now called Groucho. My wife Kay and I love music,

which accounts for the brilliance with which I handle musical questions on the air. It also accounts for the low prices of real estate in our neighborhood. We have a daughter Melinda who is going on 3—and she's going full blast around 3 every morning. I love to play games with Melinda—piggyback, especially. The trouble is she doesn't hold up her end of the game. I'm always falling off. Here in Hollywood where a man is considered poor if he isn't rich, I'm a social outcast. But that doesn't worry me. I have my own intellectual pursuits. Blondes. I don't go for these big fabulous parties where 360 couples disport themselves, where a satin tent covers three entire acres and as each couple arrives, they are given a private swimming pool and a ticket on Jane Russell. You'll find me at home in bed, as any decent man should be, drying cherry pits to make a bean bag for my cook's nephew. People constantly ask me how old I am. Actually, there's no one my own age left (you can't count Jolson). I won't tell you how old I am, but I'll give you a clue. I fought at the Battle of Gettysburg. I fought valorously until Pickett's charge. Being a good union man, I refused to cross the Pickett line. Lots of people wonder about my moustache, including my wife. It used to be painted on, but it got so smudgy after a good piece of watermelon that I decided to grow my own. It was, if I may say so, a hair-raising experience. One of my intellectual pursuits was my

recent book, "Many Happy Returns." It was written during a sandstorm at Palm Springs, and started out as a serious novel—real Hemingway stuff. But sand kept flying into the typewriter and to my surprise, I discovered that the finished manuscript was a book on how to reduce your income taxes. People ask me what I think of television. Personally I think television is a wonderful thing. It has taken people out of those germ-ridden baseball parks and into comfortable saloons. Why, you can throw pop bottles at the bartender—and get a refund! Just as soon as CBS can wrangle the spare make-up, you'll see us televising *You Bet Your Life*—provided they'll remove the ban on horror shows before 9:30. I love to give out the prizes on my quiz show. Now that I'm over at CBS, though, I've been alerted to watch for Jack Benny. It seems he sneaks into quiz shows to make off with the jackpot, and fills the front row of seats in the audience with his writers. Prompting! This guy's got a whole script! Before the judges would give me that George Foster Peabody award, I had to prove that I didn't work with a script. People are going around saying that I have a set of answers written on my cuffs. I'd scotch that rumor—if I didn't have better uses for my scotch. The entire show is ad-lib. Why, I don't even have the sponsor's name written down. Say, is that one of the Elgin-American spies over there? So much for Groucho Marx...



My wife Kay sings. So does our 3 yr. old, Melinda. Neighbors always applaud—with old shoes.



*You Bet Your Life* is strictly an ad-lib show. Here, Groucho's writers demonstrate how it's done.



Groucho has his share of intellectual pursuits. He pursued *this* intellectual right to the jackpot

# INSIDE GROUCHO

by Groucho Marx





When Leader first asked Betty Grable to be *Suspense* murderess she thought it was a gag.



Confounding skeptics Betty turns in spine-



tingling performance as photog's model who plots murder of nagging mother, but poisons fiance by mistake in CBS's *Suspense* (Thurs. 9 p.m.)



*Grable  
keeps  
you in*

# SUSPENSE

Betty Grable a murderess?  
"She wouldn't have a leg  
to stand on!" scoffed critics.  
Then Super Suspense man Tony Leader  
played Svengali.  
And look at Betty now!

■ Imagine Abbott and Costello as Romeo and Juliet. Or Margaret Truman dueting with Doodles Weaver. No more incredible is the casting of Betty Grable as a neurotic murderess. Yet you heard it. Here are pix to prove it. Betty poisoned a guy—on *Suspense*. And she did it superbly! Betty's stint isn't the only masterpiece of unconventional casting aired on "The Theatre of Thrills." Danny Kaye, Jack Carson and Gene Kelly all turned into violent villains; quiet Claude Rains almost talked himself to death in a half-hour monologue; Frankie Sinatra menaced Agnes Moorhead (Aggie donned bobby sox for that broadcast). Originator and guiding genius of this unique "un-type" casting is *Suspense's* 36-year-old producer-director, Anton M. Leader. Boston-born "Tony" began his radio career as an announcer on a local Massachusetts station, was promptly bounced off the job when he fluffed the word 'meteorologist' three times during one newscast. He's come a long way since then. Delighted studio audiences see two shows when they take in a *Suspense* broadcast. The histrionics of the stars on the stage are as nothing compared to Tony's act in the control booth. As he directs he emotes every role, waving his arms, clutching his throat and mugging shamelessly. He's limp at the end of the half hour, but the results are worth it. Leader became a director in 1940. He has won the coveted Peabody Award (Radio's Oscar) for his work on *Eternal Light*, and a string of other trophies for such shows as *You Make the News*, *Words At War* and *Reader's Digest—Radio Edition*. In February, 1948 he took over *Suspense*, itself holder of the Peabody Award and possessor of the accolade "most decorated show in radio." Because of its recognized quality as superior radio, most Hollywood dramatic stars are eager for guest appearances on *Suspense*. However it

was another matter for Leader to convince comics Fibber McGee and Molly they could emote as well as gag. Stepping out of character with Leader's guidance, radio's top comedy team made drama as hysterical "ride" victims. The high script quality of the show is an important factor in its artistic success and helps to keep it consistently among the Hooperated top ten. No mere whodunit or ordinary ghost yarn will do. Leader is constantly searching for off the beaten track psychological melodramas. After all, although it's become a radio classic (been aired eleven times by popular demand), *Sorry Wrong Number* can't be done every week. Leader himself is author of another successful script, *No Escape*. This was aired with James Cagney as star and won the National Safety Council's award—"for exceptional service in accident prevention." With expert Berne Surrey, the indefatigable Leader also checks on sound effects. A knife plunged into a head of cabbage produces a blood curdling "stab"; a minimum of twenty different kinds of door slams will be tested to get just the right shade of meaning when the sound is tuned to the action. At the moment, in addition to his show responsibilities, Leader is in the throes of being an expectant papa (for the second time) and, yep, you guessed it, he has an active ulcer! When the show was first aired, back in June 1942, CBS research man Dr. Gerhart Wiebe, bypassing Webster, came up with a new definition for *Suspense*—"a fear that a specific crucial and unpleasant event will occur." This mounting of goose pimple upon goose pimple to a final spine-chilling denouement provided the original and present formula for the show. But Webster or Wiebe, notwithstanding, millions of radio listeners have their own synonym for *Suspense*. It's Thrills. And producer-director Mr. Anton M. Leader is a thriller diller!







Minnie Pearl, nee Ophelia Colley, was a teacher. First prize in an amateur show led to her comedy spot in Opry company.



Star comedian on *Grand Ole Opry* is Rod Brasfield, veteran character actor who's been in the show since 1944. Rod once played villain in traveling tent company.

# grand ole opry

Most famous Opry alumnus is Roy Acuff. Show appearances made him so popular, he was nominated for governor of Tennessee. Is a top hillbilly records singer.



It's a hoe down,  
a family reunion, a  
hillbilly fandango,  
when mountain  
music and  
Kentuck' corn  
take to the  
air lanes

Radio's hardest perennial is a twenty-four-year-old Mardi Gras, mountain style, called *Grand Ole Opry*. Born out of the necessity of filling up an hour's air time on the then infant station WSM, Nashville, *Grand Ole Opry* was the original idea of pioneer radio announcer George Dewey Hay. Talent on that first show consisted of Hay making with the folk jokes between selections played by an 80-year-old fiddler named Uncle Jimmy Thompson. Over the years *Grand Ole Opry* has expanded considerably but its basic formula hasn't changed. It's become opportunity night for local talent who sing and strum, and generally cut up on the air much as they would in a

village grange hall. Even Opry's "stars" are gen-u-ine hay-seeds albeit professionals. "Girl Reporter" Minnie Pearl, Emcee Red Foley, Comedian Rod Brasfield are all native small town Tennesseans. Illustrious former Opry-ites are Roy Acuff, Ernest Tubb and Pee Wee King who occasionally appear as guests on the show and tour with Opry p.a. companies. Today the show is 4 hours long, and airs before an S.R.O. audience of over 4,000 in Nashville's Ryman Auditorium. A half-hour portion of it goes out over the entire NBC network. Lots of city slickers now hold with rural rustics. They'd pass up a Hatfield-Coy feud any day, to listen to *Grand Ole Opry*.



Over 125 performers,

mostly non-professionals, take part in every Saturday night airing of *Grand Ole Opry*. Emcee Red Foley is serious gent, extreme right.





1. Her roommate Bernice Van Eyck tipped off Ralph Edwards that Nurse Elizabeth Jane Boon of Grand Haven, Mich., aspired to job as TWA air hostess. Above, Edwards, unrecognized, interviews her.



2. Undergoing examination, Elizabeth tells what she would do for an injured passenger. Bandaged man is really her dad who was flown to Hollywood for the broadcast, along with her mother, whom nervous girl failed to spot in background of left pic.



3. As interview nears climax, Edwards reveals hidden mike, his identity. Elizabeth threw show personnel into a panic by failing to show up for her interview until just two minutes before they went on air.



4. Surrounded by mom, dad, four boy friends, numerous friends and TWA executives (all gathered together by Ralph Edwards), happy Elizabeth learns that despite the gag she really got the job and a *This Is Your Life* rosy future.

practical jokes pay off on:  
**THIS IS YOUR LIFE**

■ Maybe you think your life is a humdrum affair. After all, you're just an ordinary Joe. Then you may someday find yourself "starring" on *This Is Your Life*. This half-hour program is an original idea of Ralph (Truth or Consequences) Edwards compounded of the drama, humor and human interest in the every day existence of "little people." Using every possible medium for discovering candidates, Edwards' research staff selects one likely prospect a week, combing back through his past for incidents which will have the most universal dramatic and moral appeal. The subject never knows which facts from his life will be in the script. Sometimes he doesn't even know he's broadcasting until the show is almost over. Then m.c. Edwards assumes his favorite Santa Claus role. He gave one guest a check to lift the mortgage on her home, arranged book publication for a housewife's original verse, presented a paraplegic vet with \$3,000 worth of tools for his new gun shop. Far from humdrum, it's thrilling and heartwarming when your life takes to the air.

*Candid camera presents:*

**MAN IN THE TRUNK**

■ What's wrong with commercial radio? A large segment of listeners and critics figured they'd found the answer in the fall of 1948. Allen Funt's *Candid Camera* had left the air for lack of a sponsor. Funt's show was new, daring, original. Sponsors were none of those adjectives. Listeners moaned their loss loudly. Funt, however, spent no time in self commiseration. He expanded his formula and switched to television and the making of movie shorts (for Columbia Pictures). His success in these new mediums has made radio sit up and take notice all over again. The *Candid Camera* is being called back to the air fold. A brash young man who never takes "no," Funt sets up concealed mikes in such prosaic but fertile spots as a department store complaint desk, a baseball park, a nursery or even his own office. Then he carefully steers an innocent bystander through a contrived situation. Sometimes the results are funny. Frequently they border on pathos. Always they're spontaneous and unrehearsed. Maybe it looks easy but a lot of tape goes down the drain in the effort to produce the four episodes used each week. Of greatest popularity with listeners are those set-ups in which fellow humans appear in a ludicrous light. Funt himself prefers sympathetic material. The show gives you both. Roughly only two percent of all Funt's victims have refused to allow him to use sequences in which they were unwitting stars. But in the course of gathering his material Funt has encountered a good many threats of physical violence. Probably the reason the would-be Dempseys have never made good is Funt's own ample person. A six-footer, weight 200 pounds, Funt was college letterman in wrestling, boxing, sharpshooting and fencing. All, he grins, sound preparation for a *Candid Camera* man.



1. Mike and camera hidden to record reactions, Funt has called truckman to move trunk.



2. Inside trunk' is Funt confederate who groans as man undertakes the job.



3. Truckman is puzzled, then alarmed as groans increase and become louder. He starts to stall.



4. Funt begins to talk to him offering suggestions to help speed up moving operation.



5. Mover considers escape from Funt, and hurry-up call to police, as he continues to stall.



6. Towering over his victim, Funt feigns impatience and he threatens...



7. . . . to call the boss. Then trunk opens, confederate silently climbs out—truckman gasps!



8. Funt nonchalantly explains confederate can't talk, mover should deliver him without trunk!





Ed Pawley, as Steve Wilson, faces death every week.

**BIG TOWN HEADLINE:**  
**one touch of**  
**MURDER**



Only his superior strength saved fearless, crusading editor S. Wilson from being thrown from this roof, by two vicious mobsters.



Steve is tossed in. His assailants leave him for dead, floating in the river—but later he's rescued.



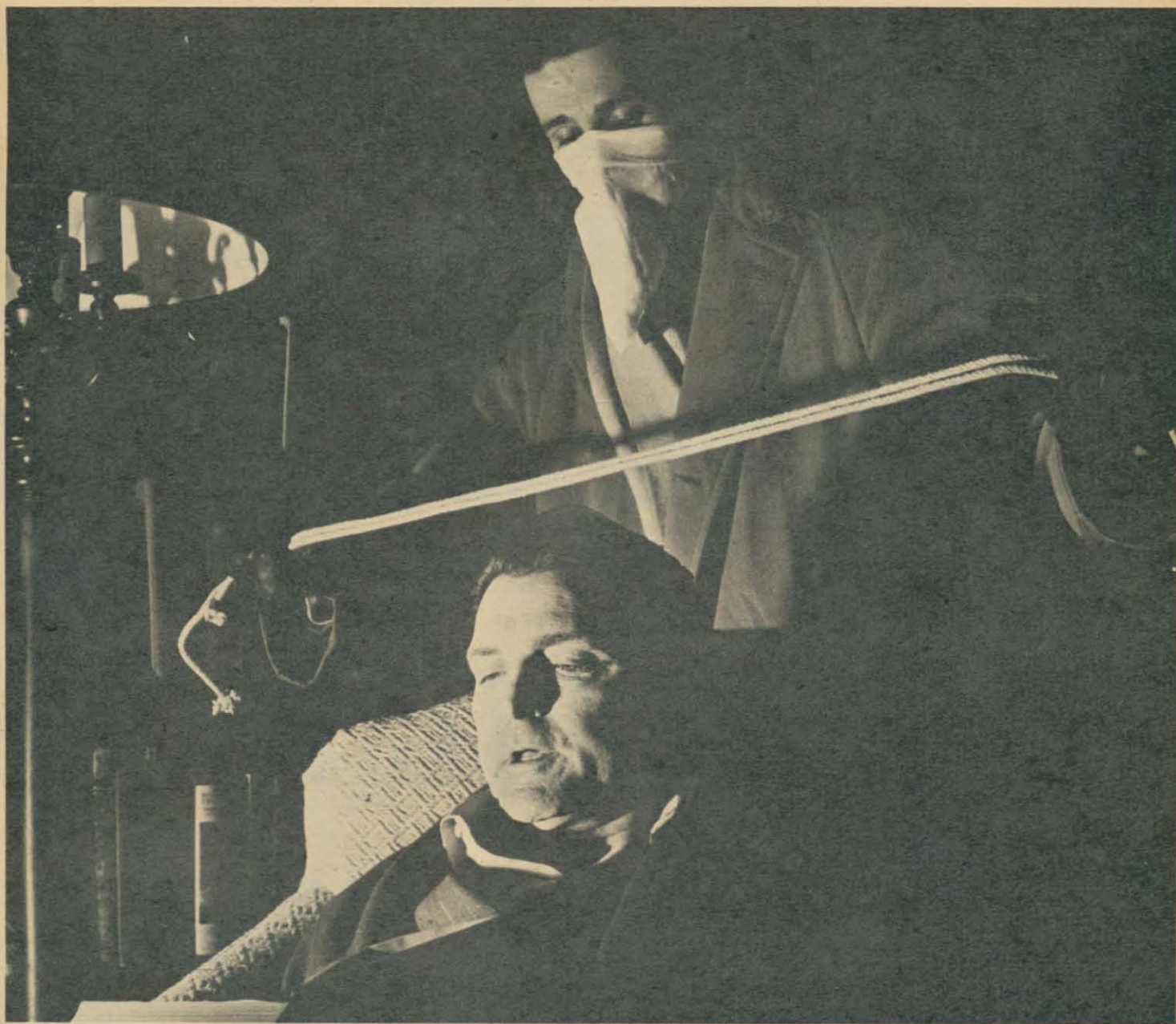
Whoops! What a time to drop a gun. But it's only part of the suspense. Bel: Steve's Girl Friday (Fran Carlon) comforts him.



Steve really stopped presses when his hand got caught. Bel: Trapped by the wheels of maniac's truck.







Violence dogs Steve's footsteps and as he spends a rare evening at home, a masked thug hopes to garrotte him and end his good deeds forever.

■ Every week they're out to get him—but every week after the smoke has cleared away, he's the only one left standing. He's been stabbed, shot, strangled, drowned, and generally mauled with the wrong end of a blunt instrument. Bodies thud heavily to the floor, a woman screams, and a single revolver bullet ricochets off the ceiling—it happens every week in *Big Town* where Steve Wilson edits his newspaper, the Illustrated Press. In his fearless efforts to rid *Big Town* of organized crime and two-bit criminals, Steve uses the power of the press to expose the hidden rottenness of his or any big town. Tangling with vicious killers or international jewel thieves, Steve invariably brings them to justice for the greater

good of mankind and without any hope of reward for himself. He's just that kind of a guy. Jerry McGill writes *Big Town* with the staccato tempo of city life, and is no stranger to Steve's way of life, because he used to be a newspaperman himself. He's written Steve into jams that even Superman wouldn't relish, knowing he can depend on him to pit brains and brawn against any adversary. Steve is expertly played by Ed Pawley, who got lots of first hand practice being a gangster in the movies. Aiding him is Fran Carlon (Lorelei). Besides being his ace reporter, the lovely Lorelei is often called on to exchange wisecracks, and sometimes get him out of a tight squeak. Justice triumphs each Tuesday at 10 p.m. on NBC.





Man in search of a needy character: Frank Moorehead, musician, told by Linkletter that an unknown uncle has left him \$1000, is out to fulfill conditions of the will. Dressed as a needy character, but loaded with twenty \$10 bills he's out to prove he's a charitable fellow.



Giving away money isn't easy. A tough guy fingers a bill, grins knowingly, bellows: "Get going, wise guy! Find another sucker!"

# people are funny



Contestants, outfitted as miners, gather at an empty lot in Los Angeles for another *People Are Funny* adventure. They will dig for buried silver.



The starting gun goes off with a bang. Everyone falls to. There's no telling what treasures will turn up. The winners will appear on the program.



A few minutes later a contestant strikes it rich. The crowd, leaning on shovels, cheers. He loosens earth around his find with care.





At noon, only five bills gone, Frank pauses to ponder on the foibles of mankind. Giving away money is toughest job he's ever had.



Four o'clock, and Frank grins with pleasure at finding an unsuspecting female. The life of a benefactor, he decides, isn't so bad after all.



5 p.m.: The last bill gone. At NBC that night, given \$1000, he learned the dead uncle was *People Are Funny*. He'd suspected it all the time.

■ If you see a fat man, dressed as Robinson Crusoe, sitting in a basket, knitting, on a traffic island; or two matrons leading a spelling bee on a busy corner, don't be alarmed. They're probably participants in that dizzy show, *People Are Funny*, (NBC, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.). The show, emceed by ad-lib artist Art Linkletter took its title from his fondest belief—and proved it. There's no telling how people will act. He once sent a sailor and a pin-up girl through the Tunnel of Love—the sailor never tried to kiss her! Kids are unpredictable too, says Linkletter. A six-year old, prescribing for hiccoughs, told the audience: "Hit 'em over the head."



"It's a box! It rattles!" The contestant's wife, slacks rolled up for action, abandons shovel to help hubby unwrap the treasure.



The treasure, a fine set of silverware, is held up to admiring gaze of neighbors. "People are Funny," Art says. "They're also lots of fun."







Ever since radio  
was in swaddling clothes,  
Freeman Gosden  
and Charlie Correll  
—Amos 'n' Andy to you  
—have shared  
curtain calls on the  
nation's laugh circuit

**T**HIRTY YEARS AGO Harding was president. Hitler was just an erratic ex-corporal dispensing hate in small soap-box lots. Prohibition was in sway, and you weren't in the swim if your bathtub wasn't full of gin. A dance, somberly titled "Black Bottom" had the people "hoppin'." As for radio . . . radio was a dangerously contagious bug. You were lucky if you didn't get bitten . . . smitten with its infernal paraphernalia of crystal sets, earphones and its raucous screechings out of the stratosphere. And just thirty years ago, two young men named Correll (just turned 30) and Gosden (just turned 20), were contributing to the general alarm by piping their voices through a long megaphone into the scattered crystal sets of the citizens of New Orleans. This was the first of the several thousand broadcasts that were to make them the two most beloved figures in radio. And, sure enough, they had one fan letter—from a remote admirer who lived fully a quarter of a mile away from the station. If by this time you have guessed shrewdly that Freeman Gosden and Charlie Correll were none other than Amos and Andy, you are quite wrong. Gosden and Correll were just a couple of traveling troubadours who had been respectively a bricklayer and a tobacco salesman. Neither of them had ever heard of Kingfish, nor of Mme. Queen . . . nor for that matter of Pepsodent! A whole nation was getting by— austerely—without Amos and Andy. Of course, you know what was bound to happen. In 1929, this same nation slipped into a radical decline. At the outset of the depression which they were destined

to dispel, Amos (Gosden) and Andy (Correll) had been working in blackface for three years—first as Sam 'n' Henry—and finally in their present status. The idea for Sam 'n' Henry had been a sudden, desperate creation to offset the suggestion that the two bachelors dramatize the married life of Andy Gump. Both men had ancestral ties with the South, and the blackface talk came easy. So easy that for many years, Charlie and Freeman played every role, male and female, themselves. But inevitably a not of big-time has crept into the doings of Amos and Andy. Scripts which they practically ad-libbed in their carefree days, are now turned out by the combined man-hours of six writers. The nightly 15 minutes have been converted into a sedate, weekly half hour complete with musical breaks. Gosden is still Amos, Kingfish and Lightnin', and Correll is still Andy—but most of the other roles have been taken over by a mixed Negro and white cast. The two bachelors themselves have been taken over by marriage. Andy has two children. So has Amos—with a third on the way at present writing. They lead the bright, blooming-life of Hollywood, except for the fact that they confess to having only one wife a piece. Above all, for two million dollars, a patriotic corporation which describes itself as the Columbia Broadcasting System, has taken over all rights to the show forever! Forever is a reassuring length of time and guarantees that our nation, free and indivisible, will never again endure another period of austerity without Amos and Andy like the one we muddled through from 1776 to 1928!



After thirty years of inspired make-believe Gosden and Correll still toil tirelessly meeting their weekly quota of perfection.



First radio audience, back in depression days, when A & A were sweet relief from the spare-a-dime blues.

# 30 YEARS

## before the mike



# Against the storm: no hearts and flowers

■ Did you ever listen to a daytime serial that wasn't up to snuff and find yourself saying, "who do they think they're kidding?" And then bless your ancestry 'cause they passed on to you the constitutional right of freedom from speech? Want to get your faith in the airwaves restored? Listen to *Against the Storm* on Mutual, any week-day at 11:30. You won't find yourself wondering whether John's other wife ever met his other wife. You won't find yourself caught up by the seat of your heart-throbs. What you'll hear will make you remember that people are basically the same the world over and have a natural gift for getting themselves into trouble. If you're counting on a fairy princess or knight on horseback to get Siri Allen and Hal Thomas out of



"Untruthful, undependable, a bad influence"—that's how Siri Allen (Joan Thompkins) had heard her parents describe Hal Thomas (Grant Richards). But when she met him the words didn't seem to fit. And later



when he asked her to marry him she could only say yes. But Siri and Hal knew they'd never get her parents' consent so they made their plans secretly. Footsteps at the door. Was that her father?



A bus ride wasn't Siri's idea of a glamorous wedding trip, but they had no choice. If they got a marriage license in their own town one of the Hawthorne gossips would surely see them and spread the news around.



They select a nearby Gretna Green as the locale of the quickie wedding. But when Siri learns that the man who'd perform the ceremony also doubles as the town barber, she can't go through with it.



the mess created by their secret and forbidden marriage—forget it. The university town of Hawthorne where they live starts a malicious whispering campaign. And Siri's father, who is a professor at the university, and her mother Margaret do not say all is forgiven. What they do say is "You chose this marriage against our advice, now make it work." So day by day these newlyweds are plagued by their own doubts. Not pleasant, eh? But for this moving reality that makes *Against The Storm*, authoress (pretty) Sandra Michael won the Peabody Award—radio's equivalent to the Pulitzer Prize. Says Miss Michael, the gal who thinks you can take it straight, "everytime I hear our program called a 'soap opera' I see red." She calls it a radio novel. What do you think?



No one came in, so Siri goes ahead with her plan to phone a minister whom she's regarded as a friend. He refuses to marry them without her parents' consent, and they are forced to try elsewhere.



Finally they find a minister. "With this ring . . ." he says. And it's Mrs. Halloran Thomas. Two strangers who agreed to be witnesses walk away. Siri bursts into tears. "What's happened?" she cries.







10:15 A.M. finds Ed Gardner relaxing at home on a Hollywood hillside with his Irish setter. Not having to get up early is one of Ed's reasons for liking radio, which he thinks is far easier than the theatre.



There's never quite time for the leisurely breakfast Ed and wife Simone have always dreamed of. Ed's now an ardent painter in oils, a talent he developed without professional instruction.

# archie goes to work

■ To a lot of people it's going to be a surprise that Ed Gardner doesn't live in a sort of residential version of *Duffy's Tavern*—that broken-down beer barrel CBS has so successfully wired for sound. Such people feel that a guy would have to live in the stale-beery atmosphere of Duffy's to be able to get it across on the air so well. Truth of the matter is that to a great extent the life of Archie, bartender and wit of Duffy's, was the life of our own Ed Gardner. But during the eight years the show has been broadcast, the paths of Ed and Archie have separated a bit. Not that Ed and Simone Gardner regard themselves as tony characters just because he's one of radio's top comedians (and in the movies, too—*Duffy's Tavern*). Of course, they do live in a biggish house with a view and a swimming pool. They do have a chauffeur and a butler and a yacht. And Ed does spend some time on the rather genteel hobby of oil painting. No wonder, you say, Archie is always wanting to class up Duffy's, living like that at home. But for all his present-day class Ed Gardner is down-to-earth as ever. All the things they have are for use, not for show. He still talks out of the corner of his mouth—much in the manner of Archie. And when he's in New York he never fails to visit the tired old neighborhood saloon that gave him inspiration for *Duffy's Tavern*. His piano playing days—or rather nights—there at the impressionable age of 14 were hard work. But they not only provided an inexhaustible collection of mugs like Finnegan for the show, they made Ed the fast man with the comeback he is today. *Duffy's Tavern* was an idea Ed had been nursing ever since those days, but he'd never thought of playing a part. He's in it only because nobody else fitted his picture of Archie—how could they when he *was* Archie? Well now that *Duffy's Tavern* is an old established show why shouldn't Archie, I mean Ed, get out of that rattle-trap into the sun once in a while?





A quick kiss sends Ed off for another day as Archie. Duffy undoubtedly wouldn't approve of his employee having such a set-up, but Ed and Simone live modestly by Hollywood standards. When Ed made \$1,500 a week he lived in 2 small rooms in a side-street N. Y. hotel.

Ed Gardner is a guy who spends his nights in a broken-down bar, but his days are something else again—they've got class



Pappa's delight is Stephen Anthony Gardner—born March 25, 1948. Stephen's already been aboard the Gardners' trim 55 ft. yacht.



The Gardners get real enjoyment from their home, lavish much of the profits from radio and movie work on new gadgets to make it even more attractive. The view from the terrace, where Ed and Simone spend some of their happiest hours together, is amazingly beautiful.



Ed Jr. (5), has been brought up with a pool outside his window, is an amazing swimmer for his age—a far cry from Ed's own childhood.



# keeping up with junior miss



Barbara Whiting, above with her mother, was Fuffy in movies. Is Junior Miss on the air.



Beverly Wills, who's Fuffy, plans to give mom Joan Davis competition.

The teen-agers  
have a language  
all their own.  
Don't bother to learn it  
—the code  
changes daily



The current cast of *Junior Miss* includes Sarah Selby, Barbara Whiting, K. T. Stevens, and Gail Gordon.



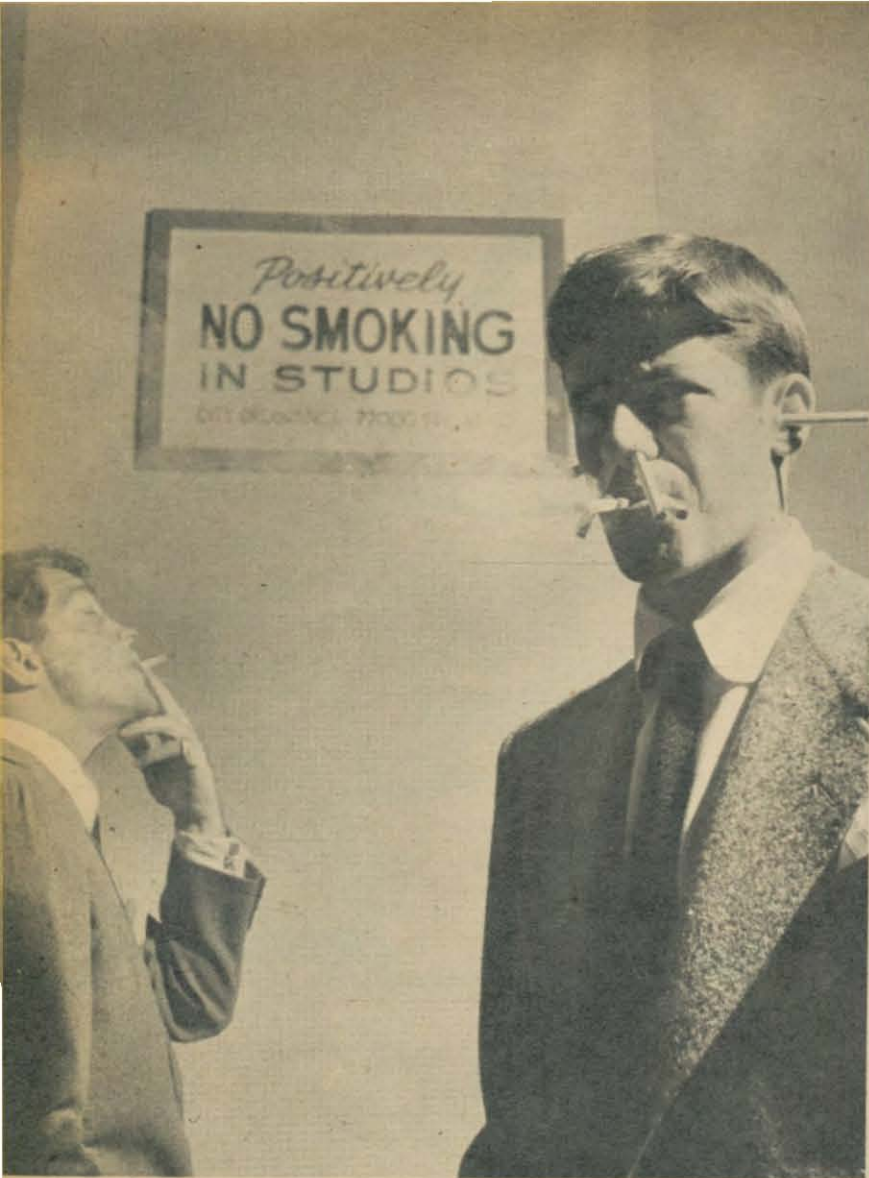


B. Whiting and B. Wills are right at home playing best friends in the show. They were chums long before reaching their teens and fame.

■ The more cautious neighbors of a man named Henry Garson keep their teen-agers out of his way. This isn't because Mr. Garson eats adolescents or beats their heads together when he meets them in numbers. He simply immortalizes their activities on the *Junior Miss* show which he writes and directs. And since his six year old daughter isn't old enough to furnish material, Garson lends an ear to anyone between the ages of 13 and 19 who will talk into it. This is the main cause of Mr. Garson's ulcers only because neither adolescent thoughts nor problems are permanent. The poor man never knows when he'll be considered a square. One day at rehearsal Beverly Wills, who plays Fuffy, stopped right in the middle of "ginger peachy." "Mr. Garson," she said in a pained tone, "us kids used that word last month. I'll give you one we started using yesterday!" Another time Barbara Whiting, who's Judy on the program, was supposed to ask Fuffy to "con-

tinue your remarks." Again the action was halted, while it was explained to Garson that any girl Judy's age would just say "onward!" If Henry Garson ever does run short of material, he merely stops by to talk with Barbara's mother or her sister, Margaret. During one gabfest, he discovered that teen-agers have the curiosity of a playful kitten. For illustration he points to the time Barbara's family returned home to find her saying a fond goodbye to a Fuller Brush man. For the next two weeks they were barraged with brush statistics. Barbara never seemed to give out. This new wisdom confounded them till they found she'd talked to the man for *four* hours. It's also come to light that Barbara heartily hates to be called a teen-ager. "How would people like to be called twentiers, or thirtiers, or fortiers?" she asks. Even Henry Garson thinks she has something there. And that's the inquiring and original spirit that makes *Junior Miss* one of CBS's favorite offspring.





Martin and Lewis demonstrate their respect for authority . . .

*pandemonium*  
**FOR TWO**



Lewis has a problem. "Dean, lissen to me. Look here . . ."



Dean, *why* can't I join Cary Grant's fan club? I . . .



You don't *dare* hit me. I'm just only 23 years old . . .



■ The audience at Atlantic City's 500 Club had been sitting on its hands. The Manager said, "You're fired!" Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, going through their carefully planned act for the last time, were desperate. Suddenly they went off like rockets. They threw paper wads at the orchestra, clowned, startled each other with unexpected gags: "If I

go wit' girls I get pimples," Lewis yelled. They whispered secrets, poured water on customers cigars, encouraged guests: "Dance, Mrs. Reznick, dance!" The audience went wild. That was three years ago. Since then the zany pair have broken night club records. They have a movie, *My Friend, Irma*, under their belts, a TV show in preparation and a

Sunday evening radio program (NBC, 6:30 EST) where madness reigns supreme. Their expected income this year is \$750,000. Martin, six-foot baritone and straight man, admits he never had it so good. But Lewis, described as a combination Bugs Bunny and Little Audrey, can't believe all this has happened. "Success," he whinnies, "Are you for real?"



Open your ear, Dean . . . Hmmm. This Martin is all ears . . .



Turn and look me in the eye while I'm talking at you . . .



You're stretching my bubble gum! I'm going to scream!



Turn in y'r microphone, Martin, you're fired. Ug blb!"





Godfrey, Dean of the Love 'em  
and Rib 'em School of Sponsor  
Relations Is Currently Paid  
Half a Million a Year for  
Making Commercials Painless

this is

# GODFREY



■ It's written in the Good Book that there's no commodity on earth as valuable as truth and sincerity. The Good Book probably has something there. Because for 20 years, Arthur Godfrey has been peddling a particularly warm brand of sincerity—and for at least five, he's been doing darned near as well with his homespun product as Henry Ford does with his assembly line stuff. Paradoxically, contented sponsors ply this slightly goofy Galahad with about a half million bucks a year to tell the truth about their products. Godfrey's knack for being on the side of the angels wasn't learned in Sunday school—nor for that matter in any other kind of school. At 15, little Arthur burned his books behind him, swapping whatever higher education he might have acquired in Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., for the decidedly lower education offered by the slums of every U. S. A. city from N. Y. to L. A. These were Godfrey's primrose years. Years, too, for laying by that precious stock of modesty, pity, humor, worldliness . . . all the qualities that constitute his charm! It is a stroke of good fortune for his 40,000,000 loving listeners that their boy should have shown no divine spark of genius for mining coal, washing dishes, driving a cab or any other of the dozen vocations that kept him in nickels and dimes. The only asset that marked these 11 years of drifting was a relentless drive for easy living, which finally eased the red headed guy into radio—exactly 20 years ago to the minute. It has been submitted by experts that there are only 24 hours in the day. By Godfrey, you can't prove it. Boats, horses, kids (3), planes, wives (1), girl Fridays (Mug Richardson), Chesterfields and Lipton Teas keep your man Godfrey the busiest guy this side of Harry Truman. Easy living? "Sure," says Godfrey, who cannot tell a lie. "Easy living, if it kills you!"





**TV** today





It takes hours of rehearsal for the telegenic Toastettes, television's first permanent chorus line, to learn choreographer John Wray's intricate new



dances each week.

**U**P AND DOWN Broadway they call Ed Sullivan a sweet guy—and for some very good reasons. Whenever there's a benefit being lined up, Ed's there to be master of ceremonies, no matter how busy he is. Through his famous newspaper column, he's always ready to lend a hand to a good cause or a good pal that most people have forgotten. A guy like that's bound to have friends—good down-to-there friends—wherever he goes. And in 28 years of newspapering, Ed's been a lot of places. From his start as a sports writer for the New York Graphic, through his emceeing days at the old Palace when vaudeville was in its glory, to his now unique position as nationally syndicated Broadway columnist, Ed Sullivan has kept the same friendly good humor that shows up on *Toast of the Town*. Nobody but Ed, who first presented on the air such stars as Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante and Gertrude Niesen, could assemble the collection of comedians, acrobats, musicians and assorted other individuals that makes the show a hit. Only Ed's easy going interviews and friendly introductions could hold together a program that has presented composer Richard Rodgers, singer Juanita Hall and comedian Harvey Stone with a couple of snake dancers, a magician and the possibility that Bob Hope may be heckling from the audience. Ed's studio audience always includes celebrities too. People like Joe DiMaggio, New York's Mayor O'Dwyer, Gen. Wainwright and Irving Berlin. But in his quiet way Ed, who never tries to steal an act, is the star for sure . . . it is he who ties the whole thing together; who makes *Toast of the Town* one of TV's top programs. Ed was in a fair way of being a bigtime radio figure back in '32, but he let it slide after a whirlwind start. Now he knows better. He's got a head start in television and he means to hang on to it. In the meantime he's getting a king-size kick out of seeing his old vaudeville sports and Broadway friends.



Eastern viewers saw Rudy Vallee first on Ed's show



Stage-screen-radio star Lena Horne enjoys TV to



B. Goodman is one of the great musicians Ed hosts



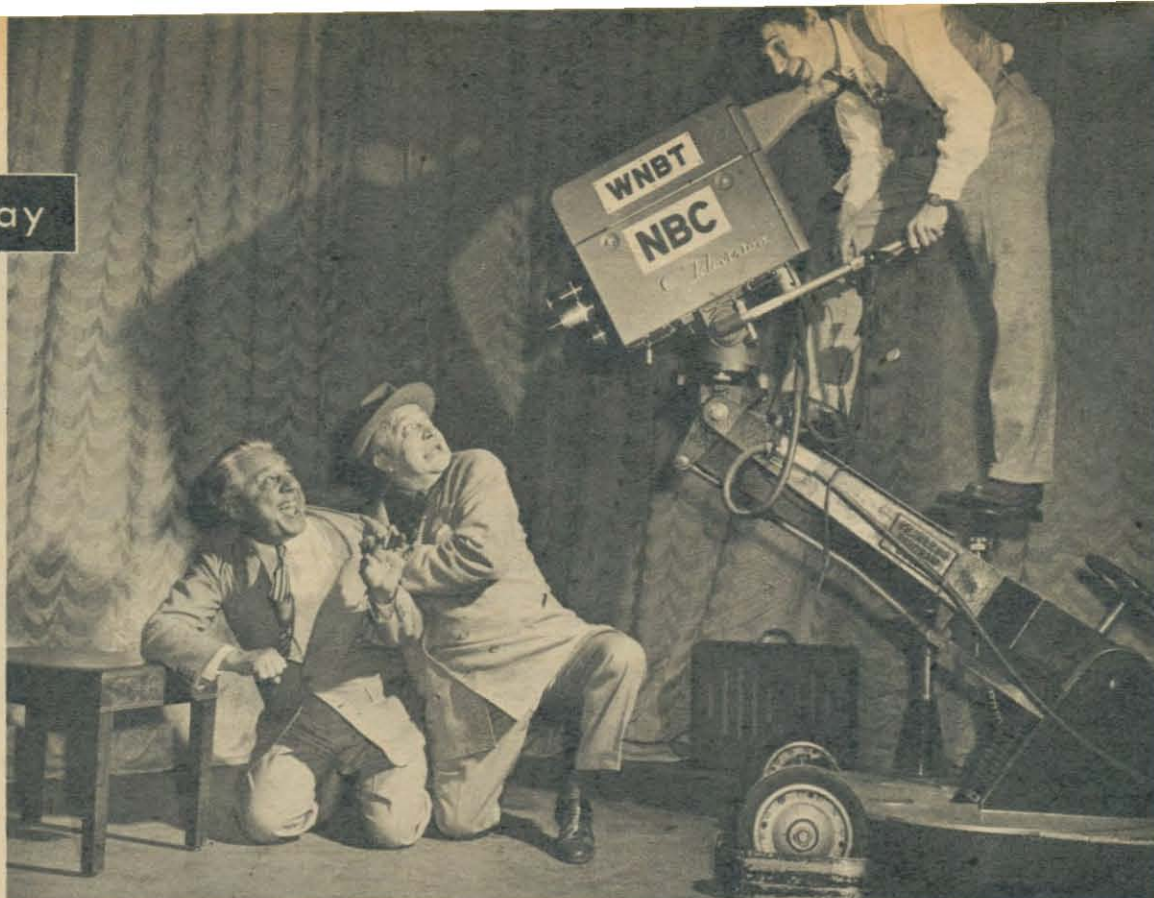
Ed's show gives pal Bob Crosby a chance to try TV.

# TOAST *of the* TOWN



Beloved emcee of Broadway's benefits, vaudeville veteran Ed Sullivan brings his warm heart and fabulous friends to TV's most glittering show





Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson cower in terror before the camera. But don't let them kid you—they're just crazy about TV.

## Olsen and Johnson get the whole family into the act

A herd of midgets, made up as baboons, run amuck through the studio audience. A disembodied arm floats down from the ceiling. A tall, dignified man with grey sideburns, pince-nez glasses and opera hat rises and says, "Ladies and Gentlemen . . . He is hit by a pie. Someone fires a shotgun. Stuffed quail, by the dozen, drop from the ceiling. No, this isn't a rundown of an opium-eater's dream. It's the *Olsen and Johnson Show*, on view for a full hour every Tuesday night, (NBC-TV, 8 p.m., E.S.T.) Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson have been presenting much the same act for 35 years. The only changes, with the passing of time, were that the act kept getting bigger and more involved. Neither of the boys started out to be a comedian. In 1914 a brash, fast-talking young musician—his full handle: John Sigvard Olsen—dropped into a Chicago music publisher's office to catch up on the latest tunes. Demonstrating at the piano was chubby, baby-faced Harold Ogden Johnson. Olsen's first words to Johnson were: "I'll bet you're the worst piano player I've ever heard!" Chick nodded in sad agreement and a friendship was born. Also a partnership that was to become the most fabulous in show business. Olsen was no ball of fire as a musician, either, but they went into vaudeville with a comedy-song routine. They soon found it was not their songs or singing, but the props they used to bolster up their lyrics that brought the house down. They sang less, used more props. From props to stooges, from stooges to members of their families, the act grew to a full-sized review. The cast of the permanent company—not all used at once in TV of course—numbers 90, plus miscellaneous members of the Olsen-Johnson clans. Chick's wife, daughter, son-in-law and grandson often take a hand in the show. So do Ole's wife and mother. Ma Olsen is 87 now, and is a prize bowler. Ole says, "she squirts a mean bottle of seltzer, too."



Family affair: The whole clan turns up at Olsen-Johnson jamborees. June Johnson and hubby Marty May perform. Ma Olsen, 87, is not too old to help.







The baby howls. Goldbergs and neighbors wonder where his mother can be. But Mrs. Bloom enjoys Jake's expression.

## Television is perfect medium for the beloved Goldbergs

■ TV has been blamed for the close of many a radio program, but in the case of *The Goldbergs*, off the air for two and a half years, it was TV that brought them back. That happened because of the tremendous success of *The Goldbergs* on the Sanka sponsored TV show (CBS, Mondays, 8 p.m., E.S.T.). Sanka, wanting to spread the wealth, is sponsoring *The Goldbergs* in radio, too (CBS, Fridays, 8 p.m., E.S.T.). The Goldbergs are the kind of plain, lovable family that might be the people next door. Their dreams, problems, joys and sorrows are those of any ordinary American family. So are their courage, warm, good humor and good sense. Jake, played by Philip Loeb, is a gentle, conscientious man, but a bit of a worrier. Gertrude Berg, who originated and writes the show, plays Mollie, a robust, warm-hearted woman. Sammy and Rosalie, the children, are played by Larry Robinson and Arlene McQuade. The program doesn't depend on hair-raising plot for audience appeal. It depends on character, on the every-day incidents of every-day life, on dialogue charged with humor and homely wisdom. Jake, having taken a cut in pay, frets about hard times. Mollie says comfortingly: "Better a crust of bread and enjoy it, than a cake that gives you indigestion." When Jake sighs that he'd like to be able to give the children everything money can buy, Mollie replies: "Better they should have everything money *can't* buy." Mollie's philosophy about people is contained in this statement: "The world would be a wonderful place to live in if people only had the courage to act as good as they really are." *The Goldbergs*, one of the most famous families in America, ran for 17 years before going off the air. A play, "Me and Mollie," based on the program, hit Broadway. The family has also been drawn into a syndicated comic strip. "That's all very fine," Gertrude Berg says. "So is being on TV. But to be back on radio, too? It's plain wonderful, what else?"



Mollie overflows with affection for her children, but can be very stern when Sammy, who's been out late the night before, yawns at the breakfast table.






TV today



Paul Tripp, Mr. I. Magination himself, engineers train to Imaginationland where young passengers' dreams come true.

## Mr. I. Magination brings kids 3-dimensional make-believe

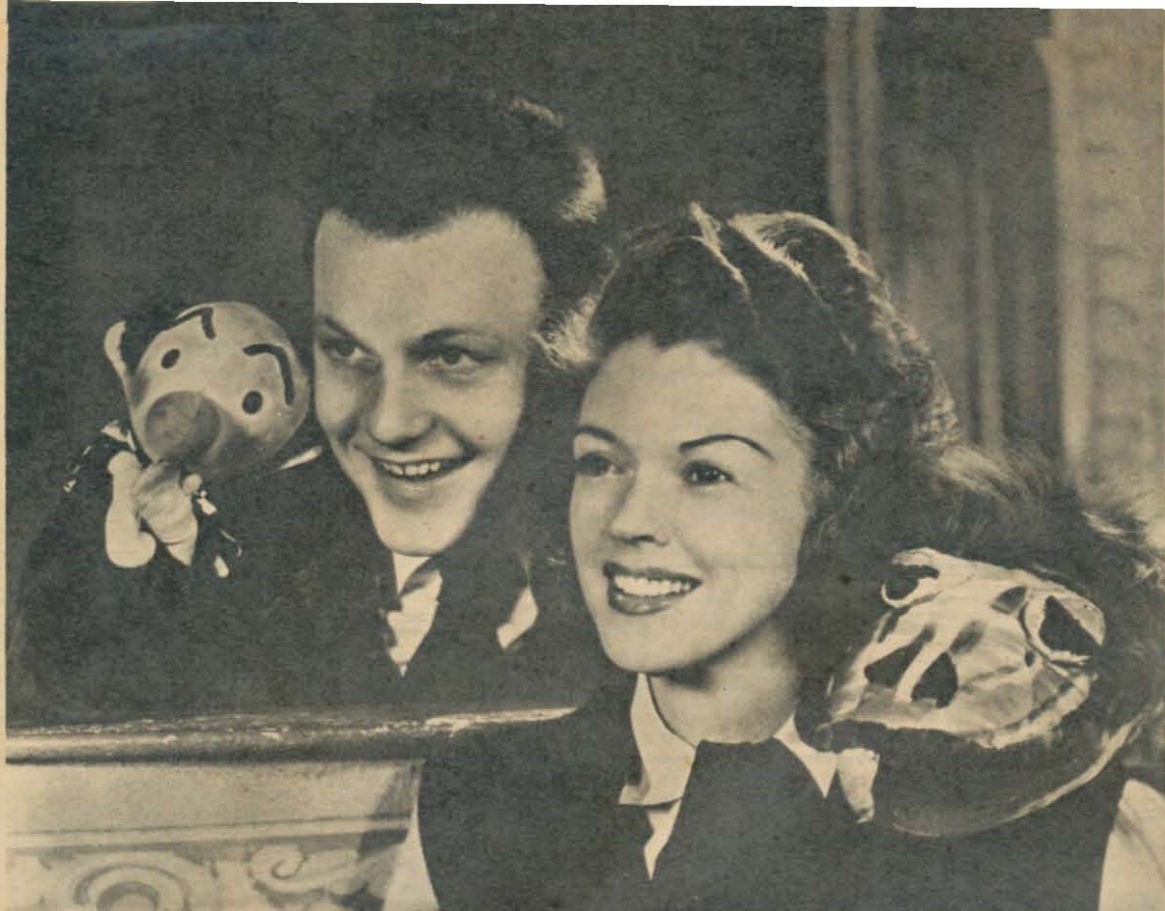
■ All aboard to Ambitionville, Seaport City, Inventorsville, I Wish I Were Town! All aboard to sheer and delightful fantasy as *Mr. I. Magination* takes over the tele-lanes, CBS-TV every Sunday evening (7 to 7:30). This one is aimed directly at the kids but breathes there a grown-up with soul so stagnant he hasn't dreamed of cavorting on the sands of Hawaii? . . . Re-plotted the stormy course of Chris Columbus? . . . Or envied the bravado of Jack The Giantkiller? Paul Tripp who's the brain behind *Mr. I. Magination* is that redoubtable character's living counterpart. New-York born and educated (at City College) Paul was writing prize plays for the Federal Theatre when he was only twenty-three; went on to tour with Walter Hampden in *Cyrano De Bergerac*; to act for Theatre Guild on Broadway; narrate his own works in performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and author such outstanding children's records as *Tubby The Tuba* and *Pee Wee The Piccolo*. And now Tripp, as *Mr. I. Magination*, is guide and general Mr. Fixit in the land of make-believe. Tripp's wife, blonde and pretty actress Ruth Enders, and actor Ted Tiller are also regulars on the show. Top child performers play the leading characters in scripts which dramatize important events in the lives of famous people. Material for the show is based on letters from young fans cueing Tripp on which subjects have widest appeal. Each half-hour consists of two or three parts. In Inventorsville, two Army experts demonstrate the latest in jet plane equipment. Then the scene shifts to I Wish I Were Town where twelve-year-old actor Jack Diamond debates with Douglas, proposes to Mary Todd and reads the Gettysburg address to the delight of junior would-be Lincolns. At Seaport City, Haitian dancer, Jean Leon Destine and "king of the drum" Alphonse Cimber appear in native costumes to give an exhibition of their art. There's lots of fun to be had at every stop on the Imaginationland Express.



Boy actor Clifford Tatum as Christopher Columbus confers with "Ferdinand" and "Isabella"; sets sail on Atlantic Ocean as Mr. I. Magination stands by.







Kukla, Fran and Ollie with creator Burr Tillstrom recently signed a handsome, exclusive five-year contract with NBC-TV.

## Kukla, Fran and Ollie lure kids and grown-ups alike

■ When he was three a dotting aunt gave Burr Tillstrom two small teddy bears. Out of that gift grew one of TV's most enchanting half-hours, *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*. Like many children, Burr liked to pretend his toys were living people. Unlike most kids he never outgrew the habit. Rather, he was encouraged by a neighbor who happened to be the sister of puppeteer Tony Sarg. Thus Burr presently found himself following in Tony's path. His first original creation was Kukla, born in 1936 while he was performing with a WPA Theatre in his native Chicago. Kukla, Russian for doll, was named by ballerina Toumanova, and the earnest little imp is like Bergen's Charlie McCarthy, a sort of Tillstrom alter ego. Ollie, the dragon, is a sly take-off on all puppet show monsters. Ollie is different, though. He's wistful and given to swallowing up nothing more serious than double chocolate fudge sundaes. Ophelia Ooglepuss (an aging Shakespearean actress), Clara Coo Coo, Mercedes, Colonel Cracky (S'uthern, suh!), Fletcher Rabbitt, Buelah Witch and Cecil Bill are supporting members of the puppet cast. Each has a distinct personality. All the voices are provided by the talented Tillstrom. Fran, the only live member is to the puppets what Dorothy is to the people of Oz. Iowa-born Fran Allison was a rural school teacher, became a radio songstress in 1934 and starred on several coast to coast radio shows before joining Kukla and Ollie on TV in 1947. By then Tillstrom was a video veteran. He had appeared with a marionette show on Chicago tele-cycles as early as 1941, and had taken part in several experimental programs including the first ship to shore telecast off Bermuda. *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* goes on the air completely unrehearsed. Thus their antics have a spontaneity that makes them seem very much alive. Indeed, to their many fans, these wonderful puppets created by Burr's inspired fantasy, *are* real people.











Kids love the puppets and adults get a laugh out of Tillstrom's sly wit as Col. Cracky tangles with Ophelia Ooglepuss or Buelah Witch takes the stage.













# charting TV

SPOTLIGHT ON	DESCRIPTION OF SHOW	PROGRAM NOTES	PERSONAL DATA
 <b>Bert Parks</b> <b>Stop the Music</b> Thurs. 8-9 p.m.* ABC	Show has a different melody teaser than its radio counterpart. You guess the tune and if you're lucky you'll be swamped with thousands of dollars worth of clothing, household furnishings and even jewelry.	They were a radio show first, and then branched out into TV. Now, of course, they'll call only those people who have TV sets as contestants.	He emcee's three other shows for ABC.
 <b>Bob Emery</b> <b>Small Fry Club</b> Mon.-Fri. 6 p.m. Dumont	Emery runs this unique show according to what the kids themselves enjoy. He has a monthly Board of Review (kids from 9-13) to rate the movies and programs that kids of this age go for.	His was the first juvenile show on TV. Now they even have specially filmed newsreels, movies and slides.	Bob gets almost 450 letters per day from parents telling him how much the program means to their kids.
 <b>Dennis James</b> <b>Okay, Mother</b> Mon.-Fri. 1 p.m. WABD	He's a sportscaster with a very unusual style. The program is directed to a feminine audience, and he's endeared himself to them by explaining technical terms, techniques of sports. It's another milestone in the education of women.	Dennis was the first to introduce famous personalities to the TV audiences as early as 1941. Was also first to introduce wrestling to TV. Now he uses noise making props to bring the sound as well as the sight of wrestling to the home.	Dennis leads a busy life for besides his two television shows, he has a radio stint and is a commentator for Paramount newsreels.
 <b>Ted Mack</b> <b>Original Amateur Hour</b> Sun. 7 p.m. Dumont	Talented hopefuls appear for a hearing and maybe a career. They each perform and audience votes for their favorites by telephone calls or wires.	Ted gets over 300 applicants each week and then carefully selects 15 for each show. Some of the people he's helped launch are Regina Reznick, Frank Sinatra, Monica Lewis.	Ted understudied and assisted Major Bowes for ten years on his show. Before that he'd played in many name bands all over the country.
 <b>Morey Amsterdam</b> <b>Morey Amsterdam Show</b> Thurs. 9 p.m.* Dumont	Mostly gags and running patter. Morey uses a mike and checkered tablecloths to simulate a night club atmosphere. Stan Free and his orchestra provide a dance interlude.	He came to TV from vaudeville shows. After vaudeville, he did some radio skits, nightclub work, etc. which is responsible for his rapid sure-fire delivery.	Began his career as a cello player, then switched to gag writing and telling. He has a library of 8,000 jokes (all original with him), and used to write comedy for the movies and vaudeville.
 <b>Irene Wicker</b> <b>Singing Lady</b> Sun. 6:30 p.m. ABC-TV	Story telling for kids with Irene doing all the parts in several different voices. There's a new fairy story each week.	Stories are acted out by Suzarri marionettes and are a world apart from the gangster tales kids once got.	She started her professional career on the radio because she didn't like the sort of stuff kids had to listen to. She complained one day to a station manager, and he invited her to come down and change things. She did.
 <b>Kathi Norris</b> <b>Your TV shopper</b> Mon.-Fri. 11 a.m. WABD	Entertainment and shopping news for the lady of the house. Kathi goes out and buys things; shows terrific values to her audience and even aids them to make purchases.	Program began merely as a shopping guide, but so many housewives began sending in money to buy things they heard mentioned—that the program gradually evolved into a shopping service.	Her husband Wilbur Stark is the producer of the show and she got the job as a substitute for someone else.
 <b>Ted Steele</b> <b>Ted Steele Show</b> Mon.-Fri. 7:15 p.m. CBS	Ted's a one-man variety show, with popular music and chit-chat directed to a mainly feminine audience. He's friendly and direct and never talks down to his audience.	Besides the chatting, Ted's a whiz at the organ and piano. He can also play saxophone, and trombone.	Ted's 31, has been in show business since he was 15. Once had his own band and played almost every top night-spot in the country.

\*All listings are Eastern Standard Time

# top talent

SPOTLIGHT ON	DESCRIPTION OF SHOW	PROGRAM NOTES	PERSONAL DATA
 <b>Kyle MacDonnell</b> <b>Sings</b> Sat. 8:30 p.m. NBC	Singing plus comedy and it co-stars popular Earl Wrightson.	Kyle got her start in TV the night she opened as a singing ingenue in Make Mine Manhattan.	Though she's only 24, Kyle, who used to be a Conover model, is now known as Miss Television.
 <b>Tex and Jinx</b> <b>Preview</b> Mon. 9 p.m. CBS	Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg, radio's most popular radio couple, tell you what's new in the arts, sciences and professions. It's a complete digest of world news presented visually as a living magazine.	TV show grew out of their radio show. It was Tex's idea, since he believes very much in presenting an instantaneous kind of journalism.	Tex used to be an editorial writer on the N. Y. Daily Mirror. Jinx was an actress, model and well-known tennis player.
 <b>Fred Waring</b> <b>Fred Waring Show</b> Sun. 9 p.m. CBS	Music of a calmer nature for people who don't like bop. The show features Fred's fine orchestra as well as the choral group. Fred's one of the few bands that have been able to come through without changing their style.	The TV show has two new features: Video Ballroom—a contest for amateur dancers; and Song Trial where song-pluggers get a chance to sing their new numbers.	Fred started his band while he was still in high school. Then in Pennsylvania State, he began to play professionally. He's been in radio since 1933.
 <b>Milton Berle</b> <b>Texaco Star Theater</b> Tues. 8 p.m. NBC	This is a variety show to end all variety shows. Milton exchanges gags with the jesters, sings with the singers and dances with the dancers. Everyone from the kiddies to grandma loves Milton.	Milton recently took part in a 16 hour TV marathon show. It was a record breaking appeal for the Damon Runyon fund and Milton received pledges for over 1,000,000 dollars.	He's been in the movies, on the radio, and in vaudeville, but he's never been as funny as he is now. He made his debut at the age of 5.
 <b>Sid Caesar</b> <b>Admiral Broadway Revue</b> Fri. 8-9 p.m. NBC and Dumont	He does humorous sketches of a side splitting nature, imitations, gags. Specialty is double-talk, and he can give a perfect imitation of a person speaking almost any language in spite of the fact that he speaks only English.	Imogene Coco joins Sid on the show, and together they're just about as funny a team as you're likely to find. Imogene's specialty is in song, wit, and sarcasm which she picked up in her nightclub work.	At this writing, the Revue is off the telelanes. But Sid, who's been a terrific hit and is already an established TV personality is bound to be picked up fast.
 <b>Bob Smith</b> <b>Howdy-Doody</b> Mon.-Fri. 5:30 p.m. WNBT	Entertainment for kiddies mostly with a freckle-faced puppet named Howdy-Doody, whose adventures have become as famous as Robin Hood's.	Bob once had his own variety show. In this one he sings, plays the piano and emcee's the show.	Got his start in show business with a trio called the Hi-Hatters. Kate Smith introduced them to her audience and then they were in.
 <b>Paul Winchell</b> <b>Dunninger Bigelow show</b> Wed. 9 p.m. CBS	Wise-cracking by a very talented ventriloquist Paul Winchell and his side-kick, Jerry Mahoney. Jerry can sing, whistle and talk rings around Paul. Mind-reader Dunninger amazes people in studio audience—tells them what they're thinking.	Paul made the first Jerry when he was 13 and became interested in ventriloquism.	Paul's hobby is weight-lifting and he took it up to strengthen weakened muscles after an attack of polio.
 <b>Jack Eigen</b> <b>Jack Eigen Show</b> Thurs. 7:45 p.m. WABD	Jack gives out with entertainment world news and there are personalities as his weekly guests. Each week he introduces a new glamor-girl-of-the-week.	The show has had top-ranking stars like Peter Lind Hayes and Martha Raye as guests.	One of radio's most famous disc jockeys, Eigen broadcasts nightly from New York's famous night-club, the Copacabana.



# studio snaps

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



Louella Parsons (left), Hollywood's famous columnist, party-thriller and top-secret dispenser, adds the songs of Jeanette MacDonald to her Sunday eve program. R. Armbruster, right, conducts orchestra.



Square dancing takes over at the big time party in Bel Air Hotel. Leading a fast round of "Hot Pretzels" are Gracie Allen and Chet Lauck (Lum), 'n Abner (Norris Goff) close behind. Left, Andy Devine.



Red Barber's mighty proud as daughter Sarah (12 yrs.) plays his favorite tune. Red's been CBS' sports chief since 1946, and has covered everything from a rattlesnake hunt to a snowshoe derby.



Before beaming emcee Johnny Olsen, conductor W. Hendl (guest judge) presents Mrs. J. Wartell of Detroit prize for giving best reasons why her husband is a *Prince Charming*—name of Olsen's show.



Olan Soule, leading man on CBS' *First Nighter* program, aired Thursdays 10:30 p.m., relaxes at home with his children—Jo Ann, 9 and Jon, 7. The show's been on-the air for 16 yrs.—Olan with it.



Ann Blyth helps photog shoot picture of Ray Milland in *Lux Radio Theatre's Green Room*. Ray played gin rummy to get rid of mike fright. On Oct. 15 program celebrates 15th anniversary.



**BING CROSBY** is one of the more promising newcomers to radio. He's only been around about 19 years, and according to the experts who are willing to creep out on a limb, he's here to stay. This season the groaner rejoins CBS after 14 years of Crosby wooing by the other networks, and continues his relaxed, back-porch-style presentation of weekly guests. Big news for Bing's fans is the forthcoming Walt Disney cartoon feature, *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad*, with the unseen Mr. C. narrating the story of Washington Irving's schoolteacher from Sleepy Hollow, slipping more than occasionally into a brace of delightful songs. Basil Rathbone, incidentally, tells the tale of the toad, adapted from Kenneth Grahame's fantasy *The Wind In The Willows*. Bing is one of the big names deep in dickering about television futures, and may be on the verge of announcing his plans. We, for one, are looking forward to the good word.





# RADIO ALBUM

*Magazine*



*John Harris*  
*Alice Faye*



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