

RADIO ALBUM

• A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •
SUMMER

Now 15¢

Magazine

**TV SETS FOR
LOW BUDGETS**

**WHY KATE SMITH
NEVER MARRIED**



LIFE WITHOUT CROSBY
By **BOB HOPE**



evelyn knight

"Since we had to lose Maggie Whiting," says Bob Crosby, "there's no one I'd rather work with than Evelyn Knight." It's easy to understand. Recently elected "Juke-Box Queen," her two discs *A Little Bird . . .* and *Powder Your Face . . .* are vying with each other for top popularity. The Starry Knight will alternate with the Andrews Sisters on *Club 15*, week nights, CBS at 7:30 P.M.

RADIO ALBUM

magazine

STORIES

- Why Kate Smith Never Married by Leslie Towner... 4
Sweet Sixty (Al Jolson) by Louis Pollack..... 18
I Married a Genius by June Havoc..... 22
Life Without Crosby by Bob Hope..... 40

PICTURE FEATURES

- Evelyn Knight..... 2
Four For the Show (Ozzie and Harriet)..... 10
Your All-Time Hit Parade through the years..... 14
Fracas at the Fair (County Fair)..... 28
The New Blondie (Ann Rutherford)..... 30
\$26,000 Prizewinner..... 31
Finger of Suspicion (A Crime Photographer
Mystery)..... 32
Best-Dressed Cowboy (Gene Autry)..... 36
Radio Album Reports: Meet The Director..... 38
Luncheon at Sardi's..... 43
Young and Beautiful (The Alan Youngs)..... 44
The Boy From Syracuse (Gordon MacRae)..... 46
Double Threat (Peter Lind Hayes)..... 48
Studio Snaps..... 50

TELEVISION

- TV Pulls the Strings..... 7
Rube's Got a New One (Rube Goldberg)..... 12
Video In Review..... 20
TV Sets For Low Budgets..... 25
The Fred Waring Show..... 26

- Charting the Dial: Children's Programs..... 51

PROGRAM TIMES LISTED ARE EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING
PROGRAM LISTINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

editorial director
CHARLES D. SAXON

associate editor
MIRIAM RAEBURN

art editor
MIKE LEFCOURT



RADIO ALBUM MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 5, Summer, July-September, 1949.
Published quarterly. Copyright 1949 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Executive and editorial offices 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copy price 15c in U. S. A. and Canada; subscription price 60c per year in U. S. A. and Canada; foreign subscription price 90c per year. Entered as second class matter May 24, 1948, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited contributions. Printed in the U. S. A.

Edward Godfrey

why kate smith never married

She gave her time
and heart to a million
people, but there
was no room for any one man.

■ The stories they tell about Kate Smith are very domestic. She cooks, she bakes; she knits, sews, collects antiques. She loves little children. She acts as mother, sister, nurse to countless millions throughout America. How then can she live alone—and like it?

The trouble with all these stories—all of them true—is that they don't reveal the key to the whole picture. Kate Smith is far from the easy-going soul she appears to be. She is a woman driven by a vast ambition, an ambition that has given her the courage to face humiliation and ridicule without breaking stride, an ambition that has imposed on her a lonely, solitary life. To Kate, her career is her life. For a lesser personality, this sort of statement would be trite and empty, but Kate Smith has risen above triteness. Her singing has made her a national institution, and she accepts her responsibility.

Last year, 38-year-old Kate declared that she was going to marry . . . eventually. Several men had proposed to her, she said, but she was just too busy right now. She clarified that statement in another interview. "Marriage and careers don't mix," Kate told a reporter. She feels that marriage is a full-time job. You can't be a part-time wife, and—more to the point—you can't have a part-time career. "Everybody has to sacrifice something," she said. "If you want to marry the boy next door, you can't have a career. You've got to get out and work for it!"

Kate's been "working for it" since she was seventeen. The Smith family (father, (Continued on page 6)



Six months of every year Kate spends out at her Lake Placid home, where her favorite form of relaxation is a long and breezy speedboat ride on the lake.



Kate's spacious summer home is quite a change from her small N. Y. apartment. Ted Collins and wife live next door.



Good part of Kate Smith's time is taken up with Sister Kenny Campaign. She is National Chairwoman.



kate smith, cont.



Just one of her many rewards—Kate gets the Freedom House award for tolerance.

mother, Kate and sister Helene) lived in Washington, D. C. Kate had never liked grammar school (she claims she got through by the skin of her teeth, and a lot of coaching from Helene) but dancing school was another matter. She went to a class where the children were always putting on shows, and this she loved.

"I want all the singing parts," she'd inform the teacher regularly. "And a toe-dance, too." The teacher would occasionally hold out for a gypsy dance with a tambourine, but Kate ended up with all the singing parts, just the same.

Until she was fourteen, Kate was a little on the skinny side. When she was fourteen, some change in her thyroid set-up made her start piling up pounds until she weighed over two hundred.

Adolescence is painful enough to begin with. But what do you do if you're adolescent and weigh two hundred pounds? You either run and hide in the lap of your family, or you fight. You wilt, or you flourish. Kate kept on singing. From the first her voice pleased people. She went from an amateur show into a professional musical called *Honeymoon Lane*, on Broadway, when she was seventeen, and a few years later she was one of the stars of a George White show called *Flying High*.

But she wasn't happy in *Flying High*. It seemed as though audiences simply came to laugh at her girth. Her grandparents, who caught one performance, were shocked and grieved at the undignified

spectacle, and this made Kate all the more miserable, since she was a strong family girl, and a great respecter of her elders. Still she refused to give up.

One night, a man named Ted Collins, who was sales manager of a record company, dropped in to see *Flying High*. He wasn't amused by the wisecracks, but he thought Kate's voice was terrific. He went backstage. "You don't have to put up with this sort of thing," he said. "Your voice is big enough to make you famous."

When she realized he was serious, she cried for an hour. After that, he loaned her his handkerchief, shook her hand, and they were in business.

In 1931, Smith and Collins incorporated into "Kated." The next year, they grossed three quarters of a million dollars. A few years later, Kate made an appeal over the radio for the Red Cross, and her listeners sent in four million dollars. This power of Kate's so impressed Collins he went to work on the *Kate Smith Speaks* show.

Today, *Kate Smith Sings* and *Kate Smith Speaks*, sponsored by Philip Morris, are still going strong. Both shows go over the Mutual Network to the largest daytime audience in radio.

Why isn't Kate Smith married? Why doesn't Einstein play polo? He might like it fine; he just hasn't got the time. Marriage is a big job and Kate Smith has a big job already. She has substituted a career for marriage. The ordinary woman's emotional needs, which are satisfied only by marrying and raising a family, Kate Smith fulfills by singing and doing good deeds for millions of men and women.

When Kate isn't working she's most of the time appearing at luncheons, and dinners and teas, and department stores, and book-shops and bazaars for various charities. You name it, and if it's a good cause, she's worked for it.

She makes between 70 and 100 commercial records a year, and donates about 50 others to her "causes." She and Collins covered 55,000 miles entertaining servicemen during the war. It cost them \$215,000 of their own money.

Kate does so much good work, she can't keep track of it herself. The other day, some friend said, "I see you're going to be crowned Queen of Hearts because of the work you did for the Heart Association."

"Yes?" said Kate. "I had completely forgotten. . . ."

Speaking of Kate's friends, it's often noted that she has few intimates among her own profession. Most of her pals are well-to-do, middle-aged business people. She explains this by saying her feelings were badly hurt when she first started out in the theatre, so she's steered a little

shy of other stage people ever since.

"It was one of those things," she says. "I was sensitive seventeen, and I loaned a couple of co-workers some money; I believed they were my friends. Then I heard them making fun of me. They said I was a sap, and a greenhorn from the sticks. I was really hurt. It was a bad thing to happen to a young person."

When Kate started out in radio, she used to be invited to a lot of cocktail parties, but she didn't drink, so she didn't go. This earned her a stuck-up tag. She wanted to tell people that that wasn't the way it was—it was just that she didn't drink, and she didn't think there was anything more uncomfortable-looking at a cocktail party than a non-drinker, only she felt silly making excuses, and after a while, everybody stopped inviting her.

"Professionals are funny," she says. "If you're nobody, they won't be bothered with you; if you get to be somebody, some of them are so jealous they can't be bothered."

When Kate's not living in her four-room two-terrace apartment on Park Avenue, she's out at Lake Placid where she has her summer home. From May till October, she broadcasts from Lake Placid, and she's never so happy as when she's heading there. She found her niche twelve years ago; she had trees hewn down, she had buildings put up, Ted and his wife built a place next to hers, and they've put a flagstone walk through the woods, and a granite sea wall along the lengths of their property. Kate has a waterfall, and a bridge over it, and gardens, and a speedboat, and a spaniel named Freckles.

Kate's biggest sorrow is that her father couldn't live to see her success—he died the year before she hit radio. Her biggest regret is that her mother can't live with her all year round. (Mrs. Smith divides her time between her two daughters.) And her biggest worry is Collins' health. Ted, who's not too husky, had a heart attack two years ago. "But he refuses to take it easy. He's not supposed to have coffee," Kate says anxiously. "But he won't listen."

That Collins should be hale and happy is essential to Kate. He's her partner, her manager, her friend. He's the man who took an unhappy mixed-up young girl and made her rich and famous and well-loved.

She enjoys being rich and famous and well-loved. She enjoys the memory of such glories as being introduced to the King and Queen of England by the late President Roosevelt. "Your Majesties," the President said, "This is Miss Kate Smith. And Miss Kate Smith is America."

Yes, there's a lot to do and live for, even if you are a woman and unmarried.

end

tv pulls the strings

Maybe you imagine
that all you can see on video
is Milton Berle
or the Brooklyn Dodgers.
Twist your dial to
the puppet
wonderland, tv's new sensation
for all ages.

■ They may be made only of wood and cloth, but brought to life by the skilled hands of their creators, video's puppets are giving real, live stars stiff competition with today's TV tots—and their parents too. They are transporting their audiences into a world of make-believe—a pixilated dreamland where the antics of nearly a dozen already famous characters are viewed.

If you hear Junior greeting his friends with "Howdy Doody," you can bet he's been viewing the adventures of video's top puppet of the same name—"Howdy Doody," the creation of former radio star Bob Smith. Featuring audience participation and a bag full of tricks to please the kids, Smith's show has been built around many suggestions sent in by his ever-growing audience. "Howdy Doody" himself is a grinning, be-freckled moppet with a Charlie McCarthy mouth and an engaging personality.

Twenty-seven TV stations are airing "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," last year voted Chicago's top television show. "Kukla" is a balding, bulb-



more →

tv pulls the strings, cont.

nosed, would-be philosopher. His pal, "Ollie" is a ridiculous, one-toothed dragon. Fran Allison is their creator and foil—a personable and pretty gal, familiar to listeners of radio's "Breakfast Club" as Aunt Fanny, who adds lots of charm to the show.

"Lucky Pup," a comic pooch seen on CBS-TV, has not only a big youth following, but many grownups too. Doris Brown is another pert narrator who passed up the stage and writing to make a career of television. She is a graduate of New York's Barnard College.

There is no stiffness to the popular puppet programs. A feeling of spontaneity and happy abandon—a contagious mood of whimsy rules them all.

With the success of puppets in video now practically assured, many more will probably join the ranks of today's pioneers.

The fact is, puppets are a natural for television. Edgar Bergen has known for a long time that ventriloquism would hit its high point with the visual audience, and has a whole cast of dummy characters carved and waiting. And for children's programs, what could be more effective to whisk you out of reality into the magic land of fantasy? Radio favorites like Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, have gained new appeal with the double dimension. And it isn't only Junior you'll find sitting wide-eyed at the TV screen. He has to fight Grandpa and Aunt Louise for the choice seat.



FRAN ALLISON and her two popular puppet pals, Kukla, left, and Ollie. Fran gets right into the act with these video characters, making one of the brightest half hours to be viewed in any living room.



HOWDY DOODY, the hottest thing in television puppets right now, lets popular Perry Como provide a comfortable seat while he talks with some of his audience pals. This be-freckled moppet, the creation of Bob Smith, is entertaining both kids and grownups from coast to coast, riding on the crest of the new-found puppets-on-television, craze, Howdy Doody gets the kids into his show as a "Peanut Gallery."



LUCKY PUP is CBS' highly successful entry in the puppet parade. This unusual view of the show in action reveals the hardworking puppeteers who never appear during the program. The manipulators are Morey and Hope Bunin who created the characters of Lucky Pup and his nemeses; Foodini the magician and his assistant, Pinhead both above. The show is telecast Mon. through Sat. at 6:30.



PIXIE PLAYTIME One of the more fabulous of the video puppets is Peter Pixie (left) the elfin lad sitting on the lap of his creator Frank Paris. The program is a real treat for children, and incidentally,

mother, who is free to concentrate on dinner while the youngsters are glued to the television screen. Pixie Playtime is telecast over WPIX, currently available only to Eastern audiences in the New York area.

*Harriet Nelson &
Ozzie Nelson*



Ricky, Ozzie, David and Harriet take time out for music. The boys are new additions to the Nelsons' radio show, now on CBS.



Ozzie and Harriet longed for a real home while they were traveling with the band. Now they have a charming house in Hollywood; boast that, "It looks so lived in!"



Mom and Pop look on while the gang cavorts in the pool. In the course of a single day, the Nelson lads can sometimes provide enough laugh material for several air shows.

David and Ricky
Nelson couldn't sit by
their radio
forever. They had to
join the act.

four for the show

■ Four Nelsons stepped up to the microphone. Harriet's knees were shaking. She glanced at Ozzie. He looked a little pale. There was good reason. The other two members of the family, namely David and Ricky, were making radio debuts—playing David and Ricky Nelson. That should have been a cinch. But sometimes a "mike" has a strange effect on people. And when you're on the air, there's no second chance. As the show progressed, mom and pop relaxed. Their sons were right in character and having the time of their lives stealing the show. The boys had been on the sidelines for four years—until 1949. By then David, 12, wasn't getting any younger, and Ricky, the smallest Nelson, was pushing eight. They'd been gag men and critics since the show originated, but that wasn't enough. So after six months of studying dramatics at home, Ozzie pronounced them good enough to play his sons on the air. The results couldn't have been happier. Besides corpuscles, the kids have show business in their blood. Look at their old man. After college, he'd framed his degree and organized a band. And Harriet, then a vaudeville veteran, joined up as vocalist. She and Ozzie began to take their duets seriously and were married in 1935. One thing was missing. There wasn't much homelife in the band business. They could only dream about it during those one night stand tours, while David and Ricky stayed at Grandma's. In 1944, Ozzie came through with an idea for a radio comedy. His friends smiled, being too polite to laugh. They couldn't understand why anyone would give up an established career to chance falling flat on an airwave. "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" made its first radio appearance on the Nelsons' 9th wedding anniversary. It's safe to figure that it'll be going strong on their 90th.



Ricky and David are old enough to help Mom in the kitchen too. "For this we didn't have to take lessons," says Ricky referring to those long drama sessions preparing for the show.



Above, the Nelsons with their former radio family. Henry Blair and Tommy Bernard impersonated Ricky and David on the show for several years. The four boys played together, became good friends.



There's no puzzle to this one—it's a self portrait of television's newest fad master, Rube Goldberg. Lately Rube has subdued his zany wit for more biting sarcasm in his daily, editorial page, political cartoons.

Rube's got a new one



1. A seven letter word relating to wrongdoing

■ Back in the early 1900's artists weren't considered respectable. That's why one mother urged her son to attend the mining engineering school at the University of California even though he had a clever talent for drawing. So he studied engineering but his heart wasn't in it and he got a job on a New York newspaper around 1910, drawing sports cartoons. Several years went by and the sports cartoon gradually turned into a humor cartoon.

"Son," said the mother, mournfully, "aren't you ever going to use your engineering experience?"

"I think so, Mother," said the young man, an expression of preoccupation on his face. "I've got a very special engineering job in mind."

Several days later Rube Goldberg published in his cartoon space the first of his celebrated inventions. No one but an engineer could have designed such an incredibly complex machine for putting out a cat. Other inventions followed, each more absurdly intricate and useless than the last. So it was that Rube Goldberg's name passed into the language.

The inventive

Mr. Rube Goldberg came

up with a

dilly—a picture quiz

designed

just for television

that keeps his

guessers at wit's end

Now when we see a crazily involved contraption we say, "that looks like a Rube Goldberg invention!"

Nowadays Rube Goldberg is exhibiting his fantastic inventions on the most fantastic invention of them all—television. He demonstrates his peculiar art on New York's telestation, WPIX. Latest word is that these Goldbergian exhibitions will soon be seen on a coast-to-coast video network.

Youthful, dignified-looking Rube adds zest to the drawing game on *The Rube Goldberg Show*, (telecast Mondays, 7:30 p.m. DST) by having four alert guests on each show. With them he plays a charade-like game, improvising pictures representing a word or phrase, and having them match wits in getting the answer. For example, Rube will sketch a postman knocking on a door and a barber standing by his chair saying "Next!" He'll explain, while he draws, that the answer is a musical composition.

It's "nocturne" in this case. ("Knock" and "Turn"—get it?) Scattered about the page are several more that Rube drew up especially for us. How well could you come out as a contestant?

Viewers get their chance to play, too.

Rube draws a Home Charade at the end of the half-hour show and home watchers send in answers plus suggestions for other charades. Going carefully over the four to five thousand letters which arrive every week, Rube selects the best suggestion for a picture word, enclosed with a correct answer, and the lucky writer hits the jackpot and hauls off a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. Easy

to carry is the watch which Rube sends to runners-up. All winning charades are used on the program.

Rube's a family man—been married 32 years to the right woman, name of Irma. They have two grown sons, one an artist and the other a film scenario writer. But much as Rube loves his home life, he has a separate studio apartment where he draws his political cartoons for a top newspaper and plots out the picture he will sketch during the program. High up in his studio, in the vicinity of Carnegie Hall on 57th Street, city noise penetrates but faintly and the room has an air of standing still in time.

There are two easels, a desk, a bureau and a day bed, all brown and battered, and the only frivolous note is a Stork Club ash tray filled with soap erasers. On the wall are framed cartoons by

Rube which have a nineteen-twentyish air, and there are pictures from past years by other artists, including Charles Dana Gibson, inscribed to Rube. More recent is his Pulitzer Prize. And

there's the erector set gimmick Rube built to set off his alarm clock. "Doesn't work very well," he confesses.

But viewers can testify to his fiendish cleverness in inventing picture charades. The strangest people are clever at it, says Rube. He figures that the best guesser was Goddard Lieberman, Vera Zorina's husband, who heads Columbia Records' classical section. Patsy Kelly, couldn't guess anything.

"That one looks like a sick bear," said Patsy.

"Yes, but what does it mean to you?"

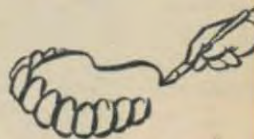
"Means I'm getting out of here," said Patsy. And she stood up in the middle of the show and started -off.



3. Two words that mean a common pest found wild on highways



2. A three-word term employed by golfers, but not very frequently



4. Two words meaning type of water crossing

answers on page 50

The video cameras are trained on a trio of perplexed guests, comedian Benny Rubin, actress Muriel Kirkland and Staats (Crime Photographer) Cotsworth. Standing at center, emcee John Tillman.

Another session of *The Rube Goldberg Show* finds Joe E. Brown, Helen Jepson, Mischa Auer, William Harrigan 'up a tree. The contestants all seem to have as much fun as the televiewers at home.





A rehearsal starts: the Hit Parade troupe strips for action.

your all-time hit parade through the years

Do you keep track of time by
the songs you liked most
each year? If you do, then
this story of **Your
Hit Parade**, which starts
its 15th year on the air
this season, will bring
back a host of fond memories.



1935. First year of Your Hit Parade starred Fred Astaire. Two sentimental songs tied for first place: Chasing Shadows and Fred's own Cheek to Cheek.



1936. A new singer named Buddy Clark skyrocketed to fame. Tied for top honors on the Hit roster were Did I Remember and The Way You Look Tonight.



1937. Fredda Gibson was vocalist and the top tunes were Boo Hoo and Once In A While.

1938. Today Lanny Ross is a television star, but eleven years ago he was singing My Reverie to first place on Your Hit Parade. Lanny, bobby-sox idol of the day, was also in movies.



1939. A sultry tune called Deep Purple topped the Hit Parade survey, with Over the Rainbow second. Bea Wain sang and Mark Warnow started his eight-year reign as bandleader.



■ Musical shows come and go, but *Your Hit Parade* goes on forever. On April 20, this perennial favorite began its fifteenth year. The show's history is the history of popular music that America loves best. To judge by the top tunes through the years, Americans are firmly in favor of the sentimental love song. From 1935 (*Chasing Shadows* and *Cheek To Cheek*) to the present (*A Little Bird Told Me*), love songs have topped the *Hit Parade* list. Just four songs have topped the list ten times during any one year: *I Hear A Rhapsody* (1941), *Peg O' My Heart* (1947), *Now Is The Hour* and *A Tree In The Meadow* (1948). Novelty songs attain rapid but short-lived popularity. Only *The Woodpecker Song* was a leader, tying *I'll Never Smile Again* for top honors in 1940 with seven first places. Ten numbers ranked higher than *Mairzy Doats* in 1944, and in 1948, *Nature Boy*, *Woody Woodpecker* and *Manana* never topped the survey. The show has been instrumental in bringing many vocalists to stardom—Doris Day, Andy Russell, Buddy Clark and Beryl Davis all hit the top. Some, like Fred Astaire, Lanny Ross and Dinah Shore, just stay there. Sinatra, a newcomer in 1943, returned in 1948 at ten times his earlier salary; is leaving shortly for a brand new show on CBS. *Your Hit Parade*, like *Ol' Man River*, just keeps rolling.

your
all-time
hit
parade
through
the
years

continued

1940. Singing sensation of the year was little Bonnie Baker. Tied for top honors was a sad song, I'll Never Smile Again, and the happy Woodpecker's Song.



1941. There wasn't any close competition for I Hear A Rhapsody as sung by Barry Wood. Second place went to Daddy, introduced by pretty Joan Edwards.



1942. Dinah Shore took time off from her USO war work to boost White Christmas to Hit Parade fame. Ginny Simms joined show in 1947.



1944. It began to look as if we'd win the war after all, and I'll Be Seeing You, as sung by Joan Edwards, led the list. Runner-up was the sadder I'll Walk Alone.



1945. Don't Fence Me In and Till The End Of Time were tops. Johnny Mercer (with friend Crosby) was star.



1943. Frank Sinatra was mobbed at his Hit Parade debut. His You'll Never Know was the year's top tune.



1946. Three songs tied for first place: The Gypsy, To Each His Own and Oh! What It Seemed To Be. Andy Russell did the honors.



1947. Two old favorites took the spotlight: Martha Tilton and Peg O' My Heart. A talented newcomer also joined the Parade this year: Doris Day.



1948. Frank Sinatra was joined by Beryl Davis, who helped make two slow numbers the year's hits: Now Is The Hour and Tree In The Meadow.



1949. As Your Hit Parade starts its 15th year, starring Sinatra with bandleader Stordahl, Buttons And Bows and A Slow Boat To China lead.



alpha



"I'm getting along," Al admits as he picks up Asa, junior, adopted by the Jolsons last year. "Why I'm old enough to be his father!"

■ There was a time when only cats could lay claim to more than one life. But the cats have recently retired to the backyard fence to caterwaul their complaints against Al Jolson and his multiple lives.

There's a great span between sweet sixteen and sixty. Only when you turn sixty, you discover that you don't know all the answers. You acquire greater patience and understanding. If you're Al Jolson, you start looking for new worlds to conquer. Al admits to a full sixty years (some say sixty-five would be closer to it) but he never considers himself an oldster. Not by a long shot. For example, he had a chauffeur who'd been with him some 25 years. A few years ago the chauffeur's joints got a little too creaky for comfort, so Al had to retire him. Now Al drives himself. And he's 7 years older than the chauffeur!

Jolson has been rumored ready to retire, in recent months, but he is still toying with the idea of doing a TV series. "The demand for entertainers will far exceed the supply," he says. "I think three quarters of the current radio personalities are going to be lost in front of the hot lights of the video camera. Brother, when that big eye of the camera stares at you and says, 'Go on. Do your stuff!' you'll need to know something

about acting. Like poise, presence of mind, stage manners. Only the newcomers who are getting this drilled into them today and us old timers will be able to look the camera in the eye with an 'okay, this is what I can do.'"

Al may most often look his age—but when he talks about the past, the future, his radio career, he sheds twenty years like he just stepped out of the fountain of youth. "What do you mean—*comeback?*?" Al cries. "A whole new audience grows up in this country every ten years. The last one grew up while I was busy with army shows, but soon as I got back on the air we got together, the audience and I. I didn't make a comeback. They just sort of caught up with old Al!"

"That isn't the way I heard it," the writer said. "I heard that you didn't quite catch on until your Bing Crosby guest appearances."

"Oh, catch-shmatch!" Then Al took off his horn-rimmed glasses. His eyes twinkled, and the wrinkles subsided. "I was okay on the Crosby show, huh?"

The bug that got into Al's lung in North Africa has since been liquidated, but it took a major surgery and a long hospital siege to clean up the job. The story goes around that

Starry dreams

come naturally at sweet

sixteen . . . but the

man who stays young

in heart is never too old

to conquer new

worlds—all over again.

By LOUIS POLLACK



sweet sixty

right after Al made the deal to do *The Jolson Story*, he collapsed and was moved into the hospital. His producer, Harry Cohn, consulted with other Columbia executives, Al's doctor, and came to the conclusion that Al's chances of ever singing again were very slim, and that his contract should be dropped.

It was a difficult thing to do, but Cohn went to see Al to break the news. He was confronted with a strange spectacle. Al was out of bed, and sitting on a chair. His feet were up on a window seat. He looked relaxed, healthy, happy. During the visit he did a few *Shuffle Off To Buffalo* routines, sang some of his old hit tunes. Cohn left satisfied, and quite relieved. What he did not know was that the moment he stepped out the door, Al fainted. It seems he'd been preparing that scene for the past weeks, and though the doctors warned him that he was probably risking his life, he was determined to get well and make his picture. You know the rest.

Al Jolson is really more of an enterprise than an individual. He is a busy institution—what with his radio work, records and movie activities (he thinks *Jolson Sings Again* will be far better than *The Jolson Story*.) He has a half dozen people on his staff who've been under contract to him on an average of

twenty years each. They think Al represents a going business. And since all this business is contingent on his general health, they take a personal interest. Should Al sing a shade off normal tone, they think it means a cold is coming on. His pianist immediately passes the word along to his associates. A general staff meeting is called to discuss remedies for the boss.

This second life of Al's belongs mostly to a couple of people who live in his Encino home in California. He calls them Erle and Asa, respectively. If you smile at them nicely, they will admit to being his wife and adopted son.

Al met Erle Galbraith at a Navy base in Arkansas. She was a laboratory technician, and he was entertaining there with the USO. She asked him for his autograph. They corresponded, became friends and six months later, when he was in California, he wrote her parents and asked them to send her out. He thought she'd be fine for the movies. He discovered she was too good for the movies. So he married her.

Asa, Jr., became their steady paying guest just a year ago. They think he is pretty cute—and in return for their love he pays them with the sunny laughter that only a child can bring.

video in review

■ People are staying home nights, psychologists are forecasting the rebirth of family life, movie moguls are worrying. And what's doing it? Why that blooming, howling infant television. Its cries have drowned out the nice easy patter that made a fine art of barroom conversation. But *Toscanini* has become a household word and things are in a state of growth. Plans are . . . To offer a CBS package deal in many localities. Included in one such package will be several first run movies, short subjects, and Vienna Philharmonic concerts. The movies are guaranteed to be new ones and the concerts are 12 minutes long and definitely not long-hair . . . Now on the fire is a double-barreled educational series with huge entertainment value. Shows will originate from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York giving illustrated lectures on the museum's special collections and work of individual artists . . . News is that understudies are coming into their own. Getting on the front stage at last, the young group from Broadway's musical *Love Life* headlined the TV show *Young Broadway* . . . Clark Eichelberger, director of the American Association for the United Nations, presented a special award to NBC for "efforts toward the building of a better informed public-opinion in support of the United Nations." . . . Backstage with television is the general idea of *Rehearsal Call*. It provides video fans with a behind-the-scenes glimpse of cameramen, technicians and

stage hands as they assemble a program (Sundays at 9:15) . . . *Through the Crystal Ball* tells its story by means of pantomime, dialogue and narration with *River Stay Way From My Door* Jimmy Savo as regular host and story teller. Savo adapts his yarns from classics like *Gulliver's Travels*. Program is telecast over entire CBS network, every Monday night at nine. Here's Morgan, but not too far away from the cigar store where he usually hangs out. Henry has a new show (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30) and plans to divulge such information as "How to Replace Front Wheels on Trolley Cars" and "Igloo Building Made Easy." It's typical Henry material, so be sure to catch it . . . Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians made their debut in April with CBS. It's a full hour show and a real must for Waring fans, and who isn't? . . . Hot jazz critics Mike Levin, Leonard Feather, Les Leiber and George Simon staged a jam session on the *Adventures in Jazz* show while regular musicians just sat and criticized. But it was real friendly . . . At a recent business meeting, CBS revealed the astonishing fact that although 14 per cent of New York families already had TV sets, the figure would undoubtedly rise to 21 per cent by next year . . . TV's here to stay . . . And that's the story this year. People are buying sets and landlords are finding them too numerous to tear down. The future looks bright for coast-to-coast television—predictions ranging from one to five years.



"A little to the left and not so crooked." The Hartmans, Paul and Grace, take time off from Broadway duties in the hit show *All For Love* to appear on NBC's hilarious new show dealing with family life.



That's Indian magician, Kuda Bux and no, his turban hasn't slipped. He wraps himself in lead foil, putty and bandages and then, assisted by Pierrette, performs sleight-of-hand tricks. Hasn't missed yet.



Part of NBC's educational series, Dr. Ray Marshall explains, in layman's language, the meaning of atomic energy and other phenomena. Dr. Marshall's illustrated talks are called the *Nature of Things*.



Preview is the new Tex and Jinx show. Presented as a living newspaper each Monday at 8, the show presents news gathered from the press, radio, and the theater and features prominent guests.



Radio gave you recipes; television shows you how. Dione Lucas, head of the Cordon Bleu cooking school reveals some of her secrets and if your TV set is in the kitchen, you can easily follow her.



The Korn Kobblers make their home at Shufflebottom's country store on CBS-TV, and that's where Nels Laasko and Korko (the monkey-puppet) share daffy monkey-shines and also trumpet playing honors.



The Goldbergs, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. Even more popular than on the radio, this homey show continues to captivate audiences. Creator Molly Berg is *Molly*, Philip Loeb is *Jake*.



Caswell Adams and Dolly Stark invite Stanley Woodward (center), editor of *Sports Illustrated*, to share their informal talks as they round-up the news on CBS-TV's informative new *Sports Special*.



No one was supposed to know about their elopement, so on the big day June went home and baked her own wedding cake.

I married a **genius**

by june havoc

She was warned that all geniuses were mad—especially bearded geniuses—and mystery expert Bill Spier happens to fit both categories. But June Havoc decided to take a chance . . .

■ How does a woman know when she's in love?

You've got me. Except that I was aware of a strange chemistry bubbling inside. If a doctor had been around to take my blood pressure, he would have rushed me to a sanatorium. I couldn't control my sensory department to the point that when I squeezed the lemon over my shrimp cocktail, I squirted him in the eye three times. I had a sudden distaste for everyone at the table who talked to this man, this Bill Spier.

It was in March, in Malibu, and all I wanted was to pretend I was a woman of luxury, soaking up the warm sun without a worry on my mind, instead of just another actress working for a living. A friend broke into my dreams with a phone call. "You fool," he said, "you'll go right out of your mind hibernating like that. Come along to dinner—there's someone I want you to meet."

So that's how I met Bill Spier at Malibu Lodge. Bill Spier I had known, was the greatest producer in radio—the man who's responsible for *Suspense*, *Sam Spade*, and the *Philip Morris Playhouse*. In my delirium I must have indicated that I thought Mr. Spier was real nice. Anyway, the next day, a friend called and asked, "How could you stand that awful beard of his?"

"Beard?" I exclaimed. "What beard?" I didn't even remember that he had one. Now I swear that a beard is an adornment God provided for the beautification of the male species, and men are fools not to wear them. After all, they *have* all that wool. Why not put it to some good use? You can see that the beard never bothered me.

Bill Spier did, though.

He called me up the very next morning after we hadn't had our first date together. That's where the plot started. He needed an apartment, which is a ruse all men find very handy. It just happened that I was not at all tired or busy (a horrible lie), and I would just *love* to help him find one. That took about two weeks, because after the place was found it had to be furnished, and Bill said he was practically helpless about such things.

Some men go a long way with a romance—just being helpless. Bill wasn't. He did everything right, but there was so much of him, scattered all over town. His big concert grand piano, for one thing. I know now that he *knew* it wouldn't go into the apartment. At the time I was touched. Eventually, I had to take the piano. It came to my home and stood alone in quiet dignity in the living room. I liked living with the piano, and having Bill come over to wring melodious conversation out of it. Then, it turned out, Bill had a friend. They liked to make the walls rock with double piano. So I sent his concert grand to a friend and welcomed Bill's second piano, which was sort of a double decker better suited to two musicians.

I was in a new world. I admit I am brainless. I loved having a beau who spoke four languages, was a full-fledged music critic at age seventeen, and knew more than I would if I were marched over by a regiment of tutors every day for ten years.

Still, I couldn't just go around being happy. There was that business of a career. I went to Westport, Conn., to do summer

stock in *Girl of the Golden West*. Bill showed up in New York with *Suspense* and *Sam Spade*. He moved the cast, conductors and orchestra cross-country to court me. Also an undiminished supply of nosegays. Some men send flowers. This fellow Spier sent floral dreams from another century and made me feel like the dainty Victorian beauties on book jackets.

One night our friend Lawrence Tangler stopped me just as I was going on-stage. "Pssst!" he whispered, "Marry him!"

That night it happened.

The place was the Silvermine Tavern, just outside of New Canaan, with the swans floating by in the moonlight and the waiters looking wise and discreet. Bill talked to me. Simple, beautiful, compelling, wonderful talk. I knew I had been proposed to—and, of course, I had to turn him down! You know how it is. You don't want to jump off the pier into the sea of matrimony the minute he has the idea you've had all along. So you say, probably not—with reservations though. I said, "Let us be temporarily, unofficially engaged."

For six months, after returning to Hollywood, we acted like nothing had transpired. My advice to all young lovers is to keep it a secret. That way you walk around in the world like an unopened package from Tiffany's, saying to yourself, "Look at all those poor, uninformed friends of mine who don't realize something special has happened—my heart has changed from a tomato patch to a garden of orchids."

I was making *Gentleman's Agreement* at the time, and Bill made an unusual discovery. He found out that the only way to get to CBS is to drive through the 20th Century lot and stop. I think he was around more than Darryl Zanuck.

more →



Nights when Bill and Howard Duff go over the scripts for *Sam Spade*, June is usually to be found hovering about.



June, Bill will tell you, is the original gal who talks to animals. They have a family of two dogs, three cats.



Bill really sweats over the scripts for his three radio shows. June keeps heavy-lidded vigil over her genius—with the ever-ready tea pot.



Before they were married, Bill moved his oversized grand piano into June's large living room. Then he moved himself in behind the keyboard.

I married a genius, cont.

You won't believe this, but after I asked him one night if the proposal still stood, I went home and baked a wedding cake. We jumped into his car and drove somewhere. Did you ever go to a place you wanted to share with someone someday, except that you still hadn't met the guy?

The place I wanted to share was a little Ghost Town. This one belongs to us, so if you want a Ghost Town to marry in, look one up for yourself. There are a lot of them.

By the time the ceremony took place the corsage Bill brought along for me looked like Great Expectations, and the bride and groom on top of the cake had sunk to the bottom.

We have now been married for over a year. Do you know what it's like being married to a genius? It's only a little more than inspiring, magnificent and quite all right, that's all.

We had a discussion. I said, "I'm dull, ridiculous and two yards this side of being a moron. I don't deserve you."

"Ha!" he exclaimed with harsh, cold logic. "That's a lie and I'll prove it!"

He got out pencil and paper. We made a list. On one side he marked, "Queen of the Dog Shows." That's me. I talk to dogs, they talk to me. I can walk into a room and know whether a dog has a fever or he's running a temperature over his domestic situation.

"Well," I said, "I suppose that's an asset, but what does it compare with in you? You are Mr. Radio himself," I pointed out.

"That is nothing, if true. Opposite radio I will put the Theatre. You are a walking encyclopedia on the subject."

"You have been all over the world. You speak five languages and know how to talk to me."

"Oh yes?" He wrote furiously. "You can cook. You once won a cup dancing, you work in movies, you collect antiques and make your own clothes. I don't deserve you."

He gave me a look which added a period to the argument and pumped up my ego to full size.

I'm terribly afraid that I can't do a thing for females who in-

sist that if you want to be happy with a male he's got to be all muscles and no mind. Let's not be foolish. A man with a great mind can be even more helpless than one with no mind at all.

Take Bill. He hates plans. He'll murder you if you don't pick up a cue. He'll tear you limb from limb if you wander off a script and hang by your ad libs. But when it comes to something like picking up food for an ice box—no. Absolutely not. Even the thought of my preparing a grocery list makes him ill. I wait until I know he'll be out of the house for an hour. Then I call up the meat market and grocery store like an inhibited mouse reporting a murder in the next apartment.

There is another thing. My genius seldom goes to sleep before 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning. He does manage to drag himself out of bed to have breakfast with me. In the morning I am totally obnoxious. Ten seconds after I open my eyes I love my fellow man generally and my husband particularly. As for Bill, the best I can do is carry on imaginary conversation with him. Or address my remarks in his direction obliquely by way of my cats, Little Nemo, Sour Puss or Sam Cat.

A genius, they say, is supposed to be a man who can only talk to college professors. He's supposed to run around with a light fall of dandruff on his blue serge suit. Not my Bill. He can converse with my dogs, too. He chats with Suzetta, the three-pound poodle I use for smuggling into public conveyances, and Grumpy, the Black Poodle. But I like Bill most, I think, when he talks to me—in that simple, everyday genius way.

Instead of looking down his intelligence at my acting, he lured me into improving it by taking character roles anonymously on the *Sam Spade* show. In the space of one 30-minute broadcast, I was a Chinese witch on page eight, a Swedish maid on page ten and a dissolute movie queen on page eleven. In the end, the movie queen had to throttle the Swedish maid, so you can see how busy I was on pages twenty-six and -seven.

One night I asked Bill, "what's with you come television?"

"It'll be all right," he told me. "I worked in television for a couple of years about a decade ago. It'll make mystery and suspense twice as real as movies or radio." So I put on my best Mrs. Spier manner and said, "Well, don't worry about it, William. I can always sing, dance, and pass the hat!"

And have the last word.

You don't have to be a
millionaire to own your own television
set today. Here is
some sound advice for shoppers.



tv for low budgets

■ Don't get the idea that you have to be an Irish Sweepstakes winner to be able to afford a television set. You can buy a good one—adapted to your needs and designed to harmonize with your home—for much less than \$400. Naturally the expensive sets are more elaborate and luxurious, but not necessarily better performers. And—for the first time—television manufacturers are facing a buyer's market. That means you can shop and choose exactly what you want, at a price you can pay. The first step in shopping is to find out as much as you can about television. Ask your neighbors about their sets, see how they work. Then go to an established dealer and watch the most expensive sets he carries in operation. *Always judge a set by the way it operates.* There's no point studying the cabinet. Be sure there's a program on, or at least the station trademark. Take your time about buying. Shop carefully and don't get excited about the first set you see. Pick one that fits your needs, one that will look correct in your own home—not the show room. Now let's talk about the picture on the screen. Naturally the bigger it is, the easier it will be to look at. The screen size is determined by the size of the tube, which is pretty much the basis for the price. A ten-inch tube is about the largest you will find for under \$400—unless you happen on a bargain. However, *the quality of the picture is more important than its size.* Study the set you pick out. Turn the tuning knob and note how quickly the image appears. A good set should produce a picture in less than 40 seconds. It should stand steady, not blur or shake. Be wary of vertical or horizontal distortion, and too-light or too-dark areas. It should resist outside interference from passing cars and other mechanical objects. Check the sound quality too. Most TV sets operate on FM and should be static-free. Ask the dealer about the Underwriter's Laboratory Label which guarantees sets against shock

or fire hazard. Then study the manufacturer's guarantee and service contract. You should get a warranty on parts replacement and service for a year. When the year is up, by the way, renew the contract. It's smarter than having to call in a repairman when you run into trouble. And one more thing—remember that the price tag will not be the final cost. Add the Federal Excise tax, maybe the State sales tax. Then there is the cost of installation—usually from \$40 to \$90 on lower priced sets. However, many dealers nowadays are not charging for installation—giving it as a “buyer's bonus.” Others have different discount forms. Once a television owner, remember that your set can't stand the rough handling many radios take. After it's installed, leave it there. And don't let your children put their noses on the screen. While the set is working this might cause slight burns. And finally, don't fool with the interior of the set. Let a professional mechanic take care of any problems that might arise. While televiewing, take care of your eyes. Get the brightest, steadiest picture. Avoid having a light reflect on the screen, but don't look at the picture in total darkness. Have a comfortable lamp, preferably indirect, behind the viewers. For a ten-inch screen, sit about six feet from the screen. Look around the room frequently to relieve your eyes. *And don't wear sunglasses.* There are special television glasses manufactured by “Rayex,” optically prepared to cut down the glare.

Here are ten recommended low-priced sets:

ADMIRAL Model 30B-15, a floor model console which matches their radio-phonograph combinations. 10 inch tube, \$329.95.
CROSLEY Model 9-403M a modern table model in blond oak. 10 inch tube and FM receiver. Recently reduced to \$299.95.
OLYMPIC Model TV 922 (The StarBrite) comes in either mahogany or natural blond cabinet. 10 inch tube, \$299.50.
PHILCO Model 1040 is a floor model console in mahogany, designed for modern homes. 10 inch tube, \$349.50.
PILOT Candid TV model is portable and needs no aerial within 20 miles of station. 3 inch tube, \$99.50.
RAYTHEON-BELMONT Model 7DX-21 (The Visionette) works on either AC or DC current. 7 inch tube, \$179.95.
RCA-VICTOR Model 8-T-241 (The Bystander) is a floor model made in mahogany or walnut. \$325, or \$345 in blond.
SENTINEL Model 400 TV is portable, takes an AC plug-in. 7 inch tube, \$199.95, antenna extra (\$6.95).
SIGHTMASTER Living Stage Model comes in a dark walnut case with a rotating table, built-in enlarger. 10 inch tube, \$395.



the FRED WARING show

He left the Penn State campus with a formula that has stood the test ever since 1921. Now the versatile Mr. Waring clicks on video.

■ There's an old saying in musical circles, "If you want to jar your ears good and proper, listen to a chorus made up of star vocalists." Sounds true, doesn't it? Well, not always. Fred Waring's been disproving that bright saying for the past twenty years. And in case you're impressed by figures (and who isn't) he's been disproving it to the tune of \$1,500,000 a year. How does he do it? There's a pat answer: hard work. But it's more than that. It's hard work plus. As early as 1937, Fred told an interviewer, "We're ready for anything, including television, when it comes." Versatility, that's the key word for Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Do you like ragtime music? They make it. Do you like zany novelty songs? Fred's outfit of 55 is a producing family that writes its own skits, lyrics, and original music. Do you go for choral numbers? It was Fred Waring's Glee Club that started the Pennsylvanians on their road to fame. And now, to top all this, comes the fulfillment of that remark of Fred's, made in 1937: He has proved he's ready for television. Fred's CBS television show adds two surprise features: a *Song Trial* in which professional song pluggers can be seen and heard selling their latest numbers, and a *Video Ballroom* in which amateur dance teams compete for valuable prizes. Who was it said you can't watch music?



You really get your money's worth when you flick the dial of your TV set to the Fred Waring show. Here's a musical extravaganza brought right into your living room. 20 Men 20. Count 'em.

Waring's show never has a dull moment. It moves fast, contains a variety of features such as this amateur rhumba team in action during the contest section of the show called "Video Ballroom."

The video screen is tough on even such handsome men as Mr. Waring. Faces must be made up to withstand the bright glare of camera lights and the close inspection of fans at their sets.

Daisy Bernier seems to have enough admirers in this shot from the glee club production of *Cecilia*. No wonder the '90's were gay—if the gals were like Daisy.



Many athletes tried to do it, but it took a young Worcester, Mass., couple to punch their way out of *County Fair's* eight-foot paper bag.



In this program's lady-or-the-tiger-act, the lady preferred to shower her husband and win a prize rather than douse the emcee for nothing.



A free-style, rocking-chair derby proves to be just as exciting—and much less predictable—than the usual sulky race at a real county fair.



In a test of nerves, contestants were told their cigars were loaded. When a pistol was fired, one leaped to his feet spilling both glasses.



How sardines feel about being packed in subways like human beings was described to Elliot by a volunteer.



How fast can you lace your shoes? With Elliot timing, two men race it out on the size 17½ shoes of a 7-footer.

fracas at the fair

Anybody can join the free-for-all at the County Fair—just bring a strong constitution and a sense of humor.

Instead of "musical chairs" *County Fair* contestants play a game of musical bathtubs. The loser doesn't get dunked.

■ According to that free-wheeling, don't-look-now-but-you're-sliding-on-a-banana-peel carnival called *County Fair*, the world's made up of two kinds of people: the guy who's just taken the pratt fall and that laughing fellow alongside him who doesn't know he's next. Warning of what's to come are the raincoats, showercaps and towels the wardrobe department gets ready for the victims. But who's paying any attention? Every Wednesday night at nine, when the brassy circus music sounds off from the bandstand and Win Elliot, of the old straw lid and checkered vest, starts down the aisle calling for people to risk their dignities, three-fourths of the studio audience has a hand raised to try. Sure, they're liable to get squirted with a seltzer bottle, dunked in mud, smeared with lemon meringue, tossed into a bathtub. But what's that when you can be the center of attraction for once in your life? Besides this is a show that's always adding to the sum of human knowledge—for instance, by exploring such universal questions as, are people really kind to their mother-in-laws? who plays with Junior's electric train—Junior or Pop? and who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder? First to introduce the running gag on radio, *County Fair* spent 32 weeks proving that a growing farmboy could keep on lifting a growing calf. In four years of bucolic stunting it also proved, with the indispensable aid of volunteers, that it is possible to punch your way out of a paper bag, that you can teach an old dog new tricks, and that in the Spring some young men's fancies do *not* turn to thoughts of love.





the new blondie

If Blondie Bumstead sounds a little different to you, lately, it isn't because she has a cold. She *is* different. Name's Ann Rutherford. The way it happened—after 13 years someone decided that Dagwood needed a new kind of personality to pour his morning coffee. The people of NBC went out into the street and rounded up 88 citizens. They put these citizens into a room and said, "You have to pick a new Blondie." The citizens nodded their heads. They listened to 53 screen and radio actresses (without know-

ing their names) and before they went home they'd chosen Ann. Turned out she was a brunette, but a blonde wig fixed that and it's okay with Cookie and Alexander (the Bumstead kids) who love her. Andy Hardy loved her for many years (when she was Polly Benedict). Walter Mitty *thought* he loved her, and Floria May—Ann's four-year-old—really does. As for Dagwood, he's hardly noticed the change. Lives in a world of his own, that man, so it's probably all for the best. Listen in for yourself these Wednesday nights at 8.

\$26,000 prizewinner

An interview with
the lady who landed the jackpot on
Sing It Again—several weeks
after the big windfall.

■ Mrs. Ellen Dunstan pulled out a dog-eared sheet of paper as she sat in her modest living room in San Diego's federal housing project. "Here is the list of prizes," she said. "The accountant I hired and I keep figuring and going over it. Oh, if we could just sell the prizes, pay the taxes, and go back to our nice normal life!" Mrs. Dunstan reminisced about the big night. "I was just scared, not a bit elated," said the slender, grey-haired woman who supports her two children and 81-year-old mother. "The family was terribly excited, and friends started calling as soon as the broadcast was over. We didn't get to bed till midnight. You know, just because I got the prizes for nothing, everybody expects me to practically give them away. They forget all the freight charges I had to pay. What am I keeping? First, I want to keep the 1949 Ford—and Harry." She glanced at her son who sat fidgeting nearby. "Harry has already banged in the side of it in traffic. Then I'm keeping the Laundromat and possibly the radio-phonograph. The rest I'm trying to sell." This includes a stove, two bedroom suites, 78 bath towels, one \$1000 fur coat, \$1000 wrist watch, \$1000 wedding gown, a load of french perfume, a silver tea set, a deep freezer with a year's supply of vegetables, luggage, camera, \$1000 worth of home movies, refrigerator, 5000 cans of food, dinette set, and sundry other items. Everything sold has gone for much less than its evaluation. Among the prizes Mrs. Dunstan refused were a La Jolla vacation (it's only 10 miles away), the services of a cook, maid and butler ("where would we put them?"), a complete paint job on their house (which they don't own) and the installation of a stall shower in the bathroom (which is too small). "If I had known what sleepless nights I was letting myself in for," said Mrs. Dunstan, "I'd never have answered the telephone."



Mrs. Dunstan recognized the "Phantom Voice" as that of Ida Cantor. Her new washing machine just fits her tiny kitchen.



"I still have to make a living," says Mrs. Dunstan. She has no intention of giving up her job at the Naval Training Station. The earrings were among her many prizes.



Laura, 14, attends Dana Junior High; Harry, 20, goes to State College. Driving their new sedan is difficult on the unpaved, rutted roads around the housing project.



1. Steve Casey, gang-busting crime photographer on the *Morning Express*, looks like a lost ghost as he staggers into the Blue Note Cafe. Reporter Ann Williams and friendly bartender Ethelbert are shocked. Casey isn't a drinker—especially mornings.



2. "He's been doped!" Ann cries, as Casey collapses. Though blanked out for 12 hours, Casey finally recalls drinking with Needles Jones.



3. Casey feels he *must* penetrate his "blackout." Ann, who loves Casey, hopes he wasn't mixed up with a girl. There are two clues: Casey's torn press card and some matches from the Wanderers' Bar & Grill.



4. The bartender won't say if Casey and Needles were there the night before. When Casey presses him, he gets tough. "Get out," he orders—then adds, "You might try 57 Coe St."



5. At the door of the strange house, Casey has a foreboding. It becomes a terrifying reality as the door is opened by Captain Logan of Homicide: "Needles was killed here last night."



6. Ordinary gang killers use guns, Logan tells Casey. But Needles was *knifed* to death. Casey tremblingly pulls out a handkerchief to mop his brow, and Ann stares at it, horrified—it is covered with blood.



7. As the evidence mounts, Casey pays a visit to Logan. He turns white as he sees Logan's only clue—the missing corner from his own torn press card.

finger of suspicion

The worst of it was

that Casey couldn't remember . . .

the evidence pointed right

at him and he couldn't remember!

Was he really the killer—

or had he been framed?

finger
of
suspicion

continued

CAST OF
"CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER"

Steve Casey.....Staats Cotsworth
Ann Williams.....Jan Miner
Ethelbert.....John Gibson
Captain Logan.....Bernard Lenrow
Chick.....Gil Mack
Buzz.....Lou Hall
Dan.....Dick Keith
Blue Note Pianist.....Herman Chittison

"Crime Photographer" is written by Alonzo Deen Cole and directed by John Dietz. The script of *Finger of Suspicion* (originally entitled *Blackout*) was done by Harry Ingram. Photos by R. W. Stahman, CBS. The show is broadcast on CBS, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m.



8. "You can't be a murderer," Ann insists. But Casey isn't so sure. How can he explain his torn press card, the bloody handkerchief? He must be involved.



9. Casey slaps Ann, as she grows hysterical when he discovers that the hunting knife he bought for the kid next door is missing. Ann's tears convince him he'd better join the underworld to search for a clue.



10. Buzz and Chick, a couple of gangsters, praise Casey for the job he did on Needles. Now that he's an outlaw, they tell him to lay low. "I'll never be safe until I get that knife."



13. Casey's face is a hard mask, as he waits nervously for the stranger, who is going to "sell" him the murder knife in return for \$1,000. Ann and Ethelbert find themselves shivering a little, not knowing what Casey may be up to, or what harm may come to him as the result of his odd bravado.



14. "Okay, bub, I've got you covered," Captain Logan says quietly, and grabs the startled gangster, who has just laughingly confessed to an amazed Casey that he killed Needles because "he talked too much," pinned the rap on Casey because "he found out too much."



11. As a solid member of the mob, Casey convinces Chick the police will tag him for murder if they find the knife before he gets it. Chick tells him to call a certain number. Ann spots him going into the phone booth, and hears him make an appointment to pay someone \$1,000 for the knife.



12. Ann, very much upset by Casey's disappearance and strange behavior, tells Ethelbert she thinks Casey may be in serious danger. She gets his promise to accompany her to the restaurant she heard Casey name in his mysterious phone call as the gang's headquarters.



15. At the Blue Note Cafe that night, Casey feels expansive. He crows just a little over the way he joined the mob so he could find out who had the murder knife, and track down the real killer. The whole thing looked a little too neat. Figuring he'd been framed, he'd told Logan.



16. Ann is furious to think that Casey trusted Logan, and didn't take her into his confidence. He explains simply that she was too jittery and hysterical, and he had to slap her. Ann retorts with a stinging slap. "In case you ever black out again, here's something to wake you up."

Scenes at the "Blue Note Cafe" taken at the Park Avenue Restaurant, New York

best dressed cowboy

Paris might
not like Gene's wardrobe,
but any cowboy
would give his horse
for those
rainbow togs.



■ He used to make \$35 a week as a railroad telegrapher and the best thing he had to wear was a smile. In those days his tight pants had more shine on them than his high-heeled boots, and his hat wouldn't have minded if he'd used it for a bucket. Down in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, where he worked, people weren't sending messages sixty a minute, so he'd sit back and sing to while away the evenings. He'd sing about the days he remembered—when he was a kid on his father's ranch in Tioga, Texas, and when he was a cowpuncher there, riding the plains alone. He figured he ought to get himself a saxophone to pep up the office, so he ordered one by mail. When he held the sax in his hands he didn't know what to do except trade it in for a guitar. Later, he'd switch on the operator key and straight down the Oklahoma line they'd hear the cowboy ballads coming in sweet and sad. Could have gone on like that for years, but who should come wandering along Sapulpa way but Will Rogers? And what should he say, standing there scratching his head, waiting for this operator to finish a song? "Like to sing, eh?" he says. "Yup," says Autry. "Ever think of singing professionally?" says Rogers. "Can't say I have," says Autry. "Well, think about it," says Rogers, "because you've got something there." Autry really has something now. He has four radio stations, five ranches, six movie theaters, a music publishing house, a newspaper, a restaurant, a rodeo and part of a flying school. He has a Saturday night radio show (CBS at 8:00), and he makes records for Colum-

bia, movies for himself, and more money than he and his wife and Champion, Jr., would dare to count. But the poor guy doesn't own a business suit. He has several closets full of clothes and not one pin-striped business suit. Yellow satin shirts with butterflies crawling up the sleeves—that's what his wife takes out to the cleaners. White silk shirts with flowers blooming round the elbows, red flannel shirts that glow in the dark, plaid wool shirts that a blind man could see—that's what his wife carries out. Autry wouldn't let a valet hang around those togs. He hands out \$75 every time he wants another shirt. A cowboy suit sets him back \$200. A firm out in Hollywood tailors them to order—gabardines and whipcords by the dozen, in powder blue and beige and colors of the rainbow. A pair of those handmade Texas boots costs him near \$75 with pointed toes and soft leather over the ankles and butterflies like as not sitting on his insteps. His ten-gallon hats (white as snow) fit him like a million dollars, but they cost *only* \$75. They have the Oklahoma crush in them—that means they're not the flat, Spanish type porkpie (otherwise known as the Arizona crush). When Autry walks out in public he tones things down. Wears his cuffs outside his boots, wears a long jacket to hide his waistline. You can tell he's a cowboy though, by his swagger and the click of those high-heeled Texan boots. And you can tell it's a very special cowboy. You can tell it's Gene Autry by the smile left over from the old days—when a smile was almost all he had to wear.



Cowboy clothes are natural to Gene who doesn't even own one business suit. This wardrobe is at his 390-acre Melody Ranch.



Autry buckles on a leather and Indian silver holster which he wears for decoration. He's a good shot, but dislikes firearms.



Despite his enormous wardrobe, Gene doesn't have a valet. His wife Ina, who's reconciled to his flashy getup, sees that everything's in its place.



Gene looks over his saddle collection with his trainer Jimmy Agee. Agee lays out Autry's togs when they tour with the rodeo.



1 As Hallmark Playhouse theme music opens the show, director Engelbach signals the control engineer: too high; tone it down.



2 Clearing the way now for the first announcement, he waves his hands calling for the music to do a fade-out at this point.



5 Now let's have deeper, louder sound—Engelbach gestures to the engineer who stepped in as a temporary replacement.



6 The sound is okay, but the director presses his ears to increase his sensitivity to the tonal balance of all the effects he is using.

radio album reports, no. 5

meet the director

■ The big studio clock says three minutes to go. The actors at the microphones, intent on their scripts, are now at the final scene of the play, their voices raised for the climax. From the soundproof control booth, the "fishbowl," comes a flurry of white: a man in shirtsleeves is waving his hand in a circle—the speed-up signal when time is running out. They catch his gesture and the scene moves faster, its tempo gradually increasing to the end. Then the music swells up. The man in the fishbowl puts his fingers to his nose. Right on time, it means, on the nose. At his cue, the announcer makes the closing speech. More music. And then the white-sleeved man draws his fingers across his throat: cut—the end. This is part of the graphic, silent language of radio, of which director Dee Engelbach is the performing maestro pictured above. Indeed a director,



3 Action! This cue, and not the script, tells the watching actors the exact moment at which they should start their performance.



4 That's fine! Engelbach gestures his approval to the cast, indicating they are to sustain the mood they have just created.



7 The curtain figuratively comes down. Now cueing the entire cast, the call is for actors, sound, music, crowd noises to mark finis.



8 But the end of one show only means a few hours time out before it's time to start thinking about what to do with next week's.

when a show is on the air, resembles nothing so much as a master conductor as he hand-signals to the actors, the announcers and for the music and sound effects that make the perfect program. Of all technicians the least known to radio audiences, he's the man to whom the author, the cast, the producer and sponsor look for final judgment on how to get the most out of the show. If you're thrilled, amused, stirred by what you hear, it's the director who has shaped these moods for you. His work starts weeks before the show goes on, when he confers with the script-writer, making suggestions for cuts and improvements. He diagrams a working plan of the whole program, choosing the kind of music he needs, the right sound effects and plotting on his own script the moods he wants to sustain. Only then does casting start and, at last, rehearsals. Engelbach, who doubles

both as producer and director of CBS's Hallmark Playhouse, works on this show with Hollywood names. Such stars as Gregory Peck, Joan Fontaine, Bob Hope, Jane Wyman, Jack Benny follow his instructions intently, for an experienced actor—no matter how famous—is an obedient one. In rehearsals Engelbach must give each actor his interpretation of the character portrayed, set the tempo and blend sounds, music, voices, each to the right pitch. It's a keyed-up, nerveracking job, though you wouldn't think so from Engelbach's deceptively bland, cherubic appearance. The real wear and tear on his nerves starts, however, on the night of the broadcast, when he retires to that glass-enclosed booth, tuned to the required split-second precision. Snapped in action during a Hallmark Playhouse performance, these pictures show the director giving another show all he's got.



Bob met Dolores when he was in a Broadway musical. She was a night club singer. The proposal was via long distance.

life without crosby

by bob hope



■ Everybody seems to think that Crosby and Hope (beg pardon—Hope and Crosby) are the original Bobbsey twins in Hollywood. We travel down those celluloid roads together, we golf it together, we've got chunks of big baseball teams, we even have joint ownership of the same running gag. You might get the idea that we are as inseparable as Crosby and a nickel. That's a lie. I grant you that if all the divots we've dug were thrown into the Pacific, the Lincoln Highway would extend to Honolulu. But that's another story. *This* story is about Bob (bosom of his family) Hope, the Hope that almost nobody, except a few close relatives, notably my wife, knows about.

You hear a lot about the mythical life we lead—Bing and I—full of dates with Dottie Lamour and flirtations with Doris Day. That's for laughs, like Jack Benny's Maxwell (he really drives a new Stanley Steamer). Both Crosby and I are solid family men, who gallop home just as fast as the next guy after a hard day at the office to plant a loud buss on the wife, and horse around with the kids. And if you don't think I rate top rung in the American Fathers' Liars Club, just start talking children when I'm around—and give me an opening.

They are really wonderful, though, Linda (almost ten), Tony who's eight and Nora and Kelly, two and a half. They're wonderful even if they do keep Mrs. Bob Hope (hereafter to be known as Dolores) so busy she's slipped from a four to a ten handicap at our Lakeside Golf Club tournaments . . . she'll *love* me for this.

Yes, I'm a sentimental guy at heart. On the little finger of my left hand I wear a ring Dolores' father gave her on her thirteenth birthday. It never leaves my finger.

Have you heard the story of how Dolores and I met? It's been told before, but maybe if I tell it myself it'll come out right. It was George Murphy who got us together, the season I was appearing in *Roberta*, on Broadway. George took me over to the Vogue Club one night to hear a new singer—Dolores Reade. I liked her voice all right, but even more, I found myself liking her face—the kind of aristocratic face that romantic novelists dream about. George introduced us and I persuaded her to come and watch me work in *Roberta*. I found out later that she didn't know I was one of the stars of the show—she thought I was a chorus boy! Luckily the guy doling out the greenbacks didn't have the same impression.

Dolores took off for Florida, and I took to proposing over the long distance telephone. She accepted me every third call. Come to think of it, she always said yes on the calls when I didn't reverse the charges. Just coincidence. We were married soon afterwards by a Justice of the Peace in Erie, Pa., with my brother Fred and my friend Don Smith, as witnesses.

When I started to do radio, Dolores picked up a habit she's never broken—and I wouldn't want to work in front of a mike if she did—she listens to every one of my broadcasts. Hasn't missed one yet. And I still call her right after we go off the air to see how she liked the show.



The Hope family (including pets) numbers eight. Nora and Kelly, both 2½ years old, are napping. Tony (left) is 8. Linda (right) is 10.



Son Tony has his father's love of sports. Gives Bob stiff competition when they play golf. Hope threatens to quit the game cold the day the kid takes him over.



The Hopes keep adding to their chinaware collection — considered one of the finest in Hollywood.



Family interludes are sandwiched between radio schedules and Bob's moviemaking at Paramount. His current film: *Sorrowful Jones*.



Bob and Dolores have a weekly grudge game, argue about how much of a handicap she should have. She beats him more often than Crosby does.

life without crosby, cont.

One of the things that first attracted me to Dolores—beside the fact that I couldn't take my eyes off her—was the way she played golf. For a girl, she packed a lot of power into her shots—and a lot more accuracy than I had. I knew she'd never be a golf widow. We have one endless argument, a regular part of our weekly game. She wants a stroke-a-hole handicap on all but the par threes. As a result, she beats me more often than Crosby. In my bets with her I'm so far down that I'm on speaking terms with a family of gophers.

That reminds me. They've been saying that Bing usually outscores me. Strictly propaganda. I'm on my game now, so it's nip and tuck. I wouldn't say the guy is scared or anything, but he hasn't been on the phone lately, yelling for me to play. Ed Dudley, the veteran pro over at Lakeside, has smoothed out my game until I can ring up a four handicap as a fairly steady thing. And I'm tickled pink that my boy, Tony, has a consuming interest in the game. One of these days, he's going to beat me in a match, and I'll admit I'm growing old and go borrow Crosby's Serutan.

When Dolores takes a night off for dinner with other wives in the neighborhood and leaves me at home with the kids, all the rules are off. The kids know they can get away with anything short of manslaughter, and the house turns into a miniature Barnum and Bailey circus. But when Dolores gets back—comes the accounting. In ten seconds she spots the broken lamp!

Linda makes me realize that not having a girl in the family must be a terrible thing for a father. I don't know how Bing has stood it all these years. When a fellow has a little girl of his own, he can indulge in a little "smooching" any time an affectionate whim moves him. If he walks into the

kitchen while his wife is at the console of the mighty family stove, grabs mama around the middle and kisses her behind the ear, he's in trouble. She'll tell him there's a time and place for everything and to get the blank out of her kitchen if he expects any dinner. But your little girl . . . ah, that's a different matter! She'll put up with all your roughhouse, tell you you're silly and snuggle right under your heart. And as she skips away, she'll tell you, "Daddy, I've fooled around with you so much, I can't possibly do my homework before bedtime." And you know you've been done in again by a wise woman.

I've bounced around the world a lot in recent years, while Dolores has stayed home with the kids. But last December we took the fastest, most wonderful vacation a fellow ever took with his wife. Walter Sythington got me on the phone from Washington and we cooked up the idea of going over to Germany at Christmas to entertain the boys on the airlift. He asked me if Dolores would like to go along. We tussled with the idea for a while, then put it up to Linda and Tony. They said okay.

So we took off the Wednesday afternoon before Christmas with General Doolittle, Vice President Barkley and a lot of other bigwigs. I'd like to mention everybody who was along, but I learned in my vaudeville days that if you get too many names in the act, there isn't room for billing on the marquee.

Dolores was disappointed that we were flying nonstop to Brussels. She hoped we'd stop in Ireland. We climbed into our bunks early, and at five next morning she reached across the aisle and shook me. We were coming down for a landing.

"That," she said, pointing out the window, "is so green, it *has* to be Ireland!"

"Don't be ridic, honey," I declared. "I've been around long enough to recognize Brussels."

At that moment, the pilot came through and made a fool of me.

"I'm glad to see you're both awake," he said. "We've been bucking some bad headwinds and we're setting down to refuel here in Shannon, Ireland."

Those American boys on the airlift whooped a welcome I've never enjoyed more, even in war time. They gave Dolores and me a deeper understanding of what our home and children meant to us, as we talked to hundreds of men who can't have their loved ones with them.

On the way back from Germany, Dolores caught a cold. Twenty-four hours after our plane set down in Los Angeles, she had pneumonia. And twenty-four hours after that, stoked up with penicillin, she was sitting up with the germ licked. I don't know how she does it.

In contrast, I remember when I was writing my book a few years back, I went down to the home of director Dave Butler at Malibu. I sat on the beach and forgot where I was. What a sunburn! I had to stay in bed for two weeks. Honest, it was awful! It was ridiculous, too. My family gave me the "grave crisis" treatment, tiptoeing in and out, serving fruit juices and giving it all the other trimmings. Linda and Tony even took turns reading me all about Brer Rabbit and Little Red Riding Hood. I always meant to get at those books, but never found the time.

This summer, I'm going to go out and get myself a *real* sunburn. I've always wanted to get through all twelve volumes of the *Book of Knowledge*, but never could. With the kids' help, maybe I'll manage.

end

luncheon at sardi's

■ How would you like to be Bill Slater's personal guest at Sardi's? A versatile young radio actress named Jeanne Tatum was just that, when she visited the famous Times Square restaurant for the first time to watch the broadcast. Bill was waiting under the famous marquee just off Shubert Alley to escort Jeanne to his own table and to introduce her to the famous folk assembled to appear on the show or just to be on hand for the fine noon-day meal. Jeanne's reaction: wonderful place, Sardi's—wonderful guy, Slater.



Waiting under the canopy, Bill meets Jeanne Tatum, former WAC pin-up queen now acting on Cavalcade of America. Below, star Jeanne Cagney table-hops before settling down for lunch.



Slater briefs famous columnist Charles Seiverter, below, while Sol Zacutto, Bill's special waiter, hovers helpfully. Sol speaks 5 languages, has been called in as emergency interpreter.

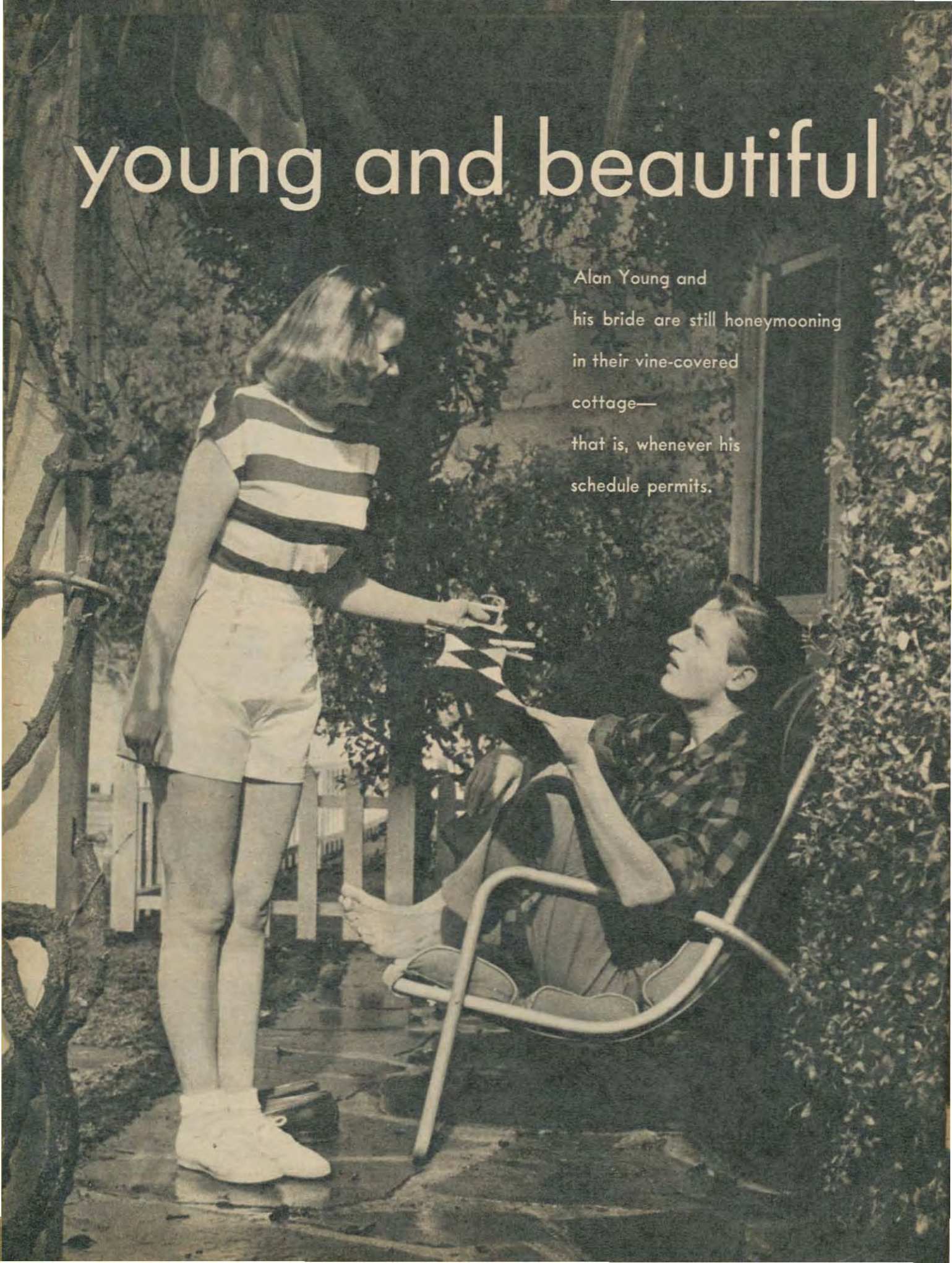


In the foreground, the Mutual sound engineer readies his equipment for the broadcast while Bill Slater introduces guest Jeanne Tatum to guest Will Rogers, Jr. Lunch is only slightly disrupted by table-sized microphones.



young and beautiful

Alan Young and
his bride are still honeymooning
in their vine-covered
cottage—
that is, whenever his
schedule permits.



■ When Alan Young was six years old, he tossed aside his jacks, stepped clear of his tricycle and announced to his family that he had his future all mapped out. Did he want to be a fireman? A sea captain? No—Alan wanted to be a comedian. The elder Youngs discarded the idea of drowning him, resigned themselves to having a clown in the closet, and eventually found themselves sitting back to enjoy it. Today, some twenty-four years later, they still sit in on the laughs—only now there's a new member of the My-Boy-Alan society. Her name is Virginia, nee McCurdy, better known to Alan as wife Gini. They haven't been called newlyweds for about five months, but the honeymoon is far from over.

And they are practically never apart, since Gini is a member of the vocal group—The Alan Youngsters—who appear on Alan's big new show. The program, launched last January by the way, was offered to him as a result of the tremendous popularity he's had with Jimmy Durante's troupe. The double duty has kept Alan pretty well occupied—he's kept both assignments—but his busy schedule was made even busier with the recent release of his first important movie, *Chicken Every Sunday*. Alan and Gini live in a little house in California's San Fernando Valley. It's full of comfortable chairs, well-worn books and Alan's hobbies, which are numerous. His favorite hobby, of course: Gini.



Favorite pastime for the newlywed Youngs is a fast and furious game of badminton before lunch. P.S. Alan doesn't *always* win!



Alan is one chap who enjoys talking over the phone. Gini, he's discovered, is a born phone heckler. It makes for some very bewildering conversations.



The Youngs like to dance, especially with each other, often get together with friends for some rollicking country square dances.



One of Alan's hobbies is sketching. He is a talented artist, and he probably has one of the best models anybody could find.



Whenever there's some extra time at home, Alan and Gini get out the deck for their running game of gin rummy. Secretly, each thinks the other plays better.



Alan's greatest peeves are early rising and its by-product—early to bedding. Gini has a difficult time holding him to schedule.

A rambling ranch type house in San Fernando Valley is home for the MacRaes, and checking a script for Gordon is one of wife Sheila's many roles.



the boy from syracuse

MacRae started selling newspapers with a song—now he's pushing Crosby



Gordon helps the family cocker, Cinder, balance the swing for daughters Meredith (age 4) and Heather (2). Meredith sings too.



Moments like these are scarce for the 5'11" baritone since Warners saddled him in the star seat. Gordon wears old clothes around the house, spruces up for shows.



"Life can be so lazy in So. California if you let it," says Gordon who grew up in the east, "but how I love the long golf season here!"

■If anybody is showing signs of threatening King Bing these days, it's a young man from Syracuse, currently master of the *Railroad Hour* and star of Warner Brothers' forthcoming *Look for the Silver Lining*. Name of Gordon MacRae. If you ask the gentleman what two things have contributed most to his rapid rise, he'll tell you determination and confidence. It isn't a stock answer. MacRae traces his determination back to school days when he found his off-hand street singing brought him new customers for his newspaper delivery route. "My subscribers didn't let me stop," he said, "so I kept right on singing till I made a career of it." Since then it's been an

unbroken line through rough times, carried through with a supreme confidence in his ability to make it stick. Born in East Orange, New Jersey, Gordon moved in childhood to Buffalo, New York and later to Syracuse. And it was in Syracuse, when he was 12 that MacRae made his radio debut on station WFBL in a children's dramatic program. His voice, already much deeper than kids his age, cast him in the role of giants and ogres. Later, just when Gordon had enrolled for Amherst College, his father died and MacRae was thrown on his own resources. They were good, too. He entered and won a contest for a 2 week stint singing at Billy Rose's Dancing



Now that William is over a year old, Sheila has decided to take time out to co-author a play with Gordon, and make her screen acting debut.

Campus at the New York World's Fair. Following that, a season at the Millpond Playhouse in Long Island—earning \$5 a week, plus room and board. “Millpond was the greatest experience in my life,” says Gordon, “not because of the acting experience, but because of a gal I met there named Sheila Stephens—the company’s leading lady. I fell in love with her faster than you can say ‘Let’s get married,’ but didn’t have enough money for a license.” Money was around the corner and Gordon cornered it. It seems all you have to do is sing in the men’s room (MacRae was a page at NBC then), have Horace Heidt hear you, and you’re in. That is, if you have a

voice like Gordon’s. In a year’s time when he was earning 75 big bucks a week, he popped the question, and Sheila Stephens joined the family. And in only 8 years—which includes time out for the Air Corps—he’s lined up credits that would make the angels sing . . . In ‘46 on CBS’ *Teen Timers* he was the idol of the bobby soxers, and Broadway raved about his vocalizing in *Three To Make Ready*. In ‘47 with two coast-to-coast radio shows he was touted as “most-heard singer on the airlines.” And in 1948 and ‘49 he was broadcasting his Texaco series and signed up by Warner Brothers for top roles in five A pictures . . . No wonder his wife and kids are proud!

double threat

A non-temperamental artist, Hayes—singer, satirist and comedian—makes every rehearsal a clambake.



They've been calling Peter Lind Hayes a combination Godfrey and Crosby. Actually he's selling a brand of music and laughter that's magnificently his own.

■ Peter Lind Hayes, the boy with the India-rubber voice to match that incredibly mobile face, was really discovered by the nursery school set. They heard him imitating everything from clocks to clowns on his fabulous *Magic Record* and promptly swooned and swore off *Mother Goose*. Now Decca's got him doing grown-up things like *My Darling, My Darling*, and he's currently guesting and being the Big Laugh on numerous radio and television programs. The moral is obvious. Never underestimate the power of the kiddies. Peter's mom, Grace Hayes, owned a night club in Los Angeles, where practically every big name in Hollywood entertained at one time or another, little dreaming they were providing inspiration for the—even then—slightly wild-eyed Hayes boy. School was entirely too yawn-making for a chap who'd rubbed elbows with Jack Barrymore and Marlene Dietrich, so in 1932 Peter went into vaudeville. He did 620 shows for soldiers in combat areas during the war and came out with a bronze star and an unshattered funny bone. Came the Decca contract and a history-making stint at Monte Proser's Copacabana. Then came radio. He guest-starred on *Jack Haley's Program*, the *Al Pierce Show* and did Fred Allen's nasal voice 15 times on *Jack Benny's Show*. He's a guy with a crew haircut, a yen for loud ties, a wedding ring he never takes off (he and dreampuess Mary Healy have been married 8 years), a lad to watch and to hear.

studio snaps

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



"The nasty business is out," says reformed Henry Morgan to sidekick Arnold Stang; heard with Patsy Kelly, Lisa Kirk—Sundays at 8:30 p.m. over NBC. Morgan's on NBC-TV too—7:30 p.m.



Maxene of the Andrews Sisters forms her "at home trio" with son Peter and daughter Duchess. The vocalizing Andrews can be heard on CBS' popular *Club 15* at 7:30 p.m. on Mon., Wed., Fri.



Christened by Walter Winchell "the best comedy team since Gallagher and Sheenan," bravaed by Jack Benny (above), Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis make with the business Sun. 6:30, NBC.



Jane Ace, queen of the malaprops, and patient mr. ace, unravel their fantastic home life on Tuesday evenings at 10:30. Mr. A. is the writer, producer and director of *mr. ace & JANE*.



Ronald Colman's program *Favorite Story* features a famous yarn chosen by a famous personality. Dawn Bender and Herbert Vigran, above, go through the paces of *Alice In Wonderland*.



Singers Kay Armen and Dick Brown stand by as emcee Bert Parks *Stops The Music* (ABC, Sunday at 8 p.m.). The show just passed its first birthday, has given away a total of over \$400,000.

charting the dial

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

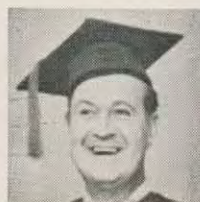
ALL PROGRAMS E.D.S.T.



Curley Bradley
"ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX"



Ed Prentiss
"CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT"



Joe Kelly
"QUIZ KIDS"



"ROY ROGERS SHOW"



Bud Collyer
"SUPERMAN"

Name	Time & Network	Storyline	Personal Data
Abbott & Costello Kid Show	ABC, Sat. 11 AM	Kids quiz show. Lou Costello, Jr. award made to hero of the week.	Bud and Lou donate program to encourage kids to be better citizens.
Straight Arrow	MBS, M 8 PM; T, Th 5 PM	Adventure stories with Rancher Steve Adams disguised as an Indian Chief and battling the evil forces.	Howard Culver plays the dual role, Rancher and Chief "Straight Arrow".
Buster Brown Gang	NBC, Sat. 11:30 AM	Stories and songs strictly for children.	Smilin' Ed McConnell relates the tales.
Captain Midnight	MBS, M-F, 5:30 P.M.	Capt. Midnight and his Secret Squadron Agents combat crime, theft, delinquency.	Ed Prentiss, who portrays Capt. Midnight, first encountered a mike in 1932. Now well-known Chicago actor.
Children's Hour	NBC, Sun. 10:30 AM	Ed Herlihy emcees this children's amateur hour.	Program first began on June 4, 1939.
House of Mystery	MBS, Sun. 4 PM	Dramatizations that reveal logical explanations for ghosts and other fantasies of the imagination.	Roger Elliott, the Mystery Man, is portrayed by John Griggs, who was once a library story-teller.
Juvenile Jury	MBS, Sun. 3:30 PM	Panel of 5 children answer questions submitted by guest-youngster. Deals with parent-child domestic problems.	Announcer Jack Barry originated idea for program. He also emcees <i>Life Begins At 80, Daily Dilemmas</i> .
Let's Pretend	CBS, Sat. 11:05 AM	Fantasy tales with a hidden moral.	Nila Mack is producer-director-writer of show that began in 1930. Top B'way-movie juveniles began on this program.
Quiz Kids	NBC, Sun. 4 PM	Five quiz kids answer submitted questions. Three top-scorers are held over week to week.	Joe Kelly acts as question-man for the panel. Program began in June, 1940.
Roy Rogers Show	MBS, Sun. 6 PM	Western adventure tales with songs by Roy Rogers and Riders of the Purple Sage Vocal Group.	Show stars Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and Gabby Hayes. Roy is Iowa-born boy and well-known as singing cowboy.
Superman	MBS, M, W, F, 5 PM	Further adventurers of the comic-strip man of tomorrow, who's actually Clark Kent, newspaper reporter.	Bud Collyer portrays Superman, is a much-in-demand radio announcer. Began his career as a radio singer.
Tom Mix	MBS, M-F, 5:45 PM	Tom Mix and his straight shooters work together tracking down evil forces.	Curley Bradley portrays late Tom. He worked with him in 1926 movies. Made radio debut in 1928.
Triple Branch	NBC, Sat. 9 AM	Audience participation show—mainly for youngsters.	Emcee of show is Bob Smith.
WNBC Stamp Club	NBC, Sat. 9:45 AM	Informal discussion on the stories behind the stamps, including occasional stamp quizzes.	

RADIO ALBUM *Magazine*



DAVID, OZZIE, HARRIET and RICKEY NELSON

This file including all text and images are from scans of a private personal collection and have been scanned for archival and research purposes. This file may be freely distributed, but not sold on ebay or on any commercial sites, catalogs, booths or kiosks, either as reprints or by electronic methods. This file may be downloaded without charge from the Radio Researchers Group website at <http://www.otrr.org/>

Please help in the preservation of old time radio by supporting legitimate organizations who strive to preserve and restore the programs and related information.